

Nearer home again is "In the Churchyard at Cambridge." This is the churchyard of Christ Church, on Garden Street, opposite the Common. It has known, like many another church, the vicissitudes of war. Connecticut troops were quartered here about the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and, being Tory property, its lead organ-pipes were melted into bullets. The legend which the poet has versified so gracefully is told of the Vassall monument, under which Madame Vassall is buried. It is a red sandstone slab, supported by five square pilasters, one at each corner and one in the middle. On its upper surface is engraved a vase and an image of the Sun—supposed to symbolize the origin of the name, *Vassol*. The legend goes that two slaves were buried here, one at the head, and one at the foot of the tomb.

Still nearer home, within sound again of the river-nymphs, is the exquisite poem on the home of James Russell Lowell, "The Herons of Elmwood," one of the most enchanting songs ever sung by poet to a brother poet:

"Warm and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
While overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

"Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

"Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.