

ROGUES' HOLLOW.

How various are, in every land the same,
The things that curse it and that mar its name;
Not only when they live, nor in one age;
But to the end, enshrined in History's page;
From which, though past, their poison still they pour,
And curse again the nation as before.
But those in page remembered are, of all,
A fraction only, and exceeding small;
And more there are that, there unknown, will live
In bosoms chafed that never will forgive,
Or on the pages of the memory long,
Engraven by the iron hand of wrong;
For individuals suffer most by them,
And only they who suffer will condemn.
It is of these I'd sing, and cause a spot
To live in verse—in other page forgot.

"Rogues' Hollow," so this famous place was called,
When first the traveller stood at it appalled;
A milder name of late its patrons claim,
And one divested of the tithe of shame;
But 'neath the former name my rhyme shall run,
For't suits as well as light becomes the sun.

The country's ruin and its own disgrace,
Is this infernal ever famous place;
For deeds corrupting daily there are done,
And fools unbridled in their folly run,
And villians rule while honest men are slaves,
And rogues are moralists, and moralists are knaves.
Where since its ways are scarcely ever right,