

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO PLYMOUTH—BIBLICAL AND LITERARY
LABOURS—SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC HABITS.

AFTER the Pictorial Bible was completed, Kitto and his family paid a friendly visit to Plymouth, and were received in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to him. How different his condition now from that in which he had visited his birth-place on his arrival from Malta! Then appearances, to say the least of it, were against him; now realities were for him. He had achieved celebrity; and every friend who had ever given him a kind word might greet him as a man of note, and claim an interest in his success. Many must have reversed their previous opinion, and perhaps affirmed that, after all, they had uniformly believed, and had indeed so predicted, that John Kitto would make a figure. Some of humbler rank might remember the deaf and ragged boy, who had devoured so many books; or the poor and pitied youth, who had drudged so contentedly in the workhouse. We wonder whether Mr Bowden, whose tyranny had brought the smart youngster into notice, lived to see or hear of the editor of the Pictorial Bible.

Kitto tells one friend that he often ‘mused on his inner history,’ but his outer life also presented many topics of reflection. As, therefore, he walked through Plymouth, and visited Seven Stars Lane, the place of his birth, or surveyed the grim walls of the hospital, or shook hands with someone whose friendly countenance he might not recognise, he must have wondered at the changes in his history; his memory must have suddenly leapt back to days gone by, and brought them into immediate contrast with present scenes and enjoyments. Once it was night—poverty, rags, hunger, toil, and loneliness without a home: now the day had dawned—competence, study, fame, and usefulness, with a smiling and a growing household. He was designedly taking his own picture when he grouped and arranged the opposite elements of such an experience as the following:—

“Afflictions and trials are often allowed to accumulate, one after another, without rest or pause for a certain time, until a point of such accumulated wretchedness is reached, that it seems as if the last point to which even human endurance can stretch—the utmost pitch to which even heavenly sustainments can uphold this earthly essence, has been attained, and that it needs but one atom more added to the agglomerated burden of these troubles to break the spirit on which it has been piled up. Then, at what seems to us the last moment,

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He who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust—He who will never suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able to bear—appears as a deliverer. With His strong hand He lifts the burden from the shoulder, and casts it afar off; tenderly does He anoint and bind up the deep sores it has worn in the flesh, and pour in the oil and the wine; and graciously does He lead us forth into the fresh and green pastures, where we may lie down at ease under the warm sunshine of His countenance, till all the frightful past becomes as a half-remembered dream—a tale that is told.’¹¹⁰

After a sojourn of three weeks in Plymouth, Kitto returned to his daily toils. ‘Uncle Oliver,’¹¹¹ on which he had been long working, was published during the year. The devotion of so much of his time to the Pictorial Bible had greatly retarded its completion. The book is a description of Persian scenery, with an account of plants, animals, villages, houses, habits, markets, domestic customs, and religion. Uncle Oliver is an old gentleman who has travelled in Persia, and who doles out his information night after night to two nephews and a niece, while Mr Dillon, tutor to the two boys, vouchsafes occasional explanations. Uncle Oliver has, of course, almost all the talk to himself, the boys and girl putting in a word only at intervals; but his descriptions are simple, and, being those of an eye-witness, they are interesting and well adapted to the young. The style is professedly in ‘the manner of Peter Parley.’ It does not seem to have excited much sensation on its appearance, nor did its author seemingly care much about it.

Kitto’s next great work, after the Pictorial Bible, was the ‘Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land, including a complete history of the Jews.’ Nine months were spent in laborious preparation—‘collecting books, examining authorities, and digesting materials.’ The want of books was still felt by him, for many of those he coveted were of an exorbitant price. He had, however, been fortunate in gaining some valuable tomes, many of which had once been in Mr Heber’s collection, ‘containing Travels and Descriptions of Palestine,’ extending from the fifteenth century to the present time. But he experienced great difficulty in getting authentic information as to the natural history of the country. ‘The work,’ he says to Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, ‘is, therefore, in this part, one of original research sufficiently laborious and difficult.’ The first volume, with a considerable portion of the second, contains the national history of the Jews, commencing with the patriarchs, descending through the times of the Old Testament, filling up the interval between the Restoration and the birth of Christ, and concluding with the capture of Jerusalem and the ultimate dispersion. The physical history occupies by no means so large a space, and was, perhaps, curtailed, to keep the work within certain fixed dimensions. He

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opens this section with a brief sketch of various writers on the subject—beginning with that store-house, the Hierozoicon of Bochart; glancing at the Arboretum Biblicum of Ursinus, and the Hierophyticon of Hiller; eulogising, as it deserves, the Hierobotanicon of Olaus Celsius, the patron of Linnaeus,—not forgetting, at the same time, Paxton, Harris, Calmet, and Taylor; and describing some strange and valueless peculiarities in the engravings which so profusely embellish the *Physica Sacra* of the Swiss physician Scheuchzer. The very full list of travellers is arranged, to some extent, according to the countries to which they belonged—those being specially referred to who have added to our stock of information on the natural history of the Holy Land. He next discusses, under separate heads, mountains, geology, valleys, lakes, and rivers, history of the months, and zoology,—the animals being arranged according to the order of Cuvier's *Règne Animal*.

The Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land never reached the popularity of the Pictorial Bible, and probably has never been fully appreciated. It seemed to be supposed that the mass of its information had already been anticipated in its predecessor. The supposition is so far correct in reference to the Bible history, and that has always formed the special object of interest. Many of the illustrations also are repeated from the previous work. Nor do general readers care to find Sacred Narrative done into other words—recomposed in another style, which, as it mingles up illustration and paraphrase, and is broken by explanatory references, wants the simplicity and terseness of the inspired original. The book, however, contains much that is valuable, and, of course, treats of portions of Jewish history which are not found in Scripture. Nine months of incessant and conscientious preparation for the task could not be without some proportionate fruit.

The part which contains the physical history is deficient in arrangement. To describe all the hills and rivers collectively and in separate sections may make up good dissertations, but it fails to give the reader a full and correct notion of geography—that is, of the features and character of the country as they really present themselves. It would have been better to have constructed an ideal pilgrimage through the land, bringing out scene after scene as they actually occur. The imaginary tour might have begun in the peninsula of Sinai and advanced northward, or it might have followed the poet's order, and commenced its survey where

'Hoar Lebanon! majestic to the winds,
Chief of a hundred hills, his summit rears
Unshrouded; thence by Jordan south,

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Whate'er the desert's yellow arms embrace—
Rich Gilead, Idumea's palmy plain,
And Judah's olive hills; thence on to those
Cliff-guarded eyries, desert bound, whose height
Mocked the proud eagles of rapacious Rome—
The famed Petraean citadels—till, last,
Rise the lone peaks, by Heaven's own glory crowned,
Sinai on Horeb piled.'

Such a method, while it would have imparted more variety and interest, would have also taken away from the work its detached and miscellaneous appearance. One prefers to see Palestine as it is, rather than to have it dislocated into fragments: one of these built up of all its mountains, and another overflowing with all its waters. The same objection partly applies to the history of the months, arranged after Buhle and Walch. That portion is replete with useful facts, but of such a kind, that the reader would never think of consulting the section for them. The author pleads for his arrangement, that by it the largest information might be thrown into the smallest space. True. The argument is good for those who may read through the 'Economical Calendar,' as Charles Taylor calls his translation of Buhle; but it is forgotten that many a one buys such a book for reference, and that its value is in proportion to the facility with which he finds at once what he wants. Who, without some previous knowledge, would search for almonds under January, or hennah under May—sycamores under August, or agricultural operations under October? Had Kitto, with his subsequent experience, handled the work for a second edition, he would have turned out almost a new production. Having been paid for this work 'according to the highest scale of literary remuneration,' and having laboured on it so long and diligently, he was greatly disappointed at its slow sale, and thus explains himself to Mr Knight—May 28, 1840:—

' . . . I was deeply disappointed to learn that the success of the Pictorial Palestine is so much below your expectations. I feel assured in my mind that it deserves to succeed, and will still hope that it may afford an adequate remuneration to you, when it comes to be sold in a completed form. If I have misgivings, they arise from the fact, that the work will not be completed to the extent which was promised. . . . It is quite true that the Scriptural narrative was too diffuse at the beginning, arising partly from the difficulty of calculation, and partly from my wish to bring out characteristic customs and ideas. . . . I am, on the whole, well satisfied that, as it will stand, the Pictorial Palestine will do no discredit to the editor of the Pictorial Bible. It is, in fact, a much superior work, though, as it happens, it would seem to be less adapted to attract attention

“in the market of literature.” I know nothing that could mortify me more than to hear you say that the Physical History would not sell by itself. It is a pocket question to me; for most of the time spent by me in preparation, before the work went to press, was occupied in forming collections for this very portion. With the other portion, by which I gain as much, and which will be more profitable to you, I could have gone to press at once, and furnished a part month by month. It seems possible to make books *too good* for the great world; and if so, you can neither afford to publish nor I to write good things that will not sell.’

Thus will authors complacently misjudge the comparative merits of their productions. Yet he admits that Professor Robinson of New York, then in London, had pointed out several inaccuracies in the plates of some of the most beautiful of the landscapes; and it is plain, from a tedious correspondence, that there was considerable misunderstanding between publisher and author about the size and proportions of the work. He had also expressed distrust of Professor Robinson’s view as to the scene of the passage through the Red Sea,¹¹² stating, in his usual tone of unqualified firmness, that the traveller could scarcely be unbiased in his judgment, and would see nothing to disturb his ‘foregone conclusions,’ as he had previously published the same opinion in an American periodical. Professor Robinson then wrote him, calmly denying the imputation,¹¹³ and Kitto replied¹¹⁴ in a long letter, conveying his full appreciation of the traveller’s successes, and his hearty thanks for the unparalleled service he had rendered to biblical geography. Many points, too, on which Kitto gives a decided judgment, such as the identification of Sinai, are yet unsettled—points on which Lepsius, Ritter, Robinson, Stanley, Stewart, and others well qualified to judge, are by no means agreed, and further research is still indispensable to a just conclusion.

The question may now be naturally asked, how did Kitto find leisure to get through those multifarious employments—how did he so divide and occupy his hours as to bring so much labour within the limits of human capability? His plans necessitated no ordinary industry, and twelve hours were not sufficient for his day. From early life he had taught himself to be a miser in the use of every moment, and he was so disciplined as to content himself with a very small amount of sleep. His quiet and retiring habits, formed before his marriage, were not altered by it. He would still sit at breakfast with a book in his hand, as if he had forgotten that he had ceased to be a bachelor. At tea, however, he made it a point to offer compensation for the morning’s monopoly, by reading aloud to his wife, but the deep and unvarying bass of his guttural tones, prolonged for hours, often set ‘his sole auditor’ asleep. So innocent was

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he in his own opinion, that, when gently spoken to as to his persistence in the practice, he could not at first understand what possible cause of complaint he had given. He had imagined that what had so interested himself as to induce him to try his vocal organs upon it, could not fail to interest his wife. But the practice, he admits, 'brought to light new and previously unknown talents in him.' 'Were I again in Persia,' he merrily exclaims, 'it would be in my power to realise a handsome income by the exercise of a gift, which is only there well appreciated. It throws into the shade all the boasted wonders of the mesmeric trance, to behold the gradual subsidence of my victim under the sleep-compelling influences of my voice, in spite of all her super-human struggles to avert the inevitable doom!'¹¹⁵ In many ways did Mrs Kitto feel at first those strange peculiarities which his habits and labours had created or fostered; for while he coveted the seclusion of a hermit for his work, he had the intense relish of a husband for domestic and social enjoyment. Indeed, his wife had to undergo a willing process of assimilation, and soon became not only so reconciled to his modes of life, but so much at one with him, in admiration of his abilities, and in sympathy with all his pursuits, as to be able herself to put on proud record that 'during the twenty-one years of our married life, I may say, in perfect truth, that ten hours have not been spent separate from him in visiting.' His toil was incessant, and many a day his only walk was from his study to his parlour, and from his parlour to his study. To overtake his many tasks, he began to sit up during night, but soon abandoned such a dangerous method, for nature would assert its claims, and he insensibly dropped asleep before midnight among his books and papers. Suddenly starting from slumber, he would resume his pen, and by the third watch of the morning would be found eager and busy at his allotted duty. His lamp, however, did not always shade its flame, when he nodded; and more than once there was the risk of a conflagration. Then he betook himself to a far better and healthier plan, that of early rising—the alarum-clock employed for the purpose first rousing his partner, who could hear it, and she touching him. A bell, which could be rung by the watchman, was next substituted for the alarum; but still he must have depended on the faithful ears of another, and his wife was often obliged, sorely against her will, to wake him from a slumber which his exhausted frame so much required. Getting up at the first summons, usually at four, he at one period repaired directly to his study, prepared himself a cup of tea by means of a spirit-lamp, and then sat down and laboured till the hour of breakfast. After breakfast a few turns were occasionally taken in his garden, and having dressed, he went to his workroom, and remained till he was called to dinner at one. The writing of letters, the correcting of proofs, and other miscellaneous duties, occupied him till tea at

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five; then he returned to his desk, writing till toward ten, and reading till eleven. This was a work-day of sixteen hours, and of incessant application. All the socialities of out-door life were completely set aside. His wife was enlisted in his service, and so well did she drill herself, that, so far from being a cypher, as she at first thought, he used jocularly to call her his 'hodman.' She never allowed him to be checked or interrupted in his labours by any domestic hindrances; so that no visitor ever found him, like Melancthon, Hooker, and Thomas Scott, holding a book in one hand, and rocking the cradle with the other. So essential did she become to him, that he could never bear her absence from home. Her activity blended so admirably with his sedentary habits, that he delighted in his own humorous image, 'What with my centripetal and her centrifugal force, we move in a very harmonious orbit.'

When he was employed in Mr Knight's office, he commonly went and came with book in hand, for the noise around could cause him no distraction. Then and afterwards he ran no little risk in the streets of London. His load of books in his pockets had nearly drowned him in the Tigris; and the volume on which he poured, amid the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, frequently brought him into jeopardy of life and limb. And even when he had no book to fill his eye and occupy his attention, he sometimes saw the people staring as if at some novelty, and could not divine what or who it was, till a whip laid smartly across his shoulders, told him that himself in imminent peril had been the unconscious object of curiosity and alarm. At other times, the excited gestures of a policeman warned him to look behind, just as the hot breath of a horse blew into his face, and its uplifted hoof was about to tread him to the ground. But he was mercifully preserved; and the coarse epithets of cab-drivers and waggons, and the more sympathising badinage of orange-women, as the one cursed, or the other commiserated his stupidity, were all happily lost upon him.

While his daily toils left him little leisure, he yet delighted to relax for a brief period with his children. He took them, as soon as they were able, to assist him in his gardening operations, and they were delighted at the symbols of approbation, whenever they received them. Rejoicing in their little joys, he partook of their gambols, and each, on its birthday, was sure to receive an appropriate present. But while they enjoyed themselves to the utmost in their pastimes, and could range their home without restraint, to one room they were debarred access. The library was a sacred place; and if they did cross the awful threshold, they were solemnly interdicted from touching anything in it. They must have often looked on its litter with curious wonder—its piles of letters and bundles of papers—books shut and open huddled together on the table, and volumes as large as themselves strewed in heaps on the floor. Shireen was at

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length allowed the high and envied privilege of occasionally touching some of the papers, and arranging a few of the books. But she was bound in her procedure by a strict and formal stipulation, to all the articles of which she promised a rigid adherence. The formidable document ran as follows:—

‘Plan, Programme, Protocol, Synopsis, and Conspectus, for clearing Dr Kitto’s Table.

1. Make one pile of religious books. 2. Another of books not religious. 3. Another of letters. 4. Another of written papers other than letters. 5. Another of printed papers. 6. Put these piles upon the floor. 7. The table being now clear, dust, scrub, rub, and scour the table till you sweat; and when you have sweated half a gallon, give over, and put the piles upon the table, leaving to Dr K. the final distribution.—Signed, sealed, and delivered, this 28th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1852.

‘*Witness*, HOLOFERNES PIPS.

* JOHN KITTO.’

His home, in short, with all its monotonous and incessant toil, was to him a source of perpetual delight. His previous life had prepared him to relish it. He who had so often been a guest under others’ roofs, and so long ‘a stranger in a strange land,’ felt his own hearth and household to be an unspeakable pleasure. We have been with him in the height of his fame, and when his family were round him. How heartily he was one with them! He was a happy and playful father, and his young ones were full of innocent freedom in his presence, each anxious to say a word to him—that is, to present it in visible form to the paternal eye—even the infant imitating in its own way, and with ‘infinite seriousness,’ the finger-talk going on so busily round about it, and crowing in ecstasy at its success in obtaining a nod or a smile. ‘It was quite a treat,’ says one of his visitors,¹¹⁶ ‘to see him out of his study, especially at family devotion, conducted with so much solemnity by your dear husband, surrounded by his little family. The dear little one, too, brought in for its morning kiss by his aged mother, and then herself receiving the same token of affection. I think I have never seen so much love and reverence manifested by children for a father—indeed, all was love and harmony; and that *look* of affection (over his glasses) so often bestowed on them, impressed my mind more deeply than words could have done, that he tenderly loved them.’ Again and again, had he intimated, in his journals and letters, his desire to provide for his mother, who had seen so much of the shady side of life; and now, in the evening of her days, she was an honoured inmate of his dwelling; and so much was she bound up in him and his family, that when his failing health obliged him to go to Germany and leave her behind, she was so grieved and stunned by the separation, that she seldom

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spoke afterward, but sunk into a melancholy which continued till her death at the end of last year.¹¹⁷

His children, all of whom had acute ears, and tongues of rattling eloquence, were each of them, as they grew up, at a loss for a time to understand their father's infirmity. They could not comprehend why a word or a call should not at once tell upon him as upon their mother. They were unable to divine why, at their cry of 'Papa,' he did not lift his head from a book, or lay down his pen for a moment; while the cry of 'Mamma' brought her at once to their side, no matter in what business she might happen to be engaged. From mere imitation, they began the finger-talk before they could speak, and resorted to it when other infantine signals failed. 'If the little creatures are so placed as to be unable to engage my attention by touching me, they call to me, and on finding that also unavailing, blow to me, and if that also fails, stamp upon the floor; and when they have, by one or other of these methods, attracted my eyes, begin their pretty talk upon the fingers. One of the least patient of them used to stamp and cry herself into a vast rage in the vain effort to engage my attention. It is very singular that these practices should have been taken up by all of them in succession, like natural instincts, without having learned them from one another.'¹¹⁸

His modes of recreation were, at this period, like himself, somewhat peculiar. It was not exercise he coveted, but rather a ride in an omnibus, and a walk home afterwards. The flowers in Covent Garden in summer, and the glory of the shops in winter, greatly delighted him. But scarcely more than once a week could he afford such an indulgence. 'If I failed,' such is his own record, 'to secure this recreation, from press of editorial or other literary business, during the early portion of the week, I seldom missed it on Saturday night. This was because, as an observer of character, I took much interest in seeing the working people abroad with their wives, laying out the money which their week's labour had produced; and in witnessing the activity which this circumstance gave to many streets, and inspecting the commodities there exposed for sale in the open air. I felt that I could enter with interest into the feelings of the various parties pausing, hesitating, or purchasing, at the various shops and stalls, materials for the hiss of universal fry, which on Saturday night ascends from fifty thousand hearths, or for the scarcely more enjoyed bake of the Sunday dinner. It was something to be able to enter into these matters, and to follow a hundred of these parties home, to assist in blowing the fire, to turn out before the eyes of the bigger children the treasures of the basket, to pacify the young ones, now all alive in bed, with an apple or other nicety, to watch the spit and sputter and hubbub of the frying-pan, and at length to share its steaming contents with all.

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What a multitudinous host of beggars are then abroad, whom one sees not at any other time! Their faith in their own class—always willing, but then only able to assist them—their assurance of the warm sympathies of those who have dominion over Saturday night, more than in the cold charities, or colder uncharities, of gentlefolks who have rule over the rest of the week, are the influences which that night may draw forth into the streets, from their wretched nooks, hundreds of miserable creatures, who, but for the gleams of sympathy and kindness which, on that one evening, shine upon their hearts, would perhaps cast themselves down in helpless despair to curse God and die. Then, also, the music is all abroad. Barrel-organs we have at all times; but on Saturday nights bands of fine instruments are about in all directions, as well as songsters and solitary fiddlers. This is not without enjoyment to me. I like to stand a few paces aloof from a party of Saturday night people gathered round the musicians. I watch the impression it makes upon them. I sympathize in their attention, and by identifying myself with them, derive real enjoyment from the music through them, and drop my dole into the plate with as much cheerfulness as if the whole concourse of sweet sounds had rushed into my own ears.¹¹⁹

She who had the best experience of his social qualities has thus described them:—

‘I desire to give some idea of my dear husband’s habits with friends, but I find the task somewhat difficult. No one who ever saw that noble brow, and that eye lighted up with intelligence, could doubt his social powers. That bright thoughts were over passing within, might be inferred from the glowing expression of his features, even when unuttered by the lips. In ordinary company he was far from comfortable, and could only take refuge in a book. Most of his friends, though they might enjoy hearing him talk—that is, the few who could understand him, had themselves so little to say, or were so discouraged by the slow process of finger-talk, and the still more cumbrous resource of pen and paper, that they seldom or never made the effort to speak. Thus he was generally left to himself reading, or while watching an opportunity to speak, perhaps incurring the mortification of finding that he had interrupted someone. When he met with literary characters, or men of real information, he kept them continually writing, often catching, with his quick eye, the meaning of their answers before they were fully written. He had one friend who was capable of keeping him in a state of continued excitement. Though I could execute the finger-talk with great rapidity, I could never read it; so that I could only guess at what had been said by other persons from the tenor of my husband’s remarks. I was always aware when the company was irksome to him. Husbands are not clever at hiding their feelings from their wives; and I could

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easily discern his, which often made me quite as miserable as himself. I felt that he ought not to be made to feel his infirmity, which was always the case when he was out of his library. We therefore mutually agreed, that the reception of friends was not suited to our condition, and learned to live alone. But there was one dear family of children, whose growing intelligence he had watched from their infancy, on his visits to their parents. Them he delighted to visit, or to be visited by. They had all been drawn to him in love during their childhood, and had learned to talk on their fingers, and could as freely ask and reply to questions as any of his own family. He always kept these young people in full talk, and, while in his company, there was no reprieve for their poor fingers. Sometimes he insisted on their playing on the piano the Battle of Prague, and he sat with his fingers placed on the sounding-board, seeming to derive pleasure from the vibrations he felt. His entire helplessness in all matters extraneous to his library, rendered him quite dependent on me; whilst I felt it a privilege thus to guard and keep in quiet one whose time was devoted to such noble ends. But the cares of a large family quite destroyed, of late years, the close union of the early period, and I may say, quite separated us, except at meal-times; for it rendered such exactions of labour necessary on his part that he had no spare time—but of this he never complained. He would say, “My work is my pleasure also, and, if it please God to give me strength, I have only to work a little harder.”

Of the ‘Christian Traveller,’ a periodical publication which Kitto had thought of for fifteen years, and which was now commenced, he formed the highest expectations—‘a work devoted to a cause for which the public gives half a million a year out of its pocket,’ must, he argued, ‘be received with favour.’ The object of the papers was to give sketches of the missionary enterprise in various parts of the world. He was anxious, for several reasons, to do all the work himself, as he rightly thought that the editing of what he did not himself compose, would take up very much of his valuable time, and if he should ask for contributions, he shuddered to ‘think of the showers of twaddle by which he should be inundated.’ He felt that he was competent to the task, for he could now do before breakfast what he should once have considered a good day’s work; and one personal reason for the undertaking is honestly stated by himself. It was not simply that he wished to get all the credit, but this—‘I have to build up the provisions for my family from the foundations, and under any possible contingency, there is not one on earth from whom those that God has given to me can expect a crust of other bread than such as I may be enabled to provide for them.’

Only three parts of the periodical were published, when it was stopped by the

pecuniary embarrassment of Mr Knight's publishing house. Kitto, so suddenly severed from remunerating labour, was soon reduced to straits. He had been able to earn only a little more than daily bread by hard exertion; and when occupation could not be found, difficulties at once enveloped him, and so grew upon him, that he was obliged to sell his house at a considerable loss, leave London, and remove to Woking in Surrey.¹²⁰ Fits of his early melancholy sometimes recurred; and no wonder—a wife and four children were now dependent on him.

His own explanation is, 'In 1841, the only publishing house with which, up to that time, I had been connected, fell into difficulties, and was obliged to bring to an abrupt close an engagement with me, which had promised a fair income for some years. I thus became out of employment at a time when the general difficulties of the trade for a long time indisposed booksellers to enter upon new undertakings. At first I lived upon the little I had saved; then upon the sale of my books, helped out by a little credit for the necessaries of life to a large family.' At a later period, he states more fully to Mr Groves, that between the ending of one task and beginning of another, he had no employment for twelve months, and that he had made an arrangement to pay what he owed by instalments in three years. 'This,' he adds, in 1848, has been done to the uttermost farthing.'

But during such domestic eclipses, he could conceal his own discomfort, and charm away that of others with a little touch of gaiety. On one occasion, when the more solid portion of the family dinner depended on the sale of some books, which necessity had compelled him to part with, and when she who had gone on the melancholy errand returned without having converted the volumes into money, he surveyed first his children's faces of anxiety and disappointment, and then, moving towards the window, exclaimed, 'Well, we must *look* at the butcher's shop opposite to get the right relish for our bread.'

Let it then be understood, that Kitto's straits arose, not from inadequate compensation, but from want of employment. Had he enjoyed constant work, he would have lived in comfort. His books were not of a nature to bring him or his publishers very large profits, yet they had an excellent circulation. They could not, like the works of Dickens, realise a magnificent revenue, but they would have insured him a sufficient income. His great helplessness lay in the precariousness of his means. His torment was not a surplus, but a want of work. 'Leave to toil' was his prayer, for he knew that abundant fruit would follow. There are ten thousand things in the world that I fear more than work,' he says; and he might have added, 'What I dread above all things is the want of work.' He states to his friend, Mr Tracy,¹²¹ 'The position which I have attained is not

without its anxieties. I see, for instance, a large family growing around me, and entirely dependent upon the labours of my pen, which, *in the line I have chosen*, are much more productive of honours than emoluments.’ Lest a want of economy, or some other folly, should be laid to his charge, he explains, a month afterwards, to the same friend—‘I heard, last week, that there is a general impression in the city of my being a very rich man. I accept this as an acknowledgment, that one whose works have been so well received by the public *ought* to be so. So I might have been, probably, if I had commenced my career with any capital to enable me to retain the copyright of my own works.’ This statement speaks for itself. He could never command property in his books, but was obliged to compose them for daily support, so that, when the work was finished, the salary ceased. He never was able to finish a work, and then sell it. He simply presented his plan, made his bargain, and was paid in proportion as the work advanced. But the possession of literary property was still his hope, though he never could manage to secure it. Accordingly, two years afterwards, in offering to Mr Oliphant the Daily Bible Illustrations, he declares, ‘It was my wish to undertake this intended set of books on my own account, but circumstances have arisen to render it more expedient to pursue, at least for a time, the plan upon which all my works have hitherto been produced, *viz., by making arrangements for them, before I get to work seriously upon them.*’ But we have been anticipating.

Previously to his removal from London to a rural retreat, his anxious mind had been devising many forms of literary industry. Not a few prospectuses were penned by him, and sent abroad in various directions. He proposed to the Religious Tract Society to write for them either a Biblical Cyclopaedia or a Life of Christ, entering at length into an explanation of his views; but the Society do not seem to have entertained the offer. The project of a new Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, sent to Messrs Black of Edinburgh, engaged their attention; and they entered into a correspondence with him, the issue of which was the publication, in the first place, of a ‘History of Palestine, from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time,’ 12mo, pp. 378, Edinburgh 1843. This was a brief school history; and while it put a little into the author’s pocket, it added nothing to his fame. Some months elapsed before the Cyclopaedia could appear—months in which his household suffered the pinch and pressure of want. The ‘Thoughts among Flowers’¹²² was published in 1843, by the Religious Tract Society. The little volume shows the author’s love of flowers, and how he could moralise among them, and indicates what snatches of poetry lay in the stores of his memory. The reflections are occasionally far-fetched, and are not the natural scent of the blossoms, but rather a borrowed fragrance. Between 1841 and

1843, he prepared for Mr Fisher the letter-press of the ‘Gallery of Scripture Engravings,’ in three volumes quarto. The letter-press is simply to explain the engravings, and, except as a show-book, the volumes are of no great utility. In 1845 he prepared for Mr Knight *The Pictorial Sunday Book*, with 1300 engravings, and an appendix on the Geography of the Holy Land.¹²³ This volume was in folio, and a portion of it was published separately, under the title of the ‘Pictorial History of our Saviour.’ ‘The publication,’ it is stated in the preface, ‘now submitted to Christian families, is intended to present, at the very cheapest rate, a series of engravings illustrative of the Bible history, the prophecies, the psalms, the life of our Saviour, and the Acts of the Apostles, exhibiting the scenes of the great events recorded in Scripture, the customs of the Jews, the natural history of the Holy Land, and the antiquities which throw a light upon the Sacred Writings. With these are united some of the more striking and impressive compositions of the great painters and original designs. These pictorial illustrations are connected with a course of Sunday reading, which, avoiding all matters of controversy, endeavours to present, in the most instructive and engaging form, a body of Scriptural narrative and explanation.’ There is nothing new in the volume—it is but a classified re-exhibition of plates and wood-cuts employed in previous publications of various kinds, both secular and biblical, with pages of letter-press between. The physical geography annexed is a reprint, with a few changes, of the similar portion of the *Pictorial History of Palestine*. Yet, apart from its immediate value in relation to Scripture, and that value is not great, the volume contains such a number and variety of engravings, both from nature, the Egyptian monuments, and the masters of all schools and countries, that it is an amusing and informing production, and was certainly of marvellous cheapness at its first appearance.

In the meantime the ‘Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature,’ published by the Messrs Black of Edinburgh, had been commenced. The idea was his own, and he had much correspondence about the details of the plan. In the multitude of opinions proposed to him, he held in the main to his own original view, but was obliged to depart from his first resolution to do the whole work himself. He knew what had been achieved in this department, and what remained to be done. Nor was he confined to British assistance in the enterprise—he laid his hands also on several German contributors. The book, as it proceeded, grew to a size not originally contemplated,—a circumstance not unusual with its editor. But the allotment of articles to respective writers was a responsible task, and it needed some tact to get the contributions in time from his numerous assistants. Swarms of suggestions poured in upon him as the publication went on, and he sometimes felt that the multitude of counsellors endangered safety. Objections,

too, were started, and there was ground for some of them. He replies, in his own portion of the preface, 'that he felt that he could not find forty independent thinkers, among whom there should be no visible diversities of sentiment;' observes that 'it did not become him to dictate to them the views they were to take of the subjects entrusted to them;' and confesses that some of them exhibit opinions in which he is not able to concur, though he regards them as not less competent than himself to arrive at just conclusions. He claims, however, and that justly, that the book be judged not by particular articles, but by its general character; and he adds, that his 'physical privation,' placing him in complete isolation from many external influences, 'had enabled him to realise more extensive co-operation in this undertaking, than under any pastoral or official connection with any religious denomination he could expect to have obtained.' 'The work owes its origin to the editor's conviction of the existence of a great body of untouched materials applicable to such a purpose, which the activity of modern research and the labours of modern criticism have accumulated, and which lay invitingly ready for the use of those who might know how to avail themselves of such resources.' The book was at once felt to meet a want of the age. Nothing of a like nature existed in the English language. Previous dictionaries were defective both in scholarship and materials. Calmet had been done into English, and overlaid with learned fancies; while Winer could not bear translation at all. Other works of less pretension were also in circulation. But Dr Kitto had concluded an enterprise which embraced the ripest scholarship, and took in the most recent researches. The Cyclopaedia, therefore, rose at once to a lofty position, and, as we have elsewhere said, 'can be excelled only by itself in a new and corrected edition.' It is beyond our present business to offer any criticism on the unequal merits of the various articles, written by so many contributors. Only, we may say, that Dr Kitto did not appear to full advantage as an editor. Though his own religious views were fixed, yet his catholicity of temper unfitted him for doing the harder work, and pronouncing the sterner decisions of the editorial chair. He received a thousand pounds as editor, and more than double that sum was expended on contributions and illustrations. We regret that he was not spared to superintend a second edition, for he was well aware that a second edition would require to be, in many respects, a new book.

When the great work was at length brought nigh to its termination, and its toils and dangers were past, we find its indefatigable editor relaxing, and recording thus,—

July 13, 1845.—Put the last hand to the regular work of the B. C.; that is, did the last article in Z that was upon my list. A day to be remembered on many

accounts besides.

July 14.—Cleared my table of the books that have lain on it for three years—placed them on the shelves, not long to slumber there perhaps.’

On the title-page of the *Biblical Cyclopaedia*, when published in two volumes, the editor’s name stands no longer in naked simplicity. It is now John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.—a very different addition from that which he assumed in his early dream of authorship. It was then ‘John Kitto, shoemaker, pauper, etc.,’ the inmate of a work-house; but now, it is John Kitto, Doctor of Divinity, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries—a double elevation to which he had never aspired in his wildest reveries. To be a missionary, sometimes appeared to him a probable occurrence—to be a clergyman, was scarce within the range of possibility; but now he had received a theological title, and was the first, and we suppose the only English layman, who ever possessed such an honour. In 1844, the University of Giessen, through his friend Professor Credner, sent him the diploma of Doctor of Divinity. And had he not earned it by his literary works?—the works of a man who had passed through such a boyhood of privation and suffering, and had spent such a youth of desultory and unsatisfactory pursuits. Among Kitto’s papers there are preserved two documents, that stand out in startling contrast: the one his indenture to Bowden, the shoemaker, somewhat ragged and torn, with its many ‘seals and signatures;’ and the other his diploma from the University of Giessen. They mark the two opposite poles of his life. In 1845, Dr Kitto became a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and this body honoured themselves in thus honouring him. We have occasionally seen the epithet ‘reverend’ prefixed to his name. The error arose, no doubt, from the idea that a theological title implies a clerical status. But degrees are simply academical, not ecclesiastical distinctions. In Germany, as Dr Kitto explains, they are sometimes conferred on scholars who are not ‘in orders,’ as very recently on the Chevalier Bunsen; and in such a case, if one, who has already obtained the title of Doctor in Divinity, ‘desires to undertake the pastoral office, he is ordained without the examinations which all others must undergo.’ ‘Thus Tholuck was Doctor in Divinity and Professor of Theology before his ordination to the ministry, which, consequently, took place without the usual examinations.’¹²⁴

In 1845 Dr Kitto made two contributions to Mr Knight’s *Weekly Volume*. Both are named the ‘Lost Senses;’ the first part having the special title ‘Deafness,’ and the second ‘Blindness.’ The first is a charming little book—in fact, an autobiography—a revelation of his life and history, as they were modified or developed by his deafness. ‘His condition,’ he admits, ‘is not new; but that it has never hitherto been described, may be owing to the fact, that a

morning of life, subject to such crushing calamity, has seldom, if ever, been followed by a day of such self-culture.' He was a D.D. when he penned these words. In this brief volume he first traces the growth of his mind with great distinctness, and shows clearly under what awful disadvantages he laboured. The books in common circulation in his young days were far inferior to those now produced; but he had triumphed over such a drawback. After his deafness he became more and more loath to speak, till his friends, during his voyage to Malta, forced him; and through life he used no superfluous terms—'avoiding all remarks about the weather, all expletives, adjuncts, complimentary phrases,' and even terms of endearment; so much so, that one of his boys was startled when his father, for the first time, called him '*dear*.' There is a chapter of great interest on 'percussions.' The loudest thunderstorm was perfectly inaudible to him, though once, a peal having shaken the house, he supposed it was a servant moving the table in an adjoining room. He could not hear the throb or music of a set of bells; but when he was placed in contact with the tower in which they were ranged, he was conscious of a dull percussion overhead, as if blows had been hitting the wall above him. The great clock of St Paul's struck when he happened once to be examining it with a friend, and the sensation was that of heavy blows upon the fabric on which he stood, communicated to his feet, and diffused over his body. When a cannon was fired near him, he heard no sound, but felt as if a fist, covered with a boxing-glove, had knocked him on the head. The drawing of furniture, slapping of doors, or falling of books upon the floor, produced a vibration that often distressed him, though he could not determine precisely whence the disturbance proceeded. A knock at the street door he could not hear, but the shutting of it, affecting the entire edifice, was 'painfully distinct.' The lightest footfall upon the floor of his room would sometimes rouse him from sleep. He *felt* the sound of vehicles in Fleet Street only when they were on the same side of the pavement, and opposite to him, but this 'sense of sound' did not affect him in the house. When the points of his fingernails rested on the board over which the wires of a piano are stretched, he could make out the higher notes, in such a stormy piece of music as the 'Battle of Prague.' In corroboration of what he has said in the 'Lost Senses,' we may add another of his subsequent experiences. He witnessed, from the apartments of the Society of Antiquaries, in Somerset House, the great procession of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. But he says, 'Not the shadow of a sound, or the faintest vibration, struck upon the paralysed organ from the great military bands that passed below, though a person, I have been in the habit of supposing as deaf as myself, told me he could not only distinguish the sound, but follow the notes with considerable distinctness.'¹²⁵

Yet there were some compensations. He had developed within himself a keen sense of the beautiful, and a passionate love for it. He could not bear what was ugly. He loved to gaze on the moon ‘walking in brightness;’ and ‘high mountains were a feeling.’ ‘The slaughtering of a tree affects me more sensibly than that of an animal.’ He was fond of colours, and, when a boy, knew every print in every window of Plymouth by heart. He travelled over every countenance distinctly within his view, as a florist would inspect a bed of tulips, and often performed the same experiment upon character as he walked from St Paul’s to Charing Cross, or from the top of Tottenham Court Road to the Post-office. He hated to sit in twilight. Dr Kitto then paints some of those disqualifications which deafness produces, and how he rose above the trials of his earlier years; how the craving to be honourably known grew upon him, and how this was refined into a passion to be useful. He felt that deafness, while it aided the amount of work done, had many drawbacks; for it prevented explanation, retarded business, and the making of bargains. This defect had more than once annoyed him in his transactions and literary covenants. ‘Men of business have a feeling that affairs can be transacted much better by personal interview than writing. In fact, there is no concealing it, that the deaf man is likely to be regarded as a bore. Sensitively alive to this danger, he will perhaps depart, leaving his business unfinished.’ ‘The deaf man,’ he repeats, ‘is confined to the solid bones, the dry bread, the hard wood, the substantial fibre of life, and gets but little of the grace, the emotion, the gilding, and the flowers, which are to be found precisely in those small things which are “not worth” reporting on the fingers.’

He has a very playful chapter on the shifts to which deaf people resort to catch the talk of a general company, and how they are usually far behind in their enjoyments of clever and witty sayings, beginning to smile at one piece of humour, while those around them are concluding their laughter over another which has superseded it. He might have added, that the epithet ‘absurd’ has its origin and meaning from the common misappropriateness in time or subject of a deaf man’s answer. Strange to say, he was six years deaf before he knew that there was any mode of communication by means of the fingers.

Dr Kitto then enters at some length into the philosophy of teaching deaf mutes, and diverges into an account of some famous institutions for their education. He used to attend public meetings at Exeter Hall, and the most animated speakers pleased him most. When the audience ‘broke into loud cheers,’ he became keenly alive to his privation. In the House of Commons he was more amused than awestruck—was shocked by the want of solemnity; and he says, ‘My far too entire sense of the ridiculous almost overcame me, when the very

remarkable sergeant-at-arms shouldered his mace, with the air of a musketeer, and escorted up to the table two masters in Chancery, who brought down a bill from the Lords, and who, in retiring, walked backwards the whole length of the floor, stopping at regulated intervals in their retrogressive move, to bow very low to the Chair.’ Toward the conclusion of the book, Kitto hazards a conjecture as to the origin and signification of his name. The English would have it to be Cato, the Spaniards Quito, the Italians Chetto. Himself gives it a Phoenician source, *Κιττω*, in Dioscorides meaning a species of cassia, pronounced in Hebrew קרה , and he avows that the Phoenicians, in their early intercourse for tin in Cornwall, probably planted the name in that southern province. The likelihood is, that it is simply a miner’s contraction of an older and longer Cornish name. The Cornish and Celtic are closely allied; the epithet *ciotach*, in Irish, means ‘left-handed,’ and this Celtic term is not unknown in a more Anglicised form. The reader will remember Colkitto as the epithet of the royalist chieftain Macdonnell in Milton’s eleventh sonnet. The original spelling Kittoe, is also so far fatal to the eastern derivation. Cato or Catto is a common name in Aberdeenshire, and may be only our northern Doric form of the English word. This small auto-biography is Kitto’s record of his first difficulties and subsequent progress, of his physical disability and its results — a record made at a period when he was able to take a patient survey of his inner life and its outer course.

The second volume, ‘Blindness,’ has not the charm of the former, chiefly because it does not contain the results of self-analysis and experience. It describes many cases of blindness, and shows what high excellence in various departments of art and science the blind have attained. For the roll of the blind includes many illustrious names, far more than that of the deaf mutes. The deprivation is, in fact, less than that of hearing, for the want of hearing necessitates the want of language. Among blind poets, we have Homer and Milton, and at a great distance Blacklock, who was also a clergyman; Euler and Saunderson, among mathematicians; and Huber among naturalists. Many have been musicians; and Handel was blind in the last years of his life. Lieutenant Holman, blind from his twenty-fifth year, had travelled round the world, being at one time sent out of Russia as a spy; and in 1834 he published his travels, in four volumes. James Wilson was the blind biographer of the blind. Dr Kitto adduces many instances of persons whose touch was a kind of second sight—who could distinguish colours by smell or touch—or who were able to comprehend locality in a marvellous degree, such as Tom Wilson of Dumfries, not only an ingenious mechanic, but one who often was seen, on a Saturday evening, conducting a ‘groggy neighbour’ home to his wife and children. We

ourselves knew as remarkable a case as any that Dr Kitto has mentioned—that of blind Mick of Stirling, who, as he twirled his key in his hand, would repeat the words of any portion of Scripture, if you simply named its chapter and verse, and who, if you recited any passage, would, in a moment and as easily, tell you the chapter and verse where it occurred. We heard, in our boyhood, of a blind tailor, too, in the same town, who was famous for his taste and accuracy in sewing tartan dresses, distinguishing the various colours by the sense of touch. Dr Kitto dwells with special tenderness on the sad condition of those who are at once blind and deaf and dumb, creatures in perfect isolation; the most remarkable cases being those of James Mitchell, in the north of Scotland,¹²⁶ and the well known Laura Bridgman of America. In fact, Laura Bridgman is the most awful example on record—totally blind, deaf, and dumb, with no power of smell, and almost none of taste. Touch alone remains; and her education is a surprising instance of ingenuity and perseverance.¹²⁷ The volume, however, notwithstanding its interesting statements, never did, and never could, obtain the popularity of its predecessor.

Between 1846 and 1849 Dr Kitto composed, for the Tract Society's Monthly Volume, 'Ancient and Modern Jerusalem,' two parts; 'the Court and People of Persia,' two parts; and the 'Tahtar Tribes.' These little books, when not dealing in extracts from accredited authors, are very interesting, and put into plain language and brief compass, the result of former researches and previous publications. 'The Tabernacle and its Furniture' was published in a thin quarto in 1849, and is well worth reading.

By the time that the Cyclopaedia was nearly concluded, Dr Kitto had fallen again into pecuniary difficulties, which preyed upon him for some years to come. He could not readily find employment of a kind to support him, and his sources of income were scanty and precarious. The composition of the small works we have referred to was of little value in money. The new edition of the Pictorial Bible took up more time than he expected, and for what he called 'surplus time' he obtained no remuneration. His friends, however, stood forward to assist him, and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was a generous contributor.

At this period he projected the 'Journal of Sacred Literature.' His object was noble, but the circulation never repaid him for toil and effort. The prospectus was of considerable size, and embraced a great variety of topics. The editor represents that there are many excellent religious periodicals, and much valuable matter locked up in them, but they are little read save by adherents of the ecclesiastical bodies to which they belong as organs. Very much more is equally lost in languages which few general readers know, and not many

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scholars understand. His inference is, that there is, therefore, an undoubted want of ‘a publication which, being established on a wider basis, should not be regarded as the organ of any one religious denomination, or of any one country; but should be the means of enabling different denominations and different countries to impart to one another whatever they know, which is likely to advance the general interests of biblical literature.’ There is truth in this statement, but much is taken for granted. Denominational predilections, though certainly weaker in this branch of sacred learning than any other, are not wholly without antagonistic influence. The editor adds:—‘It will also appear that the current theological literature of this country, and especially its religious periodical literature, is too exclusively formed out of materials arising among ourselves, and in our own language. We have the apostolical assurance, that “they who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, are not wise;” and yet, for nearly two hundred years, we have done little else. There were of old “giants” of biblical literature in our land, who, in their lifetime, kept up a profitable intercourse with the scholars of the Continent, and whose names are even now cited with respect by eminent foreign writers, who have but little acquaintance with our more modern labours in sacred literature. We therefore want a publication which shall keep us acquainted with all that is sound and valuable in the labours of biblical scholars of the European Continent and of North America, and in whose pages such of them as now live may interchange the results of their researches with our own writers.

‘All these wants, and more than these, it is the object of the present publication to satisfy; and those, who are apt to discern “the signs of the times,” are strongly sensible that the time is come in which the demand for such a work is most urgent, and in which it may, with the greatest advantage, be produced.’

‘The editor was induced to think of this publication by the frequent representations, to the above effect, which he has been in the habit of receiving from various quarters; and already the private notification of his intention to venture on the undertaking has excited much interest both in this country and abroad. It is only, indeed, in consequence of the extensive literary co-operation which he was enabled to organize for the purposes of another publication (the Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature), that he has been induced to think seriously of this work in the form which it bears in the present prospectus: but with the like, and even more extensive co-operation, applicable to the existing undertaking, he finds no reason to distrust his means of producing a publication adequate to the supply of the wants which have been indicated.’

Nobody will question Dr Kitto’s desire to promote biblical scholarship, but

he regarded the working of the machine as too easy a matter. He forgot that many persons had not his promptitude in pouring forth the ripened results of their research and judgment; that it is one thing to induce a scholar to write an article for the Cyclopaedia—a work of permanent value, and quite another thing to prevail upon him to send an elaborate contribution to a periodical, the interest of which too often passes away with the current number. The prospectus, as first published, embraces a wide range—Original Essays on Biblical History, Geography, Natural History, Antiquities, Biography, Bibliography, with Reviews, Notices, and Quarterly Lists of New Publications, Expository Passages, Philological Essays, Ecclesiastical History, Translations and Reprints, Oriental Literature, Correspondence and Intelligence. Dr Kitto thought that his previous success secured a basis of prosperity to his new undertaking. ‘Every writer,’ he tells us, ‘does, in the course of time, gather around him a public who understand him better, and sympathise with him more than the rest of the world. Such a public, consisting chiefly of the possessors of his former publications, the editor of the Journal of Sacred Literature may venture to suppose that he, after many long years of well accepted labour, has brought around him; and though the present publication is of much wider range than any of his former productions, singly taken, and a proportionate increase of readers may be expected for it, he naturally looks to his old friends as the chief and most earnest supporters of an undertaking, to which the matured plans and the most cherished hopes of usefulness are now irrevocably committed, and in connection with which he has assumed responsibilities more anxious than he ever before ventured to incur.’

Dr Kitto, in forming such an estimate, evidently forgot to distinguish between scientific and popular literature. Thousands of the readers of the Pictorial Bible, who were delighted and benefited with the work, set no value whatever on biblical criticism or Oriental literature; and many of those who purchased the Cyclopaedia, did so because, from its compacted form and its learned treasures, it could be easily and profitably consulted. When they opened it, they could turn at once to the article they wanted. Whereas, in subscribing for a periodical, they did not know what they might get to read, or what peculiar subjects or texts might be handled. The notes of the Pictorial Bible, if scattered through the volumes of a Quarterly Review, would never have attracted hosts of readers—their charm lay in being so compendious, and in being found so readily in connection with the text of the Sacred Volume.

Dr Kitto sadly miscalculated when he thought of finding so large a circle of subscribers to his Journal. The very prospectus warned *away* hundreds who had rejoiced in his previous labours, and who might wish him success in a

path in which they had neither inclination nor ability to follow him. Yet who cannot sympathise with the editor when he thus winds up his address?—‘If it tends to advance the glory of God by promoting the better understanding of His word and His ways, if it contributes in any useful degree to the advancement of sacred literature in this country, and if, by the sympathies of common labour, and by the development of common interests, it becomes a uniting tie among all those to whom those objects are dear, then may God bestow His blessing upon it, that it may prosper; but if it does none of these things, it is useless, it is not wanted: let it perish.’ The objects sought are noble, and it will be a happy day for the various churches when they can be reached; when sanctified scholarship shall have lost all sectarian bias; and when ministers of the Gospel shall seek their mental nutriment in biblical science, and be active in its advancement. At present, however, a Review, if it maintain its scientific character, must address itself to a select circle even of clerical readers, and can rarely have a large and compensating circulation. A better period is commencing. Erudition is rising above denominational influence, and assuming a true catholicism both in commentaries and in the higher forms of periodical literature. Still it must be admitted, that while a religious journal, in order to succeed, must have its party to appeal to, and fall back upon for support, Dr Kitto failed, for other reasons, to realise his own purpose. In his delicacy toward his allies, no small amount of inferior matter was introduced by him, and contributions were subjected to no rigid scrutiny, either as to sentiment or erudition. What may be a very instructive paper for a popular magazine, may be wholly out of place in a journal of biblical science. It should be explained, however, that Dr Kitto felt fettered in rejecting or altering articles, from being almost solely dependent on the voluntary assistance of his friends, since the profits of the publication did not admit of the usual honorarium. In his letters to Mr Blackader, publisher of the second series of the Journal, and one who, from his literary and biblical tastes and acquirements, ably seconded the exertions of the editor, he alludes now and again to his being so hampered by the want of funds, that only a very few of his contributors received any pecuniary recognition. His hope was, that his ‘friends would aid him for the sake of the good cause till better times came round. This has been the answer of some who have stood by me in all my struggles, but it is not to be expected from all.’¹²⁸ His heart, however, was set upon his Journal, and he laboured anxiously for it. His notes to the publisher show his continuous anxiety about all points connected with it—advertisements as well as papers, postages as well as contributions. He strove to offend nobody in any way, and was sadly perplexed on falling into a dilemma,

either when someone complained of delay in the insertion of an article, or a book was sent him with a request or virtual stipulation that the critique might be favourable, or two of his friends happened to forward a contribution on the same subject, or wished to review the same volume. There seemed to be a nervousness in all this business, quite unlike his usual firmness and composure. But the Journal, neither in its first nor second series, came up to his own idea; and, though it improved in several aspects, it never took that high place which his name and fame were expected to give it. The first number appeared on the first of January 1848; and, after anxiously watching over it for several years, till eleven volumes had been printed, he was obliged to give it up. But he made some stipulations as to its future character. Though sorrowing to take leave of it, he wished it still to retain its original impress, and thus wrote:—‘I have secured effectual guarantees that it shall be always conducted on the essential principles on which it was founded—that it shall retain its comprehensive and catholic character—that it shall be orthodox — and that it shall not be sectarian.’¹²⁹ It did not at first ‘pay print and paper.’ ‘I hope the best,’ he wrote to Mr Tracy. . . ‘I have little misgiving,—less now, indeed, than ever;’—but this was in November 1847. ‘The Journal is getting up nearly to one thousand copies,’ writes he to the same friend in March 1848. What disappointment he must have felt! His plan had not succeeded; his anticipations were blasted. He should have begun with a large reserve fund, which might have been easily raised for the purpose, and not involved his own means and the bread of his family in the undertaking. Other and onerous duties pressed upon him, his health had also given way, and in 1853 he reluctantly handed over the Journal to Dr Burgess, its present able and indefatigable editor.

Dr Kitto had now lived some years at Woking; but he felt that while such a rural residence might enable him to economise, it was exceedingly inconvenient for his literary pursuits. Accordingly, in March 1849, he returned to London, and took up his abode first at 21 High Street, Camden-town, removing the following year to 1 Great Camden Street, where he remained till his final departure for Germany in August 1854.

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FOOTNOTES

110 Daily Bible Illustrations. vol. iii., p. 316.

111 Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia, giving a complete picture of Eastern manners, customs, arts, sciences, and history, adapted to the capacity of youth, in the manner of Peter Parley. Illustrated with twenty-four woodcuts. 2 Vols. 18mo.

112 Pictorial History of Palestine, vol. i., p. 189.

113 Letter to Mr Kitto—Regent Square, London, October 12, 1840.

114 October 19, 1840.

115 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 28.

116 Mrs Hullock, in a letter to Mrs Kitto—Plainfield, Massachusetts, Nov. 5, 1855.

117 1856.

118 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 98.

119 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 153.

120 A few pages of what he calls Village Memoranda have been preserved, but they contain nothing of note. 'I begin to perceive,' he says, 'how people in the country can appear as grandees on an income which would barely enable them to support the appearance of respectability in London.'

121 Woking, Jan. 20, 1847.

122 32mo, pp. 156.

123 Charles Knight and Co., 1845.

124 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. viii., p. 121.

125 Letter to Mr Oliphant, Nov. 20, 1852.

126 We said James Mitchell at Nairn last summer (1857). He is certainly a strange creature; yet contrives to walk about, feeling on all sides of him, and has great pleasure in ascertaining, in his own way, the progress of any new buildings in the town.

127 The following incident in the history of Laura Bridgman, her first interview with her mother after eighteen months' absence in the Institution, is one of the most touching ever

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recorded in any language:—

‘The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested. She examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand she knew that she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for a woman’s nature to bear. After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura’s mind that this could not be a stranger! She therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red. Hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly depicted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly; when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled to the bosom of *her* parent, and yielded to her fond embraces. After this, the beads were all unheeded, the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother, and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to any signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms and clung to her with eager joy. The subsequent parting between them showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment. Then she dropped her mother’s hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and tuning round, clung, sobbing, to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.’—The preceding description is by Dr Howe, her teacher.

Another very remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, will be found in a volume called—*The Rifle, Axe, and Saddlebags*. By William Henry Milburn, the Blind Preacher. Reprinted from the American edition, with a Preface by the Rev. Thomas Binney. London: S. Low and Son, 1357.

128 Letter to Mr Blackader, Oct. 7, 1852.

129 *Ibid.*, Aug. 14, 1853.

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