

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HONORABLE
MISS CAROLINE CAMPBEL.

How soft the morn ! how sweet the early day !
 What blooming tints the opening clouds display !
 Delusive shades ! the bleakest storms oft rise,
 And cloud the brightness of the purest skies.
 In blushing spring the budding leaves may fall,
 And ye, you fair, receive an early call ;
 Ah ! Caroline ! how promising thy bloom !
 How chang'd, how sad, how sunk in sorrow's gloom !
 How fair thy prospects ! charming maid, how bright,
 Which death relentless veils in endless night ;
 Blights thine sweet hopes admiring friends had form'd,
 Chill'd that soft friendship which thy bosom warm'd.
 Why did not pitying powers thy virtue save,
 Preserve our hopes from disappointment's grave ?
 Form'd with each grace that could enrich the mind,
 With wit, with sentiment, and sense refin'd ;
 The gentlest soul inform'd her glowing breast,
 Heaven's meekest image on her form impress ;
 The softest mercy, purity, and truth,
 Adorn'd her name, gave lustre to her youth :
 Heaven, that with virtue did her heart endow,
 Sent her a pattern for her sex below.

Ye fair companions of her opening bloom,
 Weep o'er her dust, and profit at her tomb ;
 She once was all the human kind adore ;
 " Now view her relics, and be vain no more."
 What now alas ! avails her noble birth,
 Her easy manners, her distinguish'd worth !
 Silent and cold as yon pale marble bust,
 Reduc'd her honors to unconscious dust.
 And shall no more thy friends behold thy face,
 No more be charm'd by thy persuasive grace !
 And shall no more thy accents cheer the maid,
 Who *now* invokes thy lov'd, thy honor'd shade ?
 'Transporting hope ! in realms of brightest day,
 Thy soul shall gain that spark, that quick'ning ray,
 To wake, re-animate thy sleeping clay. }
 Extatic thought ! in those bright realms above
 I'll hail thy virtues with an angel's love ;
 When a few fleeting years shall set me free,
 My soul, unshackled, then shall fly to thee ;
 But if on earth I longer must reside,
 Oh ! then blest Caroline be still my guide !
 And should thy spirit know what passes here,
 Oh ! deign to dry the hapless Mary's tear ;
 Be that, sweet maid, thy sacred, soft employ,
 Till she shall meet thee for eternal joy.