

Cecilius Calvert, the writer of nearly all these letters, was the youngest son of Benedict Leonard, fourth Lord Baltimore, and therefore uncle to Frederick, the Proprietary, whose secretary and general factotum he became, and whose entire confidence he seems to have possessed. He appears to have been a fair-minded and just man, having the best interests of the Province, as well as those of his nephew, sincerely at heart. We have had previous occasion to notice the curious lack of coördination between his reflective and expressive faculties, to an extent that we should not have expected in a man of university education. His thoughts, when we get at them, are sensible enough, but in a more or less chaotic state, with difficulty reducible to order. In catachresis he anticipates Mrs. Malaprop; and whenever he ventures beyond the simple sentence we find him distractedly groping in the enchanted maze of anacoluthon.

But these letters are well worth preserving, as throwing an interesting light on the affairs of the Province.

Cecilius died unmarried in 1766, leaving his nephew the only representative, in the direct male line, of the family, and on the death of Frederick in 1771, without legitimate issue, the title became extinct.