

A SONNET TO LEE.

Israel one David, Athens one Pericles,
Thebes one Epaminondas could produce.
Thy State, O, Lee, of greatness more profuse,
Nurtured two Washingtons upon her knees;
The first to crown on earth his God did please;
But thy reward was set thee in the skies.
Sternier thy fate than Jackson's; him to rise
And feel no fall, appointed Heaven's decrees.
From thy high noon thou turnedst to the west,
By clouds infolded, thunderous and dark,
Which yet, reluctant, spread around thy rest,
Purple and golden glories, prescient mark
Of that eternal radiance which hath blest
Thy soul, beyond our sun's inferior arc.