



“A chapel! – bless your life, no, sir! and yet it may almost be regarded in a kindred light, for several of our learned gentlemen may there be heard holding forth by the hour, and Blackstone’s Commentary is an authority not infrequently quoted within its walls. That, sir, is the Town Hall.”

The quarter sessions for the borough, the county courts of the district, and other transactions of an important nature are conducted in the large room up stairs, which, as it embraces the whole extent of the scope within the walls, may be supposed to accommodate a pretty numerous assembly. It is also admirably adapted for lectures – with the trifling drawback that very few of the audience can hear the half of what is said; but as most of the ladies who attend on such occasions go to enjoy the pleasure of criticising the others, aye, and not a few gentlemen are there also for the purpose of indulging in attending the ladies, the mere hearing what the lecturer is talking about, becomes, as a matter of course, an affair of comparatively minor moment. But for an election dinner, a tea party, a concert, or a dance, the Hall is really a capital place. A full-length portrait of Mr Tancred, who for a quarter of a century was member for the borough, graces one end of the Hall and the vacancy at the other yet waits to be filled up.

Passing on to the south front of this building, the arms of the borough may be seen carved in stone above the arched doorway, exhibiting a jolly round-faced sun throwing out crooked radii in every direction, with the