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Addresses in Senate and House of  
Representatives in Conn. - in  
Honor of Charles L. Russell

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ADDRESSES,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

OF CONNECTICUT,

IN HONOR OF

COLONEL CHARLES L. RUSSELL.

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Printed by Order of the General Assembly.

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NEW HAVEN :  
BABCOCK & SIZER, STATE PRINTERS.

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT,  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT: }  
*New Haven, May 15th, 1862.* }

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
IN GENERAL ASSEMBLY CONVENED:

COL. CHARLES L. RUSSELL, of the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, was killed in a battle between the Union troops and the rebel forces, at Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on the eighth day of February, 1862. In the hour of peril to our Government, Col. RUSSELL promptly responded to the call for volunteers, gave himself earnestly to his duty, was a true and disinterested patriot, a bold and fearless soldier, an unassuming and able officer, and fell at the head of his Regiment, while leading them to victory.

His bereaved wife tenders the State his sword, worn at the time of his death, which I herewith present, to be disposed of in such a manner as you shall direct.

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

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# ADDRESSES

IN HONOR OF

## COLONEL CHARLES L. RUSSELL.

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IN THE SENATE OF CONNECTICUT,

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1862.

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### EULOGIES.

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HON. MR. CALHOUN called for the special order of the day, the same being the report of the Joint Select Committee on the Message of His Excellency the Governor, transmitting the sword of Colonel CHARLES L. RUSSELL, said committee recommending the passage of a series of resolutions, as follows :

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, }  
May Session, 1862. }

WHEREAS, The sword of the late Colonel CHARLES L. RUSSELL, of the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, who was killed in the battle of Roanoke Island, February 8th, 1862, has been tendered to the State by his widow, and is now at the disposal of this General Assembly, therefore,

*Resolved*, That in behalf of the State, this Assembly gladly accept the gift thus generously and thoughtfully offered, and receive it as a fitting and precious memorial of one of Connecticut's most noble and worthy sons ; of one who, as a citizen in the hour of peace, was an example of elevated sentiment,

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social benevolence, and Christian virtue; as a soldier in time of war, of modest, yet steady and dauntless courage; who, prompted by an ardent, absorbing, and unselfish patriotism, at the first call of his Government for assistance from dangers threatened by traitor hosts, gave himself promptly and freely for its defense; who was a bold and faithful volunteer in the cause of the nation; an efficient, skillful, and beloved commander, and who finally exhibited the highest evidence of patriotic self-devotion by yielding his life for his country on the field of battle, in the face of her foes, and at the very dawn of the glorious victory which his own heroism, and that of the gallant regiment which he led, did so much to achieve.

*Resolved,* That this Assembly tender to the widow and family of the lamented Colonel RUSSELL, deep sympathy in their bereavement, and trust that the memory of the virtues of the deceased husband and father, and the knowledge of the glorious name he has left behind, and of the gratitude felt by his State and his country for his noble and valiant services, may prove some consolation to them in their hour of affliction.

*Resolved,* That the sword of Colonel RUSSELL be deposited, under the direction of the Governor, in the room of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford; that these resolutions be entered at large on the Journals of the Senate and House of Representatives, and that His Excellency, Governor Buckingham, be requested to forward to the widow of the deceased officer an attested copy of the same.

The question being upon the passage of the resolutions, Hon. Mr. CALHOUN, Senator from the Second District, spoke as follows:

#### ADDRESS OF SENATOR CALHOUN.

MR. PRESIDENT:—A generous people will ever delight to honor those who have deserved well of their country, and a cheerful recognition of distinguished public services by those for whom they have been rendered is always as honorable as the refusal of it is unjust and disgraceful. It is, moreover, pol-

itic; for while popular gratitude is one of the sweetest rewards of, and therefore one of the strongest incentives to noble deeds, that philanthropy is rare indeed, which, in spite of neglect, ingratitude and contempt, will yet toil on for the welfare of others.

Sir, absorbed as we are in the public and private duties of civil life,—so far removed from the storm of war which is now bursting over a large part of our devoted country, that we hear not its faintest muttering,—I much fear that we are too forgetful of those gallant spirits who are breasting its fiery peltings and are marching to death as to a bridal feast, that their country may be saved. We read of battles and bombardments, of advances and retreats, described in the smooth, attractive style of newspaper correspondents, and occasionally we meet in the street an empty sleeve, or a fever blanched face; but how little do we realize that in our own land there is now raging the most desperate and tremendous of conflicts—that more than ten thousand sons of Connecticut are braving all its horrors, and that every interest and every institution which we hold dear is hanging on its result! We need something to remind us of our country's condition, and of the heroic labors and sacrifices of her brave defenders; and I trust that the hour which may be spent by the Senate this morning in doing honor to the memory of a gallant officer, who has fallen in defense of his flag and his Government, will not be coveted. It will be a deserved tribute to the virtues of him who is no more, and to his brave companions in arms, who are still fighting the battles of the nation.

Colonel Charles L. Russell was a native of Connecticut, born, I believe, in Litchfield county, in the year 1828. At an early age he removed with his parents to the town of Derby, which at the time of his death was his home, and is now the residence of his bereaved family. Of his character in private life I need only say that he joined a modest deppartment with unusual energy and perseverance; he was always ready in every work of private or public benevolence; his reputation as a man and a Christian was unblemished; honorable in every emotion, he

was incapable of an unworthy act, and by whomsoever known he was respected and beloved. His attachment to his Government was deep and absorbing. In that magnificent and unparalleled uprising of the freemen of the North for the salvation of the country, after the fall of Sumpter, he was among the first and most ardent. Indeed, I am informed, that previous to the commencement of hostilities, he had been so impressed with a conviction of impending danger as to offer to the Government to lead a company of sixty men to the protection of the National Capital. The offer was declined, but it showed his heart and his foresight. He joined the Second Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, organized under Colonel Terry in this city, and in consideration of his known ability, and long connection with the militia of the State, was appointed Adjutant. He remained with his regiment, while it was in service, discharging his duties as a soldier with energy and fidelity—was engaged in the battle of Bull Run, and out of that scene of disaster and disgrace came forth with honor, receiving a favorable notice for coolness and bravery from Colonel, now General Keyes, the commander of his division.

After the Second Regiment had been mustered out of service, he returned home, but his zeal for his country's cause would not suffer him to remain long away from the field of conflict. He assisted in raising a company, and with it joined the Eighth Regiment, mustering in this city. While here, occupying the post of Captain, he was tendered the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tenth Regiment, then forming at Hartford. His company were deeply attached to him, and manifested so much feeling at the prospect of losing their beloved commander, even offering to make up to him from their own pockets the difference between the pay of a Captain and that of a Lieutenant-Colonel, that he hesitated, and would probably have declined the position, had not the obstacle been removed by a transfer of his company from the Eighth to the Tenth Regiment, of which latter regiment he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and shortly afterward Colonel. While at its head, he brought his regiment to a high state of discipline ;

and better still, he did much both by precept and example, to elevate the moral character of his men, teaching them to respect themselves; to refrain from those excesses so often indulged in by soldiers; and thus under his command the Tenth Regiment became so excellent in drill, so sober in camps, and so steady and courageous in the field, as to win universal admiration. With his regiment he was attached to the expedition under General Burnside, and took a conspicuous part in the battle on Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862. He nobly led his men to the attack on the entrenchments of the enemy. When the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment had fallen back from the murderous fire of the rebels, their position in front of the hostile battery was occupied by the Tenth Connecticut, who so unflinchingly bore the iron storm of death which poured upon them for hours, that their foes themselves wondered, and concluded that they were regular troops. It was here that the noble soldier met his death. His regiment were ordered to lie down to avoid exposure; but Colonel Russell, who knew no fear, maintained his erect position, until, urged by his officers, who perceived him to be a mark for the sharpshooters of the enemy, he half reclined on the ground, and lay supported on his arm, watching the progress of the fight. While in this position, a rifle ball struck his right shoulder, passing down into his body, and he fell dead without a word, or a groan, or the loss of a drop of blood.

This, Sir, is a brief sketch of the life and services of Colonel Russell, the first of our Connecticut Colonels who, in the present war, has fallen on the field of battle. I am ready, yea, proud to acknowledge, that in this terrible contest between loyalty and treason, many a one has achieved more for the country than did he—but it was on account of superior opportunity; not from a more ardent desire; for no one of all the hundreds of thousands who have filled the armies of the nation, has shown a more sturdy courage, or a more disinterested patriotism, than did Colonel Russell. Without a reservation or a selfish motive, he gave himself to the cause of his native country—he served her while he lived, and died nobly fight-

ing in her defense. He crowned a worthy life with a heroic death.

And now, Sir, in behalf of this State, let us receive this sword, thus tendered by the hand of sorrowing affection; let us receive it gladly, as a precious memorial of one of Connecticut's most noble sons. The resolutions propose that it shall be deposited with the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. There let it be placed, with the tavern sign of Putnam, the pierced garments of Ledyard, the swords of Ward and of Lyon, and other relics of our departed heroes, and there let it remain an object of interest to each one who can appreciate true nobility of soul, dauntless courage, and a lofty patriotism; while he who so gallantly carried it to battle and to death sleeps quietly in the bosom of his native State, which he so highly honored.

And now, Mr. President, shall we not learn a lesson from this day's reflections?—a lesson which shall make us better patriots and kindle anew our devotion to our country. This war has come upon us for errors—for our sins. It will be to the American people and government either a war of purification or of destruction; and it is for us to decide which it shall be. It will not cease, it cannot cease, I would almost say, it ought not to cease, till as a people we have exhibited that fortitude and self-denial and invincible determination to conquer, which the perils of our condition demand;—till we have learned to prize higher the invaluable gift of constitutional liberty—till we have gained a deeper insight into the grand principles which underlie our free government—till we have ceased to grasp so eagerly after mere material prosperity and regard more sacredly the dearest rights of man—till valor and energy have taken the place of effeminacy, and honesty the place of corruption, and the virtues of our ancestors are revived in us, their posterity. How little, as yet, have we done and suffered in support of our glorious cause, compared with the efforts and self denials of its enemies! And it is yet an untried, and perhaps doubtful question, whether we have the virtue to endure in behalf of our own free government what our rebellious foes have already undergone in the service of despotism. But be

this as it may, if we can contemplate such an instance of generous devotion to the cause of liberty, as he manifested whose manly hand once grasped that sword, without experiencing a fresh glow of patriotic emotion, and without renewing on the altar of our country our vows of unfaltering adherence to her fortunes, we shall verily be unworthy of the heroic efforts of the gallant defenders of our rights, and unfit to enjoy again the blessings of peace with a restored Union and an established Government.

#### ADDRESS OF SENATOR BENJAMIN.

Senator BENJAMIN, of the Tenth District, spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT:—When the war for the suppression of the present great rebellion commenced, among the many embarrassments and apprehensions that distracted the public mind, was the question whether we had the most essential ingredient in the nation to meet the terrible crisis that was upon us ; whether the heroic element of society had survived a half century of almost uninterrupted peace. The great body of our countrymen were totally ignorant of the art of war ; and the moral teaching of the age—in its dream of human perfectability—had seemed of late years to tend against the dread arbitrament of the sword.

But our anxiety on this behalf was of short duration, for it soon became palpable to every patriotic mind that we were on the eve of one of

“The great wars that make ambition virtue.”

Then rose the wild and multitudinous shout, proclaiming that the heroism of the Republic was not dead, but only slept, till the hour should come for its waking ; it was not dead, nor was it dwarfed by the long reign of peace and commerce, but it was found to be full grown and armed, and equal to this unparalleled conflict for truth, for freedom and mankind.

Legions of brave spirits sprang to arms, and most triumphantly has the time vindicated the age from the unworthy suspicion of its degeneracy.

How many of these noble and true men have gone forth with their lives in their hands and laid them upon the altar of their country!

Mr. President, I had no personal acquaintance with Colonel Russell; I have never even seen him; but I learn by abundant testimony, from the highest sources, that he possessed, to a remarkable degree, those peculiar traits of character which distinguish the heroic soul.

Modest and self-sacrificing, courageous and pure in his devotion to his country, he fell, at the moment of victory, in the fore front of the battle.

And it was for us and for our children, and their great heritage of freedom, that this man laid down his life.

But there is to me something inexpressibly touching in the tender of this gift from the surviving partner of the hearth and home of this dead hero. She rightly judged that the State would desire to hold and venerate this memorial of him. It is a fitting termination of the part assigned to her in this sad drama. First, her husband, then his sword, to complete the offering of her great sacrifice!

Mr. President, no power that we possess can make restitution for the countless sum of her bereavement; but let us solemnly convey to her the expression of our most earnest sympathy, and the profound and perpetual gratitude of the State.

#### ADDRESS OF SENATOR GOODWIN.

Mr. GOODWIN, of the Fifteenth District, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I had not assigned to myself the right or duty of occupying the time or attention of the Senate, for a single moment, in remarks upon the very pertinent resolutions reported by the Joint Select Committee, raised upon the message of His Excellency the Governor, transmitting to us the sword of the late Colonel Russell, until I ascertained that he was a native of Litchfield county; for I felt that this whole matter was entrusted to more able hands; to those who would do the deceased patriot and hero full justice upon this occasion.



When I found that the owner of this sword which now lies before us, had his origin in my own native Litchfield county, I felt impelled to say something in relation to the resolutions reported by the committee.

Col. CHARLES LAMBERT RUSSELL was born July 25th, 1828, in the town of Litchfield, in the parish of Northfield. At a very early age he removed with his father's family to the village of Westville, in the town of New Haven, where he resided till about the age of ten years, when he removed to the town of Derby, which was ever after his home. At the age of seventeen he commenced his mechanical career, and continued his occupation, as a faithful and industrious citizen, till the breaking out of the war.

He was early in life impressed with a high military spirit, and at the age of seventeen became an enlisted soldier in a military company in his own town; in which he honorably served in every capacity, from a private to the post of Adjutant of the regiment to which his company belonged, and occupying this position the war found him; and as such he was commissioned and attached to the Second Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, for the three months campaign, in which he served honorably and bravely.

After the expiration of this term of service, seeing and feeling the magnitude and the atrocity of the rebellion, his love of country, his strong desire to aid in sustaining the Government, his military zeal and ardor, induced him to enlist for the war, and he was commissioned a Captain, and soon after promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and very soon to that of Colonel. Thenceforward his history is well known; it is a part of the history of our country, written as with the point of a diamond; made and developed more rapidly in the last twelve months than in an entire generation before.

In his private life, those who best knew him, best loved him; as a husband and father, kind and tender; of modest and retiring disposition, generous to a fault, and proverbial for his uprightness and purity of conduct. As a member of various moral

organizations, he was honored and beloved; and as an artisan, he was master of his business, and industrious in his calling.

During the political campaign of 1860, in which he took an active part, his language to a friend in relation to the next campaign was: "before that time our land will run with blood." The declaration has proved true, and the man, the patriot and the hero, has fallen upon the field of strife and blood, in the defense of his country.

Colonel Russell, in 1851, married Miss Ann Eliza Mitchell, of Huntington, Connecticut, and three children have been born to them, of whom two now survive. His father, Samuel S. Russell, now sixty-two years of age, is in the service as a musician in the Sixth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers. One brother is a member of the Regimental Band in the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, and still another brother was a Captain of Company D, Second Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, at Bull Run. One sister is still living in Birmingham, in the town of Derby.

In all that ennobles and dignifies manhood, Colonel Russell had no superior. No one had occasion or cause to speak ill of his good name; he died as he lived, "an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Proud of his business, proud of the name of a New England mechanic, he by his general deportment and gallant conduct, illustrated in a heroic, patriotic manner, the duties which belong to and devolve upon an American citizen.

I approve, Sir, of these resolutions; I endorse their every sentiment. This sword, although the arm that once wielded it is now paralyzed—although he that gave potency to its blade, has passed away—although the clods of the valley cover his repose—still it will ever be, and remain, a fit memento of the man. And when, in all future time, it shall be looked upon, in the archives of the Historical Society, it will bring to mind one of our noblest sons, who fell upon the sanguinary battlefield, in the cause of his country; fell, bravely fell, amidst the roar of cannon, the din of musketry, and clash of arms.

## ADDRESS OF SENATOR WRIGHT.

Senator WRIGHT, of the Nineteenth District, said :

MR. PRESIDENT:—After what has been so well said here, I would not attempt even a word, but for the fact that my silence might be taken as evidence of indifference, and that the idea might obtain that loyalty and patriotism in the district which I have the honor to represent, are at a low ebb. It is with a view of correcting any such impression, and not because I flatter myself that I can add anything to the interest of the occasion, that I rise at this time.

From my earliest recollection I have ever been taught (and who on this floor has not?) to revere the name of Washington, and of all that host of revolutionary sires who lived and struggled and bled for freedom and free government—priceless blessings which we enjoy here to-day. I have honored them, not because of their valor, not for their deeds of daring, but rather on account of the cause, the blessed, the glorious cause in which that valor was displayed, and those deeds of daring were enacted. So, too, I shall ever cherish, most fondly cherish, the memory of Russell; not because he was valiant, but rather because his valor was displayed in the same great and glorious cause in which a Washington fought and a Warren fell.

As a citizen of this State, I appreciate the gift so nobly bestowed, not because it is a weapon of death, but because wielded by the stalwart arm of its master, its blows were for the life of this Republic.

The same cause which eighty odd years ago called from its sheath the sword of Putnam, in our day called from its sheath the sword of Russell. But mark the difference: while our revolutionary fathers fought for the establishment of this Government, the patriots of our day contend for its continuance.

We cannot wonder that the efforts of our fathers to inaugurate Republican Government in this country, awoke the most violent opposition among the monarchists of the Old World. That was perfectly natural. We expect Monarchy in every

age of the world to array itself against Republicanism, wherever found. The two systems are in direct and open antagonism. There ever has been, there ever will be, at least until the millennium shall come—and I confess I see no immediate prospect of that—a conflict raging between them. In this conflict it is to be confessed that Monarchy has very generally proved the victor. The history of the world, with here and there a bright exception, is but little better than a history of cruelty, of tyranny, oppression, and wrong inflicted by Monarchy in some of its varied forms upon the masses of its subjects; of wrong sustained by the plebeian many at the hands of the royal few. In all this dreary desert of oppression, the broadest, the brightest, the fairest oasis the world has ever seen was here in our own beloved America, under the Government which our fathers had left us, and in defense of which the gallant Russell has fallen.

From beginnings small and untoward, with difficulties to encounter and prejudices to meet, such as it has seldom been the lot of any nation to contend against, in a few short years we had attained a proud position among the first-class Powers of the earth. Our history, short, yet bright and glorious, constituted a living, unanswerable argument in favor of popular freedom, and at the same time a rebuke, keen and cutting, to Monarchy, in whatever form and wherever found.

That such a Government should have its enemies was of course perfectly natural, but that those enemies should be found within its own limits, among those who had ever had their full share in its control, as well as in the benefits derived from it; among those who were indebted for their very power to injure, to its fostering care, was almost incredible. But it is said that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and the justice of that remark has seldom been more strikingly verified than in the rebellion for the suppression of which the sword of the lamented Russell was drawn.

A portion of our fellow-citizens throw off their allegiance, indignantly repudiate the Constitution—the charter of their own rights—tear from its staff and trample in the dust the

dear old flag, baptized in the tears and consecrated by the blood of a patriot ancestry; begging aid from, and allegiance with the Monarchists of Europe on the one hand and the savage tribes of our southwestern frontiers on the other, in order to break up and destroy a Government under which they, as well as we, had ever been protected in the enjoyment of every dear and sacred right which had ever been protected by any good Government under Heaven—a Government which to them, as well as to us, was consecrated by a thousand sacred memories of a glorious past, which to them, as well as to us, was replete with blessings for the present and bright with promise for the future.

It was for the suppression of such a rebellion, and for the punishment of such ingrates, that the sword of Russell leaped from its scabbard. It was not for conquest, it was not for spoil! It was for the perpetuity of American Freedom! Noble! thrice noble, the object! Precious! thrice precious, the price which he paid for it!

But, Sir, though Colonel Russell is dead, not so the cause which he loved and for which he sacrificed his life. Since his fall the flag under which he was born, under which he lived, under which he died, and beneath the shadows of which his ashes have found their final repose, has waved in triumph on many a bloody battle-field; and still, Sir, its course is onward. Not every, nor yet the brightest page in its history is written. It yet has a future—bright, glorious, and big with blessings for the world.

I am one of those who believe in a higher Power, that rules over the world and shapes the destinies of nations at His will. That power works not without a purpose. Those purposes are high, holy, and sure.

Blind, indeed, must that man be, who can look at our past history and not discover at every step of progress which, as a nation we have ever made, the foot-marks of Deity. And even now, peering through the war-cloud darkling in our sky, I fancy that I can see the “bow of promise,” and inscribed upon it in letters of living light the ominous words, “Jehovah Jireh!”

I believe, Sir, that our triumph is sure, and that the time is not far distant when Treason and Rebellion, sweating at every pore, and shaking in every joint, will read in that triumph *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*

#### ADDRESS OF SENATOR PHILLIPS.

Senator PHILLIPS, of the Fourteenth District, remarked :

MR. PRESIDENT:—It is fit and becoming us, as legislators, to pause in the midst of duties, and pay a generous tribute of respect to the memory of a fallen hero.

Not now, can the story of his life be told ; but, when the storm which is pelting down upon our heads so mercilessly, is over, and time gives license for eulogy, will the history of the lives of heroes be written.

It was not my good fortune to have been personally acquainted with Colonel Russell ; yet, I am assured that in his fall the country lost a noble hero ; his wife, a fond and loving husband ; his children, a kind father.

At the first moment of danger he left his home to defend the national capital from the assaults of treason ; after his term of service had expired, he was among the first to volunteer for the war. He died as a soldier should wish to die : at the head of his regiment, nobly doing his duty.

A quiet New England village mourns the loss of her dead son ; Connecticut mourns the loss of a true-hearted patriot, cut down in the hour of victory, in the strength of manhood ; and to-day embalms his memory in an ever-enduring chaplet of fame.

Let us not forget the faithful dead ; but let us deposit this emblem of his patriotism in the archives of the State, as a perpetual memorial that his name is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

The old State had a proud record in '76. Shall she not have as proud a record when future generations shall recount the deeds of '62 ?

Putnam, Ledyard, Wooster, Knowlton, and a host of others periled their *all* in the dark days of '76, to establish the free and beneficent Government which we have enjoyed for the last three-quarters of a century.

The name of Colonel Russell, with that of the noble Lyon, Farnham, Winthrop, Ward, and a host of others of this State, will be handed to future generations as the men who, in '62, enriched the soil of "the Union" with their blood, for the maintenance and perpetuation, on this Western Continent, of that same great principle of popular liberty.

As the eternal glaciers from the tops of the mountains press themselves down into the valleys below with a force which nothing earthly can withstand—so, the patriot soldier of the Union is pressing himself into the very heart of the rebellion, and as he goes he smites the rocks of secession on either side; and, ere long, we may hope, living streams of loyalty and patriotism will gush forth, inundating the whole South, and bring her misguided people to realize the magnitude of their crime against the best Government on earth, and back again to that sublime Jacksonian doctrine: "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

Pealing bells and booming cannon will have announced many a Union victory over slavery and wrong. The old flag will again wave in triumph on the ramparts of every portion of the Union. Every state, every county, every town and village, every hamlet, and the last man, will yield his willing obedience to the Government. In God's own time and way, that foul blot upon our national honor—American slavery—will be wiped out, and we become, more than ever, and in truth,

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Long years in the future one hundred millions of people will be living upon the soil of the American Union, equal in condition, the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the "Revolution;" propagated under the same invigorating rays of free government and imbued with the same principle of liberty.

Colonel Russell's body will have lain "mouldering in the

grave" for many a year, awaiting the resurrection's dawn; yet his soul will have been "marching on" in that grand army of martyred heroes, who in '62 laid down their lives in defense of the right.

"Farewell, departed hero,  
From thee we sever,  
Though here thy work is done,  
Part we, forever?  
No—on that radiant shore,  
Where thou hast gone before,  
There we shall part no more,  
Never, no never."

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The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.



IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1862.

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EULOGIES.

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On motion of Mr. PRATT of Rocky Hill, the special order of the day, the same being the consideration of the resolutions relative to Colonel CHARLES L. RUSSELL, was taken up, and the resolutions were read.

Mr. PLUMB, of Derby, addressed the House as follows:—

ADDRESS OF MR. PLUMB.

MR. SPEAKER:—As the Representative of the town in which Col. Russell lived, and where his remains now lie buried, it seems proper that I should ask the attention of the House for a few moments, while I recall some few facts connected with the man and his history.

Col. Russell was not born in Derby, but in the county of Litchfield—I think in the parish of Northfield, in the town of Litchfield. He came to Derby when about ten years old, with his father's family, and continued there until he entered the army. His family of a widow and two children now reside there. Like most of New England's sons, young Russell had to work out a way in life for himself, and right worthily and earnestly he set himself to do it. In the full consciousness that it was only by his own exertions that he could rise in the world, and with the fullest determination to rise, he made use of every opportunity and means to improve himself, physically, mentally and morally. Industrious, ingenious, honest and rigidly temperate, it will be naturally inferred, that when he became

old enough to engage in some industrial pursuit, he was much esteemed by employers, fellow-artisans, and the whole circle in which he was known. I need not take time to dilate upon his career at this period, for it is principally with his military career that we are now concerned. Let it suffice, that when he attained his majority there were very few so much beloved and esteemed, or that gave so fair a promise of becoming useful and influential.

On arriving at an age that required his entering the military organization of the State, young Russell entered an enlisted company in our town. He rapidly passed through all the intervening grades, and became the captain of the company at a very early period. Under his command, it became one of the best disciplined companies of the regiment, and this was one that embraced the fine companies of this city, always and justly celebrated as among the best in the State. Soon after, he became a member of the regimental staff, and was occupying that position when the rebellion was inaugurated.

The electric current had scarce ceased beating with the intelligence of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, when he engaged ardently in the work of raising troops for the defense of his imperiled country. The company which he had formerly commanded promptly volunteered, and others, composing the Second Regiment, having also done the same, that regiment was soon under arms, under Col. Terry, and our friend went with it to Washington as Adjutant. How he performed his duties while there, and especially at Bull Run, the report of the Adjutant-General of this State, and those of his superiors on the field of battle, will show. Let it suffice now to say, that that calamitous result was in no wise due to any misconduct of any Connecticut officers or men.

Adjutant Russell returned with his regiment at the expiration of their term of service, but he felt too keenly the need of the country for the services of every man who could raise an arm in her defense, to remain long idle, and he soon engaged in the work of enlisting a company of volunteers. With the understanding that he should accept the command, this

was no difficult task, and the company was promptly filled, and he at once and with entire unanimity appointed its Captain. They were attached to the Eighth Regiment, and went into camp at Hartford. Before they were removed from their camp in this State, Capt. Russell was tendered the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the Tenth Regiment, and the only embarrassment in the way of his acceptance, arose from his reluctance to be separated from the company which he had organized, and to which he was much attached, and who were quite as much attached to their commander. The difficulty was obviated by the transposition of the company from the Eighth to the Tenth Regiment, of which Capt. Russell was made the Lieut.-Colonel, and soon after the Colonel.

With the Eighth and Eleventh, this regiment was attached to Gen. Burnside's command and sent to North Carolina. How Gen. Burnside surmounted what seemed insurmountable obstacles, all who hear me well know. With an energy, skill and bravery, all equal to the necessities of the occasion, and aided by the gallant navy associated with them, he and his troops forced their way into Pamlico Sound, and landed on and captured Roanoke' Island. Among the foremost in that engagement was the gallant Colonel Russell. Bravely and skillfully he led his regiment in storming the batteries, and just as victory was crowning the heroic exertions of our brave troops, he was killed by a rifle ball from a sharpshooter of the enemy, posted in a tree, who undoubtedly singled out the object of his aim from among those who were pressing on to the attack, as one whose loss to us would be of consequence. He fell, as we who knew him knew he would, if he fell at all, with his face to the foe and at the head of his regiment.

The news of that victory was received with the utmost joy all over our State, and indeed all the loyal portions of our country, but to us it was grievously saddened by the intelligence of the death of Colonel Russell. One day the flags were floating from every staff in all our streets, in honor of the glorious and important victory; the next, they hung at half-mast, in sorrowing remembrance of the loss of our brave townsman.

A bright future had seemed in store for him, and his many friends were counting with confidence on his making his mark in the peaceful pursuits of life, when he should have returned from the suppression of this infamous rebellion. We knew his capacity, his integrity, his love of the right, and his courage to advocate it, and we were certain that if he lived, he would be loved, esteemed and trusted.

Another fate has befallen him. In the holiest cause he has been smitten down. Defending his country and her institutions he has died. His blood has proved the earnestness of his convictions and the sincerity of his love of his country. If he must die, where could he have fallen more gloriously? Where else could he have yielded up his life with more advantage to the cause he had so much at heart?

While we mourn the loss of so brave, so good a man, stricken down in his early manhood, we will still bear in mind that his country owes him a debt of gratitude which she can never repay, and while we carefully preserve the mementoes of his daring and bravery, now offered to our acceptance, the State, I trust, will never forget the virtues of the man who once bore them in her behalf.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. PRATT.

MR. PRATT, of Rocky Hill, made the following remarks:

MR. SPEAKER:—My first acquaintance with the late Col. Russell was at Hartford, about a year ago, when he presented himself to the Board of Examiners, appointed by the Governor, to examine the qualifications of candidates for line officers. On that occasion, he acquitted himself in a most creditable manner. His gallant conduct as Adjutant of the Second Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, in the ninety days' service, was a sufficient guarantee of his fitness to command. This was seen and appreciated by the Governor, who soon promoted him to the field. While he was with his regiment, encamped at Hartford, it was my pleasure to visit the encampment often, and on every occasion I found Col. Russell vigilant, active and efficient in the discharge of the responsible duties which de-

volve upon the commandant of a regiment of volunteers. It is not too much to say, that in my judgment, no one of the Connecticut regiments left the State in better condition, in point of discipline and soldierly bearing, than the one commanded by the lamented Col. Russell. He was himself not only a soldier but a gentleman, and his example, added to his superior skill as a disciplinarian and tactician, could not fail to inspire those under him with a true soldierly spirit. I remember the last interview I had with Col. Russell. It was just previous to the embarkation of his regiment for the seat of war, on which occasion I had the pleasure of witnessing the last dress parade ever made by the honored "Tenth," during its encampment in Connecticut, and their perfection, in many respects, was an index not to be mistaken. In conclusion, Gen. Pratt said that Col. Russell fell while fighting gallantly for the maintenance of every right which is dear to every American heart, and his memory will live when the leaders of the unholy rebellion now existing shall be lost to history, and the flag of our country shall float triumphantly over every inch of our native soil. Mr. Speaker, I am unable to command my feelings while presenting these remarks, and will conclude by saying, that the sentiments embodied in the resolutions have my most hearty approval.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. DAY.

Mr. DAY, of Colchester, said :

MR. SPEAKER :—Allow me, before the solemnities that surround this hour shall have passed away, to express my grief at the loss and my admiration of the life of the late Colonel Russell. I have known him only by his actions and the impressions he made upon the hearts of those who were conversant with him. In them I behold the unmistakable signs of a noble man and lofty patriot. There is something in the life of a truly noble man that never fails to command our reverence and respect. But when such a man adds thereto the highest testimony of action, and thereby consecrates his life in the maintenance of a holy cause, words become powerless to describe the

sacred inspirations that cluster around his memory. Such was Colonel Russell—a man noble in thought and feeling.

“His was a form and combination indeed,  
Where every God did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.”

When the great power of a mighty rebellion was threatening to destroy the very foundations of this Government, undaunted by fear, but inspired with a patriotism as noble and God-like as ever infused itself into the heart, he grasped his sword and went forth, encountering the dangers of war, to protect that Government. But in the hour of certain victory he fell. A companion is bereaved—a State mourns—a Nation feels the loss. Why does Colonel Russell fill the grave of a hero? Because in an hour of imminent peril, he went forth to protect that flag which has long been the ensign of our national honor and the watchword of our liberties. Lamented hero! His own actions have borne him far above the wealth of eulogy and praise. The march of time and flight of generations shall renew the testimony of his undying worth, for the worth of heroes cannot be forgotten. Their motives and actions will infuse themselves into the hearts of living men; and though the sword of Colonel Russell shall remain forever motionless in its scabbard, and the hand that grasped it forever palsied, yet the memory of him in the hour of battle will inspire the soldiers of Connecticut to nobler deeds and more heroic achievements.

Mr. Speaker, it is fitting that we should pause and tender to her who has thus generously presented to this State the most sacred memento of her husband, our most sincere regards and heartfelt sympathy. May she be sustained in her great trial, and while she mourns her loss, may she not fail to rejoice that she had for a companion so noble and brave a man. Sacred be the memory of Colonel Russell!

“After life's fitful fever is o'er,  
He sleeps well.”

## ADDRESS OF MR. TRAIN.

Mr. TRAIN, of Milford, spoke as follows :

MR. SPEAKER :—It is always a delicate and somewhat difficult duty to speak suitably on occasions like this, of those who have gone from us to the spirit world. Because, Sir, fulsome flattery and empty adulation is so often employed in speaking of the dead, and the hackneyed phraseology of eulogistic obituary is worn so threadbare that little meaning attends its utterance, and it seems like sacrilege to repeat meaningless words over the graves of men of true worth ; and so I say, Sir, that it is difficult to properly characterize the virtues of worthy men, without seeming to indulge in common-place flattery. And when we contemplate the character of him whom we mourn to-day, it seems especially inappropriate to indulge in overwrought praise or high-sounding eulogy ; for within the circle of my acquaintance I know not the man to whom the language of mere compliment and flattery would be more distasteful than it would have been to Colonel Russell. I know not the man who would less desire to have been the subject of ostentation and display while living, or dead, to have vain laudations uttered over his tomb. And, Sir, it is not thus that I would speak ; but coming as I do, from among men who associated with Colonel Russell and who held him in high respect and esteem, and having, from my own acquaintance with him, learned his worth, I feel it due to myself and those whom I represent, to add my testimony to the merit of the man, and to the grief we share in common, while standing around his grave. When I say, Sir, that Colonel Russell was a man of marked honesty, integrity and purity of life, I do not fear contradiction from any who knew him. That he carried a warm heart and a strong will ; that he was actuated by sincere motives and high purposes, was apparent to all who came in contact with him. What higher commendation can man bestow upon his fellow-man than to say of him that his highest ambition was to do his duty faithfully and completely, wherever that duty might call him ? Yet I am sure we can with all truth-

fulness say this of Colonel Russell: On his slender, erect form there was the stamp of manhood, and from his bright, blue-grey eye shone as warm and true a heart as ever throbbed in human breast. The brief military career of Colonel Russell, and the incidents attending his death, are familiar to you all. You have heard how, in those terrible April days of 1861, at the sound of the tocsin, he threw down his business, left his home, his children, his wife, and shouldering his musket, took his place in line of battle in defense of his country against armed treason. You have heard how he returned from the three months' campaign, having won the esteem of his fellow soldiers, and that the praises of all were showered upon him for his heroism and faithful discharge of duty. He returned, but not to lay his armor down. His patriotic soul called him again to the field, and he placed himself at the disposal of his State and country for the war. The Commander-in-chief, acknowledging his worth, commissioned him Colonel of the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers. He left his home at the head of his regiment, willing to devote long years, if need be, in defense of his country, or, if the sacrifice must be made, to lay his life upon her altar. He left us in the freshness and vigor of early manhood, his heart beating high with manly aspirations. Our hopes and prayers followed him. His lifeless body was brought back to us, ghastly and bleeding, murdered—aye, Mr. Speaker, that is the word—*murdered* by the foul hand of treason. We delight to think of the patriotism and lofty courage that filled the soul of the youthful warrior thus fallen in his early prime, but we can scarcely repress a bitter malediction on those who have bereft us of our friend. Well may we mourn when such men die. Well may the Commonwealth of Connecticut shroud herself in sackcloth and bow herself in grief at the grave of such a son.

Mr. Speaker, we mourn the death of Colonel Russell to-day, as a public man. We mourn the loss sustained in his death, by the State, by the people, by the Nation. It is well so to do. But it is also becoming in us to remember that home that is made lonely, that fireside made desolate, by his fall. In that



desolate home sits to-day the heart-broken wife, bowed with anguish, her very soul torn and bleeding, listening for that voice and those footsteps that she shall never on earth hear more. There, too, are those little ones bereft of a father and protector. We cannot repair their loss. We cannot assuage their grief, but we will to-day, Sir, tender to that mourning wife and those fatherless children the heartfelt assurance of our kindest sympathy. Across this new made grave we proffer the hand of friendship and mingle our tears with theirs.

This atrocious rebellion, Sir, has in it enough of the horrible without drawing any sketches of fancy. But employed as we are, with our usual avocations, and removed from the scene of conflict, it is impossible for us to realize the sufferings of those who are fighting for us, or the misery brought to so many hearts and homes. It is only in the contemplation of scenes like this to-day brought before us, when we see the lifeless forms of fathers, brothers, sons and lovers, brought home to us cruelly slain by rebel hands, and hear the lamentations of the bereaved, that we catch some glimpse of the spirit of the demon that presides over this carnival of treason. Over how many homes does the angel of death sit brooding? How many Rachels sit weeping and refuse to be comforted? No relationship is so dear, no tie so delicate, that it is not ruthlessly sundered by traitorous foes. We are sometimes taught, Sir, that it is not in accordance with the doctrines of Christianity to indulge in feelings of vengeance towards those who are the authors of our misery. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord." And as God liveth, I believe he will in his holy vengeance and wrath, visit the authors of this misery with his just retribution. But it is hardly in the power of humanity, Sir, to repress the curses that rise to our lips, and if we utter our anathemas on those who are thus rending our hearts, I believe the tears of the Recording Angel will blot them from his book of remembrance.

There is much, Sir, in the affairs of this nation, and in the scenes which surround us, to depress the stoutest heart, and shroud the bravest soul in gloom. If my reliance was on man

alone, my knees would strike together in terror, and my heart fail. But I remember, Sir, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and in Him I put my trust. I believe that in His own good way and time this nation will emerge from her tribulations, purified and glorified; that she will yet be to the world a beacon light of Christianity, civilization, truth, justice and liberty. He who has helped us hitherto will still help us.

*Qui transtulit sustinet.*

Sir, I see in yonder horizon the night-black, murky cloud; I see the blood-red, lurid, threatening gleam of lightning, but beyond all, I see the beams of the golden sun penetrating the gloom, and I read there as a prophecy that the pathway of this nation lies through night and blood to golden liberty and perpetuity.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. HODGE.

Mr. HODGE, of Colebrook, said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—It was not my intention, until at a late hour, to have said anything upon the passage of these resolutions, but should I at this time remain altogether silent, and offer no word in commemoration of him who has sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country, I should fail to represent those who have honored me with a seat in this body, and do injustice to my own feelings.

As has been said, Colonel Russell was born in Litchfield county, and therefore it is especially appropriate that that part of the State should be represented upon this occasion. During a life, somewhat eventful, it has fallen to my lot personally to witness something of the "panoply of war," and when I see the sword of one who has fallen in battle lie before me, it brings to my mind recollections of former days; of scenes and sufferings fading from memory. Sir, the glory of war is in the imagination; the realities in yon hospital and in the lonely cottage where weeps the widow and the mother for the lost one slain in battle. Go to that hospital—witness there the dead and dying—and tell us not again of the "glory of war." Go

to that lonely mansion where sits the once happy wife, now draped in the habiliments of sorrow, her eye wet with tears—

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,  
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil,

and sing no more peans to the god of battle.

He, whose sword now lies upon the Speaker's stand, went forth to the charge in the vigor of manhood. His body now reposes in the icy stillness of the grave—his soul sleeps with the patriot-martyrs who have gone before him. He had but one life to give—he gave that freely for his country. His noble-hearted wife had but one husband to give—she gave him for our common country's cause, and now she gives his sword to the State of Connecticut. The State has lost one of the bravest of its brave—the community one of its most valuable citizens—the wife the dearest of earthly objects. Such is war.

It is no uncommon thing to fall in battle. Millions have passed the portals of death upon the field of conflict. It is the cause, and not the deed, that makes the patriot. Charles XII of Sweden fought for his crown, and fell before the legions of his adversary. Cæsar fought for dominion, and fell at the hand of Brutus. Archimides, the most distinguished of ancient geometers, fell at the festival of Diana, amid the din of battle, by the hand of a common soldier. The hero whose name we would this day commemorate, fought not for dominion. No glittering crown dazzled his vision. It was not for the solving of any scientific problem that he sacrificed his life. No, none of these; but he fought for his country, and died at the hand of a traitor. He fought for those God-given rights—given to man at Mount Sinai, amid the lightnings of heaven. Sir, he fought in behalf of that irrepressible conflict set on foot on Pisgah's top, and which must and will go forward until the world is disenthralled from error, and the right of man to self-government becomes universal. He fought for your liberty, and my liberty, and the liberty of our children and our children's children, in after generations, so long as time on earth shall last. He fought for the maintenance of that government

bequeathed to us by the blood of the patriot sires who fought and fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He fought for the land of Washington. He offered himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. He fell foremost in the rank. An angel of light could have done no more. It has been most beautifully expressed :—

“Then said the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield,  
Come *with* it when the battle's done,  
Or *on* it from the field.”

Sir, the battle of Roanoke Island is done, and *there* upon the Speaker's stand is the shield—the *gladius pugnatorius*—of the brave Colonel Russell. He came

“ *On* it from the field.”

Let us cherish his memory with feelings of pride, and do our duty as fearlessly and nobly as he did his.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. COIT.

Mr. COIT, of New London, said :

MR. SPEAKER :—It is fitting for us to turn from the material interests which have engrossed our time and attention so long, to pause a moment over the grave of a patriot. When the dark clouds of rebellion were rolling over the land, and it seemed as if our whole country would be overwhelmed by them, a noble band sprang forth, fully armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, and saved us from destruction. Not least among them was he whose loss we now lament, and whose memory we seek to honor. When the appeal rang through the land for men to save the country, he felt that duty called him to the field. For him to hear the call of duty was to obey. On the first field of battle he won himself a name which, later days have proved, was well deserved. Returning to his home and to his former domestic duties, he heard again the call to battle. Regardless of the ties of home, regardless of the fond, wild cries of wife and kindred, prompted, perhaps, by sad forebodings of

his coming fate, again he answered to the call of duty. Occupying at first a minor position, he rapidly rose to the chief command of his regiment. In every position which he occupied he won the confidence and love of those with whom he was connected. Soon after he took command of his regiment, they left for the seat of war, and together with the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut Regiments, took part in the battle of Roanoke Island. In this fierce battle, in which the noble Tenth stood so long and so bravely against the forces of the enemy, Russell, first among the foremost, fell. He fought for freedom, and for liberty he died. As when we think of that terrible siege and battle at Quebec, we almost lose all thought of the battle and the victory, while we vividly remember all the details of the death of brave Wolfe, so when the history of the battle of Roanoke Island is read in future years, though the fierce conflict and its results will be long remembered, yet the most thrilling interest will centre around the gallant Russell, who led his troops to victory and himself to death.

Mr. Speaker, we learned at our mother's knees to look back upon the time of our Revolution as the age of heroes, and to believe that the noble men of those days who fought and died to achieve the independence of their country, were worthy of the highest place among the noble men of all times. Our children, sir, will look back upon the present time as an age of patriotism, and will venerate those patriots who sacrificed themselves to secure from destruction the liberty and freedom received from their fathers. Connecticut's sons will then thank God that their native State was true to her reputation and herself, and the names of Lyon, Winthrop and Russell will stand as high on the pedestal of fame, and be surrounded with the same glory as those of Ledyard and Putnam.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. JUDD.

Mr. JUDD, of Stratford, remarked :

MR. SPEAKER :—When these resolutions were first presented and read from the Clerk's desk, nothing was further from my

intentions than to say a word upon their passage ; but upon more mature reflection, I deem it a duty on our part to bear testimony for our constituents upon this melancholy occasion ; hence it is I arise to tender my tribute, however humble it may be, in respect to the honored dead. Sir, I was not personally acquainted with the deceased, but it is enough for me to know, that he died fighting the battles of his country. Like many other brave men, he buckled on his armor in her defense at the first sound of approaching danger. He abandoned, unhesitatingly, the avocations of peaceful life for the stern and dangerous realities of war. No considerations of social life, no domestic relations, no paternal affections, could deter him from the discharge of a duty which he believed of higher value, of greater importance, of vaster interest—his country's call. In obedience to this, sir, when the first fearful mutterings of dissolution came booming through the land, sending dismay and consternation to the bosom of every family, unawed, he bared his bosom to the coming storm ; unterrified, he went out to meet the shock of battle. In a distant State, on a lonely isle bristling with hostile bayonets and defended by rebel batteries, he fearlessly led his men in the face of a confident enemy ; he gallantly drew this sword for liberty, he bravely struck for victory. They won it, but he fell ! Fell, Mr. Speaker, as brave men always fall—facing the enemy and pierced by the winged arrows of death ! Fell, in the legitimate discharge of his duty to his country ; fell, in the front of battle, in the midst of conflict and the confusion of clashing arms, urging on his men. Sir, it is at least a consolation to know that his remains are quietly resting in the bosom of this, his own native State. In a beautiful valley, by a babbling brook, in a chosen spot, she has laid him ! There, Mr. Speaker, when the shades of twilight come creeping softly o'er the earth, when the last rays of the departing sun steal gently over the landscape, when all the world is still, repairs the chosen and estimable partner of his life, and in lonely solitude pours out the pent up feelings of her heart in quiet sorrow at his grave. These resolutions, sir, assure her that in this bereavement she is not alone. They ten-

der the sympathies of the entire State—the sympathies of your constituents and mine. Colonel Russell died in the esteem of all who knew him—in the love of his family and the respect of his friends; died, Sir, in the pride of his intellect, in the vigor of manhood, in defense of his country, and in the service of the State. In his death humanity has lost an earnest friend, the cause of liberty an ardent defender, the State a noble son. A kind husband, an affectionate father, a brave man! Peace to his ashes! honor to his memory! rest to his soul!

Mr. Speaker: This sword is a fitting tribute as the last gift of the estimable widow, to be placed among the archives of the State, there to remain as a solemn testimony to this and coming generations that in this, the second great struggle of liberty, Connecticut's son did his duty well. It is a melancholy testimony to us to day, Sir, that however bravely he has used it in the cause of liberty and his country, his firm hand shall never again grasp its hilt, nor his strong right arm wield its trusty blade. No, his earthly career is finished, his life ended!

“The thunders may roll and the loud cannons rattle—  
He heeds not, he hears not, he is free from all pain;  
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,  
No sound can awake him to glory again.”

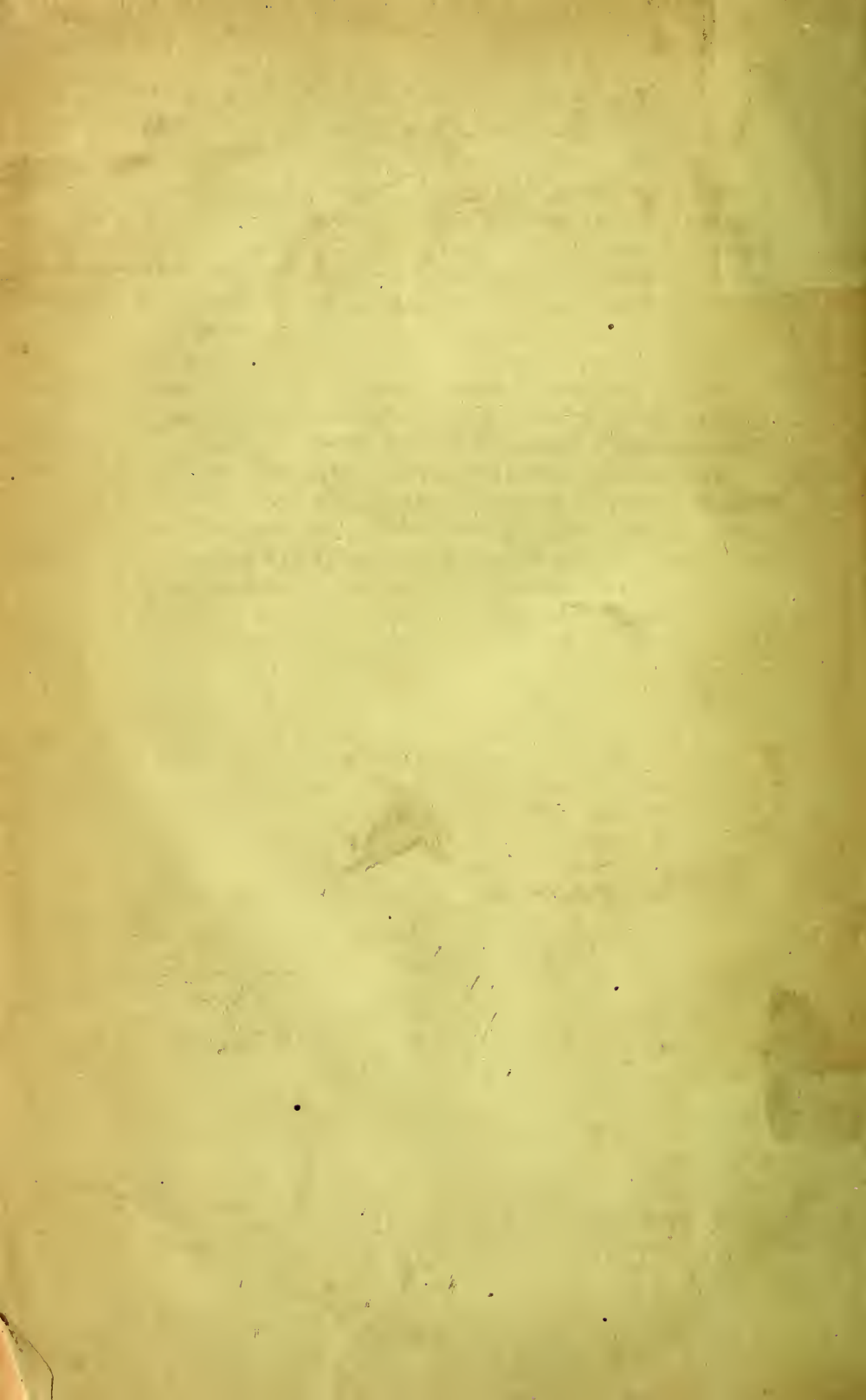
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On motion, the resolutions were adopted unanimously, the report was accepted, and the House adjourned.









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