

was suspended by a pulley, and with the assistance of two men, gradually lowered into the cavity made for its reception, and with two or three strong blows from a wooden mallet I drove it into the socket. I was very glad to find myself again on the ground, where I received the congratulations of many friends, and so the foundation stone and fixing of the cross on the top were both executed by the two Sergeants-at-Mace of the good old Borough, thus giving the event a semi-official character.

A few years after the Cross was built, I noticed a lady walking round it and entering the initials from the shields into her pocket book. Seeing some woodcuts of the Cross, heading some note-paper in my window, she came into the shop and said, "I guess I can buy some of the pictures of the Cross you have there." Yes, madam," I replied, "I calculate you can buy as many as you like." "Why, how did you know I was an American?" "By your words and speech," I replied, "Yes," she said, "I am, I have come across to see the old country once again, and it has given me great pleasure to stand by the Banbury Cross. My father was an English officer, stationed away in The Himalayas, East Indies, where my mother used to dance myself and sister on her knee and sing to us the well-known and loved nursery rhyme, 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.' For many years I have been settled in the far western state of Illinois, where I, too, have sung to sleep my own children to the dear old rhyme."

Over fifty years ago there lived in the town a very respected and industrious tradesman who carried on the business of jeweller, watchmaker, and optician, successfully for many years. He was an Italian by birth but had not seen his native country for forty years. One day in 1850 his neighbours were much surprised to see the following notice, written on a bright piece of tin, and nailed to the shutters of his shop—"John Kalabergo, gone to Italy, return next year." He remained there six months, and on his return was persuaded to bring with him a nephew of about twenty years of age, a step which he soon regretted; the young man was very wild and unsteady, and gave his uncle much anxiety, the longer he remained the worse he got, and at last his uncle intimated to him that he should be sent back home. I was personally acquainted with Mr. Kalabergo, and was frequently at his shop in the Market Place. On the first Tuesday evening in 1852 I met him in High Street and accompanied him to the George and Dragon Inn, where he wanted to attend the monthly meeting of the Old Charitable Society. On the following Friday morning Mr. Kalabergo and his nephew drove, as usual, to call on his customers in the Prior's Marston district, intending to return to Banbury, by Byfield, on Saturday. That evening between five