

I whisper'd her, "and he's drunk and wants to preach!"

"What! why sure—whoever he is—come dear,
That lets me off for a while you know; come on—
come on in here!"

XXXIV.

And laughing softly she drew me aside
Into a rough alcove, her dressing-room,
Curtain'd from the stage, and half in gloom,
When at a sound her eyes 'gan staring wide,
And she clutch'd my arm. 'Twas not the pious
drone,

But a fearsome something in the undertone
Of the ruin'd Calvinist, whose soul espied
Damnation toppling from the great White Throne
Upon the woeful habiter of Earth,
That somehow check'd the crowd that night, and
still'd its shallow mirth.

XXXV.

And Beulah, more than all like one enthrall'd,
Smother'd a moan, and dumbly motioning
For me to follow, crept into the wing
Close up to him. Bearded, gray and bald,
With eyes sunk gleaming under beetling shag,
And face rough-chisel'd like a granite crag,
He tower'd above us all; but so appall'd