

family without a break for more than two hundred years, on the site where Mr. Henry Strange now resides. It was a low-roofed but very roomy house and business premises, used as grocers and cheesemongers. The family gave many Chief Magistrates to the old Borough. I have known as many as four members of the family in business at the same time. Dr. Richard Grimby told me some years ago that it was the custom of his great grandfather to close his shop for two hours on market day and put on the door this notice :—"Gone to dinner, re-open at three o'clock."

It was long before Watt had discovered the mighty power of steam, or George Stephenson had given up clockmaking and had, with his great talent and engineering skill, produced his locomotive engine, that postillions, horses and chaise conveyed passengers from one end of the country to the other. It was a sight to be seen every day at our hotel gateways, many postillions booted and spurred, scarlet riding jackets with rows of white metal buttons, black velvet cap, white gloves and riding whip, waiting the arrival of a chaise. Immediately the hot, smoking horses are taken to the stables and fresh ones placed in the traces with only a stop of a few minutes, clang goes the whip and the horses are going through the streets, ten miles an hour, towards the next stage. Sometimes three or four chaises would leave together when the demand was large. We often hear grumbling now at the state of our streets, but we have improved since then. It was a common sight to see helpers from the stables assisting to lift carriages out of the ruts at the entrance of the hotel yard.

A little more than sixty-five years ago there were no Cherwell Streets, no Windsor Street, no Gatteridge Street, all were fields excepting a few kitchen gardens. The bottom part of Fish Street, or Scalding Lane, as it was then called, was in a very dirty state. A black open sewer flowed along under the hedge to near the drawbridge. A large culvert took the sewage under the Canal and Parson's meadow and discharged itself into the Cherwell. I remember where the first Banbury Agricultural Show was held in the lower part of Fish Street. The entrance was through a gateway with an arch over the black sewer which ran beneath. On the same spot the first workshop and offices were built for Mr. James Gardner, of the High Street, to extend the manufacture of his celebrated Turnip Cutters. These premises were afterwards purchased by Mr. B. Samuelson, and the Banbury Britannia Works commenced. After 1845 Banbury Races ceased to be held at Grimsbury. Shortly after the Great Western Railway Company bought the land, and in a few years speculators in small lots of land became numerous; land was surveyed and drained, streets pegged out, many hundred lots were laid down and the Banbury Diggings as they were called,