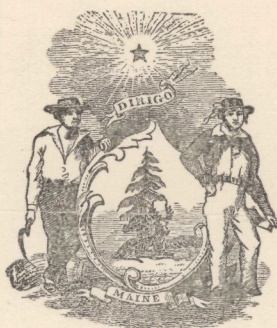


State of Maine.

BY THE



GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION.

IN this day of National calamity, when our country is rent with civil convulsion, and the lurid tempests of war are sweeping the land, even now the people of the State owe a grateful acknowledgment to the Author of all mercies for the manifold tokens of His goodness.

The garnered harvest, rewarding with its abundance the toil of the husbandman; the large prosperity attending all the pursuits of industry; the exemption from wasting pestilence; the continuance of all our accustomed privileges of education; the enjoyment, unmolested, of the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences; the breaking of the fetters of the oppressed; the immunity from the ravages of war upon our own soil; the successes of the National arms on land and ocean, giving hope that the end of the war is approaching; the wisdom, courage and constancy with which the people have been inspired to maintain, through a protracted and bloody strife, the government of our fathers; all bear testimony to the goodness of God, and call upon us, bowing in humble adoration before Him, to proclaim that "His mercy endureth forever."

In recognition of these wondrous blessings, I have, by and with the advice of the Executive Council, appointed THURSDAY, *the twenty-fourth day of November next*, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

I recommend to the people of this State, on that day to lay aside their usual employments, and assembling in their various temples of worship according to the custom which has descended from our ancestors, with penitent prayer and swelling anthem to give utterance to their gratitude for His great beneficence; and when we return to the festive board, blest and laden with His bounties, around which cluster so many tender associations, may our pleasures be heightened by the consciousness that we have manifested our gratitude by sharing with the destitute the abundance which He has given, so that the poor, for this day, shall forget their poverty.

Mingled indeed with sadness, will be the emotions of many households on the recurrence of this festival, as, gathering their scattered members, they find the circle of love has been broken since last they met, and gaze upon the vacant chair, which, with its silent pathos, only too painfully tells the story of those who are reposing in soldiers' graves. But even here, the cloud hath its silver lining, for heart-broken mourners will thank God for the consolation that their lost ones have perished that the nation might live.

While we deplore the untimely death of so many heroic men, let us invoke the Almighty to protect those, who, amid peril, still stand in the serried ranks of our country, fighting in her behalf and that of the human race, the battle of Republican liberty, and that He will extend His tender care to those whom the casualties of war have doomed to languish in prison or hospital.

May God, in His infinite mercy, have our beloved land in His holy keeping, and speed the day, when, with the authority of the nation vindicated and triumphant, the tread of hostile armies shall be no longer heard in our borders, and Peace shall gladden the hearts of a people humbled and purified by His chastisement.

Given at the Council Chamber, Augusta, this nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

SAMUEL CONY.

By His Excellency the Governor:

EPHRAIM FLINT, Jr., *Secretary of State.*