



America's Children



Calvert of Maryland

by James Otis

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A NOTE TO THE READER

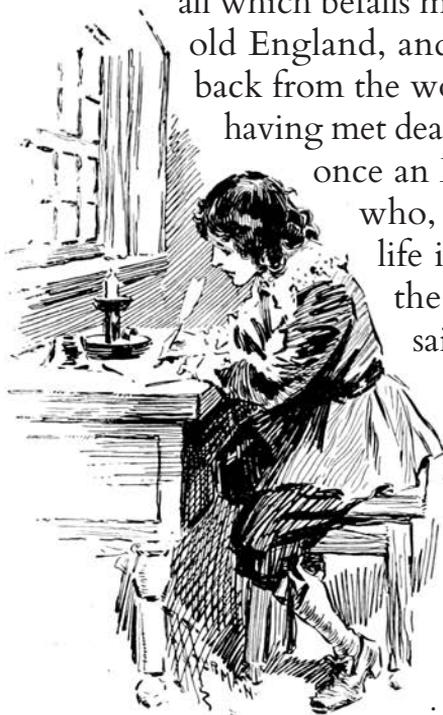
This book was written in the early 20th century, a time when societal attitudes and language were significantly from what we recognize today. As you delve into its pages, you might come across terms and descriptions that our modern sensibilities find offensive or inappropriate. These echo the beliefs and biases of that era, some of which were fueled by ignorance, fear, and misunderstanding.

We've chosen to preserve the original text, providing an unvarnished window into the past. It's essential to approach this reading with an open heart and mind, recognizing the historical context that shaped these terms and views. While we've made progress as a society, the shadows of these old attitudes sometimes persist.

By recognizing and reflecting on the profound impact such perspectives have left on our culture, we can deepen our understanding of history and chart a course towards a more inclusive and compassionate future.

A NAME TO BE PROUD OF

Now that it is fully decided I am to journey with my father to that far-away world called America, it seems right I should set down, as far as may be possible, all which befalls me from the time we leave dear old England, and then, if so be I never come back from the wonderful adventure because of having met death, people will know there was once an English lad, by name Calvert, who, much the same as taking his life in his hands, went overseas to the strange country where, it is said, none but savages dwell.



Yes, my name is Calvert, and I am proud of it because it was given me by the first Lord Baltimore, near to thirteen years ago, when he stood my godfather.

As of course you know, the family name of the Baltimores is Calvert, and the old, lord was George of that line; but there are so many Georges in this world that no one could have picked me out from a crowd simply by hearing my name, whereas, when a person calls another "Calvert," people prick up their ears, wondering whether it be one of the Baltimores who is addressed, which is much to my liking.

The young lord, Cecilius, who has but lately come

into the title through the death of his father, is a near friend of my father, and it was because of his fair words and promises that I am waiting here in an inn near the waterside of our goodly city of London, until word shall be sent that I may go on board the ship *Ark*, which lies at anchor close by.

Do you remember that in the year of grace, 1627, Lord Baltimore and I am now speaking of the old lord, George Calvert had a colony in that part of America called Newfoundland, and that' he visited it in order to learn why the tenants were displeased with the land? Well, it was in this selfsame ship *Ark* that he journeyed.

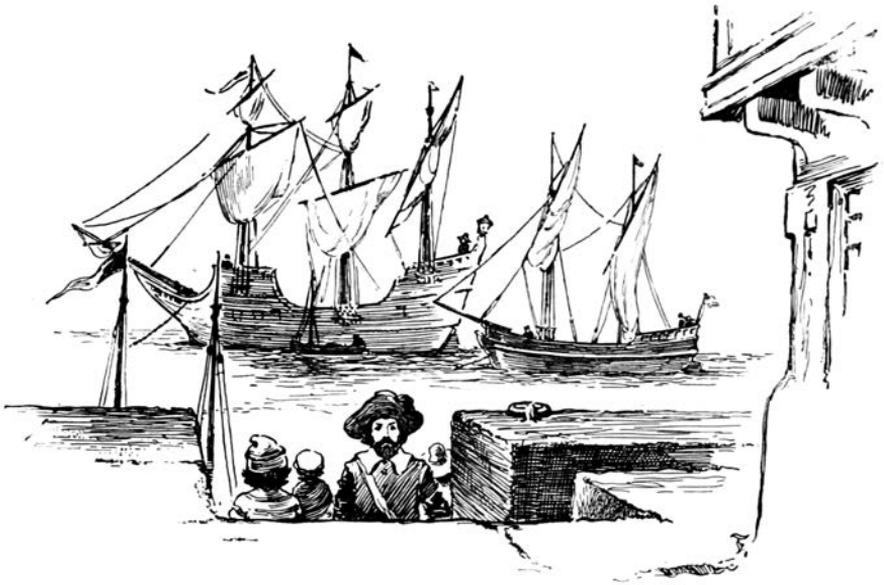
READY FOR SEA

AND now that he is dead, and the colony known as Avalon in Newfoundland has been abandoned, a number of gentlemen, among whom is my father, together with their servants, are to sail for a certain part of the New World which is to be under the rule of Lord Baltimore, and to be called Mary Land, in honor of Henrietta Maria, who, as all people in the world know, sits on the throne with our good King Charles I.

What is more, we are to journey in the old lord's ship *Ark*, of near to three hundred tons burden, and in our company will be the *Dove*, a pinnace of fifty tons or more.

When I heard my father speak of the *Dove* as a pinnace, I was puzzled to understand what kind of vessel she might be, for I am not versed in the ways of the sea, nor accustomed to hearing sailors speak their peculiar language.

Therefore it was I asked what kind of vessel a pinnace



might be, and was told that any craft with two masts, rigged like a schooner, but capable of being propelled, in addition to her sails, by oars, was given such a name.

The *Dove*, which is now at anchor near by the *Ark*, seems a small ship to sail so far overseas as is America, but John, who is my father's serving man, declares that she will carry herself as well as does the *Ark*, although, mayhap, give more of discomfort to those who are on board, because of leaping about to a greater degree on such enormous waves as are to be found in the middle of the mighty ocean.

It may be well to set down here how it chanced that my father, together with sixteen other gentlemen, had any right to that new land of America of which many Englishmen, some Dutchmen, and a few Swedes had already taken possession.

THE KING'S GIFT

THE first Lord Baltimore, meaning George Calvert, in the year of grace, 1620, bought for himself a plantation on the island of Newfoundland, in America, and, naming it Avalon, sent there sixty or seventy laboring men and their wives to build up for him a town; but it was found to be a cruel country for weather, being biting cold a goodly portion of the year, and the old lord brought all his people back to England in the *Ark* and the *Dove* lest they die of homesickness, frost, and starvation.

When King Charles, who had a great love for the old lord, heard that he had failed of settling a colony in Newfoundland, and had thereby wasted a goodly portion of his money, he gave him as a free gift a certain lot of land which was supposed to be situated north of the Virginia colony, and westward from the settlements at Plymouth and Boston.

Being only a lad, and not accustomed to such matters as the building up of a new world, it seemed strange to me that the king did not know how much land he laid claim to, and where it was located; but I afterward came to understand that no one in England had any idea as to how large was this country in which the brown-skinned men lived. Therefore it was that the bounds of our Province of Maryland were changed no less than three times before they were finally settled to the pleasure of our governor and the people of Virginia. Even then, so John declared, we did not really know how far to the northward our grant extended.

Because of all I have heard spoken between my

father and his friends, I doubt if any man knew just how much land the king really gave to the old lord; but certain it is there must be an enormous extent, for it is proposed to build many towns and cities in such part of the New World as belongs to my Lord Baltimore.

Well, as is well known, the old lord died before he could take any steps toward gaining benefit by the king's gift, and his eldest son Cecilius, as was right and lawful, came into the title and the estates.

The young lord is no more than twenty-seven years old; but he counts on building up a country for himself in the land of America, and is to-day, the seventeenth of October, in the year of grace, 1633, so far prepared to carry out the plans made by his father, that the *Ark* and the *Dove* are, as I have already said, lying here in the Thames River, within view of the tavern where I am writing, ready for sea as soon as the word shall be given.

WHY I AM ONE OF THE ADVENTURERS

ALREADY are the serving men on board, save John, who has me in his care, and he claims that before the sun shall set again our gentlemen will be here, eager to set off on what can be no less than the bravest kind of an adventure, during which we shall see all the strange things that are to be found on the wide ocean, as well as wild savages, who go about naked, seeking to kill any who are not of their kind.

I am not overly brave, so John declares, but I am burning with the desire to see these wild men, whose