

## CHAPTER IX.

LONDON—FIRST LITERARY ENGAGEMENTS—  
MARRIAGE—PICTORIAL BIBLE.

AND what had Kitto gained by those travels, from which he was now resting?

At an early period in his career, and when he was dreaming of the future, rather than earnestly training himself for it, he had freely expressed his opinion as to the theoretic advantages of travel. He hoped to visit the continent and some ‘interesting parts of the island,’ in company with some person who would not think him an encumbrance. ‘Important advantage would accrue to me from travel,’ he remarks, viz., it will enable me to write with the confidence of personal observation, of the characters and natural and artificial productions of other parts of Britain and Europe.’<sup>79</sup> This was but a modest desire, for he had then only a limited object in view. Anyone who had seen him a few months before he made this statement, within the walls of the workhouse, and plying his trade with undisturbed assiduity, would have thought him as firmly fixed to Plymouth for life, as the limpets to the rocks on its shores. He never travelled, indeed, as he originally contemplated, for he passed through various foreign countries, not to see them, but only to reach a distant point beyond them. He never was a traveller in the same sense in which Robinson and Livingstone are travellers—men who make a journey with an avowed and definite geographical purpose. He sailed and rode to the East in order to get to Baghdad, and he rode and sailed to the West in order to get to London. But his experiences of travelling cooled his earlier ardour. Though he prized the results, he did not relish the process of obtaining them. ‘*To have travelled* is a very fine thing, but it is not a very fine thing *to travel*’—is his language to Mr Harvey.<sup>80</sup> Three months afterwards he declares to Mr Burnard<sup>81</sup> more emphatically:—‘I hate action, I hate travel, unless, indeed, I must travel; and by and by I must.’ Yet, on his progress homeward, he makes another revelation to Mr Woollcombe:—‘As to travelling, it will be borne in mind, that I am not travelling as a traveller; and in the way I have travelled, I never would travel, except on business, again. If I do not marry, it by no means appears to me that I may not travel again. But my ideas of future travel are vague and remote, and at all events will in a great measure depend, in their consequences, on the direction given to the current of my life on reaching England.’<sup>82</sup>

Though a dark hour sometimes passed over him, as toward the end of his residence in Baghdad, the moral influence of his travels was certainly healthful. His own acknowledgment in his Journal, under March 12, 1831, is—

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‘I assured Mr Pfander that, though there were some circumstances that did not quite satisfy me in coming abroad, I rejoiced, upon the whole, in having done so; for this one reason among others, that my love of mankind has been more extended than under any other circumstances it probably would have been. When I left England, I had a general disgust, if not contempt, toward mankind, fully including myself; I despised men for being what I thought they were, and I hated myself for being like them. My personal associations, even with religious people, had not been happy, nor had much tended to raise my respect and love for their character. But the many truly excellent and amiable individuals I have become acquainted with since I left England, have brought round my feeling to a more healthy tone.’

Kitto had also made no little intellectual gain by his journeyings and residence in the East. The extracts from his Letters and Journals, which fill so much of the three preceding chapters, sufficiently attest his powers of observation, and his habits of reflection. Whatever he saw interested him; whatever befell him excited inquiry. His eye was ever busy, and was never satisfied with seeing; nay, it had acquired a special dexterity in taking in a large panorama, and photographing an indelible image of it on the memory. Customs and habits so different from those of England arrested his attention, and led him to study humanity under ‘new aspects of society and forms of life.’ His mind was enlarged, and his stock of information greatly increased. ‘Facts and images’ were laid up, and he distinctly knew ‘some things which the untravelled can only conceive.’<sup>83</sup> In spite of his deafness, he had made himself acquainted with all he wished to know. Indeed, the appetite of his youth retained its eagerness in his maturer years, for he thus limns himself in a miniature portrait of his boyhood.

‘At a very early period of life, and in the midst of untoward circumstances, and of occupations which left me the least possible leisure, I was a diligent collector of all the odds and ends of knowledge that fell in my way. I read all the bills that were posted on dead walls and empty houses. I studied all the title-pages and open leaves that appeared in the windows of booksellers’ shops; joyfully hailing the day when the windows of a particular shop were cleaned, and a change of books and pictures introduced. Sometimes, also, when I was allowed a little leisure, I brushed myself up as smart as possible, and ventured so far on the respectability of my appearance as to make the tour of the book-stalls, pausing at each; and, after dallying a little “about it and about it,” taking up some humble looking volume, and devouring so much as was possible of the information it afforded, with the utmost intensity of appetite, and all the excitement that attends a stolen enjoyment. In process of time, I knew well the state of every book-stall, and could tell at a glance what books had been sold,

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and what additions had been made since my last visit; and many severer troubles in my subsequent life have made my heart ache less than sometimes to find a book gone, from which I had calculated on gleaning more information on a second occasion than my first spell at it had enabled me to obtain. I knew perfectly the dispositions of every proprietor of a stall in the three towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, and could tell to a minute how long I might dabble at his books before he would look sour; and in process of time, most of the stall-men, on their part, became habituated to me, and came to regard me as a tolerated nuisance, or as one of the customary inconveniences incident to the trade.<sup>84</sup>

What the youth had been, the man was still, but the curious boy had become the inquisitive traveller; gratifying the same desires on a larger scale, and with proportionate results. He had 'laid up in store against the time to come,' and that time was now at hand. He had also been qualifying himself for literary labour, for his pen had not been idle at Baghdad. He tells Mr Harvey, 25th September 1831, that he was 'preparing an account of the cities, towns, etc., between the Mediterranean and the Indus, which claim the attention of a missionary,' and that, for this purpose, he was in correspondence with missionaries in Armenia and Syria, having, at the same time, collected nearly all the information which Major Taylor's library could supply, and being also in daily expectation of books from England. Hosts of Essays, Tales, Dialogues, Disquisitions, Allegories, and Sketches, had also been thrown off by him.<sup>85</sup> Shut out from human intercourse, he was necessitated to give shape to his ideas, and body forth his imaginings, so that by the time he returned to England, he had acquired great facility of composition, and found it a comparatively easy matter to give expression to his teeming thoughts and reminiscences.

On being settled down in London, Kitto, as in time past, displayed uncommon ingenuity in devising plans for himself, though, as was usual with him, he was apt to overlook their feasibility. What appeared most plausible to his own mind, sometimes failed to commend itself to the judgment of others. But if one scheme failed, he had no hesitation in proposing or adopting another. Anything rather than rely on bounty, or be abandoned to total idleness. 'Language would fail to describe all the anxieties I felt on my return about a temporal provision. Many dear plans of my own were in a short time blown to atoms, and I was sinking down into despondency.'<sup>86</sup> But he was, sooner than he expected, relieved from his distress, and he entered at once on that career which grew in brightness as it extended in usefulness, till the gloom of the sepulchre was suddenly thrown over it.

Through the influence of his friends, Kitto was brought under the notice of

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the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, was president, Sir Henry Parnell, and afterwards Lord John Russell, vice-president, with a large committee of high and honoured names in London and throughout the provinces. In July, Mr Woollcombe gave him a note of introduction to Mr Coates, the secretary, recommending him for employment. On the 18th of that month, he waited on Mr Coates, and handed him a written proposal to give a brief account of his travels, in the shape of weekly numbers, like the Penny Magazine, or of volumes in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Mr Coates told him that the latter alternative could not be adopted, but referred him to Mr Charles Knight, the editor and publisher of these popular serials. On the 19th he wrote to Mr Knight, stating his willingness to make up papers from his journals for the Penny Magazine, and on the 20th he had a personal interview. After the exchange of a few letters, and the presentation of a few approved specimens of his composition, he became a regular contributor to the Penny Magazine,—a rich collection of miscellanies, read, it was supposed, by a million of people in England, besides being reprinted in America, and translated into French, German, and Dutch.

The rate of remuneration was a guinea and a half per page, but he was limited to two or three columns weekly. His first two contributions appeared in the same number for the 10th of August—one a collection of Arabian proverbs, and the other a paper introductory to his travels. Its title is ‘The Deaf Traveller,’ and it is headed with the following editorial explanation:—‘We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the first of a series of papers, which, we think, will be found highly interesting, not only from their intrinsic merit, but from the peculiar circumstances of the writer. These circumstances he has described in the following introductory account of himself. We have only to add, that the writer has been introduced to the notice of the Society by a valuable member of one of the local committees, who is fully aware of his singular history.’ Some interest attaches to this paper as the first-born of so many successors in various walks of literature. Kitto gives in it a succinct account of his previous life. “There are circumstances in my condition which would exonerate me from censure, had I nothing at all to say, or less than I really have. It is not yet a month since I returned to my native shores. I made a pause at the first bookshop, and the Penny Magazine attracted my gaze. . . . Some of the papers I had purchased at the shop I skimmed over on my way home, cutting open the leaves with my forefinger for want of a knife; and before I reached my lodgings, I felt that I should like to have to do with some of these publications, particularly the Penny Magazine, in which I felt an especial interest.<sup>87</sup> . . . I have certainly in the course of my life been in very remarkable and interesting situations, but I remember few more

interesting than that in which I am now placed, whilst talking to a million of people about myself.' Referring to his past days, he makes this further disclosure:—"Though, with a painful effort, *I could* speak, I seldom uttered five words in the course of a week for several years. I always said the little I had to say in writing, and I know not whether it be not to this circumstance I owe that habit of composition which now enables me to address the readers of the Penny Magazine.

' . . . I have endeavoured to keep one object steadily in view—the acquirement of such information and general knowledge as I found open to me in the midst of much occupation, and of difficulties which, though considerably different from those of my earlier life, have often been very great.'

He was now fairly harnessed for work, and began to reap the fruit of his toils and travels, his consistent behaviour, and his honest perseverance. Writing from Baghdad to Mr Woollcombe, July 21, 1832, he expressed his gratitude, and gave as the reason: 'For you have waited so patiently and so long to see whether the wild and rude plant you assisted to transplant and water, would at last become fruitful.' His introduction, through this same friend, to the Useful Knowledge Society, had now produced at least promising first-fruits. His contributions being so acceptable, and his month of virtual probation being successfully passed, Mr Knight offered him a general engagement at a salary which Kitto thankfully accepted, saying, 'the terms offered would be sufficient, not only for my present, but for my prospective wants.' What occurred during the interview which led to this arrangement, is artlessly told by himself.

'Mr Knight said, "I am perfectly satisfied with what you have done, and only fear you may feel such employment dull; but I trust its usefulness will in time make it pleasant to you." I also spoke on the subject of my independent contributions to the Penny Magazine, as *The Deaf Traveller*, etc. You have perceived that my papers have been few and far between; and as I thought this might be from fear of tiring the readers, by the frequent recurrence of the same subject, I expressed the satisfaction I should feel in being permitted to fill up with other subjects the intervals between the various papers of *The Deaf Traveller*. Mr Knight said he would be glad if I did so; but the reason *The Deaf Traveller* had not come in more frequently, was the fear that I had not exactly hit his meaning in preparing the papers. I had better take some one subject, and bring my collected information to bear upon it, rather than carry the readers on from stage to stage, as in a book of travels. "I do not say, don't write a book," Mr Knight remarked, "for that is a different matter, but don't write a book for the Penny Magazine." I am now preparing the papers on this principle.'

Kitto was also to take a certain charge of the Penny Cyclopaedia, suggesting

new words or additions, looking through German, French, and Italian books of reference, and answering letters of contributors. He was somewhat dismayed by the prospect, but Mr Knight very kindly encouraged him, and told him, that 'his zeal would overcome all difficulties.' This task necessitated his personal attendance for seven hours daily in Ludgate Street. 'I sit,' he boasts to Mr Harvey,<sup>88</sup> 'in Mr Knight's room, with plenty of books about me, and more below. Whatever spare time the Penny Magazine does not require is spent in perfecting my knowledge of French and Italian, and in acquiring German.' Though he entered on his labours with some anxiety, he was soon enabled to go through them with credit. No one knew better than Mr Knight what contributions were adapted to such periodical literature as that which he was issuing, and Kitto was therefore under a kind and able monitor. Mr Knight gently checked his strong propensity to dwell on a subject, and work it out to a disproportionate length.<sup>88</sup> Kitto was now as busy as he could desire, doing whatever was required of him—abridging, compiling, translating, as well as composing original articles. The Penny Magazine was largely indebted to his pen, and the Penny Cyclopaedia to his care. His pecuniary income was considerable, and had every appearance of steadiness and increase. He had climbed long and bravely, and he was now but a few steps from the summit.

When the vessel which had brought him from Constantinople was casting anchor in Stangate Creek, he concluded a section of his journal with this racy soliloquy:—'Give me a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more, and wander no more.'

In a few days after, this aspiration assumed a practical aspect, and in a manner quite as peculiar and striking as had been the previous steps of his life. Bitter disappointment with a bride who had deserted him, wedded another, and then died in sorrow and remorse, sent him to the East; and now, when he had returned, the mysterious hand of death brought him into connection with the betrothed of a fellow-passenger, who had sickened on the journey, and expired within sight of the shores of England. For Mr Shepherd, who had died when the vessel was lying in quarantine, had charged Kitto with several bequests and memorials for Miss Fenwick, the lady to whom he had been long engaged. Mr Newman and Kitto made their first visit together to express their condolence—the former relating to the lady all the painful circumstances, while, according to her own description, Kitto 'sat all the time mute, the very image of sympathy.' Such an interview did not suffice for Kitto, for he had private matters, both of Mr Shepherd's and of his own, to talk about. The whole circumstances of the drama, so touching and so strange, had impressed Kitto very deeply, and disposed him to forecast 'whereunto this would grow.' For attachment was spring-

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ing out of the melancholy adventure; and he had learned to love her,

. . . Though her thoughts are straying  
To one who sleeps the dreamless sleep  
Of death; though midst her sighs are playing  
The hopes o'er which her visions weep.'

Again he called upon her, and again, and found her, as he describes the result of his interviews to his friend, Lady M'Neill, to be 'a very interesting person, with much information and more understanding. The loss she takes more sadly than I should have expected, and, of course, she will henceforth "wither on the virgin thorn for ever." So she thinks—not I, knowing, as I do, that no intense feeling can be lasting, or any resolutions permanent, which are formed under their influence. I believe our minds are wisely and well thus constituted. I remember the time when I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor, but now, if I find any one who will have me, nothing is further from my intention.'

He knew by the time he wrote these words that there was one not averse to him, nay, that he had found one who was willing to have him. 'My sympathy,' he says to Mr Lampen, in reference to his first errand, 'made my company pleasant to her; and though I did not for some time think of her in any particular way, she won upon me by her modes of thinking, her correct feeling, and strong and accomplished mind. She was ultimately led to think that she might find happiness with me.' The wooing—the success of which he owed to some extent to his innate persistence—had all but accomplished its object, when he felt that it behoved him to try to learn the probable amount, and especially to ascertain the certainty of his future income. There was only one way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion on the delicate subject, and that was by sounding his employer. Accordingly, on the 13th of September, he wrote a confidential letter to Mr Knight, freely stating his position, and his anxiety to be assured about his prospects of work and pay. The main question was thus put—'Whether my engagement with you is one which *you* wish me to retain? . . . I should say, there is nothing I desire more than to remain.' Mr Knight returned a satisfactory answer, and Kitto's heart was rejoiced beyond measure. Every impediment was thus easily removed, and the charge of imprudence could not be urged against the step which he was about to take. What he had so intensely longed for—a hearth and home of his own—was now to be attained. The cup had been dashed from his lips before, but again it was filled to overflowing. The happy day was at length fixed, and accordingly, on the 21st of September,

and at Christ's Church, Newgate Street, was solemnized the marriage of John Kitto and Annabella Fenwick. The church was under repairs at the time, and the workmen being obliged to suspend their noisy operations during the ceremony, became its amused spectators. The bridegroom afforded them some merriment which they were scarcely able to conceal, for more than once, from his deafness, he got before the officiating clergyman, and had to be recalled to the actual duty which the course of the service devolved upon him. The day of his marriage was the famous St Matthew's day, and as the civic dignitaries of London were on their annual visit of ceremony to Christ's Hospital 'next door,' there was no small stir in the neighbourhood. The bridegroom wondered much at the bustle, especially at the Lord Mayor's 'fine coach' waiting without, but could not at the time divine the reason. Yet the lively scene was not forgotten, and many years afterwards he referred to it on occasion of the admission of one of his boys to the great educational institution, jocularly remarking, that the time, place, and circumstances of their father's marriage seemed to give them some claim upon it.

This new connection added unspeakably to Kitto's happiness, and contributed in no ordinary degree to his usefulness. At the termination of the honeymoon, he rejoices to proclaim, 'she now thinks she has found happiness, and I hope to give her no cause to think otherwise. I have now a fireside of my own to sit down by, and on the other side is my wife darning stockings.' But she was not allowed to keep long by such domestic employment, for her time, during some years, was largely occupied in gathering literary materials for her busy husband. She daily visited the British Museum with him, and each, in that ample repository, pursued a separate path, he plying his immediate task, and she amassing materials for other meditated productions. She was the lion's provider, and was obliged to cater liberally among all sorts of authors, living and dead; for, as his den was a scene of uncommon voracity, his daily prey required a skilful and diligent purveyor.

If the previous pages indicate that Kitto was alive to female charms, other portions of his writings show his high appreciation of the sex, on which he has pronounced many noble and graceful eulogies. He has recorded his sentiments more than once, and that towards the last years of his life. For example, the history of Samson suggests to him, that 'reliance upon the tenderness and truth of woman's nature is not in itself a bad quality; nay, it is a fine, manly, and heroic quality—and we may be allowed to regret that Samson fell into hands which rendered it a snare, a danger, and a death to him.'<sup>89</sup>

Or, again, he has thrown out this striking sentiment:—

But not to dwell further on particular instances, it may be well worth our

while to note one great matter that deserves to be mentioned to their praise, and to be kept in everlasting remembrance. We have read of men once held in high esteem, who became apostates—Demas, Alexander, Philetus, and others; but never, by name, in all the New Testament, of a woman who had once been reckoned among the saints. This is great honour. But not only have women been thus honoured with extraordinary gifts; they have been otherwise favoured with special marks of attention from the Lord. To whom but unto women did Christ first appear after His resurrection? Of what act did He ever so speak as to render it everlastingly memorable, save that woman's, who poured upon His feet her alabaster box of precious ointment; and to whom He promised that, wherever, in the whole world, His Gospel should be preached, there should her work of faith be held in remembrance?'<sup>90</sup>

Or, still further, in vindication of Job's wife, and against the opinions which some commentators have formed of her words, translated in the English version, 'Curse God and die,' he protests right cheerily:—

'It was telling him that death was his best friend; that it was better for him to die than to live a life like this. Such a life was a continual death; and it were better to die at once than to die daily. Now, as many ladies are among our readers, we will at once ask them, if this is a true or probable explanation? We will feel assured that they will at once say it is not; that this is not the language which any true-hearted wife would hold to her afflicted husband, and that the advice is not "wholesome," as this explanation supposes. It is the ingenious speculation of dry old scholars, shut up among their books, and not of men knowing anything about the hearts of wives.'<sup>91</sup>

Kitto's work with Mr Knight was somewhat multifarious, but he was pleased with it. For a time, indeed, he walked 'fearfully and tremblingly,' but he gradually gained confidence and courage. Toward the close of this eventful year, on December 9, 1833, he gives some recital of his experience to Mr Woollcombe.

'52, St John's Road, Islington.

' . . . With me things have gone on as smoothly as I could reasonably expect. . . I have to bring into admissible form the contributions of correspondents, whose letters I also answer. In this last employment I have great occasion to feel how much I owe to your kind recommendation, as I have often to write for Mr Knight, declining offers of assistance, which I cannot sometimes help thinking, would be more efficient than my own. I am happy to hope that I have not altogether discredited your recommendation, and I trust that I shall not. I find my employments so very congenial, and my facilities in them increase so rapidly, that I think often that I have at last been enabled, through *your* kindness, to

find my proper place and level. . . There is a letter of Mr Groves in the Record newspaper of last Thursday. I am sorry to say that no letter from him has yet come into my hands. I have been poorly lately.’

The next year, 1834, was passed in similar industry, his remuneration being L.18 a month. Still, as his work grew familiar to him, he contemplated some other and future tasks; nay, as labours multiplied upon him he ‘sang in his heart.’ At length more than half the Magazine was of his preparing, and he avers, with some exultation, ‘all the papers I write now are printed.’ Books for children held a prominent place in his projected authorship, of which Uncle Oliver’s Travels in Persia is a favourable specimen. His articles being printed anonymously, he was saved from the imputation of inordinately thirsting for a name. He was all the while acquiring practice for higher achievements, for he was training himself to harmonise compactness with detail. The brief and uniform limits of the Magazine constrained him to proportion the space he occupied, to the differential value of his topics. The hardest lesson he had to learn was that of literary perspective, and he never thoroughly mastered it; nay, he almost complains, that ‘the readers of the Penny Magazine are so accustomed to condensation, that they cannot bear details.’

During this year was born his eldest child, Annabella Shireen—the second name being a reminiscence of his Persian travels. She was a source of new joy to him, and he had a thousand happy ways of delighting and amusing her in her infancy. When the little lady gave any sign of being gratified, he would at once turn to her mother and say (with what a tone!) ‘Does she make a noise? Pray tell me what kind of noise it makes.’ The tear starts in the eye on reading these touching words. He complains seldom, but ah! he utters a deep and mournful sigh as he thinks of ‘children’s voices, and the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech,’ and then points to his daily sorrow and privation as he sat among his darlings, being doomed ‘to *see* their blessed lips in motion, and to *hear* them not.’

The materials to be employed in Biblical illustration, had for a period been stored up in Kitto’s mind; but as yet no outlet had been found for them. He had, however, some notion of their value, and of their adaptation to general purposes. But his plans had been overruled. Yet the germ of the Pictorial Bible lies in the following statement:—‘I am to undertake the description of remarkable things and customs in foreign countries, beginning with those in which I have actually travelled. It was the very thing I wanted to do when I first came home.’ This idea, which was still uppermost, only received a special direction when the Pictorial Bible was edited. The light which would have been scattered on a va-

riety of points, grew brighter and steadier by its concentration on Scripture. At a later epoch, after he had acquired ‘celebrity,’ and when ‘black mail’ was freely levied upon him, though not to the extent he sometimes imagined, he indicated the peculiar source of his superiority and power by the avowal, ‘Nothing in fine saves me from being smothered by my own children, but the certainty of *actual knowledge* which my residence and travels in the East confer.’<sup>92</sup> This ‘actual knowledge’ was his tower of strength. For the description of a veritable eye-witness differs usually from that of a mere compiler, as much as a green garland from a faded chaplet. He who has seen the animal killed and cooked by one continuous process, and has partaken himself of the feast, diving into the pillan of rice or barley with his naked hand, and fetching up his morsel, can paint the festive scene with a few vivid touches, as he illustrates Abraham’s hospitality, or give an edge to Solomon’s proverb about the slothful man’s hiding his hand in the dish, that is, not using his three fingers, as is generally done, but so filling his whole palm at once, and loading it, as to save such repeated motion.<sup>93</sup> The flesh of animals is in the East more a luxury than an article of daily food, and men are cautioned in Scripture against being ‘riotous eaters’ of it. The Arab, as often as he can, does feed himself to satiety, but the spectator can add his own humorous touch:—

‘We have often had occasion to witness a meal of meat indulged in under such circumstances, to a degree of inconceivable intemperance, and enjoyed with a degree of hilarity very much like that which attends the consumption of strong drink in our northern climates. We have the Arabs more especially, but not exclusively, in view; for it is in connection with this people that the present expression, “riotous eaters of flesh,” has been brought most forcibly to our mind, on beholding the strong and irrepressible satisfaction with which a party of them would receive the present of a live sheep, and on witnessing the haste with which it was slaughtered and dressed, the voracity with which it was devoured, and the high glee, not unattended with dance and song, which seasoned the feast. We are almost afraid to say how much an unrestricted Arab will eat when an opportunity is given. It is commonly considered that an Arab can dispose of the entire quarter of a sheep without inconvenience; and we have certainly seen half-a-dozen of them pick the bones of a large sheep very clean.’<sup>94</sup>

The rider who has carried at his saddle the skin filled with water or wine, or the guest who has been cognisant of the Persian fashion of debauch, which begins at sunrise or before it, can give point to an exposition either of the trick of the Gibeonites, or of the prophet’s denunciation, ‘Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.’ The invalid who has been unfortunately under the hands of Oriental physicians, can speak from ex-

perience of their thirst for bleeding their patients with a dull lancet, or a knife rudely made into the shape of one, or of their fondness for the actual cautery with a common iron nail, or a piece of wire.’

The ‘publicans’ of the New Testament, or officers of inland revenue, were specially detested. Why? Let Kitto’s experience declare:—

‘It has not been our lot to be acquainted with any country, the inhabitants of which are so alive to their obligations to the State, as to receive with pleasure and regard with respect the collectors of the revenue, under whatever name they may come, whether tax-gatherers, rate-collectors, excisemen, customhouse-officers, or tollmen. The popular dislike to this class of public servants has always existed everywhere; and in an eminent degree it has always existed, and does exist, in the East, where the antipathy to anything like a regular and periodical exaction for government objects goes far beyond the dogged churlishness, with which the drilled nations of the West meet the more complicated demands upon them. This may, among other causes, be owing to the fact, that the eastern tax-gatherer feels quite at liberty to use his stick freely upon the person of a tardy, inadequate, or too reluctant tax-payer.’<sup>95</sup>

Speaking of the erroneous application of western forms and ideas to eastern usages, and that in reference to the scene of the Saviour’s birth, so inaccurately handled by poets and painters, the pilgrim can affirm from observation:—

‘The explanation we give of this incident, is founded upon actual observation, made while ourselves, more than once, were constrained to lodge in the stable, because there was “no room in the inn;” and was, in fact, suggested in a place that led us to say, “In such a stable as this was Jesus born; here might have been an excellent retreat for the Virgin; here she would be completely screened from observation at the time it was needed; and here in this very ‘manger’ she might have found no unsuitable cot for her first-born son.”’<sup>96</sup>

The student who, one afternoon at Baghdad, had been startled from his book by a sudden obscuration of the sky, as if the sun had been eclipsed, and had ascertained the cause to be a cloud of locusts, black from its very thickness, and covering the city ‘like a pall,’ could not fail to be picturesque in his comment on the first and second chapters of Joel.

As to the character and effect of eastern salutations, one who had often made and returned them with all their picturesque formality, is warranted to say:—

‘The servile demeanour of the poor in this country is hateful to every well-ordered mind. It has grown out of circumstances which there has been too little effort to resist; and we may go to the East to learn how the poor may be treated with courtesy, and be continually reminded, in every passing

form of speech, of their natural and religious brotherhood, without being thereby encouraged to disrespect or insubordination, but with the effect of a cheerful and willing character being thereby imparted to obedience.’<sup>97</sup>

The gaze that had frequently wandered over Asiatic fields, entitled the expositor to show the immense loss, which the foxes let loose by Samson, did to the harvest—thus:—

‘The reader must recollect that the cultivated lands are not separated by hedgerows into fields as with us, but are laid out in one vast expanse, the different properties in which are distinguished by certain landmarks, known to the owners, but not usually obvious to a stranger. Thus, as the time of harvest approaches, the standing corn is often seen to extend as far as the eye can reach, in one vast unbroken spread of waving corn. Hence the flames, once kindled, would spread without check till all the corn of the locality was consumed; and we are further to remember, that there were fifty pairs let off, doubtless in different parts.’<sup>98</sup>

The oratory at Philippi was by the river side, and the sojourner in remote Russia can quote an apposite illustration:—

‘It is rare at the present time to witness worship by a number of persons under such circumstances, as they usually find other means for ablution; but it happened to us, that the first act of Moslem worship we ever witnessed, was thus performed. This was nearly a quarter of a century ago, in the Caucasian mountains, at a time when many Turkish prisoners of war were kept there by the Russians. Bodies of these were conducted, at the hours of prayer, under a guard of soldiers, to any open place traversed by a river, near the military stations, and after performing their ablutions at the stream, they prostrated themselves upon the green sward, and went through the several acts of their remarkably demonstrative worship.’<sup>99</sup>

But not to multiply examples. Almost every one is aware how unlike an Oriental dwelling is to one among ourselves. But the wayfarer who has lived in both, can give a striking picture of the difference, and invest it, too, with an architectural interest.

‘The probability is, that the majority of the houses of Nineveh, like those of many eastern cities of the present day, consisted but of one storey, spread therefore over a large extent of ground. We have always observed the Orientals to be exceedingly averse to ascending stairs; and where ground is not an object, as it seldom is, they consider it absurd to build habitations in which they must be continually going up stairs and down, when they are at liberty to spread out their dwellings over the ground as widely as they like. Hence the accommodation which we secure by piling storey upon storey, they think they

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realize with much more advantage, by placing these storeys separately upon the ground, connecting them by doors, galleries, courts, and passages. This is their idea of comfort, and we must confess to being considerably of their opinion. The result is, however, that the house of an eastern gentleman in a town will generally occupy four or five times as much ground as that of an Englishman in the corresponding condition of life.’<sup>100</sup>

These extracts are only a specimen of that full and exact illustration which one can adduce who ‘testifies what he has seen.’ Though they are taken from Dr Kitto’s last work, they show what stores he had at command for his earliest Biblical exposition. Sir John M’Neill gave him, when he met him at Tabreez, a peculiar illustration of the territorial meaning wrapt up in the phrase, ‘Jacob digged a well,’ by informing him, that in Persia the law enacted, that he who digs a well in the desert, is entitled to all the land which it will irrigate. Morier’s ‘Second Journey through Persia,’ also recommended to him by the same authority, contains numerous elucidations of customs and sayings in the Old Testament, some of them ambiguous, indeed, and others based on misconception, but the majority of them singularly perspicuous and happy, and many of them verified by the deaf yet sharp-eyed wanderer himself. It is true, indeed, that Kitto did not travel in Palestine; but the East has an unvarying type among its Shemite races, and especially among those of the Syro-Arabian dialects. Manners are in many things the same on the banks of the Tigris as on those of the Jordan—the same among the children of Elam as among the children of Eber. What are often called Jewish customs, are, apart from religion, not confined to Abraham’s progeny through Isaac, but belong equally to his descendants through Ishmael. Dr Asahel Grant forgot this truth in one part of his argument, when he endeavoured to prove that the Nestorian Christians are the remains of the Ten Tribes, from certain customs and ceremonies, which, so far from being distinctive of Israel, are common to all the provinces of Western Asia.<sup>101</sup>

While Kitto wrought heartily on the Penny Magazine and other periodicals, he had not yet found his appropriate function. Still he was but a common literateur, and in that ‘line of things would scarcely ever have been known beyond the immediate circle in which he moved. But when the hour came the man was ready. Exploring his dim and uncertain way towards his right sphere, he had been frequently and partially baffled, though he was constantly nearing it.

‘The cygnet finds the water, but the man  
Is born in ignorance of his element,  
And feels out blind at first.’

At this juncture, the active and enterprising mind of Mr Knight, suggested the idea of an annotated Bible, and he thought that his man of all work was well qualified to write that portion of the notes which related to Oriental manners and life, and which his travels might help him to furnish. The plan at once riveted Kitto's attention as something peculiarly fitted for him, and in which he could excel. He prepared a specimen, with which Mr Knight was so pleased, that he resolved to gratify Kitto's earnest solicitation, and entrust him with the execution of the entire work. This decision was a wise one on the part of the publisher, and a happy one for the editor. Kitto thankfully owned Mr Knight's kindness, as 'one qualified beyond most men to judge of another's fitness,' and he eulogizes his 'generous confidence in intrusting to my untried hands a great and noble task, which others would have deemed to need the influence of some great name in literature.'

This new experiment brought him at once into the field which he had been long preparing to occupy, and for the occupation of which much of his previous training and travels had really qualified him. Prior to that objective preparation which his eastern journey had given him, and along with it, there had been another and a superior discipline. The Bible had become to him the Book of Life. Before his fall from the house-top, he had regarded the Bible 'as a book especially appointed to be read on Sundays,' and had not 'ventured to look into it on any other day. It seemed a sort of profanation to handle the Sacred Book with work-day fingers.' But, as he lay on that bed of slow convalescence, the exhaustion of his slender literary resources drove him to it, and then he read it 'quite through, Apocrypha and all.' His studies from this period took a marked direction towards Theology. Works of a religious kind were found and devoured by him, such as Foxe's Martyrs, Josephus, Hervey's Meditations, Bunyan, Drelincourt, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Sturm's Reflections, and Watts' World to Come. In course of time, indeed, he extended his reading to a more miscellaneous class of books, and especially in the public library did he give himself to Metaphysics; yet he hints, that 'amidst all this, the theological bias given by my earlier reading and associations remained.'<sup>102</sup> But it was at Exeter that the 'day-spring' for which he had long prayed arose upon him. Up to that time the Bible, he confesses, had been 'a sealed book' to him, for the 'instructing influences of the Holy Spirit did not attend' his reading of it, and he did not come to it 'with the humble and teachable spirit of a little child.' Now, and for some years, the inspired Word had been the food of his soul—the daily theme of that devout and earnest meditation which, 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual,' makes wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'<sup>103</sup> So that, when in

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due time, he came to illustrate Scripture, he did it in the right spirit, and never forgot the divinity of the volume on whose pages he was lavishing so many literary and pictorial illustrations. Spiritual qualification guarded and hallowed scholastic equipment.

The work, commencing in the end of 1835, was published in monthly parts, and completed in May 1838. During its progress Kitto ‘received L.250 a-year, and when it was finished he was presented with an additional sum, which seemed to him a little fortune.’<sup>104</sup>

The Pictorial Bible rose at once into high popularity. It was his first work in that department, and it led the way to all his subsequent productions. No sooner had he entered on this form of labour than

‘Almost thence his nature was subdued  
To that it worked in, like the dyer’s hand.’

Little, indeed, had been previously done in this neglected province of illustration. There had been huge commentaries, and good ones too—the quaint and pithy Henry, the solid and judicious Scott, and the more erudite and ambitious volumes of Patrick, Lowth, Whitby, and Adam Clarke. These authors, however, had, to a great extent, treated Scripture in one aspect. But the Bible, like the Redeemer whom it reveals, has two sides of view—divine and human. The former had been principally thought of by earlier expositors. They regarded more the truth of Scripture than the mode in which it had been conveyed. Their attention was given rather to the sound of the trumpet, than to the shape of the instrument, or the music of the peal. They busied themselves more with what history said, than with the style of recital; more with what the ritual taught, than with the scenes and ceremonies of the pageant itself; more with what poetry had sung, than with the lyre, drapery, and attitude of the Hebrew muse; more with what prophecy revealed, than with the allusions and colouring of its oracles. So that, with all the important service which they rendered, they had left a wide field unoccupied. For the Bible, though a Divine revelation, is also a human composition; and though ‘given by inspiration,’ it is essentially an Asiatic or Oriental book—the product of Hebrew mind, and laden with the riches of Hebrew imagination.

Various illustrations of manners and customs had been already collected, such as the treatises of Harmer, Burder, and Paxton; the travels of Sandy, Purchas, Maundrell, Shaw, Niebuhr, and Burckhardt, were not unknown; and every scholar was acquainted with such writers on antiquities, geography, and natural history, as Bochart, Reland, D’Herbelot, Poccocke, Celsius, Forskal, Harris,

Jennings, Jahn, and Roberts. Many of the more prominent features of the eastern world had also been distinctly apprehended. It was perfectly well understood that houses in the East had flat roofs, that the so-called bottles were of skin, and that sheep followed the shepherd, and were not gathered or driven by dogs. But Dr Kitto's merit lay, not so much in discovery as in application. He brought the public mind into vivid contact with Oriental scenery and life, by moulding them into the form of a continuous commentary on the Old and New Testaments. His readers are so initiated, that they are placed under the eastern sky, with its bright days and starry nights, and are so privileged, that they may gaze on the glory of Lebanon, the beauty of Carmel, and the rugged sublimity of Sinai; throw the net with the fishermen on the Lake of Galilee; raise the 'shout' of the vintage on the slopes of Eshcol; recline by the 'still waters' with the shepherd, when the 'pastures are clothed with flocks;' work and sing with the reaper when the 'valleys are covered over with corn;' go up at the great festivals to 'the testimony of Israel,' with 'the tribes of the Lord;' or march with the accoutred yeomen of the land, to fight for hearth and altar against Moab or Philistia, Ammon or Syria, the foes of the old theocracy. The Pictorial Bible gave glow and reality to ancient scenes and customs, and threw a wondrous light on what is external or Oriental in the drapery of Scripture.

Striking and appropriate illustration is borrowed from the Egyptian monuments. Witsius and others had laboured hard to disprove any religious connection between Israel and Egypt. Their arguments were, however, more of a theological than of an artistic and antiquarian nature, and there is no doubt that Marsham and Spencer carried their opposite speculations to an unwarranted extent. But it is natural to suppose that no small portion of Hebrew custom and art was learned in Egypt, so famed for its 'wisdom.' Therefore the figures on the monuments, so various in their allusions, and portraying so much both of the religious and common life of the nation, are a fertile source of illustration for the Pentateuch—the law and the history of the chosen people, just after it had migrated from the shores of the Nile. And thus, in the notes and woodcuts, you have Egypt everywhere—its wheat and its bulrushes, its flax and its frogs, its gods and its mummies, its priests and its ark, its feasts and its funerals—all of them verifying and explaining the Mosaic annals and legislation. The same felicity is displayed in the references to Oriental usage, which is so brought before the reader with pen and pencil that he lives in it. Distinctness is given to his conceptions, for every intelligent reader of scenes, travels, battles, and manners, must form a mental picture to himself as he proceeds, and Kitto sets before him the exact similitude, copies from nature both to be 'seen and read.' Some of the curious and difficult points of Hebrew jurisprudence are

well illustrated by apposite examples and analogies, some of them better than those which Michaelis has collected. We need not allude to the many engravings taken from Petra, Persia, and Babylon, and so profusely scattered through the exposition of the prophetic books. The introductions prefixed to the various sections, though brief and unpretending, are full of good sense, and convey useful information.

We need not wonder, therefore, at the immediate popularity of the Pictorial Bible. It was a new idea successfully carried out. It brought down to the people what had lain on the shelves of students, or been stored away in the treasures of the British Museum. It gave an impulse to this species of biblical study, familiarised the ordinary readers of Scripture with its geography and antiquities, and showed that research, no matter how far or in what direction it was carried, served to confirm the truth, authenticate the history, develop the beauty, and promote a fresher and fuller understanding of the Book of God. It was at first objected that the comment wanted the evangelical element; but the author's purpose must be kept in view, and as he professed to deal with neither exegesis nor theology, he must be judged by the aim which he sought to realise.

What are called 'Illustrations from the Old Masters,' are usually of little value. Nay, they often mislead. Those of them, for instance, which are found even in the first volume of the Pictorial Bible, are of this nature. In the one which forms the frontispiece, the artist has paid no attention to Egyptian features, dress, or custom. In the plate representing Laban's covenant with his son-in-law, Jacob is pictured as still a young man, whereas he could not have been far from threescore years and ten. But it was the special superiority of the Pictorial Bible, that it discarded such fanciful illustrations, except as mere occasional ornament, and that it figured actual animals, plants, garments, and scenes, so as to give to the reader's eye the zoology, botany, costume, geography, and ethnography of Scripture. Many objectionable plates in the first edition were excluded from the fourth, for they were often inaccurate as exponents of history, and imperfect as representations of manners and dress. The first edition, completed in 1838, formed three large imperial octavo volumes, and from the stereotype plates of it various large impressions were taken.

The book was published anonymously. Its reception not only gratified Kitto immensely, but decided what was to be the labour of his subsequent years. For the reviews were very favourable. One of them spoke of the *men* employed in the publication 'as fully competent to their anxious undertaking;' and the *one* man who did the entire work, secretly and heartily enjoyed the plural reference.

The approbation of the public was not only a reward to him for his toils and anxiety, but he took it as the index of Providence pointing out what he now

rightly regarded as the work to which he had been called, and for which so many years of study and travel, and growing religious faith, had so admirably disciplined him. The ‘almost unprecedented favour’ with which the book was received, was therefore owing to its real worth, and not to any fame of its author—for his name was concealed—nor to any sympathy with the workhouse boy, who had wandered from Plymouth to Baghdad, and plodded his way back again to London. Kitto could not but record his high satisfaction with the result—‘The degree of attention with which my labours have been favoured, has not arisen out of any sympathies for, or had reference to, my peculiar condition: for my greatest and most successful labour was placed before the public without any name; and although the author’s name has been attached to later works, it has not been accompanied by any information concerning the circumstances which have now been described. As, therefore, the public has had no materials on which to form a sympathising, and therefore partial, estimate of my services, and has yet received them with signal favour, I may venture to regard the object which I had proposed to myself as in some sort achieved. And since it is at length permitted me to feel that I have passed the danger of being mixed up with the toe-writers and the learned pigs of literature, I have now the greater freedom in reporting my real condition.’<sup>105</sup>

He stated also to Professor Robinson of New York,<sup>106</sup> then in London, that ‘through incidental notices and allusions in periodical publications, the public had got some notice of his history,’ but that even then (1840) he was not extensively known as the editor of the Pictorial Bible. Not that there had been any studious concealment, but, he declares, ‘it has rather been my wish that I should not seem to owe any part of the success I might attain as an author to the sympathies which my sufficiently singular personal history might be likely to produce.’ Indeed, he affirms, more unreservedly, and with some degree of warmth, that at an early period he had found little encouragement from others, even from those who ultimately favoured him with their notice; that when he spoke of literature, he had been kindly pointed away to other means of occupation and usefulness; that his literary predilections had usually obtained no encouragement, but had rather been opposed as an unreasonable infatuation; and that therefore he had ‘determined, at whatever risk, to act upon his own soul-felt conclusions, and to stand by the truth or fall by the error of ineradicable convictions.’<sup>107</sup> So completely unknown was he in Scotland, that when we first heard that the Pictorial Bible was edited by ‘John Kitto,’ we thought that the brief and uncommon name must surely be a *nom de plume*.

In a fragmentary Journal, July 4, 1837, we find this characteristic paragraph:—

‘Newman writes me,—“I have taken in the Pictorial Bible. Parnell tells me that you were the editor. I said, perhaps of the later portions. Is it true that you were the editor of the Pentateuch part?” Bah! I answered, rather shortly, yes—and did not altogether omit the opportunity of slightly girding at the discouragements I had received, and the calamities which were foretold me from my adherence to my literary predilections; to which adherence I owe all the benefits I now enjoy. I said just enough to let him see that I did feel something of triumph, to have it thus established that I was right in my obstinacy. These old college folks, I fancy, cannot like the successes of parvenus, self-educated men like myself.’

In short, though Kitto rejoiced in doing all manner of service for the Penny Magazine, and other useful and popular periodicals, he felt, for the first time, that he was in his true element when he commenced his studies for the Pictorial Bible. His benefactors, in their kindness, had assigned him different forms of labour, from the making of shoes to the setting of Persic types, from the teasing of oakum to the manufacture of artificial teeth, and in all of them he did his best, but in none of them was he contented. Each was but a resting-place—his heart still said, *Excelsior!* and he arose and climbed again. Various spheres of work were opened up to him, but he could not find a home at Plymouth or Exeter, Malta or Baghdad, when Providence at length set him down in Ludgate Hill, and yoked him to the great business of his life. And then he felt that he had been slowly training for his high vocation, and that what had disabled him for the physical toils under which his soft sinews had first bent, had but set him apart to higher and more exhausting labours. Then, too, he learned that no phase of his life had been without its advantages—that his love of lore now enabled him to pay his tribute of veneration to the Book of books, and that his journey to the Tigris yielded fruits to be afterwards reaped on the Thames. And thus he waxed ‘strong in faith, giving glory to God.’

During the progress of this first and great labour he tells Mr Knight, in the fulness of his heart:—

‘I cannot begin any observations respecting the Pictorial Bible, without stating how highly I have been gratified and interested in the occupation it has afforded. It has been of infinite advantage as an exercise to my own mind. It has afforded me an opportunity of bringing nearly all my resources into play; my old Biblical studies, the observations of travel, and even the very miscellaneous character of my reading, have all been highly useful to me in this undertaking. The venerable character of the work on which I have laboured, the responsibility of annotation, and the extent in which such labour is likely to have influence, are also circumstances which have greatly gratified, in a very definite

manner, that desire of usefulness, which has, I may say, been a strong principle of action with me, and which owes its origin, I think, to the desire I was early led to entertain of finding whether the most adverse circumstances (including the privation of intellectual nourishment) must necessarily operate in excluding me from the hope of filling a useful place in society. The question was, whether I should hang a dead weight upon society, or take a place among its active men. I have struggled for the latter alternative, and it will be a proud thing for me if I am enabled to realise it. I venture to hope that I shall: and to *you* I am, in the most eminent degree, indebted, for the opportunities, assistance, and encouragement, you have always afforded me in my endeavours after this object.’

Sir John M’Neill and Mr Knight were, each in his time and place, of essential service to Kitto; the one in the East had greatly and opportunely helped to store his mind, and the other in London devised the plan which brought out his knowledge into popular and practical form. The one encouraged him to gather the ore, and, after its fusion, the other shaped the mould, and there ‘came out’ the Pictorial Bible. During the years in which it was in process of publication, his toil was incessant, though he was never far ahead of the press; so that he complained of the time lost by going in search of books, especially to the British Museum, and wished a few serviceable volumes to be procured for himself. Matters connected with the work, over and above the writing of the notes, took up, he affirms, ‘a fourth of his time, and more than half of his anxiety.’ And he ends his request with the memorable declaration, ‘The Museum day is but six hours long, whereas mine is sixteen.’

It may be added, that the Pictorial Bible was reprinted in four quarto volumes, in 1838, but not stereotyped; that in 1840 the notes and some of the illustrations, without the text, were published in five small octavos; and that in 1847 was commenced what may be called the standard edition, completed in 1849, in four volumes imperial octavo. Kitto bestowed special pains upon this edition, and ‘received upwards of £600 for his labour.’<sup>31</sup> Not only did it excel its predecessors in better paper, larger page, choicer woodcuts, and more tasteful printing, but it possessed other and higher improvements. The editor, who was best qualified to speak of it, for he knew the labour it had cost him, says himself:—

‘The final results appear in a considerable body of fresh matter, exhibited in some thousands of new notes, and in additions to and improvements of a large number of the notes contained in the original work. Space for this has been provided by an actual increase of the letterpress, by the omission of one class of woodcuts, by the careful excision from the original work of such matters as might, it was judged, be spared, not only without loss but with advantage, and

by the pruning and condensation of many notes which remain without essential alteration. The effect of all this may be seen in the fact that, in the Pentateuch alone, besides introductions occupying several pages, between four and five hundred new notes have been introduced without the sacrifice of any valuable matter contained in the original work, and with the addition of a large number of really illustrative engravings, which did not appear in that publication.

‘The general result may be thus stated: that the matter of the original work has undergone a most careful and elaborate revision; that nothing of interest or value in the original work is wanting in the new edition; and that large additions have been made, equal altogether to above one-third of the whole work, of the same kinds of useful information which have secured for the Pictorial Bible the high consideration with which it has been favoured.’<sup>108</sup>

In this edition, there was prefixed to each book a list of commentators upon it, and the editor regarded this as a ‘new feature.’ Certainly it was; but he adds, ‘A complete list is scarcely possible.’ His lists are fuller than any we have seen extending to all the various books of Scripture; but we have met with much fuller lists on separate books. He has omitted, especially in the New Testament, several good expositors, both on the Gospels and Epistles. Some that he has put in his lists are mere curiosities; but it was impossible for him to assign their several values to books which he had never seen, and their respective merits to authors whom he had never consulted. There is this benefit, however, that ‘even the thoughtful general reader may find some matter for suggestive meditation in these lists. They will enable him to see what are the books which have been chiefly attractive for separate exposition; he will perceive how much more attention has, until of late years, been given to the separate consideration of particular sacred books abroad, than in this country; and he may trace the periods in which this department of biblical literature was most cultivated.’<sup>109</sup>

It is stated in the preface to Dr Chalmers’ Daily Scripture Readings, that what he called his ‘Biblical Library,’ consisted of the Pictorial Bible, a Concordance, Poole’s Synopsis, Henry’s Commentary, and Robinson’s Researches in Palestine. In another place, Dr Chalmers says to his grandson:—‘Perhaps when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy may light upon this paper; and it is possible that his recollection may accord with my fervent anticipations of the effect that his delight in the “Pictorial Bible” may have, in endearing still more to him the holy Word of God.’

The labour of the last three years had been so incessant, that Kitto had no time to fill much space in his diary. Twelve months elapse between some of the entries. But a few scattered notes of some interest occur:

‘*June 20, 1837.*—This day the king died, and this day I put the last hand to the second volume of the Pictorial Bible. Mem.—I am, it would seem, a dab at presentiments. At the beginning of the year, I had a presentiment that the king would die this year. Mentioned it at the time to Bell (Mrs Kitto), who recollects it. Would I had been a false prophet! Who is not sorry that the king is dead? I am sure I am.

‘*Same day.*—Very anxious about baby—indeed miserable. A lump on her head. Doctor says she has no bone on the left side of her head, and showed Bell, in the skull of a dead child, the very bone which the living one wanted. A case of great ultimate danger, probably fatal. She has good health now; and it is awful to see the dear little thing crawling about, laughing, and affecting to address me on her fingers, and to know that the sentence of death is upon her. I have not often—never—been more distressed; for I do love the dear little article most entirely.

‘*June 21.*—Sent her to Sir Astley Cooper. After a very slight examination, he said that the bump contained extravasated blood, probably arising from a fall; doubtless, the fearful fall she received about two or three months back; nothing could be done but rub it with vinegar. No danger whatever. When told about the *bone*, he said “Pho! Then you may tell the medical man, from me, whoever he is, that he is mistaken.” Now, blessed be Sir Astley Cooper! I receive the dear little creature as one given me back from the grave. May she live a thousand years! Bless her little eyes!’

The humour which the next excerpt contains was native to him, as the reader must have frequently perceived in the course of the narrative:—

*June 30.*—Was much amused by the piscatory propensities of the juvenile cockneys about the New River, which are well worth an extended notice; e.g., one boy, with a basket, rod, line of black worsted, and bent pin, proceeding, with great importance, river-ward, between two other boys, proud of being parties in the affair, and dying with envy at the luck of their companion, and the dignity to which he had attained. Some respectable-looking boobies, approaching manhood, groping the poor river with very complete and costly apparatus. Others of all sorts, returning fishless home, their blank looks admirably contrasted with the animation and glad expectation of those proceeding river-ward. Coming home by the green, met with a capital practical satire on this—at the butcher’s, a boy about four, infected with the piscatory mania, was fishing out of the window into the road with one of his father’s flesh-hooks.’

Mr Groves paid a visit to England, on his return from India, in 1835; and though Kitto and he had parted in the manner already described, yet they rejoiced to see one another in their native land. Kitto tells Mr Woollcombe (April

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12), ‘Your letter conveyed to me the first impression that Mr Groves was in England. I heard nothing further of him until, on returning from Mr Knight’s to dinner, about a month since, I found he had called in my absence, and left word that he was about to start for the Continent, but should be in Chancery Lane till four o’clock (it was then three), if I could call upon him there. I did so, and had the greatest satisfaction in seeing him once more.’ Two months afterwards, June 10th, he informs Mr Lampen—

‘I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr Groves several times since his return to this country, and I was gratified to learn that he had an opportunity of seeing you at Plymouth. I confess to you that there are many of his views in which I do not concur nearly so much as I seemed to myself to do, while I was under that strong personal influence, which I think he exerts over those who are in near connection with him, through the warmth and energy which, more than any man I ever knew, he throws into his opinions. Whether the difference between *now* and *then*, in my mode of considering the subjects to which my attention, while with him, was so forcibly drawn, results from a more dispassionate and uninfluenced *view of* the same subjects, or merely from the greater ascendancy of worldly influences in my mind, I cannot venture to determine. I fear Mr Groves might be disposed to consider the latter the most probable account; while *you*, perhaps, might be willing to allow the former cause as sufficient to produce the effect.’

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### FOOTNOTES

79 Letter to Mr Harvey, Public Library, Plymouth, August 7, 1823.

80 Baghdad, September 25, 1831.

81 Baghdad, December, 1831.

82 Tehran, October 30, 1832.

83 Letter to Mr Woollcombe, Baghdad, December 15, 1831.

84 Penny Magazine, vol. iv., p. 171.

85 The following are the titles of some of his compositions, which range over a great variety of topics—The Seals of the Kaliphs; On the Mendicant Orders; the Astrologer; Calligraphy; Mahomet Ali Khan; The Principle; Maria Bell; The Modern Student; Ancient Student; Sights and Insights; the Silver Spoon; The Chrystal; The Angel of the Ruby; Hot-Cross Buns; Recollections and Collections about Malta; Language; On a Future State of Being; Chosrou; Plague of Baghdad; Childhood; Hubert and Eleanora; The Stars; Geographical Queries; Leila, Bastan; London in 2417; the Young Astrologer; Blindness; Persia; Farewell to Malta, a Poem; Lylan; Hebrew names of God, etc. etc.

86 Letter to Lady M'Neill, Tehran. London, August 12, 1833.

87 On his return from Malta in 1829, the first place he stopped at was a bookshop, but his eye fell on the following title-page, 'A Treatise on the Art of Tying the Cravat.'

88 August 18, 1833.

89 Thus, at a later period, the Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, and the Daily Readings, grew to double the size originally agreed on.

90 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol ii., p. 413.

91 Ibid., vol. iii., p. 12.

92 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. v., p. 95.

92 Letter to Mr Oliphant, October 30, 1851.

93 The allusion is based upon a peculiar interpretation of Prov. xxvi. 15.

93 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. v., p. 343.

94 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. vii., p. 272.

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95 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. vii., p. 62.

96 Ibid., vol. p. 27. Dr Kitto might have noticed, that our own common forms of salutation had once a religious significance. Adieu, is a commendation to God; and Good b'ye, is God be with thee.

97 Daily Bible Illustrations, vol. ii., p. 416.

98 Ibid., vol. viii., p. 340.

99 Daily Bible illustrations, vol. vi., p. 407.

100 The Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes. By Ashael Grant. M.D., chap. xviii. London, 1841.

101 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 14.

102 Ibid., p. 16.

103 Article Kitto, in Knight's English Cyclopaedia—Biography. Vol. iii.

104 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 83.

105 September 28, 1840.

106 Lost Senses—Deafness, p. 90.

107 'Article 'Kitto,' in Knight's English Cyclopaedia.

108 Journal of Sacred Literature, vol. iv., 1849, pp. 162-165.

109 The stereotype plates of this last and improved edition belong now to the Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh, who have issued an elegant reprint, with useful and interesting appendices to the first three volumes, by a qualified contributor, referring to books of research not published in 1848.