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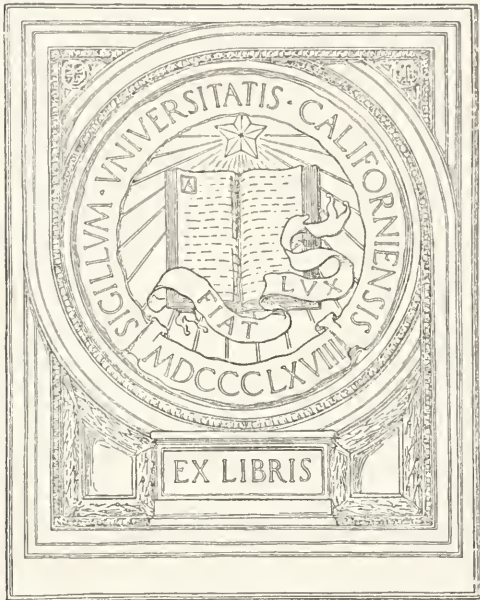
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THE REAL  
OR  
CONSTITUTIONAL HOUSE  
THAT  
JACK BUILT.

---

“Look on this Picture, and on that.”

---

WITH TWELVE CUTS.



FIFTH EDITION.

London:  
PRINTED FOR J. ASPERNE, CORNHILL;

AND  
W. SAMS, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1819.

*Price One Shilling.*

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“ O England !—model to thy inward greatness  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What might'st thee do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural !”

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NOTE.

The Mottos are chiefly selected from Shakespeare, Cowper, and Dr. Young.

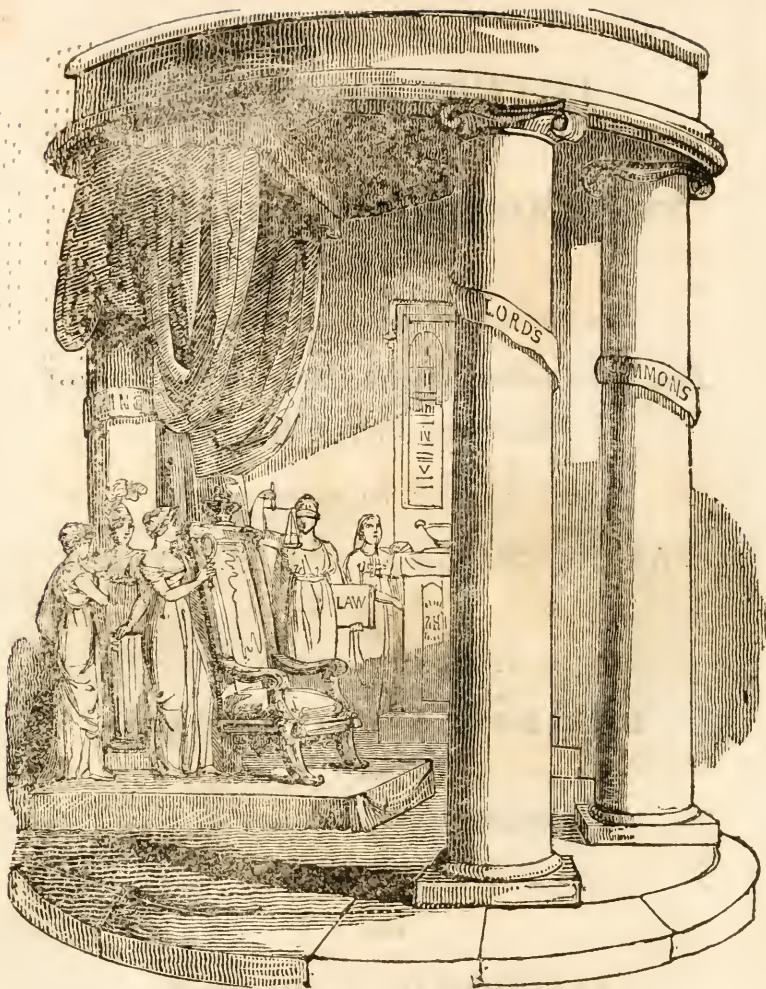
NO VIII  
ABOULLAO



TO THE  
**LOVERS OF PEACE,**  
AND THE  
**TRUE FRIENDS OF OLD ENGLAND ;**  
TO  
ALL THOSE WHO REFUSE TO COUNTENANCE  
*Political Parties, Oratorical Demagogues, and  
Public and Private Writers,*  
WHO AFFECT TO SHOW THEIR  
PATRIOTISM AND ZEAL FOR THEIR  
COUNTRY,  
BY AIMING TO DEGRADE  
**HER BEST INSTITUTIONS ;**  
AND  
BY LIBELLING HER IMMORTAL  
*DEFENDERS,*  
THIS  
EFFUSION OF A MOMENT,  
IS MOST  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY THEIR FELLOW-LABOURER IN  
THE GOOD CAUSE OF  
SOCIAL ORDER,  
THE AUTHOR.

*London, December 13th, 1819.*

M84835



“ England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
——— and, while yet a nook is left,  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee —— ”

THIS IS  
**THE HOUSE**  
THAT JACK BUILT.



“Incomparable gem! thy worth untold;  
Cheap, tho’ blood-bought, and thrown away when sold;  
May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend  
Betray thee, while professing to defend!  
Prize it, ye ministers; ye monarchs spare;  
Ye patriots guard it with a miser’s care.”

---

THESE ARE  
**THE TREASURES**  
that lay  
In the HOUSE that Jack built.



“ I’the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffick  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; no use of service,  
Of riches or of poverty ; no contracts,  
Successions ; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;  
And women too ; but innocent and pure :  
No sovereignty :— \* \* \* \* \*  
All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony.”

“ The Thieves are scatter’d, and possess’d with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other.”

THESE ARE

## THE THIEVES

Who would plunder the TREASURES  
That lay in the HOUSE  
That Jack built.



“Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion’s coast  
(The storms all weather’d and the ocean cross’d)  
Shoots into port at some well-haven’d isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile ;  
Where sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;  
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach’d the shore,  
Where tempests never beat nor billows roar.”

THIS IS

## “THE PILOT

that weather’d the Storm,”  
And devised the means of subduing  
THE THIEVES,  
Who would plunder the TREASURES  
That lay in the HOUSE that Jack built.



“ Such men are rais'd to station and command,  
 When Providence means mercy to a land.  
 He speaks, and they appear ; to Him they owe  
 Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow ;  
 To manage with address, to seize with pow'r  
 The crisis of a dark decisive hour.”

THESE ARE  
**THE PATRIOTS**

of high renown—

The Heroes of Britain—the Gems of her Crown ;  
 Who, despising all Danger, and scorning all Fear,  
 When all was at stake, that their Country held dear,  
 'Midst Jacobin Rebels, and Friends of Reform,  
 Supported “ THE PILOT

that weather'd the Storm,”

Who devised the means, of subduing

**THE THIEVES,**

Who would plunder the **TREASURES**  
 That lay in the **HOUSE** that Jack built.



“Go to, they are not men o’their words.”

————— “Having wielded the elements, and built  
A thousand systems—each in his own way,  
They should go out in fume, and be forgot.”

“Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display  
Shines as it runs, but grasp’d, it slips away.”

“Patriots are grown too shrew’d to be sincere,  
And we too wise to trust them’—————”

THESE ARE

## THE HYPOCRITES,

shaven and shorn—

The broad-bottom’d Whigs, now all forlorn ;

Who grumbl'd and growl'd, from night till morn,  
And pointed "the slow-moving finger of scorn,"  
At the Country in which they were all "bred and  
born,"

Had grown saucy and fat, on its wine and its corn ;  
Who blew a loud blast, on the place-hunter's horn,  
And with Joe Millar's Jests, did their Speeches adorn ;  
Who predicted the final success of our foes,  
'Then sigh'd if they sunk, and rejoic'd if they rose ;  
Who swore, when the French were defeated, that we  
Were kill'd by the sword, or were drown'd in the  
Sea ;

Who rail'd against Placemen, till *they* were in Place,  
Then sneer'd at their Monarch—nay, laugh'd in his  
face ;

Who bragg'd of their Talents, and pass'd a few Acts ;  
And increas'd, *5 per Cent.* the vile Property Tax ;  
Who thought themselves safe in their snug little  
birth,

And gave themselves up to Carousing and Mirth ;  
Who slept every night, upon Pillows of Down,  
Abhorring those PATRIOTS, of  
high renown—

The Heroes of Britain—the Gems of her Crown ;  
Who, despising all Dangers, and scorning all Fear,  
When all was at stake, that their Country held dear,  
'Midst Jacobin Rebels, and Friends of Reform,

Supported "THE PILOT

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— “ Poverty with most, who whimper forth  
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe ;  
The effects of laziness or sottish waste.”

THE MAJOR.

“ O, Sir, you are old ;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine : you should be rul’d and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself ——— ”

ORATOR HUNT.

“ There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny ;  
the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to  
drink small beer : all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall  
my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, there shall be no money ; all  
shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery,  
that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.”

“ The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.”

CARLILE.

“ And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,  
As a foul blot from his dishonour’d brow,  
If Angels tremble, ’tis at such a sight.”

THESE ARE  
**THE RADICALS—**  
Friends of Reform,

Devising new Plots for exciting a Storm :  
A mistaken old MAJOR sits hatching Sedition,  
Yet dreams all the while of a lawful Petition ;  
And whilst Orator HUNT indites the Inscription,  
He pockets the Pence of the Penny Subscription ;  
Yet vows he's the best, and most honest of men,  
Swears lies to the LAWYER, who swears them  
again.

And here is the DOCTOR of Spa-Fields fame,  
Who vow'd he would set all the Town in a flame,  
With a Stocking well-stuff'd full of Powder and Ball,  
A Speech of two hours, and a Pistol withal.  
Here's PRESTON, the Cobbler, just come from  
his trial,

To Gin and Sedition outrageously loyal ;  
Like most of his breth'ren, who, spite of their votes,  
Preserve their allegiance to Thompson and Coates ;  
And would sooner expel from their Clubs and their  
Lodges,

The Chairman himself, than Friends—Henley and  
Hodges,

Here's THISTLEWOOD, too, who tells “ Tales  
out of School,”

That Orator HUNT is a Knave and a Fool.

A Staffordshire BARONET, wrapp'd in a scarf,  
Sits nursing an ugly, mis-shapen,  
BLACK DWARF.

And here is CARLILE, with his Two-penny  
Treason,

Who prefers to his Bible the vile “ Age of Reason ;”  
Who “ wipes off the Cross,” as an infamous stain,  
Despises his Saviour, but worships Tom Paine.

These are all ragged RADICALS, tatter'd and torn,  
Who better, by far, had never been born,  
On account of their Treasons, too great to be borne,

First hatch'd by the HYPOCRITES,

shaven and shorn—

The broad-bottom'd Whigs, now all forlorn ;  
Who grumbl'd and growl'd, from night till morn,  
And pointed the "slow-moving finger of scorn,"  
At the Country in which they were all "bred and  
born,"

Had grown saucy and fat, on its wine and its corn ;  
Who blew a loud blast, on the place-hunter's horn,  
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Were kill'd by the sword, or were drown'd in the  
Sea ;

Who rail'd against Placemen, till *they* were in Place,  
Then sneer'd at their Monarch—nay, laugh'd in his  
face ;

Who bragg'd of their Talents, and pass'd a few Acts,  
And increas'd, *5 per Cent.* the vile Property Tax ;  
Who thought themselves safe in their snug little birth,  
And gave themselves up, to Carousing and Mirth ;  
Who slept ev'ry night, upon Pillows of Down,  
Abhorring those PATRIOTS,

of high renown—

The Heroes of Britain—the Gems of her Crown ;  
Who, despising all Danger, and scorning all Fear,  
When all was at stake, that their Country held dear,  
'Midst Jacobin Rebels, and Friends of Reform,

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THE THIEVES,

Who would plunder the TREASURES  
That lay in the HOUSE that Jack built.



“ This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for his bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness — — — — —  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.”

“ As one, who lay in thickets and in brakes  
Entangl'd, winds now this way and now that  
His devious course uncertain, seeking home.”

---

THIS IS  
**WILL COBBETT,**  
with Thomas Paine's bones,

A bag full of brick-bats, and  
                  one full of stones,  
With which he intends to discharge  
                  the long Debt  
He owes to his Friends, and  
                  Sir Francis Burdett :  
'Tis Cobbett, the changeling,  
                  the worthless and base,  
Just arriv'd from New York, with  
                  his impudent face,  
Who comes to dispel our  
                  political fogs,  
And to add one more beast to  
                  our Hampshire Hogs,  
To mix with the RADICALS—  
                  FRIENDS OF REFORM,  
Devising new Plots, for  
                  exciting a Storm :

A mistaken old Major sits hatching Sedition,  
Yet dreams all the while of a lawful Petition ;  
And whilst Orator Hunt indites the Inscription,  
He pockets the Pence of the Penny Subscription ;  
Yet vows he's the best, and most honest of men,  
Swears lies to the Lawyer, who swears them again.  
And here is the Doctor, of Spa-Fields fame,  
Who vow'd he would set all the Town in a flame,  
With a Stocking well-stuff'd full of Powder and Ball,  
A Speech of two hours, and a Pistol withal.  
Here's Preston, the Cobbler, just come from his trial,  
To Gin and Sedition outrageously loyal ;  
Like most of his breth'ren, who, spite of their  
                  votes,  
Preserve their allegiance to Thompson and Coates ;

And would sooner expel from their Clubs and their  
Lodges,

The Chairman himself, than friends Henley and  
Hodges.

Here's Thistlewood, too, who tells "Tales out of  
School,"

That Orator Hunt is

a Knave and a Fool.

A Staffordshire Baronet,

wrapp'd in a scarf,

Sits nursing an ugly,

mis-shapen, Black Dwarf.

And here is Carlile, with his

Two-penny Treason,

Who prefers to his Bible,

the vile "Age of Reason;"

Who "wipes off the Cross,"

as an infamous stain,

Despises his Saviour, but

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These are all ragged Radicals,

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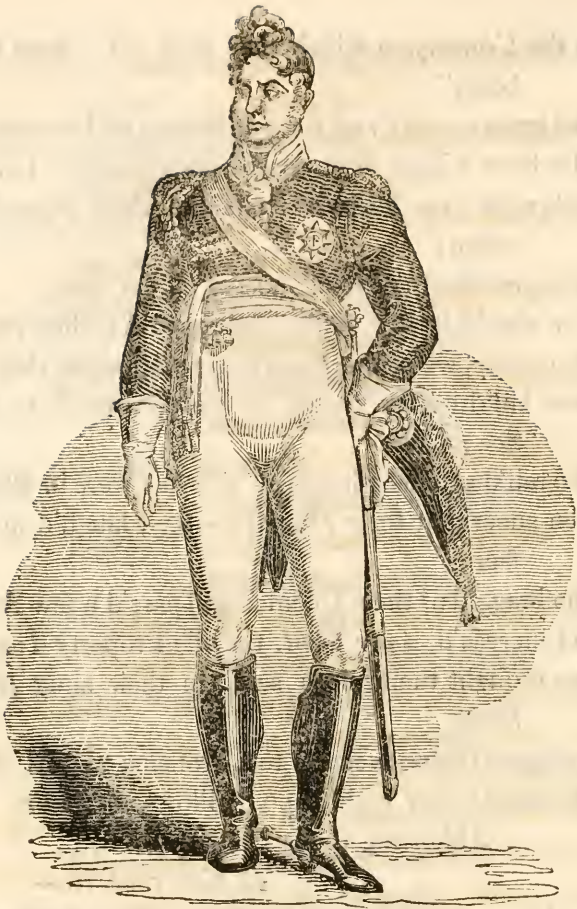
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“ In speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others.”

---

“ Methought, thy very gait did prophecy  
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee ;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever  
I did hate thee, or thy FATHER !”

---

THIS IS  
**THE PRINCE**  
of a generous Mind,



The Friend of his Country, and  
all Mankind ;  
Who, lending his Ear to  
the dictates of Truth,  
Dismiss'd from his presence  
the Friends of his Youth ;

Who took to his Councils  
in fortunate hour,  
The foes to Napoleon's  
exorbitant power ;  
Who views with disdain, or  
a good-humour'd smile,

The libellous trash of the  
base and the vile ;  
And all such as COBBETT, with  
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A bag full of brick-bats, and one full of stones,  
With which he intends to discharge the long Debt  
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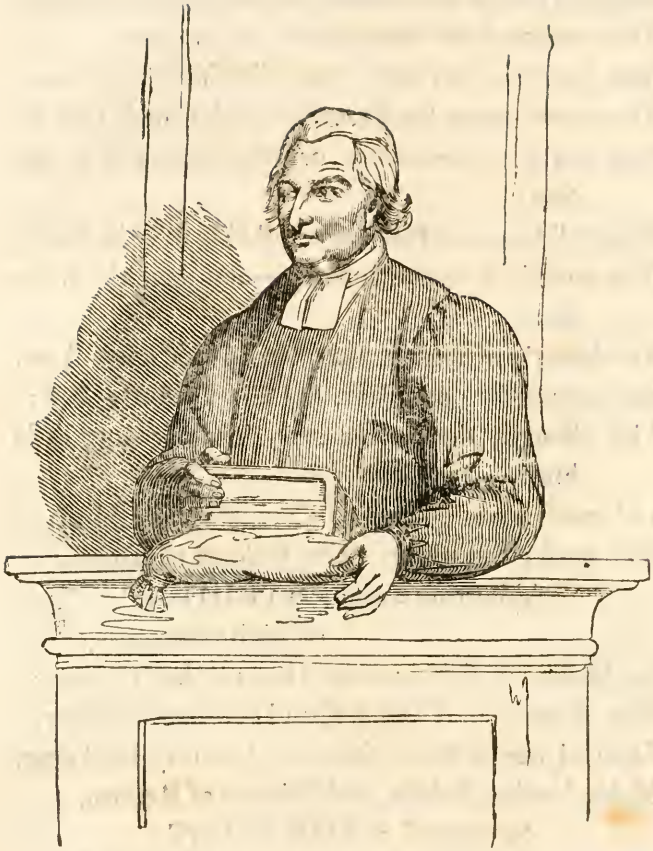
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END OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



“ I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the SACRED CAUSE.”

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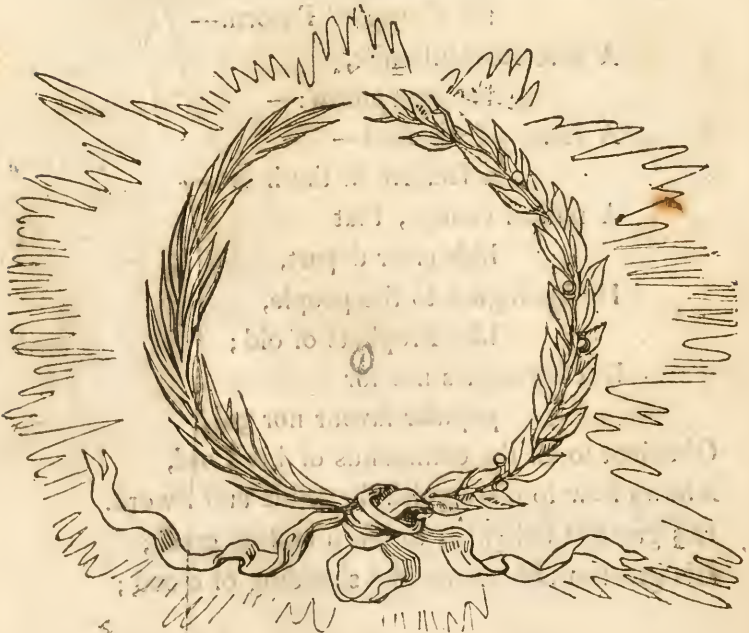
THIS IS

## A PRIEST

made according to Truth,  
The guide of Old Age—  
the Instructor of Youth ;

Belov'd and respected by all  
whom he teaches,  
Himself the example of  
all that he preaches ;  
The friend of the poor,  
the afflicted and sad,  
The terror alone of the  
impious and bad.  
He embroils not himself  
with affairs of the State,  
And, though closely alli'd,  
keeps aloof from the great ;  
Yet dares not against them  
vile calumnies fling ;  
But, fearing his Maker,  
he honours his King.  
A radical friend to  
the Cause of Reform—  
A true Revolutionist,  
loving a storm :—  
A storm of the soul—  
a Reform of the heart,—  
A radical change, that  
bids error depart,  
He harangues to the people,  
like Prophets of old ;  
But harangues not for  
popular favour nor gold.  
Obedient to all the commands of his Lord,  
Knows how to distinguish the Bible and Sword.  
His greatest delight is to teach and do good ;  
His greatest abhorrence the shedding of blood ;

Hence he cautions the thoughtless, of those to  
beware,  
Who affect for the poor and the needy to care,  
Yet feed not the hungry, nor cover the bare ;  
Who prate about Liberty, Virtue, and Reason,  
Whilst plotting Destruction, Rebellion, and Treason ;  
And pretending at once to destroy Superstition,  
Lead their blind-folded votaries headlong to perdition.  
Against these blasphemers and hollow deceivers,  
This "Priest of the Temple," warns all true believers,  
Exhorting the poor to hold fast by the Bible,  
And leave all the rest to the children of libel ;  
To look up to Him to whom mercy belongs,  
To protect them from ill, and redress all their wrongs ;  
Assur'd of this truth, that we read in the word :  
" They shall ne'er be forsaken who trust in the  
LORD."











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