was by no means lacking in originality as well as independence, and the district long abounded with characteristic anecdotes of his sayings and doings; they are fast dying out, but such as we have gleaned are incorporated in—

Ye Legende of ye Quaker Boteler of Rabye Castel.

George Dixon, the steward and butler of Raby, finding that the lord of the castle, in common with many a lord and lady guest, was more devoted to the worship of Bacchus than proved beneficial either to mind or body, felt that some responsibility rested upon his own shoulders in providing, even per force, the means of such excess, and finally resolved to make a stand, whatever might be the result. Consequently when the occasion arose he declined civilly, yet firmly, to send more wine or other spirituous liquors to the dining hall. It is recorded of the Master of Raby that under these circumstances he was sometimes chagrined, and occasionally wroth, but never failed *personally* to thank the faithful steward on the *following morning*. Upon another occasion, the butler was requisitioned by "cook" for a bottle of some choice wine, intended for some sauce, gravy, or pudding, but the former objecting, complaint was made to the master, who replied, "Oh, send George here, I think we'll manage it." Upon the butler's appearance the query was put, "George, can't the cook have this wine, he wants it for ——?" With a very serious face the rejoinder came, "Thou can't *afford* it!" which so tickled the Baron that the interview terminated in a shout of laughter. In fact, George kept the household purse as well as the wine stores, and did not care to waste on cookery a valuable brand of which he had but little stock.

The Baron and his steward were once busily engaged upon a revision of the rent-roll, when the former, commenting upon the absence of any amount opposite a certain name, remarked that the farm was held at a very cheap rate; "Dear enough, I should say," replied George, in his simple integrity, "*Didn't he forge thee a vote at the election?*" How "Gilbert" chewed the cud of this bitter fancy, tradition sayeth not. Happening one day to be at the castle-gate on the arrival of a party of well-dressed and well-connected, but withal predatory gentry of the turf or the ring, George took upon himself to absolutely refuse any admittance to the Baron, who did not learn the fact till some time after, when he quietly pocketed the impudence and laughed in his sleeve.

But my lord's natal day has come round, and a grand jollification prevails amongst his janitors and tenants. In the exhilaration of the hour, the temptation is strong, and a dead set is made to induce George to forego his prejudices and drink the health of the master, coupled with a wish for many happy returns of the day. Sorely pressed, but conscientiously debarred from giving a regular toast, he effected a compromise, exclaiming in the familiar vernacular—"Weel, then, here's a well-wishin' to my lord an' his lady, an' that's as far as I daur gan."

This anecdote first reached us from the antipodes, the narrator being a native of Teesdale, but we have just been informed that the real hero was another very strict Friend, one Benjamin Boynes, who for many years occupied the home-farm; that the occasion was a rent-dinner, and that on many subsequent ones "Ben. Boynes's toast" was invariably drank. In the absence of certainty we let it stand.

Even in addressing the baron, George used the plain phraseology of *thou* and *thee*, a fact well known to all at the castle and the more frequent visitors there. But when on a certain occasion a number of distinguished strangers had arrived, the statement was heard by some of these with so much incredulity that Lord Barnard offered a bet of £200 on the point, which being promptly taken, George was soon summoned. The unconscious steward presently arrived but for some time was purposely left unregarded, until, losing his patience and catching his master's eye, he said in clear tones "Pray, what didst thou want with me?"—to the amazed discomfiture of the sceptics. The money was expended upon an oil painting, which represents the worthy servitor at full length, in his ordinary garb, and apparently in the wine-vault or a corridor of the castle. His figure is surmounted by the following inscription, likewise painted on the canvas:—"An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile,' with the following two lines from the 7th Satire of Horace, Lib. II.

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus;

which may be freely rendered, "Strong to restrain immoderate desires, lightly esteeming public honours, a self-reliant, refined, and courteous man." The portrait was highly valued by the family, and hung until lately upon the wall of the landing of the grand staircase immediately opposite the entrance to "The Barons' Hall." The first

Duke of Cleveland, who had married as his second wife, a Miss Elizabeth Russell, knowing that upon his decease she would have little to live upon, built her a residence,—Newton House at Bedale—and also gave her the choice of certain paintings at Raby. Amongst other pictures, she selected this portrait, bequeathing it to one of her maids, who is said to have been a granddaughter of the Steward. The latter disposed of it to another lineal descendant, the late James Hutchinson, esq., of London and Cowley Manor, Cheltenham, where a good photograph was taken—a fac-simile of which, effected by the autotype process, we have here the pleasure of supplying. The original painting is now in the possession of another descendant, William Robson, Jun., of Westbrook, Darlington, and thus is restored to co. Durham. Another personal souvenir of this worthy, is preserved in the interesting collection of Edward Backhouse, esq., at Ashburne, Sunderland; it is the official stick or staff which he used on state occasions—a species of bamboo, dark brown in colour, standing 5 ft. 6 in. high, furnished with hemispherical head of ivory and shod with copper.

George Dixon died 26 IV. 1752; just a year before his master; Sarah his wife died 21 IV. 1747. Both were buried in the graveyard of the Soc. of Friends attached to its meeting-house, Old Raby, but the very tradition both of chapel and burial-ground we lately found to be extinct in the locality. From information kindly supplied by John Hanson of Staindrop and others, it is clear that the hamlet, or village, which we may suitably call *Old* Raby—to distinguish it from that of New Raby, a comparatively recent creation—consisted, until about a century ago, of some 30 to 40 houses and cottages, several of the former being of a very respectable character, and one of which exists inside the park, but their site, for some 70 or 80 years, has been incorporated in Raby Park. Formerly the "Old Coal Road" between Staindrop on the one side and Bishop Auckland and Cockfield on the other, skirted Raby Park to the S.E., and the tenements of Old Raby bordered it on either side, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. The worthy Steward's modest tenement lay within a quarter of a mile to the southward of this fine old baronial hall, and outlines of its ground-plan may still be seen in the parti-coloured turf, contiguous to the equally distinguishable "old coal way:" we learnt from an old lodge-keeper that the former bore the designation of "The Black House." The site of the old burial ground, said to have formerly been protected by railing, we deeply regret to state is now quite open and unenclosed from the abounding deer for which this park is famous. A stately old cedar, the last relic above ground of the old graveyard (if we except a closely-contiguous elder-trunk), marks the spot, and by the uneven surface of the otherwise levelled grassy sod, the place is evidently a favourite resort of one or more of the herds. The exact site of the old meeting-house is unknown, but we learn that the last mention of it in the *minutes of Raby preparative meeting*, records the payment, in 1772, of 1s. 6d. for *repairs of the thatch:* likewise that the latest marriage which was solemnized within its rustic walls was that of Dr. Joshua Watson with Rachel Grainger, a dau. of Sarah Coates of Lynsack and Joseph Grainger; see p. 206. The site of this meeting-house and graveyard lies to the E. of the gardens, and is traversed by a much used path leading from the castle to the nearest lodge. On the occasion of our last visit we were informed that the castle chapel, situate in a tower immediately above