

It was a night I shall never forget as long as memory holds her seat in the brain.

There are very few, if any, here to-night, who remember the old watchmen of the town. These generally were men over middle age. They wore long grey coats, and carried a lanthorn and a staff five feet long, in their hands. Each night as they walked through the streets they had to call the hour, and the state of the weather, in a loud and doleful voice, "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning." "Past one o'clock, and a very fine morning," "Past five o'clock, and a very wet morning." This had to be repeated about every two hundred yards. In the stillness of night this melancholy message could be heard from one end of the street to the other. Who shall say how many evilly disposed persons have not received these cries as a warning, "Run away thief, for I am coming." In 1836 the New Constabulary Act of Sir R. Peel was adopted in Banbury, and the force consisted of four constables, and that well-known Banbury man, Mr. William Thompson, as superintendent. From that date the cry of the old Charlies was heard no more in our streets.

Many old landmarks have been removed since I was a boy. I have lost the row of fine poplar trees that ran along Green Lane, as far as Mr. Bray's house, and which could be seen from Canon's Ashby, Prior's Marston, and Napton; also the forty fine poplars which stood at the bottom of Bear Garden. The grand old Windmill on the Bloxham Road, near the first milestone, is doubtless well remembered by many persons of middle age. There is a fine well of pure spring water, and many of the stones of the mill are still lying on the spot. The fine thickset plantation of firs that used to be on the top of Crouch Hill rendered it a far more conspicuous object for a long distance than it is now. From the top of this well-known hill a lovely panorama of country can be seen, a view unequalled in Oxfordshire, extending as it does to Brill Hill in Buckinghamshire, and Nettlebed in the south of the county of Oxford. Till the time the Calthorpe Estate was cut up in 1834 there was a row of fine old elms, commencing about the New Land end of Marlborough Road and extending, without a break, past Mr. Harlock's and Dr. Burton's house to the Oxford Road. Many of the fine old trees were left standing till recently, and many clumps of fine Scotch firs.

The last time the Old Town Hall was used was at an election, about the year 1859. As I have told you, party feeling ran very high, and when the poll was declared, great excitement ensued, and a man (a non-resident) threw a heavy chair from the hustings on to the heads of the people. This was broken to pieces and hurled back through the windows of the