

**BÉRANGER'S SONGS OF
THE EMPIRE, THE PEACE,
AND THE RESTORATION**

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Béranger's Songs of the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration by Pierre Jean de Béranger & Robert B. Brough

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PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER & ROBERT B. BROUGH

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BÉRANGER'S SONGS.

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BÉRANGER'S SONGS

OF

THE EMPIRE, THE PEACE, AND THE
RESTORATION.

Translated into English Verse

BY ROBERT B. BROUGH.

v

LONDON:

ADDEY AND CO., HENRIETTA STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCLVI.

1856

TO

DANTE G. ROSSETTI,

FOUNDER OF THE SO-CALLED PRE-RAPHAELITE SCHOOL OF ENGLISH ART.

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I do not doubt but that you, in your modesty, will be inclined to reject the title I have awarded you, as an honour beyond your due. That it is an honour of vast magnitude, I readily admit. Nevertheless, that it is legitimately yours I most implicitly believe; and by none—from all I can learn—is your right to it more cheerfully or gratefully recognised than by those great painters who, placed by your intelligence and judgment in the path to Perfection, have a little outstripped you in the journey thitherward—naturally enough; for, having fatigued yourself with discovering the path for them (and yourself in due time), you were entitled to a little rest.

You may wonder what connection can be established between Pre-Raphaelite painters and a book of translations from Béranger. I might easily answer, that no such connec-

tion were needed to induce me to seize any opportunity for publicly testifying to the high esteem in which I hold your genius and friendship. This, however, might fail to satisfy your artistic sense of fitness in things. I have therefore sought for a peg on which to hang my pre-determined dedication of this book to you—and believe I have found one quite strong enough for the purpose.

Béranger, in the preface to his collected works (speaking of a period in his early life when he first became conscious of the sacredness of a Poet's calling, and was humbly seeking, as it were, for a poetical creed), says:

"I admit, however, that I was unwilling after this to see a return to the dead language of Ronsard, the most classic of our old writers; I was unwilling, above all, that we should turn our backs on our own age of emancipation merely to ransack the coffin of the Middle Ages—except, indeed, with a view to measure and weigh the chains with which the unhappy serfs, our ancestors, were loaded by their feudal masters. Perhaps, after all, I was wrong. *It was when, crossing the Atlantic, he believed himself on the way to Asia, the cradle of the ancient world, that Columbus discovered a new one.*"

By a pilgrimage similar to that hypothetically indicated by my good old poet, have you and your lately ridiculed, but now already honoured, brethren discovered a new World of Art, whose scarcely opened treasures will be prominent among the glories of this age and nation. An exploring expedition

in search of the pure springs, whence Giotto and Cimabue drew their inspirations, has landed in a region of splendour previously unknown—one in which John Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Rossetti are already actively engaged in making conquests.

The accidental homage of an honest man of genius, whom two generations have honoured, I am sure you will accept with pleasure. The more premeditated one of the dedication, by a humbler person, of a work into which he has at all events thrown much enthusiasm and more labour, will, I trust, be as well received—from its sincerity.

I dedicate this Volume to you, my dear Rossetti, declaring myself, with some pride,

Your friend and admirer,

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

London, September 1856.

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