

a visit, they would be convinced of the feasibility of the system they are trying to nip in the bud. To be explicit, *I* am the only representative of the masculine gender on this sphere. I suppose you think that is the reason the moon is usually considered a dreary waste, but I find it very comfortable. It is really astonishing with what talent the women manage the whole affairs of the nation. There are no men to create contentions and jealousies, to crush them with iron-handed tyrannies, and frown down all their little attempts at legislation. Far from the chilling blasts of an unsympathetic world such as yours, their natures expand and blossom in the sunshine of my smiles.

I cannot but marvel when a young lady of your evident study and research asks such a simple question as, "What is the origin of language?" Have you not read in the gospel according to Darwin, how the chatterings of the monkey blended with those of the human infant, scarcely any difference being yet discernible? Some of the uncivilized nations of your earth still use this, which is undoubtedly the oldest language you possess. Some of your forefathers, through various impediments in their speech, were unable to pronounce certain words, and so formed new ones instead. Thus the different languages were evolved, and you can see for yourself how the process is still going on. The budding intellects of the nineteenth century cannot find words in the old Saxon adequate to express their wonderful ideas. They are, therefore, continually inventing new phrases, which are marvels of eloquence and euphony. Parents and instructors try to check this practice. They seldom think they are retarding the great development of language.

You cannot regret your inability to visit me more than I do. I once thought of building an air-line from my principal globe to my satellite, but, on consideration, I thought we would be immediately overrun with your male creatures, and I prefer being *the man in the moon* for all time to come.

My express messenger is thundering the alarm, which means she wants to be off. Hoping to hear from you again,

I remain,

Your distant but devoted admirer,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

When Charles Dickens, in 1853, was editing his weekly paper *Household Words*, his attention was attracted by a short poem offered by a person writing under the *nom de plume* of "Miss Berwick." In style and sentiment this poem differed so materially from all other contributions that Dickens, quite charmed, accepted it, and intimated to Miss Berwick that he would be pleased to consider her a regular contributor. This Miss Berwick agreed to become, and wrote regularly for a year. All this time Mr. Dickens had been in ignorance as to her real name, and not till after a year did I learn that Miss Berwick was Adelaide Anne Proctor, daughter of his most intimate friend Walter Proctor, better known to the literary world as Barry Cornwall. Miss Proctor was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825, and at a very early age evinced the greatest love for poetry, and when only five years of age had her favorite poems, which her mother used to copy into a small book, which was Adelaide's constant companion. In all her branches of study, Miss Proctor displayed great aptness and proficiency—excelling in music and painting. She was thoroughly conversant with the French, German and Italian languages, but one of her peculiarities was, to lose all interest in any study as soon as it was thoroughly mastered. Her course of reading was wide and varied, and well adapted for mental improvement. Some verses by her had appeared some years before 1853, in the *Book of Beauty*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Good Words*, but, with these exceptions, her first published writings appeared in *Household Words*, and till then her family knew nothing of her literary talents or her aspirations as an authoress. She was a most zealous and devout member of the Catholic Church, and in its aid her pen was most frequently employed. Her labors, both literary and charitable, were most arduous, and when remonstrated with for her untiring efforts, she would answer, "There is no time for dreaming, I must work," and work she did, until no longer able from ill-health. In reading Adelaide Proctor's poems, the first impression one receives, is that she must have been a person of great melancholy. Charles Dickens tells us this