

**THE NAPOLEON BALLADS,
BY BON GAULTIER. THE
POETICAL WORKS**

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The Napoleon Ballads, by Bon Gaultier. The Poetical Works by Louis Napoleon

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LOUIS NAPOLEON

**THE NAPOLEON BALLADS,
BY BON GAULTIER. THE
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25. E. 2nd St. N. W. d. Sir Theodore Tilton

The Napoleon Ballads,

BY BON GAULTIER.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.



NEW-YORK:

GEO. P. PUTNAM, 10 PARK PLACE.

LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET ST.

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL THE BOOKSELLERS WHO HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR
CAYENNE.

M D C C C L I I .

PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE hitherto rare volume which has been here translated is supposed to have been privately printed at the Elysée.

It was intended for almost universal circulation, and in the original edition the following Decree was published on the fly-leaf:—

LOUIS NAPOLEON :

Prince President of the Republic.

Art. 1. CONSIDERING—That it is good for the people to read good poetry ;

Art. 2. CONSIDERING that few people can write it ;

Art. 3. CONSIDERING that he is one of the few, the Prince President has written the following work. Respecting which

It is DECREED—That any person within France found without a copy, warranted to have been duly paid for, shall be liable to summary trial and deportation, with the confiscation of all his goods and chattels.

Done at the Elysée, this first of April.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Countersigned,

DE MAUPAS.

Almost immediately, however, after the publication, the Prince President changed his mind, and issued another Decree, denouncing

deportation against any one who should be found with a copy—duly warranted as having been paid for or not.

The consequence was the immediate disappearance of the whole edition.

Two copies only reached England. One is at the British Museum; but, in consequence of the haste being made with the Catalogue, Sir Henry Ellis has not yet had time to open the enclosure.

The other was sent, as a memento of old times, by the Prince President to a quondam friend of his, a billiard-marker in St. James's—who, being in reduced circumstances, at once brought it into the Literary market.

Such are the singular facts of the case. They may be as perfectly relied on as if they had appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, or even the *Moniteur*.

It may be remarked as unaccountable, that not a few of the following lyrics appear to reflect upon their author. But he, it is well to remember, is a very unaccountable person. Many readers would possibly not have expected such a style of effusion; but did they expect the *coup d'état*, or the Orleans confiscation? It is quite clear that, both in his poetry and in his politics, Louis Napoleon is not to be judged of by ordinary rules.

The fact that the poems and patriotic hymns are so frequently founded upon English models, is to be accounted for by the long residence of the Prince President in London.

Notes—sometimes by the author and sometimes by the translator—have been added where necessary, and it is hoped that the work will form a complete poetic mirror of Louis Napoleon's exploits and policy.

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OPINION OF THE PRESS.

From the "*Bass Exception*."

We consider the poems contained in this little volume to be the greatest literary achievement which the age has accomplished. Leaning luxuriously back in our editorial boudoir, raising in happy insouciance our glazed *boîtes* to the polished hobs, and lasciviously inhaling the aroma of a critical cigar, we have *venu* to the conclusion that neither Byron nor Milton, although, *l'un et l'autre*, persons of some talent, could have written such stanzas as we here find struck off, amid the *bruit* and *fracas* of administrative life, by the pious, moderate, truth-loving, and mercy-inclining Prince who now rules in *La Belle France* a happy, a contented, and a prosperous *peuple*. Whether we contemplate the pure strain of morality inculcated, the lofty tone of political philosophy adopted, or the spirit-stirring march of the ballad poetry, which rouses the finest and noblest feelings of our nature *comme* a trumpet blast—we know no living poet who can be for a moment *placé* in competition with the Imperial Lyrist. The tears we have shed over the *malheurs* of Straabourg and Boulogne are yet wet upon the costly *tapisserie* beneath us. The souvenirs of his Great Uncle, so exquisitely set forth, have penetrated to our very *ame*, and the magnificent *abandon* of the description of the *mitraillement* of the *canaille* on the Boulevard is worthy of the glorious subject. When,