

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
JACK SHEPPARD.

A Drama;

IN FOUR ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM

HARRISON AINSWORTH'S
POPULAR ROMANCE.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

Characters.

<i>Surrey.</i>	<i>Adelphi.</i>	<i>Victoria.</i>	<i>Queens.</i>
SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD - - -	Mr. SYMONDS.	October 28, 1839.	October 28, 1839.
MR. KNEEBONE (<i>a Jacobite</i>) - - -	Mr. DALE.	Mr. MAYNARD.	Mr. SIMPSON.
OWEN WOOD (<i>a Master Carpenter</i>) - - -	" ISMAY.	" HESLOP.	" BEVERLEY.
JACK SHEPPARD (<i>his Apprentice</i>) - - -	" J. NEWTON.	" W. SMITH.	" MANDERS.
THAMES DARRELL (<i>a Foundling</i>) - - -	" T. H. LACY.	" E. F. SAVILLE.	" HARDING.
JONATHAN WILD (<i>the Thieftaker</i>) - - -	" BRAID.	Mrs. KEELEY.	" HOLLINGSWORTH.
BLUESKIN - - -	" LAWS.	" P. RAE.	Miss ROGERS.
ABRAHAM MENDEZ } (<i>his Janizaries</i>)	" NORTON.	" NEVILLE.	Mr. ROBY.
QUILT ARNOLD } - - -	{ G. TAYLOR. " W. JOHNSON.	" LYON.	" FRAMPTON.
AUSTIN }	" CULLEN.	" HICKS.	" HOWARD.
SHOTBOLT }	" EDMONDS.	" PAUL.	" J. PARRY.
LADY TRAFFORD (<i>Sister to Sir Rowland</i>)	" MORELLI.	" YATES.	
MRS. SHEPPARD (<i>a Widow, Jack's Mother</i>)	" BELTON.	" MORRISON.	
MRS. WOOD - - - - -	" MORRIS.	" KING.	
WINIFRED WOOD (<i>her Daughter</i>) - - -	" WAVE.	" COURTNEY.	
POLL MAGGOTT }	" SAUNDERS.	" R. GREEN.	
EDGEWORTH BESS }	" GRANT.	" WRIGHT.	
MRS. SPURLING (<i>a Female Gaoler</i>) - - -	MISS M. LEE.	" PAULO.	
RACHEL - - - - -	MISS H. Vining.	" DEERING.	
	MISS MARTIN.	" PAUL.	
	MRS. FOSBROKE.	" HOWARD.	Mr. SIMPSON.
	" CHARTLEY.	" FRANCE.	Mr. HUMPHREYS.
	MRS. DALY.	" PENSON.	" GODFREY.
	MRS. NAILET.	" STOKER.	" HOLLINGSWORTH.
	MRS. LEWIS.	" CURLING.	Miss SEYMOUR.
	MISS CAMPBELL.		Miss J. PARRY.
	MRS. GOWER.		" PENS.
	MISS E. HONNER.		" PHAROH.
	MISS FOOTE.		Miss ROBY.
<i>Sheriffs, Ordinary, Soldiers, Servants, Hangman, Mob, and Ladies.</i>			

Costumes.

SIR ROWLAND.—Plum-colored square-cut coat, blue embroidered waistcoat, black satin breeches, jack boots, sword, three-cornered hat, and white lace cravat.

KNEEBONE.—Green cloth square-cut coat, light waistcoat and green breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, three-cornered hat, and white cravat.

WOOD.—Drab cloth square-cut coat, long flowered waistcoat, black cloth breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, and white cravat.

JACK.—*First Dress*: Brown square-cut cloth coat, long drab waistcoat, black velveteen breeches, grey worsted stockings, and shoes, black hair closely cropped, three-cornered hat, and carpenter's apron. *Second Dress*: Velvet embroidered coat, white satin waistcoat, black satin breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, and gold laced hat. *Third dress*: Plain suit. *Fourth Dress*: Scarlet frock, white waistcoat, leather breeches, and jack boots. *Fifth Dress*: Plain black suit, white cravat.

THAMES.—*First Dress*: Plain cloth square-cut coat, light cloth waistcoat, black breeches, grey stockings, and shoes. *Second Dress*: Green riding suit, leather breeches, jack boots, gold laced hat, white cravat, and sword.

JONATHAN.—*First Dress*: Crimson square-cut coat, flowered waistcoat, red cloth breeches, belt, jack boots, three-cornered hat, large white cravat, wig to take off, flesh scull cap, and patch over one eye. *Second Dress*: Dark brown coat.

BLUESKIN.—*First Dress*: Large blue coat, flowered waistcoat, leather breeches, high white cravat, patch over eye, jack boots, and three-cornered hat. *Second Dress*: Old grey coat (square cut).

MENDEZ.—Large black coat, long black waistcoat, black breeches, grey stockings, shoes, beard, three-cornered hat, and dirty white cravat.

QUILT ARNOLD.—Plain cloth suit.

SHOTBOLT.—Same as Quilt Arnold.

LADY TRAFFORD.—White muslin wrapper, slippers, laced veil tied round the head.

MRS. SHEPPARD.—*First Dress*: Widow's weeds, fashion of the time. *Second Dress*: same, but torn, with hair dishevelled.

MRS. WOOD.—Figured silk gown, tucked and fastened round, showing satin quilted petticoat; stomacher, small circular cap with ribbons, and lace apron.

WINIFRED.—Plain white bodice and full skirt.

POLL.—Blue cloth silver laced riding dress, hat and feather.

EDGEWORTH BESS.—*First Dress*: Gaudy satin dress trimmed with showy ribbons, and lace apron. *Second Dress*: Plain dress for the escape. *Third Dress*: Same as first.

MRS. SPURLING.—Figured chintz dress and cap.

RACHEL.—Neat stuff dress, round cap, and apron.

Explanation of the Stage Directions.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

Right. *Right Centre.* *Centre.* *Left Centre.* *Left.*

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

Scenery and Properties.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Workshop of Wood the Carpenter (*see plate*). Bench on; beam across from L. to R.; carpenter's bench, tools, &c.; knife for Jack; key for Jack.

SCENE II.—Front Apartment in Wood's House.

SCENE III.—Wood's Parlour (*see plate*), closed in. Supper table, with supper things, &c.; chairs; punch, punch bowl, bottles, glasses, wine, &c. discovered. Two black eye patches for Jonathan Wild and Blueskin; pistols and handcuffs for same; pistol for Blueskin, to flash in the pan *only*.

SCENE IV.—The Play Garret (*see plate*). Two miniatures for Jack and Thames.

SCENE V.—Sir Rowland's Chamber. Hanging curtains for scene; sofa; chairs.

SCENE VI.—A Street in London.

SCENE VII.—A Cell in St. Giles's Round-house; a barred Cage, R.; door in flat, L. Handcuffs, staves, lanthorns, &c.; stools on; watchmen's rattles; jug of water ready, L.; keys for Abraham; jugs; rude table.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Apartment in Wood's House. Basket of eggs, &c., with flowers for Mrs. Sheppard.

SCENE II.—The Flash Ken, the "Cross Shovels," Old Mint. Small dram measures, glasses, &c.; jugs with beer, common tap room tables, stools, &c. on.

SCENE III.—Lane near Willesden.

SCENE IV.—Interior of Mrs. Sheppard's Cottage. (*see plate*). Printed bill; bed.

SCENE V.—Apartment in Wood's House at Dollis Hill; glass doors c., with a curtain, which, when open discovers the Garden by Moonlight Candles, &c.; dark lanthorns for Jack and Blueskin, masks, &c., picklocks; candle, candlestick, bed-room table, chairs; pistol for Jack; plate chest ready, r. 3 E.; knife for Blueskin.

SCENE VI.—Road to London.

SCENE VII.—Apartment in Wild's House. Bag of money for Jack; pistol for Blueskin; tables; chairs.

SCENE VIII.—Exterior of New Prison (Night)—Picture. Rope for Jack; pistols for Arnold; a mask, key, and pocket-book for Arnold.

SCENE IX.—Same as Scene VII. Portfolio with paper in it for Jonathan; two loaded pistols for Jack; ditto for Jonathan; loaded pistol for Blueskin.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—(Picture realized). A Cell, with door at back, r. Straw on; chain for Mrs. Sheppard.

SCENE II.—Room in Wild's House. Pistol, sword, bludgeon, &c. ready, r. 1 E.

SCENE III.—Hatch of the Condemned Hole and Lodge, Newgate. (*see plate*). Spike, file, and woman's dress for Jack.

SCENE IV.—Apartment in the House at Dollis Hill; a recess, r.; curtain drawn across it; a window to the ground, L. Curtain for scene; hat, pistols, &c. for Jonathan; small whistle ditto; pistol loaded for Thames; loaded blunderbuss for Wood.

SCENE V.—Room in Wild's House. Bottle in cabinet; paper and gauntlet, &c.; bludgeon for Wild; chairs, table on; candles, &c.; bags of money and pocket-book with notes for Sir Rowland Trenchard.

SCENE VI.—The Well Hole—Picture realized.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Apartment in Kneebone's House (closed in). Table, &c. ; cloth ; cold fowls ; a tongue ; beef ; pastry, &c. ; watch for Kneebone ; glasses, decanters, wine, &c. ; snuff box for Kneebone ; bell hung, with bell rope ; papers, staves, &c.

SCENE II.—The back of Wild's House (night). Papers for Jack.

SCENE III.—Cell in the House of Wild. Cup and lamp on table ; chairs.

SCENE IV.—Parlour in Wood's House at Dollis Hill, as before. Blunderbuss for Wood ; written papers ; pocket-book full of notes.

SCENE V.—Interior of Newgate ; the Press Room ; Picture realised. Irons for Jack ; bell to toll.

SCENE VI.—Yard of Wild's House. Pillars supporting arches ; wall at back built of boxes ; the whole to break and fall. Reports, sparks, and explosion. Torch for Wild ; knife for Blueskin.

SCENE VII.—Painted gibbet and figure ; guns for soldiers ; bludgeons for people ; red fire.

COPY OF ORIGINAL BILL,

When Performed at the Surrey Theatre.

MONDAY, October 21, 1839, will be produced, a New and Singularly Graphic, Melo-Dramatic, and Panoramic Adaptation (in Three Parts), from the very celebrated Novel, called

JACK SHEPPARD.

TO THE PUBLIC.—In the production of this most extraordinary Drama, some apology, or explanation may be deemed necessary. In the *Literary Gazette* of this day, is an article which completely meets the question. First, Is it necessary that every publication should be framed for the express purpose of pointing a moral ? Secondly, Does *Jack Sheppard* succeed or fail in this object ? And, Thirdly, Do such objects offer fair materials to exercise the talent of authors, and afford public gratification, without injury to the public mind ? To the first inquiry we are bound to concede, that, much as we value moral inculcation, to adhere to it as a *sine qua non* would be to exclude a multitude of pleasing, playful, imaginative, and innocent productions, which has ever been the enjoyment of cultivated society. To the second the reply would be, that, so long as human nature is human nature, and that there is guilt as well as virtue, it may be as expedient to explore the lower and darker recesses of villainy as to develop the stilted crimes

of tragedy in high places. Nay, as the former immediately affect and come in contact with the vast majority of our fellow-creatures, it is expedient to put the ignorant many on their guard against the seductions of common vice, and the invasions of bold brutality. The main point, therefore, comes, after all, to be the treatment of the theme. Are we made to feel a deeper concern for the scoundrel and murderer than for the wronged and good? Is criminality made prosperous, and honour and honesty (alas! too often suffering in the real world) held up to disregard and odium? But we find none of these offences in *Jack Sheppard*; and as Fielding has chosen "Jonathan Wild" as his "great man," to barb the keenest shafts of irony against crime, so do we think Mr. Ainsworth has, in an entirely different and more popular manner, elected his ruffian victim, *Jack Sheppard*, to demonstrate that there is no mortal *nulla virtute redemptum*; that depravity, however covered by bravado, is sure to entail compunction and punishment; and that unequal as are the fates of the bad and the good, the preponderance of suffering rests with the former, and the balance of even earthly comfort with the latter class. Our author has curiously, though incidentally, supported this view, by supposing that Hogarth took the hint of his vigorous and impressive lesson of Industry and Idleness (in the two apprentices) from seeing Jack Sheppard previous to his execution, when his portrait was painted by Sir James Thornhill: may we not also guess that something of Mr. Ainsworth's story might have been suggested by Hogarth's pictures? See Cruikshank's inimitable procession of Sheppard to Tyburn: the buffoonery, the riot, the orgies, the triumph of Sin, the incitement to rapine and bloodshed; and compare them with the sad and solemn administration of the law, the change effected within a century; and say whether the upholding of the past is not calculated to expedite the further improvement of the future! In fine, *Jack Sheppard* is

To all an example,—To no one a pattern,

and an ignominious death is the just reward of an atrocious life. The touches of remorse and repentance with which it has pleased Mr. Ainsworth to invest his closing career, are worthy of much commendation, not only as finishing the humanity of his conception, but as doing homage to the invincible principles of conscience and retribution.

SIR,—Having, in compliance with your request, witnessed your Rehearsal, and perused the Drama founded on "JACK SHEPPARD," in preparation at the Surrey Theatre, I am satisfied it will furnish a complete representation of the principal Scenes of the Romance; and have, therefore, no hesitation in giving my entire sanction to the performance. The fact of the whole of the Scenery having been superintended by MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, must be a sufficient guarantee to the Public for its excellence and accuracy.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Oct. 18th, 1839.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Scenery and Incidents.

Scene I.—Workshop of Owen Wood the Carpenter.—The Idle Apprentice.

“ Full twenty highwaymen, blithe and bold,
Rattled their chains in the dungeon old,
Of all that number there ‘scaped but one,
Who carved his name on the Newgate-stone.”

“ What a fool I am to be sure, I ought to have cut John, not Jack ; however, it don’t signify, nobody ever called me John that I recollect, so I dare say I was christened Jack. I hope this beam doesn’t resemble the Newgate stone, or I may chance, like the great men the song speaks of, to swing on the Tyburn tree for my pains—though, if my name should become as famous as theirs it wouldn’t much matter !”

Scene II.—Parlour in Wood’s House.

Quarrel and reconciliation of Wood and his wife.

Scene III.—Wood’s Dining Room.—The Jacobite.

“ At the precise period of this history, the Jacobite party was full of hope and confidence. Louis the Fourteenth yet lived, and expectation was therefore indulged of assistance from France ; and their partizans loudly proclaimed their hatred to the House of Hanover, and their determination to cut off the Protestant succession.”

Scene IV.—The Play Garret.—First Step towards the Ladder.

“ Darrell’s peculiar bent of mind was exemplified in a rusty broad-sword, a tall grenadier’s cap, a musket, without lock or ramrod, a belt and cartouch-box, with other matters, evincing a decided military taste. Jack’s library consisted of a couple of flash songs, pasted against the wall, entitled, “ The Thief-Catcher’s Prophecy,” and “ The Life and Death of the Darkman’s Badge,” where his extraordinary skill was displayed, in what he termed a model—*A Moddle of his Mas. Jale off Newgate.*”

Scene V.—Apartment in the House of Lady Trafford.—Consequences of the Theft.

“ It’s too late to carry him before a magistrate now, Sir Rowland, so with your permission, I’ll give him a night’s lodging in St. Giles’s Round House. You, Jack Sheppard, have nothing to fear, as you’ve become evidence against your accomplice, and I have no doubt Thames Darrell will be fully committed.”

DEATH OF LADY TRAFFORD.

Scene VI.—Street in London.

The determination of Wild to introduce Jack to temptation, and to lead him step by step to his father's end—the gallows.

Scene VII.—St. Giles's Round House.

Jack's first escape from prison.

ACT II.

Scene I.—The Magdalen.

"Well, Mrs. Sheppard," said the carpenter, advancing to meet her, and trying to look as cheerful and composed as he could, "what brings you to town, eh? Nothing amiss, I trust?" "Nothing whatever, sir," answered the widow. "A neighbour offered to drive me to Paddington, and as I haven't heard of my son for some time, I couldn't resist the temptation of stepping on to enquire after him, and to thank you for your great goodness to us both."

Scene II.—The Flash Ken.

"Gentlemen, I hope to see the day when all men shall be debtors and none creditors, when imprisonment for debt shall be utterly abolished, when highway robbery shall be accounted a pleasant pastime and forgery an accomplishment; when Tyburn and its gibbets shall be overthrown; capital punishments discontinued; Newgate, Ludgate, the Gate-house, and the Compters, razed to the ground; Bridewell and Clerkenwell destroyed; the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, remembered only by name."

Scene III.—A Lane near Willesden.

Plan concerted between Sir Rowland and Jonathan Wild for the abduction of Thames Darrell.

Scene IV.—The Cottage of Jack's Mother.—Good and Evil.

"Hear me, Jack," shrieked his mother; "you know not what you do; the wretch you confide in, has sworn to hang you; choose between good and evil, between him and me; and mind, your life—more than your life, hangs upon your choice." "It does so," said Wild; "choose Jack." The lad made no answer, but left the room.

Scene V.—Mr. Wood's House at Dollis Hill.

The return of Thames. The Burglary and the Murder.

Scene VI.—The Road to London.

Jack separates from Blueskin.

Scene VII.—Apartment in Wild's House.—Jack's Quarrel with Wild.

"You are my slave and such you shall continue," said Jonathan,

"neglect my orders, and I will hang you." Sheppard started to his feet. "Hear me, it is time you should know whom you have to deal with. Henceforward, I utterly throw off the yoke you have laid upon me—I will neither stir hand nor foot for you more—attempt to molest me, and I split—you are more in my power than I am in yours; Jack Sheppard is a match for Jonathan Wild any day."

Scene VIII.—Exterior of the New Prison, Clerkenwell.—Jack's Second Escape, with Edgeworth Bess.

Scene IX.—Jonathan Wild's Audience Chamber.—The Disguise.

"Quilt Arnold, is that you?" "It is sir," spluttered the janizary, "I've been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Jack Sheppard." "By Jack Sheppard?" exclaimed the thief-taker. "Yes, and I hope you will take ample vengeance upon him," said Quilt. "I will when I catch him, rely on it," said Wild. "You needn't go far to do that," returned Quilt, "there he stands." "Aye, here I am," said Jack, throwing off his hat and wig; and marching towards the group, amongst whom there was a general movement of surprise at his audacity. "Sir Rowland, I salute you as your nephew."

ACT III.

Scene I.—Old Bedlam.—Jack and his Mother.

"Where?" she cried, "I can't see him; where is he?" "Here," answered Jack. "Are you his ghastly son?" "No, no," answered Jack, "I am your most unhappy son." Let me touch you then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours.

Scene II.—Preparation for the Assassination.

Scene III.—The Condemned Hold.—How Jack got out.

Scene IV.—Apartment in the House of Mr. Wood.—Dollis Hill revisited.

"Do not despair!" echoed Mrs. Sheppard, with a laugh that cut the ears of those who listened to it like a razor! "Do not despair! and who or what shall give me comfort when my son is gone? I have wept till my eyes are dry—suffered till my heart is broken—prayed till the voice of prayer is dumb, and all of no avail. He will be hanged, hanged, hanged. Ha! ha! what have I left but despair and madness."

Scene V.—Secret Apartment in the House of Wild.—The Murder.

As the signal was given, the Jew, who had been some time in expectation of it, darted swiftly and silently behind Sir Rowland and flung a cloth over his head, while Jonathan, rushing upon him

in front, struck him several quick and violent blows in the face with the bludgeon. The white cloth was instantly dyed with crimson. But, regardless of this, Jonathan continued his murderous assault. The struggles of the wounded man were desperate—so desperate, that in his agony he upset the table, and in the confusion tore off the cloth, and disclosed a face horribly disfigured and streaming with blood.

Scene VI.—Jonathan Wild's House.—The Well-hole.

A secret door flew open; beyond was a narrow bridge crossing a circular building, at the bottom of which lay a deep well. It was a dark, mysterious place, and what it was used for no one exactly knew, but it was called by those who had seen it, "the well-hole."

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Draper's Shop in Wych Street.—The Supper at Kneebone's.

"The plot's out," cried Jack, and without another word he seized the table with both hands, and upset it, scattering plates, dishes, bottles, jugs and glasses, far and wide. The crash was tremendous. The lights rolled over and were extinguished, and, if Rachel had not carried a candle, the room would have been plunged in darkness. Amid the confusion, Shotbolt sprung on his feet, and levelling a pistol at Jack's head, commanded him to surrender; but before any reply could be made the gaoler's arm was struck up by Blueskin, who, throwing himself upon him, dragged him to the ground.

Scene II.—The Back of Wild's House.

The stolen deed found, and Thames Darrell restored to his rights.

Scene III.—A Vault in the House of Wild.—Jack Sheppard and his Mother.

"We shall meet again, ere long, my son," cried Mrs. Sheppard, fixing her glazing eyes upon him. "Oh, God! she is dying," exclaimed Jack, in a voice suffocated by emotion,—"forgive me—oh, forgive me!" "Forgive you—bless you!" she gasped—a cold shiver ran through her frame, and her gentle spirit passed away forever.

Scene IV.—Ante-room in Wood's House at Dollis Hill.

"Fear nothing, sir," said the man, in a voice which Thames instantly recognized as that of Blueskin. "I am come to render you a service. There are the rest of the papers which my captain hazarded his life to preserve for you, and which he said would establish your right to the estates of the Trenchard family. And there," he added, placing in his hands a heavy bag of money and a pocket book, "is a safe little share of fifteen thousand pounds."

Scene V.—The Press Room.

Advancing with a slow firm step to the stone block, he placed his left foot upon it, drew himself up to his full height, and fixed a look so stern upon Jonathan, that the thief-taker quailed before it. Jonathan, fixing a ferocious and exulting look upon Jack Sheppard, exclaimed, "At length my vengeance is complete." "Wretch!" cried Jack, raising his hand in a menacing manner, "Your triumph will be short lived—before a year has expired, you will share the same fate."

Scene VI.—Wild's House.

Meanwhile, the mob outside had prodigiously increased, and had begun to exhibit some disposition to riot. The coach in which the prisoner had been conveyed, was already broken to pieces, and the driver was glad to escape with life. Terrific shouts were raised by the rabble, who threatened to tear Wild to pieces if he showed himself.

THE HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE.**Death of Wild and Blueskin.****EXPLOSION OF CONCEALED GUNPOWDER!****Scene VII.—Grand Tableau of the Execution of Jack Sheppard.****ADVERTISEMENT.**

THIS arrangement of Mr. AINSWORTH's very popular romance was made for the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, when under the Editor's management. It was most successfully performed there for exactly fifty nights; and from that and his subsequent experience he believes it to be the most desirable version yet prepared. As there is little or no original matter in the adaptation, the Editor cannot but imagine that it would be a manifest injustice to the real author (Mr. AINSWORTH) were he to institute any claim for its representation. The Profession are therefore welcome to its *free use*.

MERRIMACK FALLS - V. APRIL

and friend you should see the sun set past the mountain, and a poor boy, tired after a day of grubbing about, finds shelter in a dark dell, and finds his bed upon the soft grass, and his pillow a log, and his blanket a coat.

JACK SHEPPARD.



MUCH ADVICE AND DANGER

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Workshop of Owen Wood, the Carpenter, in Wych Street

JACK SHEPPARD discovered on the bench, r. cutting his name in the beam—Mr. Wood seen behind some planks, on the watch, L. C.—Music for tableau. See Plate.

JACK. (singing as he cuts his name)—

“ When Claude du Val was in Newgate thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone ;
Quoth a dubsman who gazed on the shattered wall,
You have carved your epitaph, Claude du Val.
With your chisel so fine—tra la.”

This S wants a little deepening.

“ Duval was hanged, and the next who came,
On the self-same stone inscribed his name.
‘ Aha !’ quoth the dubsman, with devilish glee,
‘ Tom Waters, your doom is the triple tree.’
With your chisel so fine—tra la.”

What a fool I am !—I ought to have cut John, not Jack. However, it don’t signify—nobody ever calls me John. I dare say I was christened Jack.

“ Full twenty highwaymen, blythe and bold,
Rattled their chains in that dungeon old ;
Of all that number there ‘scaped but one,
Who carveyed his name on that dungeon stone.
With his chisel so fine— tra la.”

I hope this beam arn’t like the Newgate stone, or I may chance, like the great men the song speaks of, to swing upon Tyburn tree ; though, if I could make my name famous as theirs, a fig for the gallows. There ! (jumping down) Claude du Val couldn’t have done it better. Ha, ha, ha !

Wood. (aside) He’s a chip of the old block, I fear, and will be hanged, as his father was.

JACK. I’ve half a mind to give old Wood the slip, and turn highwayman.

WOOD. (*bursting forward*) The devil you have! So you'll turn highwayman, will you—eh? (*strikes JACK*)

JACK. (*fiercely*) Yes, I will—I will—if you beat me!

WOOD. Jack, Jack!—mark my words—you'll come to be hanged.

JACK. Better be hanged than henpecked.

WOOD. Eh? Oh! do you dare to say Mrs. Wood governs me? (*threatening him*)

JACK. I won't be struck for nothing.

WOOD. Nothing! Do you call neglecting your work, and singing flash songs nothing? I'll—

JACK. (*opening his knife*) I wouldn't advise you to lay hands on me again now.

WOOD. (*retreating*) Where did you hear that song?

JACK. At the Black Lion.

WOOD. The worst house in the neighbourhood—the haunt of thieves and reprobates. And from whom did you learn it?

JACK. From a fellow named Blueskin.

WOOD. Eh! Lord—Lord! he's a housebreaker—tried last session—peached—and Jonathan Wild brought him off.

JACK. Do you know Jonathan Wild, master?—a man with a yellow beard, and a face as sly as a fox?

WOOD. Eh! the very man! How do you know him?

JACK. (*showing key*) Do you know this key? He promised to give me a couple of guineas if I'd just try if it fitted your locks.

WOOD. Zounds and the devil, Jack! it's my old master-key. Your father stole it from me, Jack, when he was—that is, when he suffered at Tyburn; he bade your mother give it me—she lost it. Wild must have stolen it.

JACK. He must—but I'll trap him, or my name's not Jack Sheppard.

WOOD. I see what you'd do; but even when you've a knave to deal with, let your actions be plain and above board. Listen. You want industry, or you'd be a first-rate workman. Idleness is the root of all evil. If you don't give over going to public houses, and keeping bad company, I must give you up your indentures, and you must seek another master.

JACK. Oh, don't say so, master. 'Pon my life I'll be a better boy—I will indeed!

WOOD. Give me those cards. (*JACK hands a dirty pack from the bench*) And give me that measure of gin. (*JACK gives him a quartern measure*) Ah! how can you, a boy, touch the nasty stuff! (*drinks*) I'll throw it away. Now go to work, and finish Lady Trafford's packing case—it must be sent home this evening.

JACK. I'll do the job by six o'clock. (*works at box*)

WOOD. Oh, Jack, I wish you would take pattern by Thames Darrell.

JACK. He was always your favourite; but I don't mind—I'd do any thing for Thames Darrell.

Enter THAMES DARRELL, L.

THAMES. And Thames Darrell would do anything for you, Jack

JACK. You would, you would—you saved my life when the timber fell on me.

THAMES. You'd do as much for me.

MRS. WOOD bounces in, L.

MRS. W. So, then, he was hurt all through Jack—I knew it was so; and I knew it would be when you brought that worthless brat into the house; but like your overbearing sex, you'll never be guided by me.

WOOD. Hush, hush—dear duck, hush! Don't hurt the boy's feelings.

MRS. W. Oh, the good for nothing pauper—*his* feelings!

(they turn and look at JACK, who had ceased work to listen—he meets their look with a leer, and significant action—then whistles and works)

MRS. W. Didn't I tell you to send him to the workhouse? did I bid you visit his mother so often under the plea of charity? you've your reasons no doubt for bringing up her son—perhaps I ought to say your son, sir—your son.

WOOD. Really, ducky dear—consider my modest reputation.

MRS. W. I'll not have your natural children in my house, sir—my house.

JACK. (*slyly to Wood*) "Who dare say Mrs. Wood governs me," eh? he, he, he!

WOOD. Get on with your work, sir; and as for you, Mrs. W—

MRS. W. (*storming*) Owen, Owen, your violence is killing me by inches.

THAMES. Oh, Mrs. Wood—oh, father.

MRS. W. There—there—all your natural children, sir, about me; I'll not bear it.

WOOD. Nay, ducky dear.

THAMES. Nay, madam, hear reason.

MRS. W. Reason; nonsense—pooh—pooh—if ever you see her—or if you don't turn him out—

JACK. He, he, he!

WOOD. A workhouse villain.

WOOD. Ducky, ducky.

MRS. W. Devil, devil.

They exit L. quarrelling, JACK laughing and jeering, THAMES trying to keep him to his work.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber.

Enter MR. and MRS. WOOD, L., wrangling.

MRS. W. I knew how it would be when you brought that worthless hussey's brat into the house. I told you no good would come of it, and every day's experience proves that I was right. But, like all your overbearing sex, you must have your own way. You'll never be guided by me—never!

WOOD. Indeed, my love, you're entirely mistaken.

MRS. W. Mistaken! Me, mistaken! Mr. Wood, how can you

have the impudence to utter such a falsehood? I was never mistaken in my life—but once.

WOOD. Indeed, my love. Pray, my dear, may I ask what you were mistaken in that once?

MRS. W. (*in a violent rage*) Why, in you, sir, to be sure! When I married you, I thought I should have had my own way in everything; but I have been deceived, sir—cruelly deceived.

WOOD. 'Tis I, my gentle wife, that have been deceived.

MRS. W. You, sir?

WOOD. When I married you I thought I was blessed with a good tempered, quiet wife.

MRS. W. Oh, Mr. Wood, you will drive me mad—to say that I have a bad temper! Was ever such a falsehood uttered before? No, never! But I'll be revenged, I'm determined! And that brat too, Jack Sheppard—to bring him here and burthen me.

WOOD. My love, you advised me to take him.

MRS. W. What! I advised you to burthen yourself with that idle and good-for-nothing pauper, did I?

WOOD. Now, my dear, don't get into such a passion.

MRS. W. I advised you to take him as an apprentice without the regular fee with him!—to give him wages!—I advised you to feed him, clothe him, and treat him like his betters—to put up with his insolence, and wink at his faults?

WOOD. (*aside*) I wish I could wink at your faults.

MRS. W. You'll tell me next, I dare say, that I recommended you to go and visit his mother so frequently, under the plea of charity—to give her wine, provisions, and money—to remove her from the only fit quarter for such people—the Mint!

WOOD. (*aside*) I'd give a mint of money if you were there!

MRS. W. And to place her in a cottage at Willesden, of which you must needs pay the rent? Marry come up! Charity should begin at home.

WOOD. (*aside*) I wish peace would.

MRS. W. A discreet husband would leave the dispensation of his bounty, where women are concerned, to his wife; and, for my part, if I were inclined to exercise my benevolence at all, it should be in favour of more deserving objects than that whining, hypocritical Mrs. Sheppard. I can't endure the odious baggage—I hope I may never come near her!

WOOD. (*aside*) I hope you never may!

MRS. W. Owen—Owen, what a fluster you have put me into with your violence; and at the very time, too, when you know I'm expecting a visit from Mr. Kneebone, on his return from Manchester. I wouldn't have him see me in this state for the world—he'd never forgive me! and so, my love, I am content to make up our quarrel. But you must promise me not to go near that abandoned hussey at Willesden.

WOOD. (*aside*) I'll promise anything for the sake of peace. Well, my love, since you disapprove, I'll go no more.

MRS. W. That's very kind of you. One can't help being jealous you know, even of an unworthy object.

Wood. Women must have their wills while they live, since they can make none when they die. Give me a kiss, wife. (*kisses her*) Matrimonial felicity! Come along, my dear, quiet, better half!

Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Wood's Parlour arranged for supper. Table and chairs.*

Enter WINIFRED and THAMES, R.

THAMES. Dear Winny, I shall quit this roof to-morrow.

WINI. Surely you heed not what my mother has said; you must not go.

THAMES. I must—I can never consent to remain a burthen on those who have no right to support me.

WINI. Dear Thames, you are now earning your living, and my father, who saved you from drowning, has a right to support you, did you require it; you must promise me not to leave without his consent.

THAMES. He will give his consent, he must—and you must promise me to think more kindly of Jack Sheppard.

WINI. (*vexed, crosses to L.*) I wish you wouldn't tease me about Jack Sheppard.

Enter MRS. WOOD, L.

MRS. W. What is that you are saying about Jack Sheppard?

WINI. Thames was observing that—

MRS. W. Thames! ha, more of your clever father's clever work, child—Thames is the name of a river, not of a gentleman.

WINI. And he is a gentleman, mother.

MRS. W. He may be, my dear, if the story of finding him in the river isn't altogether a—

Enter MR. WOOD, L.

WOOD. My dear, my duck, you forget—

MRS. W. Oh dear, no, Mr. Wood, I forget nothing; I perfectly remember that everybody was drowned on that occasion, except yourself and your—the child I mean.

WOOD. Dear, dear, you're beside yourself.

MRS. W. I was beside myself to take charge of your—

WINI. (*stopping her*) Mother!

THAMES. (*catching hold of WINNY's hand—aside*) My resolution is now taken.

WOOD. Mrs. W., Mrs. W., your friend Mr. Kneebone, the woollen draper, is below.

MRS. W. (*suddenly suppressing the scold*) Good gracious, is he—but you do agitate me so much—oh, I'm in such a flutter.

WOOD. What does Mr. Kneebone put you in a flutter for, my love?

MRS. W. Ah, Owen, Owen, you're a fool.

WOOD. I suppose I am, for I never yet could put you in a flutter.

MRS. W. Come, child—silence, Mr. Wood.

WOOD. Dear me, what for?

MRS. W. (*dragging WINNY to L.*) Silence!

WOOD. What for—oh dear—what for?

They exit L., bickering, Mrs. Wood dragging WINNY with her, who looks back, making imploring signs to THAMES.

THAMES. I can endure this no longer—I must begone to seek my fate—he has ever been a father to me, and she, far as her own snarling nature will permit, appears attached to me—but I cannot bear this constantly repeated slur upon my birth—I will this night ask Mr. Wood the story of my finding—then, though I fly for ever from Winny, and my childhood's friends, I'll find my relatives, if this wide world yet hold them. (*a loud laugh heard without*)

MR. KNEEBONE enters, L., handing in MRS. WOOD affectedly—followed by JONATHAN WILD and BLUESKIN, disguised as Messrs. Jeremiah Jackson, and Solomon Smith, dressed as described, and wearing each a black patch over his eye; WOOD and WINNY following.

MRS. W. (*coquettishly—aside*) Recreant wretch—why did you not come alone?

KNEE. Friends, my angel—particular friends.

MRS. W. What strange looking men—oh, how unlike. (*eyeing KNEEBONE*)

KNEE. (*conceitedly*) Very—admitted—very—allow me, angelic creature, to introduce Mr. Jeremiah Jackson, and Mr. Solomon Smith, chapmen—hem—travelling for orders—hem. (*MRS. WOOD looks at them repellingly—they exchange a strange sign—they bow—BLUESKIN imitating every action of JONATHAN'S*)

JONA. Adorable lady—your—hem—humblest servant.

BLUE. Adorable lady—your—hem—humblest servant.

MRS. W. (*looking at each*) You are very polite—very.

JONA. (*bowing*) Very—polite—very.

BLUE. (*bowing*) Very—perlite—very.

KNEE. Very. (*they look at one another, then burst into a loud laugh—MRS. WOOD vexed and surprised*)

MRS. W. Why did you bring these strange men? you cruel—

KNEE. Couldn't help it, 'pon my honour.

JONA. Couldn't.

BLUE. Couldn't. (*they repeat their look and laugh—MRS. WOOD walks to and fro enraged*)

MRS. W. I think you're all bewitched.

JONA. (*bowing on one side of her*) We are, ma'am, by your charms.

BLUE. (*bowing on the other*) Quite, ma'am, by your charms. (*they repeat look and roar of laughter*)

KNEE. (*trying to appease MRS. WOOD*) No offence, I hope, my dear Mrs. Wood; my friends may have rather odd ways with them, but—

MRS. W. (*flouncing away*) They have very odd ways, sir.

JONA. (*intercepting her with a bow*) But we never fail in devotion to the fair sex, ma'am.

BLUE. Never—devotion—fair sex—ma'am.

MRS. W. How could you bring such creatures, when, too, we haven't met for a fortnight.

KNEE. Couldn't help it, life—if you did but know who they are.

MRS. W. Lor bless me—you frighten me—who are they.

KNEE. (*whispering*) Secret agents—friends to the good cause—sent by the Stuart from France—eh?

MRS. W. (*aside to him*) Noblemen! Lor— (KNEEBONE nods) I see.

KNEE. (*putting his finger on his lips*) Hush, hush.

MRS. W. Oh lor—French noblemen in disguise. Oh dear, I see it in them. (*aside*) Take your seats, your lords—worships I mean. I've been so rude—I shall never forgive myself.

JONA. (*bowing*) Oh, don't mention it.

BLUE. (*bowing*) Don't mention it.

MRS. W. Supper's ready. Noblemen to supper—oh dear! oh lor! (*bowing and curtseying, they all take their seats*)

Enter JACK SHEPPARD with box, from door in flat. (See plate)
Music for Tableau. Clock strikes six.

MRS. W. (*to JACK*) How dare you come into the parlour with your filthy carpentering?

WOOD. Nay, my dear.

THAMES. There, father; I was in the right, Jack has done his task you see.

JACK. Where am I to take it to, sir?

WOOD. To Sir Rowland Trenchard, in Southampton Fields, and mind it's for his sister, Lady Trafford.

KNEE. Whet your whistle before you start, Jack. (*gives glass*) I guess what that box is for—(*whispers over to JONATHAN*)—Sir Rowland is one of us, so was his brother-in-law, Sir Cecil Traff. Another glass, Jack?

JACK. (*grinning*) Ah! thank ye, sir.

KNEEBONE flirts with Mrs. Wood—JACK helps himself to another glass, and sits on the box—JONATHAN points him out

BLUESKIN.

BLUE. (*aside*) That's the cummer as was to try the dub for us ain't it?

JONA. (*aside*) Silence! and don't muddle your brains with any more of that pharoah—you'll need all your strength to grab him.

JACK sees JONATHAN, and lets his glass fall with a start—he looks at him trembling.

KNEE. }
MRS. W. } What's the matter?

JONA. (*fiercely*) Aye—what's the matter with the boy? did you never see two gentlemen with only a couple of peepers between them before, eh?

BLUE. Never before, eh? we're a natural curiosity.

JACK. (*his eye on WILD*) Master—master—a word with you.

WOOD. Get about your business.

JACK. (*beckoning*) Thames!—Missis!

MRS. W. Leave the room, sirrah ! (*gives him a terrific slap in the face*)

JACK. (*rubbing his face*) So, so—may I be cursed if ever I try to be honest again; that's all, that's all. (*takes up the box*)

KNEE. There, get out—you've a couple of boxes to take care of —ha, ha, ha !

JACK. I'll never try again ; no, no, never !

Exit, L., amidst a roar of laughter from JONATHAN and BLUESKIN.

WOOD. That Jack's a terrible rascal—only to-day I discovered that—

JONA. (*eagerly*) What ?

THAMES. Don't speak ill of him behind his back, father.

JONA. (*sarcastically*) Your son's a lad of spirit.

WOOD. He's not my son—Thames Darrell is a foundling.

MRS. W. My husband christened him Thames, because he *says* he found him in the river.

BLUE. Never mind the Thames—we don't want water punch—and I'll sing you a song.

Old Wood mixes a bowl—JONATHAN sits absorbed in thought—KNEEBONE and Mrs. Wood flirt, while BLUESKIN sings the following song.

Jolly nose, the bright rubies that garnish thy tip.

Are dug from the mines of Canary,
And to keep up their lustre, I moisten my lip
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

Jolly nose ! he who sees thee across a bright glass
Beholds thee in all thy perfection,
And to the pale snout of the temperate ass,
Entertains the profoundest objection.

Jolly nose !

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wines is my colour ;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
The fuller I fill it, the fuller.

Jolly nose, there are fools who say drink hurts the sight,
Such dullards know nothing about it ;
'Tis better with wine to extinguish the light,
Than live always in darkness without it.

Jolly nose !

End of the song—all say “Bravo, bravo,” &c.—JONATHAN brings WOOD forward.

JONA. How long may it be since that boy Thames, was found by you in the river—was it about the time of the great storm—eh ?

WOOD. Why, you must know I had gone down to Jack Sheppard's mother in the Old Mint, just to take the poor thing a morsel of food,

and something to comfort her; in her gratitude she told me she had a key, left for me by her husband, who was hanged—

JONA. I know, I know.

WOOD. Oh, you know, do you? Well, I took her child (that young rogue who was here just now) in my arms, while she went to search for it, and as I stood in the entry, a stranger with a child in his arms, rushed past me, he threw his cloak over my shoulders, and disappeared, telling me his name was Darrell.

JONA. Yes, yes, I see.

WOOD. So did I, for several men appeared in pursuit of the stranger—seeing the cloak, they seized on me, and very nearly strangled poor Jack Sheppard, mistaking him for the other little one.

JONA. Well, they found out their mistake.

WOOD. They did, and pursued the stranger, directed by a fellow since well known, named Jonathan Wild. You may have heard of him?

JONA. I think I have heard his name—proceed.

WOOD. I made my way to the water-side and took a boat to cross. It was pitch dark and a storm was raging—I saw a boat near us, in it was the stranger with the child—he was evidently flying for his life—another boat pursued him—they fired on him—I saw the boatman fall—I saw the boats close—I saw the scuffle—one ruffian was slain by the stranger—but while struggling with their leader, another stabbed him in the back—and with the child he fell into the roaring flood—we pulled nearer, just in time to snatch the infant from the water and see the stranger sink.

JONA. He died?

WOOD. He did, but I rescued the child, and reached home in safety with him—that child is Thames Darrell, the boy before you.

THAMES. And Jonathan Wild betrayed the stranger, did he?

WOOD. I heard him giving directions to—

JONA. Pooh, pooh—no—no—impossible—ha, ha, ha!

WOOD. Really, Mr. Jeremiah Jackson, your laugh reminds me of the individual I have mentioned, he who is now notorious as a thief-taker; then he was the associate of thieves.

JONA. (*fiercely*) Whom, sir?

WOOD. Jonathan Wild, sir.

JONA. S'blood, sir; Mr. Wild is a gentleman, sir—I'll not hear him calumniated.

BLUE. (*darting forward, half tipsy*) S'blood, sir; Mr. Wild is—is a gentleman, sir—we could do nothing without him, sir.

WOOD. We! sir.

BLUE. Every honest man, sir.

WOOD. Umph, sir.

KNEE. (*coming down—while Mrs. Wood takes Wood away*) I didn't think Jonathan Wild was an acquaintance of yours,

JONA. I've known him all my life.

BLUE. Yes, known him all my life—life—

JONA. (*aside to BLUESKIN*) Fool!

KNEE. Then you know if he intends to execute his threat of

hanging that fellow who acts as his jackal—one John Blake or Blueskin.

BLUE. (*a little sobered, eyeing JONATHAN*) Hang Blueskin? eh? um—but I have heard that Blueskin vowed to cut his master's throat, on the slightest show of treachery, and he'd do it—he would.

KNEE. (R.) Ah! the sooner such scoundrels are dead, the better.

JONA. (C.) This is folly. Come, 'tis time.

BLUE. (L.) For what?

JONA. The caption—come.

BLUE. Ready? (*they each draw forth a brace of pistols*)

MRS. W. Oh, mercy, lor—what is this? oh—oh.

JONA. Be still, you'll not be hurt? Captain Kneebone, you are a rebel, and our prisoner.

KNEE. Sit down, Mr. Jackson, sit down.

JONA. Do you see this warrant, sir; you've been long suspected—we've trapp'd you into confession, and you're caught at last.

MRS. W. Wretches! Oh, Mr. Kneebone, are these your French noblemen.

JONA. Bring him along, Blueskin.

BLUESKIN advances—KNEEBONE suddenly wrests his pistol from him and fells him to the ground, then presents the pistol at JONATHAN.

KNEE. Begone, or I fire.

JONA. Mr. Wood, you are a constable, and shall be answerable for his escape.

MRS. W. Mr. Wood, I command you not to stir, you shall be answerable to me.

WOOD. Dear, dear, what shall I do? show me your warrant, is it regular.

THAMES. Beware of him—he is Jonathan Wild.

KNEE. Say you so—then this be bullet your passport to eternity.

Fires—the pistol flashes only—JONATHAN rushes on him calling, "Lend a hand with the ruffles, Blueskin." KNEEBONE is overpowered—JONATHAN and BLUESKIN hold him down.

WOOD. Jonathan Wild release your prisoner, or I arrest you and Blueskin for felony.

JONA. It won't do; strike the gag, my cummer.

WOOD. Open the window and call for help. (*Mrs. Wood and THAMES rush over and throw open the window*)

THAMES. There are plenty of people outside, father.

WOOD. Do you know this key—whom did you give it to, and for what?

JONA. Confusion! 'tis the one I gave the kinchin; take off the ruffles, Blueskin—but mark me, before to-morrow that boy shall join his father.

Scene closed in on the picture—BLUESKIN doggedly releasing KNEEBONE—WOOD with the key JONATHAN threatening THAMES, who is at the window—Mrs. Wood in hysterics.

SCENE IV.—*The Play Garret—(see plate).*

Enter WINIFRED, with a miniature.

WINI. Now I am alone I will finish this dear picture ; I am sure it will be very like—oh very—the same beautiful brown hair, the same bright eyes, but I've been trying day after day, and I can't make it half handsome enough ; he shan't leave us—if he does, I know I shall die—that's very good—just like the corner of his mouth.

Enter THAMES, l., agitated.

THAMES. I am glad to escape from below, Jonathan Wild evidently knows some secret of that night when he, whom I must think my father was so basely slaughtered ; I must and will trace the murderer.

WINI. (*sighing*) Heigho !

THAMES. (*aside*) Ha ! I did not see dear Winny. What is she intent on ?

WINI. It isn't like him—it isn't half handsome enough.

THAMES. (*approaching*) Who isn't it like ?

WINI. (*confused*) I—I can't tell you.

THAMES. (*seizing it*) Ha ! 'tis of me ; Oh, Winny, I wish your father had been mine.

WINI. (*joyfully*) And so do I ; you would have been my brother. No—I—I don't, because—

THAMES. Well, Winny.

WINI. (*hesitating*) I am sorry you were born a gentleman.

THAMES. (*impetuously*) No matter what I am ; give me this picture, I'll keep it for your sake. (*kisses her*)

JACK SHEPPARD enters l. and sees them, then gives a derisive whistle.

JACK. Whew, ha, ha ! I've caught you, have I. (*sings*)

The carpenter's daughter was fair and free,
Fair, and fickle, and false was she ;
She slighted the journeyman (meaning me),
And smiled on a gallant of high degree.
Degree, degree.

She smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Ha, ha, ha !

THAMES. What are you doing here ?

JACK. Oh, I don't wish to spoil sport, and if you'll just give me a smack of your sweet lips, miss, I'll— (*approaches her—she smacks his face angrily, and runs off, r.*)

JACK. (*seating himself*) Odds bodikins, I'm in luck, mother and daughter both ; I know who hits hardest. I'd give my hand if that little minx were as fond of me as she is of you—ha, ha ! you would have tipped me the wink—ho, ho, ho !

THAMES. Don't provoke me, or I'll thrash you.

JACK. Ho, ho, two can play at that game. (*putting himself in*

fighting attitude—THAMES rushes on him—a struggle takes place—JACK is thrown)

THAMES. That will teach you to be civil.

JACK. (on the ground) Enough's as good as a feast. (*sees the picture which has fallen*) Is this her doing?

THAMES. It is.

JACK. (*looking intently*) How very like.

THAMES. Is that so strange?

JACK. (*rising*) It is; that it should be like a miniature I have in my pocket. Here it is: how like each other. Hang me if it mustn't be your father. (*shows an elegantly mounted one*)

THAMES. This must indeed have been my father.

JACK. (*comparing*) Why it's as like as two peas.

THAMES. Where got you this?

JACK. From Lady Trafford's.

THAMES. How! have you stolen it?

JACK. Stolen! No, I found it—in a box, and I—you see I brought it away.

THAMES. Take it back.

JACK. Take it yourself. (THAMES going) Stop! (*seizes him*) Do you want me to be lagged, and sent across the herring pond?

THAMES. I want to save you from disgrace and ruin.

JACK. Bah! hold your tongue—I'm safe—give it back to me. (THAMES going—JACK draws his knife and seizes him) Give it or I'll make you—I've a knife. (THAMES seizing him) Leave go, or I'll maul you for life.

A struggle—WINIFRED rushes in. (See plate). Music for tableau.

WINI. (*screaming*) Ha! don't, don't, dear Jack, don't hurt Thames; kill me, not him.

JACK. (*looking at her*) You! kill you! there—he may do what he pleases with me if you wish it.

THAMES. Leave us, Winny, leave us.

Exit WINNY, R.

Come, come, Jack, I'll bring you into no trouble, but I'll see Lady Trafford—she shall tell me whose picture this is.

JACK. (*pleased*) She may—I'll go with you: but—see her alone she's a great invalid, and has generally somebody with her. Beware of Sir Rowland, he's as savage and suspicious as the devil—he was watching her while I packed up her jewels; while his back was turned she slipped this into the case I made, I soon slipped it into my pocket; I was sorry after, for her pale face and large black eyes reminded me of my mother—my poor mother.

THAMES. That alone would have prevented—

JACK. (*fiercely*) Bah! Mrs. Wood struck me to-night; that blow made me a thief, and if I'm ever hanged my death will lie at her door. But come, or you'll miss seeing the lady; and mind, keep out of Sir Rowland's way. Come, come—I'll not forget, no, no.

Exit, L.

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the House of Lady Trafford. An alcove in the centre with a curtain, within it is a sofa and chairs.*

LADY TRAFFORD discovered on the sofa; SIR ROWLAND leaning on a chair over her.

SIR R. So, Lady Trafford, you depart to-morrow; have I your final answer?

LADY T. You have, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. And do you still refuse to make a will?

LADY T. I have made one.

SIR R. (*starting fiercely*) How! in whose favour is it made?

LADY T. (*firmly*) In favour of my son.

SIR R. (*in agitated paces to and fro; then suddenly turns to her*) You have no son; your child perished with its father.

LADY T. (*rising with an effort, and advancing to clutch him*) By whom were both destroyed?

SIR R. (*sternly*) By the avenger of his family's dishonour—by me, your brother.

LADY T. Brother! as heaven is my judge, I was wedded to that murdered man.

SIR R. (*furiously*) A lie—a black and damning lie!

LADY T. The truth; I'll swear it on the cross! (*falls back*)

SIR R. Tell me his name.

LADY T. (*faintly*) No, no!—I vowed to my husband never to—you will have my death to answer for as well as my husband's, and my—

SIR R. Your child's?—true, true!—unless he can rise from the bottom of the Thames, where both are buried. (*LADY TRAFFORD screams, covers her face, and sinks on the sofa*)

Enter CHARCUM, L.

SIR R. (*furiously*) How dare you, sirrah, enter unannounced?

CHARCUM. A gentleman without demands to see your honour.

SIR R. Demands! Ha! news from the north, perhaps. (*aside*) Comes he from Lord Derwentwater? The prince, perhaps, has landed. (*aside*) Show the stranger to this room.

CHARCUM bows and exits, L.—SIR ROWLAND walks to and fro.

SIR R. Go, Lady Trafford—you have business, since you depart to-night. (*pacing to and fro*) Begone!

LADY T. (*feebley*) Brother, to-night we part for ever. (*Exit R.*)

SIR R. Not so, my lady sister; I'll follow on your steps—this wealth must—so—

Enter JONATHAN WILD, L. 3 E.

JONA. Servant, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. (*sternly*) Your business, sir?

JONA. You don't remember me? Umph! you will—I shall be welcome. We have met before.

SIR R. (*contemptuously*) Indeed! When—where?

JONA. November 26th, 1703, in the Old Mint in Southwark.

SIR R. (*staggers back—supports himself by chair*) You—you are mistaken. I was in Lancashire at—at the time you mention.

JONA. (*sarcastically smiling*) I come not to play the father confessor—I come to serve you.

SIR R. In what way, sir?

JONA. You had two sisters—the eldest, Constance, was lost while yet an infant, by a careless servant—the youngest is Aliva, Lady Trafford.

SIR R. This is no secret, sir.

JONA. Your father, whom you had offended in your youth, altered his will, in favour of his daughter—

SIR R. (*staggered*) Proceed.

JONA. You set to work to counteract that will. Aliva married privately—you reached the lone house where they lived in privacy—Darrell, her husband, sword in hand, encountered your fierce myrmidons—urged by his wife's cries to save their child, he fled, bearing the boy—you followed on his track.

SIR R. Great heaven!

JONA. He was aided by an individual to whom he gave a purse and glove—the glove is still preserved. A storm was raging—but unmindful and unscared by the wild terrors of the night, Sir Rowland Trenchard consigned his sister's husband, and his sister's child, to the deep waves.

SIR R. Are you the fiend?

JONA. You shall judge. Her husband murdered, you forced your sister to a second marriage—that second husband is no more—Lady Trafford is now dying; and the estate for which you plunged your soul in guilt, must soon, it seems, be yours.

SIR R. Man or devil—speak—who are you?

JONA. (*coolly seating himself*) Ah, you should have asked that question before now. My name is Wild—Jonathan Wild, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. (*drawing his sword*) Ha! you know too many secrets for my safety—you are in my power.

JONA. (*laughing*) Stay, stay! My people are without, furnished with a packet, containing all I've stated. I calculate my chances, you perceive. Here are my pistols—I can use my sword. I bear some marks about me, though. Look here—(*takes off his wig, shews scars*) This was a wipe from Thurland's hanger—he murdered Mrs. Knapp. This wedge of silver, which would mend a coffee pot, stops Will Colthurst's breach. This was the work of Jack the Grinder, the Bishop robber. The hardest bout I ever had, was with a woman—Sally Wells, the shoplifter. She made at me with a carving knife, and when I had disarmed her, bit off two fingers from my hand. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR R. Why come you here?

JONA. There are my terms, and reasons for this visit. (*gives a paper—SIR ROWLAND reads and starts*)

SIR R. Ah! alive?—the child alive?

JONA. And likely to live—unless (*with meaning*) we clip his thread.

SIR R. I cannot—dare not—too much blood already has been shed. (*sinks into a chair*)

JONA. This comes of fine feelings.—I'll try a strong dose. (*aside*) Give me the money there named, Sir Rowland, or I've a warrant here against you for treason. (*SIR ROWLAND starts up*) Ah, I knew that would bring him too. (*aside*)

SIR R. Where is the boy?

Enter CHARCUM, L. 3 E.

CHARCUM. A boy from Mr. Wood's, with a message to my lady.

JONA. The very boy perhaps; do you agree to my terms?

SIR R. I do, I do; send him to my room, Charcum.

JONA. Now do as I direct; before midnight your nephew shall be removed safely. (*aside*) Hark ye, Mr. Charcoal, is he alone? if he be not, bring all with him to Sir Rowland's chamber; be quick, Mr. Charcoal.

Exit CHARCUM, L.

Sign that, then come with me.

SIR R. (*signing*) What, mean you, devil?

JONA. You'll find I am the devil, aye, the incarnate fiend; but yet, can execute the will of those who sell to me their soul. Ha, ha, ha! (*SIR ROWLAND sits*)

Enter CHARCUM, THAMES, ABRAHAM, JACK, and SERVANTS, L. 3. E., (See plate). Music for tableau.

SIR R. (*aside*) 'Tis he!

THAMES. Of what am I accused?

JONA. Of robbery—of stealing this jewel case of Lady Trafford's, found on you by the servants; down on your marrow-bones, sirrah, and confess.

THAMES. I've nothing to confess: you know the charge is false.

SIR R. What brought you here?

THAMES. I cannot answer that, my business is with Lady Trafford.

JONA. Where did you get this from?

THAMES. I won't answer you—it is my father's portrait.

SIR R. (*trembling*) Indeed! who told you this?

THAMES. My heart, which now tells me, I am not far from one who knows his murderer.

SIR R. (*aside*) Oh, agony!

JONA. (*to JACK*) What's your name?

JACK. Jack Sheppard; and now, old cock, who's that queer cove in the cauliflower wig? (*points to portrait*)

JONA. Attend to me, sirrah; do you know this picture?

JACK. To be sure.

JONA. Can you inform us whence it came?

JACK. I should think so! from Lady Trafford's box.

JONA. Ha! ha! who took it thence?

JACK. Who? why Thames Darrell.

(*a stir among the SERVANTS—SIR ROWLAND sinks to his seat—THAMES horror struck*)

THAMES. Jack!

JONA. You'll swear it?

JACK. To be sure

THAMES. Liar! oh liar!—I am innocent!

JONA. Away with him! give the order.

SIR R. Away with him!

THAMES. Oh, wretch!

JACK. Be quiet; it's all right—call out, kick up a row! (*they seize THAMES*)

THAMES. (*he calls*) Send for Mr. Wood; where's Lady Trafford? Lady Trafford! (*struggles*)

LADY TRAFFORD (*heard without, r.*) Who calls, who calls! (*staggers in*) Rowland—Rowland—brother—that voice!

SIR R. (*wildly*) Clear the room!

LADY T. 'Tis in vain, brother; I am assured I shall behold my son. Where—where is he? (*clinging to him*)

SIR R. He is here!

LADY T. (*shrieking*) Here? here? I knew it—I knew you could not have the heart to slay a child—brother—an innocent child; let me see him—oh, let me see him!

SIR R. (*pointing back*) Behold, Thames—Thames—(*almost inarticulate—THAMES rushes forward*)

LADY T. (*seeing him*) Ah! my sight is failing—where? more light—more light to see him! his father's face! it is—it is—

THAMES. Mother, my mother!

LADY T. O my boy—my—bless—oh—bless for ever—holy heaven—my son—my—(*falls and dies—tableau*)

SCENE VI.—*Old Bailey.*

Enter JONATHAN WILD, L.

JONA. Now Jack Sheppard, and Thames Darrell, are in my power, I'll have them safely secured in St. Giles's Roundhouse. Jack Sheppard, I hate! I owed his father a grudge—that I settled long ago. I owe his mother one, and I'll repay the debt with interest to her son! I could make away with him at once, but that won't serve my turn. To be complete my vengeance must be tardy. I have watched this lad—this Sheppard—from infancy; and though I've apparently taken but little notice of him I have never lost sight of my purpose. I have suffered him to be brought up decently, honestly, because I would make his fall the greater, and deepen the wound I mean to inflict upon his mother! From this night his ruin may be dated; and when I have steeped him to the lips in vice and depravity—when I have led him to the commission of every crime—when there is neither retreat nor advance

for him—when he has robbed his benefactor, Owen Wood, and broken the heart of his mother—then, but not till then, I will consign him to the fate to which I consigned his father! This I have sworn to do, this I will do—ha, ha!

Exit, R.

SCENE VII.—*Interior of St. Giles's Roundhouse, D. in F. R.*

THAMES and JACK discovered, handcuffed, seated on a bench, L.

JACK. (L.) Don't be angry with me, Thames; I did all for the best.

THAMES. (L. C.) I will not reproach you, Jack—I have done with you.

JACK. No, no, say not so. If you owe your confinement to me, you shall owe your liberation to be also.

THAMES. I would rather lie here for ever, than be indebted to you for my freedom.

JACK. Thames, listen to me: you're in a more serious scrape than you think. I overheard Jonathan Wild's instructions to Sharples; and though he spoke in slang, and in an under tone, my quick ears, and acquaintance with thieves' lingo, enabled me to make out every word he uttered. Jonathan is in league with Sir Rowland to make away with you.

THAMES. Impossible!

JACK. 'Tis true! and you are brought here that their design may be carried into effect with greater security. Before morning, unless we can escape, you'll be kidnapped or murdered.

THAMES. Ha! are you sure of this?

JACK. Certain! I can save you, and I will!

TAAMES. Jack, you are not deceiving me?

JACK. I am not, by heaven!

THAMES. Thanks, thanks! there's both my hands. (*rises and goes to him—they shake hands—THAMES resumes his seat*)

Enter ABRAHAM MENDEZ, D. F. with bread and water.

MEND. How do you like your quarters, ma pretty tears?

JACK. Better than your company, St. Giles—so, shut the door and make yourself scarce.

MEND. (R.) That boy'll never rest till he finds his way to Bridewell.

JACK. Or the street. Mind my words: the prison's not built that can keep me.

MEND. Ve'll see that, young hempseed! If you get out o' this cage, I'll forgive you. There!

Puts down bread and water, and exits, D. F.

JACK. (rising) Now he's gone, I'll free you from those bracelets. Put your hands into my pockets, and you'll find a spike, with which I can unfasten the handcuffs.

THAMES. Indeed!

JACK. Yes—but be quick! (*music.—THAMES takes spike out of JACK's pocket—gives it to JACK*) Now, then, to release you! (*sings*)

Oh, give me a chisel, a knife, and a file,
And the dubsman shall find that I'll do it in style.

Tol-de-roll, &c.

(JACK gets handcuffs off THAMES)

THAMES. Now, Jack, you are indeed my friend again.

JACK. Now, then, force this spike into the lock of my handcuffs
that's right! (sings)

When the turnkey next mornin' to the room he did come,
The sight of the hole in the wall stagg'd him dumb,
The sheriff's black bracelets lay down on the ground,
But the cove vot had worn them—was not to be found.

There you see what a genius I am in the art of picklocking.

THAMES. You are indeed, Jack.

Enter ABRAHAM MENDEZ, D. F. unperceived.

MEND. (aside) Vhat the devil are they about?

JACK. Now then to pick the lock of that door. (going up, sees
MENDEZ) Confusion! Mendez here! Never mind—a desperate
attempt is our only chance of escape now.

MEND. Vot a peautiful voice you've got for a cock and hen club,
ma' tear. But you're not out, yet my covies!

JACK. But we soon shall be. Look here, Mr. Moses, I've got
one of old Wood's silver gilt spoons.

MEND. Give it to me: I'll take care of it for you, my pretty
little tear.

JACK. Take it! (dashes the jug of water in his face) Now then,
Thames, upon him!

*Music.—THAMES rushes upon MENDEZ—they struggle—THAMES
is overpowered, and sinks on the ground.*

THAMES. (through music) Jack, Jack! help, help! (JACK seizes
MENDEZ, which enables THAMES to get up—JACK is almost overcome)

JACK. (through music) Thame, stick the spike into him. Quiek
—quick!

MEND. Help! murder!

JACK. Come along!

*They go up to door; several WATCHMEN run in; JACK trips them
up, they fall, and Act Drop falls—shouts—confusion—rattles
heard.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Wood's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. WOOD, followed by WINIFRED, R.

WINI. I am sure, father, I heard a knock.

MRS. W. Nonsense, child—perhaps it's Mr. Kneebone. (aside—
knock heard)

WINI. There he is—there he is.

WOOD. I fear not, child—Thames would let himself in. Jack finds an entrance through the back door or the shop window when he's out late; but go and see who 'tis.

WINI. (*is running eagerly off when she stops disappointed*) It's only Mrs. Sheppard.

MRS. W. (*screaming*) Who, who?

WINI. Jack's mother. She has brought a basket of eggs from Willesden, and some flowers for you.

MRS. W. (*flouncing about*) For me! eggs for me! you mistake—for your father, child—your father.

WOOD. I'll go to her. I dare say, duck, she has called about Jack.

MRS. W. I dare say no such thing, sir; remain—remain where you are.

WOOD. Oh dear, oh dear, let me send her away.

MRS. W. Stir if you dare—stir a foot at your peril!

WOOD. But, my love, I want to look after the boys.

MRS. W. After Mrs. Sheppard, you mean—but I'm not to be so easily deluded. Stir not, I command you, sir! Winny, show the—the person into this room. I'll give her more than she bargained for.

WOOD. Dear, dear—duck, duck—what shall I do?

MRS. W. So, I shall see the hussey! I don't know what I shall do in the end, but I'll—I'll begin with tearing her eyes out!

(*She walks to and fro in a rage. WINIFRED exits, l. and returns ushering MRS. SHEPPARD, meek and retiring, habited as picture. She curtseys—MRS. WOOD looks at her from head to foot, then turns her back on her, saying, "So, so—ha, ha!"*)

WOOD. Well, Mrs. Sheppard—nothing amiss, I trust?

MRS. S. Nothing, sir. A neighbour offered to drive me up to Paddington, so, as I hadn't seen my son for some time, I couldn't resist the temptation of stepping on to see him, and thanking you, sir, for your goodness to us both. I've brought a little garden-stuff and a few new-laid eggs for you, ma'am, and a nosegay for young miss.

MRS. W. Don't touch it, Winny—it may be poisoned.

WINI. I'm not afraid, mother. How sweet these roses are!

MRS. W. I've spoken, and my word is law—with *you*, at least. (*drives her from the flowers*)

MRS. S. (*glancing timidly*) I fear, sir, I'm intruding, and—

WOOD. Oh, Lord—oh, Lord!

MRS. W. Intruding! I wonder how you dare to shew your face in this house, hussey!

MRS. S. (*to Wood*) I'm sure I hope I have given no offence, that—

MRS. W. Don't exchange glances with him under my very nose; Look at me and answer. Are you not that man's mistress?

MRS. S. I am no man's mistress, ma'am.

MRS. W. That's false! and—

WOOD. Oh, dear—my dear!

MRS. S. Hear me, madam, I beseech you. Your excellent husband, whose only fault is in having bestowed his charity on such an unworthy object as myself—

MRS. W. Unworthy, indeed!

MRS. S. To him I owe everything. He has been a father to me and to my child.

MRS. W. Oh, I never doubted the latter, I assure you.

MRS. S. Ah, madam, you cannot understand me. You have never known what it is to have wanted food, raiment, shelter; you have never seen the child within your arms perishing with hunger, and no relief to be obtained; you have never felt the hearts of all hardened against you; have never heard the jeer or curse from every lip; nor endured the insult and the blow from every hand! I—I have suffered all this; and if I have sinned, I have repented—and though neither peace nor innocence can be restored to me, though tears can never blot out my offences, I feel, madam, feel within my heart, that the great Being who knows that there are moments of darkness when reason is well nigh blighted, and the horrible promptings of despair alone can reach the ear, may yet forgive me, pardon me, and save me!

WOOD. (*compassionately*) Don't weep, don't weep. I can answer for your conduct for many years past.

MRS. W. No doubt, sir, no doubt, for many years; but I'll show you what an injured wife can do—I'll—(*a knock heard—WINNY runs off*) There—there, no doubt, is your blackguard son, coming home from his pickpocket and thief acquaintances.

MRS. S. Is this true, sir? Is Jack the companion of—Oh, heaven! if it be so, my poor heart will break.

WINNIFRED runs in, followed by SHOTBOLT, L.

WINI. O father! father!

WOOD. Eh! what's the matter? Thames—Jack—eh?

SHOT. That's the name safe enough, Mr. Carpenter. Thames Ditton, or Thames summat.

WINI. What of him? what?

SHOT. Faith, he bade me run here to tell you he was locked up in St. Giles' Roundhouse, in the power of Jonathan Wild.

WINI. } Great heaven!
WOOD. }

MRS. S. And my son, sir—Jack Sheppard—is he with him?

SHOT. Oh, the vagabond! he's born and bred a thief. Your son, is he? I'm sorry for it. He's with Blueskin, and some more respectable housebreaking gentlemen and ladies at the flash ken, just taking his degrees.

MRS. S. Oh, mercy, heaven!

WOOD. Go, Mrs. Sheppard—go, get your son from that den—the worst in London. Winny, fetch me my hat and cane—I'll soon have Thames from the Roundhouse. Show that good woman the house where her son is.

SHOT. I will. Ah, ma'am, that's as 'cute a young prig as any in—

MRS. S. (*crosses to l.*) Oh, pity, pity! I am his mother—show me to him. Come! I yet may save him.

Drags off SHOTBOLT, l., he remonstrating.

MRS. W. Now, Mr. Wood, you'll wait for me. I shall walk with you as far as Mr. Kneebone's; but if ever Jack or his mother enter this house again, I'll—

WOOD. Silence, duck—silence, dear!

MRS. W. Mark my words—if ever—I'll—I'll—

They exit, wrangling, and hurrying on their things, which WINIFRED has been busied fetching.

SCENE II.—*The Flash Ken—“The Cross Shovels,” Old Mint (plate realized)—Music for Tableau.*

BLUESKIN, EDGEWORTH BESS, JACK SHEPPARD, POLL MAGGOT, BAPTIST KETTLEBY, and MRS. SHEPPARD discovered.

BAPT. Take care of yourselves, gentlemen of the Mint, and your governor will take care of you. Gentlemen, here's a toast for you: here's the health of a stranger, Mr. John Sheppard, gentlemen; his father was one of my old customers, and his worthy son is treading in his worthy steps. (*a great uproar and shouting.—cries of “Jack Sheppard's health,” &c.*)

MRS. S. His father's steps! Great heaven, in mercy avert that, or let me die.

JACK. (*drunk*) Hollo! Who's that? who's that?

MRS. S. Your mother, sir. Come to me directly.

JACK. Mother, eh!—oh yes—who is it, Bess?

BLUE. Glad to see you once more in the Mint, Mrs. Sheppard. Come and sit down by me.

POLL. Come and take a glass of gin, ma'am; it used to be your favourite, I've been told.

MRS. S. Jack, my son—my son—oh, come away.

JACK. Not I, I'm too comfortable where I am—be off.

MRS. S. Dear Jack.

JACK. If you please, ma'am, I allow nobody to call me Jack—do I, Bess?

BESS. Nobody, except me, dear.

POLL. And me; my little fancy's quite as fond of me as you, Bess—arn't you, Jacky darling?

JACK. Not quite, Poll; but I love you next to Bess, and both better than her. (*points to his mother, who stands in agony*)

MRS. S. Oh heavens! you'll break my heart.

JACK. Pooh, pooh, nonsense! Women's hearts don't break so easily—do they, Bess?

BESS. Certainly not, dear.

OMNES. Bravo, bravo—hurrah!

MRS. S. Oh, wretches—wretches!

BLUE. (*strutting up*) Hollo ! what do you mean by calling us wretches !

JACK. (*staggering up*) Yes—what do you mean, ma'am, eh ?

MRS. S. (*seizing him*) Come with me—come, love, come with your mother.

BESS. } (*seizing him*) He shan't, he shan't.
POLL. }

JACK. Hollo ! hollo !

Uproarious laughter—JONATHAN WILD *rushes in*, L. U. E.,—*speaks quickly to BLUESKIN*.

JONA. Away with that woman.

BLUE. (*seizing Mrs. SHEPPARD*) Come, ma'am, this place arn't delicate enough for you—come.

She clings to JACK, screaming “Come to save my life—oh, come, my son, my son !”—but is born off. L., shrieking—the girls pulling at JACK, he falls to the ground bewildered.

JONA. Begone, girls—put to the screen, Baptist—let all be mum—quick—quick !

At his signal all retire into the recess, L.—the girls first giving JACK (on the ground) more drink. BLUESKIN having carried off MRS. SHEPPARD, returns—the screen is closed to, shutting in all but JONATHAN, BLUESKIN, and JACK.

JONA. Where's Joan Sheppard ?

BLUE. She broke from my arms and run screaming beyond the sanctuary ; she's got so uncomfortably virtuous of late years, there's no making not nothing of her.

JONA. Well, we'll make something of her son, eh ? It's broad daylight—I want the youngster to try his hand at a cly, now you've seasoned him; some of the church-goers on these Sunday mornings make very good grabs.

BLUE. He's too far gone.

JONA. A rough ride a few miles will sober him—besides, we can't too soon make sure of him. (*aside*) Come, Jack, I want you for a job hereaway.

JACK. (*getting up*) I'm my own master now, I'll do as I please. I'll turn cracksman like my father, and rob old Wood—I know where his money's kept—I'll rob him and—eh, eh !—ha, ha, ha !

BLUE. How naturally he takes to it, sweet lamb ?

JONA. Come, Jack, come with me, the girls are waiting.

JACK. Are they though? how they do love me, eh ? Come along.

Sings—the others join as JONATHAN hands him off

With pipe and punch upon the board,

And smiling nymphs around us,

No tavern can more mirth afford,

Than old St. Giles's Roundhouse,

The Roundhouse, the Roundhouse,

The jolly, jolly, Roundhouse.

Exit JONATHAN and JACK.

BULE. He's a prime chicken, that takes his larning like a archbishop—knows a B from a bitt, a J from a jemmy, or a S from a skeleton key. He'll be famous! Talk of his father, Tom Sheppard—he was soon grabbed and soon swung; but I've pious hopes of a long career for the son before that journey comes which we all expect—the von to Tyburn.

Enter EDGEWORTH BESS, L.

BESS. Blueskin, why wos I sent away? Mr. Wild 'urts my feelings. Am I one as peaches? Did I ever sell a pall? I'm 'urt.

BULE. Why, you see, Bess, your fault is, you're too sensitive.

BESS. I confess it—I'm too delicate.

BULE. Too much so, Bess. I've feelings of my own, but I manages to conquer them. Mr. Wild didn't mean no disrespect.

BESS. Oh, but it looks like a doubting of my honour. The lad's my pal, and I didn't ought to have my tenderest symphonies mislested.

BULE. No, no—you didn't—oughtn't. Hark! (*a great shout*) The ladies and gentlemen is a breaking up.

* (*Couples arrange a general dance, and close in by*)

SCENE III.—*A Lane near Willesden.*

Enter SIR ROWLAND, L.

SIR R. Wild appointed Willesden Lane to be our place of meeting, because, he said, few persons passed along it. Ha! there are two persons stealing along yon edge—one mounts the stile, and looks around him. I cannot be mistaken—'tis that fearful man whose trade is blood and murder.

Enter JONATHAN WILD, R.

JONA. So, you are punctual, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. I am—to business.

JONA. We have had a little interruption in our district here to-day. You are aware that I divide my janizaries, and give each a district to attend. Well, you shall visit me at my house and see my plans, my cabinets of curious things, halters of remarkable executions, skulls of notorious offenders I have brought to justice. I have one skull there of a carpenter—when I have placed his son's beside it I shall be content.

SIR R. (*disgusted*) To business. Here is the money you bargained for.

JONA. I'll place it to the account, and the boy's safe on board the lugger.

SIR R. Stay—I have a question which—

JONA. Aye, aye—relating to the father of the boy. You wish to know who he was? Well, you shall know.

SIR R. Without further fee?

JONA. Not exactly. Secrets are valuable commodities. Besides,

* "Nix my dolly, pals" is usually sung in this scene, but the words and music are copyright, and the property of Mr. G. H. Rodwell.

I can not only tell you who was your sister Aliva's husband, but something concerning your lost sister, Constance.

SIR R. Constance ! Great heaven !

JONA. Hush ! here is the gentleman I gave the boy in charge to.

Enter BLUESKIN, R.

BLUE. Oh, I allowed him every attention ; *but*, you know, unforeseen accidents will happen. If he was to slip overboard, or fall down the hatchway and break his neck, I couldn't help it, no way you see.

SIR R. What vessel is this you have sent this boy (my nephew, since it must be so), on board of ?

JONA. Oh, a thing of my own I keep for secret purposes, to ship off awkwardly situated gentlemen, or now and then a case of watches and jewellery in—you understand.

SIR R. Wretches ! I could almost bid them go no further in this business, and set the poor boy free. (*aside*)

BLUE. Jack Sheppard mustn't be left in limbo, mind you. I like him, mind—I'll stick to him. He's one of the devil's own chickens I like the breeding of.

JONA. Well, well, go at once, and—

SIR R. When does your lugger sail ?

JONA. To-night.

SIR R. Enough—it must be done. (*aside*) Let me see no more of him. I shall visit your house in the Old Bailey. Oh, agony ! to consort with such wretches ! (*aside, and exit, L.*)

JONA. (*crosses to R.*) Visit my house in the Old Bailey ? Which of them ?

BLUE. The large stone one, or your private ken ? Ha, ha ! but now for Jack !

JONA. My house ! Ha, ha, ha !

BLUE. Ha, ha, ha !

Exit R. laughing boisterously.

SCENE IV.—(*The picture realized*).—*Interior of Mrs. Sheppard's Cottage.*

MRS. SHEPPARD, WILD, and JACK SHEPPARD discovered.—*Music for Tableau.*

MRS. S. Jack, is it indeed you ? or am I dreaming ?

JACK. You are not dreaming, mother. I'm come to say good-bye to you before I leave this place.

MRS. S. Where are you going ?

JACK. I hardly know. It's not safe for me to remain here longer.

MRS. S. True ; I feel it isn't. I won't keep you long. How have you escaped from the confinement in which you were placed ? Tell me all about it.

JACK. No matter, mother, how I got away : I am here, you see.

MRS. S. I will not reproach you, only promise me to amend—to quit your vile companions, and I will forgive you—will bless you ! Oh, my dear—dear son, be warned in time ! you are in the hands of a wicked—a terrible man, who will not stop till he has com-

pleted your destruction. Listen to your mother's prayers, and do not let her die broken hearted. (*weeps*)

JACK. (*sullenly*) It is too late—I can't be honest if I would.

MRS. S. Oh, do not say so, it is never too late! I know you are in Jonathan Wild's power—beware of him, my son, beware of him! you know not what villainy he is capable of. Be honest and you will be happy; you are yet young, and though you have strayed from the right path, a stronger hand than your own has led you thence. Return, I implore of you, to your master—to Mr. Wood. He is all kindness, and will overlook the past for your poor father's sake—for mine! Return to him, I say.

JONATHAN WILD appears at back, unseen—he listens.

JACK. I can't.

MRS. S. Can't! why not, my son?

JONA. (*advancing, c.*) I'll tell you.

MRS. S. (*starting*) Ah, villain, you here!

JONA. Yes; and I'll tell you why he can't go back to his master.

MRS. S. (*anxiously*) Why—why?

JONA. Because he has robbed him.

MRS. S. Robbed him!

JONA. Yes. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. S. My son—my son, deny this charge! (JACK turns from her)

JONA. He cannot. See, here—(*takes printed bill from his pocket*)—are the particulars of the burglary, with the reward for Jack's apprehension.

MRS. S. (*reading paper*) Ah, it is true! most dreadfully true!

JONA. (*to JACK*) Come, you have overstayed your time.

MRS. S. (*clinging to JACK*) Do not go with him, Jack—do not.

JONA. He must—or he goes to gaol.

MRS. S. If you must go to prison, I will go with you, but avoid that man as you would a serpent.

JONA. (*taking hold of JACK*) Come along!

MRS. S. (*still holding him*) Jack, you know not what you do. The wretch you confide in has sworn to hang you, as I hope for mercy, I speak the truth; let him deny it if he can.

JONA. Pshaw! I could hang him now if I liked. But he may remain with you if he pleases—I shan't hinder him.

MRS. S. You hear, my son, choose between good and evil, between him and me; and mind, your life! more than your life hangs upon your choice.

JONA. It does so. Come choose, Jack.

JACK. (*after a pause*) Farewell! Mother, I must leave you.

MRS. S. Oh, my son, you will not—cannot forsake me for that dark designing villain! No, no!

JACK. (*struggling*) Release your grasp, mother!

MRS. S. Never!

JONA. Come, Jack.

JACK. Yes. (*breaks from his mother, and rushes off, d. in r.*)

MRS. S. (*seizing JONATHAN's arm*) Devil! how long will you give my son before you execute your terrible threat?

JONA. He's safe for a year, and then—Ha, ha, ha!

Music.—MRS. SHEPPARD *screams and falls senseless.* *Tableau; scene closes.*

SCENE V.—*Apartment in Wood's House at Dollis Hill. A window with shutters to open—beyond the Garden, by Moonlight.*

Enter WINIFRED WOOD, R.

WINI. Still no tidings of him; we hear enough of the one we wish to forget, and hear nothing of him we cannot but remember. Jack Sheppard's crimes and escapes are in the mouth of every one, but none speak of the honest innocence of poor Thames Darrell.

Enter THAMES and WOOD, L.

THAMES. Nay, do not agitate yourself, sir.

WINI. Ha, that voice! my heart cannot be deceived. 'Tis he—'tis he! (*rushes to him*)

WOOD. Hollo, hollo! Here, Mrs. Wood—lights, lights, lights!

Enter MRS. WOOD with candles, R.

My dear—I'm so glad you've come, duck.

MRS. W. Eh! what! Thames Darrell?

WOOD. (*hugs THAMES*) Oh, my dear boy! I hope I'm not dreaming. There, there, Thames, when Winny has done with you, let us all embrace you.

MRS. W. My turn first, if you please, Mr. W. Come to my arms, Thames. Oh dear, oh dear! (*MR. WOOD hugs him, then dances round him, then hugs him again, throws his wig down and jumps on it. MRS. WOOD shakes his hand off almost, WINIFRED embracing him at the same time, MR. WOOD attempts to do it. At last MRS. WOOD picks up WOOD's wig, and puts him to rights during the following*)

WINI. Where, where have you been, dear Thames?

THAMES. So you knew me, dear Winny, even in the dark.

WINI. But tell me, where have you been? What took you from us?

THAMES. An attempt on my life. I have been carried out to sea on board a smuggling vessel; suddenly I was seized and thrown into the waves. I swam, (though hopelessly,) for my life, and when nearly exhausted, was picked up by a fishing boat and saved.

WOOD. Who can have done this, eh, Thames, eh?

MRS. W. Jack Sheppard, you may be sure of it.

WOOD. Pshaw! what nonsense next? I beg pardon, duck, but everything now is Jack Sheppard's doing.

MRS. W. Ha! the gallows groans for him.

WINI. They say there isn't an hour passes without some new robbery done by Jack. I am sorry for the misery of his broken-hearted mother.

MRS. W. I always detested Mrs. Sheppard.

WOOD. Oh dear, duck, be more charitable.

MRS. W. Charitable, forsooth. Why didn't you hang him when you found out he had robbed you in Wych Street.

WINI. Well, well, but, mother, perhaps poor Jack will mend.

MRS. W. Oh yes, he'll mend—at Tyburn. Didn't they help themselves to all our plate? Oh dear, I'm in an ague about it with fright and passion.

THAMES. What has become of my uncle, Sir Rowland Trenchard?

WOOD. Oh, he's shut up in his estate in Lancashire, like a man who has committed some crime. I wouldn't be that man—even to be single, as he is.

MRS. W. Eh, sir, dare you—

WINI. Nay, nay, mother, father only joked.

WOOD. That's all, dear duck; but come, let's to bed. Thames must be tired, eh?

MRS. W. True. Dear Thames, I've much to say to you tomorrow. Go on, go on. Hark ye, Mr. W., no more of your jokes, sir.

WOOD. No, oh no, my dear, my duck. Ha, ha, ha!—

They exit R.; the stage quite dark—a long pause; clock strikes twelve.

JACK SHEPPARD and BLUESKIN are seen to open the shutters cautiously, i.e., they cut the glass and open the window, then get through the light shining powerfully upon them from the outside.

JACK. I don't half like this job; it goes against the grain. I've no heart for it; for while we were watching I saw Thames Darrell enter—I'll swear 'twas he. Let us turn back.

BLUE. What, and disappoint Mr. Wild? You know this is a pet job of his; It would be dangerous to thwart him.

JACK. Pish! I don't value his anger a straw. All our fraternity are afraid of him. I laugh at his threats—he daren't quarrel with me; if he does, let him look to himself. I've my own reasons for disliking this job.

BLUE. Well, I'll act under your orders, captain; give the word, I'll obey. We're in the house, and I know what Edgeworth Bess will say if we go home empty handed.

JACK. Well, what will she say?

BLUE. Why that we were afraid; (JACK starts) but never mind her.

JACK. We'll do it.

BLUE. Right, captain; you pledged yourself to Mr. Wild.

JACK. I did. Though he's a thief, Jack Sheppard always keeps his word.

BLUE. I should like to meet the man that will dare to gainsay that.

JACK. Before we begin, mind, no violence. There's one person in the house I wouldn't frighten for the world.

BLUE. Wood's daughter, eh?

JACK. Right.

BLUE. Shall we carry her off? If you've a fancy for the girl, why—

JACK. No, no; (*laughs forcedly*) Bess wouldn't hear of a new rival, but if you wish to do old Wood a friendly turn you may bring off his wife.

BLUE. If she comes in my way I'll make short work of her.

JACK. (*sternly*) No violence—I've said it.

BLUE. Well, well, I settled the dog with the prepared meat. Now for our work.

JACK. Come, then, they are all asleep. (*JACK unmasks a lanthorn and looks around*) All's right; give me a chisel—(*assists BLUESKIN in*) Once more, no violence!—where is your crape?

BLUE. Here, captain; and here's my knife. (*puts on crape*)

JACK. Have you forgotten? no violence.

BLUE. Very well; you're getting precious virtuous. (*aside*)

(*JACK puts on crape and takes out picklocks. They enter the room, R.; after a pause, JACK re-enters with the plate chest.*)

JACK. Lie there in readiness. Now, should there be any alarm, dear Winny and Thames might come to harm; I'll lock the doors while he is rifling the drawers. (*going off, L.*)

(*a scream*—BLUESKIN enters, pursued by MRS. WOOD—she seizes him)

MRS. W. Help, help, Mr. Wood, help!

BLUE. Leave go.

(*JACK strikes the light from BLUESKIN'S hand—stage quite dark*)

BLUE. Leave go, I say.

MRS. W. I won't; fire, murder, thieves, help! I've got one.

JACK. Come, be quick! (*takes up box and escapes through window*)

BLUE. I can't, for this she-devil. (*while struggling he forces open his knife with his teeth*)

MRS. W. Help! murder! thieves! Owen, Owen! help, help!

WOOD. (*without*) Coming, help! murder! coming where, where?

MRS. W. Here, here.

THAMES. (*without, R.*) Who calls? what's the matter? here, here!

JACK. The house is alarmed.

BLUE. I come; curses light on you! take your fate then.

(*stabs her and rushes out after JACK*)

(*MR. WOOD appears, seeing his wife on the ground; THAMES lifts her; WINIFRED rushes on shrieking; picture closed in*)

SCENE VI.—Front Landscape. Night.

Hurried Music. Enter JACK and BLUESKIN, R.

JACK. Quick! we must mount our horses, Blueskin—We have done too much.

BLUE. Vell, it was her own fault: she wouldn't let me go. I did it in self-defence.

JACK. I care not why you did it; we work together no more.

BLUE. Come, come, Captain, I thought you had got rid of your

ill humour by this time. You know as well as I do that it was all a accident.

JACK. Accident or not, you're no longer pal of mine.

BLUE. And so this is my reward for having made you the tip-top cracksman you are? To be turned off at a moment's notice, because I silenced a noisy old wonan: it's too bad. Think better of it.

JACK. My mind's made up—we part to-night.

BLUE. I'll not go. I love you like a son, and will follow you like a dog. You'd not know what to do without me, and shan't drive me off.

JACK. I tell you, it must be! there's blood upon your hands, the gallows here and hell hereafter, is the just doom of the murderer. But we may be pursued: let's to our horses.

BLUE. As you say, my blessed babby; so come along, Captain.
Hurried music. Exeunt, L.

SCENE VII.—*An Apartment in Wild's House.*

Enter JONATHAN, R., followed by QUILT ARNOLD and ABRAHAM.

JONA. So, he threatened me, did he? Umph, he's a bold cock, but all his game can't save him in a match with me; that Blueskin has grown as spooney over Jack as a mother with an only son; I'll make 'em feel my power. Hark ye, do you, Quilt Arnold, have a coach upon the causeway of St. Sepulchre's within half-an-hour; and do you, Nab, bring Shotbolt, of the New Prison, and a posse, to the door; if Jack Sheppard leaves the house without me—you know the rest.

BOTH. Aye, we smell.

JONA. If he have done his work well, and is true to his allegiance to me, I'll go with him to the "Shovels," if not—ha, ha, ha! defy me, does he—so, so. (*a loud knocking heard*) 'Tis he! away with you! mark me, keep your eye on the door; not a word to Shotbolt till he leaves this house alone—then into the coach with him, eh? ha, ha, ha! down the back stairs he comes.

They exit hastily, as JACK enters hastily, following by BLUESKIN, doggedly, R.

JONA. Ha, ha! I was just thinking of you—have you done the trick—brought off the swag, eh?

JACK. (*agitated and fierce*) We have done too much.

JONA. I read no riddles—speak out.

JACK. (*throwing down a bag*) There you can understand that language; that has been purchased by blood. (*crosses, L.*)

JONA. (*picking it up carelessly*) What have you cut old Wood's throat?

JACK. His wife—his wife.

JONA. Come, we must do the best we can: you must keep out of the way till all's blown over—I can accommodate you.

JACK. I don't require it: I'm tired of the life I'm leading—I shall go abroad.

BLUE. I'll go with you.

JONA. Neither of you shall go.

JACK. (c.) How—what mean you?

JONA. I mean—that I'll neither allow you to leave England nor the profession you're engaged in; I wouldn't allow you to be honest if you could be so—you are my slave, and such you shall continue.

JACK. Slave!

JONA. Dare to disobey me, I'll hang you.

JACK. Hear me! It's time you knew who you have to deal with; I will not stir hand or foot for you more—molest me, and I split. Jack Sheppard is a match for Jonathan Wild any day.

BLUE. I believe you, my boy!

JACK. One motive alone shall induce me to go on with you, Thames Darrell is returned.

JONA. Impossible; he was thrown overboard and perished.

JACK. He is alive—restore to him his rights—you can do it—I am your's as heretofore.

JONA. I make no terms with you; you have defied me, and shall feel my power.

JACK. Well, then, do your worst; I despise you, and defy you.

BLUE. (L., drawing a pistol) I'll settle this here business.

JACK. (stopping him) Don't harm him, he dares not harm me—mark me, dares not, ha, ha, ha!

Exit JACK, L., laughing, followed by BLUESKIN, who puts his finger to his nose at WILD)

JONA. Defy me do you? Umph—half-an-hour will show.

Enter BESS, R.

Oh, you are just in time, my pretty dear, Jack Sheppard has been here, you'll overtake him before he quits the street.

BESS. Oh, thank you, Mr. Wild.

Runs off, L.

JONA. Ha, ha, ha! you are wanted too, good lady, you have presumed of late—proud of your champion—all's right now, except, indeed, if this be true about Thames Darrell; can he have returned—this must be sought into. I'll write down to Sir Rowland, and —hark, hurried footsteps.

Enter ABRAHAM, L.

Is he safe?

ABRA. Shafe in de New Prison's he vill be before long: vhe pounced on him and Edge'orth Bess.

JONA. Good, he will defy me, will he? ha, ha, ha!

They exeunt, R., exulting.

SCENE VIII.—*Exterior of the New Prison (realizing picture).*

Enter SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD, followed by QUILT ARNOLD, L.

SIR R. You are sure what you have told me is correct?

QUILT. I am. The Dutchman threw him overboard, in the open sea, but by some miracle he was saved and has returned.

SIR R. Curses! Curses!—I am mad, or soon shall be so. Re-

turned! Have I steeped myself in crime for naught? Eternal fiends, I am indeed your victim.

(walks to and fro—JACK SHEPPARD, his clothes torn, &c. appears on top of wall)

JACK. (to BESS below) Mum—people on the boopeep—hush!

SIR R. And I shall find Mr. Wild, at his house.

QUILT. I didn't say so—I told you I would take you to him.

SIR R. Follow me quickly then—oh, conscience, oh, conscience.

Exit R. QUILT looks around and listens; meantime BESS appears on the wall with JACK.

QUILT. Nab the Jew, was to have been waiting here to have led us to the Guv'nor's, (whistles) I'll ask for him at the "Checquers" and follow in a minute.

Exit, L.

JACK. Oh, oh, some darkee bird below. Now Bess, when I lower you, make off to the ducking pond to Black Mary's ken; I'll follow you—there now.

He has been securing handkerchiefs to her waist to assist her descent; during the following he lowers her, and she steals off, R.; enter QUILT, L.

QUILT. If Sir Rowland misses me he'll return—curse on the loitering Israelite. (JACK descends the rope silently)

JACK. (on the ground) Who is this lurcher? (creeping near on hands, &c.)

QUILT. Hark! I thought I heard Sir Rowland call. (listening, R.)

JACK. (aside) Sir Rowland!

QUILT. I shall be compelled to take him straight to Mr. Wild's house.

(JACK rises, springs on QUILT ARNOLD, whom he suddenly throws, and snatching a pistol from his belt, presents it at his head)

QUILT. Hollo! help—

JACK. Dog—silence—don't you know me?

QUILT. Blood and thunder!—Captain Sheppard?

JACK. It is; and you had better have met the devil on your road than me—you remember your kind act to me lately, eh?

QUILT. Oh but, Captain, you're too noble-hearted to take advantage of me; besides, I did but obey orders.

JACK. I know it; therefore, I spare your life.

QUILT. (feeling for his sword) You're too brave to strike a fallen man.

JACK. Ah! traitor! Stir a hand and you die! Give me that. (takes the hanger and buckles it on himself) Now answer—you've been to Sir Rowland Trenchard?

QUILT. Yes.

JACK. To tell him Thames Darrell has returned?

QUILT. That's true.

JACK. Now, sir, I'll trouble you for your coat; mine's on the spikes of the prison there.

QUILT. Why, you wouldn't rob Mr. Wild's chief janizary?

JACK. Aye, Wild himself. Off with it, or I'll blow your brains out. Now, sirrah, your waistcoat?

QUILT. (*giving it*) You don't want anything else, Captain.

JACK. Your hat, wig, boots. Quick!

QUILT. Oh lord! (*taking them off—then, while kneeling, watches s opportunity, and attempts to seize SHEPPARD by the leg to overthrow him—JACK nimbly evades and strikes him down with his pistol butt*)

JACK. Like master, like man; from a traitor's servant what can come but treachery. (*takes a mask, a key, and a pocket book from the pocket of QUILT*) So, Wild's master-key; these papers may be serviceable; and for this carrion, I'll leave it in the prison ditch. I'm glad he is not dead. (*after having fully equipped himself in QUILT's clothes, he raises the stunned man, and drags him off, L.; then returning, hearing footsteps, he pulls the hat over his brow—hastily assumes QUILT's manner, as*)

SIR ROWLAND enters, R.

SIR R. Why do you delay?

JACK. (*imitating QUILT*) I've had a fall; but we had best move on, this place is noted for thieves: I shouldn't wonder if one were near you now.

SIR R. Jack Sheppard is in custody.

JACK. That may be; but there are greater scoundrels at liberty than Jack Sheppard: that you must be aware of, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. (*testily*) Come, let us on.

JACK. Right; there might be such a thing as a desperate robber being close upon your heels. (*SIR ROWLAND turns; JACK laughs and points forwards*) On, on, Sir Rowland.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE IX.—A Room in Jonathan's Wild's House in the Old Bailey.

The room has the appearance of a museum. Pistols, guns, swords, crowbars, and other housebreaking implements—glass cases containing skulls, ropes, &c.—door, L. 2 E., with a small grating in it. Tables and chairs—pens, ink, &c.

JONATHAN WILD discovered seated at a table, R. C.

JONA. (*looking at book*) Yes, they are down in the black book, and must therefore die: 'tis in vain for them to plead for mercy. I've made up my mind—I never yet was known to change it. Yes, yes, they must die: my own security demands it. How curiously provoking to think that Thaines Darrell should have returned, after my receiving intelligence from Van Galgebrok that he had been thrown overboard and perished. Damnation! Sir Rowland too—he will not relish the news that I have despatched to him. But 'tis near the hour he promised to be here. (*a knock at door*) Ha! 'tis he.

Enter SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD. door, L. 2 E.

You are punctual, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. Yes; I was anxious to hear whether what I have heard is correct or not.

JONA. 'Tis true. I should as soon have expected the bones of Tom Sheppard to re-unite themselves, and walk out of that case, as Thames Darrell to return. The skipper, Van Galgebrok, affirmed to me that he was thrown overboard; but it appears he was picked up by a fisherman, and carried to France, where he has remained ever since; and where it would have been well for him if he had remained altogether.

SIR R. Have you seen him?

JONA. I have; and he is now with Mr. Wood, the person whom you may remember adopted him, at Dollis Hill, near Willesden; and I would treat him as you treated his father, Sir Rowland.

SIR R. (*shuddering*) Murder him!

JONA. Aye, murder him—if you like the term better. I should call it putting him out of the way: but no matter how you phrase it—the end is the same.

SIR R. I cannot consent to it. Since the sea has spared him, I will spare him. It is in vain to struggle against the arm of fate: I will shed no more blood!

JONA. And perish on a gibbet!

SIR R. Flight is still left me. I can escape to France!

JONA. And do you think I'll allow you to depart, and compromise my safety? No, no, we are linked together in this matter, and must go through with it. You cannot—shall not retreat!

SIR R. (*drawing his sword*) Death and hell! do you think you can shackle my free will, villain?

JONA. You are wholly in my power; but be patient, I am your best friend. Thames Darrell must die! our mutual safety requires it. Leave the means to me.

SIR R. More blood! more blood! I shall never banish those horrible phantoms from my couch! the father with his bleeding breast, and dripping hair; the mother with her wringing hands, and looks of vengeance and reproach! and must another be added to the number—their son? Heaven, let me be spared this new crime! And yet, the gibbet; my name tarnished by the hangman! No, I cannot—will not submit to that!

JONA. I should think not: but to the point. If Thames Darrell escapes, you will lose both life and property.

SIR R. True, true; there is no alternative.

JONA. None whatever. Is it a bargain?

SIR R. Take half of my estate—take all! my life, if you will: I am weary of it.

JONA. No, I'll not take your life. We shall both, I hope, live to enjoy our shares long after Thames Darrell is forgotten, ha, ha! A third of your estate I accept; and as these things should always be treated as matters of business, I'll just draw up a memorandum of our arrangement. (*sits at table, and writes*) Sign this!

SIR R. (*aside*) Misery! misery! (*signs the paper—WILD and SIR ROWLAND talk together*)

During the above JACK enters, l. 2 E., unobserved, and conceals himself behind a high chair, l. c.

JONA. Enongh ! And now in return for your liberality, I'll inform you of a secret.

SIR R. A secret ?

JONA. Yes, a secret.

SIR R. Concerning whom ?

JONA. Mrs. Sheppard ?

SIR R. Mrs. Sheppard ?

JONA. Yes ; I need not remind you, Sir Rowland, that you had two sisters—Aliva and Constance.

SIR R. Both are dead !

JONA. No ; Constance is still living.

SIR R. Tell me where ? Where is she ?

JONA. (*sneeringly*) In Bedlam !

SIR R. Gracious heaven ! You named Mrs. Sheppard—what has she to do with Constance Trenchard.

JONA. Mrs. Sheppard is your sister Constance.

SIR R. What ! my sister the wife of one condemned felon and the mother of another. It cannot be !

JONA. Listen ! Stolen by a gipsy when scarcely five years old, Constance Trenchard, after various vicissitudes, was carried to London, where she lived in great poverty with the dregs of society ; and to preserve herself from destitution, she wedded a journeyman carpenter, named Sheppard.

SIR R. What proof have you of the truth of this story ?

JONA. I will show you. (*takes papers out of portfolio on table*) This—this written evidence, signed by Martha Cooper, the gipsy, by whom the girl was stolen, and who was afterwards executed for a similar crime. (*he lays the papers on the table*) Now, mark me : Thames Darrell once destroyed, Constance, your sister, becomes entitled to the estates ; which, provided he escapes the gallows, will descend to her son Jack.

SIR R. Well, sir ?

JONA. Don't be uneasy ; Mrs. Sheppard is now in Bedlam, an incurable maniac. (*during the following JACK advances cautiously to the table, takes the papers, then crouches beneath the table*) Thames Darrell is at Mr. Wood's, at Dollis Hill. To-night I propose to lure him out of the house by a stratagem, which I am certain will be successful ; and then it will be easy to knock him on the head. Sir Rowland, are you content ?

SIR R. I am. (*aside*) I must.

QUILT ARNOLD, *bleeding and half stunned, rushes in, followed by MENDEZ, door, l. 2 E.*

JONA. 'Sblood ! how's this ?

QUILT. I have been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Captain Sheppard. Who has again escaped from prison.

JONA. Damnation ! that this should have happened. I'll give a hundred pounds to find him out.

JACK. Give me the money ! Here he is ! (*throwing off hat, wig, &c., at back of the table*)

JONA. The devil ! How long have you been here ?

JACK. Ever since since Sir Rowland Trenchard has been in the room. Ha, ha, Sir Rowland, I salute you as your nephew ; and here (*waving the papers*) are the proofs !

SIR R. Back, villain ! I disown you.

JACK. I disown you ; even the thief, poor and fallen though he be, may shrink from the murderer, however rich and grand.

JONA. Well, Jack, you are a bold and clever fellow, I must allow ; and were I not Jonathan Wild, I'd be Jack Sheppard. I'm almost sorry I've sworn to hang you, but it can't be helped : I'm a slave to my word. Were I to let you go, you'd say I feared you. Besides, you've secrets which must not be disclosed. (*calling*) Mendez ! Quilt ! to the door. (*they stand against the door*) Jack, you are my prisoner !

JACK. And you flatter yourself you can detain me. Ha, ha !

JONA. I'll try. You must be indeed a clever fellow if you get out of this place.

JACK. What ho, Blueskin ! (*chord; BLUESKIN rushes in door, L. 2 E., and knocks down MENDEZ and QUILT right and left*)

BLUE. (R.) Here I am, my blessed babby ! I told you, Captain, I'd never leave you.

JACK. Your boast, you see, was rather premature. Adieu ! I have secured the proofs of my birth. (*putting papers in his pocket*)

JONA. Confusion ! Close the doors below. Loose the dogs !

BLUE. It's no use, I've chained them, up.

JONA. I'll ring the alarm bell—— (*goes to do it*)

JACK. No, you don't ! (*fires a pistol and wounds WILD in the hand*)

JONA. Aha ! Now I'll show you no quarter. (*WILD fires at JACK*)

BLUE. Cut away, Captain, the keys are on the outside, let's lock 'em in.

They rush out and the door is heard to lock—JACK and BLUESKIN are seen laughing—the drop falls on the rage of the PRISONERS.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Cell in Old Bedlam; door in flat, L.*

MRS. SHEPPARD is discovered laying on some straw with a chain round her waist, and fastened to the wall (see plate), JACK contemplating her mournfully. Music for Tableau.

JACK. Mother ! (*advancing to her*) dear mother !—don't you know me ?

MRS. S. Ah ! what's that ? Jack's voice !

JACK. It is mother—he stands before you.

MRS. S. (*gazing vacantly about*) Where? I can't see him! where is he?

JACK. (*embracing her*) Here.

MRS. S. Who are you?

JACK. Your son—your miserable repentant son!

MRS. S. It is false—you are not. Jack was not half your age when he died—they buried him in Willesden Church Yard, after the robbery.

JACK. Oh, misery! she does not know me. Oh, mother—dear mother.

MRS. S. Off! don't touch me. I'll be quiet—I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan—I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite—leave me my blanket—I am very cold at night. Pray don't dash cold water on my head, it throbs cruelly.

JACK. Horror!

MRS. S. (*shrinking back*) Don't scourge me—the lash cuts to the bone—I can't bear it! Spare me and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!

JACK. Mother!

MRS. S. Off! Are they gone?

JACK. Who?

MRS. S. The nurses.

JACK. Do they treat you ill?

MRS. S. (*placing her fingers to her lips*) Hush, hush! Come hither, and I'll tell you. Sit beside me; and now I'll tell you what they do. See—I had beautiful black hair once; but they cut it all off. Hush! I'll tell you a dream I had last night. I was at Tyburn: there was a gallows erected, and a great mob round it; thousands of people, and all with white faces. In a cart was a man; and that man was Jack Sheppard, my son—my dear son Jack! They were going to hang him; and opposite to him sat Jonathan Wild, in a parson's cassock and band. I knew him in spite of his dress. And when they came to the gallows, Jack leaped out of the cart, and the hangman tied up Jonathan instead. Ha, ha, ha! How the mob shouted—and I shouted too. Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. I shall go mad myself if I listen to her longer. Mother!

MRS. S. Mother! Why do you call me by that name?

JACK. Because you are my mother.

MRS. S. (*eagerly*) What! are you my son? are you Jack?

JACK. I am. Heaven be praised! she knows me at last.

MRS. S. Oh, Jack! (*embraces him*) You will never leave me?

JACK. Never—never! Ha!

Enter JONATHAN WILD, QUILT ARNOLD, and MENDEZ, D. F.

JONA. Just in time. Your are my prisoner.

JACK. You shall take my life first!

MRS. S. (*clinging to JACK*) They shall not harm you, my love.

(*they seize him before he can escape her hold, and disarm him—MRS. SHEPPARD shrieks, and rushes on WILD.*)

JONA. Keep off, accursed jade! (JONATHAN strikes her down)

JACK. (*struggling wildly*) Devil! oh, devil! that blow shall cost your life!

JONA. To Newgate!

(*they drag him off and close the door in flat, l. c.* MRS. SHEPPARD *crawls to the door, and struggles with her nails to force it, calling out*)

MRS. S. Spare, spare Jack! my son! my son! (closed in)

SCENE II.—*A Room in Wild's House.*

Enter JONATHAN WILD, l., followed by MENDEZ, with torch.

JONATHAN. There are two ways to do this. I must be secured; I must leave no clue by which the fly once in my web may trace its path to freedom, and after warn all others from my snare; or more—perhaps bring down destruction on my head. (*goes to cabinet and examines pistols*) Umph! I'll draw the charge; the powder may be damp—and reload them to make all sure. (*puts them back—examines sword*) This is a faithful servant, always ready; but this (*taking out a bludgeon*) I've ever found the most dependable. The sword cuts clean, clean wounds heal well; a blow from this breaks through the skull, and crushes in the brain. No healing that—ha, ha, ha! (*approaches a spring in the wall, touches it, door flies open*) Ha! all's quiet now; but there'll be some echoes awakened before long. (*takes the torch he brought on, and looks through the door*) How dark and deep it looks! The walls are slimy; the waters below look black. Once down there, no telling tales. Yes, that shall be his grave. Go out on the bridge and look below.

ABRA. (*trembling*) No, no, I am oblige—much oblige. It is a terrible plache.

JONA. Follow me; but mind.

Exeunt, r.

SCENE III.—*The Hatch of the Condemned Hold, and Lodge, Newgate.*
(see picture). A door with spikes at the top, in flat, r. c.

SHOTBOLT, AUSTIN, MARVEL, and MRS. SPURLING discovered seated, l.

SHOT. Well, I've seen many a gallant fellow in my time, but I never saw one like Jack Sheppard.

AUST. Nor I: he's been the life and soul of the place. We've made a pretty penny, Mr. Shotbolt, by the public curiosity to see him: sixty guineas this blessed day.

MRS. SPUR. He offered Jack five guineas for his share, but he gave it to the other fellows on the common side to drink it out.

MAR. Well, I hope he may have a speedy deliverance at Tyburn, mind you.

MRS. SPUR. If I had my way, he should never see Tyburn. It's a thousand pities to hang such a pretty fellow as Jack. Since the days of Claude du Val there haven't been so many ladies to see any one.

MAR. Bah! That grand gold-laced coat he wore at his trial—I intend that for my wedding dress.

MRS. SPUR. (*crosses to MARVEL*) If you hang him, mind, I'll never be Mrs. Marvel. Talking of the trial, how firm he was till he heard his old master, Mr. Wood, examined: he did give way a bit then. And Mr. Wood's daughter, poor young thing! she couldn't speak at all. There wasn't a dry eye in the court.

AUS. Yes, there was one.

SHOT. Mr. Wild's, eh? Did you see the look he fixed on Jack? It was like the grin of a fiend.

MAR. Mr. Wild's a great man: he's a friend to me. I've tucked up about twelve hundred subjects: half that number he gave me the work for.

AUST. That was an odd thing Jack said to Mr. Kneebone, the draper, this morning.

MRS. SPUR. What was that?

AUST. Mr. Kneebone jested as he bid him good bye, and said he should be glad to see him at supper to-night. Jack answered, "He was obliged for the invitation, and would be there." Ha, ha, ha!

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha! capital, capital!

SHOT. May I be hanged myself if I don't believe he'll be as good as his word.

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha! capital!

Enter POLL MAGGOT and EDGEWORTH BESS in silk hoods and cloaks, L.

AUST. Who have we here?

MRS. SPUR. Oh, only Jack's two wives; poor things, I pity them.

AUST. (*crosses to them*) Well, my pretty dears, come to see your husband, eh? you can't go into the condemned hold—it's Mr. Wild's orders; you must see him at the hatch.

MRS. SPUR. You've heard the news, I suppose.

BESS. (*weeping*) That the death warrant's arrived; oh yes, we've heard.

POLL. (*crosses to AUSTIN*) How does Jack bear it?

AUST. Like a hero.

POLL. I knew he would. Come, Bess, don't unman him; let's lose no time—let us see him—there's a guinea to drink our health.

AUST. You're a lady. Here, unlock Captain Sheppard's padlock; tell him his wives are in the lodge. (*calling over door, R.C.*)

MAN. (*behind*) Iss, Massa Austin.

(*during the above, POLL and BESS take off their hoods and cloaks, and lay them ready*)

AUST. (*aside*) Fine women: Captain Jack's no bad judge, however.

MRS. SPUR. Poor things! I'll look to them, Austin; enjoy yourself with the punch.

JACK appears at the hatch in a dressing gown—the WOMEN with loud outcries and sobs go to him; MRS. SPURLING brings in punch, all busied arranging.

JACK. (*aside*) Have you got Wild out of the way?

BESS. Yes, Kate lured him on a false scent after Blueskin.

JACK. Keep up a noise; this spike is more than half sawed through—I've worked at it every time I've been here—now for it. (*the WOMEN howl loudly*)

AUST. Silence, hussies, or I'll turn you out.

MRS. SPUR. For shame, Mr. Austin, call yourself a man, and have no feeling—I see what they're at. (*aside*) They're going to have a husband hanged: I've lost four that way. Oh, oh!

(*all three howl loudly. Meantime JACK has been at work—*

MRS. SPURLING goes up to engage the others' attention)

JACK. Confusion! my saw is broken.

POLL. Lay hold of it, Jack; let's try together.

(*both push, &c. at the spike—BESS loudly lamenting to drown any noise—the spike breaks off with a snap*)

AUST. (*starting up*) What's that?

JACK. My cursed darbies, I can't kiss my Bess. (*all the GAOLERS laugh*) Give me a cloth to tie round my fetters. (*they pass it in*) Now, give me your hand to help it through.

BESS. Austin's coming—all is lost.

(*AUSTIN has risen—MRS. SPURLING stops him, whispers, and points to MARVEL—he laughs, whispers her, and sits down; she puts her finger to her lips*)

POLL. (*seeing the sign*) Ah! she knows our errand—all's safe. (*they seize him and pull him over the top of the door. Picture realised*)

AUST. (*rising*) Come my disconsolate darlings you must go.

BOTH. (*with a burst of grief*) Only two minutes—two.

(*JACK has crouched behind them and is putting on the cloak and hood which has been worn by EDGEWORTH BESS*)

AUST. Be quick, girls.

BESS. I must slip out of sight. (*steals off, R. U. E.*)

SHOT. I cannot help thinking what Jack said about supping at Kneebone's. (*all laugh*)

AUST. He must get out before our faces then, ha, ha!

MAR. (*seeing BESS steal out—aside to MRS. SPURLING*) I see—

MRS. SPUR. Oh, mercy!

MAR. Will you be mine? then—

MRS. SPUR. Silence, and I will.

POLL. Good-bye, Jack; good-bye. (*as if calling to him in cell, R. C.*)

JACK. Now for life or death. (*steps mincingly forward, arm in arm with POLL MAGGOT*)

AUST. (*advancing, L.*) Stop, my dear, I must have a kiss. (*about to lay hold of JACK*)

POLL. (*going over to him*) One from me will do as well.

AUST. Come then, my pretty one.

POLL. (*watching JACK exit, L.*) Now, don't be so rude: hands off—hands off. (*struggling with him*) You will have the kiss, will you—there. (*she gives him a terrific slap of the face, he reels back; she exit hastily, L.; all laugh. Closed in*)

SCENE IV.—*Apartment in the House at Dollis Hill. A recess, R., in flat, with a curtain drawn across it; a window to the ground in L. flat.*

WINIFRED enters from R., on tiptoe.

WINI. Heaven be praised, she still slumbers ; she has recovered her senses, but I fear cannot live long. Poor thing, how beautiful she looks ; but, ah ! how death-like : I could almost pray for her release. I dare not reflect upon the effect of her son's fate, should the efforts now making to save him be ineffectual. Ha ! she stirs.

Enter MRS. SHEPPARD, R.

MRS. S. (*looking round*) Where am I ?

WINI. With your friends, dear Mrs. Sheppard.

MRS. S. Are you there, my dear young creature ? When I first awaken I am always in dread of finding myself in that horrid asylum, where, had I not been mad, the sight, and the sounds I heard assuredly had made me so. Oh, lady, what do I not owe to your good father and yourself ?

WINI. Your esteem, dear Mrs. Sheppard, is all we can desire, and if poor Jack should be respited—

MRS. S. (*starting forward eagerly*) If—if he should be respited : does your father doubt it ? Speak ! oh, tell me. You are silent. Is Thames returned from London yet ? No hope, no hope, no hope ! Oh, that fiend Wild is ever in my path, I cannot scare him hence.

WINI. Hark ! I hear Thames : now we shall know.

MRS. S. (*sinking back*) Heaven support me !

WINI. They are here.

MR. WOOD and THAMES enter, L.

MRS. S. Oh, speak : tell me he is respited.

THAMES. Alas, no ; the warrant for his execution has arrived.

MRS. S. My poor son ; heaven have mercy on his soul ! (*on her knees*)

WOOD. O lord, lord ; I shall burst if I don't blubber ! I feel as though Adam and Eve each had got an apple in my throat—big thumping ones—and were here in my belly pushing them up to choke me. I'll wait without. Oh, dear, dear !

Exit, L.

MRS. S. When is he to suffer ?

THAMES. On Friday.

MRS. S. On Friday ! Three short days—oh, horrible !

WINI. Poor thing ! her brain will turn again.

MRS. S. All, then, is over. Wild's threat is fulfilled at last. I see the gallows there—ough ! (*covers her face with her hands, and shudders*)

WINI. Do not despair.

MRS. S. Do not despair ! Ha, ha, ha ! I have wept till my eyes are dry, suffered till my heart is broken, prayed till the voice of prayer is dumb, and all in vain : he will be hanged—hanged ! What have I left but despair—despair and madness ? (*falls upon*

her knees; they tenderly raise her, then, motioning silence, THAMES conducts WINIFRED off, l. l.)

A momentary pause; JACK appears at the window, l. c.; he enters cautiously, and, seeing his mother, kneels in agitation by her.

JACK. Mother, mother.

MRS. S. (*starts at the words, gazes for a moment incredulously, then, rushing into his arms, shrieks out*) My son—my dear, dear son!

JACK. (*weeping*) Oh, I don't deserve this; but I would have risked a thousand deaths to enjoy this moment's happiness.

MRS. S. I heard you were condemned: I—I see you free?

JACK. I have escaped: you shall know all anon. I came to you, dear mother, with the first intelligence, but I must begone. A large reward will be offered for me: Wild and his bloodhounds, and a hundred others, will be on my track; even now they may have scented me.

MRS. S. Oh! fly, fly, dear son. I am easy now: fly, and if we never meet again, rest assured my last blessing—my last prayer shall be for you.

JACK. Oh, mother, do not talk thus.

MRS. S. (*pointing to window, where WILD appears suddenly*) Ah! the fiend!

JACK. Betrayed! and I'm unarmed. Madman that I am.

MRS. S. Help! help!

Enter JONATHAN at window, l. c.

JONA. Be silent: these cries will not avail you; whoever answers you, must aid in capturing him. (*MRS. SHEPPARD sinks on her knees*) Well, Jack, are you disposed to go back quietly?

JACK. You'll know when you attempt to touch me.

JONA. My janizaries are within call. I am armed, you are not.

JACK. (r.) It matters not. You shall not take me alive.

MRS. S. (*kneels, r. c.*) Spare him! Oh, spare him!

JACK. Get up, mother; do not kneel to him. I wouldn't accept of life from him.

JONA. (l. c.) Fool!

MRS. S. Spare him. I will forgive you all, do but spare him.

JONA. On one condition will I spare him—either he or you must go back to town with me.

MRS. S. Take me then. (*is rushing over JACK pulls her back*)

JACK. Go not near him.

JONA. Attend to me—heed not him. I swear to you I will save your son's life, place him beyond the reach of harm, if you consent to become my wife.

JACK. Execrable villain!

MRS. S. (*struggling*) He swears to save you.

JACK. Hear me, mother. The villain knows there are but the lives of Thames Darrell and Sir Rowland Trenchard stand between you and the vast estates of the family—he will soon remove those

lives. Were you his wife the possession would be his. Do you mark—do you see?

MRS. S. I see nothing but your danger.

JONA. The estates would be his, Mrs. Sheppard.

JACK. Liar! am not I a convicted felon? I can inherit nothing.

JONA. Before an hour she shall be mine. (*advancing*)

JACK. Back, or I'll fell you to the ground! Mother, would you sell yourself to this fiend?

MRS. S. I would sell myself, body and soul, to save my son.

JONA. (*advancing*) Come along, mad jade. I'll teach you submission.

JACK springs upon him; a struggle takes place; JONATHAN contrives to blow a shrill blast on a whistle twice; Mrs. SHEPPARD wildly shrieks "Help, help!" JONATHAN, at length when they are struggling on the ground strikes JACK a blow with the pistol butt; he springs to his feet, then falls. JONATHAN about to repeat the blow, is withheld by Mrs. SHEPPARD still screaming, he alters his intention, seizes her, and making for the window, THAMES enters.

THAMES. (*levelling a pistol*) Yield or you die.

JONA. (*putting Mrs. SHEPPARD before him*) I defy you. (*calls*) Quilt, Mendez, where are you?

THAMES. Yield, villain!

JONA. Never!

(*is making to the window; WOOD appears in it with a blunderbuss which he levels at WILD*)

WOOD. Ha, ha—put her down, or I'll blow you into shavings.

JONA. (*looking wildly round*) There is no help for it—there.

(*flings Mrs. SHEPPARD into THAMES' arms, springs on WOOD and knocks him into the middle of the room, then darts through the window; WOOD on the ground, fires his blunderbuss in the air. Closed in*)

SCENE V.—*A Front Chamber in Wild's House. A Closet in the Scene.*

Enter JONATHAN WILD, r. followed by ABRAHAM.

JONA. Yes, yes, I will do it; so good an opportunity may never occur again. Abraham!

ABRA. Yesh, Mister Wild.

JONA. I want you for the job I spoke of some time ago. I mean to have no one but yourself in it.

ABRA. What, Sir Rowland's affair, eh?

JONA. Yes, I expect him here every minute. When you've admitted him, steal into the room and hide yourself; and don't move till I utter the words, "You've a long journey before you." That's your signal.

ABRA. Very well. (*knocking, R.*)

JONA. Silence! that's his knock, Go and let him in.

ABRAHAM goes out, R. and returns with SIR ROWLAND—SIR ROWLAND gives a pocket-book of notes to WILD.

JONA. (*after looking at notes*) You've behaved like a man of honour, Sir Rowland: right to a farthing. (*looks at ABRAHAM*)

Exit ABRAHAM, R.

SIR R. (*R.*) Give me an acquittance.

JONA. It's scarcely necessary: however, there it is. (*producing papers*) "Received from Sir Rowland Trenchard, fifteen thousand pounds. Jonathan Wild, August 31st, 1724." Will that do?

SIR R. It will. This is our last transaction together.

JONA. The last but one.

SIR R. It is the last; and I trust we may never meet again. I have paid you this large sum, not because you are entitled to it, for you have failed in what you undertook to do; but because I desire not to be troubled with you again. I have now settled my affairs, and made every preparation for my departure for France, where I shall spend the remainder of my days; and I have made such arrangements, that at my decease tardy justice will be done my injured nephew.

JONA. I hope you have not compromised me?

SIR R. While I live you are safe: after my death I can answer for nothing. I had a terrible dream last night. I thought my sister, and her murdered husband, dragged me hither, to this very room, and commanded you to slay me.

JONA. A terrible dream indeed! But you must not indulge in these gloomy thoughts.

SIR R. Before I go, I must beg of you to disclose to me all you know relative to the parentage of Thames Darrell.

JONA. Willingly. Look at this glove: it belonged to his father, and was worn by him on the night he was murdered. See—a coronet is embroidered on it.

SIR R. Ha! is he so highly born?

JONA. (*gives a letter*) This letter will inform you.

SIR R. What is this? I know the hand. Ha! my friend! and have I murdered him! And my sister thus nobly, thus illustriously wedded. Misery—misery! Oh, if I had known this, what guilt, what remorse might have been spared me!

JONA. Repentance comes too late when the deed is done.

SIR R. It is not too late to repair the wrong I have done my nephew. He shall have the estates, title—all, all!

JONA. You've a long journey before you, Sir Rowland.

(*Music.* ABRAHAM *rushes on, R., and coming behind SIR ROWLAND, throws a white cloth over his head, and removes the table off*—WILD *at the same moment strikes SIR ROWLAND with a bludgeon on the head—they drive him off, R. U. E. struggling and crying for help. The noise of a desperate struggle is heard, and cries of "Murder!" becoming more faint. Stage quite dark)*

SCENE VI.—*The Well-hole (picture realised).*

JONATHAN, C. *striking at Sir Rowland—Mendez holding a torch, L. C.*

SIR R. (*hanging to rail*) Murderer, spare me one moment to repent.

JONA. Hold the light higher; let me make sure.

SIR R. Oh, mercy or my soul is lost—oh, spare me.

JONA. Not one instant—die!

(he strikes him till he loses his hold on the rail and sinks into the well; a death-like silence, then the echoes of his distant fall below)

JONA. Give me the link. (*looks down*) Ah, he is struggling. (*a groan*) So all's over now.

ABRA. Let ush go back—back.

JONA. Come! Infernal devils—the door has swung too—we are prisoners.

ABRA. (*pointing to the other door*) There, there!

JONA. There's no outlet. Hell's curses—shaking coward, this is all your work—we are lost—discovered—left to perish—curses—curses!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter KNEEBONE and RACHEL; she spreads cloth during the dialogue.

RACHEL. I know one I should like to see very much; the famous Jack Sheppard. You saw him to-day, didn't you, Mr. Kneebone?

KNEE. I did, only a few hours ago, chained down with a hundred weight of iron, in the strongest ward in Newgate.

(knock heard, L.)

RACHEL. There it is, that plaguy door always is troublesome just as one's getting interesting.

Exit, L.

KNEE. Who can this be? I have no appointment.

Re-enter RACHEL, ushering SHOTBOLT, L.

RACHEL. A gentleman as wants you.

SHOT. A word in private, sir.

RACHEL. Private indeed! Everybody are always mysterious about anybody anybody wants to hear about. (*flounces out, L.*)

SHOT. Mr. Kneebone, I have to inform you Jack Sheppard has escaped.

KNEE. Escaped? incredible! Why I gave him an invitation to supper; he said he'd accept it; by the stars, I think he will.

SHOT. So do I! that brought me here. I have come to meet him and to capture him—you must assist me.

KNEE. I shall certainly not oppose you, sir: but if he keeps his word, I must keep mine, and have supper provided.

SHOT. As you please, sir, so that he don't escape. Jack Sheppard knows this house I believe?

KNEE. Well. This was Mr. Wood's house; Jack's name is carved on a beam up stairs.

SHOT. Where can I hide myself?

KNEE. Under the table, the cloth nearly touches the ground when on; under with you; keep your feet close. I'll call the girl to lay the cloth: here, Rachel, bring the supper—quickly.

SHOT. (*under the table*) If we take him, you shall have a fourth of the reward.

KNEE. Curse your reward. Do you take me for a thief-catcher? Silence, here comes the supper.

Enter RACHEL with tray, &c., L.

Rachel, put a few more plates on the table, will you? and bring up everything in the larder—I expect company.

RACHEL. Company!

KNEE. Company. And bring a couple of bottles of sack, and one of usquebaugh.

RACHEL. Anything else?

KNEE. No silver forks or spoons; mind, no silver forks or spoons.

RACHEL. Why, who's to steal 'em? Where's the gentleman gone? (*KNEEBONE motions silence and points*) Oh, gemini, a man under the table—oh, oh!

KNEE. I expect Jack Shepard to supper.

RACHEL. What? Why, he's in Newgate.

SHOT. (*putting his head out*) He's let out for a few hours; he's going back after supper, my dear.

RACHEL. Oh, dear, I do so long to see him. I'll have a peep if I die for it. (*during the above, she has spread the cloth with cold fowls, a tongue, beef, pastry, &c. KNEEBONE looks at his watch*)

KNEE. I suspect Jack has thought better of it. (*knock*) Hush! I hear a noise. Go into your room, Rachel, I insist, I insist!

Exit RACHEL, R.

JACK suddenly enters, superbly dressed, L.

JACK. Ha, ha! I am expected, I see. Eh, eh?

KNEE. You are. I felt sure I should see you.

JACK. Right. I never broke an engagement with friend or foe.

KNEE. Well, take a chair.

JACK. First let me introduce my friends.

KNEE. Friends!

SHOT. (*under table*) Oh, Lord!

JACK ushers in POLL and BESS, splendidly dressed, followed by BLUESKIN—they quickly take seats, all talking—KNEEBONE confused.

BESS. Oh, capital!

POLL. Excellent! capital, friend Kneebone!

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha ! Excellent, excellent ! (*BLUESKIN pours out a bumper*)

KNEE. You make yourself at home ?

BLUE. (*eating and drinking voraciously*) Always do, always do.

KNEE. Allow me—(*filling a glass for BESS, she sees his ring*)

BESS. Oh, what a beautiful ring !

KNEE. Do you think so ? (*placing it on her finger, and kissing it*) Wear it for my sake. (*aside to her*) You don't eat. (*to JACK*)

BLUE. The Captain has no appetite, I eat for both. Captain, do you remember the night when I and Wild were after Mr. Kneebone in this very room ?

JACK. I do. Mrs. Wood that night struck me a blow which made me a robber : she has paid dearly for it since, but I wish her hand had been as deadly as yours. On that night—that fatal night, Winifred crushed the hopes of my heart ; I surrendered myself to Jonathan Wild, and became the wretch I am.

BLUE. What's in the wind now, captain ?

JACK. Listen : within the last few minutes, my guilty life has passed before me ; I was then honest—happy : I had a companion whose friendship I have for ever forfeited, a mother whose heart I have well-nigh broken. In this room was my ruin begun, in this room shall it be ended.

BLUE. Come, listen to me.

JACK. Oh, curse you—curse you—curse you !

BLUE. Swear away, captain.

JACK. (*levelling pistol*) Do you mock me ?

BLUE. Take my life, you are welcome to it.

JACK. (*throwing himself into a chair*) This is folly—madness ! (*KNEEBONE, watching the scene, has drawn forth a handsome snuff-box*)

BESS. Oh, dear ! what a pretty box—gold—do let me have a pinch.

BLUE. So it is : what a nice box ! (*takes a pinch, and puts the box in his pocket*)

POLL. I should like a little plum tart, but I don't see a spoon. (*rings the bell*)

Enter RACHEL, R.

A few table spoons, dear.

KNEE. Leave the room.

RACHEL. I shan't ! I came to see Jack Sheppard. And where's the strange gentleman under the table ?

(*a yell of triumph is raised—chairs, tables, everything upset—*

SHOTBOLT springs to his feet, BLUESKIN puts a pistol to his head—the WOMEN seize and bind him as in picture. JACK seizes KNEEBONE)

JACK. You have betrayed me !

KNEE. What faith is to be kept with a felon ?

JACK. No words. Where are the packets committed to your charge by Sir Rowland Trenchard ? Produce them. (*putting a pistol to his ear*) Then, by heavens, you're a dead man ! I give you one minute. (*a dead pause*) It is past. Die !

KNEE. Hold! There—they are nothing to me. (*gives packets*)

JACK. They are everything to me. They will establish Thamess Darrell's birth, and win him the hand of Winifred.

KNEE. Don't be too sure.

(*aims a blow at JACK, POLL wards it off—she attacks him, and beats him heartily, with her fists. During this, JACK carefully secures the packets—BLUESKIN secures SHOTBOLT—POLL overcomes KNEEBONE. Scene closes on the row*)

SCENE II.—*Exterior of the Back of Wild's House.*

Enter THAMES DARRELL, R.

THAMES. Jack promised me, when I said I would await his coming, to return in half-an-hour. Thrice has St. Sepulchre's chimed that time, and yet no signal of his coming. He has been captured: the risk he runs is madness. Hark! I hear quick foot-steps—yes, 'tis he.

Enter JACK, hastily, and breathless, L.

JACK. You will not complain of my delay when I tell you what I've done. Here are packets will establish all your claims to the Trenchard property: take them, and may you be happy.

THAMES. Would to heaven I could devise some means of making you so.

JACK. Impossible! I am lost—utterly lost! Listen to me. I am about to quit this land: this very night a vessel sails.

THAMES. In after years you may return.

JACK. Oh, never—never! I will strive to perish honourably in foreign service; but I will never more return.

THAMES. Your mother—her life hangs upon a thread.

JACK. (*staggering*) Oh, would you had not mentioned her! Be like a son to her; right me with Winifred: I have been restrained from many a crime by her sweet image. Will you tell her that?

THAMES. I will indeed, Jack.

JACK. Thanks, thanks! Blueskin watched Sir Rowland into Wild's house: this is the back of it. I have ascertained 'tis his intention to sail from England to-morrow. A voluntary exile is also my choice. I will bid farewell to my native land for ever; and in a foreign clime endeavour to regain the jewel I have lost in this—an honest and respected name. But first I will see my mother—let fall upon her feet the tears of repentance; receive the fond kiss of pardon; and that shall be my talisman to preserve me through life in the paths of virtue. Will you go with me? Dare you encounter the peril?

THAMES. My risk is nothing, when compared to yours. Be warned—danger is abroad. Wild has sworn to apprehend you: better quit the country at once.

JACK. I must see my mother. Let them take me—let them kill me; and I shall die happy, so my last sigh is breathed upon a mother's breast, and the last sound my expiring senses know, is her forgiveness.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Cell in the House of Wild.*

JONATHAN WILD and MRS. SHEPPARD discovered—she on a pallet, with a cup and lamp near her.

MRS. S. Monster! can you not let me die in peace?

JONA. Mark this.

MRS. S. Is it poison?

JONA. No. I don't want to get rid of you before our marriage: you may die as soon afterwards as you please.

MRS. S. What motive can induce—

JONA. Pshaw! I might once have married you for your beauty: I seek now your wealth. Sir Rowland is dead; so is Darrell by this time, I reckon. There is now no life between you and the estates.

MRS. S. A day of retribution will arrive, monster!

JONA. I'll take my chance; and till then remain content. But I repeat, wed me—I'll spare your son.

MRS. S. Bring him here now.

JONA. To-morrow. Ha, ha! Farewell! I return in an hour with a priest. Ha, ha, ha!

Exit by the door, L.

MRS. S. In an hour, then, I'll be beyond your power. Better to die than hear the funeral bell of my poor Jack—better to die than be dragged a mangled victim at the blood-stained car of such a monster's triumph! (*a knock is heard at the door*) Ha! he has returned. (*rushes to door and fastens it inside*) Wretch! I will never wed you! I have a weapon; (*produces a knife*) if you attempt to open the door, I'll plunge it to my heart!

JACK. (*without*) Mother, mother! it is your son.

MRS. S. My son! No, no—a trick! (*calls*) It is false! he is in Newgate. Hence!

JACK. (*without*) I have broken from prison, mother: I am come to save you.

MRS. S. Liar! I am not to be deceived. The knife is at my breast—stir a foot, and I strike!

(*a pause, she listening; at length heavy blows fall on the door, L.; she shrieks, stabs herself, and falls, as an entrance is forced by JACK, who enters*)

JACK. (*starting, then rushing to her*) I have killed her! Oh, mercy, heaven!—pardon! Mother! mother! (*raises her*)

MRS. S. (*clinging*) Was it—was it you, my son?

JACK. (*agonized*) Forgive—forgive me!

MRS. S. I have nothing to forgive. I die happy—quite, quite, in seeing you. Let me lie in Willesden Churchyard.

JACK. Oh, heaven! she's dying!

MRS. S. Forgive him, Father of mercy. Jack—son—bless you!—oh, bless—(*she dies*)

JACK. I will avenge her. Revenge, revenge! Oh, mother, mother! (*sinks on his knees, and bursts into tears*) She is dead! and I, her son—I—I have killed her!

JONATHAN WILD, QUILT ARNOLD, ABRAHAM MENDEZ, and
OFFICERS *rush on*, L.

JONA. You have—you are my prisoner. (*seizing him*)

JACK. Hell hounds! release me! Look at the victim at your feet! (*picture realized*)

SCENE IV.—*The Parlour in Wood's House at Dollis Hill as before.*

Enter BLUESKIN and WINIFRED, L.

WINI. What would you with me?

BLUE. Fear nothing, lady, I come to render a service to Thames Darrell; there are the packets Jack hazarded his life to seize for him—I got them from Wild's room—and a pocket-book with notes, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds.

WINI. Can this be true?

BLUE. You will find it so—if you knew who I am, you would not wonder, I did not wish to see your father.

Enter THAMES, suddenly, L.—he seizes BLUESKIN.

BLUE. Let me go, Thames Darrell, I have come to serve you. (*whispers*) I am Blueskin.

THAMES. What do you here? Have you seen him?

BLUE. I have—I have seen him in the hands of the Philistines.

THAMES. Are there means of saving him? whatever be the sum required it shall be freely paid.

BLUE. Gold is useless, steel is our last resource, and it shall be tried, though mine be the hand—the only one that strikes.

THAMES. And if you fail?

BLUE. I will die with him. Farewell, sir—you will see him where I dare not venture, within their prison walls—bid him die as he has lived, a brave man, and tell him that if to rescue him is impossible, his betrayer shall not outlive him; tell him Blueskin has sworn that the last living hour of Jack Sheppard shall be the last of his accursed foe's existence—that his betrayer shall perish—that Jonathan Wild, his destroyer, shall die, though all earth conspire to save him—and die by this hand.

Rushes off, L.

Enter WOOD, R.

WOOD. What's the matter? what's the matter? Ah, what, Thames! (*shakes hands*)

WINI. (*examines packet*) Here is something addressed to you, father.

WOOD. Me, me? let me see. (*opens it*)

WINI. Yes, dear Thames, they were brought by that man, and by his earnestness, together with the vast sum of money he says is enclosed here, which he has left for you, I am convinced must be of great importance.

WOOD. Good luck! what have we here? a document from your

uncle, Sir Rowland, resigning all to you; you are no longer Thames Darrell, but the Marquis Chantillon, your poor father's title.

THAMES. You, then, my dear Winny, shall be my Marchioness, but I must leave you now, I have a solemn duty to perform—poor Sheppard! I will see him, and if to save him is impossible, it shall be my task to attend, and soothe his last moments with the hand and voice of friendship.

Exeunt, R. 1 E.

SCENE V.—*Interior of Newgate.*

Enter AUSTIN and SHOTBOLT, R.

SHOT. I tell you, it's my opinion he'll take him. They had post-horses ready—the judges are sitting in the hall, and, if he be taken, he'll be carried there, identified, and hanged on his old sentence.

AUST. They'll give him no more chance of escape—prisons can't hold him—I'll answer for it, Marvel's noose does. (*distant shouts heard, continued through the scene at intervals*)

SHOT. They have him—hark!

AUST. The mob would'nt shout for his capture—who's there?

Enter MRS. SPURLING, L.

SHOT. What is the matter?

MRS. SPUR. The mob, exasperated that Jack Sheppard's taken, and headed by Blueskin, are burning Mr. Wild's house down.

AUST. He is taken, then?

MRS. SPUR. Too surely; and now at the hall to be identified. They'll hang him at once, on his old sentence. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Exit, r. A tremendous shout heard, then firing.

SHOT. Ah, they have arrived; and see, Jack Sheppard and the sheriffs are come. They will hang him at once now: no escape this time.

Dead march—the bell tolls. JONATHAN WILD, JACK SHEPPARD, MARVEL, MRS. SPURLING, the SHERIFFS, the ORDINARY, JAVELIN MEN, &c. enter in procession, L. (*Picture realized of striking off the irons.*) *Music for tableau.*

JONA. At length my vengeance is complete.

JACK. Wretch! your triumph will be short-lived. Before long, you will share the same fate.

JONA. I shall have lived to see you hanged.

JACK. (*eyes him with contempt*) Farewell to all—for ever. (*he shakes hands with MRS. SPURLING, who weeps—then with several others*) I feel light of heart. Monster! you cannot know my feeling. I seem as though my last sad meeting with my poor mother had given me hope of mercy. There—come on—I'm ready.

(*Dead march. AUSTIN, &c., twine their arms in his, and the death procession takes place, r. JONATHAN is about to follow, when QUILT ARNOLD enters hastily, L. and stops him*)

QUILT. Sir, if you wish to save either property, house, or the

secrets it contains, you must go home. The mob have in part destroyed it, but still the secret chambers are untouched.

WILD. You are right, Arnold: there are things concealed that will not bear the light of day. As for the rest, I care not. The fools forget that the damage done by them will be ten-fold repaid me. I want a new house, Arnold; and they have saved me its expense. I will complete what they have left unfinished. A store of gunpowder lies there hidden, which I have stored for a chance like this. I will convey a train where I may fire it in safety, and its explosion will bury in eternal night all proofs of past and present crimes. Come! Not a moment shall be lost. This is indeed an hour of triumph. Ha, ha, ha! Come! come!

Exeunt, L.

SCENE VI.—*Court Yard of Wild's House, in flames.*

Tableau. SOLDIERS defending, and MOB attacking it. Shouts and fire-arms. SOLDIERS charge on both sides—the MOB retreating, they all exeunt r. and l.—noise getting less distinct.

Enter BLUESKIN, from back.

BLUE. So far, so good. Ha, ha! Master Wild—a pretty warm home we have made you here: not so hot, however, as that you have made for yourself in the other world. Poor Jack! I am wounded. The falling of that cursed beam has nearly stunned me. Let me but live to find him. Oh, I sink! Water! water! Poor Jack! (*sinks down*)

Enter JONATHAN, from back, with torch. Shouts at distance.

JONA. No one is near. The train is laid—now then to fire it. (*goes to door, and stoops with torch*)

BLUE. Ha! 'tis he!

JONA. 'Tis done! Soon it will reach the gunpowder, and its explosion will destroy all evidence against me. Now, then, for escape!

BLUE. (*starts up and seizes him*) You are too late. Back! back! Captain Sheppard sends you this! (*stabs him repeatedly, dragging him forward*)

JONA. Help! help! Mercy! mercy!

(*the explosion—fall of ruins. WILD falls, stabbed by BLUESKIN—the PEOPLE driven back by SOLDIERS, who enter over the ruins—in the distance, the body of JACK SHEPPARD suspended. Red fire, and last grand tableau*)

Curtain.



Jack Sheppard.

SIR ROWLAND Mercy! mercy! Spare me! spare me! (*Jonathan Wild strikes him with his bludgeon over the hand, until he drops into the well.*)

Act 3. Scene 4.