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Description: A poetic broadside dated March 27, 1837 tells the story of a toll bridge, efforts made to make it free, and to have it remain free.

FREE BRIDGE;
Or, King Philip's War renewed.

We invite your attention while we shall relate
A ditty that happened within our own State,
'Tis of a toll bridge that is near to the sea,
Which after full forty long years is now free.

About seven years past they all did agree [free
When their charter expired the bridge should be
And our legislature this year did tis true
Before them their charter again to renew.

They then passed a law the bridge should be free
And kept in repair by our city should be,
And for printing this law in the paper they say,
King Philip stoped his paper from that very day.

Their charter expired on the nineteenth we find
Which did not exactly suit some of their mind,
So they were determined by force to take toll,
Tho' they should endanger both body and soul.

It seems all were willing to give up the bridge
freely, [Greely;
Except Woodbury, Wright and this King Philip
These three would stick to the very last breath
And contend for fourpence with their enemy death

'Tis no wonder since they for so many long years
have been reaping the benefit of other folks tears
With such a good income to set down content,
While the bridge it was bringing them 30 per cent

But now all is over the bridge it is free
And all can pass over without paying their fee,
We rejoice at the profit the northend will meet
From Fraklin thro' Congress to Washington-st.

These close fisteds misers their wealth to obtain
Have rose on our backs thro' snow storm & rain,
But now from our sholders the burden we find,
Is off and we'll manage the thing to our mind.

A countryman passing the bridge in a sleigh
They took his horse by the head and demanded pay
He not being accustomed to such sort of fun
Fell flogging the toll-man who let his horse run.

When he had finished and flogg'd them all round
He came to the city where horse he soon found,
Then before Fitch he was taken they say,
And for the assault had three dollars to pay.

But he is now going in behalf of the Sate,
To try in this way for to retaliate;
And see if such conduct will here bear the sway
To stop and rob people upon the highway.

They'll remember last Friday for years to come
Hand down to posterity things that were done,
And tell how they had to contend with the mob,
And give it all over for a real bad job.

The folks at the north end obtained a few funds
And with it bought powder to fire off the guns,
And with it bought powder to fire off the guns,
Last Thursday a salute was fired on the hill,
And answered 'tother side to show their good will

The next day was followed with another salute,
Both sides the bridge the great guns they shoot;
A few of the stockholders that day was not quiet
And on the bridge had what we call a riot.

Success to the Mayor our chief magistrate,
For the part of the man which he acted of late,
When in city council there was tie on the spot,
But the Mayor by his vote just untied the knot.

Many things more we could tell, but the time
Wont admit now to bring them into rhyme;
But when we have leisure to address you again,
We will do it with pleasure still your friend we
remain. March 27, 1837.