

hall, followed by stones and other missiles, till every pane of glass in front was broken. A few months after the late Mr. George Cave bought the hall and had it re-built for a warehouse in one of the Cherwell wharves, where it now stands. I cannot let this topic pass without a few remarks. When quite a boy, I have seen some old toppers sitting in the stocks there; one of the most frequent occupants of this back-aching machine was a man called Rosy Butler, a coal heaver, he was of a merry temperament, and would sing to the children who gathered round, for an hour at a time. He had many sympathisers, who gave him presents of tobacco, &c. There was also an old lady who kept an apple stall under the arches of the Hall for many years. At that time a bonfire was held every fifth of November, in front of the hall, and the fuel and materials given by the tradesmen for that purpose were stored under the arches.

In the first week of October, 1854, there was great excitement in the vicinity of Bridge Street, the occasion being the opening of the New Town Hall. The Mayor, Council, Borough and County Magistrates, Members of Parliament, and many other gentlemen were present. Whilst the function was proceeding, and just when the cheers which follows the toast of "The Queen," had hardly subsided, a gentleman hurriedly entered the hall, crossed to the chairman, and handed to him a very important communication, and he, in a few moments arose and announced to the meeting the good news that a great battle had been fought and won on the banks of the Alma, and the Allied Armies were in full march on Sebastopol. I cannot describe the enthusiasm which prevailed, all rose to their feet and the cheers and shouts of joy were something to be remembered. The news rapidly spread in the town, bells pealed out their joyous clang (no hooters then), and cheers for the red, white, and blue rang through the streets. At that time it took thirteen days to get a telegraphic message from the Crimea, and great was the anxiety and uncertainty which prevailed until further news came to hand. It subsequently transpired that the great battle of the Alma had been won, but more than two years' hard fighting, two winters in the trenches, much sickness and privation had to be endured, Inkerman and Balaclava had to be fought before Sebastopol was taken.

I remember having a brief musical treat one Sunday evening. I saw a great crowd outside the Red Lion Hotel; great stillness prevailed, and in a few minutes a grand voice charmed the ear. The air was "Home, Sweet Home," and the vocalist was Jenny Lind, who was *en route* from Oxford to Leamington, and resting for the night at Banbury.