

of the Vergant. He could no longer support
the colors upright: but planting his foot against
the staff, he endeavored to hold them up, while he
throve by his shouts amid the confusion
to attract attention to their condition; for some
minutes he sustained them against his
right arm, torn and shattered just below the
shoulder, while the blood poured over and
among the sacred folds, literally obliterate-
ting the Stripes, leaving as fit emblem of
such heroic sacrifice, only the crimson and
the stars. Thus drenched in blood, and rent
by the fury of eight battles, the noble Standard
could be no longer borne, and while its
gallant defender lay suffering in great hos-
pital from amputation of both arms,
recently, wrapped by Col Clark and
returned to the State House in Boston,
with the request that others might be sent
them; The 21st had never lost their colors
but they had worn them out,

The ^{old} flag and its brave bearer are
alike past their usefulness, save as examples

for emulation, and titles of glory for
some bright page of our nation's
history, and while the one is carefully
treasured in the sacred archives of the
State, need I more than ask of this
noble body to put forth its protecting
arm to shelter, cherish and sustain, the
other. If guarantees were needed for the
private character of so true a soldier, it would
have been found in the touching address of his el-
oquent Colonel (Clark) delivered on Christmas
beside the stretcher waiting at the train at
Dorchester to convey its ~~brave~~ helpers
burden to the car, whether he had been escorted
not only by his regiment - but his General.
The tears which rolled over the veteran cheeks
around him were ample testimony of the
love and respect he had won from them
and today his heart's deepest affections turn
around his ^{gallant} regiment as the defenders of their
native County. -

A Monument reflecting will obviate
the necessity of any suggestions in reference