

TIM. I've made acquaintance with your lovely daughter.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble—must'nt say I caught her.

(*Aloud.*) Poor girl! A near relation! Will be nearer.

TIM. A family marriage?

OGRE. Hem! A union dearer.

TIM. (*Aside.*) Old rascal!

OGRE. Ah! her story's very sad.

She's lost her wits; in fact the maid is mad.

Mad as a hatter! Thinks she's a Princess.

TIM. Poor thing! that's very mad I must confess.

(*To OGRESS.*)

Madam, I've heard, like all the world beside,

Your charming poem on the "Frozen Bride,"

So full of sentiment, refined and gushing.

You're quite a poet—

OGRESS.

Pray, excuse my blushing.

(*TIM goes up talking with OGRE. OGRESS takes NOBODY aside.*)

Who is your charming friend? I must invite him.

I've got a little picnic,—

NOBODY.

You'll delight him.

He's name's Count Pennywhistle, he's a poet.

A trifle queer, perhaps, but does'nt show it.

Knows languages by dozens, riddles by the score.

Can do a dozen things besides, or more,

(*OGRE comes down listening. TIM talks to PRINCESS.*)

If there's a clever fellow out, it's he.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) Stewed in port wine, dear me, how nice he'll be,