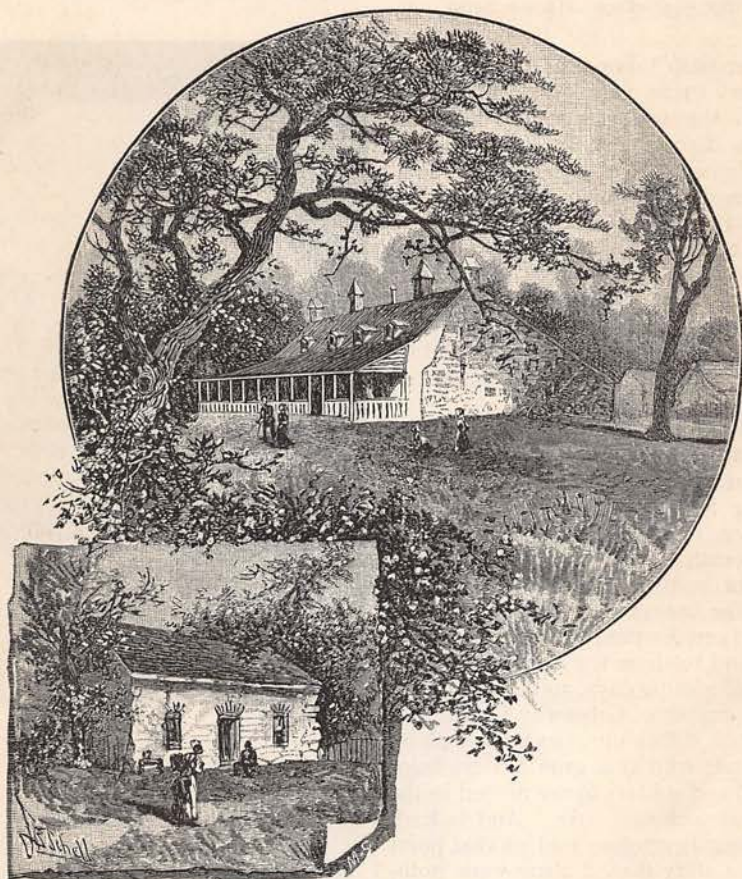


MY LORD FAIRFAX, OF VIRGINIA.



GREENWAY COURT, VIRGINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX.

Not many years ago, some children in Virginia, playing in the garret of a deserted dwelling, came upon a musty parchment. The writing, faded as it was, mildewed and stained almost beyond recognition, was yet, to careful eyes, decipherable; it proved to be a marriage contract, drawn in England when George the First was king, and made ready for the signatures and seals. The upper margin of the parchment was cut in a sinuous line; the name of the lady and the date were carefully effaced; the man's name was left solitary, in grim defiance of fate. And this little stray witness of that man's ruined life and shattered hopes had remained to drift down the current of years, when he and she were dust.

The children went back to play, the sun

shone, and the swallows twittered around the eaves of the old falling house, itself well representing the tottering glories of the family from whose hands it had passed away, in the county which bears their name. The old vellum indenture was carefully preserved, and served to unlock the mystery that hung around the life I am about to sketch.

One December day in 1781, an old man lay dead on a rude couch within a cabin perched upon the slope of one of the great spines of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. And thence a horseman rode some seventy-five miles away, to deliver a letter, part of which I transcribe from the original sheet, now of a saffron color, sealed with a large black spot of wax bearing an historic coat-of-arms:

TO BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq., Towlston:
His Lordship died December the 7th. Messrs. Jones and Peter Hog(e) are daily expected here, who, in conjunction with me, his Lordship has appointed his Executors. I shall send a Messenger on purpose to acquaint you with their sentiments.

I am, Dear Sir, your affecte. Humble Servt.

B. MARTIN.

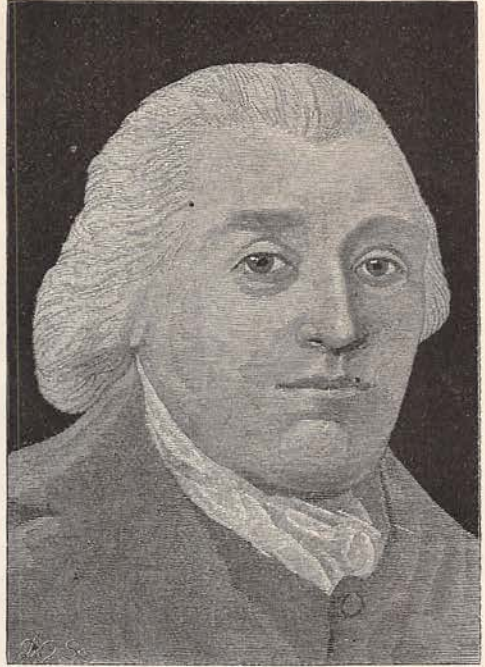
"His Lordship," dying, as he had lived during over thirty years of self-imposed exile, amid the solitude of the primeval woods, was Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the peerage of Scotland, Custos Rotulorum of the county of Frederick, vestryman of the little parish church in the town of Winchester, friend and earliest patron of George Washington, and lord proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia—the territory bounded by the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, and by the line connecting the head-waters of those streams.

Brian Fairfax, to whom the express containing the announcement of his Lordship's death was sent, was his kinsman; after him, head of the Fairfax house in Virginia; and, ultimately, upon the death (in England) of Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, the eighth possessor of a title both honorable and ancient. The writer was Colonel Martin, nephew of Lord Fairfax, who had come out from England to share the loneliness of that nobleman's declining days, and to whom was devised the manor of Greenway Court.

One finds it difficult to associate anything like a love-tale with this grim old bachelor lord—a sad and solitary figure niched in the history of our colonial days. And indeed, what has been heretofore told on that point is so scant a story that, if there were nothing more to add than that his was the name in the unexecuted marriage contract found recently in Virginia, this sketch would be brought to a speedy close. It has been suggested that Thackeray, in depicting the retirement into the wilds of Virginia of his favorite, Colonel Esmond, and the enduring influence of the fascinating but wayward Beatrix upon Esmond's life, bore in mind the history of the sixth Lord Fairfax. The great novelist had the power, indeed, to confer upon the decline of his hero's days a serenity widely different from the barren desolation which closed in the life of Fairfax. But we may read the legend of the recluse of Greenway Court with new interest in the light of family archives and traditions.

To follow up the fortunes of the stock from which he sprung in English history, one has to pass in review a long line of

brave and stately men, of fair and virtuous women. Extreme gentleness of demeanor, reticence of speech, profound reverence for God, combined with an utter recklessness of personal safety where honor led the way,



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WASHINGTON LODGE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.)

have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of their race. Truth to tell, one sees most of the Fairfax men through the mists of battle-smoke. Fighters arose among them, strong, sinewy, and dauntless, to swell the ranks of all the heroic armies where Englishmen were to be found, from the days of the Crusaders to the wars of the Reformation. Italy knew them many centuries ago, when the gallant knight, Sir Nicholas Fairfax, of the order of the Brotherhood of St. John, hewing a pathway through the encompassing Turks, led his hardy band of followers into the little island city of Rhodes, and carried aid and comfort to the besieged. To a Fairfax, too, Italy owes the best translation into English of the lofty, martial stanzas of her Tasso. This Edward Fairfax, poet and scholar, was founder, with Spenser, of the modern school of English rhythmical verse; and the lessons taught by him from history and romance exercised an influence, stirring as a bugle-blast, over

the early life of his great nephew, the third lord, who was destined to develop into the famous general, "Fighting Tom," or "Fiery Young Tom," as he was then indifferently called in Yorkshire.

The Fairfaxes are an ancient Saxon family, and have long been known in Yorkshire chronicles. In 1204, Richard Fairfax owned the manor of Askham. One of his descendants was made Lord Fairfax, Viscount Emly. From Richard came also Sir Guy, one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench in 1478, who built for himself a castle upon Steeton Manor, thenceforward for long years the principal family seat.

In the annals of that time we find all sorts of odd entries, such as the will of one Reverend John Fairfax, LL.D., who leaves sixty oxen and twenty sheep for his funeral dinner, arguing an expectation that much strong nourishment would be immediately needed to sustain his disconsolate survivors. This gentleman had three sisters; one was the prioress, the others nuns, at Sempringham. There is another Sir William, of whom it is written: "He had no children by his first wife, Agnes, daughter of Lord George Darcy; but she brought him a wrought silk carpet, bordered with crimson velvet." And that seems to have been regarded as a full equivalent!

Coming to the reign of King Harry VIII.,—who certainly set a bad example in the

matter of hasty marriages,—a pretty love-story falls like a sun-burst upon the dusty canvas of the past. To Sir Guy had succeeded Sir William, Recorder of York, and Judge of Common Pleas in 1509. His son was a dashing young knight,—another Sir William,—loving and beloved by fair Isabel Thwaites, a famous Yorkshire heiress, placed for safe keeping under the care of Anna Langton, abbess of the Cistercian Nunnery on the River Wharfe. Discovering the romance that, like the shoot of an ivy, had penetrated her convent walls, the abbess, who had designs of her own upon the fortune of her charge, warily opposed Sir William's suit by denying him an opportunity to press it. He found that even an appeal to a higher tribunal was in vain; and so, adopting Queen Katherine's motto: "Truth loves open dealing," he stormed the nunnery, and captured and carried off in triumph to Bolton Percy Church the lovely Isabel, who then and there became his wife. The Ainsty region rang with rejoicings at this "bold stroke for a wife." Lady Isabel lived for many happy years with her husband in great beauty and renown; and it is to be hoped that the grief his will bespoke for himself was half, at least, for her. That instrument made this provision:

"First, I will and bequeath my soul to our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady St. Mary, His blessed



NUN-APPLETON (SEAT OF THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX).



LEEDS CASTLE, KENT. (RESIDENCE OF THE FIFTH LORD FAIRFAX.)

Mother; and my body to be buried in St. Nicholas his Choir in Bolton Church. And my Executors to see me brought forth, to the honour of God and worship of my consanguinity, with fourteen black gowns to fourteen poor men of Bolton, Appleton, Colton and Bilbrough, and fourteen torches, with thirteen shillings for their pains, and to every grass house in Bolton, Appleton, Bilbrough, Coulton and Tadcaster I bequeath sixpence, and dole at my burial to the needy poor liberally."

That odd shilling was shrewdly retained to be withheld from the "poor man" who should wear his black gown and carry his torch least mournfully—and so it was to be an incentive to woe. The testator fully appreciated the loss the Ainsty would suffer in the death of so illustrious a gentleman.

From that marriage of Steeton and Nun-Appleton descended all the statesmen, scholars and warriors who have added fame to the house of Fairfax. Years after, at the time of the Reformation, the nunnery, where Isabel had been immured and had suffered so much, was granted to the Fairfaxes. It is a fine piece of poetic justice that her sons, two sturdy young soldiers, Thomas and Guy, compelled the same cruel abbess, the persecutor of their mother's youth, to surrender the building, and proceeded to demolish it. At this day, a stone inscribed "Guido Fairfax" remains as part of the bridge over the Wharfe at Nun-Appleton, to point the traveler to that scene of old romance.

Sir William, like many another settled rover, does not appear to have been quite tolerant of the escapades of his own sons. As I have said, one of the young soldiers who destroyed the nunnery was Thomas, in whose veins the daring blood of his father ran bold and strong. He served in Italy and took part in the sacking of Rome by the Emperor's troops. Sir William avenged the Pontiff by disinheriting the offending son and heir, and leaving Steeton, and all else he could, to Gabriel, a younger brother, from whom descend the Steeton Fairfaxes who to-day hold the ancient seat. The knight *desdichado* was not so badly off, however, after all; from his mother he received Denton, and he ultimately acquired other properties, which made him a man of wealth and consequence. He it was, who, cherishing the memory of a Spaniard, his dear comrade in the campaigns in Italy, called one of his sons Ferdinando—thus introducing into the family that sonorous name, since borne by one or more in every generation, and still to be heard in certain Yorkshire and Virginia homes—far-away echoes of the wild days when those young adventurers stormed the walls of Rome together, in 1527. This Sir William had also a son, Charles, who served in the Low Countries under Sir Francis Vere, "was knighted in 1600, after the battle of Nieu-

port, and was killed at the siege of Ostend by a wound on the face from a piece of the skull of a marshal of France," scattered by a cannon-ball, A. D. 1603.

Another son of his, too, was Edward, the scholar and translator of Tasso. A queer chapter of family legends comes in with him, revealing a somewhat startling feature of the times; for, Edward Fairfax, in addition to his other literary labors, wrote a "Discourse on Demonology." He had occasion to study the subject under his own roof. It gives one a creeping sensation to read of his daughter, Helen Fairfax, twenty-one years old, fair and blooming, who "led her father a life by pretending she was bewitched in 1621; but the old women she accused were acquitted at York Assizes." It is a doubtful relief to ascertain that this enterprising young beauty was "in 1636 married to one Christopher Yates." Poor Christopher! But that was not the end of it, for the author of the "Discourse on Demonology" had another daughter, Elizabeth, baptized at Fewston, 1606. "In 1621, she was of pleasant aspect, quick wit, and active spirit. She also pretended to be bewitched—as an excuse for not learning her lessons!" And then we come to the story, told in grewsome earnest, of still another, Anne, who "lived only a few months, said to have been frightened to death by a witch who sucked her blood!" Fancy such weird familiars in the home circle of a country gentleman of an estate otherwise comfortable enough.

Sir Thomas, of Denton, elder brother of our poor witch-ridden poet, grandson of Sir William and the beautiful Isabel Thwaites, is, as I now behold him, one of the most picturesque figures upon the family frieze, clad in Elizabethan armor, and with a ruff quilled like the petals of a dahlia underneath his square white beard. His youth was spent in study, travel, arms and diplomacy. He refused one title offered him by King James, to whom he had been sent by Queen Elizabeth to arrange a negotiation; but afterward got another from Charles I., in 1625, with the dignity of Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in the Scottish peerage. He had broad acres, a long purse, a large family, a hot temper, and an Englishman's heart of oak. His pen seems to have been almost as busy as his brother's; he wrote several books, notably one on horses and horsemanship. We have pleasant pictures of his family relations, and many letters to his sons. One of them, to Henry, then "a

fellow in Trinity College,"—and rather a lugubrious fellow, I should say,—runs thus:

"HARRIE:—I would to God you would forbear to write to me in this uncomfortable style. * * * Take your own course. Be satisfied, and I am pleased, so that you forbear to write this melancholy letter unto me, your mother and brethren.

"Your very loving father,
"FAIRFAX."

There were nine of these "brethren," and it is presumed the old patriarch had his hands full. Said the Archbishop of York to him one day:

"Sir Thomas, I have just reason to sorrow with respect to my sons: one having wit and no grace, another grace and no wit, and the third neither wit nor grace."

"May it please your grace," replied the old soldier, "your case is sad, but not singular. I am also grievously disappointed in my sons. One I sent to the Netherlands, to train him as a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but is a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is a good divine, but nobody at the law."

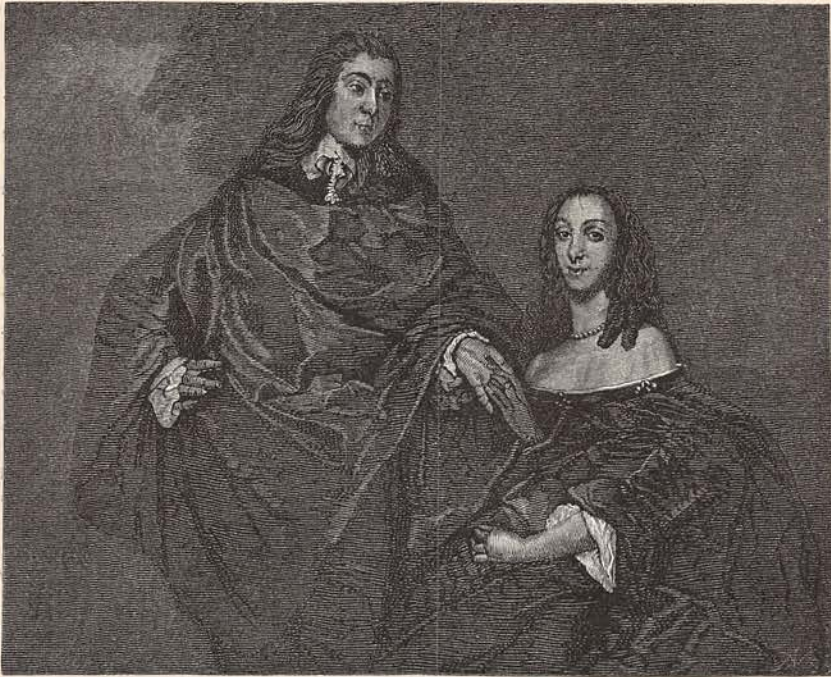
I fancy the old lord, like many another, sacrificed his belief to his epigram. He was, indeed, full of honest pride in his sons. Ferdinando, the "country justice," became an active member of Parliament, and the first general for the Commons in the North; he succeeded to the title. Charles, the "nobody at the law," attained distinction at the bar, and made an excellent colonel of foot in the civil wars. William and John had long before fallen together, splendidly fighting for the Elector-palatine in the garrison of Frankenthal, shortly after the veteran soldier had himself been to visit them in their camp at Rotterdam, on the eve of the campaign. He was received there with great honor by his old companion-in-arms, Sir Horace Vere; but chose to share the straw bed of his boys, one of whom, in a letter home, declares that camp life made their white-headed father look forty years younger. The same year (1621) saw Peregrine slain at the siege of Montauban, in France, and Thomas killed in Turkey. Alas for the white-headed father, so soon left to mourn his four young heroes!

All this while, however, a soldier was maturing in the Fairfax family, on whom the warlike grandsire fixed his hopes; and to him he would frequently cry: "Tom, Tom,

mind thou the battle! Thy father is a good man, but a mere coward at fighting. All the good I expect is from thee."

His lordship lived long enough to see two

in Yorkshire") that he "knew war only by an uncertain relation," and begging permission to volunteer with Gustavus Adolphus in the campaign then about to open against Wal-



THIRD LORD AND LADY FAIRFAX. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. CHARLES GREGORY FAIRFAX.)

generations take the field side by side, in the righteous struggle of the Commons against the usurpations of the Crown. When too infirm to journey, he sat in his chair, eager for war-news, and ever ready to supply the Fairfaxes, father and son, with money, and with steeds from his famous stables. Had he survived a few years, it is probable that even his exactions would have been satisfied with the amount of "fighting" done by "fiery young Tom."

Before he died, however, at the ripe age of eighty, the old lord had the other gratification of seeing this beloved grandson settled with a wife worthy of him in every respect. Young Tom had been sent to Lord Vere's head-quarters in the Low Countries that, as one of his father's letters says, he might, "practice arms, fencing, dancing, and study the mathematics," under the eye of that chivalrous gentleman. He remained for several years there and in France, but got tired at last; and came back to England, complaining (in an epistle addressed "To the Right Honorable, His Very Loving Grandfather, The Lord Fairfax, at Denton,

lenstein in Bohemia. It was not allowed him to study the art of war under those great masters; and he became oppressed with "melancholy, which," as is remarked in an anxious note from one of the family, it was feared, "may do him hurt, if it be not purged with heart's-ease and liberty." At this interesting juncture, he visited Lady Vere and her daughters, who sympathized with him; and presently he fell in love, of course, with my lady's high-spirited daughter Ann, and was accepted. The wedding was delayed for a time by difficulties about the settlements,—described by Lady Vere as "some rubs in the way which lawyers many times will needlessly put in,"—and thereat old Lord Fairfax flew into a famous rage, we may be sure.

Curiously enough, a bundle of time-worn papers that had drifted away from the Fairfax homestead in Virginia came into possession, during our late war, of a gentleman who well knew how to value them, and by him was ascertained to contain a part of the correspondence between Lady Vere and Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, about this very mar-

riage. This incident is properly a pendant to that of the discovery of the greater part of the family memoirs in England, some sixty years ago, when an old oaken chest, apparently filled with Dutch tiles, was taken by a poor shoe-maker from some rubbish carted off in the course of repairs done at Leeds Castle. Under the tiles, the shoe-maker found parchments and letters. Not recognizing their value, he allowed some of the vellum to be cut into measuring strips, and many of the letters to be used by the Maidstone milliners as winders for their thread. One coming under the observation of a student of history, the papers, or what remained of them, were hastily reclaimed, and from them were compiled the four volumes called the "Fairfax Correspondence," which, apart from their family interest, form a valuable compendium of the civil wars, in which Thomas Fairfax played so important a part. History has recorded the character and deeds of this great champion of Anglo-Saxon freedom, and has handed down also the fame of his plucky wife, called by Carlyle, "a Vere of fighting Veres."

Fairfax was already the most renowned general of the Parliament when, in his thirty-fourth year, he was given the command-in-chief of their armies. Within two years thereafter he had driven the king into Scotland, and destroyed every garrison and dispersed every troop that had borne the royal standard. The kingdom was at his feet, but he cared not for personal aggrandizement. The weight of his great influence was thrown against the execution of Charles, but proved ineffectual with the commission, in whose proceedings he brusquely refused to share. That was a famous scene at the session in Westminster Hall where Lady Fairfax, when her husband's name was called first on the list of commissioners, cried out, "Fairfax hath more wit than to

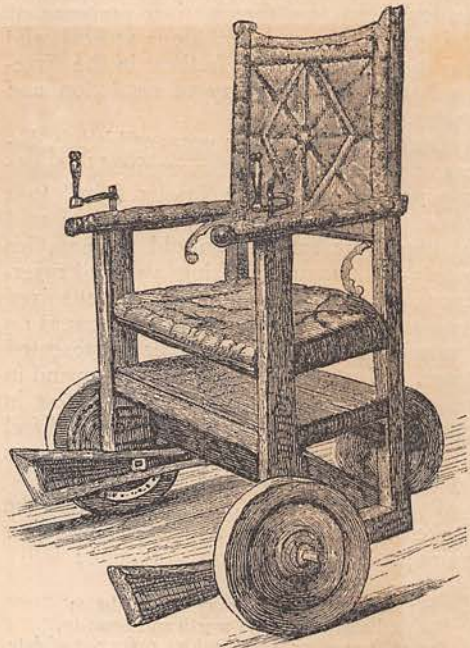


MONOGRAM OF THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

be here;" and where, again, when the king was required to answer to the charge "in the name of all the good people of England," she rose up exclaiming in a loud

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voice, "It is a lie—not a hundredth part of them! Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!" The story has been often and variously told.



CHAIR USED BY THE THIRD LORD FAIRFAX IN HIS OLD AGE.

This version, given by Clarendon, is best,—most picturesque, and most in accordance with the fearless spirit of old Lord Vere's true daughter.

The third Lord Fairfax never became a statesman. Like Stonewall Jackson, who otherwise greatly resembled him, he was unwilling, perhaps unable, to take part in public affairs except as a soldier. He refused to share in the intrigues occasioned by the public disorders, and, when his work was done, withdrew to Nun-Appleton, there to spend his days in studies and devotion, until events had so shaped themselves that he was able to hasten the arrival of Charles II. In that matter, indeed, he was really a chief agent, though others appropriated the credit and received the rewards.

Hume and other popular historians have greatly underrated and misrepresented this general, and it is only in recent years, notably by Markham's admirable "Life of the Great Lord Fairfax," that justice has been done him. His glory was dimmed for a season by the glare of the greatness of Cromwell, for whom battles were rewritten, so as to confer upon his earlier career the luster

won afterward. Fairfax experienced what we still observe: that, in times of long-continued commotion, men of moderate opinions, whatever their individual merits or achievements, are forgotten in presence of the audacious and ambitious radical who has the sagacity to go farthest in the direction taken by the party of resolution and action.

During the last seven years of his life, disease and the many wounds received in battle confined the hero of "Naseby fight" to a chair, wherein, as one of his kinsmen said of him, "he sat like an old Roman, his manly countenance striking awe and reverence into all that beheld him, and yet mixed with so much modesty and meekness as no figure of a mortal man ever represented more. Most of his time did he spend in religious duties, and much of the rest in reading good books, which he was qualified to do in all modern languages, as appears by those he hath writ and translated."

Two stanzas of the epitaph written by the Duke of Buckingham sum up his character more justly than can words of mine:

"He never knew what envy was, or hate;
His soul was filled with worth and honesty,
And with another thing besides, quite out of date,
Called modesty.

* * * * *

"He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than honorably good."

A number of pictures and relics of the third lord are still to be seen at Leeds Castle; but the most spirited of all his portraits is the full-length Vandyck, now in possession of Dr. Fairfax, of Richmond.

The general had but one child who survived. She became the wife of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. "Little Moll," as she is called by her father, had a stormy babyhood. We see her first, at the tender age of five years, accompanying her mother and a female servant, perched on the saddle-peak of some bold trooper, throughout the perils and hardships of the campaign on the Yorkshire moors, in the early days of the fight for the parliament. Lady Fairfax, moved by devotion to her husband, resolved to face all dangers at his side. As old Lady Vere put it: "She somewhat exceeded in giving way to her affections," perhaps; though his constant ill health really demanded her gentle ministrations. There is a charming love-letter of this period from "Black Tom" to his

wife, written during one of their occasional separations; it begins, in a quaint old fashion, with "Dear Heart," speaks as lightly as a soldier should of all the hardships of his fierce campaign, and ends with a tender postscript, "For yourself, dear heart." "Little Moll" at this time a shy brown girl, with large soft eyes, and a tender loyal heart, was the solace of her father's home. Her guide and tutor was young Andrew Marvell, the poet, recommended by Milton to General Fairfax as a proper instructor for his child. It was doubtless from some inspiration of life among the flower-beds at Nun-Appleton that Marvell drew his pretty image of the couch where the "milk-white fawn" was wont to lie:

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness."

Only a few brief years of repose were allotted to her; for, when her brilliant suitor, George Villiers, came a-wooing to Nun-Appleton, how quickly all the peace passed out of her life! George Villiers was esteemed the first match in Europe. The picture before me now, taken from the one at Leeds Castle, is of an oval-faced young man with large melting eyes, and chestnut love-locks hanging down upon mailed shoulders. Who shall wonder at the sequel? Mary Fairfax bestowed her hand and her unwavering heart upon the dissolute Buckingham, "that glass of fashion and that soul of whim," as he was justly styled by Pope. Her days henceforth were spent in a dreary splendor amid court intrigues, neglected, loving and pardoning to her life's end. When, in 1657, she was married, at the Parish Church of Bolton Percy, the glory of a noonday sun gilded her pathway; when she died, in 1704, and was laid with pomp in the vault of the Villiers family in Westminster Abbey, and her dust left to mingle with the greatest of England's dead, the doors of King Henry VII.'s chapel clashed to upon an aching heart at rest. To the world she appeared "Duchess of Buckingham"; in State second only to royalty; daughter of the powerful Fairfax; grandchild of the noble Vere. At court, she became very intimate with Queen Catherine of Braganza, whose experience of marital loyalty closely resembled her own. Count Grammont quotes in his memoirs a clever Frenchwoman, who said: "The Duchess has merit and virtue. She is brown and lean; but had

she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired the Duke with dislike." Poor, patient disillusioned Mary! She lived an example of dignified matronhood unto the age of sixty-six, and died childless, surviving her wayward husband by many years.

At the death, without male issue, of the great Lord Fairfax in 1671, his title went to his cousin Henry, of Bolton Percy. A beautiful cabinet-sized portrait of this, the fourth lord, the direct ancestor of the Virginia Fairfaxes,—handed down in the family as a Sir Peter Lely,—is among the waifs of inheritance come to America from the mother-land. He seems to have done his share of service in Parliament, and was succeeded in the title and estates by his son, the fifth lord, father of him who was destined to carry the title away to remote shores.

Thomas,—for the good old English name continues to appear in every generation,—fifth Lord Fairfax, was handsome, debonair, extravagant; was colonel in "the King's own," and for some years member of Parliament for York. He sustained the liberal principles of the family, and was zealous and active in aiding to place William III. upon the throne. The marriage of this lord, with Catherine, daughter of Lord Colepepper, brilliant as it seemed, was the beginning of the disintegration of the Fairfax fortunes. The fair heiress of the house of Colepepper inherited not only Leeds Castle, with several manors and estates in Kent and in the Isle of Wight, but proprietary rights in the northern neck of Virginia in more than five millions of acres of land.

Lord Fairfax had become somewhat embarrassed in affairs and had died in 1710, leaving a young family, Thomas,—the sixth Lord, and hero of this sketch,—Henry, Robert, and four daughters. Lady Fairfax soon became seriously involved, through her own improvidence, and during the minority of her eldest son was guilty of an act of gross injustice to him. Finding her Kentish estates in danger from heavy mortgages, she and the dowager Lady Colepepper, guardians of the young Lord, recklessly negotiated a sale of Denton and of his other Yorkshire inheritance, compelling him to effectuate their bargain and to cut off the entail, by threats of depriving him of the Colepepper properties, which were thought more valuable. This transaction, concerning property, some of which had belonged to his family for over five hundred

years, was so mismanaged that it realized little more than was brought by the timber, cut from it to discharge the purchase money, before the day of payment came. Nun-Appleton, a spot so rich in association, was allowed to slip from his hands with the rest. And so the sixth Lord Fairfax, in early manhood, found, to his just and lasting indignation, that the heritage of his fathers was his no more. Thus handicapped at the outset of his career, he learned to look with aversion upon the noble old Castle of Leeds, where his mother was *châtelaine*, and where his scheming grandmother had ruled supreme. The wrong they had done him, he never forgave.

In the golden days of good Queen Anne this young Lord Fairfax, after a brilliant University career, made his best bow in the stately world of London. We have it upon the authority of one of the old chroniclers of the period that he was a "vastly pretty fellow." He took a commission in a crack regiment, "the Blues," and like every other "pretty fellow," dabbled a little in literature. He was intimate with "honest Dick Steele," and conceived a warm and lasting attachment for that famous gentleman, Lord Bolingbroke, as well as for the stately Addison. His opinion on literary points was often sought by these friends; and, taking up the pen, which many of his family had wielded so well and so gracefully, he contributed several papers to the "Spectator"—a kind of authorship in those days consistent with the highest fashion. His old name, his position, and the fortune supposed to be illimitable, brought around him hordes of flatterers, upon all of whom he scattered golden bounty. We may picture him engaged in all the fascinating occupation of the *jeunesse dorée* of the hour. Sauntering from drawing room to rout and kettle-drum; having (like Harry Esmond) his "picture painted by Mr. Jervas, in a red coat, and smiling on a bomb-shell which was bursting at the corner of the piece;" dropping in to take a dish of tea with pretty Mrs. Steele; handling swords and cards and drinking wine, let us hope, as became the descendant of those old stern Christians militant who had gone to their reward, and had left him an unsullied name. Open, frank and confiding as he was, not many years elapsed before Thomas Fairfax laid himself and his future at the feet of one of the Jocastas of the day, a lady of rank and beauty, to whom he speedily became betrothed.

Just at this time the young gentleman ascertained, upon investigation into the condition of his Virginia estates, that they had been considerably neglected and underlet, while his mother's misuse of his property had left him almost cramped for money. Preparations for the marriage were progressing rapidly. Carriages, trousseaux, jewels, were ordered; the fashionable world was in a state of expectation, when the announcement of the nuptials was suddenly recalled. The young lady, upon whom Fairfax had centered all the love of his heart and the hope of his life, when told the condition of his affairs, had peremptorily broken the engagement.

We hear no more of Lord Fairfax in the great world, after that. Determining to judge for himself of the condition of his Virginia wilderness, he made a voyage to America. After returning to England, he decided to abandon forever his native soil, and so settled his affairs, relinquished his rights to Leeds Castle in favor of his brother Robert, and turned his back upon the land so dear to him, but now so full of bitter memories. His brother Robert, after him seventh lord, continued to live there; and when he died childless, the Leeds Castle estate was transmitted to his nephew, the Rev. Denny Martin, a son of the Honorable Frances Fairfax and Denny Martin, Esq., whose kinsmen now hold the place.

When my lord arrived in the colony, he found it necessary to spend much time in conference with his cousin and dear friend, William Fairfax, son of his uncle Henry, to whose descendants the title went in after years. This gentleman, grandson of the fourth lord, in his youth had led a bold, adventurous life in Spain, fighting for Queen Anne, and was subsequently in the royal navy, where he served in an expedition against the island of Providence, then held by pirates. Having with his family come to settle in Virginia, Mr. Fairfax had built a fine mansion upon the Potomac, nearly opposite to Mount Vernon, and called it Belvoir. Possessed of wealth, high birth, and admirable breeding, and holding a distinguished public position (that of royal collector of customs, and president of the council), Mr. Fairfax led the way in matters social and hospitable. My lord resided for many months in this family. Around them rallied all the gay young cavaliers of the tide-water region of Virginia, many of whom saw at Belvoir for the first time the combined comfort and elegance of an English home. The liveried lackeys,

wax-lights, fine wines, and carpeted floors made a sensation in the colony. Laurence Washington, from across the river, came to Belvoir and took away the eldest daughter, sweet Anne Fairfax, for his bride, and they resided at Mount Vernon, named by Mr. Washington in honor of the admiral under whom he had served in the expedition against Cartagena. Between these two mansions came and went Carters, Nelsons, Carys, Berkeleys, Randolphs, Corbins, Lees, Nicholases, Tayloes, and a host of other gentry like themselves. Days of fox-hunting were followed by feasts around groaning tables, and by nights of roystering cheer. The women wore what are mentioned in a quaint little mantua-maker's bill, now lying before me, as "blew and white silck night-gowns," or, "a walking grey lustring negligée." The men were equipped in full-bottomed coats and periwigs, and put their heels solemnly together when making salutation to a lady.

Among all these gay folk, with whose merry humor my lord's dark sad face accorded ill, there came, rather unwillingly induced by his widowed mother, a shy and awkward lad, George Washington by name, to make his first timid plunge into society at Belvoir. The change from dull plantation life to this refined and cultivated circle developed in the quiet boy much that was hitherto unsuspected. There had in fact been a good deal of discussion among the Washingtons as to what to do with George. Mr. Fairfax had used influence to procure for him a position in the navy, but his mother would not hear of that, "for several persons told her it was a bad scheme." Bishop Meade tells how George's uncle, Joseph Ball, wrote to his mother from England, advising her against this course and saying: "As to any considerable promotion in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here, who have influence, and *he has none.*"

It was at this time when Washington had no influence to advance himself, and his own family could not help him, that Lord Fairfax interposed. "Little did that gentleman expect," says Parson Weems, "that he was educating a youth who should one day dismember the British Empire, and break his own heart, which truly came to pass." Doubtless Fairfax perceived in that retiring boy something of the stuff heroes are made of. From that early period, when Washington was about fifteen years old, to the day of his death, my lord never varied in

his friendship and esteem for him; nor were good counsel or means for his use lacking when required. Finding that his young cousin, George William, of Belvoir, was quite as full of unemployed energy as was the youth Washington, Lord Fairfax dispatched them both upon an expedition to explore his immense possessions beyond the mountains, fair as the promised land and watered by a river so beautiful that the Indians called it Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars." Their task was to survey and make maps of this vast track of wilderness; and with eager zeal the two friends set forth. For weeks they reconnoitered solitudes haunted by deer and elk, by bears and lurking panthers. With Indians for their guides, they plunged into the unbroken woods and bivouacked beneath the shadows of primeval trees; and, sleeping, they were lulled by the rush of mighty rivers. They scaled the mountain-cliffs, and, gaining some sudden opening, gazed for mile upon mile over lovely prairies filled with waving grass. Old letters and their journals are full of evidence that this expedition was a source of keen delight to both of the Georges, whose firm friendship was cemented then for life. For their services, Lord Fairfax paid each of them a doubloon, and sometimes six pistoles (about twenty dollars), a day; and the novel sensation of earning something for themselves added spice to their adventures.

In one of the choicest spots of his territory, my Lord Fairfax finally pitched his own tent. It was his intention to erect a manor-house there, and to the site chosen he gave the name of Greenway Court. On a sloping hill-side in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, near Winchester, stood a long building made of the limestone of that region, a single story in height, having a chimney at each end and a veranda the length of the front. Perched upon the roof were two wooden bells, with bells to sound the alarm in case of raids by the savages.* This building was intended for the steward's use; the design for the manor-house was never carried out. At a stone's throw from the house, in the little clearing within which it was built, stood a rough cabin, with an open door, where in and out walked the stately fox-hounds—my lord's especial pride. To these narrow walls, furnished with racks for guns, and with shelves of choice old books, Lord Fairfax had come to pass the remainder of his days.

* One of these bells has recently been presented by Mr. Kennerly, the present owner of Greenway Court, to the Greenway Court parish church.

It would be a wrong to the memory of this essentially public-spirited man, were I understood to depict him as shut up within himself, and perpetually brooding over the wrongs he had received. Proprietor of an area equal to nearly one-fourth the present state of Virginia, Lord Fairfax found abundant occupation in holding audience with the backwoodsmen to adjust boundary lines, giving quittances, signing deeds, and daily feasting at his liberal board such squatters and Indians as came to his door. The object of my lord was to clear and colonize his lands. He became lord lieutenant of the county, and was active in his public duties as well as upright in discharging them. At this period, he is represented as upward of six feet high, gaunt, raw-boned, near-sighted, with light gray eyes and a sharp aquiline nose. Hunting was his one passion. He took his hounds now to one, again to another, part of the county; and "entertained every gentleman of good character and decent appearance, who attended him in the field—at the inn or ordinary where he took up his abode for the hunting season." His horses and dogs were famed in the colony. Of his generosity, it was said "he would fill the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas;" but his own wants were few, and his habits almost ascetic.

An interesting sketch of my lord of Greenway Court is to be found in the appendix to the now rare third edition of the travels of Doctor Burnaby, one of the pioneers among English tourists in America. This worthy gentleman visited Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court in 1760, and to him, in this appendix published after my lord's death, we are indebted for almost the only account in print of the life led there. From it I glean the following kindly gossip:

"Here Lord Fairfax built a small neat house, which he called Greenway Court, and laid out one of the most beautiful farms, consisting of arable and grazing lands, that had ever been seen in that quarter of the world. He there lived for the remainder of his life in the style of a gentleman farmer or, I should have said, of an English country gentleman. His dress corresponded with his mode of life, and, notwithstanding he had every year new suits of clothes of the most fashionable and expensive kind sent out to him from England, which he never put on, was plain in the extreme. His manners were humble, modest and unaffected; not tinctured in the smallest degree with arrogance, pride or self-conceit. He was liberal almost to excess. The produce of his farms, after the deduction of what was necessary for the consumption of his own family, was given away to the poor planters and settlers in his neighborhood. To these he frequently advanced money to enable them to go on with their improvements,

to clear away the woods and cultivate the ground. He was a friend and father to all who held and lived under him. Lord Fairfax had been brought up in revolutionary principles, and had early imbibed high notions of liberty, and of the excellence of the British Constitution. He presided at the county courts held at Winchester, where, during the session, he always kept open table."

I take the liberty of interrupting the archdeacon to relate an anecdote *apropos* of my lord as a magistrate. In 1752, an amusing contest occurred for the selection of the county seat. Lord Fairfax was tenacious in favor of Stephensburg; Colonel James Wood preferred Winchester, and, triumphing over my lord, carried his point by treating one of the justices to a bowl of punch. Fairfax never afterward spoke to Colonel Wood!

To continue our quotation from Doctor Burnaby:

"So unexceptionable and disinterested was his behavior both public and private, and so generally was he beloved and respected, that during the late contest between Great Britain and America, he never met with the least insult or molestation from either party. Lord Fairfax's early disappointment in love is thought to have excited in him a general dislike of the sex, in whose company, unless he was particularly acquainted with the parties, it is said he was reserved, and under evident constraint and embarrassment. But I was present when, upon a visit to Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, who had arrived from England, he was introduced to his lady, and nothing of the kind appeared to justify the observation."

It was upon some such occasion of festivity, that little Madame Esmond announced that "Lord Fairfax was the only gentleman in the colony of Virginia to whom she would allow precedence over her."

After Braddock's defeat in 1755, the Indians throughout the back settlements of Virginia, instigated by their French allies, began a series of terrible massacres. As many as three thousand lives are said to have been lost before order was restored. No planter of station escaped their treacherous designs; and Lord Fairfax, whom they regarded as a great chief, was an especial object of their murderous ambition. A high price was set upon his scalp, and skirmishes in the neighborhood were of frequent occurrence. In this juncture, being urged by his friends to leave Greenway Court, and retire to a place of safety, my lord replied that he was an old man, and might as well perish by the tomahawk as by disease; adding that, if he left, the district would immediately be broken up, and all his labor in cultivating and civilizing that fair country be irrevocably

lost. Fortunately, however, the danger gradually disappeared.

Fairfax's friendship with Washington continued undisturbed. My lord was stanch to the principles in which he had been educated (and which Archdeacon Burnaby queerly enough considered "revolutionary"). But his soul was large enough to honor those which inspired the young Virginian. Lord Fairfax made frequent visits to Belvoir, to Mount Vernon and to Towlston, the last, Brian Fairfax's place,—named for the old manor in Yorkshire,—where he was always sure of a warm welcome, and several days of fox-hunting in choice company.

His deeds of lands as lord proprietor are a curiosity to American conveyancers of to-day. Those now in my possession are upon vellum, and are beautiful examples of calligraphy. Their sonorous old-world phraseology at the beginning and at the ending, coupled with the backwoodsman's uncouth definition of metes and bounds, sounds like the chimes of Westminster bells reverberating in a trackless wilderness. They are all for a "composition" in hand paid, and reserve a rent to be paid "yearly and every year upon the feast-day of St. Michael the Archangel." They reserve also an interest in such mines as might be discovered on the lands; and were "given at my office in the County of Fairfax, within my said proprietary, under my seal. Dated this day of * * * in the * * * year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith." Literally "under" his large seal, which is affixed to the upper left hand corner of the instrument, being the family coat of arms with a lion and an unicorn for supporters. The punning Fairfax motto, "Fare Fac" (Say it—do it), clinched the bargain!

Fancy an evening scene at Greenway Court.

After a day in the saddle, Lord Fairfax retires to his hunter's lodge, where, as I have said, guns and other accouterments form, with books, the only ornament upon the rough walls, and a brilliant fire of pine-knots illumines with a Rembrandt glare the solitary figure in the arm-chair on the hearth. Joe, his faithful black body-servant, enters with my lord's supper of venison and Bordeaux. It is eaten in silence; Joe is dismissed; and my lord takes up a book from the small but sufficient library of an accomplished gentleman in those days. It has no

power to enchain his lordship's thoughts to-night. The volume falls from his hand, and his eyes seek the depths of the glowing coals. Without, the wind sweeps majestically with "Memnonian swell" through the encompassing woods, and there is no other sound, save the occasional baying of a hound, and the soft crackle of the fire. There, "in the body pent," sits the lonely old man; but his thoughts have taken a wide range. He has recrossed many a league of broad ocean, and is a boy again in dear old England. Athwart the scene flit a brilliant succession of figures, powdered, queued and patched. The taps of scarlet heels are heard, and the *frou-frou* of trailing brocades. The air is filled with fragrant odors, and one's eyes are fairly dazzled by ancestral gems. It is Belinda and Saccharissa on their way to a rout. They will entomb all their charms, presently, within cumbrous old sedan-chairs; and then go off, lighted by flambeaux not half so bright as their own saucy eyes. His lordship sighs, springs up impatiently, takes from a secret drawer an indented parchment already worn, and gazes at it long and bitterly. At last, Joe comes in timidly, and finds that the fire is dead upon the hearth, and the old lord is still sitting motionless in his chair.

"I will hunt to-morrow, Joe," says my lord, cheerfully.

Years passed on and his feeble days were drawing to a close. Honored and beloved as he was in the commonwealth, it is a fact to regret that his means and influence were never used in the cause which the greatest of his forefathers had championed, and in which they had won their chief renown. He never perceived that the colonies were entitled to the benefit of the Bill of Rights, quite as much as was England herself. He refused to understand that the resistance the gentlemen around him made to the claim of power of taxation without representation, was only a renewal of the old fight waged for the right at Marston Moor and Naseby. From his hermitage in the forest, the old man looked sadly and wistfully upon the stirring events of the American Revolution. Until 1781, there was comparative tranquillity within the borders of the Old Dominion; the turmoil of actual war had been far away; but, in that year, the scene was suddenly changed, and armies gathered from every direction to confront each other in Virginia and upon the very boundary of my lord's proprietary

district, where the last act of the drama was enacted. One day, sitting in the chair where age and weakness had now bound him, waiting—as his veteran ancestor had done at Denton, in Yorkshire, but in a very different spirit—for tidings from his young warrior at the front, he was told the news of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington. The downfall of the British cause, wrought by the hand of the lad whom he had trained and molded, was a death blow. "Take me to my bed," he said, turning to Joe; "it is time for me to die." He never rallied. A few weeks passed. Washington, in the height of his glory, sent gentle messages and letters of sympathy to the bedside of his friend. In December, 1781, he died. He is interred beneath the chancel of the little parish church at Winchester—the records of which show that he was first among the vestrymen, and that the land the church occupies was a present from him.

In October, 1782, after his death and before the treaty of peace, the General Assembly of Virginia passed an act, reciting that the proprietorship of the Northern Neck had descended upon an alien enemy, sequestrating the quit-rents due at the time of my lord's death, and requiring that all quit-rents thereafter falling due, be paid into the public treasury, where they were credited upon account of taxes. In May, 1783, so much of that act as sequestrated moneys due at the date of the death of Lord Fairfax was repealed, and his executors were enabled to collect them. In October, 1785, it was enacted that "the land-holders within the said district of the Northern Neck shall be forever exonerated and discharged from compositions and quit-rents, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding;" and the state, assuming the ownership of all the lands theretofore unappropriated, removed the records to the office of the register of the land-office at Richmond, which functionary was authorized to make grants to applicants, "the same as for unappropriated lands elsewhere belonging to the commonwealth." In 1796, the Rev. Dr. Denny Martin, in England, who had changed his name to Fairfax, devisee of his uncle Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, had made sales to various persons, of the lands which had been specifically appropriated by the sixth Lord Fairfax to his individual use, either by deeds to himself, executed as lord proprietor, or by the actual surveys made by George Washington and others. Dr. Fairfax had claimed those lands in fee;

he also claimed proprietary rights in so much of the Northern Neck as was unappropriated at the sixth lord's death. Litigation with the state and with others had ensued; and a number of cases were pending in the Court of Appeals, others in the Supreme Court of the United States. And that Dr. Fairfax's pretensions were well founded, so far at least as concerned the lands he had claimed in fee, is evident from the fact that one of the purchasers from him was John Marshall himself, the greatest of all our great lawyers. Marshall arranged the disputes at last, as appears from an act of the General Assembly of December 10th, 1796, which recites at length a letter to the Speaker from Marshall, submitting to the state a proposition from him and all other like purchasers, and written in the lucid style afterward made so famous in the opinions handed down by him as Chief Justice of the United States. Under that act, Dr. Fairfax executed deeds "extinguishing his title to the waste and unappropriated lands in the Northern Neck;" and the state confirmed the title of those claiming under

him to lands specifically "reserved by the late Thomas, Lord Fairfax, or his ancestors for his or their use." And that was the end of the magnificent lord-proprietorship which Fairfax had inherited from the Colepeppers.

Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax, lived but a short time to enjoy his title. And then, Brian Fairfax, of Towlston and Mount Eagle in Virginia, went over to England and before the House of Lords made good his claim to the succession, as is attested by a series of official parchments, signed and sealed with due formalities in 1800, and by a mass of congratulatory letters from various members of the peerage, all now lying before me. With the sanctity of these documents, the ravages of time and the lawlessness of mice have made woful havoc.

This Brian, the eighth lord, was the last of the Tory Fairfaxes. His son in Virginia was, and his great grandson in Maryland is now, Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron; but neither of them has considered that a title of nobility could add dignity to a citizen of the United States.

A POOR MOTHER.

"I WISH you joy." Her lips put on a smile
To mock the woful shadow in her eyes.
"Nay, I've no mind to blame you—tears and sighs
Wont make or mend, but only the surprise—
So sudden! Let me breathe a little while.

"See, dear,—'twas only yesterday I thought,
Looking abroad, the world seemed green and glad.
I thought God's given me this—the kindest lad,
The dearest child that ever woman had—
And health and hands. I envied no one aught.

"My life was full; my heart went beating fast
With pride, with hope, with mother's happiness.
I held both hands above it, to repress
Great thrills of joy. O God! I could not guess
How brief a time my counted wealth would last.

"I knew you loved her? Child, I never knew!
I saw you walk and talk, and dance and jest;
It seemed but foolish pastime at the best,—
And you were both so young. I made no test
Nor question of the future for you two.

"But 'marriage is not death'; you'll love me still?
A little—yes—with such love as may spread
In overflow beyond your child's bright head,