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THE  
S P I R I T  
OF THE  
PUBLIC JOURNALS  
FOR  
1800.

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THE FOOL'S CATECHISM.

WHAT'S pride? The majesty of Folly.  
What's envy? The sickness of Folly.  
What's avarice? The wretchedness of Folly.  
What's uncharitableness? Inhuman Folly.  
What's ingratitude? The forgetfulness of Folly.  
What's cunning? The wisdom of Folly.  
What's irreligion? The ignorance of Folly.  
What's inordinate desire? The lust of Folly.  
What's gluttony? The beastliness of Folly.  
What's wrath? The madness of Folly.  
What's cruelty? The consummation of Folly.  
What's sloth? The self-enjoyment of Folly.  
What's fashion? The livery of Folly.

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TO ONE-POUND BANK-NOTE, Esq. F. R. S.

i. e. FELLOW OF THE RAGGED SOCIETY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,  
YOU complain of people who are more desirous of *housing* my brethren and relations than yours. You may perhaps think, that because we were lately under a cloud, and forced to abscond, we should never make our appearance again. But you will please to observe, that the best of people may have *bad debts* to occasion a temporary failure. We are convinced we are still the favourites with a *generous* public; and though you have affected to treat us as your constituents, there never was any very intimate connexion between us, unless *we chose*, and then it could scarcely be said to be on the footing of *equal representation*. Our family, it is well known, are far more ancient than yours, and you have lately admitted so many *impostors* into your society, that  
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it is no great wonder people are a little shy of trusting to your *promises*.

The public will always preserve a due respect for the elder branches of your family, who can command their *fifties* and their *hundreds*; but as to little urchins like you, it does not become you to thrust yourselves into our company, far less to pretend to elbow us out of our rank in society. There is no place where we are not heartily welcome, whereas there are many places where you are barely *passable*. For my own part, I do not like to boast; but the fact is, I am a personage of greater *weight* than ten of you; and furthermore, if you provoke me, I could say something of your birth and parentage which would let down your consequence, *Master Flimsy*; for I believe you are no better than the fruit of an intrigue between a cunning young fellow and a silly old woman—and so I tell you.

Yours, in hopes of a *change*,

ONE GUINEA.

P. S. My *loyal* principles are more conspicuous than yours:—wherever I go, I present a picture of his Majesty, so finely done, that there is not a Jacobin will refuse it. I present the *head* of a king; but many people, when they see you, think of the *reverse*.

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CURIOUS PREDICTION.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IN turning over, the other day, an entertaining selection, entitled, "*The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1797*," p. 46, I met with a curious extract from a well-known daily paper (*The Times*), which afforded