

naked to all who wish to explore it. Mean souls are aware of nothing but a cage for spiritual squalor; but others, clearer-eyed, find it, in the prophet's own words, forever venerable. For here lived one who taught, and with authority.

Number 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was a fit home for a man of letters like Carlyle. In a ruined house, a stone's throw away, Smollett, another exiled Scottish author with a temper, wrote *Count Fathom*. Even nearer was the place where More had entertained Erasmus, when he came to England to study Greek. The very coffee-house in which Mr. Bickerstaff saw Pontius Pilate's Wife's Chambermaid's Sister's Hat, and entertained doubts thereon, was still flourishing. In Chelsea once lived Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope and teacher of Voltaire; and earlier still, the Count de Grammont. Not far away, at 4 Upper Cheyne Row, lived Leigh Hunt, the lampooner of the Regent, — he spent two years in prison for calling a prince "a corpulent Adonis of fifty"! — the peculiar friend of Byron, the original of Harold Skimpole, the enviable hero of *Jenny Kissed Me*. The windows afforded glimpses of the Thames, Turner's own river, of Westminster Abbey, even of the ball and cross above Wren's monument, and, at nights, far away in the west, of the lights of Vauxhall. Here, friends, neither too many nor too few, Mill, Hunt, Sterling, Taylor, Allan Cunningham, gathered round the man and woman of genius; they never wanted friends; and the letters of that time show that it was a time of peace.

As soon as he was settled in his new home, Carlyle set to work, with good heart, upon his first great book, *The French Revolution*, itself, as he says, a kind of French Revolution, labored over it late and early, lost the first book by the negligence of Mrs. Taylor's maid, according to the famous story, rewrote it, and then, at the end of two years' work,