

greatest service to the Aborigines, who, being behindhand in civilisation, had to make up for lost time. A century hence, perhaps, the sixty or seventy tribes which now regulate their days, months, and moons by their various *Old Moore's Almanacks*, will hold a Congress, to find out, and settle exactly, what the time of day is. At present they are, as might be expected, rather in the dark.

Having thus made all my preparations, and stowed everything, including a large quantity of jewellery, theatrical properties, lime-light arrangements, &c., &c., on board the *Arkadia*, I fixed a day for final settlement with all those tradesmen who had so generously assisted me in the work. Having made an appointment with these estimable persons, who were to assemble in their thousands at the office in Fleet Street, and having given them strict injunctions not to leave till I came, it was with the deepest regret (which I found expressed in my diary soon afterwards) that I learnt how, by some strange mistake, they were received with contumely by the clerk in charge, who, by an oversight (quite unpardonable in anyone except a traveller so pre-occupied as myself), had not been informed of their coming.

But Time and Tide—especially Tide—will not wait for anyone; and finding that if I did not set sail that very afternoon—at the very minute, in fact, when these excellent persons were expecting me in Fleet Street—I should be unable to go at all, I wired, at the last moment, these words; "*Punctuality is the soul of business. Do not wait after seven, if you have anything better to do.*" And, with a ringing cheer from all on board, the *Arkadia* set sail from shore.