

**SMILES AND TEARS; OR,
THE WIDOW'S
STRATAGEM: A
COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS**

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Smiles and Tears; or, The Widow's Stratagem: A Comedy, in Five Acts by Mrs. C. Kemble

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MRS. C. KEMBLE

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THE WIDOW'S
STRATAGEM: A
COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS**

Smiles and Tears;

OR,

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1815.

BY MRS. C. KEMBLE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN.

1815.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

TO THE
ADVISORY BOARD

London: Printed by B. M'Millan,
Bow-Street, Covent-Garden. }

PROLOGUE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. ABBOTT.

It, as our Drama's Sov'reign Lord proclaims,
The Scenic Art to copy Nature aims,
To shew the times their manners as they pass,
And characters reflect, as in a glass,
To paint the world in all its motley strife,
The gay and dread vicissitudes of life;
Here Vice in splendour, Virtue bent to earth,
Here pining Want, and here luxurious Mirth;
Here airy Fashion and her gaudy shows,
Here Manics sportive 'mid the worst of woes;—
Then must the Comic Muse from Nature stray,
When Laughter holds an undivided sway;
For such, alas! are all the scenes around,
And where can pleasure unalloy'd be found?
Still man must struggle with a chequer'd fate,
Whate'er his climate, and whate'er his state.
Hence, if to-night our Author should appear
To deviate rashly from his proper sphere,
If he suspend the ludicrous and gay,
And at the shrine of Pity homage pay,
Yet Truth and Reason with his cause defend,
And, spite of formal Custom, heed his end—
Not from the Drama seek for barren joy,
Which, to the mind well-balanc'd, soon will cloy,
But, in the words of an Illustrious Sage,
Whose works shall moralize each future age,
All lighter feelings of the heart forego,
"For useful mirth and salutary woe."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Mr. Fitzharding,</i>	Mr. Young.
<i>Sir Henry Chomley,</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Col. O' Donolan,</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Mr. Stanly,</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Mr. Delaval,</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Roberts,</i>	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Jefferies,</i>	Mr. Treby.
<i>Keeper,</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Lady Emily Gerald,</i>	Mrs. C. Kemble.
<i>Mrs. Belmore,</i>	Mrs. Fancit.
<i>Cecil Fitzharding,</i>	Miss Foote.
<i>Mrs. Jefferies,</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Fanny,</i>	Miss Seymour.

SCENE,—London and Richmond.

TIME,—One Day.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I AM too proud of public approbation, not to put my name to a production so highly honoured by the applause which it has received; but I should be wanting in candour as well as gratitude, were I not fairly to acknowledge the sources from which that applause has chiefly been derived. To Mrs. Opie's beautiful Tale of *Father and Daughter*, I am indebted for the serious interest of the Play; upon a French Piece in one Act, entitled *La Suite d'un Bal Masqué*, some of the lighter scenes were founded—to the exertions of the Manager, and the talents of the Performers also, I unquestionably owe much; and it is no small addition to the pleasure which I feel in the success of the Piece, that I have an opportunity of subscribing myself, their much obliged,

And truly humble Servant;

MARIE THERESE KEMBLE.

Craven-Hill,
Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1815. }

N. B. In the hurry of publishing, the preceding Advertisement was omitted by the Publisher, in some of the early Copies.

Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, }
December 22, 1815. }



SMILES AND TEARS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Devalal's Apartments.

DELAVAL and JEFFERIES, discovered.

Jef. (*Shutting a Secretary.*) I DON'T see the letter any where, Sir.

Del. Have you look'd over all the papers?

Jef. I have, Sir; and there is certainly no letter with your father's seal upon it: I think, Sir, you must have dropp'd it out of doors, for I have searched every place within, in vain.

Del. Heaven forbid!—there are some secrets contained in that letter, which, published, would prove neither creditable to my fame or beneficial to my interests (*Aside*)—Let a more diligent search be made after it, d'ye hear? I would not have it lost for the world. [*Exit JEFFERIES.*—'Tis very odd that I have not heard from old Stanly yet!—without encouragement from that quarter, I know not what will become of me! Lord Glenthorn, like a kind father, obstinately refuses to advance me one shilling—my creditors are already informed that I have lost my election, and they grow clamorous upon it: when I could