

CHAPTER LXVI.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

GENTLE reader, having taken my leave of Mr. Slick, it is now fit I should take my leave of you. But first, let me entreat you to join with me in the wish that the Attaché may arrive safely at home, and live to enjoy the reputation he has acquired. It would be ungracious, indeed, in me not to express the greatest gratitude to him for the many favours he has conferred upon me, and for the numerous benefits I have incidentally derived from his acquaintance. When he offered his services to accompany me to England, to make me well known to the public, and to give me numerous introductions to persons of distinction, that as a colonist I could not otherwise obtain, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the complacent self-sufficiency of his benevolence; but I am bound to say that he has more than fulfilled his promise. In all cases but two he has exceeded his own anticipations of advancing me. He has not procured for me the situation of Governor-General of Canada, which as an ambitious man, it was natural he should desire, whilst as a friend it was equally natural that he should overlook my entire unfitness for the office; nor has he procured for me a peerage, which, as an American, it is surprising he should prize so highly, or as a man of good, sound judgment, and common sense, not perceive to be more likely to cover an humble man, like me, with ridicule than anything else. For both these disappointments, however, he has one common solution—English monopoly, English arrogance, and English pride on the one hand, and provincial dependence and colonial helotism on the other.

For myself, I am at a loss to know which to feel most grateful for, that which he has done, or that which he has left undone. To have attained all his objects, where success would have neutralized the effect of all, would, indeed, have been unfortunate; but to succeed in all that was desirable, and to fail only where failure was to be preferred, was the height of good fortune. I am happy to say that on the whole he is no less gratified himself, and that he thinks, at least, I have been of equal service to him. "It tante every one, Squire," he would often say, "that's as lucky as Johnston and me. He had his Boswell, and I have had my Squire; and if you two hante immortalized both us fellers for