

MR. JERICHO

Written by

HARRY GREENBANK

Composed by

ERNEST FORD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MICHAEL DE VERE, EARL OF MARGATE

HORACE ALEXANDER DE VERE, VISCOUNT RAMSGATE (*An Omnibus Driver*)

MR. JERICHO (*A Jam Manufacturer*)

LADY BUSHEY

WINIFRED (*Her Daughter*)

SCENE — *Clematis Cottage, near Kensal Green*

TIME — 1893

MR. JERICHO

SCENE. — *Clematis Collage, near Kensal Green. Rustic landscape, with houses in distance. Cottage right, with small garden, enclosed by wooden palings, in front. MICHAEL DE VERE is discovered gardening as curtain rises.*

MICHAEL (*pausing in his work and leaning on gate*). And so it has come to this, that Michael de Vere — eighteenth Earl of Margate — must bend his aristocratic back and ply the implements of the common gardener! Little did I dream, as I squandered the wealth of my ancestors amidst the grandeurs of Grosvenor Square, that the impertinent interference of the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy would one day reduce me to a four roomed cottage, where I should have to rear my own roses in my old age! (*Enter HORACE.*) Why, Horace, my boy, back at this time of day! What does it mean?

HORACE. It means, father. that I have had an accident with the 'bus.

MICHAEL. An accident with the 'bus, Horace! Oh, you have forgotten my constant warnings — you have raced a pirate along Edgware Road!

HORACE. Do not speak harshly to me, father! It was at the Marble Arch. I was driving a pair of young and restive horses.

MICHAEL. Forgive me, Horace! I know the temper of young horses. They were not the best of friends at starting; working together in harness irritated them still more — they fell out.

HORACE. No father, the passengers did that!

MICHAEL. The passengers?

HORACE. Yes, the 'bus turned right over. The offside is completely stove in.

MICHAEL. And it was only repainted the week before last (*Groans.*)

HORACE. My heart aches when I think of my beautiful 'bus bounding along the Harrow Road, full inside and out! How could I guess that the Marble Arch would see it a quivering mass of wreckage — the outside fares scattered far and wide upon the wooden pavement — the inside ones fighting with each other in the crushed interior, mad with terror!

MICHAEL. Poor boy! And so you have come back to spend the day with your old father?

HORACE. There was nothing else for me to do. Come, father, let me help you.

MICHAEL. I think I have made everything tidy, Horace. I was up betimes, and our estate is not a large one.

HORACE. Oh, if only we had three hundred thousand acres to keep tidy instead of this small patch!

MICHAEL. You yearn to be wealthy, Horace. My heart is heavy when I think that my extravagance has brought you to this lowly position — you, who should bear the proud title of Viscount Ramsgate!

HORACE. Hush, father! Not a soul must suspect our identity! You have dragged the House of Lords into the Bankruptcy Court, but there are lower depths still; and when the eldest son of an Earl is reduced to driving a Paddington Yellow, I think that even a Socialist might shudder!

MICHAEL. Oh, Horace, I like to whisper to myself occasionally, "I am Michael, eighteenth Earl of Margate, and Lord Warden of the Jetty."

HORACE. Well, I've no objection to your doing that, but it is useless sighing over what is past. Let us talk of the present. What are my prospects?

MICHAEL. You have none, except that of being dismissed from the Company's service for careless driving.

HORACE. Then my case is hopeless! And yet how passionately I love her!

MICHAEL. You are alluding to the lovely daughter of Lady Bushey.

HORACE. Alas, yes! Oh, my little sweetheart, I wonder if you ever give a thought to your unhappy Horace — if you ever pity the man who presides over the conveyance you patronise so frequently?

SONG — HORACE.

When sunny summer ripens corn,
And skylarks sing to gladden us,
His lot is not without a thorn
Who daily drives an omnibus.

When hungry Road Cars hover near,
In competition fierce and hot,
What wonder that a scalding tear
The driver's badge should sometimes blot!
What wonder that a scalding tear.
The driver's badge should sometimes blot.

The constant tinkle of the bell,
My nervous system knocks about,
It rings a welcome or a knell
As fares get in, or fares get out.

Pedestrians with weary feet
Will hail me for a penny ride,
Until there comes in accents sweet
The welcome shout of "Full inside!"
Until there comes in accents sweet
The welcome shout of "Full inside!"

MICHAEL. It grieves me to see you so sad, Horace, and to feel that I can do nothing to lighten your load of sorrow.

HORACE. You might go indoors, father, and prepare our midday meal. When I am sad I am very hungry.

MICHAEL. Your appetite has been stimulated by the exertion of turning your 'bus over. I will lay the table at once. (*Exit into Cottage.*)

HORACE. Why does the world seem a little brighter all of a sudden? Why do the flowers smell more sweetly? (*Looking off.*) Oh, joy of joys! Impulse has not deceived me! She is coming this way—my beauty—my darling — the 'bus driver's only love!

Enter WINIFRED.

WINIFRED. May I ask you to tell me the time, Sir? I find I have left my watch at home!

HORACE. (*aside.*) This is surely fate! (*Aloud.*) Just twelve o'clock, miss.

WINIFRED. Twelve o'clock — then it is time to go back. Thank you very much.

HORACE. Ah, miss, don't go yet, if you can spare a moment to listen to a poor, heartbroken fellow!

WINIFRED. I am very sorry, but I have left my purse at home also.

HORACE. I do not want your purse. Ah, miss, forgive me for my presumption. but I have dared to love you passionately.

WINIFRED. You have?

HORACE. Indeed I have. (*Falling on his knees.*) Feel how my pulse is throbbing! Oh, if you spurn me you will seal my doom! I cannot live without you, so I shall seek a welcome death beneath the wheels of some Car of Juggernaut — some massive morning omnibus, crowded with well fed solicitors and twelve stone members of the Stock Exchange!

WINIFRED. (*aside.*) If this is not the earnestness of desperation, I am no judge of the human passions.

HORACE. Oh, if only you knew the care I have taken of you!

WINIFRED. The care you have taken of me? I don't understand! Stay — let me look you full in the face. (*Gazes into his face.*) Ah, now I know you. You are the gentleman who drives the eleven o'clock omnibus from Kensal Green to London Bridge!

HORACE. Yes, miss.

WINIFRED. It is strange I didn't recognise you at once. I always took an interest in you. (*Gazes into his face again.*) You are very handsome!

HORACE. Yes, miss. The girls on Bank Holiday generally squabble for the box seat.

WINIFRED. I am not surprised at it. You are much better looking than many of the nobility.

Horace. (*rising — aside.*) She little knows the truth! (*Aloud.*) Then you admire me?

WINIFRED. Admire is but a poor word to express the exhilarating frenzy with which your magnificent features inspire me! What is your name?

HORACE. Horace Alexander de Vere.

WINIFRED. I do not think mamma could possibly object to a son-in-law with a name like that. Winifred de Vere will sound charming.

HORACE. Ah, how sweet! Your name is Winifred! To think that all this weary time I have only known the latter part of it — Bushey. The rest was all black darkness. It might have been Martha, but it is Winifred. and I am very much relieved.

WINIFRED. Oh, Horace, how romantic this is! To think that I should have won the love of the very man who has so often driven me safely into Oxford Street.

HORACE. Then you noticed I was careful?

WINIFRED. Dear mamma noticed that. She said you were a nice steady young man, and never raced Road Cars or Pirates. Poor mamma has a great horror of collisions, and when she sees a horse down she screams continuously until it is up again.

HORACE. Oh, sweetheart, how rejoiced I am to learn your mother's opinion of me!

WINIFRED. Unfortunately I have known mamma's opinions run through several editions in one day.

HORACE. I understand. You imply that her admiration of me as a driver may not extend to me as a son-in-law!

WINIFRED. Alas! I fear not — but oh, my king, take heart! I have given you my love, and not even my mother — no — not even my trustees shall come between me and my Horace Alexander now!

DUET — WINIFRED *and* HORACE.

WINIFRED. My heart, my heart goes pit-a pat,
O brave and gallant fellow;
For I have often sat —
Within your 'bus so yellow.
I always liked you so,
Because the 'bus you well drove
When shopping I would go
To Marshall and to Snelgrove,

And now you are my king,
My captain, chief, commander,
Your praise I'll ever sing,
Oh, Horace Alexander.

BOTH. How sweetly through the air,
Dispersing tales of slander,
There sound the praises fair
Of Horace Alexander.

HORACE. Although my hopes were nill,
And love's young dream was blighted,
I kept the horses still —
While you and ma alighted;
I watch'd you pay the fare,
My love I might not show you,
Nor from the box-seat dare
A single kiss to blow you.

O Queen of woman kind
In Britain, France or Flanders,
No heart more true you'll find —
Than Horace Alexander's.

BOTH. How little do we heed
The world's censorious slander,
A happy man indeed
Is Horace Alexander.

LADY BUSHEY *enters at back during last refrain, and, as duet finishes, comes rapidly forward and separates WINIFRED and HORACE.*

LADY B. Oh, Winifred — unhappy child!

WINIFRED. Mamma!

LADY B. Can I trust my eyes? Did I see my darling, my pet lamb, locked in the embrace of a total stranger?

WINIFRED. Oh, mother! A stranger he is, perhaps, but what a perfect stranger?

LADY B. Exactly, so. He is a perfect stranger.

HORACE. Madam, you evidently fail to recognise me, but I have often driven you into Oxford Street. I have set you down at Marshall and Snellgrove's; I have dropped you at Peter Robinson's; and yet you speak of me as a stranger!

LADY B. Why, Winifred, can this be the Apollo who drives the eleven o'clock omnibus from Kensal Green?

WINIFRED. Ah, pity me — pity me, mother — it is he!

LADY B. What a terrible blow! Surely you do not mean to tell me that you love this man!

WINIFRED. "Love" is scarcely the word, mother. I worship him! To my adoring eyes he seems a young sungod!

HORACE. (*with a pleased smile*). Ha! That is very soothing!

LADY B. I cannot understand how my daughter should have stooped to love one of such humble birth.

HORACE. On the contrary, my elevated seat gave me the advantage. It was I who stooped to love your daughter.

WINIFRED. You hear how clever he is, mamma. He is always saying witty things like that.

LADY B. My poor child! But I must not temporise — I must act at once, and do what I can to rescue you from the consequences of your folly.

HORACE. I trust that you are not going to adopt extreme measures.

LADY B. Do not fear that I shall treat my daughter unkindly. I am going to take her home at once, and for three whole months confine her in the small back room on the top floor. It has been repapered quite recently, and I shall allow her a liberal diet of cold mutton and rice.

WINIFRED. Oh, mamma, how cruel you are!

LADY B. I have no wish to be harsh, but it is impossible for the daughter of Lady Bushey to marry the driver of an omnibus, however handsome and accomplished he may be.

TRIO — WINIFRED, LADY BUSHY *and* HORACE.

LADY BUSHEY.

My smelling salts get —
 And my gilt vinaigrette,
 For I own that I need a reviver;
 When I find that a girl
 Who is fit for an earl
 Is beloved by an omnibus driver!
 To beauty and birth
 In the dust of the earth
 Such a person should grovel and wallow,

To think he should dare
 To make love to a fare —
 Oh! I wonder whatever will follow?

WINIFRED, LADY BUSHEY *and* HORACE.

A brougham or phaeton my lady could stand,
 A carriage of state or a smart four-in-hand,
 A single horse shay, or a shanderydand,
 But a bus is too bitter to swallow!

HORACE.

Proud lady who mocks
 Should mount on the box,
 And keep all her sneers in abeyance,
 Until she has tried
 The practical side
 Of driving a public conveyance.

WINIFRED.

Oh! pity the girl
 That you meant for an earl,
 For Society's fickle and hollow;
 I'm sick of its charms,
 So I fly to the arms
 Of this omnibus driving Appollo.

WINIFRED, LADY BUSHEY *and* HORACE.

A brougham or phaeton my lady could stand,
 A carriage of state or a smart four-in-hand,
 A single horse shay, or a shanderydand,
 But a bus is too bitter to swallow!

Exit LADY BUSHEY *with* WINIFRED *left*. HORACE *gazes sorrowfully after them, then exit into Cottage right*. MR. JERICO *enters at back and comes down stage*.

JERICO. This is the spot without a doubt. Three hundred yards in a direct line to the north of the cabstand. And the time — (*consults watch*) ten minutes past twelve. In five minutes more I shall meet my old sweetheart, Dulcibella. But shall I waste those five precious minutes in delicious idling — in lazy dreams of lover's rapture? Certainly not! How can I employ them better than by spreading broadcast upon the face of the earth these advertisements of the commodity that has made me famous?

[He produces a packet of pink cards, and losses two or three about the stage. Then goes to door of cottage and knocks. HORACE opens it.]

JERICO. Will you oblige me with a word or two?

HORACE. Certainly.

[JERICO takes his arm and leads him to the centre of stage.]

JERICO. I don't suppose you've any idea who I am?

HORACE. No, I haven't.

JERICO. I thought as much. Allow me to give you my card. (*Hands card.*)

HORACE (*taking card and reading*). "Mr. Jericho."

JERICO. That's it! I'm Jericho!

HORACE. Jericho? Do you mean the celebrated Jericho, the manufacturer of Jericho's world renowned jams?

JERICHO. That's it! Jericho's Jams!

HORACE. I can scarcely express my feelings at meeting you. Oh, sir, you are indeed a public benefactor! I have an aged father of whose declining years your jams are the solace, and if you could sit day after day as I have sat, watching that broken down old man spreading your preserves upon his bread-and-butter with a happy smile, you would understand the gratitude that fills my heart.

JERICHO. It is always pleasant to a jam manufacturer to know that his jams are preferred to anyone else's.

HORACE. My occupation calls me away from home during the daytime, and it is a great boon to be able to leave my poor father with something pure and unadulterated.

JERICHO. It must be.

HORACE. I can leave him with a light heart — alone with Jericho's jams — for I know they are made from fresh fruit with refined sugar only.

JERICHO. Of course you do. It is distinctly stated so on the label. Yes, my good fellow, thanks to my jams I am a rich person now. Time was when Jericho's jams were unknown — when their superior quality and their absolute purity were undreamt of by a public surfeited with gross adulterations. But I pushed them with a steady persistence, I spent thousands in advertising them, I kept the name of Jericho continuously before the public, and now it is a household word. Advertisement is the secret of success in life. The man whose chief pleasure lies in the sound of his own name will never die a pauper!

SONG — MR. JERICHO.

When as a youngster to school he was sent,
 Jericho's talents found singular vent,
 Nothing whatever delighted him more
 Than the display of the name that he bore —
 Scribbled in copybook, scratched on his slate,
 Blazoned in carvings of yesterday's date,
 Cut on the cupboards and chalked on the wall,
 Greeting the eye was the terrible scrawl —

Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" here!
 "Jericho, Jericho, Jericho" there!
 Oh, you got sick of it,
 Right in the thick of it,
 "Jericho, Jericho," ev'rywhere!

People found out, when to manhood he came,
 Jericho's habits continued the same:
 Ev'ry one saw, when he started in trade,
 "Jericho's Jams!" on the hoardings displayed;
 When at the station awaiting the train,
 "Jericho's Jams!" would salute you again.
 If you took refuge in busses or trams
 Still you were greeted by "Jericho's Jams!"

“Jericho’s, Jericho’s, Jericho’s Jams!
 See that you get ’em, all others are shams;
 Highly superior
 For the interior,
 Jericho’s, Jericho’s genuine Jams!”

So paradoxical though it may be—
 I have made jams, and the jams have made me;
 This is the motto by which I will swear;
 “Advertise, advertise ev’rywhere!
 Stick it to left of you— stick it to right,
 Shout it and scream it from morning till night—
 Crowd upon crowd your emporium crams,
 Fighting for life and for “Jericho’s Jams!”

“Jericho’s, Jericho’s, Jericho’s Jams!
 See that you get ’em, all others are shams;
 Ask for no other,
 My sister and brother,
 But live upon Jericho’s genuine Jams!”

JERICOHO (*taking out note-book*). Can you oblige me with your father’s age?

HORACE. He was sixty last May.

JERICOHO. Dear me! And you say he consumes my jam regularly and appears to enjoy it?

HORACE. Yes, — he appears to.

JERICOHO. I will make a note of that. (*Writes in note-book.*) He never feels any ill effects from the use of it?

HORACE. Well, — of course his teeth yielded to its influence, but now that I have provided him with a new set — top and bottom — out of my hard-earned wages, he is practically jam-proof.

JERICOHO. If I could persuade him to give me a testimonial it might be of some value as an advertisement.

HORACE. My father is such a simple and retiring old man, that it would require a very substantial consideration to induce him to give publicity to his weakness for your preserves.

JERICOHO. Your parent will find that Jericho is not the man to spare his five-pound notes.

HORACE. Let me talk it over with him for a few minutes. [*Exit into cottage.*]

JERICOHO. And now for Dulcibella! (*Looking at watch.*) Twenty minutes past twelve. Dulcibella is late!

Enter LADY BUSHEY.

LADY B. I am only five minutes behind time, Thomas!

JERICOHO. Ah, sweetheart is it you? Do we really meet again after all these years? (*Embracing her.*)

LADY B. It feels very much like it. Oh, Thomas, am I wise in permitting these familiarities? I have been a widow for three years.

JERICHO. Do not remind me that you are a widow, Dulcibella! It is a bitter, bitter thought!

LADY B. And yet you are not free from blame in the matter. Years ago when two suitors came to woo me in my little Lincolnshire home, you knew that you were the favoured one, and that I only tolerated the late Sir Burton Bushey because my father bade me.

JERICHO. Then why did you marry him?

LADY B. What was I to do? I couldn't get you to elope with me.

JERICHO. Oh, Dulcie, I had been so well brought up!

LADY B. I know you had; that was the unfortunate part of it.

JERICHO. Three years ago I saw Sir Burton Bushey's death in the Times; and as soon as a decent period had elapsed I wrote to you.

LADY B. You did — two days ago.

JERICHO. I had your reply last night with an appointment to meet you here this morning. Oh Dulcie, this is like old times! Do you find me much altered? (*Takes off his hat.*)

LADY B. You are sadly changed, Thomas. I used to call you my golden haired Viking.

JERICHO. I know you did. I remember thinking it an admirable description.

LADY B. To my impassioned eyes your head presented the appearance of a yellow cornfield waving in the summer sunlight! (*Sadly looking at his head, which is very bald.*) Where, oh! where is that yellow cornfield now?

JERICHO. Well, you know it has been a bad year for the harvest.

LADY B. Time has not dealt gently with you. I hope that he has been kinder to me.

JERICHO. I wish I could say that he has, Dulcie, but I cannot. You like me to be perfectly frank with you, don't you, dear one?

LADY B. Indeed I do, Thomas!

JERICHO. Besides, you have been excessively plainspoken with me.

LADY B. I have, dear. I thought you would prefer it.

JERICHO. Yes. It is gall and wormwood — but I distinctly prefer it.

LADY B. And I am scarcely what you expected?

JERICHO. Scarcely. I know you like me to be candid.

LADY B. Certainly. It is like tasting bitter aloes, — but I like it.

JERICHO. Cannot we arrive at a compromise? You are terribly disappointed with me — I am equally disappointed with you. Let us strike a balance and write off our mutual disappointment. The romantic girl and the fascinating youth disappear from the account, and we carry forward a buxom widow and a well preserved bachelor.

LADY B. I see your idea.

JERICHO. Then remember that I am prepared to open negotiations for the renewal of our early attachment whenever you find it convenient.

LADY B. Oh, Thomas, these are just the wild impassioned things you used to say to me five-and-twenty years ago.

DUET — LADY BUSHY *and* MR. JERICHO.

LADY BUSHEY.	There came to maiden innocence, At Barton on the Humber, Two suitors who for reference
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As 'One' and 'Two' I'll number.
 And Number One could softly woo
 Till life seem'd milk and honey,
 But dear papa owed Number Two
 A large amount of money!
 And so I married Number Two,
 Though he a perfect guy was,
 A veteran of Waterloo,
 And twice as old as I was!

JERICHO. When Number Two bore off his bride
 With wedding dress of white on,
 At first I thought of suicide,
 Then change of air at Brighton;
 But all of the hopes of yesterday
 Return with force provoking,
 Now Number Two is tuck'd away
 At Kensal Green or Woking;
 So come and marry Number One
 Whose honest heart your shrine is,
 There seldom lives through rain and sun
 A love as true as mine is.

BOTH. How strange when parted lovers meet
 In such a case as this is,
 And oh, how weird and wildly sweet,
 A middle aged kiss is!

(At the close of JERICHO'S verse of the duet, LADY BUSHEY yields to his advances and falls into his arms, while at the end of the refrain they kiss each other passionately, just as WINIFRED enters at back and comes down stage.)

WINIFRED. Mamma!

LADY B. *(springing from JERICHO'S embrace)*. Winifred!

WINIFRED. Unhappy parent!

LADY B. I thought I had locked you safely in your room.

WINIFRED. I daresay you did, mamma, but I had my dumb bells, and I was able to hurl them with irresistible force against a cheap lock.

JERICHO. Why, Dulcie, what does this mean? She calls you "Mamma." And you never told me you had a daughter!

LADY B. Oh, Thomas, I announced it to the world through the medium of the Times. I went to the expense of three insertions. What more could I do?

WINIFRED. Oh, mamma, you reproached me for embracing the man I loved, but apparently it was only an hereditary tendency!

JERICHO. Then you have a weakness that way my child?

Enter HORACE from Cottage.

WINIFRED. Yes, sir, I have a weakness — and here he is!

HORACE *(embracing her)*. My darling!

JERICO. Why, Dulcibella, is it possible that you object to this fine, stalwart young man?

LADY B. I admit that his appearance leaves nothing to be desired, but oh! Thomas — his occupation!

JERICO. What is your occupation, my fine fellow?

HORACE. I am earning an honest living in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company, Limited.

JERICO. You are following a healthy and interesting profession. (*To WINIFRED.*) And are you willing to leave a comfortable home for his sake?

WINIFRED. Yes, sir. My heart calls me to this worthy man, who has asked me to share the box seat permanently with him! (*Goes up stage with HORACE.*)

LADY B. Oh, what am I to do, Thomas? Think of the scandal there will be when it becomes known that the only daughter of the late General Sir Burton Bushey has married an omnibus driver! Oh Thomas, I can see the paragraphs!

JERICO. Of course he would abandon his present occupation. I should make it my business to see that he was suitably provided for. He is handsome enough to be a Member of Parliament.

LADY B. Yes, I wish you could get him some nice light employment like that. But oh! Thomas, Sir Burton intended Winifred to marry a peer of the realm!

JERICO. Ah, that's awkward!

LADY B. You are immeasurably wealthy, Thomas. Buy this young man a peerage!

JERICO. It is a large order, Dulcibella.

LADY B. But you are used to large orders in a business with a turnover like yours. I suppose the jams are doing as well as ever.

JERICO. The sales are increasing weekly, darling. And that reminds me, — our young omnibus driver has a father who is devoted to my jams. I am arranging for a testimonial from him, and unless I am much mistaken here comes the old gentleman.

Enter MICHAEL from cottage.

Horace (*going to meet him*). Let me introduce you to Mr. Jericho, father.
[*Leads him forward to Jericho.*]

JERICO. Why, surely this is, — indeed I cannot be mistaken, — this is no other than the Earl of Margate!

LADY B. *and* WIN. The Earl of Margate!

MICHAEL. Oh! Horace our secret is discovered! This will shake the House of Lords to its very foundations!

JERICO. I remember you perfectly. I used to see you in the park regularly every Sunday.

LADY B. You have a noble old face, but it bears traces of considerable financial troubles.

MICHAEL. No doubt it does. Fortune has dealt hardly with me. The Official Receiver has opened his arms wide and taken me into his bosom.

WINIFRED. Oh! Horace, are you really the son of an Earl?

HORACE. I regret to say that I am; I have the misfortune to bear the title of Viscount Ramsgate.

WINIFRED. Then I think I love you more than ever! There is something singularly attractive about a nobleman.

HORACE. Alas! my darling, we are daily sinking in the market of public estimation.

QUINTET — WINIFRED, LADY BUSHY, HORACE, MR. JERICHO *and* MICHAEL.

Who, alas! would be a peer
 When the daily papers jeer,
 In a way to be regretted
 At the brainless coronetted?
 Nor with democrat's audacity
 Laugh at titled incapacity.
 Rouse ye then, O House of Lords!
 Sleep no more on downy pillows,
 But with big ancestral swords
 O defend, peccadilloes.

Strips the bald and bankrupt peer,
 Bringing creditors' irateness
 On hereditary greatness,
 When the ruthless Bill of Sale,
 Drives him forth o'er hill and dale,
 Let us weep in all humility
 For a broken down Nobility.
 Rouse ye then, O House of Lords!
 Sleep no more on downy pillows,
 But with big ancestral swords
 O defend, peccadilloes.

JERICHO. If the Earl of Margate will favour me with a testimonial to the effect that he allows only Jericho's jams to be placed on his breakfast table, I will guarantee him an annuity sufficient to live comfortably in Bayswater, and to keep a cook and housemaid.

MICHAEL. Then I will accept your offer, kind friend. Even an Earl may tire of blacking his own boots.

WINIFRED (*to* JERICHO). If you have any idea of marrying my mother, sir, — would it not be well to get me out of the way?

JERICHO. What do you think, Dulcibella?

LADY B. I think it would be a judicious step, dear.

JERICHO. Then, if Viscount Ramsgate will accept a share in the jam business. I will instruct my solicitor to prepare a deed of partnership. (*To* HORACE) Your income will be at least two thousand a year under such an arrangement.

HORACE. What do you say, Winifred? I shall be sacrificing a great deal. The horse is a noble animal.

WINIFRED. Yes, Horace, I quite see that.

HORACE. There would be no more exhilarating rides for you to Marshall and Snellgrove's, with your Horace at the ribbons.

MICHAEL. These are vain regrets, my boy. Remember that your 'bus is totally disabled, and that the last post tonight will probably bring you a dismissal from the Company's service for furious driving.

HORACE. True, father.

WINIFRED. Then you will accept the offer of partnership, Horace?

HORACE. I think so, darling.

WINIFRED. Oh! Horace, a little while ago the cup held to our lips was full of bitterness, and now it is so overflowing with sweetness that it almost takes my breath away.

HORACE. Do not fear that it will cloy, my darling; yon and I will never, never weary of sweet things.

JERICO. Of course you won't, not while you're a partner in Jericho's jams; and I hope the public won't either, but I trust they will continue to ask for no other; see that they get 'em, and notice the trade mark on the label and the signature, "Jericho," without which none are genuine?

FINALE.

HORACE. Soon there shall ring for a newly-wed pair,
 Bells of Saint George's in Hanover Square.

WINIFRED. Promise me, love, as you fondle me thus,
 Never to sigh for your beautiful 'bus.

Lady B. Widow, with husband the second in sight,
 Parts from her daughter with heart that is light.

JERICO. Jericho hopes you'll continue to cram
 Cupboard and shelf with his Genuine Jam!

ALL. Jericho's, Jericho's, Jericho's Jams!
 See that you get 'em — all others are shams;
 As for no other,
 My sister and brother,
 But live upon Jericho's Genuine Jams!

CURTAIN.