

**SHE STOOPS TO  
CONQUER: OR, THE  
MISTAKES OF A NIGHT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649110568

She stoops to conquer: or, The mistakes of a night by Oliver Goldsmith & Hugh Thomson

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

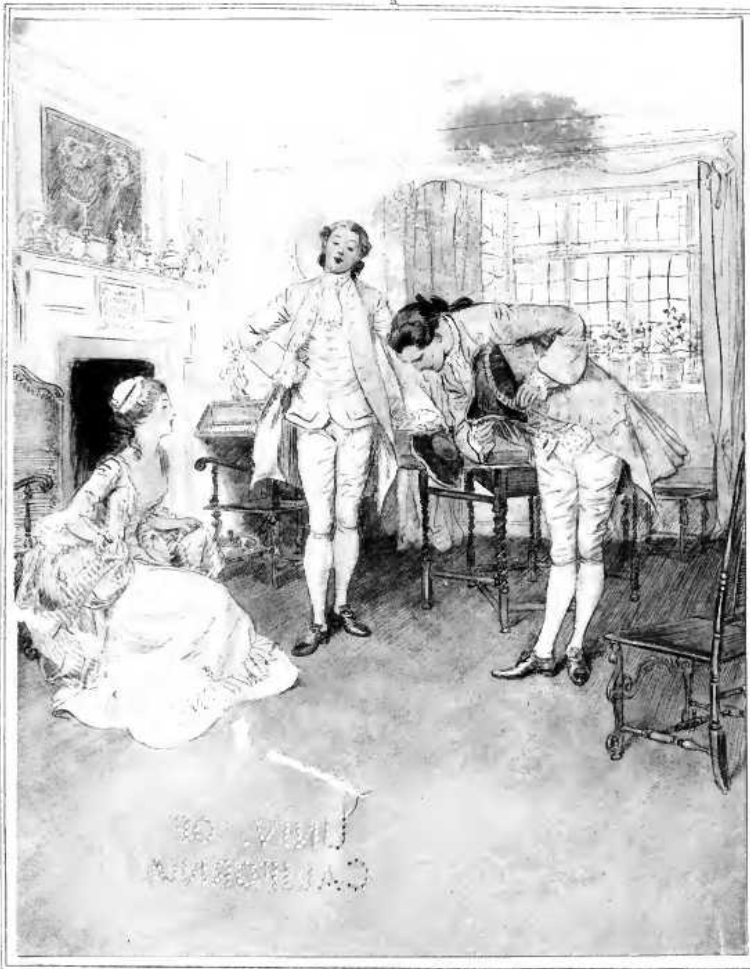
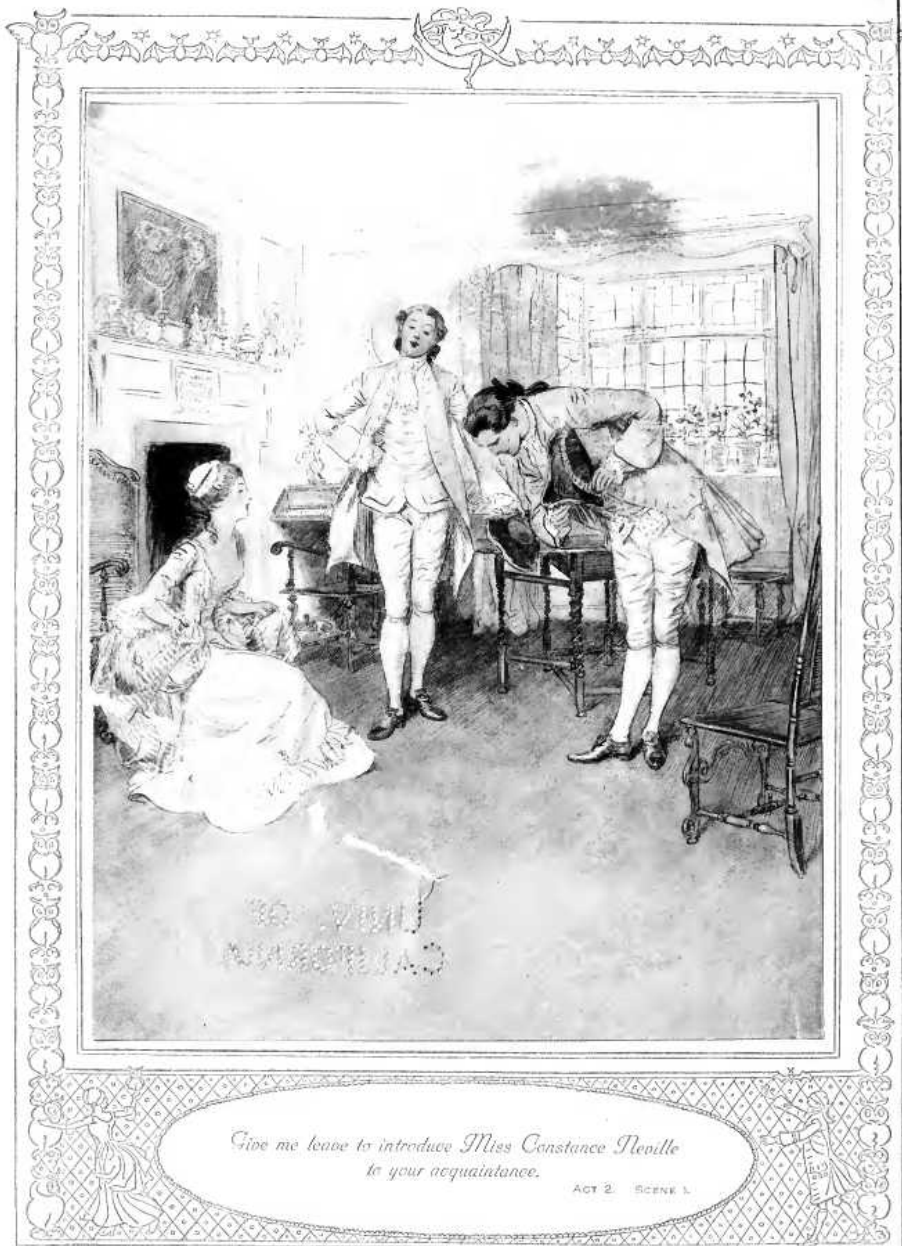
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**OLIVER GOLDSMITH & HUGH THOMSON**

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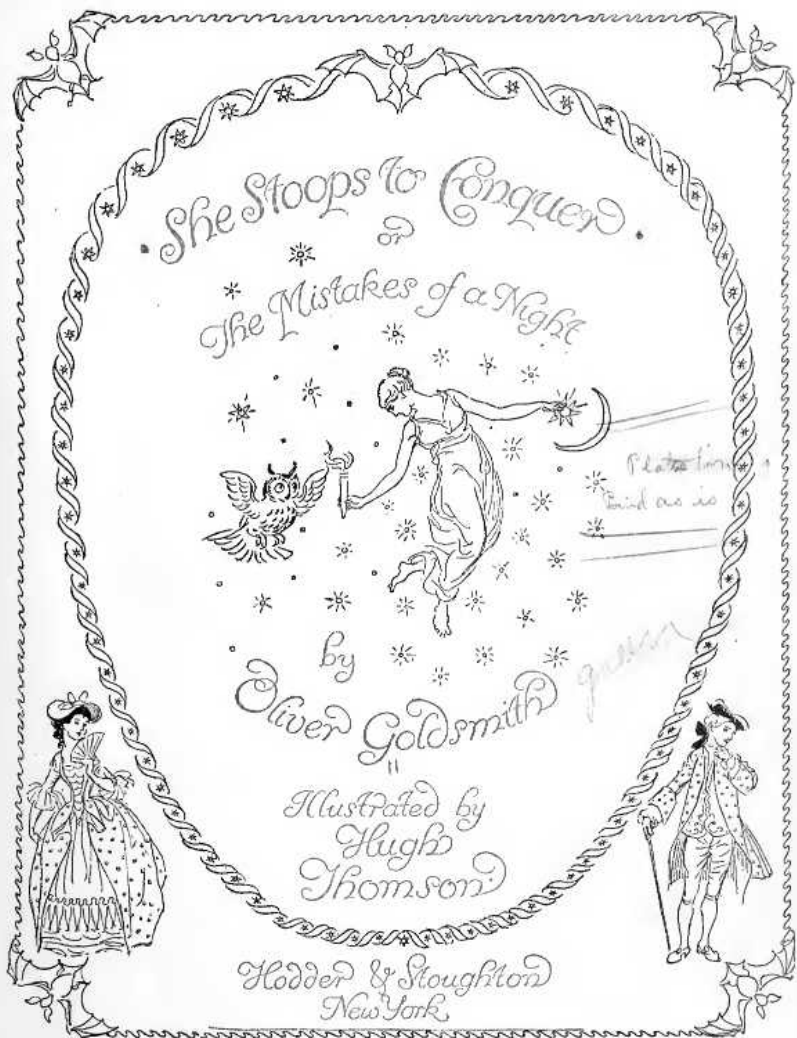




TO THE  
MUSICIAN

*Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville  
to your acquaintance.*

ACT 2. SCENE 1.



She Stoops to Conquer

The Mistakes of a Night



Plato's  
said as is

By Oliver Goldsmith

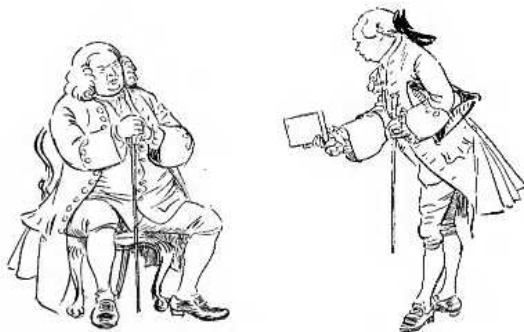
Illustrated by Hugh Thomson

Hodder & Stoughton  
New York



UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

To Samuel Johnson, Esq.



Dear Sir, — By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to complement you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy not merely sentimental was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the Public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir, your most sincere friend and admirer,

Oliver. Goldsmith

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.

YOUNG MARLOW, his Son.

HARDCASTLE.

HASTINGS.

TONY LUMPKIN.

DIGGORY.

MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MISS HARDCASTLE.

MISS NEVILLE.

MAID.

Landlord, Servants, etc. etc.





UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

SCENE I

*A chamber in an old-fashioned house.*

*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MR. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

HARD. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

MRS. HARD. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame