

PRESENTATION OF COLORS

TO THE

140TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.,

(MONROE COUNTY REGIMENT,)



BY THE

YOUNG LADIES OF ROCHESTER,

SEPT., 1862.



ROCHESTER :

STEAM PRESS OF CURTIS, BUTTS & CO.

1862.

Emmie M. Kay.

Pochettes

Sept-30th

P.L.C.

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GOD HELP THE RIGHT.



**140th MONROE COUNTY REGIMENT,
N. Y. S. V.**

*Hazel G. ...
10/3/51*

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser, Sept. 17, 1862.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE 140th REGIMENT N. Y. V.

The splendid stand of colors procured for the 140th Regiment by the young ladies of Rochester, was presented yesterday, though not in the manner contemplated. A rain storm commenced about an hour before the time announced, and a change of arrangements became necessary.

Lieut.-Col. Ernst marched the regiment to the city, but did not go to Jones Square. After passing through a number of streets, the regiment returned to camp, thoroughly drenched with rain. The men made a fine appearance, and did not shrink before the pelting rain. Capt. Mack's Rifle Battery company was on the right, and Capt. Gray's Sharpshooters on the left, though these companies belong to the 108th. The whole made the largest military procession ever seen in Rochester.

After the regiment returned to camp, the field and company officers proceeded to the house of Ald. Fish, 240 West Avenue, where the young ladies had assembled preparatory to going to the Square, and received the colors. The officers were drawn up in line upon the sidewalk, and stood there in the rain, while Prof. Cutting, supported by young ladies, made the address for them from the piazza.

THE ADDRESS OF THE YOUNG LADIES,

READ BY PROF. CUTTING.

SOLDIERS:—The undersigned, young ladies of the city of Rochester and vicinity, tender to your acceptance a Regimental Flag. On a blue ground, it bears, on one side, the arms of the United States, surmounted by the motto, **GOD HELP THE RIGHT**, and, underneath, the number of your Regiment. On the other side, it bears the arms of the State of New York, and the record of the source from which you receive the gift. Some of us are sisters of brothers in the Navy, some of brothers already in the Army, and others of brothers enrolled and ready to march in your own ranks. We all are daughters of the Republic, cradled under the protection of its flag, reared under the beneficence of its institutions, and bound to its destinies by a love second only to that which binds us to our Maker and Redeemer. It is not given to us to go to the field of mortal strife, and strike the blows which shall deliver our country from an unnatural and cruel assault, but it is given to us to cheer our bro-

thers as they depart to the struggle, to inspire and sustain them by our prayers, and to welcome their honorable return with our love, our gratitude, and our applause. Among the ministries proper to us on the eve of your departure, we have thought it a suitable one to present to you this banner. It is not the Stars and Stripes, but a banner consecrated to the honor of the Stars and Stripes,—not the banner of the nation, but the banner under which you fight for the national integrity,—not the flag which for three-fourths of a century has been on every land and sea, the symbol of self-government, of civil and religious liberty, of civilization, and of human hope and happiness, but a flag which you bear to the contest whose issue is to restore that national ensign to its former transcendent glory on every foot of the soil of the Republic.

We commit this flag to your keeping as the object of your soldierly honor. It is the banner of your regiment, reminding you by its motto of the righteousness of the cause which takes you to the field, and of that dependence on God, the recognition of which is an essential part of true martial virtue. You are to turn to it as a shrine entitled to your homage, to follow it as

your pillar of cloud or fire, to rally to it when raised in the thickest of the fight, to greet it with your cheers at the very spot where victory is most complete, and to snatch it unstained from the very jaws of disaster. The sentiment which binds a soldier to his flag is among the sublimest distinctive of his character, and this flag is committed to you in the conviction that that sentiment will be an inspiring and controlling passion.

We commit this flag to the protection of your valor. No regiment goes to the field with a higher distinction. All honor to the brave Thirteenth, among the earliest in the war, whose march from Washington to Richmond, and from Richmond to Washington, through more than half a score of battles, has been a march of resplendent glory; all honor to the noble 108th, almost the first to rush to the field on the call for "300,000 more," and destined to add new lustre to the city and county from which it has proceeded. But there is one distinction belonging to you which in the nature of the case could not be theirs. You go with the honor of Volunteers when the call was for drafted men—to constitute the voluntary contribution of the County of Monroe, not to the

first, but to the last half of the 600,000, to that half of this great host which the government did not venture to hope would come without compulsion, and which Europe has 'tauntingly said would never come at all. You are the men that would not wait for a draft,—that would not permit the stain of compulsion to rest on the dear old county whose very name, borrowed from a Virginian of Virginia's best days, is the synonym of loyalty, courage and determination. Well, therefore, may we have faith in your valor; and to the protection of that valor we make over this flag. We know you will defend it; that you will surround it with a wall of hearts, raising it aloft in the deadliest fight, and bringing it back in triumph from every struggle with the foe. Never will you forsake it; never will you falter under it; never will you yield it to become the trophy of rebel insolence and exultation, never, never, never—God giving you help.

Here we might stop. If this flag becomes the immediate object of your personal and regimental homage, and is protected by your valor, we could ask nothing which is not, perhaps, included in that homage and protection. But we are your sisters, and you go forth to struggle

with an unnatural enemy, who disparages and affects to despise the civilization which you represent, and of which our sex, in its multiform relations, forms an equal part. We ask, therefore, that your soldierly qualities may illustrate the character of your civilization. Show that that civilization rears men of lofty personal honor, of high patriotic virtue, and of prowess which no foe can question. Illustrate to them that true chivalry yields its best fruits among those who are least given to boasting of its possession. Remember that obedience to order, subjection to discipline, as it is the best surety of a soldier's safety and effectiveness, is at the same time a test of loftiness of character and purpose. On the field of battle where the destruction of the enemy is the legitimate means of breaking up his organization and crushing his power, deal death to men in combat with unrelenting fury, but when a foe falls wounded and bleeding, no longer a foe in arms, nurse him tenderly as a child or a friend, and remember that a captive prisoner is in the keeping of your sacred honor. Respect the rights of all non-combatants; invade no man's property by petty insults, annoyances, pilferings, and destructions; and as you value our love, let womanly honor,

however much our sex may have contributed to the bitterness of Southern hostility, be as precious to you in the homes of your foes, as the honor of your sisters and mothers. These are the lessons of your civilization, and you will make them the illustrations of your chivalry. These are the soldierly qualities that will shame the slanders of your enemy, and win for you the applause of the enlightened world.

Go then, soldiers of the Republic! Go to restore from unnatural, cruel and causeless violence, the supremacy of the Union, and of the Constitution, by which the Union is defined and defended. Go to proclaim the ancient and honored doctrine of our fathers, local self-government in states, under the shield and authority of one Federal Republic. Tell your enemies that it is at their option to become your equals as fellow citizens, governing themselves by their own laws, within a Union which shall be the equal protector of all, and the oppressor of none; but that broad as is the territory of the Republic, it is not broad enough for the foot of a rebel or an alien foe. As brothers alienated, we may become brothers again, and enjoy together, as in our best and most glorious days, the common and equal blessings of the most benefi-

cent government on earth, but tell them that one flag, one only, can float where the National Ensign ever floated, and that flag, the Stars and Stripes forever. Go, brothers, to that mission—take the banner which we unfurl in your presence; bring it back amid the blessing of peace and union, emblazoned with the record of your triumphs; and then deposited in the chief public edifice of our county, it shall be to successive generations the sufficient testimony, that in the hour of their country's peril, the sons of Old Monroe did their full duty among the defenders of the Republic.

FRANCES E. FISH,
 MARY MCKAY,
 CATHERINE CHURCHILL,
 MARY CHURCH,
 JULIA CRAM,
 CELESTE GARDINER,
 EMELIE H. MARSH,
 JANETT DANA,
 GERTRUDE BOUGHTON,
 CORNELIA BENJAMIN,
 LILLIE BUTTS,
 CARRIE M. LESTER,
 FRANCES BROWN,
 SUSAN M. COLEMAN,
 NELLY MUDGE,
 MARY A. BAKER,
 CLARA LEONARD,

EMMA MCKAY,
 MARY CHURCHILL,
 FRANCES CHURCH,
 REBECCA KNAPP,
 EMMA PARSONS,
 EMMA FARLEY,
 OLIVE T. ANGEVINE,
 HELEN PARSONS,
 MAGGIE CUNNINGHAM,
 NORA MORSE,
 N. E. CADY,
 MAGGIE E. TREAT,
 MARIA BENNETT,
 MARY IDA COLEMAN,
 ELLA RICHARDSON,
 FANNIE N. BIDEN,
 STELLA M. ELLISON,

MARY E. COCHRANE,	MARY F. CARROLL,
EMMA S. WOOD,	NETTY K. THOMAS,
SARAH WIGGIN,	ROSELLA B. SHERMAN,
ANNIE GARRIGUS,	ELLA A. JONES,
AZILE MOORE.	ANNIE CHAFER,
EMMA C. WANZER,	NANCY A. CUNNINGHAM,
NELLIE GALUSHA,	MARY W. JONES,
ABBY W. SEXTON,	DOLLY P. DANA,
JULIA E. BREWSTER.	

Rochester, Sept. 15, 1862.

REPLY OF CAPT. OTIS.

Ladies of Rochester :

Our respected Lieutenant-Colonel has imposed upon me the pleasing duty of returning to you the thanks of the regiment for the beautiful banner which you have so generously conferred upon us. I am aware that I cannot adequately thank you for this magnificent gift. I am also aware of my inability to give expression to the feelings of gratitude, which the men of the 140th Regiment entertain towards the ladies of Rochester, for the interest they have from the first, taken in their welfare.

But let my words be an index, though very imperfect it will be, of the sentiments we all

cherish on account of the interest thus exhibited.

The ladies of Rochester, from the commencement of the rebellion, from the time the glorious Old Thirteenth went from our midst, have labored incessantly for the good cause in which we should all be engaged.

They have sought to inspire with confidence, to arouse the patriotism, to lighten the burdens, and to alleviate the sufferings of those who have gallantly gone forth in arms.

Could I see the men of the North inspired with the same noble spirit which inspires the ladies of Rochester; could I see them endeavoring in their own proper sphere to obey the stern behests of duty, the dark clouds which now o'ershadows us would soon pass away, and we should quickly discern the glimmerings of a brighter and more prosperous day.

By a united effort we have, in this county, done more than called upon to do by the Government, and does any one think that this work has been accomplished by the instrumentality of public councils, the closing of business marts, and the seeming excitement occasioned by the ceaseless sound of martial music? There has been a silent influence at work — a power

more potent than the labors of men. We, of this regiment know with what generous impulses mothers have sent forth their sons, to whom they trusted for protection and support; with what sacrificing spirit wives have given the farewell to husbands, and we have seen the sister giving the silent token of approval, though one should be absent from the family circle, perhaps forever.

These are the silent influences which have been constantly at work, and which have aided in recruiting this regiment. The ladies must share largely in the glory of Old Monroe.

Since we have been here encamped we have daily received contributions from the ladies of Rochester, until now we have received this last token of your favor, of your generosity, and of your patriotism. This beautiful banner, which calls forth all the memories of our nation's life—of a nation which has hitherto enjoyed unexampled prosperity and happiness—of a nation which, in the language of another, has been a tower of impregnable security, a pedestal of renown and a palace of prosperity—this beautiful banner, which is to be unfurled in the cause of such a country, has been given us in the hope and confidence that it will receive no dishonor! that it

will be gallantly borne on the field of battle, until the old flag shall wave over the strong holds of the enemy; until it shall again throw its protection over every person throughout the length and breadth of the land. Under the guidance of the officers which the Military Committee of this Senatorial District have so judiciously chosen to lead us, I almost know that your confidence is not misplaced; that your hope will be fully realized. We accept this gift at your hands, knowing that with it we receive the good wishes and kind benediction of the ladies of Rochester. And when the day of trial shall come, we will recollect this occasion. It will arouse our energies, give strength to our arms, and inspire us with courage. I know that the memories of this hour will have an effect upon this regiment, and will make its record clearer and more glorious.

It is then for this manifestation of your good feelings towards us; for this manifestation of your wishes for our success, that we thank you, as well as for the gift itself.

And when the nation shall have passed thro' this night of anarchy and confusion; when war shall be put aside and the arts of peace shall alone be cultivated, then shall you experience the pleasing satisfaction that you did your duty

in the hour of your country's peril. Then and not till then, shall you receive your reward.

Methinks that this night of anarchy is already far spent. I already seem to see the "dewy morning star" shining through the breaking clouds, and in my waking visions I can discern athwart "the misty mountain tops" the approach of that glorious day when we shall again enjoy peace and prosperity, as in days gone by. When the nation purified, regenerated by the baptism of blood shall enter upon its new career, prepared for a nobler, a grander destiny.

Ladies, allow me to again return the thanks of the One Hundred and Fortieth Regiment.

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