

and six o'clock, some persons saw the horse and trap standing in the road with no one in charge. They led the horse back towards Williamscote and about half way up the hill found the body of Mr. Kalabergo in a pool of blood on the ice and snow. The corpse was taken to the Inn, at Williamscote, and the cart brought to Banbury. Soon after six o'clock, the nephew called on the Rev. T. Tandy, the Roman Catholic Priest, to whom he told a rambling story, that he and his uncle had been attacked by robbers, that he had escaped through the hedge, and, guided by the lights, made his way across the fields to Banbury, leaving his uncle much injured. Notwithstanding this story, he was arrested the same night, and in a few days committed to Oxford for wilful murder. It was some weeks before the pistol was found (supposed to be in consequence of a dream) in a watercourse between Williamscote hill and the turnpike road, over which the murderer had run. The evidence was very conclusive; he was tried at the Lent Assizes, and in a few weeks hanged at Oxford. A few friends of the late John Kalabergo erected a memorial stone to their highly esteemed townsman on Williamscote hill, where it can be seen to this day.

Now I am not going into the mystery of dreams but simply relate to you one of the most remarkable nights I ever spent in my life. When I was a boy about fourteen years of age living in South Bar, I was in bed and asleep, and about two o'clock in the morning, when a most fearful dream held my senses in bondage. I thought that the house next door was in flames and burning most furiously, yet I was spellbound and powerless to escape from the advancing flames, I screamed in my fright, and my father brought a light into my room and awoke me. I told him my dream, he said there was no fire, I was a foolish boy and got me to sleep again, but the dream with all its terror reappeared, the flames still in full fury. Something again awoke me, someone ran by our door, and I heard voices, and in a few minutes the footsteps returned, and stopped at our house, rapping the shutters heavily. My father opened the window, and the man said, "Come at once John, to the Station House, we are getting the fire engine out, there is a large fire at Bodicote." My father was a fireman. With difficulty I dressed myself and was soon standing in South Bar Street. It looked as if all Easington was in flames. It was a dream no longer, but the largest fire I ever saw in my life. In Bodicote, women were running about in great alarm. Children were crying and furniture was being removed to places of safety in the fields. It was a scene of much terror. I remember seeing men pulling the carcasses of horses and cows from stable and cow-house, there was a large number of animals destroyed. I felt very tired and cold, and returned home about six o'clock in the morning.