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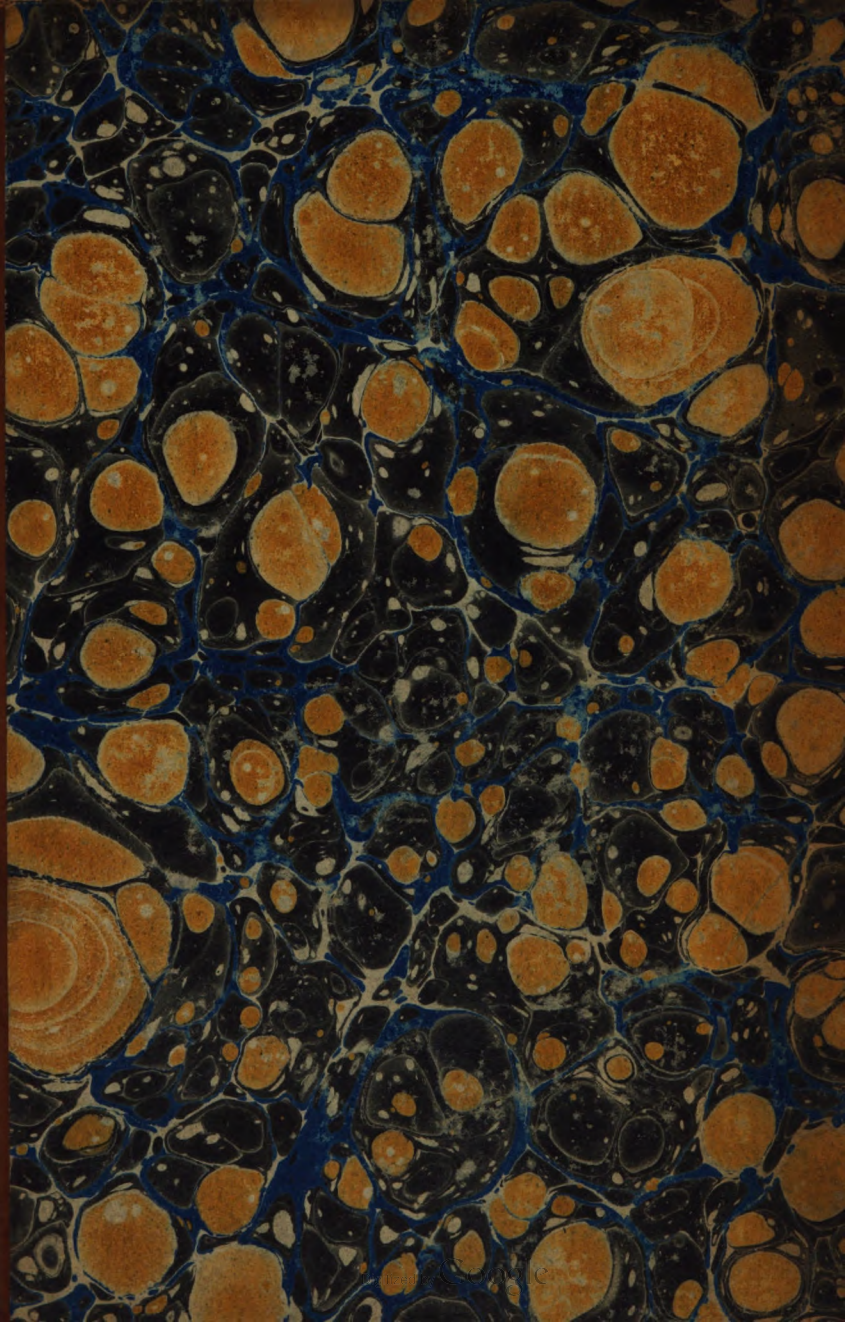
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45. 524.







THE  
SPIRIT OF THE POLKA;

BEING AN  
HISTORICAL AND ANALYTICAL  
DISQUISITION ON THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC,  
ITS ORIGIN AND MISSION.

BY CAPTAIN KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY MOWERAY," "HARDNESS," "SOFTNESS," "THE  
RITMEISTER'S BUDGET," "DAY DREAMS," ETC. ETC.



LONDON:  
JOHN OLLIVIER, 59, PALL MALL.

1845.



TO THE

---

THE QUEEN OF FAIRY FOOTSTEPS,

THIS

IMPERFECT SKETCH OF HER BRILLIANT REALM

IS

REVERENTIALLY DEDICATED

BY THE

HUMBLEST OF HER HUNDRED ADMIRERS.





THE SPIRIT  
OF  
THE POLKA.

---

CHAP. I.

"Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare,  
Dip in the rainbow, trick her out in air ;  
Choose a firm cloud before it falls, and in it  
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute."

WE have all of us heard often enough (though none of us altogether believe it) that a shepherd can distinguish his flock from one another by their countenances, which, in the absence of any countenance at all among them, appears supernatural, if not mesmeric ; but, be this as it may, this much is certain, that however ordinary mortals may require such a formula, as "eighteen hundred and something or other" to assist *them* ; we histo-

rians, who may be termed the shepherds of the years, are accustomed to distinguish the different members of our flock by their leading characteristics ; as, for instance, in our own times, we have heard of the Reform year, and the Cholera year, (*arcades ambo*,) they, by divine providence, have passed away, and trouble us no more ; and it is not now necessary to state, what it is that sets apart the year 1844, from other years of grace, or otherwise, in the History of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. For the sponsorship of 1844, two mighty powers contended, Repale and Polka,—the betting was on Repale, but Polka won in a canter. If the very stones in the streets do not bear witness, every plank in every floor does, and ‘the airy tongues that syllable men’s names’ confirm it, for over the whole surface of the empire, floats a choral murmur of Polka.

Paris, the centre of civilization, as its inhabitants call it, meaning thereby, the choretic pole of the globe, towards which all light fantastic toes point, as naturally as the needle to its magnetic parallel ; Paris was the cradle where the infant Hercules first strangled the serpents, Waltz and Galloppe. In the early winter, strange sounds, fleeting and indistinct, came over the Channel, of a new fascination having established itself in Paris, but little attention was paid to those rumours ; it was well known, that a cameleopard or a regicide, a new fiddler or a new pattern, a singing mouse, or a dancing rhinoceros, or any thing of that sort, would speedily kick the Polka out of the favour of the Parisians. If a new sin could be discovered, adieu Polka ; but there was no reasonable chance of such a godsend, that field was pretty well exhausted by this time ; so the Polka held undisputed sway for

that winter, so much so, that a considerable fall took place in the prices of truffles, foie gras, bals masquees, and blasphemous novels.

So many able works have appeared from the pens of native historians, upon the subject of its rise and progress in Paris; that we shall not, now in the melancholy period of its decline and fall on the soil of France, aggravate the just and natural national jealousy of its admirers, by dipping the pen of Perfidious Albion in the gall that records faded glories, but content ourselves with a brief sketch of its career upon this side of the Channel, up to the present time. The future is veiled from all eyes, it has already defied all calculation, prognostication and "omne quod exit in aition," and no man on earth can tell what lengths it may go, for it spares neither age nor sex; resembling in comprehensiveness, the prayers of children, for brothers and sisters, fathers and

mothers, uncles and aunts, grandfathers and grandmothers ; nothing can exceed the number of its worshippers, except their fervency, yet though its votaries be true, its high priests are false, for the teachers of its mysteries, having attained the summit of human felicity, viz. some thousands of pounds by its means, have kicked away the ladder and endeavoured to establish a sort of dance, which they are so good as to call the Mazurka, and which they hope to compel everybody to learn it as they learned Polka last year. It can hardly succeed, when we consider the labour and the waste of national energy in learning a new dance. It is difficult for a good Christian to believe, that a just Providence would permit two such visitations upon an unoffending country, two successive years.

As we have already observed, early in the spring of 1844, rumours of something particular

having happened in Paris, reached this country. It was said that a new dance of a fearful and wonderful nature, had suddenly pounced upon the stricken city, and penetrated into the inmost recesses of all houses, of all sorts and sizes, and what was more, that it was coming over to England. Everybody immediately began asking, Will it take?—and everybody immediately answered, “Certainly not, no one here will ever take the trouble of learning a new dance; something about draining buildings, and something about draining tiles, something high church in tracts, or low fares on railways, something fast in the way of political economy, or something smart in the way of dissent; might any of them have some chance with some class or other; but a new dance—impossible—*nolumus choreas Angliæ mutari*, as, making due allowance for the changes in the times, the Barons said of old;”—so spake

the prophets of the ball-rooms, and they went on waltzing and quadrilling, just as 4000 years ago, men went on marrying and giving in marriage—and then came the Deluge. Many remembered a spasmodic attempt some years before to introduce the Mazurka, and calling it a precedent, sagaciously from it predicted the fall of the Polka, gravely and scornfully they shook their heads, as the notes of joyous defiance came louder and nearer, and while they were shaking their heads, the Polka landed. A sound of unfamiliar music, heralded its taking possession of the soil of England, a much significant sound, half solicitation, half encouragement, addressing itself less to the ears than to the feet, or more properly the back sinews of the leg, (the tendon Achilles, once more the object of Paris). The Britons, as in Cæsar's time, rushed into the sea to meet it, although with different views, and



so with a modest diffidence, the Polka came, saw, and we know the rest.

Its first effects were re-active. We are well aware that whatever we wish should come to pass, we can always believe without the slightest difficulty; and, accordingly, a report having spread among the French Carlists, that a movement originating in Paris was on foot among Young England, they naturally concluded that it must be in their favour, and accordingly all those of that party who were prepared to do battle in the cause, and a great many more, came over to see what assistance was to be looked for from uneasy England, in the pleasant game of chuck-farthing for the French crown, in which they shortly expected to be engaged. They were mistaken certainly, but *that* was no novelty to them. The movement had no political results, unless perhaps the "coming event cast its shadow before," in

the "fait accompli" of the 6th of January, upon which memorable evening we recollect eyeing with uncontrolled astonishment, the procession of his Royal Highness the Duc de Bordeaux, to his coronation as King of the Twelfth cake; ourselves the while waving a clean towel as he passed, and shouting with great energy and heartiness, "Vive le roi de France! a bas le roi des Francais!" in token of our desire of peace with France.

The King of Saxony was next attracted by the singular scenes that were passing in England, and upon which the eyes of Europe were now fixed; for he was well acquainted with the unaccountable habit that England, above all nations in the world, is addicted to, of appropriating all sorts of territory in all parts of the globe, upon any pretence, or no pretence whatsoever. It always appeared to his pure German compre-

c

hension, that in England the loss of Hanover *must* have been felt as the loss of the brightest jewel of the Imperial Crown, and he reasonably enough concluded, that Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington must be looking out for some equally valuable gem to replace it. Now as he was the last of the German potentates who had been very largely despoiled of territory, it was a somewhat sore subject with him, and one upon which he was uncommonly wide awake. He had of late been seriously alarmed by the practice that was gaining ground in some portions of the British territories, of calling the English, (properly so called) Saxons; and the moment the Polka began to reign in England, he recollected that his predecessors had once been tributary to the Kings of Poland. Whether some diplomatic dodge for setting up a claim to the remaining portion of his dominions, was

on foot, he could not exactly tell, but his neighbourhood to Russia having made him sensitive on that point, he came over to see what was the matter. Of his subsequent movements, we have however, lost sight, for scarcely was he arrived, not quite recovered his sea-sickness, and not half lionised, when with a rush and a roar, the Czar entered and extinguished him, as completely as if he had sat down upon him.

The cause of the arrival of that giant and grisly potentate, was also referable to Polka ; the fact being, that some of his secret agents, who swarm in various disguises, in every part of the habitable and uninhabitable globe, had reported to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and whatever else he can lay his hands upon, that an unintelligible Polkamania, the like of which had not been known within the

memory of the oldest inhabitant, was spreading over England, which with due management might draw the British Islands into that Slavonic happy family, of which the Czar is the benign father; the Polka itself, being (with what truth we shall hereafter see) claimed as a Slavonic dance. Accustomed to set up and enforce claims to the possession of countries upon much lighter grounds than this, the Czar immediately ordered some brandy and carriages, and a smartish race ensued between him and the mail, which already had thirty hours start. He headed it about the 800th mile, and had completely distanced it at the 1200th—and so he arrived, nobody knew why, whence, how, where, or when. However, once on the spot, the golden dream fled fast away; his undeniable eye saw at once how the matter stood, though he concealed his disappointment with consummate

art, excepting a rather bitter remark that he made to one of his suite:

A terrible man, with a terrible name,  
A name that you all know very well,  
Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell,

that he might have saved himself the expense of his journey; that this so called national movement, was nothing but a dance that promised more kicks than halfpence, and being as savage as a bear with a sore head, at having been asked to subscribe to the Polish Ball, and then having his money thrown back in his face, he returned to his own dominions in a towering passion, and to assuage the bitterness of his disappointment, issued an order that no Pole should marry under thirty years of age.

Such too is the mystic ubiquity of Polka, that not only it stirred the social system of Europe to its very foundations, not only was its sway

acknowledged by the shorn royalty of the Bourbons, and the unshaven empire of the Romanoffs, but its mesmeric influence crossed the Atlantic, and a gentleman of whose very existence, nobody, excepting his butcher, baker, &c. &c. was aware, obtained the Presidential chair, by simply reading aright and rapidly what was written in the signs of the times, and assuming the name of Polk, for nobody believes that that is the worthy gentleman's real name. Of course he assumed it for the occasion, as the French Republicans did classical names, and he deserves great credit for the "smartness" he displayed.

It was a reasonable and pardonable national vanity, that brought over Louis Philippe, to see how we were getting on here, in our clumsy imitation of his people, the true children of the Polka, as he flatters himself; and it is said, that

he was much pleased, with the indirect homage rendered to the ascendancy of France in the eagerness with which England followed her footsteps in the Polka, and highly delighted on his return homewards with the brilliant illumination with which he was received at New Cross, which he naturally enough supposed, was nothing more than a slight exaggeration of courtly fashion of receiving Royalty with lights, for it is said, that the last words he uttered, when he finally escaped from the Mayor of Dover, and his mind was at ease, were 'Ah Shon Bull, Mad Bull, Shon Bull, Mad Bull.' We may, however, remark, for the information of our country readers, that the various prints now in circulation, representing his Majesty dancing the Polka, in his own royal person, are mere fancy sketches, no such thing having taken place.



## CHAPTER II.

"Tam tint his reason a'thegither."

BURNS.

ENOUGH of foreign affairs. Let us return to the genial warmth of our own fire-sides, equalled alone by the glow of Polka, whose laurels were but beginning to bud when we arrived in town, curious to see the wonderful dance, yet, to say truth, not without some slight misgivings as to its real origin, we ourselves having some small acquaintance with Germany, and hitherto none whatever with Polka, but little dreaming how speedily we were to discover that the illustrious stranger was no stranger to us.

Familiar in our lips as household words, were the thinly veiled designations under which a colossal piece of practical impudence had deluded credulous Europe, including Great Britain.

It was with no slight palpitation of the heart, a palpitation rapidly to be transferred to the heels, that we listened for the mysterious strains to commence, supposing ourselves about to witness some revivication, of course in a modified form, of the Berserkery or battle madness wherewith our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were inflamed in the olden time ; and truly the accounts we had heard of it warranted some such expectation. But, alas ! conjecture is at best but blind work, (would that some good fairy would but whisper us what the price of Spanish Threes will be this day six months ;) we speedily found, that it was neither to Sclavonian nor Sarmatian,

Saxon nor Dane, furious Frank or fiery Hun, that Polka was to be ascribed. At last the time came, there was an impatient clapping of hands, a dropping shot or two from a stray fiddle, or an untrusted clarionet, and the band struck up.

The first four bars solved the mystery, and so intense was our astonishment, that we could not restrain ourselves from giving vent to it in a long-drawn whistle, which, we regretted to observe, elevated us to a temporary notoriety we by no means desired ; for, in our mind, the fabulous Bohemian origin of the Polka vanished at once into thin air. The music was Celtic, the dance Celtic, not a doubt remained, but that the aboriginal Polka had resounded in Tara's halls from the harp of Erin, or that stringed instrument called the 'cruit,' for which it was clear, from its 'staccato' (or as in Ireland we should more poetically express it 'crackling') character,

the air was originally composed, and in truth, in the first Polka we heard, we at once recognized much, indeed, as the Liberator would say, 'bedivelled and thransmogrified,' the characteristic national melody,

" 'Twas in the town of nate Clogheen  
That Sarjeant Snap met Paddy Carey."

The dance was nothing but a Parisiennised jig, a hornpipe in French ; and indeed it is remarkable that to this day, any artist who wishes to represent an Irishman in a state of excitement, of whatever sort, invariably represents him in a Polka attitude, that is to say, standing upon one leg. In the very name we at once recognized, less mellifluous of course than its Gaelic original, but still clearly distinguishable, and, as is usual with that poetical and very significant language, highly applicable, the Irish verb 'bolgaim,' to blow, or possibly 'bolg,' a

pair of bellows; and truly no one can look at the dance without being struck with the fidelity of the description.\* In the very names by which the Polkas were distinguished, we recognized an Irish origin. One we found was entitled the *Esmeralda*, a clumsy disguise of *Emerald*, an epithet well known to belong to Ireland alone, exclusive of any other island in the sea or elsewhere. The *Enniskillen* or *Innis-killing* Polka, whose liveliness is the best proof of its nationality, is a still stronger case in point; and another Polka (piratically so called) we found was named '*Ridowa*,' a word manifestly composed of the Irish '*readg*' (rage), and '*ogha*' (maiden), signifying a fury or passion among damsels. We are aware that it has been held by

\* Some are inclined to derive the word Polka from the *Fear Bolg*, a colony that settled in Ireland immediately after the Christian era, an ingenious but unsatisfactory theory.

many scholars, whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, that the true root of ridowa is 'ruath' (redness), or 'readh' (racing); but we must humbly crave permission to adhere to our own opinion on that subject, for the following reason, which, we doubt not, will have much weight with all lovers of true inductive philosophy, viz. that the air to which this singular dance, the Ridowa or Readgogha, is now danced with no little energy in the saloons of London and Paris, is in reality nothing else than the funeral chaunt wherewith the damsels of Erin, in the days

" Ere Malachi wore the collar of gold .  
That he won from the proud invader,"

were accustomed to follow to the tomb the bodies of their minstrels, to which order the passionate attachment they bore is well known. The following translation of that chaunt, impossible as we admit it to be to render

the incomparable beauty and delicacy of the original Gaelic into Saxon, will give the English reader some little idea of the words that were sung to that funeral march, which spurred into a gallop is the much celebrated Ridowa or Readgogha Polka.

## I.

White-armed maids of Erin raise  
Silver tones in Connal's\* praise ;  
Silent moonbeams round him play,  
Gently lift his life away.  
See yon wing'd cloud past him roll,  
Chariot of his parting soul :  
In the rustling of its leaves  
How his native forest grieves.

## II.

Never shall our Connal's name  
Wither cheated of his fame :  
High along the breeze shall swell  
Voices that his praises tell.  
High his lonely cairn we heap,  
Fitting couch for minstrel's sleep.  
Now away, alone with death  
Leave him on the dreary heath.

\* Connal, bard to Con of the Hundred Battles, A. D. 287.—  
*See Annals of Tighernach.*

This peculiar property of expressing the deepest pathos when played ‘*andante espressivo*,’ and the most reckless dash and buoyancy when played ‘*allegro con spirito*,’ is further exemplified in the beautiful air of Cathleen O’More, which, played ‘*resoluto con fuoco*,’ instantly exhibits that remarkable versatility which the national character has stamped upon the music of the country, and becomes ‘The Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green.” Indeed, the character of the dance itself, its apparent reckless *abandon*, yet its real strong development of the organ of self-preservation, forcibly reminded us of that golden period in the history of Ireland, so graphically recorded by a great lyric poet, when

“ The strongest was richest,  
The weakest fared worst ;  
And he that was boldest  
Was always served first.”

It is said that the dances of the peasantry of



every country are ordinarily expressive of some peculiar feeling that prevails among them, and it is probable that the kick behind in the Polka or Bolgaim, is symbolical of the manner in which the magnificent peasantry have hitherto treated divers unreasonable attempts made by the English government to impose certain restraints, miscalled law and order, upon them, if it indeed do not foreshadow the Repeal of the Union.

Antiquarians, as we have since learned, have affirmed that the ancient Irish rite of dancing through the Beal-tine, the fire lighted by the Druids in May-day, was merely the prototype of the Polka, alleging that the tree is known by the fruit, and that at the conclusion of each ceremony the votary of both the Beal-tine and the Polka, are known to present the same appearance of having passed through a fiery ordeal; but this seems to us merely an antiquarian crotchet. We

doubt the soundness of this conjecture for this reason, that the passage both of human creatures and cattle through the Beal-tine, was for the purpose of preserving them from infectious disorders during the ensuing year. Now we know that the Polka itself is in the highest degree infectious, and the analogy between the two ceremonies is consequently not clearly made out.

All these things passed like flashes of lightning through our brain as we looked on the glittering scene, bewildered at the astounding impudence that claimed the Polka for Bohemia,\* and mentally revolving, whether it was not our bounden duty to take up our pen against this fresh addition to the innumerable insults and injustices which Ireland endures so patiently and uncomplainingly ; though it is not to be wondered at, that England should give “alien” names to

\* See appendix for some further light upon this subject.

the indigenous dances of Ireland, when she has offered her the studied insult of sending her an **AMBASSADOR** for a Lord-Lieutenant.

However, the music continued, its effects were soon felt, and an avalanche of white muslin spread as it were, boilingly, over the floor. It is not unadvisedly, that we omit the male sex in our description of the Polka as we first saw it, for we speedily discovered, that the step, and the time, two important elements in a dance, were secrets in the keeping of the ladies, the gentlemen not having as yet penetrated those mysteries; and their performances instantaneously suggested to us the epigram by Pope, or Alfred Tennyson, or Southey, (we really cannot at the moment recollect which)

“How ill the motion to the music suits;  
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes:”

for we observed that most of the gentlemen

dancers exhibited characteristic traits of some animal or other, so forcibly, as almost to make us converts to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In some curly pated finnikin specimen of the genus "homo," species "dancing," we recognised the friends of our youth, dancing dogs, some apparently bitten by a mad brother; in others, the ponderous agility of dancing bears. Here we beheld incarnate in the human form, the likeness of a cameleopard with a stringhalt; and there the well known definition of man, as a biped without feathers, rose before our mind's eye with a painful comparison between man and bird, as the similitude of an ostrich strode gauntly across the floor, and we recollected with an inward trembling, that a kick from that bird has been known to break a man's leg. Scarcely had this phantom vanished, ere we were called upon to contrast the headlong rush of a mad bull, with

the pattering trot of an armadillo. Even when we succeeded at last, in some measure, in emancipating our mind from this unflattering comparison, we could not fail to observe, what a deadly developer of the ridiculous is the Polka. On the one side, we saw a confirmed and incurable tiger, with an aspect of exquisite but hideous satisfaction, displaying his superexcellent graces, and flapping his long hair to a never-ending series of airs played upon the organ of self-esteem; he would have escaped notice in any other dance. On the other, we saw the thirst for fame proclaim itself in the brainless ill breeding, of coming up the wrong side of the room, and putting every body else to inconvenience, a thing impracticable in waltzing. Here we saw a youth in the uninteresting state of transition of a lout modulating into a snob, and who consequently *would* not learn to dance, ricochet from

couple to couple, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, it was the "fatal facility" of the Polka, apparent but far from real, that tempted him to the exposure not only of himself, but of the unfortunate victim of his loutishness; here a massive specimen of middle age, of a rotundity fearful to behold, revolved like a monstrous top upon the quivering floor; and there an aged man, whose abortive efforts to roll back the course of time, threatened to bring his grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave, bore panting witness to the melancholy truth, that the Polka is not as some have supposed, the true Elixir Vitæ.

Those who were farthest advanced, seemed to consider it a sort of waltz with a kick in it; and accordingly, not knowing when they were to perform their kicks, threw in a few here and there, as the Connaught printers do their commas and colons: and the whole scene rather gave us

the impression that we were in the midst of a crowd, of the lame and the halt, the deaf and the blind, who had suddenly been restored to the enjoyment of their precious limbs and faculties, without being as yet quite accustomed to the proper use of them ;—an impression which had hardly suggested itself to our mind, before it was vividly confirmed by a severe kick we received about two inches above the knee, which recalled to our recollection the good old days, when Dick Martin brought his detachments of scythemen into the Galway elections, for the use of his opponent's shins, and we limped sorrowfully homeward, revolving in our mind the truth of that sage reflection, "how little we know what a day may bring forth."

## CHAP. III.

“ No place is sacred, not the church is free.”

POPE.

HAVING thus given a slight descriptive sketch of the Polka in its infancy, and having, we humbly trust, cleared up some popular delusions upon the subject, we will now proceed to the more important task of considering it in the philosophic spirit, which the gravity of the subject requires, as an integral part of the history of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to which branch, viz. the *historical* of the subject we propose confining ourselves. The POET OF THE POLKA has not yet manifested himself, but well we know, that when Her Majesty has issued her



gracious commands, that the Princess Royal should be initiated in this graceful movement, ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT THE LAUREATE WILL DO HIS DUTY ! Till then we bide our time, in the confident trust, that it will be found a more suitable subject for his divine pen than Railways.

There is a story told of a personage, who complained to a gentleman who came to visit him, that although he lived in a magnificent palace, was attended by innumerable servants, and his table furnished from a kitchen of unrivalled capacity, still somehow or other, everything he eat, tasted of oatmeal, the fact being, that the poor man was the inmate of a Scotch pauper lunatic asylum, where porridge constituted the only food of the patients ; even so during the last season, the whole body of society was leavened with Polka, and the mighty mass

heaved and laboured with a universal fermentation, as the subtle element expanded and overspread the land, and absorbed all classes. As might be supposed, it forthwith acted as a powerful stimulant upon Young England, as was evidenced by the immediate publication and enormous sale of *Coningsby*, *Historic Fancies*, &c. &c., and also by the thirty or forty imitations of those works, now preparing for the press. The spirit of the year descended upon the Senate, in a perfect snow-storm of white waistcoats and neckcloths; the Pillars of the State began to revolve upon their axes; the Lower House was night after night counted out to the tune of one, two, three—kick. Cromwell himself hardly kicked them out better. The Polkaic extacy seized even the grave House of Convocation, and it commenced a movement to induce the Crown to reassemble it, that its members might see the

fun, and carry the new inspiration to their respective dioceses.\* Indeed, every now and then, some tremendous crash of headlong couples seemed to give promise of a new reading of the knotty question of preaching with or without a surplice, by exhibiting the spectacle of a fair devotee dancing without a gown. One thought of the lion lying down with the lamb, as one saw the mother standing up with the daughter in the same Polka; the balls at night could not absorb

\* It is not true, that a correspondence took place on this subject, bearing the signature, "W. Cantuar," and "E. Ebor," those prelates having their hands, just at present, a great deal too full of the playful eccentricities of the clergy, to think of interfering in the vagaries of the laity; otherwise the gravity of the subject might have rendered some such discussion probable, for we find in history, that at the coronation dinner of Richard the Second, the King, the Prelates, the Nobles, the Knights, and the rest of the company, spent the remainder of the day in dancing in Westminster Hall, and that several of our Monarchs are praised for their skill in dancing, and none more so, than our Henry the VIIIth, the first King of England, who, be it remembered, was also the head of the Anglican church.

the vital energy thus newly and unaccountably generated, so dances in the morning came into fashion, and fortunate it was, that some such safety valve could be found, or it is impossible to say, what species of volcanic eruption, “*tremblement de femme*,” or she hurricane might have ensued. Every ball room was like a whirlpool; dancing more resembled the driving home from the Derby than any thing else; the collisions rivalled in frequency and severity, those of the railways before the iron infants had learned how to behave themselves. The price of fans rose frightfully, partly from the pressing necessity for them, and partly from the enormous destruction of them in the melee. A mystical sign like that of the free-masons became established among the fraternity and sorority of the Polka, whereby they recognised one another, viz. the standing significantly upon one leg: and an unknown tongue arose; the

word itself, not only establishing itself in the English language, but taking upon itself to represent noun or verb, or any other part of speech that might happen to turn up, with a versatility much to be admired. It was early observed, that the military men made remarkably rapid progress in the Polka, but the reason has hitherto been unknown; the explanation of the phenomenon, however is this, that an important portion of the elements of the art of war, as taught in the British army, consists of learning to stand with military steadiness upon one leg, and indeed, it is not impossible that the Polka may supersede the goose step, in the due development of the military strength of the country. A curious instance of its insidious spread in the ranks of the British army, having occurred in the circumstance of the lady of an officer, in a garrison not very far from London, having taken her maid up to town on the occasion

of a ball, which she attended there, and the maid having been accidentally required to assist at the tea table, and having, it was presumed, acquired some insight into the subject, was soon afterwards waited on by a deputation of the privates of the regiment, whose faith in the professor of Polka they had imported from London, was sorely shaken ; and who came with a request, that she would honour the next Polka drill as they called it, and inform them whether it was the correct exercise, as practised among the nobility and gentry. Wherefrom it may be deduced, that this dance, which made such an impression upon British warriors, is the same dance wherewith the great Scipio Africanus disported himself in his leisure hours ; not as Seneca, (as if he had foreseen Polka), observes, “those effeminate dances which announce voluptuousness and corruption of manners, but those manly animated

dances in use among their ancestors, which even their enemies might witness without abating their respect ;” and, indeed, to a soldier’s eye, the first outburst of a Polka storm, with the beauty and chivalry of England, as if possessed by the devil of a mad dancing-master, pressing onwards to the cry of “ MONTJOIE ST. VITUS,” irresistibly suggests the idea of a spirited dash with the bayonet.

We may here be allowed to present to our readers, a most valuable code of rules, to be observed by all aspiring youths who wish to shine in Polka, a code which was kindly communicated to us by a gentleman of whom we are not at liberty, at present, to say more than that we are perfectly certain, that our readers will put implicit faith in the great authority that compiled

## THE CANON OF THE POLKA.

## I.

At the concluding note of the bar before you begin, throw back your left foot. If there is such a thing as a pewter Mercury, or a plaster Cupid in any of the gardens in your neighbourhood, you may practise standing in the attitude the figure is in, the being able to stand like a goose on one leg, being an important, and indeed, essential faculty to those who aspire to be rated, A. 1. in Polka.

## II.

Take a good tight hold of your partner and keep it; it is the height of spooniness to let any thing slip through your fingers.

## III.

Remember, that in your step you stride, not straddle. If you cannot keep your own legs in



their proper places, you may rely upon it, nobody else will do it for you.

## IV.

Be moderate in your kicks, as you ought to be in all your other pleasures, and do not forget that in kicking, you lash, not prance.

## V.

Stop when you hear your partner sobbing very painfully, or when you observe her gown is coming off. Nothing marks a chivalrous mind, more than consideration for women ; for which reason also, you will not fail to carry a small pincushion in your pocket to repair damages, for their dresses are everlastingly coming to pieces, and the twelve or fourteen spare pins they generally carry, are seldom sufficient to keep them together for more than two, or at most, three Polkas.

## VI.

Recollect that the utter disregard of time, common at present in Waltzing, is not safe in Polka, as it can be more easily detected. If you *cannot* dance in time, dance with nobody under nine or ten stone. At that weight, if she has any ear, she will probably keep you tolerably steady; if she has none, every one will think it is her fault.

## VII.

If you *can* dance, impress upon your partner that she must trust herself implicitly and unresistingly to your guidance—Faith being the only virtue that saves in Polka.

## VIII.

Remember that the momentum of a body in motion is composed of its weight and its velocity; and where collisions are plenty, choose accordingly.

## IX.

Holding your left hand up in the air, like the figure of justice dangling the scales over a country court-house, seldom fails to excite admiration; walking (not dancing. but *walking*) backwards through the thickest of the crowd will impress the by-standers with a high opinion of your good taste, or you may stop in the middle of the room, and lift your feet alternately, like a turkey in deep mud; in short, the paths of fame are innumerable, if you have only tact enough to select that best suited to your own capacity.

## X.

If you have just been introduced to your partner, you may every now and then stop, as if you were astonished at something before you, and then make a hop or two backwards; she will of course take you for a shop boy, and then you may produce a considerable effect by talking familiarly of

some great person. None but a blundering blockhead thinks he can go straight ahead into a woman's good graces. To lose a little on one tack, and gain a great deal on another, is the way to get to windward of the terrestrial angels.

## XI.

If you have a taste for going round the room on the wrong side, against the stream, never mind the inconvenience it puts others to, but take care to push your partner *before* you. Every body that can *must* get out of *her* way, though you yourself might find it otherwise. Whenever Irish mobs are taking liberties with regular troops, they always keep any women they can catch in their front; and there is a good deal of discretion in the practice.

## XII.

In case of casualties, go on never minding,

the maxim will stand you in good stead in many things besides Polka; and now, if you cannot distinguish yourself in Polka and small tea parties, don't blame me.

---

We feel much indebted to our esteemed friend for this invaluable code, and we take this opportunity of expressing our conscientious opinion, that a sounder system of rules for the guidance of a young man entering life, never was laid down.

It was amusing to us, who are in everybody's confidence, to watch the degrees by which this wonder of the nineteenth century made its insidious way in the breast of solicitous mammas. At first, as we have already observed, nobody knew anything about it; but it was said to come from Bohemia, and in consequence the Buy-a-

❧

broom girls were looked upon with no little interest as beings possessed of some awful secret, capable of realising the lovers and husbands that the gypsies only promise. They, however, seemed to know nothing, and care less about the matter—all the answer which they made, to any inquiries on the subject, being invariably Yees! buy-a-broom, Buy-a-broom! and so there was nothing to be done but to wait until somebody would give a ball, and ask somebody to it, that did know something about the Polka, which accordingly, in due course of time, came to pass, and then the subject came to be discussed maternally.

At first, that branch of public opinion was dead in its favour. It was clear that before being performed in public, it must be practised in private; and the more experienced anthropophagi, well versed in such matters, were

thoroughly aware of the good effects to be expected from instruction, given and received, and said it would 'bring the young people together,' (so it did, and uncommonly close too.) So far so good. It was also observed, that the dance itself gave occasion for a display of modest grace of which none other admits. The elegance of the fair Polkistes was quite attractive enough for any one who wished to think it so; it was universally agreed among the fishers for golden fish, that it was a very killing dance, and a lively satisfaction diffused itself among them, dashed by as little envy, hatred, and malice, as could reasonably be expected.

It is true that striking instances of the power of some minds of turning honey into gall, roses into chamomile flowers, smiles into sneers, and nature upside down, occurred in the cases of some strong-minded ladies, whose daughters *could* not learn

the Polka, and who consequently expressed very deliberately and canonically formed opinions that the iniquity of the Polka, unmatched since the time of the cities of the plain, was such as must inevitably conduct its abandoned votaries to that place where it was generally understood, the above-mentioned daughters were likely to spend a considerable part of their posthumous time in leading Apes ; but in the words of Kirke White, they might just as well—

Go to the raging sea, and say be still ;  
Bid the wild roaring winds obey thy will,  
Preach to the storm,

as talk to the Polkistes, who, in all the recklessness that belongs to their vocation, one and all agreed, in a sincere hope that the good ladies, who were the victims of so melancholy a Polka-phobia, might speedily acquire a little modicum of Christian charity and forbearance ; lest, upon



arriving at the Hall of Eblis, to which they had so unsparingly devoted them, they might chance to find the strong-minded dames there before them, a circumstance that would needlessly aggravate the natural horrors of the place.

## CHAP. IV.

"Latet anguis in herbâ :—  
There is a snake in the grass."

So, through sunshine and storm, good report and evil report, the new ruler of fairy footsteps went on, the merry month of May rolled away, old Father Time began nibbling June with his usual appetite, and the Polka having taken root, sprouted, blossomed, and flowered, some speculations arose as to the fruit.

Hitherto all had been promise, which does very well for April, but July expects performance ; rosebuds may be pretty things enough in May, but orange flowers come into season in

August. The good qualities of Polka had already been recognized: it was admitted that in the course of instruction, acquaintances, intimacies, friendships, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. had arisen, not otherwise to be expected in the everyone-for-himself-ish whirl of London Life—so far so good: but all dreams were not realized, the Polka became subject to an ordeal more severe than any one that it had hitherto passed through, and then a defect in this celestial dance was detected that had hitherto escaped notice. It was found that the wondrous character of the music had such a peculiar property of annihilating time and space, that the entranced couples completely lost sight of the amount of ground they passed over, at a rate of speed hitherto unrealised; they forgot that a five minutes turn (rather a short one), at the rate of six miles an hour (slowish pace), gave an inevitable result

of half a mile traversed, and the consequences were most alarming! towards the end of the third half mile the pace began to tell, symptoms of what is technically termed "distress" appeared; there were heavy sighs, but little sentiment, much waving of cambric, but not to wipe away tears; the spasmodic activity of fans gave the room the appearance of one vast winnowing machine, and tiny slips of lost muslin floated over it like chaff, or like spray above the billows of the raging sea beneath; there seemed imminent danger of the floor becoming carpetted with white muslin unless the ordinary flounces were superseded by reef points, such as are used to take in the sails of ships on similar occasions; ringlets became elf-locks and went out of fashion directly, in consequence; still there was no stopping them, flesh and blood could not resist the Polka; but unhappily also no

complexion would stand it, the fair ones flamed, the dark ones blazed; any ordinary dance would have broken down at once and irretrievably, but Polka, the helper of the helpless, the redresser of the wronged, reserved, as we shall show, for a higher destiny, maintained its mysterious supremacy, and triumphed even over the Unbecoming.

All this was very perplexing; but, as Shakespeare says—

“ When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions :”

(*vulgo*, it never rains but it pours,) and in the midst of the perplexities that the eccentricities of the Polka occasioned, a frightful discovery was suddenly made, that threw half London into convulsions. We have already remarked upon the killing nature of the dance—it was discovered

(too late to be mended!) that it killed the wrong birds; for, perversely enough, the only men in the whole nation that would not take the trouble of learning it were the elder sons (excepting those who were married already), and as the season drew towards its close, it became matter of sorrowful remark, that the great matches were not Polka ones. Here was a new phase in the existence of Polka; the viper, the wolf in sheep's clothing, as it was now termed by its whilome warmest admirers—the monster, that like that in Frankenstein, was about to turn and rend those who had called it into existence; what was to be done? stop it? stop the River Thames? might not an attempt be made to run it down? No, no; Polka was a good deal too fast for that. Given its inch it had taken an ell, and a great deal more, and having got its head straight, and the bit

between its teeth, was tearing away, as a German friend observed to us, "wie geschmierte blitz," no one could hold it; the pace was terrific, and has not moderated yet, and all that the sane part of the community can do is to look on in blank bewilderment, wonder what will be the end of it, or whether there ever will be an end to it, whether it will "come like shadows, so depart," or become one of the fixed institutions of the kingdom, like roast beef, plum pudding, Exeter Hall, and the Income Tax, and so, indulging in such speculations, hope for the best, and, in the meantime, order the carriage at four instead of two.

## CHAP. V.

"It is a long lane that has no turning."

OLD PROVERB.

So far have we, with a fidelity unusual among historians, and we trust with a total absence of sectarian and party spirit, a spirit of fairness that not even the uncalled for intrusion of an apocryphal Mazurka could disturb, chronicled the rise and progress of this incomprehensible, but not, as we are about to shew, purposeless epidemic, to one of whose most remarkable peculiarities we must now advert, a peculiarity



to which, in a great measure, it owes its triumphant progress through the length and breadth of the land ; and the universal sway which causes all eyes to gleam with the Polkaic extacy, and all feet to quiver with the centrifugal power the earth now exercises over maids and matrons alike demonstrating that Young surely foresaw Polka when he wrote the lines,

“ An obstinate activity within,  
An unsuppressive spring will toss her up.”

Now that peculiarity is, that of all the dances in the known world, (that are received in private society,) Polka, and Polka alone, enables the feet to express the music. If the footsteps of a first-rate Polkist, a Brahmin of the art, (or ought we to say a dervish ?) such as some we could name were we so minded,—if, we say, those inspired footsteps could leave visible traces upon the floor, *there* would be found, inscribed in the mystical

characters that none but the highly-gifted can read, the true feeling that animated the music with which they have held converse ; and it is not impossible that thus some incomprehensible, yet undeniable, development of pedal clairvoyance may open sources of knowledge, whereof the Polka is the herald, and display to the world the magnetic connection between music and mind.

The question whether Polka be epidemic or endemic, can only be solved by time, the well known difficulty of dealing with contemporary history having hitherto prevented any satisfactory solution of the mystery of its rapid and overwhelming spread, and the unaccountable influence it has exercised over emperors, kings, princes, dukes, earls, barons, common-councilmen, and presidents of the United States. Some there are, who attribute it to an exhalation

from the earth, in some degree analogous to azote or nitrogen gas, possessing an exhilarating faculty, that acts upon the feet as the other does upon the risible muscles; others suggested that it was a variety of that species of whirlwind, which causes lofty columns of sand to whirl madly over the deserts of Africa (and in the Appendix it will be shown that this theory is not altogether without foundation); but the fact is, that the true philosophy of the Polka is too deep for ordinary minds, its mission in the economy of society being, like that of the only thing in creation that can fairly be compared to it, viz. a flash of lightning, *to restore an equilibrium*; and now, gentle reader, we are about to divulge the mystery of this great and good dance.

It is well known, that formerly, in the struggle for the smiles of their fair country women, in

which the youth of England are, or ought to be, or intend to be, engaged, soldiers and writers had a decided advantage over all who wielded neither the sword nor the pen. This, however, is long since matter of history, and has passed from the memory of the present generation; the dogs of war have had their day, and the Scribe has made way for the Pharisee. Mother Church took to looking out for matches for her sons, with eminent success—a title for orders became *de facto* a license to marry an heiress, and a curacy a firman for a choice among beauties, so strong did the ‘tide, in the affairs of men, that taken at the flood leads on to FORTUNE,’ set in that direction. But the fair Pythonesses, somewhat ran away with the subject, the 14th chapter of Corinthians seemed slipping rapidly from their memories, and it became clear that a return to first principles, as we shall

hereafter set forth, was becoming urgently necessary, for the serious line had been followed for too many years with too great effect, the religious dodge had been crowned with a success that at last awakened John Bull's national love of fair play, and by a natural and pardonable re-action, suggested to the mind of the nation, the celibacy of the clergy.

No such violent measure was required ; the restoration of matters to their proper and original state was effected with that beautiful ease and simplicity, which nature displays in all her more delicate operations.. Whilst some were thinking of going to Rome, it was not found necessary to go further than Paris, for we cannot deny that (however the Parisians came by it) it was from Paris that we have received this new element in society that has subjected the head and the heart alike to the heels, that even-

handed justice may be done; for in the signs of the passing hour, he that runs may read, that it has already appeared to a benignant Providence, that the saints have had their own way with the women long enough—it is time for the sinners to have their turn now; and the instrument that is to effect this equitable and desirable end, is no other than the Polka.



## APPENDIX.

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"Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum."

It is difficult to believe that such high-handed thefts can be sanctioned in the orderly Austrian Empire; but such is the unparalleled effrontery of the Bohemians—or at all events of their fiddlers, (commonly a forward and presuming race of men,) that we should not wonder if some fine day the subjoined ancient Irish Druidical Hornpipes were actually claimed as Polkas.\*

\* **HORNSPIPE.** The English reader must bear in mind, that this word is one of those, which like many others, has degenerated in modern times from the dignity of its original meaning, which was a devotional or ceremonial procession performed to the national music, it being derived from "oraim," to pray, and "pioban," the bag-pipe; and though, originally, no doubt these solemn processions were conducted with due gravity, yet sometimes the national exuberance of spirits would break out into dancing. From the Gaelic, Gaulish, and Celtic, 'oraim,' is derived the Latin 'Orare,' and some traces of the original meaning



The first of these is, as the reader will observe, from its expression, a piece of music of a mixed and versatile character, as in truth it served indifferently for a warlike chorus, wherewith to animate troops on the day of battle, or to revive their flagging spirits on the march, a dance of the martial character suited to the age, or a drinking song; and it is remarkable, that that singular indifference, which its triplex character indicates as existing at that time, as to whether the occupation or amusement of the moment should consist of drinking, dancing, or fighting, or of all three together, has barely now disappeared from the national mind.

This melody, which appears unaccountably enough to have escaped the researches of Mr. Thomas Moore, was nevertheless held in high esteem in the olden time, being no other than the favourite march, dance,

of *oraim-pioban* may be found in the English word, that signifies a musical performance of a peculiarly grave character, viz. *Oratorio*. In Ireland the meaning attached to it, is, perhaps, more distinctly embodied in an asseveration, common in that country, viz. "By the piper that played before Moses," a characteristic form of asseveration which is held by the lower orders to be far more binding than any oath as administered in a court of justice.

or song, as the case might be, of the celebrated Finn Mac Cumhal (Anglice Fingal); the general of the Fianna Eirinn, a species of native Irish militia in the third century of the Christian era, nearly resembling in institutions and organization the Janizaries of modern Turkey, and disposed of by Carbre, the son of Cormac, at the battle of Gabra, in a manner bearing so strong a family likeness to the final disposal of that body by the late Sultan, as to induce a strong suspicion of wilful plagiarism on the part of the Sublime Porte.

Here then we present our readers with the favourite air of that great Hero, a memorial of the mighty Ossianic Champion, which we trust will do more to immortalise his memory than any of the ingenious but audacious forgeries of Mr. Macpherson.

THE ORAIM PIOB NA FINN MAC-CUMHAL; OR, FINGAL HORNPIPE.

66

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and slurs. There are several triplets indicated by a '3' in a circle. The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign at the beginning. The first system consists of two measures, and the second system also consists of two measures. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

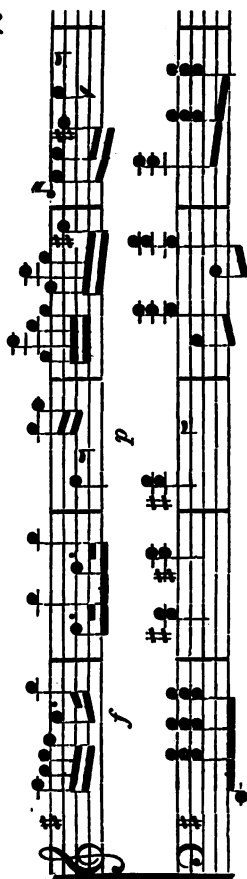
The musical score on page 67 consists of two systems, each with a piano (p) and violin (v) staff. The piano staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The violin staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piano staves feature complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, with some measures marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The violin staves also feature complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, with some measures marked with a 'v' (violin) dynamic. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and bar lines clearly visible.



*First time.*

*Second time.*

The musical score is presented on two systems. The first system, labeled 'First time.', consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The first system contains several measures of music, including a large bracketed section. The second system, labeled 'Second time.', also consists of two staves. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking and includes a large bracketed section. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.



DA CAPO.

The musical score is written for guitar on two staves. The left staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 3/4 time. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The score consists of several measures, with some measures containing slurs and ties. A 'DA CAPO.' instruction is placed above the right staff, indicating that the music should be repeated from the beginning after reaching the end of the piece. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.



The next of these curious relics of antiquity to which we shall call the attention of our readers, is one to which the damsels of Erin were accustomed to dance round the fairy thorns, a belief in whose sanctity still prevails in many parts of the country. Travellers in Ireland have probably observed these trees, distinguished by being hung all round with strips and shreds of the garments of their votaries, a custom which originated in the constant tearing off of fragments of their drapery whenever, as in the madness of the whirl they spun round the fairy tree, any part of their dress came in contact with it; and it is interesting to remark, as proving the high antiquity and Celtic origin of the dance lately disinterred from its slumber of ages under the name of Polka, that a precisely similar destruction of wearing apparel is as characteristic of the dance to this day as it was when practised by the daughters of Milesius, perhaps even more so, for the beauties of the early times in Ireland did not affect much abundance in their raiment. Indeed, there are those well acquainted with the subject, who, in commenting upon that beautiful national melody, beginning

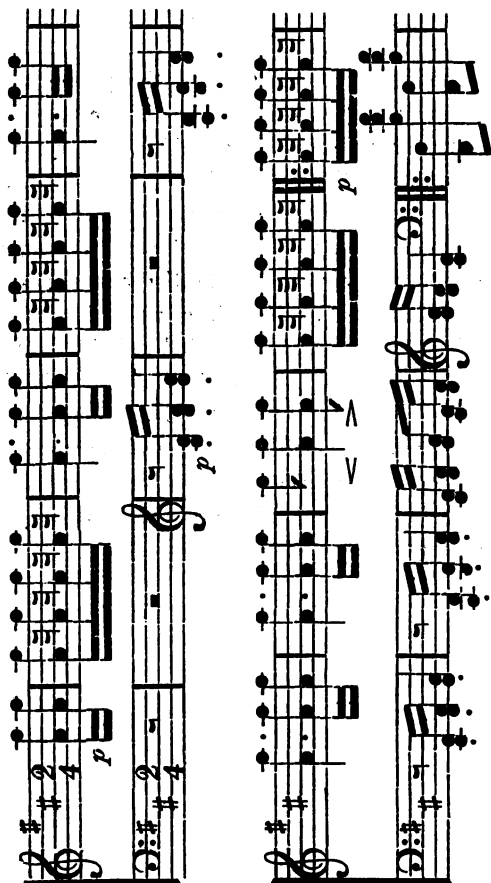
“ Rich and rare were the gems she wore,”

do not hesitate to affirm that the young lady in question wore very little else beside the gems. The reader will observe a wild simplicity, highly appropriate to the perhaps hardly sufficiently regulated devotion, verging upon superstition, if not fanaticism, of an untutored but sensitive people, in the following air, known to the ancients as the Sigh-goaithe or Whirlwind, a word derived from "sigh" (a fairy), and "goaithe" (wind), the fairies being supposed to be the authors of the whirlwinds, of which the dance round the holy thorns and its successor the modern (so called) Polka are alike typical. In compliance with the (somewhat piratical it must be admitted) spirit of the times we may style this lively air—

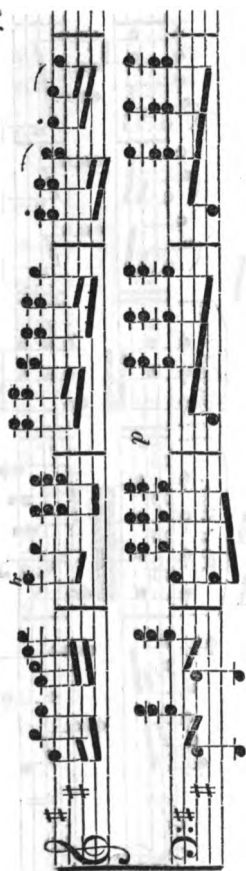
L

THE HURRICANE' POLKA.

74



The musical score on page 75 is written for a single melodic line on a five-line staff. The key signature consists of one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the main body of the piece, ending with a double bar line. The second system begins with a bracketed section labeled "First time." followed by a bracketed section labeled "Second time." The "First time" section concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The "Second time" section follows, also concluding with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as "f" (forte) and "p" (piano). The piece ends with a final double bar line and a repeat sign.



1st time.

2d time.

V. S.

*p*

TRIO.

The musical score is written on two systems. The first system contains two staves: a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), and a bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (D#) and a common time signature (C). The music features a piano accompaniment with chords and a vocal line. The first ending is marked '1st time.' and the second ending is marked '2d time.'. The second system also consists of two staves, with the treble staff marked 'TRIO.' and the bass staff marked 'V. S.'. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano). The key signature for the second system is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

87

Handwritten musical score for page 87. The page contains four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is dense, featuring many beamed notes, rests, and bar lines. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The notation is complex, with many beamed notes and rests, suggesting a fast or intricate piece of music.

The musical score is written for guitar on a six-string instrument, indicated by the six-line staff and the key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (C). The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. It consists of two staves: a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and is punctuated by slurs. The second system follows, also in two staves. It includes a first ending bracketed section labeled "First time." and a second ending bracketed section labeled "Second time." The first ending leads back to an earlier part of the piece, while the second ending concludes the section. The score ends with the instruction "DA CAPO." written vertically between the two staves of the final system.



The third and last of these gems of Irish musical art which we shall present to our English readers, is one whose origin is well nigh lost in its antiquity, for it claims a date almost antecedent to authentic history, being said to be the triumphant march of the Fir Bolg returning after a victory. We have already alluded to an hypothesis put forth upon highly respectable authority that the word Polka is derived from the name of this ancient colony in Ireland, or possibly from Bolgos, a name whereby, on account of its early inhabitants, the southern and western parts of the island, were known ; and should either this conjecture, or that which we have ourselves elsewhere ventured upon, prove correct, we trust that no one henceforth will have the audacity to dispute the right of Ireland to all honour, credit, glory, and profit (more especially as regards the restoration of the equilibrium before mentioned) derivable from the ancient national dance of which she has been piratically despoiled ; and that henceforth all right-minded people will commence doing tardy justice to the children of Erin, that magnificent race, which in future ages a New Generation will distinguish by the name of their great leader, and hold up to the admiration of the world, under the title of the DANAIC CELTS.

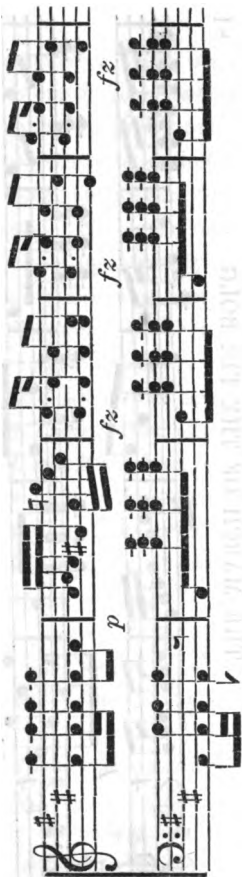
THE MARCH OF THE FIR BOLG.

81

*p*

*f*

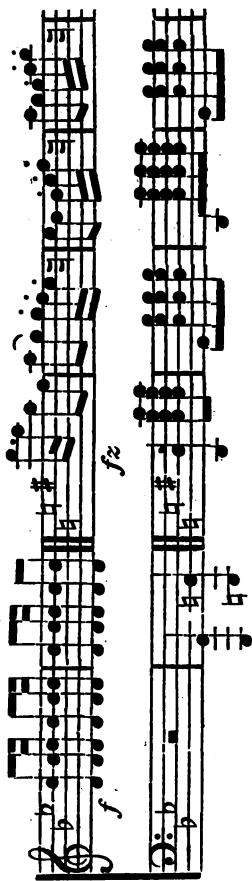
M





**TRIO.**

Musical score for a Trio section, featuring two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a melody in the Treble staff and a bass line in the Bass staff, with various chords and single notes. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is present at the beginning of the piece.



85

*pp*

*f*

*fz*

*cres.*

3

4

Detailed description: This musical score consists of two staves, each with four measures. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and one flat (Bb). The first measure of the top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The first measure of the bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The second measure of the top staff is marked *pp* (pianissimo). The second measure of the bottom staff is marked *f* (forte). The third measure of the top staff is marked *fz* (forzando). The third measure of the bottom staff is marked *cres.* (crescendo). The fourth measure of the top staff is marked *3* (triple). The fourth measure of the bottom staff is marked *4* (quadruple).

The musical score on page 86 consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff in G major (one sharp) and a bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The second system begins with a treble staff in G major and a bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a *f* (forte) marking. The third system begins with a treble staff in G major and a bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The fourth system begins with a treble staff in G major and a bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The score concludes with the instruction *DA CAPO.*











