



























































Administrator  
Proof read by Louise Lunnon





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 guvornor 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 vorthy son is treading in his vorthy 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 Mm*) 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 dings 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 (*OK 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 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.

BLUE. He's a prime chicken, that takes his larning like a arch-bishop—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.

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

BESS. I confess it—I'm too delicate.

BLUE. 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 mislsted.

BLUE. 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 dose 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 sunsr in this scene, but the words and music arc 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 villany he is capable of. lie 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 F.*)

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 to-morrow. 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, L., 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 Darreli 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, hut 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 unmaska a lanthorn and looka around*) All's right; give me a chisel—(*assista BLUESKIN in*) Once more, no violence !—where is your crape ?

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

JACK. Have you forgotten ? no violence.

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

(*JACK puta on crape and takea out picklocka. They enter the room, R. ; after a pause, JACK re-entera 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 doora while he is rifling the drawera. (*going off, L.*)

(*a scream — BLUESKIN entera, pursued by MRS. WOOD—she seizeshim*)

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

BLUE. Leave go.

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

BLUE. Leave go, I say.

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

JACK. Come, be quick! (*takea up box and escapea through window*)

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

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

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

MRS. W. Here, here.

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

JACK. The house is alarmed.

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

(*staba her and rusha out after JACK*)

(*MR. WOOD appeara, seeing his wife on the ground; THAMES lifta her; WINIFRED rusha on shrieking ; picture closed in*)

SCENE VI.—*Front Landscape. Night.*

*Hurried Music. Entera JACK and BLUESKIN, R.*

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

BLUE. Vell, it waa 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 cracksmen you are? To be turned off at a moment's notice, because I silenced a noisy old woman: 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. Safe 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 exult, 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 folloiding he lowers her, and site steals off, R. ; enter QUILT, L.*

QUILT. If Sir Rowland misses me he'll return—curses 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 seen 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 chiefjanizary?

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 striken 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 cursedly provoking to think that Thames Darrell should have returned, after my receiving intelligence from Van Galgebok 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 Galgebok, 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. Enough! 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 there (*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. Sue—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 Mm 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 fiat, 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 awoken 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 ? (*foils upon*

*her knees; they tenderly raise her, then, motioning silence, THAMES conducts WINIFRED off, 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, gases 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 Trenehard stand between you and the vast estates of the family—he will soon remove those

fives. 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're 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 hut 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.

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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 yon.

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 Thames 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—POLLOvercomes KNEEBONE. Scene doses 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 footsteps—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 I 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 I (*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 hell 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.) Musk 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 Ms, 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 lack.*

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.