

feel, that "the right man was in the right place," till he was engaged by Mr E Knight to write for his publications, and particularly the Pictorial Bible. It was here that he found for the first time employment thoroughly congenial to his soul; and the ardor with which he entered upon that work, and the success with which he completed it, may now be said to be "matters of fact," in our wide world's history.

After the melancholy accident above referred to, the first question with Kitto was, what would he do now, to support himself? Must he remain for ever dependent upon his friends and relatives, who had enough to do to support and maintain themselves? Must he be cast upon the sympathies and tender mercies of an unthinking and unfeeling world? Particularly must he be deprived of all opportunities of reading and writing, and of realizing his fond dreams of authorship? Hard as the task might be, he immediately set himself to execute it; and that task was, to conquer his position, and take his rank as high and independent among men, as if he had *five* senses, and not *four* only. The resources, to which, from the very commencement, he had recourse, were most astonishing. His resolution never failed. If one plan did not succeed, immediately he was at another. Nothing daunted or discouraged him. Amid his deepest and darkest perplexities, the restless monitor within still said, "go forward;" and forward he did go, like one impelled by an irresistible instinct or invincible passion. The fire was kindled, which could not be quenched. Attempts to smother it, only made it blaze deeper.

The love for reading and writing grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. But to purchase books and paper he must have some coppers. To secure these few pence, how varied were the schemes which he adopted! We find him wading knee-deep in Sutton-pool, "a sort of swamp of black mire, rendered more intensely fetid by the influx of the town drainage;" and picking up bits of rope and yarn, for which he received one half-penny per pound; and old iron, for every 3 pounds of which he received one penny. But this did not prove a profitable concern. Four pence was the greatest amount he realized for one week's labours. But worse still, the speculation ended unfortunately. While wading as usual one day, he trod upon a broken bottle, and cut his foot so severely, that he was laid up for several weeks. But even when laid up, books and paper he must have, and some new plan must be adopted. It was not long in being concocted and carried into execution. Once more he betook himself to drawing pictures, and placed them in his mothers windows for sale; and when novelty ceased to attract there, erected a stand at Plymouth fair, giving to the world like other artists, "an exhibition of paintings." Scanty, however, was the artist's remuneration. Even the fair week, with all its attractions, produced only 8d. Another scheme was adopted. He observed *labels* in many windows, and not a few of them wrong spelled, such as—"Logins for singel men." He wrote out a number of these labels, correctly spelled and ornamented tastefully, as he thought, with his pencil and paints; and offered them where needed at the small charge of one penny. But this did little for him, less indeed than any of the preceding speculations. His customers had no relish for correct literature, and less for the beauties of painting; and the consequence was, that two or three were the most that he sold. These incidents we mention to show how fertile his invention was, even at this early period of his life; and this faculty he richly possessed to the very close of his existence. But notwithstanding all his expedients, it was found that as the last resource, he must be