

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION of *Speech* is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Expression {
 Emphasis
 Inflection
 Slur
 Modulation
 Monotone
 Personation
 Pauses

Orthoepy is the mechanical part of elocution, consisting in the discipline and use of the organs of speech and the voice for the production of the alphabetic elements and their combination into separate words. It is the basis—the subsoil, which, by the mere force of will and patient practice, may be broken and turned up to the sun, and from which spring the flowers of expression.

Expression is the soul of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wills—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and

powerful sympathies of the soul are called into vigorous exercise.

Orthoepy has to do with separate words—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables: expression, with words as found in sentences and extended discourse.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence. It is both *absolute* and *antithetic*.

Emphasis {
 Absolute
 Antithetic

2. Absolute Emphasis is that which is used when words are peculiarly significant, or important in meaning; as,

To *whom*, and for *what*, was the ring given? Is an *if* to decide it? He is *prompt* and *bold*.

3. Antithetic Emphasis is that which is used when words contrast, or point out a difference; as,

He selected the *aged* for *counsel*, the *young* for *war*. I said the *taller* man, not the *better*.

4. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud¹ or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, how-

¹ **Loudness**.—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume of voice, used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

ever, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

5. *Emphatic words are often printed in Italics*; those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

6. *By the proper use of emphasis*, we are enabled to impart animation and interest to conversation and reading. Its importance can not be over-estimated, as the meaning of a sentence often depends upon the proper placing of the emphasis. If readers have a desire to produce an impression on hearers, and read what they *understand* and FEEL, they will generally place emphasis on the right words.

Students, however, should be required to observe carefully the following rules, both with reference to *kinds* and *degrees* of emphasis.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS and phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. *Words and phrases that contrast*, or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

3. *The repetition* of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—*you*, sir!

4. *A succession* of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak*, as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful*.

The students will tell which of the preceding rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well*, if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

2. He buys, he *sells*—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.

3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *haté* him.

4. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.

5. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.

6. The GOOD man is *honored*, but the EVIL man is *despised*.

7. But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

8. I shall know but one country. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

9. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate by gaming, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.

10. The young are slaves to novelty: the old, to custom: the middle-aged, to both: the dead, to neither.

11. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

12. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son to right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

13. 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill

Appear in writing, or in judging ill:

But of the two, less dangerous is the offence

To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this;

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

14. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.¹

15. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves;

¹ In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

16. What STRÖNGER breastplate than a heart *untainted!* THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel JUST; and he but NAKED, though locked up in STEEL, whose *conscience* with INJUSTICE is corrupted.

17. For gold the merchant plows the main,
The farmer plows the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth is honor:
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

18. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you: *trippingly* on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently*; for in the very törrrent, *tempest*, and (as I may say) WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and begët a *temperance* that will give it *smoothness*.

19. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate—
Him vile, that was your garland.

II. INFLECTION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* or *heavy* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflection { *Rising*
Falling
Circumflex

3. *The Rising Inflection* is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. *The Falling Inflection* is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home?

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward from the *general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences above the *general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. *The Circumflex* is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent ['] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [˘], the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. The *falling* circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus \frown ; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus \smile , which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fòol, to think I could do thát.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTION.

INFLECTION, or the slide, usually occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an important or *emphatic* word; as,

I will nèver stay. I said an òld man, not a bétter.

2. The *falling* inflection is usually employed for all ideàs that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively*; as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spèak, I charge you!

3. The *rising* inflection is usually employed for all ideàs that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete; for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; and for those of concession, politeness, admiration, and entreaty; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúr, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grátitude and jòy. You are right: he is wanting in éase and frèedom.

4. *Questions for information*, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection: but their answers, when positive, the *falling*; as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

5. *Declarative Questions*, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection; as,

What mèans this stir in town? When are you going to Ròme?

6. *When words or clauses are contrasted or compared*, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *love* and *hàtred*, *jóy* and *grièf*, *hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *mine*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. The *Circumflex* is used when the thoughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, irony, or double meaning—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

He intends to ríde, not to wálk. Ah, it was Máud that gave it! I never thought it could be you!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. *Believe* me, I said a *nàtive*, not an *álien*.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *througħ*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies*: the *càuse* will create *návies*.
4. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character.
5. Through the thick glóom of the *présent*, I see the brightness of the *fùture*, as the *sùn* in *hèaven*.
6. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.

7. Do you see that bright stár? Yès: it is spléndid.
 8. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or bláme?
 9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.
 10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?
 11. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.
 12. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?
 13. There is a tide in the affairs of *mén*, which, taken at the fúod, leads on to fórtune.
 14. O Róme! O my couñtry! how art thou fállén!
 15. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
 16. Sínk or swím, líve or díe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and heàrt to this vote.
 17. If Caudle says so, then *àll* must believe it, of còurse.
 18. What should I say to you? Should I not say, hath a dog money? is it possible, a cur can lend three thousand ducats?
 19. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
 When our mother Nátúre láughs around;
 When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
 And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?
 20. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him: as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.
 21. I práy thee remémber, I have done thée worthy sérvíce; told thee no líes, made no mistákes; served without grúdge or grúmbing.
 22. Whérefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
 What glorious conquest brings he hómé?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
 Oh, you hard hearts, you crúel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and óft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants, in your arms, and there have sat
 The líve-lóng day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not raised a universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 Who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Begone! run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude!

MIGNON'S SONG.

23. Know'st thou the land where bright the citron blows,
 Where, darkly-leaved, the golden orange glows?
 From bluest heavens blow breezes soft and bland,
 And myrtles still, and lofty laurels stand?
 Know'st thou it well?
 Oh, there, with thee,
 Would I, O my beloved protector, flee!
- Know'st thou the house? On pillars leans the roof:
 Glisten the halls, bedight with glittering woof;
 And marble statues seem to say to me,
 "What have they done, thou lonely child, to thee?"
 Know'st thou it well?
 Oh, there, with thee,
 Would I, O my beloved protector, flee!
- Know'st thou the mountain with its cloudy way,
 Where weary mules seek misty paths all day?
 In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood;
 Plunges the cliff, and over it the flood?
 Know'st thou it well?
 Oh, there, with thee,
 Would I depart! Oh, father, let us flee!

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in stronger relief.

2. *Emphatic Words*, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. *Slur must be employed* in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition, or explanation*, where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and often when *qualification of time, place, or manner* is made.

4. *The Parts which are to be Slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. The slurred portions in *unmarked* examples will be read in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.
2. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.
3. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks*, seems with *continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.
4. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.
5. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;

Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes*,
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

6. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

7. Ingenious boys, *who are idle*, think, *with the hare in the fable*, that, *running with SNAILS* (so they count the rest of their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting*.

8. Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

9. They shall hear my VENGEANCE, that would scorn to LISTEN to the story of my WRONGS. The MISERABLE HIGHLAND DROVER, *bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay*, shall BURST on them in an AWFUL CHANGE.

10. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

11. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price*, I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

12. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

13. If there's a power above us—and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

14. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bovine pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise

Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

15. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned*;
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round*;
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale*;
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale*;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

16. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

17. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

18. Think
Of the bright lands *within the western main*,
Where we will build our home, *what time the seas*
Wear thy gaze;—there the broad palm-tree shades
The soft and delicate light of skies as fair
As those that slept on Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings her whole treasure in the lap of Time.—
On turfs, *by fairies trod*, the Eternal Flora
Spreads all her blooms; and *from a lake-like sea*
Wooes to her odorous haunts the western wind!
While, *circling round and upward from the boughs*,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, *like a happy soul released*,
Hangs in the air, and *from invisible plumes*
Shakes sweetness down!

19. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,

At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

20. Beauty—a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials—waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me *as I move*,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—*like those of old*
Sought in the Atlantic main—why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, should find these
A simple produce of the common day.

21. As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear drops, waits
for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that,
lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem—so one who is
bowed down with affliction longs for a friend to lift him out of
his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man
who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April
airs upon violet roots.

22. The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon (faw'kn), poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.

Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

23. Dear Brothers, who sit at this bountiful board,
With excellent viands so lavishly stored,
That, in newspaper phrase, 't would undoubtedly groan,
If groaning were but a convivial tone,
Which it isn't—and therefore, by sympathy led,
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing instead;
Dear Brothers, I rise—and it won't be surprising
If you find me, like bread, all the better for rising—
I rise to express my exceeding delight
In our cordial reunion this glorious night!

24. Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly,
spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardener takes it when just
sprouting forth with buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and
then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above
all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and
they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be!

25. How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ébon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend—
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangèth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift

Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

26. O Time, who knowest a lenient hand to lay,
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealèst unperceived away:
On thee I rest my only hopes at last;
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear,
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on many a sorrow past,
And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunshine of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while.
But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure,
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.
27. "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.