

153. To his Mother

Harrow/June 5th, 1869

My dearest Mother

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My book was out yesterday and the day before I got from Macmillan the note I enclose, which you may burn. He sent a cheque for £200 with it, having paid the first £100 at Lady Day, when the bargain was first made. This makes £500 my poems have brought me in within the last two years, so that they are beginning to make amends for their long unprofitableness. This new edition is really a very pretty book, but you had better not buy it, because I am going to give it Fan and shall bring it with me to Fox How, and the order of arrangement in this edition is not quite the final one I shall adopt; on this final order I could not decide till I saw this collected edition. The next edition will have the final order, and then the book will be stereotyped. That edition I shall then have bound and give you. I expect the present edition will be sold out in about a year. Macmillan tells me the booksellers are subscribing very well for it - My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn as they have had theirs. *Two* articles in Temple Bar, one on Tennyson the other on Browning, are worth reading both for their ability and as showing with what much greater independence those poets are now judged and what much more clearly conceived demands are now made both upon them and upon any modern poet.

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your ever most affectionate

M. A.