

# AN AMERICAN CITIZEN WHO IS A PEER OF BRITAIN

HERE is no member of the British peerage more in the public eye at present in this country than Lord Fairfax of Cameron, a Scottish nobleman, better known on this side of the Atlantic as plain Albert Kirby Fairfax, one of the Fairfaxes of Virginia. He occupies a position unique in the annals of the house of lords in that he is an American born nobleman whose family has had an American citizenship ever since the war of independence. Until a comparatively short time ago the present Lord Fairfax had no intention of assuming his titular prerogatives, preferring to remain an everyday American, working out his destiny in the land of the free. But circumstances in the form of business conditions conspired to change his views on this most important subject. Being sent from New York to London as the representative of a banking house, he not illogically decided that his prospects in England would be bettered if he took the step which has since been the subject of much discussion.

At present Lord Fairfax is being lavishly entertained in England's highest social circles, where he is regarded as undoubtedly the most interesting member of the peerage. Popular attention was first directed to him when the invitations to King Edward's coronation were issued, for he was the only American out of 30,000 nobles to be summoned by proclamation to attend the great ceremony in Westminster abbey. In the call issued by the Duke of Norfolk he was specifically ordered to send his address to the earl marshal of the United Kingdom in order that the royal summons might be forwarded to him. At

that time his address was Wall street, New York, where he occupied a seat in the window of a banking office.

Thirty-three years of age, five generations of American parentage have left the young baron a typical Englishman in appearance, although he inherited many of the qualities of his American forbears. He is of medium height, well built and athletic looking, with no superfluous adipose tissue, his quick, spry walk testifying to the elasticity of his muscles. He cultivates the American habit of being clean shaven, but his light yellow hair is distinctly English, and so thin is it that at a distance one would be willing to make an affidavit that the youthful peer is bald. Like many real Englishmen Lord Fairfax is extremely self-conscious, a characteristic most in evidence when he is talking about himself. He also has long been accounted one of the most modest of men, his aversion to publicity being so pronounced that not a few who know him refused to credit the news that he had decided to take his seat among the lords. That his father, the late Dr. John C. Fairfax, would never have countenanced this step is certain, for it was Dr. Fairfax's proudest boast that he would have no British handle to his name.

The present peer is the twelfth Lord Fairfax, the title having been created in 1637. Even before that time the Fairfax family numbered some eminent members, perhaps the most notable of whom was Sir Guy Fairfax, who during the Wars of the Roses became lord chief justice of England. The first Lord Fairfax—Thomas—great grandson of his worthy father, was knighted for distinguished services before Rouen. The second baron was one of the few nobles who went over to Cromwell's side when the civil war broke out and had a command at the battle of Marston Moor, where he defeated the royal army. Although chiefly remembered as a famous



Lord Fairfax in Court Dress.



Greenway Court, The Old Fairfax Home.



Lord Fairfax in Street Attire.

general, his memory is revered by a great body of English scholars, since had it not been for his efforts the Bodleian library at Oxford would have been burned by the Puritans, who wished to destroy it on account of "its large number of papistical and idolatrous writings." Luckily Lord Fairfax heard of their intentions in time to throw a strong force about the library. Thomas, the third baron, was another noted fighter for Cromwell, being appointed general in chief of the parliamentary

army in 1645, in which year he won the battle of Naseby.

But it was around the sixth Lord Fairfax—another Thomas—that the romance of the family clustered. The fortunes of him and his descendants have been an inspiration to several writers of fiction, notably Thackeray and, more recently, Hallie Erminie Rives, who introduced the old nobleman in her "Heart's Courageous." From his mother, a daughter of Lord Culpepper, Lord Fairfax had inherited large estates in

the northern part of Virginia, and to Virginia he journeyed in 1735, taking with him his cousin, Sir William Fairfax, as manager of his colonial domain. It was through Sir William that the Fairfaxes became related to the Washingtons, for it was Sir William's daughter, Anna, who became the bride of George Washington's elder brother, Lawrence. She lived with her husband at his estate, Mount Vernon, later immortalized by becoming the home of the first president.

After remaining in Virginia for about a year Lord Fairfax returned to England. There, as the story runs, he met with a disappointment in love and resolved to wind up his affairs and live permanently in the colonies. Whatever the reason, he reappeared in Virginia in 1745 and assumed control of his vast land holdings, which covered more than 5,000,000 acres, embracing the section between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. For a time he lived with Sir William at Belvoir, where he met

George Washington, then but a young man. Lord Fairfax took a great fancy to the youthful American, and an intimacy sprang up between them that lasted throughout life. The baron engaged young Washington as a surveyor, and it was at the future president's suggestion that he built Greenway Court, near Winchester.

When the war of independence began Lord Fairfax at once ranged himself with the loyalists, organized a troop of horse and was given command of the militia. So popular was he, with all classes that his property was not molested during the war. As the fighting progressed and it became more and more evident that victory was ultimately to rest with the colonials the old baron became more and more broken in spirit, finally dying in 1781, in his ninety-second year, grief-stricken at the surrender of Cornwallis. It is reported that when he heard the news he called a servant and said, "Joe, carry me to bed, for it is high time for me to die."

Upon the death of the baron the estate and title passed to his brother Robert, from whom it was confiscated by congress owing to the part played by Thomas during the war. The family has never recovered from the financial blow then administered. The present Lord Fairfax certainly cannot be called affluent, although his fortunes may be improved in his new role. He is very popular in England and has recently taken a leading part in many social functions, notably the great charity ball in London a few weeks ago.

What will also play no small part in making Lord Fairfax a success in the land of his ancestors is that he is a sport loving man, and as such will shine in circles from which he might otherwise be debarred. Always fond of athletic recreations, his chief pastime is golf, which has even a greater vogue in England than in this country.

ARTHUR L. BELTON.

## IN BOOK OF MORMON LANDS.

### Utah Student and Traveler Finds Much to Interest Him in Faraway Bogota and Vicinity—A Visit to Some Old Nephite Cities and What He Saw

Bogota, Colombia, April 25.—Facativita is quite a town. They claim 29,000 people. The town is old Spanish style, though here I see many adobe houses. The streets are narrow and dirty. It is market day, and several thousand people are on the plaza, buying and selling. There is a narrow gauge railway which connects Facativita with Bogota, which lies across the valley to the southeast 24 miles. I am at the station early for I have learned that even in railroading in South America there is not the hustle and bustle there is with us. I get in line at the ticket window and stand an hour before I get a chance to buy a ticket. It costs me \$5 for one first and one second class ticket to Bogota. The latter, by the way, is for my Indian boy, who is my companion. They charge another \$7 for my baggage and allow me to take the gun in the car. Baggage is way-billed here, and handled just as we handle freight at home. There are six coaches on the train, two first-class, two second class and two third class. The first class coaches are upholstered and would be comfortable were they not jammed so full of people, all of whom, men and women, smoke in the car. We left Facativita at 2:30 p. m. Our course takes us out past two small hills and then straight across the beautiful level valley, nearly all of which is now under cultivation. We can see them with our own eyes, and they are a sight to behold. There are hundreds of men and women in the fields hoeing with hoes made something after the fashion of our adze. There are very few trees on the plains and what are here are a species of willow. They grow straight and tall and resemble our California poplar.

Just out from Facativita I noticed a number of mounds near the creek banks that impressed me as being artificial. Since I reached Bogota I learned that Facativita was an important Indian center in the early days, and on one of the hills we passed coming out a cliff of granite in which they cut out seats for their priests and where they were accustomed from time immemorial to hold great festivals. A great many old relics are found there.

On the morning of the 25th I took the northern railway for a visit into the northern valleys. It was out this way that a number of Nephite cities were supposed to have been built and I wanted to see the country of Jericho and Antioch.

The railroad runs 30 miles from Bogota up through the rich valley to Ciquira, at which point are located the famous salt mines. I had a letter to the superintendent of the mines, who happened to be on the train, and he told me many interesting things pertaining to the country and its antiquity. When the Spaniards came into the country 400 years ago they found the Indians working these mines and the indications were that they had been working them for many centuries, no one knows how long. Their old tools and implements are still found occasionally. There are indications that there was a large population here in the olden times and the terraces indicate a dense population about the mines.

From Ciquira I am to make the trip north on foot accompanied by my Indian boy who carries my clothing, hammock, camera, etc. From Ciquira our road runs northeast, crossing the valley, then a ridge on which there are cool mines, then another arm of the valley, then another ridge and we reach Chocota, 25 miles from Ciquira. All this distance the valley is divided by mud or adobe fences into fields and pastures in which we see herds of cattle and sheep feeding. There

is no timber either in the valley or on the mountains except the willow trees mentioned. If there were trees on the mountains they disappeared long ago. The ridges of hills in the valley are not very high. I think not over 1,000 feet, and they always run parallel to the east and west mountains. Just before reaching Chocota we passed through a little canyon cut out by the Bogota on its way to the Sabana. In this gorge I noticed an old rock on which were old hieroglyphics, they were rather crude and resembled those found elsewhere about the valley of which I shall speak later. Emerging from the gorge I noticed all of the hills about here were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces. At first I thought they might have been formed by croppings of stone, but a little later I examined some more and found that they were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces. At first I thought they might have been formed by croppings of stone, but a little later I examined some more and found that they were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces. At first I thought they might have been formed by croppings of stone, but a little later I examined some more and found that they were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces.

WEATHER WAS COLD.

From Chocota we pass over a ridge and leaving the Sabana behind, skirt all day the head of a deep, wide canyon that drains off to the Orinoco. Down in the gorge we can see little villages and the hills slopes everywhere are cultivated. The character of the country is now changed. The hills on our left are steep and covered with brush. On the Paramo we are more than 15,000 feet above sea level and still the peaks about us are 2,000 feet or more higher. The wind blows in chilly gusts and the going from the depths of our right is skidding by. I have on two suits of heavy underwear and a duck hunting coat over my suit and yet I am cold. I notice the Carrogers that pass us draw their rumanas about them and hurry by. We reach the gorge of Puente de Boyaca at 5 p. m. tired, foot-sore and cold. There is a good pasada here and we stay the night. It was here in this gorge that the last battle in the war of independence was fought. Bolivar commanded the Republican forces and Morillo the Spanish forces. The fighting was fierce, each side putting forth all its efforts to win, for on the outcome rested the fate of a continent. The bottom of the gorge where the fighting was fiercest, was filled with the dead and the little stream ran blood. Victory was with the Republic. Bolivar and Spain were forced out of South America. They have leveled off a little space at the bottom of the gorge and erected thereon one of the finest monuments I ever saw. It consists of a granite column fifty feet high. On the base are bronze busts of Bolivar and Santander, and about the sides the story of the battle is written in letters of gold. Eighty years has passed since then and it is sorrowful to relate that the condition of the country is even worse now than it was then. So even liberty is not always a blessing. We left the pasada at 7:30 a. m. and at 9 a. m. passed the summit of the divide separating the waters of the Rio Sagamoso and Rio Upla and come in sight of Tunja. Here again

SUNDAY A GREAT DAY.

We ate dinner at Chocota and went on several miles farther to the Indian village of Antioquia to pass the night. It was Sunday and Sunday is always a great day in this country. As we pass along the road we see groups of Indians collected at some hovel where they are brewing chicha, and crouched on the floor you will see them in various stages of intoxication. They usually have a sort of a guitar and they play and sing in a weird sort of a tune not unlike the mournful chant of the Indians at home, and there they sit and forget and drink, evidently trying to forget for a brief period their misery and degradation. The church that controls their lives, soul and body, does nothing to better their condition, but

seems rather to keep them as they are. And yet these are the people from whom we expect so much.

WEATHER WAS COLD.

From Chocota we pass over a ridge and leaving the Sabana behind, skirt all day the head of a deep, wide canyon that drains off to the Orinoco. Down in the gorge we can see little villages and the hills slopes everywhere are cultivated. The character of the country is now changed. The hills on our left are steep and covered with brush. On the Paramo we are more than 15,000 feet above sea level and still the peaks about us are 2,000 feet or more higher. The wind blows in chilly gusts and the going from the depths of our right is skidding by. I have on two suits of heavy underwear and a duck hunting coat over my suit and yet I am cold. I notice the Carrogers that pass us draw their rumanas about them and hurry by. We reach the gorge of Puente de Boyaca at 5 p. m. tired, foot-sore and cold. There is a good pasada here and we stay the night. It was here in this gorge that the last battle in the war of independence was fought. Bolivar commanded the Republican forces and Morillo the Spanish forces. The fighting was fierce, each side putting forth all its efforts to win, for on the outcome rested the fate of a continent. The bottom of the gorge where the fighting was fiercest, was filled with the dead and the little stream ran blood. Victory was with the Republic. Bolivar and Spain were forced out of South America. They have leveled off a little space at the bottom of the gorge and erected thereon one of the finest monuments I ever saw. It consists of a granite column fifty feet high. On the base are bronze busts of Bolivar and Santander, and about the sides the story of the battle is written in letters of gold. Eighty years has passed since then and it is sorrowful to relate that the condition of the country is even worse now than it was then. So even liberty is not always a blessing. We left the pasada at 7:30 a. m. and at 9 a. m. passed the summit of the divide separating the waters of the Rio Sagamoso and Rio Upla and come in sight of Tunja. Here again

SUNDAY A GREAT DAY.

We ate dinner at Chocota and went on several miles farther to the Indian village of Antioquia to pass the night. It was Sunday and Sunday is always a great day in this country. As we pass along the road we see groups of Indians collected at some hovel where they are brewing chicha, and crouched on the floor you will see them in various stages of intoxication. They usually have a sort of a guitar and they play and sing in a weird sort of a tune not unlike the mournful chant of the Indians at home, and there they sit and forget and drink, evidently trying to forget for a brief period their misery and degradation. The church that controls their lives, soul and body, does nothing to better their condition, but

we see the terraced hill slopes. They peak look down steep slopes into low lying valleys.

Tunja, April 28, 1903.

**IT'S POOR ECONOMY**

To allow your valuable Fur to be damaged by improper care.

**We Store FURS**

And GUARANTEE their safe keeping. Our many years of experience make our services valuable to you.

"A stitch in time saves nine." This applies to furs as well as anything else. Let us repair your furs before we put them away.

**Mehesy, the Furrier**

Furs and Curios,  
Knutsford Hotel Building.

EARLY ANTIQUITIES.

Tunja, April 25.—We spent several days in Bogota looking about the city and visiting various persons who are supposed to be authority on the antiquities of the country. Among these I found Mrs. Acosta de Semper the best posted. Her father was a general in the war of independence and afterwards made a survey of the country and mapped it. Her husband was for many years the historian of the country. The lady herself is the most prominent historical writer in the country. I called at her residence adjoining the palace and spent some time examining her collection of Indian relics and in conversing with her upon the subject. From her I went to Dr. Letra, who has written a book upon the antiquities of the country. I also visited in turn several other gentlemen who have collections of objects. All of these were of one opinion, i. e., that the Indians who the Spaniards found here were preceded by a people well advanced in the arts of civilization. They built cities and temples of stone. The implements and utensils found in their graves are very superior to anything made by the Chichas who occupied the country 400 years ago. I saw a large number of idols of gold made by the Chichas. While they were well made there was a crudeness about them that indicated a primitive people. The gold was found at Antioquia, is on the contrary of very fine workmanship and the hieroglyphics on it are different from anything yet found in South America. The people who produced it were experts in their craft. Cloths and samples found in the old graves show that they were experts in weaving. Dr. Retrairo thinks the old civilization

of Bogota was connected with the old civilization of Peru. In this we agree.

**NEPHITE CITIES.**

On the morning of the 25th I took the northern railway for a visit into the northern valleys. It was out this way that a number of Nephite cities were supposed to have been built and I wanted to see the country of Jericho and Antioch.

The railroad runs 30 miles from Bogota up through the rich valley to Ciquira, at which point are located the famous salt mines. I had a letter to the superintendent of the mines, who happened to be on the train, and he told me many interesting things pertaining to the country and its antiquity. When the Spaniards came into the country 400 years ago they found the Indians working these mines and the indications were that they had been working them for many centuries, no one knows how long. Their old tools and implements are still found occasionally. There are indications that there was a large population here in the olden times and the terraces indicate a dense population about the mines.

From Ciquira I am to make the trip north on foot accompanied by my Indian boy who carries my clothing, hammock, camera, etc. From Ciquira our road runs northeast, crossing the valley, then a ridge on which there are cool mines, then another arm of the valley, then another ridge and we reach Chocota, 25 miles from Ciquira. All this distance the valley is divided by mud or adobe fences into fields and pastures in which we see herds of cattle and sheep feeding. There

is no timber either in the valley or on the mountains except the willow trees mentioned. If there were trees on the mountains they disappeared long ago. The ridges of hills in the valley are not very high. I think not over 1,000 feet, and they always run parallel to the east and west mountains. Just before reaching Chocota we passed through a little canyon cut out by the Bogota on its way to the Sabana. In this gorge I noticed an old rock on which were old hieroglyphics, they were rather crude and resembled those found elsewhere about the valley of which I shall speak later. Emerging from the gorge I noticed all of the hills about here were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces. At first I thought they might have been formed by croppings of stone, but a little later I examined some more and found that they were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces. At first I thought they might have been formed by croppings of stone, but a little later I examined some more and found that they were old hieroglyphics, they were like terraces.

seems rather to keep them as they are. And yet these are the people from whom we expect so much.

**WEATHER WAS COLD.**

From Chocota we pass over a ridge and leaving the Sabana behind, skirt all day the head of a deep, wide canyon that drains off to the Orinoco. Down in the gorge we can see little villages and the hills slopes everywhere are cultivated. The character of the country is now changed. The hills on our left are steep and covered with brush. On the Paramo we are more than 15,000 feet above sea level and still the peaks about us are 2,000 feet or more higher. The wind blows in chilly gusts and the going from the depths of our right is skidding by. I have on two suits of heavy underwear and a duck hunting coat over my suit and yet I am cold. I notice the Carrogers that pass us draw their rumanas about them and hurry by. We reach the gorge of Puente de Boyaca at 5 p. m. tired, foot-sore and cold. There is a good pasada here and we stay the night. It was here in this gorge that the last battle in the war of independence was fought. Bolivar commanded the Republican forces and Morillo the Spanish forces. The fighting was fierce, each side putting forth all its efforts to win, for on the outcome rested the fate of a continent. The bottom of the gorge where the fighting was fiercest, was filled with the dead and the little stream ran blood. Victory was with the Republic. Bolivar and Spain were forced out of South America. They have leveled off a little space at the bottom of the gorge and erected thereon one of the finest monuments I ever saw. It consists of a granite column fifty feet high. On the base are bronze busts of Bolivar and Santander, and about the sides the story of the battle is written in letters of gold. Eighty years has passed since then and it is sorrowful to relate that the condition of the country is even worse now than it was then. So even liberty is not always a blessing. We left the pasada at 7:30 a. m. and at 9 a. m. passed the summit of the divide separating the waters of the Rio Sagamoso and Rio Upla and come in sight of Tunja. Here again

**Of Course You Will Celebrate**

Next Saturday, the anniversary of the advent of Liberty to our fair land; Liberty which "makes the gloomy face of nature gay, gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day." Are you fully equipped with things necessary to make the day enjoyable? To help you all we can, we will continue our MAMMOTH JUNE CLEARANCE SALE of Ladies' and Children's wear the coming week, and you can buy Fancy Silk Waists, Wash Silk Waists, Tailor Made Suits, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Purses, and everything in Dress and Wash Goods.

**ONE-FOURTH to ONE-HALF OFF**

REGULAR PRICES.

Our CLOTHING AND SHOE DEPARTMENTS with their large stocks of Fine, Seasonable Goods at lower prices than you can buy such goods for elsewhere, should interest you. If you go on a "picnic" you can hardly afford to miss our GROCERY DEPARTMENT; if it's a Canyon trip our HARDWARE DEPARTMENT can supply you with Fishing Tackle, Ammunition, Etc., and we can sell you a Tent of any size you desire. Come. Come Often. Come whether you buy or not.

**Z. C. M. I.**

UTAH'S GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE.