

Episcopal Theological School, and its Memorial Chapel of St. John, commemorated in Longfellow's sonnet.

T. W. Higginson lives in Buckingham Street, but Mrs. Ole Bull and most of the celebrities are in Brattle Street; though Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell, is on a side road from it, called Elmwood Avenue.

Longfellow and Lowell are neighbours in death as in life. Their graves lie close together in Mount Auburn Cemetery, on the outskirts of Cambridge. Longfellow's resting-place, at the top of Indian Ridge, is marked by a solid stone sarcophagus; while Lowell lies at the foot of the hill, his grey headstone an imitation of the old style common in the earliest graveyards. Motley is near Longfellow, and Holmes too is close at hand.

They are all gone, the brilliant group that did so much for American letters, excepting the genial old gentleman at "Shady Hill," Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who still keeps up his connection with Harvard to the extent of having a Dante class. Does he ever relate anecdotes of the distinguished Dante Club that once met weekly at Craigie House?

The leaders in literature at Concord are likewise no longer above ground, but at rest in Sleepy Hollow.