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THE  
CAVE of MORAR,  
THE  
MAN of SORROWS.  
A  
LEGENDARY TALE.

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IN TWO PARTS.

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The Second Edition with Alterations and Corrections.

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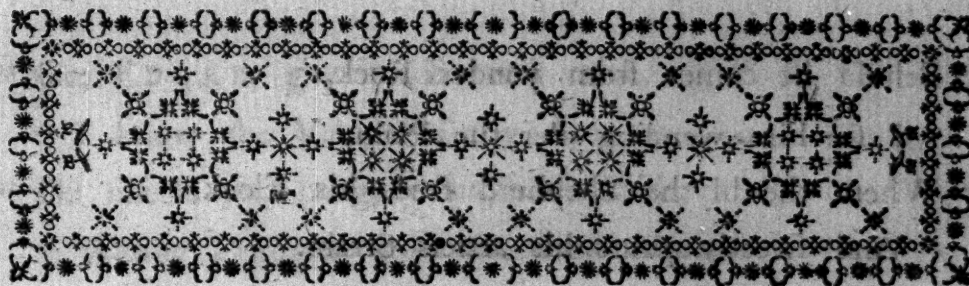


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L O N D O N:

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T H E  
CAVE of MORAR.

P A R T F I R S T.

“ H E R E, E M M A, in this lonely Grot,  
“ Thy wearied Limbs awhile repose,  
“ I go to meet yon warlike Scot,  
“ Whose threat’ning Horn so loudly blows:

“ Here rest with MORAR in his Cell,  
“ Where wild Ambition ne’er annoys,  
“ For here Content and Virtue dwell,  
“ Far from the World’s tumultuous Joys.

B

“ Behold



" Behold he comes from yonder Rock,  
" I see him wending o'er the Plain,  
" Where the blythe Shepherd feeds his Flock,  
" And sweetly pours his artless Strain.

" His rev'rend Age will guard thy Charms,  
" With pleasing Tales he'll soothe thy Ear,  
" Whilst 'mid the Battle's loud Alarms,  
" I boldly push my conqu'ring Spear.

" See in yon Vale, my Troops await,  
" Keen for the Field, a chosen Band,  
" Who ne'er will seek a base Retreat  
" While Foes invade their native Land.

" Aided by Them, I'll soon return,  
" With Conquest and with Glory crown'd,  
" Then why these Tears? Why dost thou mourn?  
" Why dost thou dread the Trumpet's Sound?

" Such Sounds as these exalt the Soul,  
" And fit my Warriors for the Field;  
" Then smile my Love, thy Fears controul,  
" The bold Intruders soon shall yield."—

" Go,

" Go, EDGAR, go, fair EMMA cried,

" I know the Valour of thy Arm,

" Go check yon haughty *Scotsman's* Pride,

" Whose Trumpets give the loud Alarm.

" I know you never fear'd a Foe,

" I know you never su'd for Peace;

" Then bravely strike the 'vengeful Blow,

" And let these bold Incursions cease.—

" Yet whilst thou'rt absent, should a Sigh

" From EMMA's anxious Bosom steal,

" Or should a Tear fall from my Eye,

" And tell too plainly what I feel:

" Can I that Sigh, that Tear Controul?—

" Affection prompts that Tear to fall,

" And grateful Love which fills my Soul

" Inspires that Sigh, and sweetens all."—

She spoke, brave EDGAR seized his Spear,

And quickly join'd the Troops below,

Who march'd along, devoid of Fear,

To meet the fast-advancing Foe.



With placid Smile and sober Pace,  
At length old MORAR reach'd his Cell,  
Tho' Melancholy mark'd his Face,  
His Breast no boistrous Passions swell.

When beauteous EMMA caught his Eye,  
What soft Emotions fill'd his Breast!  
He sympathis'd in every Sigh,  
And thus the lovely Fair address'd:

" Fair Virgin, whither dost thou stray,  
" Along this unfrequented Road,  
" For scarce a Pilgrim turns this way  
" To visit me or my Abode?

" And what was he I lately saw,  
" Who march'd so swiftly o'er the Green,  
" With manly Looks, commanding Awe,  
" With stately Port, and graceful Mein?"—

" Hermit, she said, that gallant Youth  
" Is EDGAR, fam'd for martial Deeds,  
" Whose Bosom glows with Love of Truth,  
" Whose friendly Heart with Pity bleeds.

" Wilt

" Wilt thou attend while I impart  
 " By what strange Means he gained my Love,  
 " And how he won my grateful Heart  
 " Amid the Shades of MARESHAM'S Grove.

" The Tale to me is wond'rous dear,  
 " It brings my Joys again to view"—  
 The Hermit bow'd, well pleas'd to hear,  
 And bid the Maid her Tale pursue.

" One Day, she said, I stray'd along  
 " The flow'ry Banks of RONA'S Flood,  
 " Intent to hear the Linnet's Song  
 " That echo'd from a neighbouring Wood,

" The chearful Shepherd tun'd his Reed,  
 " The sportive Flocks rejoic'd around,  
 " And from the flower-bespangl'd Mead  
 " Issu'd at once the pleasing Sound.

" Each rural Object sweetly smil'd,  
 " All Nature wore the Face of Joy,  
 " And long I roam'd 'mid Prospects wild,  
 " Where Strangers us'd not to annoy.

" But



" But RATCLIFFE'S Son, who long had tried

" To gain my youthful Heart in vain,

" Swift from the Mountain's Summit hied,

" And met me on the lonely Plain.

" He warmly press'd me to be kind,

" He told me many an artful Tale,

" By which he meant to taint my Mind,

" But all his Arts could not prevail.

" At last he caught me in his Arms,

" And, struggling, strove to crown his Flame—

" My Cries proclaim'd my just Alarms,

" And EDGAR to my Rescue came:

" He heard my Voice, he curs'd the Swain,

" In my Defence his Sword he drew,

" But EDGAR drew his Sword in vain

" For o'er the Plains base RATCLIFFE flew.—

" Yet EDGAR swore he'd check his Pride,

" He swore he'd have a just Revenge,

" And oft wou'd watch on NOREHAM'S Side,

" Where worthless RATCLIFFE us'd to range.

" And!

" And swore if e'er he met the Youth,  
 " His base, his treacherous Heart should feel  
 " The Safe-guard of the Soldier's Truth,  
 " The Point of his avenging Steel.—

" I thank'd him for his friendly Aid,  
 " I lov'd him for his dauntless Soul,  
 " For while we stray'd beneath the Shade,  
 " A tender Sigh had often stole.

" To MARESHAM's Hall we bent our Way,  
 " Where oft my honour'd Sire resorts,  
 " In calm Content to pass the Day,  
 " Or Share the Huntsman's manly Sports.

" EDGAR, at his Request remain'd  
 " Three Summer's Days in MARESHAM's Vales,  
 " By Feats of Arms my Sire he gain'd,  
 " He won me by his artless Tales.

" My Father blest'd the rising Flame,  
 " At HYMEN's Shrine, he join'd our Hands;  
 " And told the Youth he then might claim  
 " His Wealth, his far-extended Lands.

" But



## THE CAVE

" But EDGAR, with expressive Smile,  
 " Refus'd the Gift my Sire design'd,  
 " Be mine, he said, the Warrior's Spoils,  
 " Be mine the Joy thy Foes to bind.

" When the rough Scots, with lawless Might,  
 " Victorious often, threaten'd the Brave,  
 " In thy Defence let EDGAR fight,  
 " A higher Boon he ne'er shall crave.

" My Father granted his Request,  
 " He prais'd him for his matchless Zeal,  
 " And warmly press'd him to his Breast,  
 " When he remov'd from MARSHAM'S Vale.

" Now in yon Plain he meets the Foe,  
 " I hear the Battle's dreadful Sound,  
 " Hark, hark the conqu'ring Trumpet's blow,  
 " EDGAR with Glory now is crown'd.

" Watch him ye Powers who rule above,  
 " Shield him from all impending Harms,  
 " Hear, hear the fervent Prayers of Love,  
 " And bring him safe to EMMA'S Arms.

" No

" No, EMMA, no, he'll ne'er return,

" (With fault'ring Voice, a Pilgrim said)

" Unhappy Fair, well may'st thou mourn,

" For EDGAR lies among the Dead.

" Deserted by his Friends he fell,

" And left with me this dread Command,

" Go, Pilgrim, go to MORAR's Cell,

" And give this Sword to EMMA's Hand.

" Tell her, when pale Distress shall seize,

" When she demands Relief in vain,

" This trusty Blade will give her Ease,

" And quickly banish all her Pain."

" Give me the Sword, she wildly said,

" What comes from EDGAR must be dear;

" Now let me try the trusty Blade,

" I feel Distress, but know not Fear."

She spoke, she lifted up the Steel,

In vain old MORAR caught her Hand:

" Forbear, she cried, the Pains I feel,

" From EDGAR's Sword Relief demand."



With dread Intent she rais'd her Arm,

But EDGAR'S Self restrain'd the Blow;

"My Love, he cried, what Fears alarm?"

"I've overcome the dreadful Foe."

Her Lips grew pale, she wildly gaz'd,

And Lifeless dropp'd upon the Ground;

But soon again her Head she rais'd,

Heav'd a deep Sigh, and look'd around.

"And art thou still alive! she said,

"Do I still press Thee to my Breast?"

"Or art thou an illusive Shade,

"Come to disturb my promis'd Rest?"

"A Pilgrim told me thou wert slain,

"Deserted by thy faithless Bands,

"He said he left Thee on the Plain,

"And brought from Thee these dread Commands:

"When pale Distress shall EMMA seize,

"When she demands Relief in vain,

"This trusty Blade will give her Ease,

"And quickly banish all her Pain."

"What

"What Wretch, he cried, with lying Tongue

"Told Thee my brave Associates fled?

"For boldly they oppos'd the Strong,

"And Scotland's choicest Warriors bled.

"Where is the Wretch who told my Love

"I fell Inglorious in the Field?

"On him this faithful Arm shall prove,

"That EDGAR never stoop'd to yield."

Indignant, thus brave EDGAR spoke,

And cast his fiery Eyes around,

When he beheld behind a Rock,

The Pilgrim stretch'd upon the Ground.

His Bosom glow'd with ruthless Ire,

For boist'rous Passions rule the Brave;

He seiz'd the Wretch, whose mean Attire,

From threat'ned Vengeance could not save.

He plung'd a Dagger in his Breast,

"Let this, he cried, my Rage suffice."

When lo! the Pilgrim shone confess

Old RATCLIFFE'S Son in base Disguise.—



- " EDGAR, he said, 'twas justly done,  
 " For long, too long, I've envied Thee,  
 " Because that matchless Maid you won,  
 " And gain'd her Heart, who slighted me.  
  
 " A Spy inform'd me, that To-day  
 " You went to meet the warlike Scot,  
 " And left that helpless Fair, to stay  
 " Till you return'd, at MORAR'S Grot.  
  
 " To MORAR'S Grot I swiftly came,  
 " For base-born Passions fill'd my Mind,  
 " But MORAR'S Presence check'd my Aim,  
 " And stopp'd the Crime I first design'd.  
  
 " Then, full of Guile, I told the Tale,  
 " Which cred'lous EMMA soon believ'd;  
 " With Joy I saw my Arts prevail,  
 " And smil'd while EMMA was deceiv'd.  
  
 " But You restrain'd the fatal Blow,  
 " And on my Head thy Vengeance fell,  
 " EDGAR, tho' long I've liv'd thy Foe,  
 " My parting Breath bids Thee farewell."—

He

He spake; he died;—old MORAR turn'd again to Woe

Where beauteous EMMA hung her Head:—

“ In Death, he said, be RATCHIE mourn'd.

“ For Vengeance ne'er pursues the Dead.

“ Unseen in some sequester'd Grot,

“ With decent Rites his Corse we'll lay,

“ Where all his Crimes shall be forgot,

“ And soon become Oblivion's Prey.

“ But see the sober Shades of Eve

“ In Clouds on Clouds their Glooms unite,

“ Say, may an humble Hermit crave,

“ You'd pass with him th' approaching Night?

“ The Hermit's Food shall be your Fare,

“ Fresh Herbs collected from the Green,

“ And oft, to banish gloomy Care,

“ Some pleasing Tale shall intervene.

“ Perhaps the Tale of MORAR's Woes

“ May force the friendly Tear to swell,

“ MORAR, who long has sought Repose

“ In the poor Hermit's cheerless Cell.

“ When



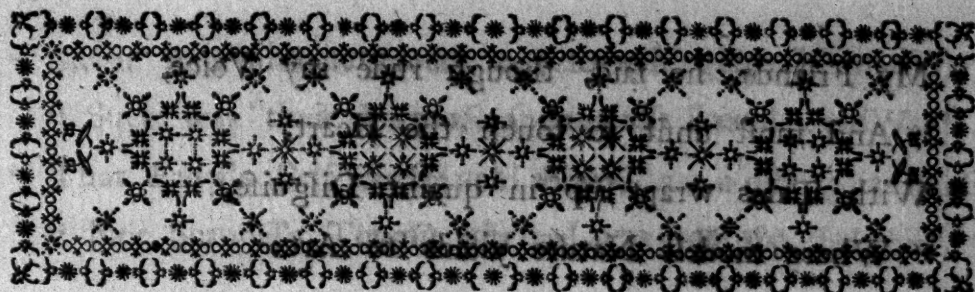
"When Morning dawns you may proceed

"Where liberal Fortune casts your Lot."

Consenting EDGAR bow'd his Head;

And led fair EMMA to the Grot.





# CAVE of MORAR.

## PART SECOND.

Now, when the simple Feast was o'er,  
 Contentment smil'd around the Board,  
 And fresh from Nature's bounteous Store,  
 The Sage the crystal Bev'rage pour'd.

His Guests enjoyed the rustic Cheer,  
 Nor were their kindest Thanks forgot,  
 Till beauteous EMMA begg'd to hear  
 The mournful Tale of MORAR's Lot.

"My



" My Friends, he said, though rude my Voice,

" And most unfit to touch the Heart,

" With Tales wrapt up in quaint Disguise,

" Where modest Nature yields to Art:

" Yet if a Story, sad though true,

" If real Grief, which oft I've shar'd,

" Can claim a Tear as justly due,

" You'll weep when MORAR's Woes are heard.

" Remote from Cities liv'd a Swain,

" Whose honest Heart ne'er felt a Care,

" Till artless Love, with pleasing Pain,

" Told him that ANNA's Face was fair;

" Told him that Virtue fill'd her Mind,

" And heighten'd all her youthful Charms,

" Told him, perhaps she'd soon prove Kind,

" And bade him woo her to his Arms.

" His Suit was heard, she bless'd his Flame,

" They soon were join'd in Wedlock's Bands;

" And from these Parents MORAR came,

" MORAR who now your Ear demands.—

" Sweet

“ Sweet flow’d their Hours replete with Joy ;  
 “ Such was their Virtue, such their Love  
 “ That Envy’s Self durst not annoy,  
 “ Nor Scandal’s Tongue their Lives reprove.

“ I was the Object of their Care ;  
 “ For soon they strove to warm my Breast  
 “ With Virtue’s Flame, by fixing there  
 “ Precepts the noblest and the best.

“ With what Success their Toils were crown’d  
 “ It is not fit for me to boast,  
 “ Suffice it that they sometimes own’d  
 “ Their fond Endeavours were not lost.—

“ One fatal Morn, forgive this Tear,  
 “ For sad Remembrance bids it fall,  
 “ Nor think, though now an Hermit here,  
 “ Such Scenes I calmly can recall)

“ One fatal Morn, serene and gay,  
 “ When Summer’s Beauties charm’d the Eye,  
 “ My hapless Sire resolv’d to stray  
 “ To a small rural Village nigh.



"ANNA, he said, farewell a while,

"Be joyful till we meet again,

"It cheers my Heart to see Thee smile,

"Then smile, nor let me ask in vain.—

"My Friends expect me, I must go,

"But I'll return before 'tis Night:

"Farewell, let Pleasures round Thee flow"—

"He spoke, and vanish'd from her Sight.—

"With jocund Tales he cheer'd his Friends,

"His Friends were pleas'd, they laugh'd around;

"But soon each earthly Pleasure ends,

"Nor are our Joys substantial found.

"For near, too near a towering Pile,

"By some unskilful Artist rear'd

"My Father stood with cheerful Smile,

"It shook; it fell; he disappear'd.

"Ere long his bleeding Corse was found,

"Each Remedy was soon applied,

"But ah, in vain, the fatal wound,

"The feeble Power of Art defied.

"Let

“ Let those whose tender Hearts can share

“ The Sorrows which th’ Afflicted feel,

“ Let those express my Mother’s Care,

“ And all her dreadful Thoughts reveal;

“ When for that Husband, ever gay,

“ Who, smiling, left her in the Morn,

“ His Corse mov’d slowly on the Way,

“ By a few weeping Friends upborne.

“ Despair and Anguish fill’d her Soul,

“ Her Words were wild and full of Woe,

“ And many a Sigh unbidden stole,

“ And many a Tear began to flow.

“ Long, long beneath oppressive Grief,

“ Cheerless she pass’d the lonely Hour,

“ Nor vainly hop’d to find Relief

“ Nor sought sweet Consolation’s Pow’r.

“ I too forgot my Joys a while,

“ And weeping, saw my Father’s Bier,

“ But trifling Pleasures soon beguile,

“ And soon dry up the Childish Tear.



" Yet pale Misfortune mark'd my Lot

" With other Griefs, with other Woes,

" Which drove me to this silent Grot,

" Where I at last enjoy Repose.

" For soon as Youth with boastful Glee,

" Begun his gay aspiring Reign,

" ('Twas mad Ambition prompted me)

" I rashly left the peaceful Plain.

" Amid the City's pompous Noise,

" A while I join'd the bustling Ring,

" But soon I found these wish'd-for Joys

" To me but few Delights could bring.

" I straight resolv'd to quit the Town,

" I figh'd to tread the flowery Dale,

" Nor vainly hop'd to gain Renown,

" Where basest Arts alone prevail.

" Farewell, I said, ye giddy Scenes,

" Where Vice with Artifice is join'd,

" Where leagu'd with Folly, Falsehood reigns,

" And baneful Flattery taints the Mind.

A long

" A long Farewell, I'll ne'er return,  
 " To rural Scenes I'll bend my way,  
 " Where honest Breasts with Candour burn,  
 " And Virtue shines with purest Ray.

" A weeping Parent claims my Care,  
 " To her with open Arms I'll fly,  
 " In all her Griefs I'll fondly share,  
 " And wipe the Torrent from her Eye."—

" Such were my Hopes, but ah how vain  
 " The Hopes which Mortals often rear,  
 " For soon I reach'd the wish'd-for Plain,  
 " And met, alas! my Mother's Bier.

" To the lone Grave her Head I bore,  
 " And as I laid her in the Clay,  
 " I felt a Pang unknown before,  
 " For *there* my Father's Ashes lay.

" 'Twas sad indeed, his Bones I saw,  
 " I fondly grasp'd them in these Hands,  
 " I grasp'd, and felt that sacred Awe,  
 " Which ev'ry Form of Death demands.



" My Brothers then beside me stood,

" I saw them, and I heav'd a Sigh,

" My Sisters came in mournful Mood,

" I wip'd the Tear that fill'd my Eye.—

" In vain each Friend assiduous strove

" My plaintive Murmurs to controul,

" In vain they struggl'd to remove

" The Grievs which harbour'd in my Soul.

" In vain Compassion lent her Aid,

" In vain she tried each soothing Art,

" Ev'n Reason's Self in vain essay'd

" To banish Woe from MORAR's Heart.

" But Time, at last, to wonted Ease,

" Restor'd my long-afflicted Mind,

" Again I felt internal Peace,

" Again in festive Mirth I join'd.

" I mingl'd with the rural Ring,

" Who gaily tript along the Plain,

" With sprightly Notes I touch'd the String,

" And all the Virgins prais'd the Strain.

Yet

- " Yet oft the Sigh of Sorrow stole,  
 " When faithful Mem'ry brought to view  
 " The Griefs which lately fill'd my Soul;  
 " Sad Scenes, which Fancy often drew.—  
  
 " While thus I join'd the mirthful Throng,  
 " Whose artless Breasts no Cares alarm,  
 " MARIA chiefly claim'd my Song;  
 " She who could boast each matchless Charm.  
  
 " Fair was the Maid, and sweet her Air,  
 " With Virtue's Flame her Breast was fir'd,  
 " Where'er she came, she banish'd Care,  
 " Save that alone which Love inspir'd.  
  
 " With ev'ry Art the Shepherds strove,  
 " The Smiles of such a Nymph to gain,  
 " But MORAR only shar'd her Love,  
 " MORAR alone su'd not in Vain.  
  
 " For oft beneath the Woodland's Gloom,  
 " With her in Converse sweet I've stray'd,  
 " Or thro' the Meads, whose vernal Bloom,  
 " Gay Nature's fairest Scenes display'd.

Encourag'd



“ Encourag’d thus, I bade her name,  
 “ The blisful Day when we should join,  
 “ To crown our long-expecting Flame,  
 “ And bend at H Y M E N’s holy Shrine.

“ The Day was nam’d, her Sire agreed,  
 “ At H Y M E N’s Shrine we bent the Knee,  
 “ While ev’ry Youth that trod the Mead,  
 “ Approv’d my Choice, or envy’d me.

“ The highest Pleasure now I found,  
 “ I tasted each exalted Joy,  
 “ And soon my fairest Hopes were crown’d  
 “ With a sweet-smiling, lovely Boy.

“ M A R I A then with Transport smil’d,  
 “ And oft her Sire a Wish exprest,  
 “ That he might see his Daughter’s Child,  
 “ And press her Offspring to his Breast.

“ His Wish was heard, my Love complied,  
 “ And to her Father fondly bore  
 “ The smiling Object of her Pride,  
 “ His Grandfire’s Blessing to implore.

“ I staid

- “ I staid behind, I watch’d my Flocks,  
 “ Nor were domestic Cares forgot,  
 “ I gather’d Woodbine from the Rocks,  
 “ And deck’d with Flow’rs my humble Cot :  
  
 “ I thought MARIA would approve  
 “ The Ornaments I thus prepar’d,  
 “ I thought a tender Look of Love  
 “ Would amply all my Toils reward.—  
  
 “ Three Days MARIA blest her Sire,  
 “ And on the fourth, at Dawn of Morn,  
 “ She signified a warm Desire  
 “ To my poor Cottage to return.  
  
 “ Her Father granted her Request,  
 “ My infant Son was left behind,  
 “ Lock’d in the Arms of balmy Rest,  
 “ And to a Servant’s Care consign’d.  
  
 “ The good old Man with duteous Love,  
 “ His Child conducted on the Way,  
 “ And by each fond Endearment strove  
 “ To cheer her Heart and make her Gay.—



- “ In a deep Glen my Cottage stood,  
“ Near which a River held its Course;  
“ Tho’ ceaseless Rains had swell’d the Flood,  
“ And urg’d it on with threatful Force;  
  
“ Yet when they reach’d the further Shore,  
“ The Sage exclaim’d with chearful Voice,  
“ Our Cares, my Child, will soon be o’er,  
“ And MORAR too will soon rejoice.  
  
“ Our slow Approach perhaps he blames,  
“ I see him waiting on the Mead,  
“ What Haste a Husband’s Transport claims!—  
“ He spoke, and onward push’d his Steed.  
  
“ They reach’d the Middle of the Stream,  
“ It roar’d, it foam’d, MARIA fell,  
“ I heard a loud, a dreadful Scream,  
“ I knew the plaintive Voice too well.  
  
“ Soon, soon I reach’d the River’s Side,  
“ I saw MARIA’s floating Corse,  
“ While all in vain her Father tried  
“ To save her from the Torrent’s Force.

“ His

" His feeble Arm I saw him wave,  
" Have Mercy, Heav'n, he faintly said,  
" This, this must be MARIA's Grave,  
" I can no more:—Then join'd the Dead.

" What Pangs of Sorrow fill'd my Soul,  
" The feeling Breast alone can know,  
" For, from my Lips no Murmur stole,  
" My Mind to ease, to tell my Woe.

" To save the Bodies from the Flood,  
" Long, long in vain I fondly strove,  
" While the pale Virgins weeping stood,  
" And mourn'd the Fate of MORAR's Love.

" At last I brought them to the Shore,  
" I laid them in one friendly Tomb,  
" And thus, when silent Grief was o'er,  
" Bewail'd MARIA's fatal Doom :

" Farewell, MARIA, ever dear,  
" So late the Source of MORAR's Joys,  
" These Joys which once I deem'd sincere,  
" Tho' adverse Fate my Hopes destroys.



- " Farewell, my Love, though Death divide,  
 " Thy Mem'ry shall be dear to me,  
 " Till some propitious Angel guide  
 " My wearied Soul to Heav'n and Thee.
- " Farewell, ye Scenes I lov'd so well,  
 " Farewell, ye Shepherds, ever gay,  
 " For in some lone sequester'd Cell,  
 " Remote from you, I'll pass the Day.
- " Reflection there shall dart her Beams,  
 " In Scenes from earthly Cares remov'd,  
 " And Fancy oft shall fill my Dreams,  
 " With Pictures of the Wife I lov'd.
- " My Parents too demand a Tear,  
 " A Tear Affection bids me give,  
 " I'll let it flow with Grief sincere,  
 " I'll praise their Virtues while I live.—
- " No more, alas! with heart-felt Joy,  
 " Such as a Parent only knows,  
 " Can I attend my lovely Boy,  
 " And in his Smiles forget my Woes.

" I cannot

" I cannot guard his childish Years,

" That Care, MARIA, was thy own,

" Nor when ambitious Youth appears,

" Can I his tow'ring Wishes crown.

" But I've a kind, a faithful Friend,

" Whose Heart I've always found sincere,

" And to his Love I'll recommend

" The dearest Object of my Care.

" He'll guard his Youth, he'll form his Mind,

" He'll teach him Virtue's purest Laws;

" And, like a Parent, always kind,

" He'll give, when he deserves, Applause.—

" Such were my Words; and soon I rov'd,

" To this sequester'd Mountain's Side,

" I saw this Grot, I saw, I lov'd,

" And here determin'd to reside.

" The holy Hermit's Dress I chose,

" And oft I roam thro' yonder Wood,

" For well this Garb becomes my Woes,

" These Shades befriend a serious Mood.—

“ Such



" Such is the Life which I have liv'd,

" My Fate indeed has been severe,

" I've grasp'd at Bliss, and been deceiv'd,

" I've nourish'd Hope, and found Despair.

" But now these varying Scenes are o'er,

" Content and I together dwell,

" While Health sits smiling at my Door,

" And Virtue's self protects my Cell.

" One anxious Wish intrudes alone,

" And need I tell you what it is,

" I wish to see my darling Son,

" And then I'll die in perfect Bliss.

" But ah! that Wish I'll ne'er obtain,

" I've fought him at his Guardian's Hands,

" I've fought him, but I fought in vain,

" The Youth has fled to other Lands.

" Now bow'd with Age, I soon must fall,

" Nor shall my EDWIN see his Sire,

" Tho' mine and ALFORD's Wishes all,

" Oft, oft from Heav'n that Boon require.

" He

" HE SEES YOU NOW, brave EDGAR cried,  
" I am the Son you've fought so long,  
" For ALFORD's Care my Wants supplied,  
" When first I join'd the youthful Throng.

" From him I learn'd the Arts of Peace,  
" He show'd me Nature's rural Charms,  
" But I despis'd a Life of Ease,  
" And fought the Fame acquir'd by Arms.

" I left his Cot, I chang'd my Name,  
" I fought to save my native Land,  
" At last fair EMMA blest'd my Flame,  
" And crown'd my Wishes with her Hand."

" With wild Surprise, the Hermit heard,  
" And thus to Heav'n address'd a Prayer:—  
" Yes, yes, ye Pow'rs, ye will reward  
" The Man who triumphs over Care.

" I thank you for my Sorrows past,  
" I thank you for my present Joy,  
" And while my Days of Trial last,  
" Let me my Voice in Praise employ."

Then



Then in his Arms he fondly press'd  
 The happy Pair he lov'd so well,  
 While many a tender Look express'd  
 That heart-felt Joy which none can tell.

11. 7:40

F I N I S.



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## POSTSCRIPT.

IT will perhaps be objected to this Poem, that some of the Incidents in it are not sufficiently interesting to merit the Attention of the Public.— To this the Author answers, that it has ever been the chief Object of Poetry to copy Nature, and her several Operations on the Human Mind, in the most barbarous, as well as the most cultivated State of Society; in the Breast of the Peasant, as well as that of the Monarch.—If therefore the Author has given a just Copy of Nature, he apprehends it is of very little Consequence, that from the Structure of the Poem, the Story he relates would appear to have happened at least as far back as the last Century; and that the Characters he has introduced are not rendered conspicuous, by the Splendor of Riches, or the empty Glare of

honorary



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honorary Titles.--He is hopeful the Story he has told, is not *altogether* Unnatural; because, though he has taken the Liberty of placing in the last Century, several Incidents which happened in the present Age, yet the Sorrows which compose the Life of the HERMIT, are such as he himself has once witnessed; for the Birth of MORAR, and the Death of his Parents, are almost literally copied from his own Life, and the Incident of MARIA'S Death is taken from a very affecting Scene of which he was an Eye-witness; so that the Circumstance of MORAR'S becoming a Hermit, and the Discovery made at the End of the Poem, are the only imaginary Incidents in the Second Part of it; and for these the Author can offer no Apology.

SUCH was the POSTSCRIPT subjoined to the *First* Edition of this Poem. But since *it* was published, the Author has discovered, from the very ingenious Observations made by some of his Literary Friends, that

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that several advantageous Alterations might be made upon it, without any considerable Interference with the general Plan of the Fable.—The Author is of Opinion that no Period can be too late for Improvement:—Accordingly, he has been at some Pains to alter and correct the CAVE of MORAR, agreeable to the Suggestions of his Friends; and he would fain flatter himself, that the Poem, as it now stands, will not be altogether an unacceptable Present to such of his Countrymen and Countrywomen,

As love to tread the flowery Dell,  
Where Freedom, Love, and Fancy dwell,  
And, list'ning to the Poet's Strain,  
Conclude all other Joys are vain.

