

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"MY life might be put into an epigram," said Charles Lamb, and the same might be said of Adelaide Anne Procter, so uneventful was her short and saintly life.

Her father, W. P. Procter, under the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," was well known as a writer, when in 1825 his "well -beloved firstborn" was born. His legal training accentuated an instinctive dislike for "hazy horizons," and probably narrowed his mental outlook; but his personality was full of charm, as is evinced by the troops of friends who rejoiced continually in his company.

Carlyle, in his 'Reminiscences,' gives us one of his word-pictures of Barry Cornwall at this time: "A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Procter, bodily and spiritually; manners prepossessing, slightly London elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound honourable morality, and airy friendly ways; of slight neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine,