

Where I have found them coarse in manners, or at fault in head or heart, I have left them out, although their names were on my list. I have said nothing in the present LONDONIAD that I would not willingly enlarge upon, and say over again with tenfold force, had we a language capable of conveying the thought. The *mind* of man I have striven to honour. I consider Intellect a ray emanating from Deity.—*vide* prospectus—and modes of speech being more or less the invention of Man, I know that no power of humanity can portray attributes of the Eternal; as well might we attempt to perfume the gales of Araby, or gild the sunbeams. Veneration animated me; servility never prompted; involuntary obedience I pay to nothing created. Our names will be here associated for many generations; and I would fain hope, for ever. The poems, as they appear in this the Sixth LONDONIAD, will form part in any and every complete edition of my Works that may be published in after times, unless remodelled for the better. And here let me pay a tribute to the Muse who strengthened me in the contemplation of the deeds of so many moving spirits of our age; who has been my Cicerone among the monuments of the mind; who has borne me triumphantly to an hitherto undiscovered world, and never, in exploring for a moment by night or by day, forsook me—never forsook the adventurous pioneer, whose full heart pours one deep diapason to thee, Spirit of Poetry, who art wider spread, longer lasting, and more exalted than all the works of Man. And now I speak not in “the spirit of unfeeling commeree:” the smallest number on my list is 50 copies, as may be seen, from thence up to 1000, but generally ranging from 100 to 250, which, considering the smallness of the amount, the immense edition, and the personages with whom I have the honour of being associated, is not to be wondered at. If it so happen that my friends may not find it quite convenient to distribute their copies immediately, instead of the number taken, they can have, if they please, the Six LONDONIADS that have yet appeared, bound together; or the Parliamentary Edition by itself, in the highest style of Art, not in split leather or skiver, but in the best double-grained morocco, and illustrated; among the rest, the well-known portrait of Prince Albert, by Say, and Mote, the plate of which is now in my possession. I rejoice in being able to lay this beautiful work of Art before my friends, not for his being a Prince, but because he has done more for the expanding of the mind, and enlightening of the world, than all that destiny ever placed near or on a throne in any other land, and more than all the kings of England put together since the time of Saxon Alfred, and before him.

12, LOWER CALTHORPE STREET, W.C.

25th March, 1859.