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PUSS IN THE CORNER.

All day long in the corner she sits;
All day long in the corner she sits;
But while her dearest needles play,
Her eyes, so liquid, large and gray,
Look on me and watch me around the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

My Puss hasn't got any taloned claws,
And while she sits she is pretty paws;
And some of the feline creeds lies
Lurking within her deep gray eyes;
Yet she holds me and keeps me about the house,
For she's "Puss in the Corner," and I'm the mouse.

I have heard that a very long time ago,
When the world was young and the world was slow,
A lady lion to a net was caught,
And the monarch of beasts was like to rot,
Till the woven threads of his prison house
Were gnawed away by a little mouse.

The antique tale is reversed by me—
I'm a mouse in a net, and I can't get free;
For growling around my poor heart-twines
The net of Love in a thousand lines,
And "Puss in the Corner" sits and smiles,
And fastens the knot with a thousand wiles.

But I know the way to break the chains—
A simple course for me remains:
When once the marriage vows are said,
When "Puss in the Corner" sits and I am wed,
Will she who rules all over the house,
And which is the cat and which is the mouse.

From Arthur's Magazine for February.

WILLIE'S TROUBLES.

BY MRS. W. MAY.

School was out, and Nettie Irving stood at the window watching for her brother Willie, who was unusually late, and as she caught a glimpse of him on the opposite side of the street, she ran quickly to open the door, just in time to see him shake his fist threateningly at a boy about his own size, and hear him say—

"I'll find it to you to-morrow, mister, see if I don't!"

"What is that, Willie?" asked Nettie, as he came up the steps, his face the very frontispiece for a volume of misfortune.

"Who is speaking to you, I should like to know?" he replied roughly, as he brushed past her and entered the parlor.

Nettie's face clouded, and the tears came into her soft, blue eyes, for she loved her brother very dearly. He was sitting moodily in the parlor when she entered, and she looked so cross and unnatural Nettie dare not speak to him, but passed on to the open piano, where she had been practicing, and sat down.

"Perhaps if I play him that pretty, new song, he will feel better," she thought. "He always likes to have me play or sing to him when he comes home from school," so she ran her nimble fingers along the keys in the soft, sweet prelude, and was just ready to join her voice with the charming accompaniment, when Willie spoke out sharply—

"I wish you would stop that tormenting drumming. Nobody asked you to play."

Nettie's fingers dropped instantly; she turned around upon her stool and sat motionless a moment, then moved noiselessly across the room, and Willie heard her soft footsteps on the stairs and along the upper passage, and when she opened the door of her own room, a quick sob, as if she had held her feelings in check as long as possible.

"Well, I've done it to day, I guess; half the boys in school are mad with me, and now I have almost taken Nettie's head off. O dear, that is where all my good resolutions come to."

"Why, has my little boy got home?" said Mrs. Irving opening the door at that moment. "I have been down town, and came up by your schoolhouse on purpose to walk home with you, but I thought your school was not out, so I made a call on my way home."

"Yes, it was out to-day, but I was kept."

"Why, Willie, how did that happen? Did you not have your lessons perfectly?"

"No, and I was tardy besides."

"You left home in season, did you not?"

Willie did not answer, but kept working his feet under the hearth rug, and looking down at them steadily.

"What is the trouble, Willie? You look as if you had no friends in the world."

"I haven't, as I know of."

"Willie!"

"I suppose you are," he said apologetically, "but I guess you are the only one. Everybody is put out with me but you and father."

"What has happened to make you feel so wretched, my child?"

"Well, you see, mother, it is just this. Last night, before I went to sleep, I got to thinking over the things I had done through the day. I ought not, and thinks I, now to-morrow I will try very hard and not do one thing I shall be sorry for; but when I got up this morning I forgot all about it, and never once thought till I came in from school. My resolutions don't amount to much, any way."

"What have you done to-day that you regret?"

"From beginning to end I have gone wrong. Some how, things did not go right all the morning at school. I missed two or three times; the teacher was cross to me. But the worst came this afternoon. Just after I started for school the fire bells rang, and pretty soon a lot of the boys came running along, and called, 'Come on, Will, we are going to the fire; plenty of time before school;' and I did not mind what you had told me, never to go to a fire unless some older person was with me, and followed on as fast as I could. I was away down to the North End, ever so far, and after all there wasn't anything to be seen but a little black smoke, and ever so many people. I knew it was past school time, and I kept coaxing the boys to go, but they wouldn't for a long time; and as soon as they started they began to plague me because I was such a scarecrow about everything. George Lovell said: 'Well, you missed to-day, and I'm glad of it, ain't you, boy?' They all said 'Yes,' and then George took off his cap and said, 'Three cheers for Tot Irving!' When I got to school, I couldn't study a bit, the letters all run together so; of course I could not say hardly any of my lesson; the teacher punished us all, and we had to stay and recite after school; but the minute we got out, George Lovell set the boys on again, and they called me names and everything. I wish George Lovell was dead and buried. I'll give him something to-morrow he won't forget, I'll bet!"

"Is this Willie Irving, or some wicked fellow, come in the shape of my usually gentle son?"

"Why it is me, mother, and not exactly me either; but I want you to promise me that I needn't go to school any more. It is a great deal easier to be good when I am at home with you. You can fit me for college, can't you?"

"Perhaps I can, as far as book knowledge is concerned; but if I keep you here with me, and do not let you get toughened by contact with the world, you will not be fitted to encounter the temptations you will find there."

"I will risk it. When I get big enough to go to college I shall not have any trouble."

"You think you will obey the commandments when you get there, do you?"

"Willie looked up into his mother's face with a puzzled expression, as much as to say, 'Have I broken them?'"

"Repeat them to me, Willie, and see if there are any you have broken."

Willie commenced slowly—"God spake

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VOL. XVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1863.

NO. 31.

The Eastern Mail.

RPA. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 5, 1863.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "THE EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

Kennebec Fisheries.—Our old friend Crosby, now in the army of the Potomac, has heard of the movement for the repeal of the Fish Law, and sends us the following note eloquent and forcible in its brevity and simplicity:—

CAMP 10TH MAINE REGIMENT, NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., JAN. 20, 1862.

MEATS, EDITOR.—I saw a notice in the *North Scituate*, of the passage of an order in the Legislature, to repeal or amend the Law relating to the Kennebec Fisheries. I pray the Legislature not to do so, as it is a thing in my absence, while engaged as a soldier in defending the nation against a traitorous foe.

ADJUTANT CROSBY.

Every summer the proprietors of the Augusta Dam have played off a game of bluff and bamboozle upon the Fish Commissioners, putting off a compliance with the provisions of the law; and every winter they have button-holed the members of the Legislature and urged its repeal. When finally driven to build a fishway, they kept it dry a large portion of the times, and then cried out that the whole enterprise had proved a failure, and that fish could never pass the dam. To repeal the law now, after so much has been expended for the transportation of fish to the ponds above, and just as the experiment is on the point of being brought to a successful conclusion, would be an unpardonable breach of faith on the part of the Legislature; and we call upon all good men to oppose it. Give us what we ought to have had a long time ago, and what the law and the charter of the Dam promised us—a good and sufficient fish way;—give us this for a few years, and then, if the fish will not come up the river we will ever after hold our peace. Let remonstrances be circulated for signatures immediately and sent in to the Legislature, that this iniquitous scheme of repeal may be defeated.

QUERY.—Is it possible that Dan. Pike still controls the Augusta Age? That sheet, a little while ago, apparently so oblivious of party and true to the Union, is now fast, distancing all competitors in its abuse of the government and in its insane and wicked attempts to aid and comfort the enemies of the country by dividing the north. Every man brought under the censure of this government it defends, and every one in favor of it abuses; and in both cases seems madly blind in its action. Howard—Maine's gallant son—for his eloquent complaint of the apathy of the north in this perilous crisis, is harshly rebuked and pronounced guilty of "military insolence and impertinence;" while Lieut. Nichols, who resigned on account of the President's Emancipation proclamation, is, by implication, commended for his course. With "Bully for you, old fellow!" it exults at the profanation of the Senate chamber by the rowdism of Salisbury—echoing his treasonable utterances with great satisfaction, though the drunken bully, himself, when he comes to his senses, humbly apologizes for his disgraceful conduct. Officials are rated as a set of imbeciles for allowing themselves to be cheated by sharp contractors; and the contractors are denounced—all but one democrat; and in his case the indignation is all poured upon the man who recommended him, for he is a republican. We hoped better things of the Age.

WHAT IS NEEDED.—Carleton, of the Boston Journal, in a recent letter, makes the following pertinent suggestions:—

The army on the Rappahannock need several things. First I mention that it needs to be supported by the people at home. I have passed three weeks in New England and have seen a great many people who talk discouragingly. They write discouragingly to their sons and brothers in the army. There is nothing which will so quickly take the strength out of a soldier as a blue letter from home, and on the other hand there is nothing which will give him so much life as a cheerful, hopeful letter from his friends. If the loyal people want the rebellion to triumph—if they want to see the cause of freedom go down, they can accomplish it without much difficulty. Let everybody tell everybody that the thing don't look well, that our cause is sinking, and it will sink. On the other hand let every one take counsel of his courage instead of his fears. Let every one look beyond the immediate present into the years to come, and think of the inheritance he is to bequeath to his children. Let him see the coming millions who are to people this continent; let him lay his ear to the ground and hear the tread of that mighty host which is to people the Mississippi valley, which will climb the mountains of the West, to coin the hidden riches into gold; let him see the great cities springing up on the Pacific coast; let him understand that this nation is in its youth; that this continent is to be the highway between China and Europe; let him behold this contest in its vast proportions, reaching through all coming time, and affecting the entire human race forever; let him resolve that come what will or come woe, come life or come death, that it shall be sustained, and it will be!

A great battle has been fought with the Indians, on Bear River, Washington Territory. They were defeated with great slaughter.

Honey-Bee Culture.

MEATS, EDITOR.—Allow me to make a few suggestive hints to your numerous readers, pertaining to the culture of the honey bee. It has long since been considered a branch of agriculture, although it has been seriously neglected. Having been exclusively engaged for several years past in their study and culture, I have become fully convinced that there is no kind of business, with the same amount of capital invested, that will pay half as well. The success of the business depends upon three great points: the man, the hive, and the season.

If the bee-keeper is skilled in the management of his bees, and has a hive that is rightly constructed, and the season is a favorable one, it is not an uncommon thing for him to realize ten, and in many instances, fifteen and twenty dollars profit from each prosperous hive yearly, thus paying three and four hundred per cent. on the investment. According to ancient history, honey at one time was the only sweet known. In Aristotle's and Pliny's day, who flourished over two thousand years ago, we learn that bees were then cultivated to some extent, although like many other things perfected and improved very much since. Within the past ten or fifteen years, there has been more progress made in their culture and management, than for centuries previous.

There seems to have never been a time, since our earliest history, when Bee-culture should demand our attention more than at the present; when War and heavy taxation; the great scarcity, and high price of sugar is staring us in the face, I say why should we not encourage the culture of the Bee upon a more extended scale, and raise honey by the quantity, as some few now do, thus enabling us to meet the heavy taxes, and affording us a handsome profit besides. With right care and management and a favorable season it will require but a few swarms of Bees to raise a ton of honey. If a colony of Bees come out strong in the spring (as they will if properly wintered), it is an easy matter to realize \$50, and 75 pounds, and sometimes much more; besides a young swarm or two, which will be thrown off, if properly attended to.

Good honey readily commands a high price in market, and probably will for years to come. Under the present condition of our country, and the high price of sugar, it certainly behooves us to live as much as possible within ourselves, independent of the South. There is honey enough wasted every year to supply us with all the sweet we need. If we had the Bees to collect it, there could be more honey produced north of Mason's and Dixon's Line than there ever was sugar south of it, and not cost the producer one half what sugar now costs the southern planter. There is no place in the world so well adapted to the large yield of honey as the northern portion of the United States, with its fertile hills, valleys and broad-spread prairies of the West. Certainly, for amount, and quality of honey, we stand at the head of any other country in the world, if we would but improve it.

There is no danger of over-stocking; our market with honey, as the consumers increase faster than the producers.

There is no danger of over-stocking our country with Bees as some persons have imagined, especially the fertile portions of it, as all honey-producing plants yield their sweets days together and sometimes weeks, depending much upon the state of the weather and the species of flower.

Those about to engage in the culture of this delightful little insect, should first get posted by consulting some scientific Bee-keeper, or be guided by some good book upon the subject, to insure success in the business.

K. F. KIDDER,

Practical Apiculturist,

Burlington, Vt.

In a recent letter from Washington, 'Perley,' of the Boston Journal, says:—

Judge Collamer, in expressing his dissent with Senator Powell, who thinks that there should be neither violence or coercion used in putting down the rebellion, said in his dry way that this was no new view. Mr. Buchanan, he believed, discovered that no State had the right to secede, and that nobody had any right to prevent it if it attempted to do so. That looked a little original; but after all there was nothing original in that; for if any man will turn to constant Dogberry's instruction to the watch he will find that it was known as early a period as that. He said to them, 'You shall comprehend all vagrant men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.' 'How if he will not stand?' 'Why then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.' Verge says, 'If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.' 'True,' replied Dogberry, 'and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.' So with these people, if they will not abide within your Constitution they are not your subjects and you have nothing to do with them, and for the originality of this idea Dogberry has the prior claim.

A FAT HARRIER.—We are informed that Col. Rowe, of Norridgewock, has a harrier, not four years old until May next, that now girls plump eight feet and weighs 2000 lbs. She is still gaining rapidly, and bids fair to eclipse any thing ever before raised in the State. Which of our most men will have that beef for sale?

LECTURE.—Do not forget the lecture to-morrow evening, at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, by E. F. Webb, Esq.

OUR TABLE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—'Reading the News,' and 'Ready for the Question,' in the February number, are two very good pictures, and the number contains some very pretty patterns and designs. T. S. Arthur continues his story, 'Out in the World,' and Miss Virginia F. Townsend has a good story, with other good articles. The number is full of good reading. For terms, premiums, &c. see advertisement in another column.

THE MAINE TEACHER.—The editor of this monthly, Hon. E. P. Weston, has called to his assistance twelve associates—gentlemen of acknowledged talent, who are warmly interested in the cause of education. The claims of the work, which have always been large, will hereafter be still greater, and the friends of education should see that its circulation is largely increased. Published by Brown Thurston, Portland, at \$1 a year.

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—Every day, during the past week, the mail has brought many interesting items of intelligence, but none of the great impending blows have yet fallen.

The army of the Potomac rests quietly on the Rappahannock, with no indications of a forward movement.

The rebel General Pryor having crossed the Blackwater on a foraging expedition, Gen. Corcoran was despatched to meet him. The rebel force, which was quite formidable, was encountered about ten miles from Suffolk, and in two smart engagements were driven back so hurriedly that they left their dead and wounded on the field.

A great naval expedition has recently been organized at Port Royal, its destination being probably either Charleston or Savannah. The expedition consists of 67 steam transports, with gunboats, carrying, it is said, 70,000 men, but that must be an over estimate. The rebels say they have lately captured one of our gunboats in Stone River, but there is no confirmation of the report. The Nashville is penned up at Savannah, and it is not improbable that an attempt will be made to cut her out. The Montauk is there, and has lately proved herself by lying under the fire of a rebel Fort for an hour or more.

Operations against Vicksburg will be speedily resumed, and though the struggle must be a fierce one those engaged in the movement are confident of success. Fresh excavations had been made in the cut-off, and at last accounts water was flowing freely through it and the river rising.

Stanley, the provisional Governor of North Carolina has resigned. Gen. Foster has accepted the services of negroes for garrison duty.

It is reported that the rebels are fortifying Galveston. Quite a respectable force of Unionists has recently been organized on the Rio Grande, ready to join any federal expedition sent to Texas.

It is said the government does not anticipate any support from Farragut and Banks in the renewed assault upon Vicksburg, as it is not expected they will be able to pass the rebel works at Port Hudson, Point Coupee and St. Francisville in season to take part in the conflict. The attack will therefore be in the hands of Generals Grant and McClelland, aided by the fleet of Admiral Porter.

A large and enthusiastic Union meeting was recently held at St. Louis, Mo., at which strong resolves were passed in favor of the President's Emancipation Plan.

There was quite an enthusiastic Union demonstration at Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the 27th ult., and the loyal portion of the inhabitants are coming forward and showing their hands. Our recent military successes in that quarter give the Union men boldness.

Another rebel pirate steamer is on the ocean, perpetrating mischief. She has destroyed many vessels and among them several belonging to Maine.

LOW COMEDY IN HIGH LIFE.—One of the religious societies in Lewiston is about to hold a Levee, and gives notice that "In addition to the usual fare of oysters, hulled corn and milk, tea cream, &c., they will introduce for amusement the celebrated 'Widow Beckett,' 'Jabe Clark,' the 'Yankee Peddler,' and 'Jonathan Scrantom seeing the Signs in New York.' Now, in the name of religion we ask, is the cause of God so hard up in Lewiston that it must call to its aid such fooleries as these?

WINSLOW BRIDGE.—The Charter of this bridge will expire soon, and the proprietors will of course apply to the present Legislature for a new one. Would not the present be a favorable time to move for a free bridge across the Sebasticook? Our own citizens—and especially the traders of our village—are as much interested in this question as the people of Winslow.

A. D. Bolten, the publisher of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, who was recently arrested for treasonable utterances in his journal, has been released after making proper acknowledgments. He claims to be a good friend of the Union.

Gov. Coburn has appointed Ex-Gov. Washburn Commissioner to Washington under the Legislative Resolve which asks aid of the General Government to build a military rail road from Bangor to the Eastern line of the State.

The Board of Agriculture adjourned on Tuesday morning. A continuation of the Scientific Survey, is recommended; and a radical change in the premiums offered by the County Societies.

The French army in Mexico has met with severe reverses recently.

THE LEGISLATURE.—The debate on F. O. J. Smith's resolutions, has been deferred on account of the illness of Mr. S. The act to incorporate the Vassalboro' Mills Co. passed to be engrossed in the Senate on Saturday. The two resolves, one relative to the defence of our Northern frontiers, and the other authorizing a loan in behalf of the State, passed finally in the House on the same day.

A petition has been presented by the directors of Winslow Bridge for a renewal of its charter. Also of E. K. Harding and others, relative to obstruction of navigation of Kennebec river by Hallowell and Chosen Bridge; of E. K. Harding and others, in relation to obstructions by locks and canals at Augusta Dam; of Beriah Brown of Clinton, asking a grant of land for services in the war of 1812.

Petitions are in for repeal of the law creating Trial Justices.

An attempt has been made to get at reasons for refusing to commission the military officers chosen last Spring but no satisfactory result has yet been reached.

The Senate committee has reported against a law authorizing towns and cities to issue fractional currency.

A SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Simon Smith, of Kendall's Mills, who had been for some time employed in Whipple's Mills, at Lowell, Mass., was found in a dying state on Tuesday last week, near the place where he was at work, and expired almost immediately after he was discovered. It was thought he died of a fit. Mr. Smith formerly resided in this place on the corner of Church and Pleasant Streets, and was esteemed as a very worthy man. His family reside at Kendall's Mills.

A CHANGE.—Business changes in our village are more rare than in most places of its size. Our traders and mechanics are generally prosperous in a snug way, and most of them seem to be fixtures. The New Year brought a change in one of our leading firms;—Hon. T. W. Herrick retired from the firm of Elden & Herrick, dealers in hardware and stoves, No. 4 Boutelle Block, having sold his interest to Mr. Willard B. Arnold. Mr. A. is one of the few Waterville boys who, with no lack of enterprise and other business qualities, has judged it for his interest to stay at home; and among the multitude of wanderers, we query whether many occupy better positions than the one he has now taken. Having worked his way up through a faithful clerkship, his present post is the result of mutual appreciation,—to which, we venture to say, this community heartily responded.

Paper made of wood is now used by several newspaper establishments, but we would not advise our good Brother Littlefield to print the *Clarion* on it any longer. Having a common origin with the material on which they are stamped, his ideas—lacking the relief produced by contrast—are not so brilliantly prominent as heretofore.

POSTPONED.—A good time in good hands will seldom spoil by keeping; and therefore we predict that the *Sociable* of the Waterville Engine Company, postponed to next Monday evening will only be improved by the delay.

The *Kennebec Courier* has been removed from Hallowell to Bath. That's good for Kennebec, but mighty hard for Sagadahoc.

SKATING. which was suspended by the recent fall of snow, has been again resumed—the ice in the Bay having been overflowed far that purpose.

Look in at Mathews's and examine a wonderfully nice specimen of stitching on a novel and beautiful card basket—the work of Mr. G. B. Broad.

The Portland Press learns that the Ordnance Department are about to mount some fifteen Dahlgren guns at one of the forts at the entrance of that harbor.

The Missouri Senate recently passed the House resolution, 26 to 2, asking government compensation for emancipating the Slaves in that State.

Gen. McClellan is having a triumphant reception in Massachusetts. He will not come to Maine, although he has been urgently requested to do so.

CLEAN UP!—Mr. Dunphy has opened a room over Mr. Maxwell's Shoe store, for cleaning and restoring men's wearing apparel. We have seen a sample of his work, and pronounce it good. Let the "unwashed" take notice and go at once and patronize him.

FIGHTING JOE.—The New York Evening Post says that thoughtful admirers have contributed to give to the new commander of the army of the Potomac a character for rash recklessness which the facts about that General do not warrant. Hooker himself knows this. 'Don't call me Fighting Joe,' said he, lately 'for that name has done and is doing me incalculable injury. It makes a portion of the public think that I am a hot-headed furious young fellow, accustomed to making furious and needless dashes at the enemy.' The fact is, Hooker is an old soldier of long experience and to undoubted bravery and boldness adds the prudence and caution so essential to the character of a great general.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE WEST.—What a Business Man Thinks. The following is in extract from a business letter received in Boston from Chicago:

'When New England is left out in the cold, the West goes with. The Northwest is but a slip out from N. England and set in richer and deeper soil. If she out-tops her, it is nothing strange. Many a dutiful and loyal son stands head and shoulders taller than his mother, but that makes him all the more ready to give her due respect, and, if need be, protection.'

The Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer, having had a pretty thorough experience of secession intrigues and sympathizers, says the cry of 'abolition' won't answer but one purpose, and that is to tell rebels by. It's as good a mark as a cross and a lit in a hog's ear.

Among the prisoners captured at Arkansas Post were one general, ten colonels, ten lieutenant colonels, ten majors, one hundred captains, nearly two hundred lieutenants and a lot of adjutants, quartermasters, surgeons and staff officers. Jeff Davis will now probably be willing to exchange instead of putting in force the threats in his proclamation.

