

IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are **PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.**

Modulation {
Pitch
Force
Quality
Rate

The four general divisions, or modes of vocal sound, presented in this section, are properly the *elements of expression*; as, by the combination of the different forms and varieties of these modes, emphasis, slur, monotone, and other divisions of expression are produced.

I.

PITCH.

PITCH¹ refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: **HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.**

Pitch {
High
Moderate
Low

¹ **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch*, select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

2. High Pitch is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.
2. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
3. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home.
Again! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty!
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

3. Moderate Pitch is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.
2. The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;

And musing there an hour alone,
I thought that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

3. The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

4. The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

4. *Low Pitch* is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

2. Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and sinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

3. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy streams of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

4. No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

II.

FORCE.

FORCE¹ is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. There are *three* general degrees: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

Force { Loud
Moderate
Gentle

¹ For an Exercise on Force, select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard; then gradually increase the quantity, until the whole power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the process, without change of key, ending with a whisper.

2. *Loud Force* is used in strong, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sorrow, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I hate him, for that he is a *Christian*.
If I but catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

2. VIRTUE takes place of all things. It is the nobility of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

4. O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O SUN, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

3. *Moderate Force*, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

1. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

2. I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell:

To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently;—and his countenance
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith.

3. Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!

4. *Gentle Force*, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

1. First FEAR, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

2. Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As softly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy forest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more.

3. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

Quality {
 Pure Tone
 Orotund
 Aspirated
 Guttural
 Trembling

2. *The Pure Tone* is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

1. Methinks I love all common things—
 The common air, the common flower;
 The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
 From hearts that have no other dower,
 No other wealth, no other power,
 Save love; and will not that repay
 For all else fortune tears away?
2. Old times! old times! the gay old times!
 When I was young and free,
 And heard the merry Easter chimes
 Under the sally tree.
 My Sunday palm beside me placed—
 My cross upon my hand—
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land.
3. It is not that my fortunes flee,
 Nor that my cheek is pale—

I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
 My darling native vale!
 A wiser head I have, I know,
 Than when I loitered there;
 But in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge care.

4. I've lived to know my share of joy,
 To feel my share of pain—
 To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
 To love, and love in vain—
 To feel a pang, and wear a smile;
 To tire of other climes;
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times!

5. Oh! come again, ye merry times!
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
 And let me hear the Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I would cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain—
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again!

3. *The Orotund* is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
 STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
 GOD—and your native land!
2. Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade! charge for the guns!" he said;
 Into the valley of Death—rode the six hundred.

BUGLE SONG.¹

1. The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!
 2. O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!
 3. O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!
4. *The Aspirated Tone* is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,
1. How ill this taper burns!—
Ha! who comes here?—
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*
 2. The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper, in an under-tone,
“Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”
 3. And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

¹ The Bugle Song is a most happy combination of the *pure tone* and the *orotund*.

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—“*The foe! they come, they come!*”

5. *The Guttural* is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

1. Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.
2. Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
Of all earth's groveling crew the most accursed!
Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!
3. Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblest cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcasts of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parched desert thirsting die—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!
4. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
 Mine eyes shall sparkle like the beaten flint;
 My hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burdened heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings;
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell.

6. *The Tremulous Tone*, or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The Tremulous Tone is not applied throughout the whole of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest*; but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!*
 She is not mad who kneels to thee,

For what I *am*, too well I *know*,
 And what I *was*, and what *should* be!

2. *Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,*
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
 O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
3. I have lived long enough: my way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

IV.

RATE.

RATE¹ refers to movement in reading and speaking and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

Rate { Quick
 Moderate
 Slow

2. *Quick Rate* is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,

1. Away! away! our fires stream bright
 Along the frozen river,

¹ **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliver it as slowly as may be possible without drawling. Repeat the sentence with a slight increase of rate, until you shall have reached a rapidity of utterance at which distinct articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the process, repeating slower and slower. Thus you may acquire the ability to increase and diminish rate at pleasure, which is one of the most important elements of good reading and speaking.

And their ärröwy sparkles of brilliant light
On the förest bränches quiver.

2. Away! away to the rocky glen,
Whère deer are wildly bounding!
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hünter's bugle sounding.
3. The lake has bürst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop älöng with a röaring söng,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!
4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pöuring föward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. *Moderate Rate* is used in ordinary assertion, narra-
tion, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler
forms of the emotions; as,

1. When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shädöws from yön pürple hills,
We pace this shöre—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And böth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then döfh my dear brother, who hath wörn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words.
2. When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown:
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it—'t is a butterfly:
The flattened tree-töads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark:
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.

So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue—
Except when squabbling turns them black and blue!

3. I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that luster have imbibed
In the sun's palace-pörch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
4. Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the löng sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a löfty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the ströng feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yét it may be, more löfty cöurage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*,
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

4. *Slow Rate* is used to express grandeur, vastness,
pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consterna-
tion; as,

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-dév'astating flight;
Thou öny Göd! There is no God beside!
2. The curfew tölls the knell of parting dáy;
The löwing herd winds slowly ö'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary wāy,
And leaves the world to darknèss and to me.

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shōre;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadōw of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncōffined, and unknown.

V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. A perfect *Sameness* is rarely to be observed in the delivery of any passage. But very little variety of tone will be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The *Monotone* usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolonged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. The *Sign of Monotone* is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

God, whose wrath no man can resist, and under whom they stoop that bear up the world.

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from generation to generation. Before the mountains were made, or the earth and the

world were formed, from eternity and to eternity, Thou art God.

2. Remember, I beseech Thee, that Thou hast made me as the clay, and Thou wilt bring me into dust again. Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh; Thou hast put me together with bones and sinews.

3. Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghōst, and where is hē? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nōt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their slēep.

4. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sāt.

5. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

6. Our revels are now ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded—
Leave not a rack behind.

7. I am thy father's spirit;
 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood:—List—list—O list!—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

8. Earth yawned; he stood the center of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came:

“Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, O king? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs and cold;
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine, to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day;
 Then we mix our moldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
 And the falchion by thy side,
 To thy heart, thy hand shall guide:
 Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
 Son and sire, the house of Saul!”

VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking, or to characterize objects and ideas.

2. Personation applies both to persons, either real or imaginary, and to things. When properly employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature, or in making sound, by skillful modulations, “an echo to the sense,” it adds much to the beauty and efficiency of delivery.

Personation { Persons
 Things

3. The Student will exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons or things to be represented, fully informing himself with regard to their peculiarities and conditions, and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISES IN PERSONATION.

1. Maud Müller looked and sighed: “Ah, me!
 That I the Judge's bride might be!
 He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.
 My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
 My brother should sail a painted boat.
 I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
 And the baby should have a new toy each day.
 And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
 And all should bless me who left our door.”
2. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
 And saw Maud Müller standing still: