

TO THE BALTIMORE POET,

THOMAS H. M—rr—s,

AUTHOR OF

“How They Act in Baltimore.”

So Tom has turned a poet, what a dear,
Dull, stupid, trait'rous ass
He must be, not to fear
The dread ordeal which his verse must pass
To shield his character, conceal his shame,
He filches from a Zouave his name,
And then goes droning thro' the score
Of lines four hundred less or more,
That he in truckling may outshine,
And lies with vulgar sneers combine;
I've read his book, and there I find,
He who finds wit, must sure be blind.

But to my work I must no longer fool,
Tom writes by *genius* (?), not by rule,
Of grammar, for as at school,
So now of power he's the tool;
He calls hard names, but shows no wit,
Despite his pains, he's not bit,
Of what, might even *pass* for sense
I'll in a nutshell all his brains condense;
He's six feet high and wondrous proud,
Attest his actions, and his dress full *loud*;
Conceit is written on his face,
And every vice, that can a man debase.

Yes, Tom, you are the vilest, worst,
Of all the fools, this side the tomb,
Who in the lap of luxury were nursed,
And yet would win a traitor's doom;
A Marylander born, and bred,
If our anathemas could strike thee dead,
Or had we the power to annihilate,
Such justice could not pay thy hate,
Our women insulted, and basely decried,
Their virtues and beauty alike you've denied,
A father, a husband,—but no,
Through respect to your wife I'll no farther go.

Suffice it Tom that I know you,
For the puppy that you are,
My every word you know is true,
To question you can't dare,
Go on, write “War Songs” many as you please,
But by the Gods I'll bring you to your knees.
If ever more you dare defame,
With your foul lips a lady's name,
For I your vices know as well
As do the demons dire of hell,
Who're waiting anxious for you still,
Well knowing you *must* come and WILL.

Mephistophiles R. G. S.

BALTIMORE, June 10, 1862.