

between high walls and hedges, turned to the right, but did not go beyond the north-east of the field, or to Paradise, Neithrop, as it does now. Two fine springs flowed from a high bank in Neithrop House grounds, trickled through some old stone pipes into two stone basins, erected on a bank on the Spring Field side of the hedge. The water was strongly impregnated with iron. Many persons brought jugs and bottles to be filled for drinking purposes, and numbers of people resorted there for bathing their faces and hands in the early part of the day. The fine spring which flows from the high ground at Bretch, on the north side of Wood Green, into the Spring Fields along a gravelly ditch, formerly ran into two small pools about six yards square and eighteen inches deep. There many youths of the town used to resort for bathing. The existence of this spring was undoubtedly why the locality took the name of Spring Fields. The water then ran past Neithrop House and Ark House, into a large pond on the same site now occupied by Mr. Bloxham's yard. For many years large dye works were carried on by the late Mr. Richard Thorne on the same spot. When the new road was first laid and the name was under consideration, Mr. George Crosby, chairman, and Mr. Thomas Garrett, surveyor, having, when boys, bathed in the Spring Fields, suggested the name of Bath Road, which was unanimously adopted.

Over sixty years ago a large trade was done in cork cutting, in the green lane running from the Broughton Road to Bloxham Road. It was then as much a country lane as the Saltway is at present. The cork cutters made large fires on the ground, upon which were laid large gridirons. The pieces of green cork bark, about four feet square, were laid upon the top, going through a process of scrubbing and turning until quite dry and fit for cutting. From this the lane derived its title of "Cork Lane."

It is nearly seventy years since I beheld a man coming down the Oxford Road with a very bulky package on his back. He went straight to the foot of the Monument, took the package from his shoulders, partly emptied its contents into a green bag which he carried on his arm. He held a small red paper box in his hand, and commenced to strike little pieces of wood on his coat sleeve and shoes, which burst into flame. He made a brief speech on the discovery of lucifer matches, and commenced selling them readily at threepence a box as he walked round the town followed by crowds of people. That was the first time these matches were seen and sold in Banbury. From that date the old tinder box, flint and steel were superseded.

Seventy years ago large plantations of trees ran for more than a mile along the Oxford Road to the Jolly Weavers' Inn. They