

Now as the hour of final separation is about to take place between me, the United States, and its people, I shall attempt a kind of impossibility---that is a character of a community who have not yet obtained any, and shall add such general information, founded upon actual personal information, that is most essential to be understood, and compatible with my promise and wishes; and such, I hope, will impart advice on the principal object, and lead to a correct decision.

To emigrate, or not to emigrate--that is the question; and who, and what trades or occupations are the most eligible, and other miscellaneous remarks connected.

After the successive visits of Columbus, Americus, and the *Cabots*, a religious sect crossed the Atlantic, and were followed by a race of criminals, vulgarly called *transports*--men of taste and science, whose *fingering* propensities gave them sweet powers, far beyond the fabled talent of *Master Orpheus*; prodigies in the region of harmony, they rejected the dulcet notes drawn from the fretted *chords*--*Oh wonderful genius?* and in ravishing strains upon the *ankled manacles*, melted the very soul of every sea-god and wood-demon to pity, by--

“ Hope told a flattering Tale,”
And “ Fare the well, Manchester.”