

in much esteem among the *honest* part of that nation," betrays the cloven foot: to say the least, it proves that a strong prejudice exists in his mind, under the influence of which it is impossible for I. M. to argue with candour.

To be continued.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

NEW YORK, October 1, 2318.—The progress of literature, which has so little been attended to for such a length of time, is now much encouraged. Upon an average, there are forty new works published every week in this city. There are twenty daily, and forty weekly newspapers. It may be a matter of some surprise, from whence materials arrive to form such an amazing expenditure (if it may be so called) of literary matter; but when it is considered that England, France, and the whole of the eastern territory, have been falling for many ages, this idea will furnish much speculation; and when we consider that, in this country genius is every where encouraged, to an extent that the barbarous ages of English superiority never knew, this will redeem us, in some measure, from a charge of improbability.

The curious works printed some four or five hundred years ago, are objects of great curiosity among the connoisseurs of the day. The mathematical uprightness of the roman type then in use, and the curious inclination of the italic; form an amusing companion with the works of the day; as, of course, our prevailing letter leans the contrary way to the italic of former times. These are sufficient to denote the barbarous state of the arts in that period.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.

Such predictions as those of our correspondent have often been hazarded; but we are strongly disposed to think, that they will not be verified by time. We believe that the celebrated Bishop Berkeley was one of the first, if not the first, of the prophets on this subject. There are some lines of his, four of which, if we remember right (for we quote from memory), are as follows:

“Westward the scene of empire bends its way:
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time’s noblest offspring is his last.”

To be continued.