

I'll help her to dig up that frozen heart.
 She is the bird, sweet pigeon tremulous,
 To flutter in your bosom and inspire it.

Irene.

Edna, you are too generous. I relinquish
 All claim fictitious for your sake. If mirth
 Has power to buoy the sorrowful and float
 The languid life from shadow into sunshine,
 You shall be his. Now Rayon, come with us.

Edna.

Yes for the brilliant rings its merry changes
 Tomorrow, and we want you. Come—delight us.

Rayon.

Enchained by importunity I yield. —
 Where are those silken cords? But now lead on.

Enter Bertram.

Good Friend, is that not Rayon, whom I see
 Moving down the declivity with a troop
 Of laughing girls? Yes—I could pick him out
 Amongst a thousand. I must tell you of him.
 The night when that fierce clan invaded us,
 And some—our bravest—fell, he was distinguished
 By acts of valor beyond all the others.
 Successor to Edever, he now holds
 The marshaling of the Clan. But sad indeed,
 His wife of scarce a year, loved idolized,
 Presented him with twins. But joy fell, dashed