

According to Captain Carroll's plan we were merely to "touch here," (a "touch here" in a sailor's parlance is a comparative term) for coal, for as he said, "It is all ready for us and it will take no time to dump it into the hold, and we will be off for another visit to Victoria." Alas for his plan and ours! Though the contract had been signed long before, that on this day so many tons of coal were to be ready for the Corona, yet when a quondam vessel, a few hours before we reached here, entered the port and begged for the coal that had been especially mined for us, assuring the superintendent that it was not possible that we should arrive *to-day*, the obliging man yielded; so our day was spent in this rather uninteresting place.

During the leisure of our stop we learned something of the coal supply of Alaska. Nature seems to have provided this great Territory with an almost unlimited quantity of fuel, both in the form of coal and wood, each of which is easily available, both as regards the quality and the convenience of