

gathering. At six o'clock, dancing had commenced under the beautiful row of lime trees upon the green, and later in the evening the grass plots within the railings were also used. Several bands of music were in attendance. Late at night, my mother sought and found me, fast asleep in a chair, on the green. She led me home just as the rockets were shooting, and fire balloons sailing high over the house tops. And the Coronation day of the most illustrious Queen that ever sat on a throne was a thing of the past, but the bright and glorious events of that day still live in my memory.

Having now concluded my Reminiscences and Personal Recollections for the past seventy-four years, that I had provided for this lecture, I am now desirous of giving a brief historic incident that occurred in this old town more than 150 years ago, which has left a name behind that has been handed down from father to son for many generations, and so many versions of the deed have been given that it has assumed an almost fabulous character, and has made the name famous in Banbury. Details of the event are but little known at this distant date, but many curious accounts have been given of the man and his crime. Being in possession of the authentic facts of the case, I feel constrained to give them briefly in this paper. In the month of March 1746-7, the following record appears in the Register of Banbury—"Lydia Wilde, wid. and relict of Willm. Wilde, sen., slatter, was murdered the 7th and buried the 11th day." A brief account of this murder was given in the *Oxford Flying Weekly Journal* dated March 14th, 1746-7, and is as follows:—"We hear from Banbury that last Sunday, Widow Wilde of that place was found barbarously murdered in her own kitchen. There were several wounds upon her head, one of which is very large and appears to have been done with a hammer, and her throat was cut almost from ear to ear. An Irish fellow, a shag weaver, is strongly suspected, his shoes being found in his lodgings bloody half way up the heels, and much blood sprinkled on the upper leather. He plundered the house of about £20." The name of the murderer was Parr. He was tried at Banbury, was convicted, and hanged in the Horse Fair, opposite the scene of his crime. He was afterwards gibbeted on the spot which, from the circumstance, has been since called "Parr's Piece," on the south side of the way leading from Easington Farm toward Broad Street. The house in which the murder was committed was the second in the Horse Fair reckoning from West Bar Street. It is said that Old Parr's gibbet fell from the tree where it had hung for many years. The gibbet was found by some chimney sweepers who thereupon made a procession with