Undated
Elihu Burritt

[Undated]

Look on Bunker Hill. There stands the grave stone of war. Through all the remaining ages of the race a consecrated halo of heaven's purest light will encircle its august and lofty brow. Sweeter than strains of fabulous melody, the perennial music of peace will breathe from its every granite pore, awakening responding symphonies in the hearts of a thousand generations.

Elihu Burritt