

Noritzky's epigram, No. 9. Subject

NOWITZKY'S EPIGRAM, No. 9.

Subject:—BALTIMORE.

BY GEO. I. NOWITZKY.

This photograph in dogerel upon the Shakspearean principle that we must be cruel to be kind. I respectfully dedicate to the "Baltimore City Council," with the hope that they may somewhat improve Marsh or Centre Market Space, for it is certainly hard upon the literary stranger when attracted to the most historic building within the limits of the city (the Maryland Institute), in the spacious halls of which was created one of the four Presidential candidates which led to our late fratricidal war, to be stifled by the effluvia emanating from its surroundings.

The peculiar blending and combination of the twenty-six letters which forms the construction or rather destruction of everything that appertains to poetry in this terrible dash of the mind, I particularly recommend for perusal to the Board of Education, and will bestow an illuminated primer as a holiday gift to the first member that will erase its rough edges and cause it to appear in the form of a consistent production.

Notice. —Fearing that the *Sun's* rays might reflect severely upon this, and that I may be injudiciously criticized by a *Baltimore American*, I have taken the precaution of entering a *Public Ledger* account with a *Child* in Philadelphia for a number of obituaries.

Special Notice to City Undertakers. —If the following effusion does not bring about a revival in your trade, I can easily be induced to write one that I will ensure to kill.

I.

I have seen England's wonder from old St. Paul, And noted New York's classics about Central's mall;
Have viewed Prussia's Capital upon the river Spree, And that combination of palaces on the Adriatic Sea;
Have seen stately Madrid, the pride of pompous Spain, And that great city of splendor upon the sparkling Seine;
But of these I think no more, when I stand on Patapsco's shore, And look up once again, as in days of yore. At Baltimore—yes, Baltimore!

II.

The Northman boasts of Niagara's noisy torrent; The Southern of Mississippi's mighty current;
California of Yosemite crystal bridal vales, The Swiss of their Alpine water scales; The Maelstrom
near Norway's rugged coast, Is quite sufficient for a Scandinavian boast; But do these compare in
Record's Halls To the torrent that thunders o'er Jones Falls^{*},

* A Sluggish Stream coarsing through the City.

In Baltimore—yes, Baltimore!

III.

I have scented perfumes in Cologne on the Rhine, And nosed Oporto, steeped in her favorite wine;
Pekin's hanging gardens cause exotics to emanate As California's Flora, from Sierras to the Golden
Gate. Nature in her bounty does many such treasures yield, The odorous magnolia, the new mown
clover field; But all these must stand in comparison—apace, To the effluvia that arises from Marsh
Market Space, In Baltimore—yes, Baltimore!

IV.

New York's Points are a splendid combination; Cincinnati's Bucktown cannot be equalled in this
nation; Clark street, part commercial, is Chicago's bilious boast, And San Francisco revels in her
modern Barbary coast. All cities have their sinks, none they overrate— Glasgow her South Market,
London Billingsgate; But still we must with horror view The exhibition of infamy on Eastern Avenue—
In Baltimore—yes Baltimore!

V.

But readers, though in kindness I did sarcasms vent Against this city, the Nation's greatest
monument, I will now in haste, and without further ado, Veil the black side—and expose the bright
to view. For upon her grandest and most majestic hill, Given without stint—and patriotic will—
She honored Liberty's most devoted son, By creating a monument to immortal Washington— In
Baltimore—yes Baltimore!

VI.

England shows her achievements on Trafalgar Square; The Pharaoh's left their Pyramids under
Egypt's balmy air; Italy shows in classics where Romans won and fell; Greece pictures mythology
by frescoes of heaven and hell. But on Gay street stands an unadorned shaft, Its legend to the very



heavens does pleasure waft: For it tells that two youth defied both shot and ball, And to perpetuate freedom, Wells and McComas did fall! In Baltimore—yes, Baltimore!

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