

splendid results of his experiment, the tones of the speaker grow into wild fervor.

"Sô! let him *writhe!* (*calmly uttered as if quite satisfied*).
"How long will he live | thus?" Quick my good pencil, now!
What a fine *agony* | works upon his brow!

"Hâ! gray-haired and so strong!"

This line is equivalent to a question, "Art thou so strong?"

"How fearfully he stifles | that short moan."

This line is spoken low, the syllable "fear" being prolonged with tremulous stress. This delivery will prepare the hearer for the effect of the last line.

"Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!"

Intense passion must mark the delivery of this line. "Gods" is uttered with startling effect, with the eyes and the right hand uplifted heavenwards. The emphasis on the succeeding words is difficult, and demands care. His ambition is not simply to "paint;" he can do that, but to paint a *dying groan*, and while the mechanical effort of giving adequate power to the voice is indispensable, it will only be mechanical if the reader fails in adequate conception. The true reader must possess and exercise the faculty of the poet and the painter. He must conceive by the strongest effort of his imagination the conditions of the event and the character, and he must depict them.

"Pity thée?"

The victim is here supposed to have implored "pity," and the painter may be supposed to repeat the words either as an interrogative, as if he *did* feel momentary pity, or in mere mockery of the appeal. The last sentiment would be best expressed by a falling inflection, as "*Pity thée*," and the first by a rising inflection.

"So I dô;

"I pity | the dumb victim at the altar."

This is uttered with a touch of softness in the voice; but in the next three lines intensity of voice and passion must mark the reading, the voice swelling in force with the excitement of ambition expressed in the last line:

I'd rack thée, though I knew |
A thousand lives | were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand | to a FAME like mine | like mine?

The three succeeding stanzas present no special difficulties except at the beginning of the first and the close of the last. The victim is supposed to utter "hereafter," and the painter repeats it as a question, slowly delivered, as if for a moment pondering its dread import. Then defiance.

"Ay hereafter."

In the last passage of the third stanza the voice again swells into force with excited passion rising to a climax of supreme defiance of all consequences, the face turned upward and the extended arm thrown out and heavenward on the last line.

"And though the crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes, as it won me,
By all the fiery stars—I'd pluck it on me!"

In the next stanza passion must still burn vividly. In the expression, "My heart's last fount," there is a mingled feeling of tenderness and resolute cruelty. The appropriate action would be to press the heart with the right hand; and on the word "throat," where the conflict of these feelings is strongest, the right hand slightly grasping the throat, as if with a choking sensation, would indicate the mental agony, expressed with fiercer energy on the last line.

"All! I would do it all
Sooner than die like a worm to rot!
Thrust foully into earth | to be forgot!"

These last two lines end with a rising inflection, not on any fanciful theories of "psychological negatives," but simply because they are antithetical to the resolute *will* expressed in the previous

line. Then a momentary pause must separate the passages from the lines that follow. The painter has been carried away from all around him, wrapt in the conceptions of his wild dream of ambition. But the agonies of the dying victim awaken momentary pity as he turns to watch him. The pity passes into inhuman and selfish anger, and the "Hâ!" is uttered with aspirated emphasis, rising to its height on the words

"Rack him | till he revives."

But again the solemnity of death awes even his cruel nature, and the conflict of varied feeling in the next stanza demands the highest dramatic conception and effort.

"Vain, vain, give o'er."

These words are exclamatory, and therefore take the rising intonation; the second "vain" also spoken a little lower than the first, and the whole line delivered in subdued tones, as the presence of death naturally suggests. But again, that agony bursting forth in "death dews on his brow," re-awakens ambition and banishes mercy.

"Stand back" is uttered hurriedly but not loudly, and the succeeding words are to be given in tones of suppressed force and excitement.

"I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die |
But for one moment—*ONE*—till I eclipse
Conception | with the scorn of those calm lips!"

In the Fifth Reader the editor has inserted the first "one" for emphasis. But the poet understood his business better than the compiler, for he repeats the word "one," indicating in that construction that "moment" which doubtless means a space of several moments is the first wish of the painter, and then he asks for "one," but "one" moment. The last stanza must be read slowly and solemnly, for the dying victim is now the master. His sublime fortitude is grander than the conceptions of the Painter, and Genius perverted by ambition does homage to Death and Immortality, which it affected to despise.

Every word, especially the emphasised words, of this stanza, must be delivered with subdued force and tremor of voice. The Mortal stands before the Immortal, and whispers in breathless expressions the solemn events before him.

Shivering! Hark! (*watching intently*) he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath; (*very low*)
Another? Wilt thou never come,—oh Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? (*pause*) lift up his head! (*low and gentle*)
He shudders—(*tremulous*) gasps—(*breathless*) Jove
help him—so | he's | dead!" (*very deep*)

The voice scarcely rises above a whisper in this passage; the pauses are long, and the last word, "dead," must be prolonged, for it is not an expression of relief that the agony is past, but of solemn awe.

I give the concluding passage which, very unaccountably, has been omitted in the Fifth Reader—in full. In its delivery the reader becomes the commentator and preacher, and he assumes the dignity of the orator and the sternness of the moralist:

"How like a mounting devil | in the heart |
Rules | this unreined AMBITION! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Gleams | with a beauty | that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace | forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and | with not a spring
Left | in the desert | for the spirit's lip,
We look | upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we PERISH!"

The terms *inflection*, *emphasis* and *pause*, require to be well understood, and I add to this study a brief explanation of such terms,