

lic for the production of Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England. In the prosecution of such works as these, he continued for three or four months, much pleased with his situation, and highly delighted with the bland and courteous manner of his employer. We make not any remarks respecting these labours, or the several articles which he produced for these publications. All that we say is that he had now found a situation congenial to his mind,—that he had not yet reached the true field of his crowning labours, but that he was now nearing them,—and that he had to take but another step when he would enter upon that species of work for which the Providence of God had all along been training him; and from which ultimately, he reaped such a harvest of fame, usefulness, and glory. But an important event occurred about this time which we must not overlook; as it had not a small, but a powerful influence over the future destinies of this great and good man.

## II. HIS MARRIAGE.

Kitto was evidently a man of keen feelings and of the tenderest sensibility. He was easily hurt himself by any slight, either real or fancied; and as a necessary concomitant, he was most careful against giving offence to others. He was very fond of the company of ladies; and wherever he associated with them for some time, he was sure to secure their respect and esteem in return. Some ladies who moved in the highest ranks and the best educated circles, were his correspondents till the day of his death, and proved to be among his best and most influential friends in the time of need. About his love affairs in general, and his marriage in particular, as about almost every thing connected with Kitto, there was much that was strange and even romantic. As it will bring out prominently one interesting feature of his character—his keen and deep sensibility—and as the circumstances themselves are full of interest,—we must give a short account both of his first love-affair and of his marriage. Kitto is seen in both.

It happened that on some not very particular occasion, Kitto accidentally saw a young lady whose appearance greatly attracted his attention. Quite in accordance with the constitution of the man, the impression once made, was rivetted on his heart. He knew not her name, nor her residence, nor the family with whom she was connected; in short, he literally knew nothing about her. But he thought of her and dreamed of her, and, we suppose, wondered who or what she could be. Sometime afterwards, while strolling along the street in one of the environs of Plymouth, he chanced to step into a shop to make some small purchase. An elderly lady was at the counter and served him. As was his wont, occasionally, he entered into conversation with the lady, who, among other things, spoke in the highest commendatory terms of her daughter. The curiosity of Kitto was excited, and in due time means were employed to have them introduced to each other.—They met, and whom did the young lady prove to be, but the selfsame one whom Kitto had formerly seen, and who had attracted his attention so much. The young lady was respectable, and mutual attachment sprung up, notwithstanding Kitto's deafness, and finally, on the eve of his departure for Malta, 1827, all arrangements were entered into and completed for their marriage. But just at this time another wooer appeared, succeeded in ousting poor Kitto, and left him like some others to mourn over the frailty and fickleness of poor humanity. It was a sad, sad blow to Kitto. It seemed to cast a cloud, dark as midnight, over his now brightening horizon. He not only mourned over it, but wept and moaned. What a melancholy tinge does the very mention of this event cast upon some of his letters written on the Mediterranean