



DESSERTS

Crème Brûlée	8
Smith Island Cake	8
Cheesecake	8
Lemon Berry Mascarpone Cake	8
Carrot Cake	8

BOOZY COFFEE DRINKS

Irish Coffee	13
<i>irish cream, irish whiskey, and baltimore coffee</i>	
Red Hot Latte	12
<i>baltimore coffee co. espresso, cinnamon liquer, and steamed milk</i>	
Boozy Affogato	13
<i>taharka vanilla bean ice-cream, baltimore coffee co. espresso and hazelnut liqueur</i>	

CORDIALS, WHISKEYS AND SUCH

Disaronno	11
Bailey's	11
Drambuie	14
Sambuca	11
Whistle Pig	23
Sagamore Rye Cask Strength	20
Russel's Reserve	18

HOTEL INDIGO BALTIMORE DOWNTOWN – NEIGHBORHOOD STORY

Walking down the cobblestone sidewalks, skirted by rows of elegant brownstones, ornamental wrought-iron gates and manicured greenery, it's impossible not to be enamored by the timelessness and quirkiness of Mt. Vernon. Between the architecture, marble and monuments, you might think you've been transported to turn-of-the-century Europe. But behind the conventional facade, a lively eccentricity radiates from nearby Johns Hopkins, and it's anything but old fashioned. In fact, this neighborhood has always been a forward-thinking place, defined early on by a dynamic network of social clubs. We're talking about the city's movers and shakers - the bankers, presidents, preservationists - and they gathered often in the name of culture, cocktails and creativity.

You could say it all began with George Peabody's institute, which ignited the cultural movement of the 19th-century Baltimore. Housing over 300,000 volumes, it's easy to see how the "Cathedral of Books" was the catalyst for dozens of cultural clubs that soon shaped the community. Modern scholars stood on the checkerboard marble floor in awe, staring up at the six stories of hardback knowledge wrapped in intricate ironwork. Often, club members were so inspired by the Peabody's string aesthetic they hired many of the same craftsmen to design their own breath-taking gathering places just steps away from the institute.

Here, at the center of Mt. Vernon's social scene, you can see a lady reaching for her delicate perfume bottle, about to play hostess to Baltimore's elite. Mingling downstairs, a gentleman raises his glass, welcoming his distinguished guests. The opulent drawing rooms of these stately homes were a nice fit for the club craze sweeping through Mt. Vernon. Whether you were interested in German lore, literature or laying bricks, there was a club for it. At one point The New York Times declared, "Baltimore has club fever!" From five-course holiday feasts to festive performances by the Vagabond Players theater group, the great windows of the many clubs offered glimpses for passersby, as they still do.

One group enjoyed attention way more than the others. Easily the most colorful of the bunch, The Charcoal Club, was founded with an independent streak on the fringe of conservative culture by artists who were fond of drawing from live models, as they did in Paris. This club particularly enjoyed practical jokes, poker nights and feisty battles with the Baltimore Museum of Art. They went so far as to invent an artist, I.L. Glutz, who like today's Banksy, was never seen, but whose paintings were discovered mysteriously several times a year, usually in alleys or attics around town. So, a slightly twisted love of art brought them together, and their individuality set them apart.

It's with today's generation of social renegades that the essence and energy of Mt. Vernon's club culture lives on. Even though time seems to stand still in the unmovable bricks and cobblestones, these streets were paved with the intention of leading the way for those who live by their own rules. They are the new class of creatives, undeterred by those monumental shoes to fill and determined to do things their way.