

## FINAL EPITAPH FOR THE JUG BRIDGE

The April 12, 1942, Sunday edition of *The Baltimore Sun* would carry the following poem authored by the writer known as the Bentztown Bard that would provide the final epitaph for the old Jug Bridge;

“Across its storied arches the great  
teams used to roll,  
The Conestoga wagons with six  
horses at the pole;  
The coaches of the turnpike taking  
Washington to see  
The great expanding country from  
the mountains to the sea,  
Around its massive pillars rang the  
road of cannons too;  
When the armies of the Southland  
met the armies of the Blue;  
Beneath its quiet shadows carp and  
bass were wont to dwell,  
And the old Virginia creeper cloth-  
ed its walls with beauty’s spell.  
The old jug held its station through  
so many fateful years;  
It watched the changing problems  
that created sighs or tears;  
It saw the trucks and autos come  
along in all their might-  
And at last its heart is broken and  
its walls have said good-night.”

The Bentztown Bard was Folger McKinsey, born in Elkton, Maryland he would start his newspaper career as editor of the *Shore Gazette* in Ocean Beach, New Jersey. He would then move to Frederick, Maryland as a poet and reporter for the *Frederick Daily News* and purchase a small farm near the Barbara Fretchie House in a neighborhood called Bentztown. McKinsey left in 1906 to write a daily column for *The Baltimore Sun* titled “Good Morning”. For 42 years he would write his “Good Morning” column five days a week until illness in 1948 quieted this literary talent. He died in 1950 at the age of 83. He is not only remembered for his literary work and poems but also as the author of the word to Baltimore City’s official anthem which is still sung at every important civic function.