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NUMBER 2.

Celebration in 1778

BENNINGTON VICTORY OF 1777.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The battle of Bennington was fought August 16th, 1777, and its anniversaries have ever since been observed as holidays in that and the neighboring towns, and have been celebrated with all the demonstrations of rejoicing that are usual through the country on "Independence Day," such as the discharge of cannon, the display of banners, military parades, processions with music, orations and public dinners.

The first anniversary celebration at Bennington took place the 16th of August, 1778, one year after the victory, on which occasion "a speech was delivered" by Noah Smith, A. B., and "a poetical essay, by Stephen Jacob, A. B." They were two young men who had just graduated at Yale College, and had come to the new country and State of Vermont to remain and "seek their fortunes,"—with the like purpose that thousands of Vermonters have since emigrated to the newer regions of the west. The class of 1778, in which they had graduated, contained also the names of Noah Webster, Joel Barlow, Oliver Wolcott, Zephaniah Swift, Uriah Tracy, and others who afterwards became highly distinguished. Both Smith and Jacob adopted the profession of law. Both deservedly acquired considerable prominence in the State.

Noah Smith was admitted to the Bar of the Superior Court of the State at Westminster in May, 1779; was at the same time appointed State's Attorney, *pro tem.*, for Cumberland County, and was immediately engaged in his official capacity in the prosecution of a number of the adherents of New York, who had been concerned in resisting the authority of the State, and whose conviction he procured. Having settled in Bennington he was the same year appointed State's Attorney for Bennington County, which office he held for several years. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court for five years prior to 1801, and he was also Collector of the United States Internal Revenue under the administration of President Washington.

His younger brother, read law with him at Bennington; began practice at Rupert, removed to Rutland, and became Governor of the State in 1807. Noah Smith was born in Suffield, Connecticut, and settled in Bennington in 1779. He removed to Milton soon after the year 1800, where he died December 25, 1812, aged 57.

Stephen Jacob is believed to have a native of Sheffield, Massachusetts. Soon after he came to Vermont, he settled in Windsor, where he died in February, 1817, at the age of 61. He represented Windsor in the General Assembly on several occasions, was one of the Council of Censors in 1785, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1793, a State Councillor for five years, ending in 1800; and a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1801 and 1802.

The speech and poem at the celebration of the victory at Bennington, August 16th, 1778, were printed at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1779, and were as follows:

A Speech delivered at Bennington on the Anniversary of the 16th of August, 1777, by Noah Smith, A. B.—Hartford: Printed by Watson & Goodwin, mdccclxxix.

NOTE OF THANKS.

The committee (consisting of five) chosen by the people who composed the audience, return their thanks to Messrs. Noah Smith and Stephen Jacob for their agreeable orations [delivered in commemoration of the battle fought at Bennington on the memorable 16th of August, 1777, and desire a copy thereof for the press.]

JONAS FAY,
Clerk of the Committee.

A SPEECH, ETC.

The history of America during the last twelve months relates events favorable to a degree which has exceeded our expectations, established our independence and astonished the world. Among which none has been more signal than that which happened on the memorable 16th of August, 1777, of which this is the anniversary.

The recollection of past events, whether merciful or afflictive, often produces a good effect in the human mind by leading it to view the operations of that Being by whose permission all judgments are inflicted and to whose benignity all deliverance must be attributed.

It is presumed that the history of these northern campaigns is so fresh in the memory of everyone present that a repetition of it would be neither entertaining nor instructive; therefore, waiting the description of the progress of our arms into Canada, and of the defeat and death of the brave General Montgomery which was productive of the most precipitant and confused retreat, we need only mention that Ticonderoga was adjudged a proper place to make opposition.

This being by its natural situation, the key of the country, to maintain it was

the determination of every man who wished well to America.

For more than fourteen months, while this was the object, no sums were too great to be expended and no fatigue too painful to be endured; so that when the third campaign was opened, the works were so completely finished, the storehouses so amply supplied with provisions, the lines so sufficiently named, and the whole country so ready to fly to their assistance upon any emergency, that it was thought nothing but the infernal hands of cowardice or treachery could have delivered them into the enemy's possession.

Under these circumstances the people in this department, not considering that disappointments are common to mankind in a state of imperfection, pursued their business with no less security than diligence.

But a train of evils, which at that time like a mighty torrent rushed in upon us, soon discovered how vain and unscriptural it is to trust in fortifications, for within eight days after Burgoyne appeared upon the Lake, he found means to possess himself of the forts, which laid our numerous army under a necessity of fleeing before him, and filled the whole country with consternation and amazement.

In this condition every battle he attempted was succeeded by victory and every advance he made was conquest.

The inhabitants of the northern districts for more than one hundred miles in length were obliged to quit everything they possessed, and for subsistence had no other dependence but the benignity of heaven and the charity of their countrymen.

Whenever we had intelligence from our army it was marked by defeat and discouragement; so that some, to their shame be it spoken, exclaimed, had not we better submit to any imposition than to be driven from anything we possess. Notwithstanding this town was then esteemed an asylum, yet the sagacity of the honorable Council then sitting at this place induced them to be apprehensive of an attack and prompted them to dispatch advices to the neighboring States for the purpose of procuring assistance.

In consequence of which, General Stark, who was here to complete the Hampshire at the head of a detachment of the noble and spirited militia of that State was welcome to the command. But a special order for him to join the main body at Stillwater gave rise to new apprehensions.

Under these circumstances, intelligence of the enemy's approach was received. If it be proper to judge of futurity by past events, nothing could now be expected but panic, retreating and confusion. But with that magnanimity of soul which is ever the characteristic of real greatness, those patriots who composed the council at that time, deliberately laid the plan which their penetration assured them would be the destruction of the enemy. Having induced General Stark to return, they were indefatigable in adopting such measures as might conduce to the success of the enterprise.

A length of time had now elapsed sufficient for the arrival of a number of respectable militia from the adjacent towns in this State and that of Massachusetts. The exertion of the people in Berkshire County were extraordinary on this occasion and merited them particular honor. In convening, resolution, like electric fire diffused itself though the whole body of the troops, while bravery marked the countenance, and patriotism glowed in the breast of every individual.

"The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
"And one brave hero fans another's fire."

Prompted by their apprehensions, the enemy, having made choice of the most advantageous ground, began at this time to intrench. But so determined were our forces, that no circumstance of superiority in number, of perfection of discipline, or of finished intrenchments was sufficient to bring discouragement to their view.

Stark gave the command, the attack was made, the intrenchments stormed, and the enemy defeated. What miracles will resolution and perseverance effect.

That an undisciplined militia, without the assistance of a single field piece, should, in the face of cannon, confront an enemy almost double in number, and drive them from their intrenchments, marks the determination of Americans, and affords an instance of bravery without precedent in history.

Soon after this the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the attack, and from the dictates of despair fought with persevering intrepidity, which in any other circumstances must have been the attainment of their wishes. In this critical moment the arrival of Colonel Warner's regiment, by adding to the spirit of the men as well as to their numbers, completed the victory. Boast them, ye gasconading Britons; that two thousand of your men can effect a march from Saratoga to Springfield, for this action has evinced that a Stark, a Warner and a Herriek, with a number

of men little more than half equal to yours could by the assistance of heaven defeat your enterprise upon the first attempt, and made two-thirds of your body prisoners.

But I check this language because gasconade is no mark of bravery. The fame of this action spread through every part of America, and was productive of the most salutary effects in raising the spirits of our army, which was worn out by fatigues and hardships, and in depressing those of the enemy which for a long time had been flushed with victory. This battle being a prelude to those fought at Stillwater, which were the immediate harbingers of Burgoyne's resignation, had a powerful operation in effecting that event, which was really the most memorable and glorious that ever graced the annals of America.

Can it be thought possible that the heroism of a few hundred Green Mountain boys, by being exhibited when the whole country was depressed by retreats and misfortunes, should effect the resignation of a general who commanded ten thousand men, and operate the total dissolution of his army. To the effects of this action must be attributed in a considerable degree that series of success which for the year past has constantly attended our arms, and which has made America so respectable among the nations, that one of the most potent monarchs in the world has not thought it derogatory to court her alliance.

This establishes our independence and must soon put a period to the calamities of war. Are these the effects of the battle of Bennington? Are these the prospects which attend the Republic of America? Then what laurels are due to Stark and those bold asserters of liberty whose determined resolution and undaunted courage effected the salvation of their country?

But in a speech of this kind it would be impious not to make ascription of the sublime praise to that God whose kingdom is over all. "Had not the Lord been on our side when men rose up against us they had swallowed us up quick." The success of that day is not to be attributed to the skill of the officers, and the prowess of the soldiers, but to the interposition of heaven. That omnipotent being who has been pleased to style himself the God of armies directed their charge in such a manner that opposition could produce nothing but carnage and immediate death.

Those heroes who were active that day were the instruments by which our deliverance was effected but God was the author. To Him, therefore, let the first and most grateful tribute be paid. As the victory was complete, let the song of praise be sincere and universal. It becomes all to unite in this glad work, even those whose nearest friends were numbered with the slain. By yielding themselves a sacrifice to the flagitious exertions of tyranny, they discovered a stability of sentiments in the cause of freedom and sealed it with their blood. It was a custom among the ancients to canonize those who fell in battle, and to send them immediately to the Elysian fields. This was productive of good effect among the soldiers, as it made them believe that to die in battle was only to enter upon a more happy state. "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country," was a maxim which they firmly believed.

In fighting, the death of some is necessary, even on the side of victory; and that individual who would not resign his life for the salvation of his country must be possessed of a soul the most partial and contracted. There is, therefore, no just cause of lamentation to those whose friends were slain, for by their deaths our country was saved. Since that event, the situation of affairs in this northern department has been very different. The hurry and bustle of war are now succeeded by the sweets of tranquility and retirement. Those who by the savage cruelty of the enemy were driven from their habitations are now returned to a peaceful and flourishing settlement, and instead of those horrors and depredations which are inseparable from all wars, and with which this has been particularly marked, all have now the glorious prospect of a permanent and uninterrupted peace. When this takes place, the necessity of maintaining so numerous an army will cease, our currency will again revert to its proper value, and thousands will resort to this State with designs of making it the place of their residence; all the avenues of commerce will be laid open, and the inestimable blessings of government established. Then, if we may be allowed to put a literal construction upon the enraptured prophecy of Isaiah: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

TITLE PAGE OF POEM.

A poetical essay delivered at Bennington on the anniversary of the 16th of August, 1777, by Stephen Jacob; 1778, Hartford: Printed by Watson & Goodwin, MDCCCLXXIX.

A POETICAL ESSAY, ETC.

Where blood-brought fame the glowing
sage inspires,
Where thirst of glorious death the patriot
flies,

Where future scenes in happier prospect
rise,
Where griefs are sooth'd and grating discords
flies,
Springs the rich theme that wakes the enraptured
song
Which claims an audience of the assembled
throng.

When angry faction rolling from afar
burst on our shores, and spread the
flame of war,
Rous'd fair Columbia with its dread
alarms,
And bid her sons indignant rush to arms,
This infant State, where beasts of mid-
night howl'd,
Hang'd the broad waste and thro' lone
deserts prow'd,
And this fair town where feline monsters
stray'd,
Awoke from their dens and on the help-
less prey'd.

Their martial offering to their country
gave,
To show its victories or a glorious
grave,
Up sprung the heroes from their new
abode,
Inspired by freedom and by freedom's
God,
With heaven-born vigor drove the op-
pressors forth,
And crop'd the first blown laurels of the
north;

Nor could a tyrant's rage or fetters bind
The unconquered Allen's more uncon-
quered mind.
He rose superior to the chills of fear,
Disdaining threats, defy'd the uplifted
spear,
When shifting victory flushed the ad-
verse fight,
When war's pale torch display'd a glim-
mering light,
When fear our less'ning band inspired,
The foe advanced and back our arms re-
tir'd;

When lo! his trembling seat our troops
were driven,
Like hosts subdu'd or disapprov'd of
heaven,
That dread Supreme whose thundering
terrors roll,
Dart from the storm and blast the guilty
soul,
Mark'd all our grief from his bright
throne above,
Ey'd our distress and soften'd into love;
The foe's rash boasting in fierce anger
heard,
Pointed their fate and our cold bosom
cheer'd,
Then from his seat sublime sent Michael
forth

To rouse the ardor of the drooping north.
In awful grandeur on the dusky storm,
Soon as commanded flew the ethereal
form,
Here in mid heaven slow hov'ring on the
wing,
Diffus'd the ardor that he came to
bring,
A by the Eternal's conquering breath
inspir'd,
Vigor return'd and zeal each bosom
cheer'd,
Each took his post—each warrior
drew,

Each here glow'd to meet th' insulting
foe,
Resolved to fall or give the conquering
blow,
High o'er the hills th' ethereal seemed
to sail,
And from a cloud suspends the dubious
scale,
Where veil'd in darkness near the oppos-
ing foe,
The signal given, forth rushed the mar-
tial train,
Nor mountains, floods, or hosts their
zeal restrain.
Their shining arms a dazzling pomp
display'd,
Gleam o'er the vale and brighten on the
day,
The adverse legions eye the trembling
light,
And flushed with conquest, rush amid
the fight;

Our dauntless troops th' impetuous
shock sustain,
Burst through their ranks and multiply
their slain;
Then back recoil like vanquish'd war-
riors driven,
Now blaze afresh as reinspir'd by
heaven,
Now on the foe in leaden volleys pour,
Now back on them the thundering can-
non roar,
Now close engag'd the opposing heroes
meet;
Now fly their hosts and ours again re-
treat.

Thus long conceal'd the dubious victims
lay,
Till length'ning shades proclaim'd the
setting day,
When from our sight the angelic form
withdrew,
Up pos'd the scale and back their
squadrons flew,
Great Stark, a warrior from that day
may claim,
With the brave Herriek, an immortal
fame;

To many more we'd grateful tributes
pay
Who fought, who conquer'd and who
bled that day,
And those firm souls, that new elected
band,
Which forms your Senate our best thanks
demand,
Their persevering minds 'mid thick
alarms,
Could sway the public and direct its
arms,
And midst the din of war and rough de-
bate
Fix the firm basis of a rising state.
You bright'ning orb, whose beams the
nations cheer,
Has marked one circuit round the varied
year

Since those fair prospects first ap-
proach'd the sight
Which greet our wond'ring eyes with
pleasing light,
When see fierce discord cease, see trea-
son bleed,
See war's rough tumult end, and peace
succeed,
Astonish'd strangers eye the new born
state
Where Chittenden presides in each de-
bate,
Whose patriot mind no selfish views can
charm,
And whose mild bosom gen'rous pas-
sions warm,
Beneath whose eye see science stretch
her wing,
Cheer the lone waste and make the des-
ert sing,
And heaven at last, tho' long it seems
to frown,
On its own sons confer a laurel crown.

When war's rough genius fir'd the angry
plain,
Bade orphans weep and parents mourn
the slain,

Bade sorrowing thousands eye the em-
purp'd field
Where slaughter rag'd, in various forms
reveal'd,
Where countless warriors left their parting
breath,
And many a hero swell'd the tide of
death,
We make a solemn pause to mourn those
dead
Whose fame shall live till grateful hearts
are dead;
Who, to defend an injur'd, bleeding
land,
Dar'd bleed themselves at heav'n's se-
vere command,
We mourn their fall, yet joy they once
were here,
To show their country what they held
most dear.

Heroes thus bravely falling we deplore,
Yet hail them welcome to the immortal
shore!
Here blameless envy might with justice
cry,
"Oh! could I virtuous live, and like
them die!"
Each nation, too, with ancient Sparta's
dame,
Whose son for freedom bled, might thus
exclaim:
"For this I birth to that young warrior
gave,
That he by falling might a country save."
Yet such a rough firmness we but seldom
find,
And tenderness adorns the female mind.
One sympathetic tear we now impart
To sooth the parent's and the orphan's
heart,
Console the widow and th' afflicted
maid,
Whose dearest bliss beneath the dust is
laid,
For you who wait a tender offspring
dead,
Whose sons for freedom fought and no-
bly bled,
You, whose companions met the fatal
spear,
In secret mourn and drop the friendly
tear,
For you, fair virgins, who in beauty's
bloom
Fade into grief and wear a saddening
gloom,
In secret languish and your pains ap-
prove,
Melt in distress and mourn your hapless
love,
We feel, we feel for you the tenderest
pains,
And floods of softness rush through
every vein!

But stop! too fast these piercing sor-
rows roll,
And spread a gloom o'er every feeling
soul,
Now led by fancy, burst the films of
night,
To future scenes extend the pleasing
sight,
Survey the paths your unborn sons shall
trod
When you're forgot and theirs, when
you are dead,
When a lion's less'n'd host shall disap-
pear,
When the fair olive shall her branch ex-
tend,
And long last peace again from heaven
descend,
When fleets for traffic skim along the
tide,
Heave to our shores, or in safe harbors
ride,
Where with soft smiling commerce they
impart
Th' enervating vices of each distant
court,
Invade our shores and spread a moral
death,
Where pomp'd luxuries with malignant
breath
Internal sweetness and domestic ease
Here fix their gentle reign and spread
the charms of peace,
No tyrant here shall dare erect his
throne,
No gripping landlord wake th' oppress'd's
groan,
No cringing minion be for flattery fed,
No menial slave a haughty master dread,
No hateful monster supplicate defense
Who boasts his spoils of artless inno-
cence,
But injur'd virtue sinking in distress
Fly here for safety and obtain redress.
No jarring feuds revive the martial flame,
Or war be known but as a transient
name,
No tender matron feels the pangs of fear,
Or melting virgin drop the parting tear,
No mourning consort of her fate com-
plain,
Or hissing infant weep a parent slain,
But gentle friendship spread her balmy
wing
While music softens from the trembling
string,
Each youth excel in every noble art,
Taste the pure blessings of an honest
heart,
Disdain the follies of a vicious age,
And spurn deceit and meanness from the
stage,
Nor dare permit the polish'd tongue to
sneer
That wakes a blush on virtue's modest
cheek,
Or yield assistance with malicious joy
To blast the fair and innocence destroy,
But taught by heaven their generous
aid extend,
Protect the helpless and the weak de-
fend,
Nor these alone th' enraptur'd tho'ts in-
spire,
But firer charms the glowing bosom
fire,
The heaven-born sweetness and an angel
mind,
With beauty's soft excess to sweetness
joined,
By wisdom taught the just distinction
know
'Twixt worthy merit and the flutt'ring
beau,
They scorn those vulgar arts that fools
pursue,
And from the tide of custom to be true,
There conscious virtue holds her gentle
reign,
And knows no fear but that of causing
pain,
To these blest scenes our fondest hopes
extend,
When discord fits and hated faction
end,
Long peaceful years in calm succession
roll,
And love of wisdom animates the whole;
Art and refinement wake and spread
their charms,
The youth in letters shine as now in
arms,
When many a fair adorns the polish'd
page
That beams instruction o'er the rising
age,
When warring sexes lay their arts aside
And take fair virtue for their gulfed
guide,

When worth and grandeur in our bosom
shine,
And age and youth in sacred chorus join,
Where none shall court the rich unpol-
ish'd crown,
On ne'er merit cast a sneering frown,
Spurn from their presence the dejected
poor,
Or send the hungry fainting from their
door,
But heaven-born freedom spread her
wide domain,
And peace and justice unmolested reign,
Cold poverty shall fly, nor want appear,
But health and plenty every bosom cheer,
The blooming mead, the hill and fertile
plain
Yield a rich blessing to th' industrious
swain,
The fatal steel destroy the noxious weed,
And blushing orchards to their place
succeed,
The trackless waste, the rough uncultu-
r'd soil,
And desolation's self be seen to smile,
Where beasts of prey once found a safe
abode
Rise the fair temples of the immortal
God,
Where superstition's zeal obscur'd the
day,
Truth uncontested shine with piercing
ray;
Where savage ignorance held her mid-
night reign,
And bound whole nations in her gloomy
chain,
Unnumbered ages these blest scenes re-
veal,
To guide the public and the private weal,
Point to fair virtue her unbeatn road,
And mark with censure hated foes to
God;
Bid science rise and stretch her bright-
ning wand,
To dash out darkness from this blisful
land,
None of that impious race shall then re-
main,
Who bend the gospel to increase their
gain,
Who point to heaven a new and nearer
way,
In unknown paths make erring mortals
stray,
Avoid election as a theme too high;
Who preach up works, but pass repen-
tance by,
Leave faith untaught, or to one sect con-
fin'd
And damn the rest as heretics and blind,
But fair religion warns the hoary sage,
And lib'ral tho'ts inspire the rising age,
Pure gospel truths in full meridian blaze
To gray hairs, wisdom and to infants
praise,
Far distant climes the blisful tidings
greet,
Rough, bolsterous seats in heavenly
union meet,
Swift gathering crowds in listening clus-
ters throng,
And hang impatient on the speaker's
tongue,
While the calm teacher marks the glori-
ous way,
That leads to mansions of eter'nal day

year after the battle of Bennington, and
the poem which follows it was delivered
also on that occasion. Both were kindly
furnished us by W. P. Baxter of Chicago,
Ill., for publication in the Centennial
number of the BANNER. Mr. Baxter has
a large collection of Vermont books and
pamphlets, numbering over 2000, and is
constantly adding to it. His earliest
book dates at Bennington in 1784, and is
entitled "Reason the Only Oracle of
Man." It was printed in Bennington by
Hawwell Russell. Mr. Baxter has over
400 manuscripts, "all Vermonters" as he
says. His thoughtfulness in furnishing the
BANNER with these interesting docu-
ments for this occasion is certainly fully
appreciated by us, and will be, we are
sure, by all our readers. The material
is such as we could scarcely have secured
in any other way.

A Fine Picture of Bennington Battle
Monument.

There is now on exhibition at the BAN-
NER office the largest and most beautiful
photo-engraving of the Bennington Bat-
tle Monument that has ever been made.
The photograph was taken for the
architect, J. Ph. Binn of
Boston. It is the largest picture of the
Monument ever taken, and it shows the
noble shaft in all its colossal proportions
as it appears to an observer, standing on
the site of the old Catamount Tavern.
The picture shows the monument and
the avenue exactly as they appear when
looked at from that point to-day. The
great height of the shaft is impressively
brought out by comparing it with the
horses and wagon and the frisky repre-
sentative of Capricornus that stand in
the middle-foreground of the picture.
The perspective of the long avenue is
finely represented, the lights and shade
ows on the walks and the trunks of the
trees and among the foliage being so
completely developed as to make the
observer feel that he is really in their
presence.

The picture has the great merit of
being as perfect in detail as any small pho-
tograph, and the additional advantage of
being of grand size. It is developed on
the finest coated stock, 18x24 inches in
size, and is intended for framing. It is
not a trashy, coarse print on common
paper, but a highly finished, artistic half-
tone photo-engraving, fit to put in the
most elegantly furnished library or par-
lor. No handsomer souvenir of the Cen-
tennial Celebration, nor one better rep-
resenting the central idea of the occasion,
can be sent by people in Bennington to
distant friends. The picture will be put
in a strong tube or case, made especially
for sending it with perfect safety by
mail. It is so attractive that copies
have already been ordered for persons of
distinction in various places, governors,
judges, historical societies, the Presi-
dent and some also to go to Europe.

While the picture is of large size it can
be mailed in a moment, in its case, as
easily and safely as a letter. To make it
more desirable, only a limited number
of copies will be sold. Call and see it
and learn its price.

FRANK PURDY, representing Wells &
Coverly of Troy, was in town to-day,
making arrangements for the sale of a
handsome lithograph of the Bennington
Battle Monument, issued by the above
named firm. Mr. Purdy is well known
here and will doubtless dispose of a
great many of the lithographs.

When worth and grandeur in our bosom
shine,
And age and youth in sacred chorus join,
Where none shall court the rich unpol-
ish'd crown,
On ne'er merit cast a sneering frown,
Spurn from their presence the dejected
poor,
Or send the hungry fainting from their
door,
But heaven-born freedom spread her
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And peace and justice unmolested reign,
Cold poverty shall fly, nor want appear,
But health and plenty every bosom cheer,
The blooming mead, the hill and fertile
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Yield a rich blessing to th' industrious
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And blushing orchards to their place
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None of that impious race shall then re-
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Avoid election as a theme too high;
Who preach up works, but pass repen-
tance by,
Leave faith untaught, or to one sect con-
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And damn the rest as heretics and blind,
But fair religion warns the hoary sage,
And lib'ral tho'ts inspire the rising age,
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the poem which follows it was delivered
also on that occasion. Both were kindly
furnished us by W. P. Baxter of Chicago,
Ill., for publication in the Centennial
number of the BANNER. Mr. Baxter has
a large collection of Vermont books and
pamphlets, numbering over 2000, and is
constantly adding to it. His earliest
book dates at Bennington in 1784, and is
entitled "Reason the Only Oracle of
Man." It was printed in Bennington by
Hawwell Russell. Mr. Baxter has over
400 manuscripts, "all Vermonters" as he
says. His thoughtfulness in furnishing the
BANNER with these interesting docu-
ments for this occasion is certainly fully
appreciated by us, and will be, we are
sure, by all our readers. The material
is such as we could scarcely have secured
in any other way.

A Fine Picture of Bennington Battle
Monument.

There is now on exhibition at the BAN-
NER office the largest and most beautiful
photo-engraving of the Bennington Bat-
tle Monument that has ever been made.
The photograph was taken for the
architect, J. Ph. Binn of
Boston. It is the largest picture of the
Monument ever taken, and it shows the
noble shaft in all its colossal proportions
as it appears to an observer, standing on
the site of the old Catamount Tavern.
The picture shows the monument and
the avenue exactly as they appear when
looked at from that point to-day. The
great height of the shaft is impressively
brought out by comparing it with the
horses and wagon and the frisky repre-
sentative of Capricornus that stand in
the middle-foreground of the picture.
The perspective of the long avenue is
finely represented, the lights and shade
ows on the walks and the trunks of the
trees and among the foliage being so
completely developed as to make the
observer feel that he is really in their
presence.

The picture has the great merit of
being as perfect in detail as any small pho-
tograph, and the additional advantage of
being of grand size. It is developed on
the finest coated stock, 18x24 inches in
size, and is intended for framing. It is
not a trashy, coarse print on common
paper, but a highly finished, artistic half-
tone photo-engraving, fit to put in the
most elegantly furnished library or par-
lor. No handsomer souvenir of the Cen-
tennial Celebration, nor one better rep-
resenting the central idea of the occasion,
can be sent by people in Bennington to
distant friends. The picture will be put
in a strong tube or case, made especially
for sending it with perfect safety by
mail. It is so attractive that copies
have already been ordered for persons of
distinction in various places, governors,
judges, historical societies, the Presi-
dent and some also to go to Europe.

While the picture is of large size it can
be mailed in a moment, in its case, as
easily and safely as a letter. To make it
more desirable, only a limited number
of copies will be sold. Call and see it
and learn its price.

FRANK PURDY, representing Wells &
Coverly of Troy, was in town to-day,
making arrangements for the sale of a
handsome lithograph of the Bennington
Battle Monument, issued by the above
named firm. Mr. Purdy is well known
here and will doubtless dispose of a
great many of the lithographs.