Samuel Gibson.	Mentor Smith.	Cecilia Ann Hanson.
Henry Gibson.	Mary Smith.	Richard Contee.
Garretson Gibson.	Henry Smith.	William Scott.
Louisa Gibson.	Benjamin R. Smith.	Caroline C. Scott.
Ellen Gibson.	Ambrose Simpson.	Anna Maria.

By the brig Fortune, 24th December, 1835.

Luke Walker.	Charlotte Parker.	Thomas N. Brown.
Ann Walker.	Amie Parker.	Harriet Harper.
Laura A. Walker.	Kitty Parker.	John Harper.
Thomas Walker.	Elizabeth Parker.	William Dulany.
George Walker.	Charlotte A. Parker.	Maria Dulany.
Mahalah Walker.	Caroline Parker.	William H. Dulany.
William Walker.	David Wilson.	Basil Dodson.
Mary A. Walker.	Jane Wilson.	Isaac Snowden.
Joseph Walker.	Asbury Wilson.	Henry Gutridge.
Elizabeth Walker.	Arthur Wilson.	James Sprigg.
Allen Walker.	James H. Wilson.	Charles Croney.
John Smith.	Rachel Wilson.	Lilay Croney.
Eben Parker.	John Wilson.	Maria Croney.

By the schooner Financier, 9th July, 1836.

Thomas Devanport.	Adam Devanport.	Eliza Devanport.
Francis Devanport.	Dinah Devanport.	Frances Devanport.
Angelina Devanport.	Lewis B. Devanport.	George Devanport.
John R. Devanport.	Esther Devanport.	Steven Young.
Emanuel Devanport.	Louisa Devanport.	Mary Ann Reck.
Joseph Devanport.	Casper W. Devanport.	

By the brig Niobe, 31st October, 1836.

Benjamin Smith.	David James, jr.	Sophia Sprig.
Elizabeth Smith.	Henry James.	Minta Sprig.
Ezekiel Harrington.	Larianna James.	Charles Sprig.
Henrietta Harrington.	Samuel James.	Augustus Sprig.
Eliza Ann Harrington.	Oliver Chambers.	William Sprig.
Mary C. Harrington.	Allen Pratt.	Samuel Sprig.
Thomas H. Harrington.	Henry Allen.	Leonard Sprig.
Joseph Harrington.	Steven A. Hall.	Celia Sprig.
James Harvey.	Josiah Dorsey.	Rachel Sprig.
David James.	Thomas Sprig.	Peter Edmunds.
Harriet James.	Grace Sprig.	

PROCLAMATION OF GOV. HALL,

TO THE INHABITANTS OF MARYLAND IN LIBERIA.

The second anniversary of our landing upon these shores is now rapidly approaching; a period calculated to excite the liveliest interest in every member of our infant community: and to suffer it to pass without a public demonstration of our sentiment, would not only be an injury to the better feelings of our nature, but derogatory to our character as a religious and patriotic people. In determining the most appropriate manner in which to celebrate this birth day of our national existence, we are not only induced by a proper regard for public opinion, and the established customs of the christian world,—but from a lively sense of the blessings we now enjoy, we are irresistibly impelled to consecrate the same to Almighty God, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer: and I do hereby appoint Monday, the twenty-second day of February next, to be observed as such by the good people of this colony. And in order to ensure that deep heartfelt gratitude, that solemn self-consecration to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, as the only acceptable return for his various and manifold mercies, I need but briefly revert to those circumstances wherein they have been so signally displayed.

But two years have elapsed since you, the first founders of this colony, were floating on the bosom of the mighty ocean, without home or country, seeking among heathen and barbarians that liberty which the land of your birth had denied. No combination of circumstances could tend more deeply to depress the mind of man, than those in which you were then placed. Behind, you had left a land of light and freedom, a people intoxicated with the element which you, and you alone, were not permitted to taste.

Before you, all was darkness, doubt, and uncertainty; scarce a ray of worldly hope pierced the gloom in which you were enveloped. Nothing under such circumstances could serve to console and animate the drooping spirit, but a firm and unshaken confidence in the special protection of Divine Providence. Such confidence I believe to have been your support; and that it was not misplaced, subsequent events have most clearly verified.

You are no longer the expatriated wanderers of the trackless ocean: you no longer enjoy worldly good through a trembling hope and vague anticipation. You have a home, a country, your altar and your God. A home unpolluted by the insolent and licentious, unassailed by the voice of the task-master. A country, alike beautiful and luxuriant, liberally productive of the necessaries of life, and doubly endeared in that it is your rightful inheritance, that perhaps the very sod which you now tread is the resting place of the bones of your ancestors. On yon altar burns the sacred fire of civil and religious liberty, guarded by

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

VIII. Commissions and Reports

D. Reports of the Board of Managers
1835-47