

**THE THREE
STRANGERS. A
PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649350155

The three strangers. A play, in five acts by Harriet Lee

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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HARRIET LEE

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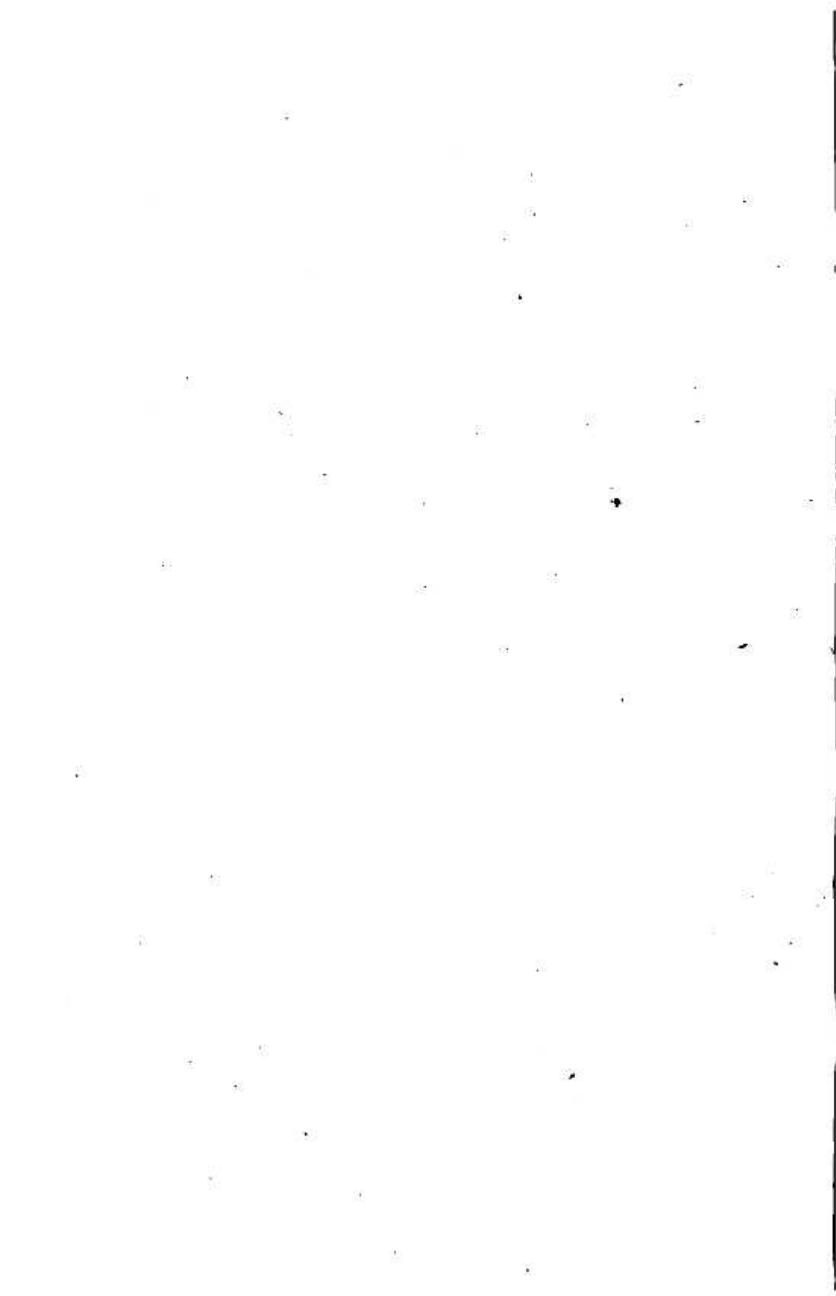
THE following Play was written many years ago, while the Tale of KRUITZNER, on which it is founded, had yet sufficient possession of the imagination of its author to incline her to try it in a new form. It had also been suggested to her that the incidents were calculated for the stage, and would probably employ the pen of some other writer: she had, therefore, a double motive for dramatising them herself.

When Lord BYRON did her the honor to choose the same Tale as a subject for the Tragedy of WRENER, and even to adopt much of the language, it became necessary to make her Play known, or incur the imputation of its being a subsequent attempt; she, therefore, offered it immediately (in Nov. 1822) for Covent Garden Theatre. It was accepted, and the ensuing February fixed as the time for representation: which was postponed wholly at her own desire. The Play is now submitted to the public from the accepted copy, and as it was acted on the first night.

The Author cannot dismiss the subject without offering her thanks to the performers in general, and to some in particular. The necessity of altering and curtailing the piece, which was found on the first representation to be too long, caused the omission of many speeches, and among them, several originally delivered by Conrad. Mr. KEMBLE's superior talents, even though thus limited in opportunities for exertion, still supported the interest and dignity of the character: to him, therefore, the Author owes much more than a common obligation.

Mr. Warde's original and excellent performance of Kruitzoer will not easily be forgotten. Mr. Cooper was vigorous and characteristic in the Hungarian, and Mrs. Chatterley threw great sweetness into Josephine. Amidst the acknowledgments thus offered, those due to the liberality — the friendship — of the manager, must not be omitted.

December 27th, 1825.



CHARACTERS.

<i>Kruitzner</i> , Count Siegendorf.....	Mr. WARDE.
<i>Baron Stralenheim</i> , 1st Stranger.....	Mr. EGERTON.
<i>Conrad</i> , 2d Stranger.....	Mr. KEMBLE.
<i>The Hungarian</i> , 3d Stranger.....	Mr. COOPER.
<i>Idenstein</i> , a Lawyer.....	Mr. BARTLEY.
<i>The Intendant</i>	Mr. BLANCHARD.
<i>Weilberg</i> , Postmaster.....	Mr. CLAREMONT.
<i>Marcellin</i> , a Child.....	Miss GREENER.
<i>Friar</i>	Mr. EVANS.
<i>Herman</i>	Mr. CHAPMAN.
<i>Mathias</i>	Mr. BARNES.
<i>Servants</i>	{ Mr. LEY. Mr. MEARS.
<i>Josephine</i> , Wife of Count Siegendorf.....	Mrs. CHATTERLEY.
<i>Mrs. Weilberg</i>	Mrs. GLOVER.
<i>Gertrude</i>	Miss S. SCOTT.

Scene — A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY.

Time, about three Days.

The following table shows the results of the experiment. The first column is the number of trials, the second column is the number of correct responses, and the third column is the percentage of correct responses. The data shows that the percentage of correct responses increases as the number of trials increases, indicating that the subject is learning the task.

Number of Trials	Number of Correct Responses	Percentage of Correct Responses
10	5	50%
20	12	60%
30	18	60%
40	25	62.5%
50	30	60%
60	35	58.3%
70	40	57.1%
80	45	56.25%
90	50	55.56%
100	55	55%

The results of the experiment show that the subject's performance is stable around 55-60% correct responses. This suggests that the subject has reached a level of learning that is relatively consistent across different trial counts.

THE
THREE STRANGERS.

ACT I.

[*The front of the Stage represents a German Apartment, with a stove, a heavy clock, &c. ; through a middle door is seen a small room ; the whole supposed to be an office. Weilburg sits by a table, sorting letters : he wears his night-gown and cap, and has a short pipe in his mouth. Mrs. Weilburg, dressed in a grotesque German costume, enters through the middle door, and looks at the clock over it.*]

Mrs. Weilburg. WHY surely it is impossible! Not more than twenty minutes since I looked last! How tediously the hours move when one's only employment is to reckon them!—And then the weather! so wretchedly cold! Snow, snow, snow, nothing but sn— No! upon my word I really believe that it thaws! Humph! thaws! Well, it must be owned that a thaw is a mighty dull disagreeable sort of a thing!—I can't imagine what is become of all my neighbours! Surely they don't know that I am returned.—No news! nobody stirring!—Mr. Weilburg I wish you would take

that odious pipe out of your mouth, that hinders your talking.

Weilburg. Provided you put it into yours, my dear: one of us at a time is enough.

Mrs. Weilb. Well! here comes something alive at last!

[*An old man in a tattered uniform, and with a wooden leg, comes for a letter.*]

No, only half alive I see!—Good day, Martin: What, you have had your usual fruitless enquiry! Mercy on us, what a cargo of cares, plagues, and disappointments lie within the small compass of a post-boy's bag! These war times are piteous ones it must be owned! Thank Heaven I am among the lucky people who have nobody to care for!—Any new hands or seals, husband? Come now, be goodnatured, and let me—just—

[*While she leans on his shoulder, fingering the letters, and peeping into them, a young woman receives one, which she kisses, and running out, meets Idenstein.*]

Idenstein. Ah ha, my pretty Gertrude, have I caught you? What happy fellow does that letter come from?

Gertrude. 'T— 'Tis only from my grandmother, Sir, I assure you.

Iden. No doubt of it; pretty girls always hide their grandmothers' letters in their bosoms. Come, come, confess—What do I see? *Mrs. Weilburg* returned! [*Exit GERTRUDE.*] My dear Madam, I kiss your fair hands.

Mrs. Weilb. Yes, and you kiss other fair hands, *en passant*, I see.

Iden. Looking lively, blooming, and *degagée* in the extreme, I protest. Quite *à la mode de Paris*.

Mrs. Weilb. Certainly nothing improves a woman's appearance like a little excursion! Think of my

being at home a whole day without having a living creature to speak to me.

Iden. What, wô'nt your husband speak?

Mrs. Weib. Like the clock there, once an hour; but come, dear Idenstein, the news of the town, the news I say.

Iden. A whole budget.

Mrs. Weib. Indeed!

Iden. Very bad, however.

Mrs. Weib. You don't say so! Surely nothing amusing ever falls out in this place but when I am absent. What—the Countess de Roslach——

Iden. Gone, vanished, decamped.

Mrs. Weib. With another lover?

Iden. Just the contrary, with her husband, I fear, if he can catch her.

Mrs. Weib. And the Margrave's establishment here——

Iden. Completely broken up. Nobody left in the palace but two or three servants and the Intendant; pompous, busy, and as full of his own person and importance as ever. He, you know, is like a man who lives in a room hung with looking-glass, and always thinks he is in a pleasant and numerous society because he contemplates himself in every direction.

Mrs. Weib. So the Margrave is actually departed, and with his *chère amie*.

Iden. Both gone at an hour's notice, and most likely together: some say to Vienna, some say to England, where many odd people go, and not a few come from: some, who pretend like the Intendant to understand these things better, maintain that their journey has extended no further than to a snug hunting box on another estate of the Margrave's.

Mrs. Weib. And so end all our charming little