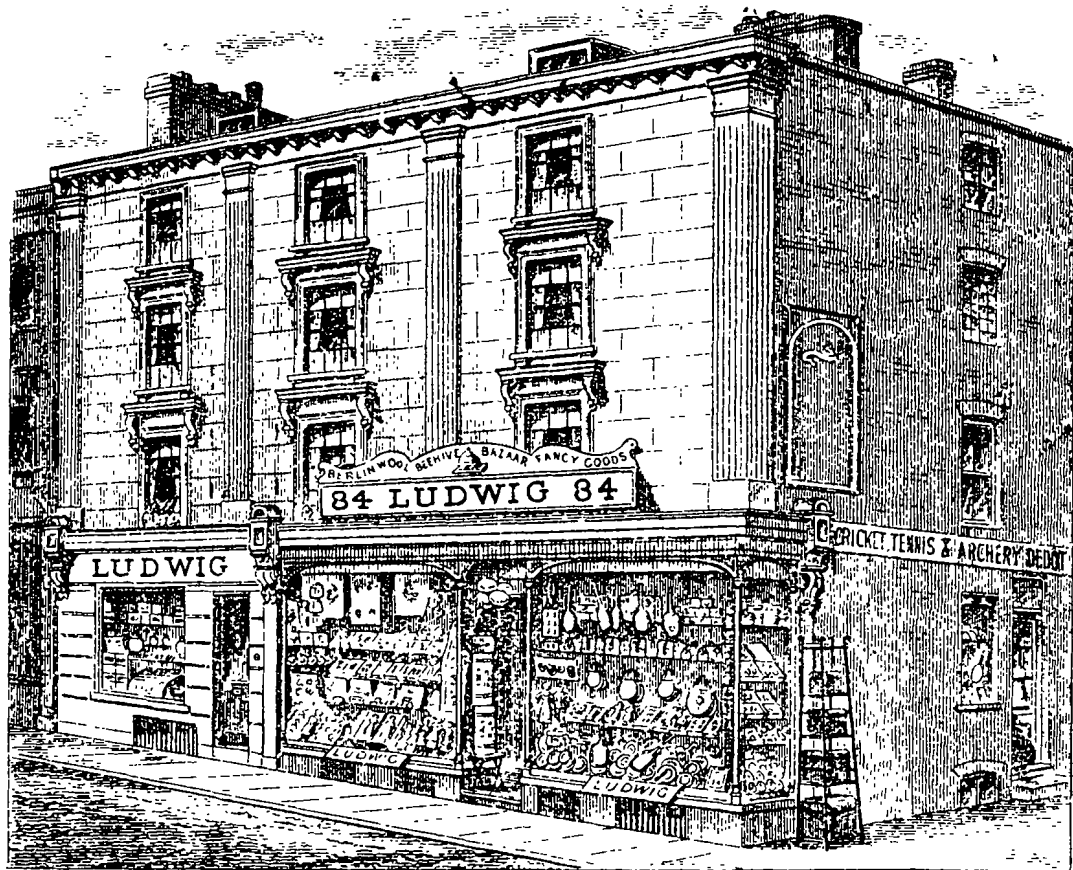


CAKE AND COCKHORSE



Banbury Historical Society
Spring 1966

2s.6d.

BANBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The Society was founded in 1958 to encourage interest in the history of the town and neighbouring parts of Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire and Warwickshire.

The magazine Cake and Cockhorse is issued to members four times a year. This includes illustrated articles based on original local historical research, as well as recording the Society's activities. A booklet Old Banbury - a short popular history, by E.R.C. Brinkworth, M.A., price 3/6 and a pamphlet A History of Banbury Cross price 6d have been published and a Christmas card is a popular annual production.

The Society also publishes an annual records volume. Banbury Marriage Register has been published in three parts, a volume on Oxfordshire Clockmakers 1400-1850 and South Newington Churchwardens' Accounts 1553-1684 have been produced and the Register of Baptisms and Burials for Banbury covering the years 1558 - 1653 is planned for 1965 and 1966.

Meetings are held during the winter, normally at 7.30 p.m. at the Conservative Club. Talks on general and local archaeological, historical and architectural subjects are given by invited lecturers. In the summer, excursions to local country houses and churches are arranged. Archaeological excavations and special exhibitions are arranged from time to time.

Membership of the Society is open to all, no proposer or seconder being needed. The annual subscription is 25/-, including the annual records volume, or 10/- if this is excluded. Junior membership is 5/-.

Application forms can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary or the Hon. Treasurer.

CAKE AND COCKHORSE

The magazine of the Banbury Historical Society. Issued to members four times a year.
Volume Three. Number Three. Spring, 1966.

NEWS		Society Activities	38
HISTORY THROUGH LIVING MEMORY	John L. Langley	Further Memories of Late Victorian and Early Edwardian Banbury	39
	Dorothy Loveday	Wardington: Memories and Hearsay	46
	S. J. Tyrrell	New Light on William Mewburn	51

A society where the tomato was a novelty, where quoits was a popular game at public houses, where an elderly member of the Society of Friends was pushed to meeting on the tricycle of a younger member, seems as remote as that of an open field village. It now needs a massive effort of sympathy to understand why anyone should demonstrate against vaccination, why there should have been streets where any well-dressed person might be assaulted, why membership of the Fire Brigade should carry a unique social prestige.

The economic decline of Banbury's industries after 1870 is well known. It can be measured in population and production statistics. Yet Mr. Langley's description of the closure of the ropemaking business run by Ebenezer Wall after the death of its one veteran skilled worker illuminates this period of economic stagnation better than any statistics. Economic decay is also seen in the surviving remnants of the horse cloth trade, where young men were unknown. We gain important information about the cargoes carried by canal boats and about the social habits of the bargees. We also learn of Banbury's schools, its churches and of the white-bearded atheist who challenged organised religion. But the most important feature of Mr. Langley's article is certainly what we learn about people - the attractive personality of the ex-Chartist Ebenezer Wall, the outspokenness of William Hefford, the bewilderment of the anonymous farmer confused by Garage and Petrol. Information of this kind is of great but indefinable value to the historian and can only be obtained through memoirs and reminiscences.

Yet the obvious changes in detail, in food, trades and communications, should not obscure the persistence of the underlying social attitudes of Banbury in the 1890's well into the twentieth century. Mrs. Stacey found many of them flourishing in the late 1940's. This issue is primarily intended as raw material for future historians, yet it poses important problems. It is not enough to say how strange Banbury was in the 1890's and how different today. It is important to examine in detail just how these changes came about. Social change is not just the disappearance of the powdered footman; it includes the formation of trade union branches and the opening of chain stores. History through living memory should not be confined to the oldest generation. We hope at some time in the future to look at the 1920's and 30's in the same way.

OUR COVER: shows J.H. Ludwig's shop in High Street, mentioned in Mr. Langley's article.

SOCIETY NEWS AND ACTIVITIES

Wednesday, 30th March, 7.30 p.m. Conservative Club (next to Martins Bank), High Street, Banbury. "Excavations at Rainsborough Iron Age Fort, 1961 - 1965". An illustrated talk by Mr. Michael Avery of the Oxford University Institute of Archaeology. Many members of the Society must have visited the bleak windswept site of Rainsborough Camp, between Charlton and Aynho, have wondered what lay beneath the vast earthwork enclosure and have speculated on its origins. For the past five years the University Archaeological Society have been excavating at Rainsborough, and we are fortunate to have persuaded Mr. Avery, who directed the operations, to tell us something of what they have found. A brief outline of their discoveries was given in the last issue of Cake and Cockhorse (p.36). Mr. Avery's talk and illustrations will vividly bring the excavation and its importance to life, and are sure to be of great interest to all.

Saturday, 18th June, 5.30 p.m. Annual General Meeting at Heythrop College, near Chipping Norton, by kind invitation of the Rector.

Church Architecture Study Group. Visits are as usual being arranged to local churches. Further details will be given in the next issue, but meanwhile interested members should send their names to Dr. G.E. Gardam, 116 Bloxham Road, Banbury, for early information.

PUBLICATIONS

Starting with this number, Cake and Cockhorse, whilst still being issued four times a year, will no longer be tied to particular months, but instead to seasons. This is the "Spring" number and the "Summer" number will be issued in late May. When possible numbers will continue to appear approximately two to three weeks before meetings, to avoid the necessity, labour and cost of separate notice of these to members.

As mentioned briefly in the Editorial to our last number, Banbury Baptism and Burial Register, Part One, 1558-1653, is being published as a "double" records volume for the years 1965 and 1966. At approximately 330 pages it is over twice the length of earlier volumes, so it is hoped that subscribers will still feel they receive value for money even if they do not get two separate books for the two years. This course has been forced upon the Society as a precautionary measure pending applications for grants to various bodies. Should substantial assistance be received every attempt will be made to accelerate the Society's publishing programme.

PAINTING OF BROUGHTON CASTLE SIGNED LAMBERT

The following report on the probable artist of the painting used for the Society's 1965 Christmas card has been given by Mr. Gerald Taylor of the Ashmolean Museum:

This seems to be in the manner of J. Lambert, Jnr (1742-1799), by whom a similar view of a country mansion is illustrated by Col. Grant in his section on that artist in his supplement to Old English Landscape Painters. There is a true correspondence in the dark foreground which occupies the lower fifth of the canvas from side to side. However, it is difficult to judge from two reproductions, neither of which is very clear and neither of which seems to have an indication of the size of the original. Of the three Lamberts working, the father of the one I have mentioned and George Lambert (1710-1765), this seems the most likely.

FURTHER MEMORIES OF LATE VICTORIAN AND EARLY EDWARDIAN BANBURY

On my first day at school I was taken to the Wesleyan Day School in Grimsbury by Percy Mold, who, until his death a few years ago, lived at Laurel Cottage in Middleton Road. In those days his father had a grocery business on the site of Cross Chemists, Bridge Street, and was a near neighbour of ours. Mr. James Dommert was Headmaster of the school. There were between thirty-five and forty children in each junior class and we sat two or three at a desk. In the afternoon we often spent two solid hours working through sums on a card while the teacher walked round to keep the class quiet. Every Christmas Eve we were each given a bun and an orange provided by Mr. Eustace Durran and Mr. Thomas O. Hankinson. Eustace Durran was a jeweller, a small man, very bald, who invariably wore a black plush cap, and was superintendent of the Grimsbury Wesleyan Sunday School. Mr. Hankinson was a pork butcher, and like Mr. Durran, a leading Wesleyan in the town. All the scholars paid school money from a penny to fourpence a week, according to their class.

Later I went to the Municipal School in Marlborough Road where my form master was J. H. Overton who had once been a master at Christ Church National Schools (now St. Leonard's) and a very good teacher he was. I remember that he was also secretary of the Banbury Cricket Club.

People who did not wish their children to be taught the religious ideas of the Wesleyans or the Anglicans sent their children to the British Schools in Crouch Street, which had a reputation as a respectable, good class school. The headmaster was Mr. A. Bolton. When its closure was threatened the Wesleyan superintendent minister, the Rev. J. E. Pater, was largely responsible for raising the subscription which helped to start the new Wesleyan school in Dashwood Road. Mr. Bolton became Headmaster of the new school.

The Ark House School, in Warwick Road, was residential and had a very good name. The master was Mr. A. J. Beale, brother of Seymour Beale who was my science master at the Municipal School. The playground was in what is now Park Close, and I well remember crossing it from time to time to deliver twelve four-pound loaves to the school for my father. Another boys' school was Durrant's, which was located in the building extending from the entrance to the Unitarian Chapel to the Leys. By tradition one of its illustrious scholars was Dean Swift, author of Gulliver's Travels. I remember seeing the pupils being taken for walks and to the town baths by Mr. Durrant's sons.

Girls' schools with good reputations were the Misses. Braileys' at the corner of Oxford Road and Old Parr Road, where I remember seeing girls playing croquet on the lawn, and Miss Colegrove's at Calthorpe House. Probably the largest girls' school in Banbury was that of the Misses Barclay at the Mount, Oxford Road. All of these schools had boarders as well as day pupils.

The treats of the Grimsbury Wesleyan Sunday School, which I attended, were usually held in nearby fields, most often the one next to the old Pesthouse in Daventry Road. The sheds behind the house had been used for smallpox cases at one time, and I remember an occasion when there was a heavy thunderstorm during a treat but the boys refused to go into the sheds and in consequence got wet through. I never remember this pesthouse in use, though on the occasion of one smallpox scare the borough hired the old Shrugmuster Farm house in Easington opposite the road leading to St. Louis School to isolate two affected families.

People still went to prison in those days rather than have their children vaccinated. Vaccine was then still taken straight from another child and the consequences could be very unpleasant. I recall having very nasty ear trouble following my vaccination. Grimsbury was a great centre for protests against such things as vaccination. I remember demonstrations against the 1902 Education Act there, and many inhabitants of the suburb refused to pay their full taxes.

One of the most popular sports in Banbury when I was a boy was Quoits. An iron ring was thrown into a bed of soft clay, and the object was to get your quoit nearest to the centre from ten yards away. The quoit had to fall flat to count, and it was difficult to prevent them

from sticking up straight in the clay. The Reindeer Quoit Club used the present Central Bowling Green, and the Plough Club had a pitch on the site of the present Broughton and Wilkes workshops in Castle Street.

The Banbury Harriers had a gym in the Cornhill Corn Exchange, but moved to the Crouch Street British School after its closure in 1902. They had a football team and also ran the great Whit Monday sports meeting. This was an outstanding event with champion walkers, runners and cyclists from all over the country taking part. Keepers of dancing bears, members of German bands and Italians with organs and monkeys often used to stay at the Lodging House in Tobin's Yard, which was at the top of Calthorpe Lane behind South Bar. The majority of the lodgers in the '90's were respectable working men on the tramp looking for employment. I well remember the smell of savoury cooking in the evenings. During the First World War my brother-in-law was in conversation with a German prisoner-of-war who was helping to build the bridge carrying the Warwick Road over the ironstone railway. The German said that he knew the Banbury district very well as he had been here as a member of a band before 1914.

In Broad Street there was an alley known as Church Court approached through a passage where Dean's shop now stands. It had a most unsavoury reputation. Foundry Street was another tough area where there were continual prosecutions for drunkenness, etc., and where policemen rarely ventured alone. Other buildings I remember in Broad Street were the one time Primitive Methodist chapel (No. 8½) which was used as a wholesale warehouse by Mr. J.H. Ludwig who had a toys, tobacco and fancy goods shop at Nos. 83-84 High Street. His son was an organ builder and had a shop at No. 35 Broad Street. Near the corner of George Street was the bacon and pie factory owned by Mr. Hankinson. The house next to Christ Church was built by Mr. W.J. Harding the plumber and decorator so that he could be near to his workshop which occupied the site of the present Grand cinema.

Tripe sellers were very important people in the 1890's. I remember being sent to Mrs. Day's in Castle Street to find out when she would be selling cow heels. These were not always available at the slaughter house, so that shops had them only occasionally. They were a great thing for suppers and my father was very fond of them. Mold's restaurant in the Market Place specialised in supplying the needs of visitors to the Thursday and Saturday markets. Three joints, one of beef, one of pork and one of mutton, were kept in ovens, and each customer's portion was freshly carved. I well remember seeing the three metal containers, holding the three sorts of gravy, simmering on the counter. This special market lunch cost eighteen pence.

My father was a Baker and Confectioner and among the different sorts of bread he made were cottage loaves, twin tin loaves and plain bread, with no crusts on the sides, which was held in the oven by oak planks. Most bakeries were in basements, and whenever there were floods, which happened fairly frequently after thunderstorms my father had to put his goods for protection on to counters and shelves at our shop in the Market Place. In those days most of the Market Place shops were approached up short flights of steps. There were at least five makers of Banbury Cakes active in the town in the 1890's. The chief manufacturers were Messrs. E.W. Brown of the Original Cake Shop, Parsons Street, who at one time sold them on the station platforms, made up in packets of three for sixpence. Later, the G.W.R. having opened their own refreshment rooms took over this trade, but Browns still supplied the cakes. Other manufacturers were Mr. A. Betts of 85 High Street, his brother Mr. S. Betts of 70 High Street, a Mr. Claridge of 18 Parsons Street and Mr. Levi Tearle of High Street. Mr. Tearle went round to fairs selling his Banbury Cakes in specially made baskets. Other items of confectionery popular in the 1890's were rice cakes, made from rice flour and very light in texture, and tennis cakes which were round, about seven inches in diameter, flattish and plain. They were very dainty and ideal for a tennis party. They cost about a shilling each.

I remember the building of the Wesleyan Mission hut in Globe Yard, Calthorpe Street, following an appeal for funds about 1904. It was erected because the young people of Calthorpe Street would not go to the nearby Marlborough Road chapel of which it was a branch. The superintendent of the mission was Mr. R.W. Tomlinson, a traveller for Mr. J. H. Ludwig, and there were youth activities every night of the week. The interior was very well fitted for this purpose. The mission was very effective in its day.



The corner of Broad Street and George Street showing the entrance to Church Court



The first premises of the Banbury Motor Company in South Bar. Mr. Prosser's bicycle business was also situated in this yard.

Banbury's leading Wesleyan in the 90's was Mr. William Mewburn, partner in Messrs. Mewburn and Barker, the Manchester stockbrokers, who lived at Wykham Park. I remember seeing him drive to Marlborough Road chapel in his carriage and pair. It was always said that he controlled the appointment of Wesleyan ministers to the Banbury Circuit. Mr. Vanner who lived at Springfields also drove to the Marlborough Road chapel in a carriage, but never with so much show as Mr. Mewburn. He was related to the Earley family, the Witney blanket makers, and was always going off to London on business. Mr. William Edmunds, partner in Hunt Edmunds brewery, was another prominent Wesleyan. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School at Marlborough Road for many years, and donated the organ there when he retired. He was wealthy and employed two or three gardeners at his home at Dashwood Lodge, to say nothing of house servants. His pleasure gardens, including a natural lake and tennis courts, stretched right down to Marlborough Place. His namesake Richard Edmunds was also a Wesleyan. He had the seed business which is now Lamprey's. It was one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the district. His travellers were his sons, Percy and Frank. Their speciality was the buying and selling of top quality brewer's barley. They also supplied large quantities of barley meal to farmers for stock feeding. They did not deal in ironmongery as they had done earlier in the nineteenth century. All three lived in very nice houses.

Chapel outings were important social occasions. One of the favourite excursions was by rail to Oxford and then by Salters steamer to Dorchester. Another was to take the train to Fenny Compton and then to walk into the Dassett Hills where a farmhouse tea would be waiting. Sometimes food would be taken out from Banbury in a pony and trap.

The Primitive Methodists met in the chapel in Church Lane (now Messrs. Fields). Among their leading members I recall Mr. J. Upton, a grocer from Bridge Street, Mr. Bolton, a gas worker from Castle Street and Mr. George Pinson, a stationer with a shop in the Market Place.

The Wesleyans also had a corrugated iron hut at Overthorpe. This was situated on the northern side of the road up Overthorpe Hill in the third field past the Bowling Green, where a modern housing estate now stands. A Sunday School was held in this hut, and an evening service was regularly conducted by Thomas Mold. In the summer people often walked up from Grimsbury for the evening service. The hut was later removed and used by the Wesleyans in another village.

I remember the opening of the Salvation Army citadel in 1890 when I saw General William Booth drive up High Street in a landau. One of the founders of the Army in the district was a Mr. J. Griffin of Horley, but later he disagreed with other members of the corps and set up a movement of his own which met at the Cadbury Memorial Hall and held open air meetings in the Market Place. At the time of General Booth's visit people told me how rotten eggs and fruit were thrown at the Army when they first came to the town.

In the 1890's Austin House in South Bar was split up into a number of private residences. It was always in my recollection in a rather derelict condition. People often spoke of its having been a chapel.

Mr. Thomas Knight was the Town Missionary. He did not hold open air services as his predecessor had done, but acted as a sort of unofficial probation officer, attending all the sessions. He was a very quiet little man. His son, Jim Knight was a dispenser at the Club Doctor's in Broad Street.

There were several photographic businesses in Banbury in the 1890's. One was operated by Mrs. Grimmitt in the shop in South Bar now used by Messrs. Wincotts. Her son actually took the photographs. A neighbouring business was that of G. A. Beales which was taken over by Mr. Blinkhorn. Another photographer was L. W. Bartlett who had a shop at No. 23 High Street. He had lived in the United States and on his return built a greenhouse at the back of his shop where he grew the earliest crops of tomatoes in the district. Tomatoes were very much a novelty at this time and were an acquired taste. My aunt used to cook them in the meat dish.

I remember the establishment of the Banbury Electric Supply Company's power station in Lower Cherwell Street in 1901. It was supplied with coal by canal. Wires were laid to various shops in the town, Messrs. Pilsworths, the Parsons Street drapers, being one of the first to be connected. Another innovation of the 1890's was the telephone. The National Telegraph

Company opened an office in Bridge Street about 1894 with a call box inside. Business grew very quickly in Banbury, and the company was soon taken over by the G.P.O.

At 31 Parsons Street lived Mr. T.J. Norton who called himself a Botanic Electric Practitioner. He was primarily a herbalist, selling such things as juniper berries, ginger and cough mixtures, but he also tried to cure people of various complaints by electric shock treatment. Another well known medical man of the 90's was Dr. Symington, a relation of the soup making family from Market Harborough. He had a surgery in West Bar and was famed for his Salve, a yellow ointment.

I well remember the coming of the first motor cars to the Banbury district. The Red Lion put up a sign saying "Garage and Petrol" and a farmer is reputed to have gone into the bar and asked who were these new proprietors. The Banbury Motor Company had a yard and workshops on the east side of South Bar. In this same yard a Mr. Prosser had the first bicycles in the town and hired them out at sixpence an hour. The Banbury Motor Company was later known as the Pytchley Motors and subsequently became the County Garage. About 1904 the only cars in the district were open Standards, but by 1913 many business people had bought Rovers.

"The Factory", when I was a boy, meant the Banbury Woollen Tweed Mill at the end of Factory Street, which had once been Messrs. Cobbs' horse cloth works. It was a thriving concern in those days and must have employed over 100 people, most of them young women. I remember Mr. Parfitt, a well-set man who was overseer at the works and lived at the gatehouse. Nevertheless it closed down. I was working in the office of Mr. Arthur Fairfax the solicitor when he handled the winding up. The premises were then taken over by the Wyvern Kid Company, an American-owned firm of curriers who manufactured a special leather for ladies' shoes, etc. The firm was prosperous for a time, but never employed so many people as the Tweed Company.

The horse cloth trade survived in Banbury into the 20th century, though on a very small scale. In Warwick Road, the premises now used by O.K. Seal were used for girth making by a Mr. Meads, who had taken over the business from his father-in-law, a Mr. Prickett. The other weaving shops were in adjoining premises in North Bar; No. 16 used by a Mr. Hill, with a Mr. Wilks in charge, and No. 18 used by Mr. Walker. All three weaving masters employed two or three men, though I never remember seeing or hearing of a young man going into the trade.

I well remember the Castle Street ropeworks and its proprietor Mr. Ebenezer Wall, a very nice old man with a jolly round face who always made a point of speaking to me when he came into Mr. Fairfax's office. He was a very active old man. The business was taken over by Mr. C.J. Wiggins his son-in-law. Ebenezer Wall lived in Warwick Road when he retired, but when working had occupied the house in Castle Street next to the ropeworks. The chief products of the ropeworks were boat cords, for horse-drawn canal barges, and heavy ropes for tying hay and sheaves of corn to farm waggons. The strip of land alongside Castle Gardens known as the Rope Walk was used for twine curling. I remember seeing a boy winding up the completed rope while a skilled craftsman, a little elderly man, fed the flax into a machine. When the little old man died the business finished and Ebenezer Wall's son returned to Banbury and used the premises as a wholesale depot. The one-time ropeworks are now used by Messrs. P.R. Alcock & Sons, the builders.

On the opposite side of the Rope Walk was Mr. William Hefford's Tanyard where cattle hides were treated in large tanks and made into leather. Mr. Hefford had a bespoke shoemaking business in High Street. He was elected a member of the Town Council and in due course was suggested for Mayor. He remarked that if he was made Mayor, "he would make it possible for any member of the Council to follow him", which was exactly what happened. By this remark he meant that he would no longer be able to make large contributions to go at the head of all subscription lists in the town as was the custom with previous mayors. No expenses were then paid to the Mayor.

The Canal was very busy when I was a boy and there was great competition with the railways for coal traffic. The main cargo of the barges was coal from the Polesworth district, though a fair amount of limestone was carried. Corn was sometimes conveyed in sacks on barges, though people often objected to sending such goods in barges which had come south carrying coal. From time to time loads of general cargo were made up, and some granite

chippings came from Hartshill by canal, though large quantities also came by the railway. Barrels of sugar, particularly brewers' sugar came up to Banbury by water from the London docks. All of the barges were horse-drawn, some having two horses. The bargees came to my father's shop and were welcome customers. When their boats had been frozen in for a long time, sometimes as much as ten weeks, they used to go round the town begging with a miniature boat frozen into a block of ice. The Struggler was the great bargees' pub, but there were also in Mill Lane, the Steam Packet, the Jolly Waterman and the Old Wharf Inn, as well as the back entrance to the Whitesmiths' Arms and all of these were used by the boating families. Mill Lane had a bad reputation, and respectable people did not go there at night. The Golden Lion in Lower Cherwell Street, kept by a Mrs. Walters, also had a reputation as a tough waterman's pub. Once education became compulsory a number of watermen settled their families in Factory Street, and their children were sent to St. Mary's School. During the winters of 1891/2/3 there was a great deal of unemployment in the town and many bargees were marooned by the frozen canal. The Old Charitable Society set up a Soup Kitchen in a three storey building in Calthorpe Street. Tradesmen would give vegetables and bones and voluntary helpers sold the soup at about three-halfpence a pint.

William Page the rotund landlord of the White Lion kept a large number of horse-drawn vehicles at the inn, which always seemed to be full of grooms. Local gentry would drive into the yard in their carriages, the reins would be thrown on to the backs of the horses and the grooms would lead the animals away while the owners went into the hotel. Often rich people would leave their own carriages at the White Lion and go to catch a train in the omnibus, a sort of glorified carrier's cart with glass sides and drawn by two horses, which plied to and from between the White Lion and the station.

The Police Station was at the Town Hall. Almost all of the policemen seemed to be middle-aged. Mr. Daniel Preston was the Superintendent, and of the constables I recall the fat P.C. Puffet who lived in Cherwell Street, and P.C. Hiron, an ex-cavalryman who always rode the police horse at shows, etc. One sergeant was dismissed for taking bribes and afterwards worked as a labourer for various builders. The police had a tough job in those days for there was a great deal of fighting in Banbury when the pubs closed. In Townsend and other parts of Neithrop where there were gipsy families the constables always went about in pairs. I occasionally saw men stripped to the waist fighting outside the Angel in the Market Place, but when the police arrived all would be quiet.

The Fire Brigade was manned as a hobby by business and professional men, and membership carried great social prestige in the town. Two of its most prominent members were Mr. John Hawtin, a decorator, and Mr. Charles Fortescue, a solicitor. The brigade wore large brass helmets and huge epaulets, and usually led processions at holiday times. They had a contract to hire horses from a Mr. Sheasby in Castle Street, and fetching them was the first task when the brigade was called out. The hand operated pumps were kept at the Town Hall, where the tobacco shop is now, and in Mr. Fortescue's yard in the Horsefair, which is now covered by part of the Whately Hall Hotel.

All of the clubs, as the Friendly Societies in Banbury were called, combined to build the premises for the doctor in Broad Street following the great outbreak of Russian 'Flu in 1892-93. The first club doctor to be appointed was Dr. Mander, a member of a well known Banbury family and then a young man just out of training. The Clothing Club was an organisation into which people paid money and collected new clothes when they had paid in sufficient. It was designed for those who could hardly afford anything. Mr. Charles Gillett supplemented what was put in. The Club's Secretary was Miss Hill who was also a great temperance worker. Another organisation which helped to clothe the poor was the Dorcas Society whose notice I remember seeing outside the old Mechanics' Institute in Tink-a-Tank. Its members were ladies who made clothes at their meetings.

I often had to go to Gilletts Bank in the course of my job. The manager was Joseph Saul, a very austere man with a long beard who lived in Hightown Road. He was also Treasurer of the Church Clothing Club. The senior clerk, Mr. T. Rose, lived at the Bank House, as later did John George, one of the counter clerks. There was a wide, carpeted passage inside the entrance

which led to the consulting offices. The Old Bank, then the Bucks and Oxon, was less select in its atmosphere than Gilletts, though like Gilletts, it catered chiefly for farming interests. I well remember having to carry there on one occasion over three thousand pounds in gold sovereigns. Other banks in the town were the Metropolitan (now the Midland) in the present Prudential Building and the Westminster which was newly arrived and had to build up its business.

A Mr. Humphris used to build traction engines in North Bar in the premises now used by the Tool Company. Other engineers of the time were the Lampitts, who then had a works at the corner of George Street and Church Court, and seemed mostly to do repair jobs, and Barrows and Carmichael whose works stood on the present site of the Midland Red 'bus garage. They specialised in engine parts of brass and copper and had a very high reputation. Apprenticeships there lasted five years and carried high premiums.

The Horse Shoe Brewery was at the top of Flying Horse Yard. It was owned by a man called Brown who came to Banbury with his business from Fenny Compton. Mr. P.W. Flick had an office there and specialised in putting failing breweries on their feet. The Hook Norton Brewery was his great success and he may have had something to do with the sale of the Globe Room in 1912. The very tall building in North Bar near the junction with Warwick Road was then Dunnell's brewery. The family who owned it lived in Hightown Road.

The Chard family had a meal business at the shop in the Market Place which had once been the town jail. Their specialities were barley meal for the pigs, chickens and rabbits which people kept in their backyards, and hay and bran for canal horses.

William Bunton was the town's most celebrated atheist. He had a stationer's shop in Bridge Street on the site of the former electricity showrooms. You went down a short flight of steps into the shop, and once there you could buy penny dreadfuls, cards, magazines and writing paper. Bunton was a little man with a long white beard and could always be relied upon to stand up and give an opposing point of view at open air religious meetings.

James Cadbury, a well known Quaker, gave my parents their Family Bible. He had once owned a grocery business at No. 88 High Street, with a warehouse at No. 90, which was taken over by Mr. Robert Stevens. I remember my grandmother showing me a bill of his dated in the 1870's on which a pound of tea cost two shillings. One has to bear in mind that tea could be bought in the 1890's at 1/6 to 2/- a pound; coupons were given at the Star Tea Company in High Street which provided a tea-set after the purchase of a few pounds. James Cadbury was a little man with whiskers; a great advocate for temperance. I recall seeing him being pushed on a tricycle by Mr. A.J. Harlock on a Sunday morning, so that he could get to the Friends' Meeting House from his home in South Parade.

Mr. Robinson who had a grocery business in the Market Place was a great admirer of Lord Shaftesbury. He organised a big public tea every year, the proceeds of which paid for a Banbury boy to go to H.M.S. Arethusa. The boys from the Arethusa gave a concert in Banbury every year.

I remember a rather amusing incident which occurred in Parson's Street concerning Mr. Andrew Motion, chairman of the Lion Brewery in London and occupier of Upton House, and Mr. John Morgan, a milkman from Warwick Road. Morgan was delivering milk somewhere by Cross Chemists Limited, when Motion drove in from North Bar and ordered Morgan to draw up his cart on to the pavement while he passed. Morgan refused and Motion took him to court for obstruction, but the case was dismissed.

A familiar sight at that time was Lord and Lady North being driven into the town from Wroxton Abbey in their landau. The landau was pulled by a pair of horses controlled by a coachman at whose side sat a powdered footman. The privilege of having such a footman had been granted to an earlier member of the family.

John L. Langley
(in collaboration with the Editor).

WARDINGTON. MEMORIES AND HEARSAY

My father, George, was the 2nd son of Arthur Loveday, both father and son were Proctors in Doctors Commons and lived in Hampstead.

They rode daily down through green fields to St. Giles' Church and from there went on to stable their horses in the Strand. When the Corporation was abolished in 1857, my grandfather, the youngest brother of John Loveday of Williamscoote, bought the house now called Wardington House and settled there.

Eight years later my father bought the "Ivy Cottage", on his marriage to Caroline Ward. She died in 1867 of tuberculosis, six months after my half-sister was born. The child grew up under the shadow of the then current belief that she could not escape the infection, as her mother had nursed her, and that she would not live to grow up. She died in her ninety-fifth year.

My father bought the Manor House, when Dr. Harris, who had lived there for many years, died, and extensive repairs were carried out. It was then that the round red chimney-pots were taken off and replaced with square stone ones. Indoor sanitation was put in by building a porch out at the back with a large water-tank on top, which was filled daily by pumping from a well under the scullery floor.

When a figured white paper was taken off the walls of a downstairs room, it was found to cover panelling, the pilasters and cornice of which together with the overmantel had been removed. These were found lying in the loft over the stables and only a small piece of cornice was missing. When a new piece had been made, all was put back in place. It was the finest panelling in the house.

The east wing was in a ruined state inside and shut off by red baize-covered doors. It was not until the roof fell in about 1890 that it was restored.

In 1875 my mother, Magdalene Turner, and my father were married. They lived in the Manor House until 1900, when it was sold to Mr. Shaw.

They had a family of 10 children, of whom I was the sixth, born in 1883. The first two babies were carried out to take the air in the arms of the nurse and nursemaid; after the third was born, the older ones sat in basket-work panniers slung on the donkey's sides, with the stable-boy in attendance. As the number of children grew, a low trap with basket-work body painted white was made to my father's design in Banbury, which could take five and the nurse. It was not until the two youngest of the family were born, that there was a perambulator, four-wheeled with yellow wood-slatted sides, made in the factory at Banbury in the Middleton Road, near to where the "Blacklock Arms" now stands.

Only a man and boy were kept for the stable work during the time that I can remember, but there may have been a second man in the family's more affluent days.

Five cows, two pigs and fowl were kept. There was a big vegetable garden and a good orchard, so the house-keeping was largely independent of outside supplies.

Bread was baked in the large built-in brick oven, which took three faggots to heat. Yeast was bought in Banbury. At first it was the brewers' kind carried in a milk can and liable to foam over on a very hot day; the German variety was a great improvement. Groceries were ordered in bulk from the Army and Navy Stores in London and came in large packing-cases, which the older children helped to unpack. They were rewarded with raisins; Bars of scrubbing soap were cut up and put on shelves upstairs to dry. Everything else went into the large wall-cupboard beside the hall fire-place. From this my mother would give out anything necessary after breakfast, joyfully helped by a child not yet in the schoolroom. I believe in early days sacks of flour came from Wardington Mill and only later on from Huscot Mill.

I do not remember tradesmen coming from Banbury. When we had fish, my father or the carrier brought it out.

We children had to help in fruit picking and marmalade making, for which we were given a holiday, unappreciated as the job might last all day.

Mr. Cave, who was nearly blind, lived in Cropredy. With a boy he used to drive round in a pony cart, selling cakes and various biscuits, those shaped like letters of the alphabet were his great speciality.

No washing was sent out. There was a large laundry room above the scullery wash-house.

It had an iron stove for heating irons, which was perfect for making popcorn, from maize out of the hen food, but we had to be tactful with the laundrymaid.

Until after the tenth baby was born, there was a household staff of seven. Nurse and nursery-maid, cook and kitchenmaid, parlourmaid, housemaid and the laundrymaid. The cook drew the beer allowance from the cellar. I remember her, because on one occasion she fell down the steps.

When the nurse and nurserymaid left, we had a German maid instead and there were no more nursery meals.

My mother gave the eldest ones their first lessons in reading and writing and my father taught the boys Latin and arithmetic to prepare them for their boarding school at Dunchurch. I was four when we had our first governess. She was German. Arriving on a winter's evening, she came into the dining-room, where four of us were sitting round the table, drawing and painting by the light of two tall candles, watched by my mother with the baby on her lap.

Candlelight was replaced by "Princess Lamps" a year or two later, their round glass containers being fitted into the silver candlesticks.

Our German governess was with us for twelve years and remained a friend for life.

While being taught at home, before going away to school, our pocket-money started at 1d. a week rising according to age to 1/- a month. When Christmas time came we had an expedition to Banbury and went to Brummits in Parsons Street to buy presents with our year's savings. 3d for lucky-bags and small Chinese lanterns were the most expensive, and the 1d. counter supplied the rest. Needlework presents were made for our parents with the help of our German governess.

No house could have been more perfect for children and their games. From the four corners of the main hall stairways led up to the first floor and connecting passages. We were told that the house had been built over a right of way and that during the time Dr. Harris lived there a certain man in the village walked through the house once a year to keep up the right, which would otherwise lapse. We were led to believe that a right of way could be created anywhere by carrying a corpse along a desired route. Another tale told us by our nurse was that snakes fed on milfoil.

We loved the house and were very proud that it had had a ghost. His name was George Chamberlayne and his initials are on the lead pipe-head with the date 1666. The story was that he married Anne Denton, whose family lived at Hillesdon in Bucks. On his death his expressed wish to be buried at Wardington was ignored and his body was taken to lie among his wife's family. Thereafter at night he was heard to drive round past the Manor House, until the inmates could bear it no longer and his remains were brought back to Wardington.

When the church roof was being repaired, my father, responsible for the side chancel, decided to have the floor relaid at the same time. When this was done, the vault below was opened and the coffin with the name plate of George Chamberlayne was found to be there. We believed that the parish registers confirmed the story. On what authority I do not know.

My mother, though very gentle in manner, was independent in mind. She refused to have a child vaccinated with lymph taken from the baby of a family reputed to be scrofulous, insisting on calf's lymph, even though it meant a worse arm, a more fractious baby and being called a cruel mother.

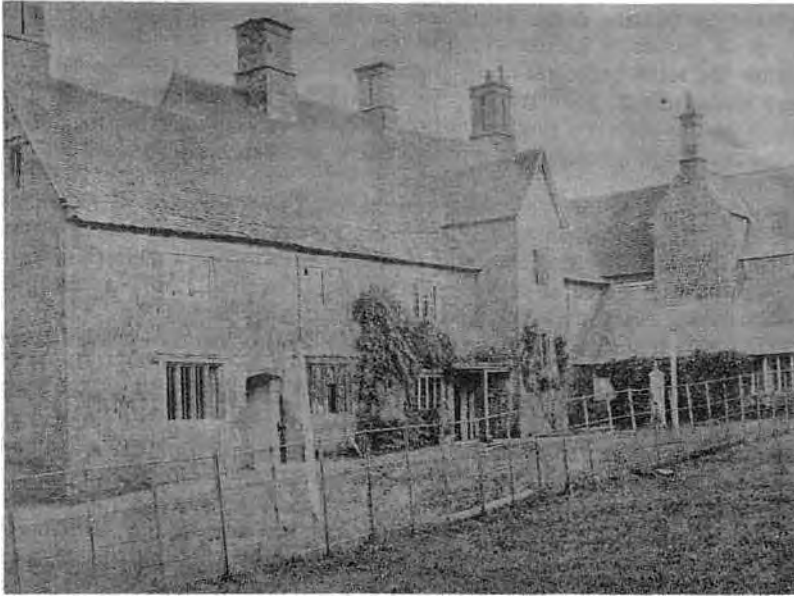
Later, she was the first woman in the neighbourhood to ride a bicycle. It was a Humber with fixed-wheel, a drop frame and an extra movable bar to turn it into a "Gent's Cycle". It was very heavy to push up hill.

A popular song of the day began: "Sing a song of Coventry where bicycles are born" and having the refrain: "Room in the road for my bike and me, room in the road for my iron gee-gee".

The first bicycle in the family was my third brother's, also with no free-wheel and with solid red rubber tyres. He nearly killed himself coasting down Williamscoote Hill.

I do remember seeing a man on a "penny farthing" ride past the house, but he did not live in the village. A steam traction engine was a familiar sight and often went through with a man giving warning walking ahead.

My father was a Sabbatarian, but as he was as strict with himself as with us, we bore him no illwill for the restrictions which were imposed on Sundays. Before breakfast we had to learn by heart the collect for the day and to recite it to him before getting ready for church at eleven. When we got older, the gospel was added. He always read the lessons at both morning and afternoon service, which we again had to attend.



Wardington Manor in the 1880's.



"As the number of children grew, a low trap with basket-work body was made, which could take five and the nurse." 1. to r. Dorothy (the author), Esther, Katherine, Ellen (the nurse), Pauline, Cecilia, Wally von Bissing (the German governess); the boys, Edward, Arthur and Francis are in the windows behind.

After tea my father would read a "good book" to us, while we painted the texts in the monthly magazine "Sunday", or made scrap-books to be given away.

We were not allowed to play games such as tennis, cricket or croquet, or to climb trees. The Church was always well attended. Mr. Welburn, the vicar, had a good carrying voice and preached excellent short ten minute sermons. The morning service, read clearly and speedily, never took more than 70 minutes including the litany and ante-communion. I only realised years later that "herecism" was his contraction of "heresy" and "Schism".

My first memory of him is at the school celebration of the 1887 jubilee. I was four years old and ran in an under-five race. I believe I fell down four times and came in last, but I only remember Mr. Welburn giving away the prize, a purple and red stained chip basket, which I passionately longed to have. The race was run in the field opposite to where the council houses now stand.

Another memorable school-treat took place a few years later, when we saw a drunken man. As we went through the long-field gate with our German governess, he was propped against the wall outside. At the top of his voice he was shouting to onlookers: "In a few more years there will be no more church, no more school, no more Mr. Loveday, no more little Lovedays". We were led away, having seen our first drunk and perhaps had our first intimation of insecurity. Next day my father saw the man, who was a farm labourer and lived in the Upper End. He apologised and explained that he had been stood off from his job and had seven children. He said too that he had only had two glasses, but had no head for drink. He did have a good head for heights though, and my father gave him the work of cutting down a dangerous branch from a tall Scotch fir, which had been half torn off by a gale and helped him to get other temporary work.

It was a great thing to have several residential houses, from which help might come at need. There were four or five in the middle or lower part of the village. The farmers I remember in the "Upper End" were Mr. Sabin, Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Baisley. In the "Lower End" old Mr. Sabin lived in a house in the drive of "Wardington House" with Sabin's big field behind. There was also a Mr. Judge, whom we only knew from his coming to morning church service always punctually late. His house, after he left, was still called "Judge's House" and I was asked years later whether I knew what the judge's name had been.

The majority of people living in the "Upper End" were farm labourers. Among them I can only remember one permanently very poor family, a man constantly out of work with a lot of children and a sad looking wife. But many suffered great hardship during times of illness and temporary unemployment.

At first the Bakery was just opposite the Manor House gate, belonging to a Mr. Prickett. Later it moved to the "Upper End" and a different man was the baker. The public house was next to the bakery. There were two smithies, Mr. Lymath's in the lower and Davis' in the upper village. Mr. Davis mended bicycles and was a friend of my brothers. Probably they went up to the forge for a smoke. Mr. Robinson, a gardener, lived opposite and had a greenhouse. He bedded out our Dutch garden every year. I do not remember a shop, but I believe there was one in the "Upper End".

Round the Manor House yew tree corner the first of the houses was Cooknell's shop. We used to climb over the long-field wall and buy matches there. They were red-headed, not safety ones and smelt of phosphorous. We used them for lighting bonfires and for games in the dark, making our faces luminous by rubbing them with the damped match heads.

Opposite the church was the Wheatsheaf Inn. There we bought clay pipes for blowing soap bubbles. We were always made to sealing-wax the ends to prevent our getting sore lips and cancer.

The grocer's shop, Godfrey's, supplied acid drops and round flat white peppermints "extra strong" and dates out of a large barrel; also sugar for toffee making.

In the cottages on the main road to Daventry were the workshops of David Mainwood, saddler, and of the cobbler, Tebbie. Mr. Bonham's house was on the hill opposite with his workshop and yard behind. He was a highly skilled carpenter and made the beautiful furniture of my mother's bedroom. It was oaken and perfectly fitted, without nails or glue, all screwed for taking down and reassembling. Mr. Bonham and his daughter, who was a dressmaker, sometimes asked us to tea, a great treat.

Almost at the end of the village, near the turn to Edgescote, the butcher, Mr. Savage had his shop and yard. I heard my father once say of him, that he was often in difficulties, because people expected credit for such an unfair length of time. The labourers' wives would have had a long way to go from the "Upper End", but they seldom ate any meat other than that from their own pigs, being too poor, we were told. The "Hare and Hounds" Inn, on the other side of the road, was, once a year, a meeting place for the Hunt, which sometimes meant a holiday for us.

One of the two carriers in Wardington, Mr. John Mainwood, had, as well as his ordinary four-wheeled cart, a boxed-in waggonette, which could seat four passengers. Once, when he was driving Mrs. Caruthers and her daughters back from a Hunt Ball in Banbury, Mr. Mainwood got down to lead his horse up Williamscoote Hill. After a time he looked round and found, to his horror, that he had only the chassis of the Waggonette. The box containing the passengers had fallen off. By great good fortune, except for shock and bruises, no-one was badly injured.

The second carrier's name was Lines and his covered cart was two-wheeled.

The legal experience of my father was useful, when he was made a J.P. He was also a Guardian. He drove in to Banbury on Board and Bench days and left the pony-carriage at the "Red Lion" in High Street. The coffee-room there was a very pleasant place. My youngest brother remembers being taken in once and left there during a sitting of the Bench and afterwards going to Betts' shop opposite for a glass of milk and a Banbury cake.

Because he was a magistrate, my father was often asked for advice. The Policeman, who was stationed, I think, at Cropredy, came once about a landowner, a J.P., who would ride his horse on the footpaths and was abusive when told that it was now forbidden. What action should he take? In another case there was a fire at the rick-yard in Chalcombe Lane. The landlord went to the cottage of the man, whom he suspected of causing it, and took away his boots. It was the thatcher who always did our hay-ricks and he came to ask what his rights were. My father took up the matter and the illegally removed boots were returned.

Judging by the smell of some ditches that I remember, sewage disposal must have been very primitive. The Thames Conservancy traced a taint up river and stream to the village and filter tanks were put in near the first Edgescote gate. There was a flourishing watercress bed fed by one stream.

The village water supply drawn from wells often had to be carried considerable distances. An attempt was made to improve matters near the school by sinking a well just in front on the green. A diviner fixed the spot and water was found in good quantity at a reasonable depth, but it was sulphurous, neither man nor beast could drink it. A derelict pump stood there for years.

The village was very lucky indeed in having Mr. Walton as their schoolmaster. He was a remarkable man and greatly respected. My father told me that he would have liked to send his three eldest boys to the school, but Mr. Walton begged him not to do so, as he would find it too difficult to treat them just like the other children, and having begun to learn to read when they were three years old, they would be with boys older than themselves. Mr. Walton later on came and gave my sister and me arithmetic lessons after tea, which we enjoyed very much. The Post Office was at the school house and Mrs. Walton and her daughter, Phylis, ran it. Phylis was a dear friend of us all and the younger ones, of whom she sometimes took charge, were devoted to her. She married Mr. Fennimore, a farmer at Lower Heyford.

For some time the nearest telegraph office was at Cropredy and telegrams were delivered at Wardington for a charge of 6d. Before that, if a doctor was required, a man rode on horseback the five miles into Banbury with a message. Cropredy was less than half the distance.

It was a great thing for the village, when Dr. Reigate came to live and practice at Wardington.

We did not go by train from Cropredy very often, only when there was heavy luggage to be taken. When we were small, one of our outings was to drive in the donkey cart to the station to see trains go through and pick Ox-eye daisies on the railway embankment. We also went to see the horse-drawn barges go through the canal lock.

Living at Cropredy there was a family of very expert handbell ringers. The parents and their six or seven children went round at Christmas to the residential houses and played carol and hymn tunes very beautifully.

The only waits that I remember were the Wardington school-children, shepherded by Mr. Walton, who had a very good voice and sang in the church choir. On May day the children came round with a May-Queen doll seated in a bower of flowers, which had a carrying stick thrust through it. They sang a song standing on the lawn in front of the Manor House. There too several times a troupe from Banbury came and danced round their May-pole, with Jack in his green box looking on.

In summer we could expect a German band to come, perhaps ten to twelve strong, with shining brass instruments. Most memorable of all perhaps was the dancing bear, which we watched on the lawn with mixed feelings.

In our last years at Wardington the "Old Boss" used to arrive regularly with his swings and round-about, shooting booth and coco-nut shies to the field beyond Cooknell's shop, next to the one above the school, where houses have now been built.

Dorothy Loveday.

NEW LIGHT ON WILLIAM MEWBURN

We are grateful to Mr. S. Tyrrell for the following article, provoked by a review in our last issue. We welcome controversy on any topic and shall be glad to include further contributions to this discussion.

Editor.

Reading B. Trinder's Methodism in Banbury gave me a lot of pleasure, for much was new to me, and I am grateful for his researches and the record he has given us. At the same time my pleasure was not unalloyed, and the review by the Rev. M. Edwards added fuel to what was only a small fire. Where these young men err, is that they see people and events of the Victorian era through spectacles made in 1965. In viewing the past our critical faculties need to be tempered with sympathy and understanding, only attained by soaking one's mind in the literature of the period, plus contacts with old folk with long memories.

My family have been closely associated for over a century with Banbury town and Methodism. Banbury has been "our town" for trade and Marlborough Road our mother church. John Smith of the Temperance Hall and Jim Mander the Bridge Street stonemason were my mother's relatives. From my early days the situation in the town was a frequent subject of conversation, and impressions were made on my mind which the long years have not erased.

The Calthorpe Street situation would have been seen in a clearer light if we had been told that in that street there was a common lodging house. Tomlinson and a band of young men made regular visits, hoping to get some of the lodgers to services at Marlborough Road, and failed. It was thought they might be persuaded to go to a small and humble building, where there were no top hats and silk dresses. Of course the men did not want to go to any place of worship, big or little - is there any difference in the situation today? I agree, there were proud and haughty folk at Marlborough Road, but that they were the predominant influence there, I deny. On the '14 - '18 war memorial tablet are recorded the names of young men whose untimely death was a calamity to church and town. Some were my friends; they worked at Stones, the Linen factory, and Samuelsons - and they lived in the Cherwell area. A Miss Milliner had a wonderful influence with young men that brought many into Christian work, at the turn of the century.

When Mewburn built the manses, to provide an income for their upkeep he invested £1,000 in Ordinary stock in the Great Central Railway. He was not to know that for years the railway would not pay, so no dividend was paid till the railways were amalgamated in 1923, since then a low rate has been paid. The manses were too big I agree, but Mewburn probably wanted the Methodist ministers as well housed as their C of E brethren. When they were new the lady of the house could have a capable char for 1/- a day and a meal. She could have a nice

little maid, to answer the front door, complete in black frock, white apron and cap for 2/6 a week and her keep. At that time our washerwoman Sally used to walk the 10 miles to Banbury to do a day's work at the Leathern Bottle for a shilling. Probably she was given some food to bring home as an extra. In the winter she started home as the lamplighter was busy lighting the street lamps. In those days women loved big houses. No one compelled them to fill them with elaborate furniture, antimacassers, aspidistras pictures and photographs galore. They revelled in housework; cleaning, dusting, polishing and cooking; it was their life. But when women began attending meetings and sitting on committees, they soon began to grumble about the size of the houses. I don't blame them, but please do not blame William Mewburn.

My parents knew Mewburn well and he was often the topic of conversation when a Banbury man sat at our table. I doubt if he had any real control in the choice of ministers. In his travels he would meet and hear reports of many ministers, and no doubt he tendered names to the Circuit Stewards. That is done today. I cannot see Arthur Fairfax and Percy Edmonds taking orders from him or any man; they were not that sort; they bowed only to decisions made by the Quarterly meeting. Autocrats and men who attempt to domineer have never flourished long in Methodism. We come of fighting stock.

I wish my young friends would not use the word segregation, it has an unsavoury connotation in these days. Naturally Mewburn's servants sat in the gallery; they were more comfortable there than below, where if not under the eye of the Missus, they were too near some of her friends for their liking. The Banbury teenagers sat there too; not that they were made to, but because they liked the gallery best.

With regard to Mewburn's political influence, the Ballot Act of 1872 ended domination by aristocrat or wealthy squire. The influence of the big house in every village rapidly diminished from then onwards. The working man was only beginning to be politically conscious. The passing of the Inclosure acts brought to an end the ancient Courts that managed the common fields, so for a century or so the working man had no vote or meetings that he could attend and take part. The vestry meeting and the appointment of Overseers was left to the well-to-do folk. No one in Mewburn's day thought that a wealthy man was a "bloated capitalist" to be looked on as an enemy of the working class: if he was a kind and considerate man he was appreciated and folk spoke well of him. If through Mewburn's influence Marlborough Road folk became Liberals, they soon changed their coats, for at the turn of the century my folk thought them Tory, and looked on Grimsbury as the Liberal stronghold.

It was pitiful that his wealth should influence some Methodists in the wrong direction; they became greedy for what they mis-called the "Lord's work". They built the chapel here at Eydon in 1860, and among the extras they hoped to add later was a brass chandelier to be suspended from the ceiling like the one in the Moravian chapel in the village. It may be they hoped to get one out of Mewburn when he came to take the chair at a meeting in the '70's. When it was over the leaders put before him their ideas; they wanted this, that and the other for the chapel. He had already given several generous subscriptions. Later talking to a friend at Banbury he said "I did not go to Eydon to be bled". To a sensitive and good man that experience could only be hurtful, he would think "it's my money they want, not my presence in the chair".

About 1890, John Ivens, a Methodist, left Eydon to farm Mewburn's land at Wykham, taking with him a labourer, Harry Bull. Harry, my neighbour till he died in 1950, often talked to me of his life there. If any pressure had been brought to bear on him to attend a Methodist place of worship by either Mewburn or Ivens I am sure he would have told me. Harry was staunch C of E. He would have rebelled; he was that sort of man. He did recount how on a summer evening Squire Mewburn would walk down to his cottage when he was busy gardening, and of the confabs they had together. Evidently he appreciated a chat with an intelligent farm labourer, in spite of the fact that Harry neither went to chapel or voted Liberal.

J. Tyrrell.

Eydon, Northants.

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