

Cuyler was a raw college lad then, and impressionable. He had read "Sartor Resartus," and "Heroes and Hero Worship," and he felt that he ought to thank their author, in person, for the pleasure he had experienced in perusing them. He found the object of his search, and was received cordially in that famous front room on the second floor of that modest house in Cheyne Row. A renowned locality for literary men, this quaint suburb of Chelsea which can boast of such residents, at different times, as Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Swift, Addison and Dick Steele of classic memory, of Boyle, Locke, the logician, Arbuthnot, Noll Goldsmith, Smollett and the Walpoles, besides such worthies of a later day as Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and Maclise, the great painter. In this red-brick unpretending house, Cuyler feasted his eyes on Thomas Carlyle, who was then in his prime. "He was hale and athletic," says this observant youth of thirty and odd years ago, "with a clear blue eye, strong lower jaw, stiff iron-gray hair brushed up from a capacious forehead, and with the look of a sturdy country deacon, dressed up for church." In 1872, Theodore Cuyler, then a D.D. and with a reputation which penetrated even as far as England, visited the Scottish sage again. "We found," he says, "the same old brick dwelling, No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, without the slightest change, outside or in. But during those 30 years, the kind, good wife, whom I had met in 1842, had departed, and a sad change had come over the once hale, stalwart man. After we had waited some time, a feeble and stooping figure, attired in a blue flannel gown, moved slowly into the room. His gray hair was unkempt, his blue eye was still keen and piercing, and a bright hectic spot of red appeared in each of his hollow cheeks. His hands were tremulous and his voice was deep and husky.....Much of his extraordinary harangue was like the eruption of Vesuvius; but the sly laugh he occasionally gave showed that he was 'mandating' about as