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An Address Delivered at Oxford By the President of the Society

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PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Let me, before all else, say how great a pleasure it is to me to welcome you, citizens and denizens of my own native city and county, to Oxford, and how true and rare an honour I count it, to be your President. I only wish I could do more to deserve the honour. When my good friend, the President of your Council, Canon Bazeley, first asked me to undertake the duty, I felt the compliment very deeply, but I hesitated to accept, knowing only too well by experience how little time I could find to serve you. I began to make excuse. I began to say "No." But my very old friends, Professor Oman and Mr. Madan, would take no excuse and no refusal. They pressed upon me the consideration that you would specially like to have the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University as your President. That argument decided me. It is true that the sands of my term of office are fast running out. This is almost the very last function of the kind I shall be able to discharge. However, I am for the time still Vice-Chancellor, and I felt that if you wished that when a compatriot, a Bristol and Gloucestershire man, filled this office he should become your President, I could not hold out against such a wish.

For I am indeed a Bristol and Gloucestershire man. I have just looked up the entry of my admission as a Fellow of Magdalen College. I well remember the pride and pleasure with which I supplied the facts to the Notary Public for his entry. It ran as follows: "Thomas Herbert Warren. Born in Bristol in the County of Gloucester and in the Diocese of Bristol and Gloucester." Bristol is indeed, I am aware, a

county in itself, a county within a county, and so constituted by no newfangled creation, but by a grant of Edward III, the first of the kind made to any town.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have always felt glad that I belonged to this ancient city and historic county and interesting double diocese.

My earliest clear and continuous recollections are of a delightful nursery high up in an old stately house standing itself on one of the many hills of that city of hills, on the slopes of the little eminence on which St. Brendan had his shrine, mark of the connexion with Ireland and Celtic Christianity ; of a wide view over the many-roofed, many chimneyed, many-towered city, on to the hills, the “goodly hills” of Somerset, over the winding river thronged with tall masts, and ever sending up a sound I loved—the unceasing clangour of its dockyards. Close beneath was the old Cathedral, the Abbey of St. Augustine ; in the middle distance St. Mary Redcliffe or St. Stephen’s, and St. Werburgh still standing where it ought ; and farther away the hills of Lansdowne and Dundry, the latter crowned with a characteristic Somersetshire tower.

It is much to have such early associations as these. Not for a good deal would I forgo these memories. Then, as I grew older, I came to know these objects at first hand and at close quarters—the Cathedral, with the tombs of the Fitzhardinges ; the adjoining archways of the old Abbey, over one of which my father in his bachelor days used to lodge ; St. Mary Redcliffe, with its associations of Canynges and Chatterton ; St. John’s, with its archway and hour-glass ; St. Stephen’s singularly graceful, turreted and battlemented campanile, and the fan-tracery of its porch ; the leaning tower of the Temple Church and its chivalrous associations ; the Mayor’s Chapel, the Red Lodge and Christmas Steps and the Shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne ; the Royal Fort, Colston’s School and Almshouse, Queen Elizabeth’s Hospital, the Red Maids ; St. Werburgh of mysterious Saxon name ;

St. Augustine's Back and the Welsh Back, where Breton and Cambrian I was told met and conversed in their common mother tongue ; the old Dutch House with its cannon ; the Mint and St. Peter's Church ; King Street and Queen Square and the Hot Wells. How different it would have been to have been brought up in Swindon or Leamington, or even in some town, old and yet still mainly of modern growth, like Birmingham or Liverpool.

Then, as the days passed by, I went farther afield to Westbury and Henbury, to Leigh Court and Blaize Castle, to Sea Mills and Shirehampton and Penpole, to Cadbury Camp and Portishead and Clevedon, to Almondsbury and the Passage, and later still in student vacations to Glastonbury, Wells and Cleve, to Berkeley Castle and Lydney and Gloucester and Tewkesbury, to Caldecott and Chepstow.

It is delightful to be reminded of all this by your presence ; to be reminded too of old names and old friends. Some are names of the past—Bishop Clifford and Mr. John Reynolds ; those two notable librarians, John Taylor and John F. Nicholls ; Thomas Kerslake, Colonel Bramble, Mr. Parr—they come back to me to-day. But some are brought back as more than names. I see many on your list ; I see some here. May I say I see with special pleasure the name and the presence of Mr. Tuckett.

Perhaps I may be allowed to include a special welcome to those who are also members of the Clifton Antiquarian Club, especially to Mr. A. E. Hudd, its indefatigable and learned secretary, with whom thirty years ago I made many a pleasant and unforgettable excursion.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, Oxford and Bristol, have long been connected. I think a very interesting monograph might be written on their connection. I wish, indeed, I had had time to work out the latter theme fully myself for presentation to you to-day ; but I have not. All I can do is to make a few scattered suggestions, to trace a few outlines which I might

hope to fill in hereafter, unless indeed it is done better by a another hand.

Both Oxford and Bristol no doubt are old settlements ; the names of both appear to be English, though the meaning of both is disputed ; but neither are ancient as cities. Bristol is less old than Bath or Gloucester, Oxford than Dorchester or Silchester or perhaps Bicester.

Both cities are in a measure, and owe their importance to the fact, meeting-places of the ancient kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex. I like to think that the significance of the Mercian saints was first worked out by a Bristol man whom I remember, that fine old antiquary and bookseller, Mr. Kerslake. In Oxford we find St. Mildred, but above all St. Frideswide. In Bristol their presence is marked by St. Werburgh.

Both had their *quatre voies* or Carfax, though the name was not kept at Bristol as it was at Oxford. Both had their *port* in the same sense of *porta*, not *portus*, preserved in the name Port Meadow and St. Mary-le-Port, for this has nothing to do with the harbour, though Bristol was, of course, from earliest days what the poet so beautifully calls her, "The haven under the hill," and her arms are the ship issuing from the castle.

Both had their English reeve, or port-reeve, "Gerefa," before, Mr. Mayor of Oxford ! they had their mayor after the French model. Both became cities at the same time and in the same way, owing their Cathedral and their first bishop to Henry VIII.

It is natural that two cities and two counties so near in history and geography should owe much to each other. In some ways it is surprising that they do not owe more. Oxford is, or was, the University of the south and west, as Cambridge is, or was, the University of the east and north—the University of Wessex, of Devon and Cornwall, of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, of the Welsh Marches, and of Wales itself. Many of her colleges on the face of things point to

this : New College, the College of St. Mary Winton in Oxford ; Exeter, the College of Devon and Cornwall ; Wadham, the College of Somerset ; Jesus and Worcester and Pembroke, the Colleges of Wales and Gloucestershire. She is the University of Sidney, who came because his father was President of Wales, and lived at Ludlow, of Hakluyt, of Raleigh and of Blake. She owes her great library to men connected by name or family with the West Country, to Bishop Cobham, of Worcester ; to Humphrey Duke of Gloucester ; and above all to Sir Thomas Bodley, whose wife, Ann Ball, was the widow of a rich Bristol merchant. Perhaps I may be pardoned for speaking of the present staff of the Bodleian. I am not sure to what county or city the distinguished librarian owes his birth. I know he is partly a Celt and familiar with Celtic lore ; but I do know, and you know, the *provenance* of Mr. Falconer Madan and Mr. Gambier Parry.

Most notable in this connexion is Worcester College, which originally wore a still more characteristic and significant name, " Gloucester Hall," founded by a Gloucestershire man out of the residence of an Earl of Gloucester, and fed by Gloucester Cathedral and the Benedictine houses of Winchcombe and Evesham.

This is the earliest monastic college in Oxford, and one of the earliest of Oxford foundations. I will, however, only touch on this, for you will see it for yourself under the guidance of that best of friends and men, himself a West Country man, the Provost of Worcester, Dr. Daniel.

But the connection is closer than this. I have often thought Gloucestershire one of the most happily-situated of English counties. One peculiarity it enjoys, which has probably often been noticed before, though I have not myself seen it mentioned—it can claim both the two greatest rivers of England as its own. It can claim also the Wye and the two Avons, but that for my purpose is not so important. The head waters of the Thames lie very close

to the channel of the Severn, even if they were not united by the now little known but once famous canal.

When I was a boy and lived by the golden Severn and looked westward, I remember I dreamed of the silver Thames. In later years, living by the silver Thames and looking toward the east, I sometimes sigh for the golden Severn. I always feel a thrill as you may feel it when, starting out by the little quiet local railway, I make my way by the rich flat meadows which border the Thames, past the old-world Oxfordshire villages and towns—Ensham, Witney, Bampton—with the Berkshire hills, crowned by Farringdon clump, in the distance. Suddenly we round the end of the range, and find ourselves at Lechlade, in another county and diocese, my native land of Gloucestershire. It is an ancient highway through an old-world land from London or Colchester or Silchester or Durocina to Cirencester, to *Aquæ Solis* or *ad Abonam*, or to Gloucester or Lydney. The old story of the Silchester ring and the Lydney curse is, I believe, now doubted or discredited, but of the intercourse in Roman days between these places there need be no doubt.

And many travellers have passed in old time to and from Oxford and Gloucester and Oxford and Bristol. I naturally perhaps think first of those who have been connected with my own college.

One of the most interesting links between Oxford and Bristol, and in particular between my own college and Bristol, is William of Worcester, or Wycestre. The name he preferred himself seems to have been neither Worcester nor Wycestre, but Botoner, that of his mother. He was the son of a Bristol burgess. He went to Oxford in 1431, first to Hart Hall and then to Balliol. A manuscript given by him is still to be seen in the Balliol Library, and another given by him to our founder is in the Magdalen Library. How did it come there? The story is long and curious. He became secretary to a very famous man, Sir John Fastolf, at Caister Castle. His position was dubious.

“ I stick it out among beggars like a serf at the plough,” so he wrote in Latin to John Paston. Perhaps he was too fond of literature, for when he was in business in London he set himself to learn French with a Lombard called Karoll Giles, if that was his real name. When a fellow-servant asked him about business, he said “ he would be as glad and as feign of a good boke of French or of poetre as my maister Fastolf would be to purchase a fair manoir. And truly I understand he took not to be comyned withal in such matters.”

After Fastolf's death Botoner was involved in the famous litigation as to that great man's property. This brought him into relation with William of Waynflete. He assisted Waynflete in his design for promoting Magdalen College, and was repaid by lands in Southwark and £100. Oddly for a Bristol man, he tried to persuade Waynflete to found his college at Cambridge, as being nearer Norfolk and Suffolk. He seems to have lived much in Norfolk, but went often to visit his own property in Bristol. His *Itinerarium* is a very interesting work, describing how he travelled from Norwich to Southampton and Bristol, then visited Tintern Abbey and St. Michael's Mount before he returned to London. He also tells how he rode out to Shirehampton to recover two books, the *Ethics* and the *Ladies' Mirror*, which he had lent to a friend. The list of his works is a long one. One work, the *De Sacramentis Dedicacionis*, he presented to Waynflete, who handed it on to his college.

I should like to claim too as a member of my own college—he can certainly be claimed for Oxford—that pioneer of Greek learning, Grocyn, who was educated at Bristol.

The Civil War naturally brought into prominence the connexion between all these regions and places. Gloucester, Worcester, Bristol, Oxford, all in turn became conspicuous. There was much going and coming between them in those days.

Bristol was not the least important, captured by Essex

the Governor of Gloucester, then held by Nathaniel Fiennes, recaptured by Prince Rupert and Sir Ralph Hopton, though defended by Blake himself amongst others, then captured yet again by Fairfax, the same leader who a little later made the memorable entry into Oxford, and made himself yet more memorable and commendable to the historian by his preservation of the Bodleian Library.

Bristol has had an unenviable repute for the violence of its riots. Perhaps, as it is an ancient seaport, the *nautikos ochlos* and the *paraleis* had learned to wage war with the hill men and with each other. Anyhow, so it was.

I regret to say that some of its chief disturbances have been connected with members of my college.

Harry Sacheverell was a "fine figure of a man," and probably vain of his appearance. He was the undergraduate friend, so it often happens, of one from whom no doubt he differed much and was to differ more, Joseph Addison. The earliest of Addison's works, a review of the British poets, is dedicated to "his dear H. S."

Sacheverell was apparently a turbulent undergraduate. He got into disgrace for defying the dean; but by and by he became dean himself. His rise to fame, if it ought not rather to be called notoriety, seems to have been half accidental. His great sermon which set London aflame, the sermon on "Perils from false brethren," seems to have been only an old Oxford discourse touched up for the occasion; but it struck the humour or passion of the moment, and as Disraeli said, in the world of affairs "the opportune is often better than the excellent."

The Whigs were foolish enough to make him a martyr. The Tories found, rather than made him, a hero. Addison's government fell, and his "dear H. S." made a triumphal progress through Oxford and England to the living which had been given him in Shropshire. His portrait you shall presently see in Magdalen.

When King George I came to the throne the "Cheverel-

lites" raised a great disturbance in Bristol, and a special commission had to be sent to try them.

The result was the passing of the Riot Act. How far that Act was successful may be doubted. Only four years later the Kingswood colliers came into the city and raised a bread riot, which was with difficulty appeased. At the end of the century a still more serious outbreak took place in the Bristol Bridge Riots. But most serious of all and within living memory were the Reform Riots of 1831. The Recorder of Bristol was an Oxford man, a member of my college, Sir Charles Wetherell, who was born in 1770 and died in 1846. He is said to have been, though a gentleman, pedantic and slovenly and a buffoon. The only "lucid interval," it was said, in his speech on the Catholic Relief Bill was "that between his waistcoat and his breeches." He only died in 1846, and then by accident. Had he lived to see the years of Martin Joseph Routh I might myself have seen him. He and his speech were, I am afraid, the occasion, if not the cause of, the Bristol outbreak. I will not relate the sad story well known to you all.

The sympathy between Oxford and Bristol was shown, and the popular opinion in Oxford was signalled, by the scrawling on the wall of All Souls College in "Cat Street" of the words, "No Bristol Murders."

They were pointed out to me by an old Fellow of Magdalen soon after I myself became a Fellow. They were even then faint and hard to read. In stormy weather they emerged more clearly. I do not know whether they can still be read. Professor Oman doubtless can tell us.

A little later Bristol sent to Oxford one of the most meritorious, if not most brilliant, of English men of letters. Robert Southey, the son of a linen draper in Wine Street, came to Balliol toward the end of the last century. He was then full of the spirit of reform, republicanism and Pantisocracy, though he was afterwards to become poet laureate and the most orthodox of men. He showed his radicalism as

an undergraduate by wearing his own hair instead of a wig.

Both Southey and Coleridge married Bristolians. Both were largely aided by a Bristol publisher, and so was a greater still, William Wordsworth.

“O Ames Cottle, Phœbus! what a name!”

But let Byron gibe, as Pope had done before, at Bristol and its worthies. Without this generous if somewhat vain man, Phœbus, and all of us, had missed many a worthy strain, notably the “Lyrical Ballads” and the “Rime of the Ancient Mariner.”

Many, of course, of the Bishops of Bristol and of Gloucester have been Oxford men, and some of them Magdalen men. The most notable of these latter have been Bishop Willcocks and Archbishop Boulter. Among the Oxford Bishops of Bristol we may note the first of all, Paul Bush, and, I suppose the greatest of all, Joseph Butler, also Bishops Smallridge and Skinner.

Bush was a very gifted man, well versed not only in divinity but in physic, not only a “grand orator” but a “good poet.” Though appointed by Henry VIII, and something of a reformer, he clung to much of the old faith, but broke from its custom in one very important and, for his bishopric, fatal point—he married a wife.

Joseph Willcocks, born in 1673, was the son of a Bristol physician. He was sent, however, to Merchant Taylors' School, and then naturally proceeded to St. John's. Thence like others he was conveyed by a demyship to Magdalen, where he took his degree and was ordained. Then he became chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and then chaplain to George I and preceptor to the royal princesses. This brought him into note and notice. He was made successively Prebendary of Westminster, Bishop of Gloucester, and Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. He might have had the Archbishopric of York, but declined. His portrait you shall see in the Hall at Magdalen. His only son, who

went to Westminster and Christ Church, was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and Pope Clement XIII styled him "The blessed heretick."

A link between Magdalen and Gloucestershire is the living of Slymbridge, a quiet, open village, with a specially pleasant rectory and rectory garden, and a stately spire soaring from the river flat.

A story many times repeated and elaborated tells that the Rector of Slymbridge pays £10 a year to provide a Mass for the soul of King Henry VII, and that the well-known May morning singing on Magdalen Tower represents this Mass.

Mr. Wilson, the accurate, the perhaps too accurate (?), historian of the college, has dealt very faithfully with this legend.

But the living remains in the gift of the college, and the £10 is paid annually. Oddly enough, if I may digress, it was on the first occasion that I went up the tower as Fellow of Magdalen on May Day that I made the acquaintance of the rector. It was many years before I visited Slymbridge, but "I have been there," as the child's poem says, and "still would go."

No place probably was more influenced by that earlier "Oxford Movement," the Methodist movement, than was Bristol. And one of its chief leaders was in a sense both a Bristol and a Gloucester man. George Whitefield's father, the son of a Bristolian, kept the Bell Inn at Gloucester, afterwards oddly enough kept by the father of Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, another member of Magdalen. George Whitefield himself was educated at the Crypt School in Gloucester, and went thence to Pembroke College at Oxford. When he became ordained he preached his first sermon at St. Mary-le-Crypt. His first sermon of another kind, his first out-of-door sermon, was preached by him to the colliers at Kingswood. This "field-preaching," as it was called, had a curious effect at my college. It led to the abandon-

ment for many years of the preaching of the open-air sermon from the stone pulpit in St. John's Quadrangle, at Magdalen, on St. John Baptist's Day, the reason being that Whitefield cited the college practice as a justification for his own. The Magdalen sermon was, I am glad to say, revived by the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Lang, about sixteen years ago.

The story of the Beddoes, father and son, is a melancholy one. Both were members of Pembroke College. The father was Chemistry Reader at Oxford, and attracted the largest class which had been known in science, so it was said, since the thirteenth century. The reason of his leaving Oxford was a singular one. His sympathies with the French Revolution were so strong that he found it advisable to resign his Readership. He went to France, became acquainted with Lavoisier, but practical experience disgusted him with the French revolutionists on their own soil, and he returned to England and settled in Bristol, where he made a great reputation both by his own work and by the "Pneumatic Institution" which he established, and to which he attracted Sir Humphry Davy. His house at Clifton was the centre of a brilliant circle. He went to London and had a large practice, but died prematurely. "From Beddoes," said Southey, when he heard of his death, "I hoped for more good for the human race than from any other individual." His son's career was even more brief, more brilliant and more sad. When his father died he was left to the guardianship of his friend Dr. Gilbert, then President of the Royal Society, also a Pembroke man. He was sent to Bath Grammar School and the Charterhouse, and then at seventeen to Oxford. Even as a schoolboy he had begun writing poetry, and as an undergraduate he published *The Bride's Tragedy*. There is not time to describe his career. After taking his degree at Oxford he went to Göttingen and Wurzburg. He gradually became more and more Bohemian, fell into ill health, both of mind and body, the last leading to his losing

a leg by amputation, and finally put an end to his own life at the age of forty-six, leaving letters which Swinburne described as brilliant, and poems some of which are certainly memorable.

Another genius prematurely cut off also connects Oxford with Bristol, the "Irish Crichton," the youthful prodigy John Henderson, son of a schoolmaster at Hanham. His funeral sermon, preached by a member of my own college, both at Kingswood and at the Temple Church, a certain Mr. Agutter, his "sincere and respectable friend," who accompanied the corpse from Oxford, describes him in the most appreciative terms. You may see his portrait in Pembroke, and read his extraordinary story, too long to relate here, told by my friend Mr. Douglas Maclean in his admirable history of his college.

Joseph Cottle, his pupil, wrote and published his *In Memoriam*.

Beddoes' "singular brother," to use the phrase suggested by the famous "Henry of Exeter," who thus distinguished between himself and Dr. Philpott, the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Beddoe, still I rejoice to think living, brings us into modern times and living memory.

The connection between Oxford and Bristol has naturally strengthened as on the one hand Oxford has grown larger and more various, more open to and representative of all the learned and intellectual interests of the country, and as on the other hand the intellectual and scholastic life of Bristol has become more vigorous in its current and more copious in its volume.

A chapter should be written, it would be a chequered but not an inglorious one, on the schools of Bristol. Naturally they have been links with Oxford. The history of the Grammar School, the senior of her schools, would be not the least exciting. I used to be told that it had at one time one master and one pupil, his own son, who held the only exhibition. Its revival from this stagnation was the work of a remarkable Oxford man, Dr. Caldicott, of Jesus College.

He associated with him several other Oxford men of mark, notably Mr. Openshaw, of Brasenose. They sent many distinguished pupils to Cambridge, but more to Oxford. Among them I may perhaps mention some brilliant and useful contemporaries of my own, some who have been my companions and colleagues through my academic life—the Warden of Merton, Mr. Gerrans, of Worcester, Mr. Sampson, of Brasenose, and Canon Brightman, Fellow of 'my own college, one of the most learned of living liturgiologists.

All the head masters of the Bristol Grammar School in my time have been Oxford men. None bids fair to be more successful than the present chief, who revives in his person the ancient connexion between Bristol and St. John's College.

Side by side with the revival of the Grammar School, and in healthy rivalry with it, went the creation and the growth of the College. There have been other colleges which have done good work which ought to be recorded, notably the Bishop's College. Here was reared Sir George Stokes.

But the College for me, of course, is Clifton College. Of the service of this school to Oxford it is not for me to speak as the scripture says "particularly." Let me note that through Oxford it has given to England two of her most charming and healthy living writers, typical West Country and typical Public School men, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. Henry Newbolt.

Here again the guiding influence came from Oxford. Of the five actual head masters of Clifton, all of whom I rejoice to think are still living, four are Oxford men. But more than this, of the literary influences which have moulded Cliftonians the chief have been T. E. Brown, J. A. Symonds, Irwin and Fowler, all Oxonians.

Nor would I here forget to say a word about my old friend Mr. A. T. Martin, who has done so much for your Society and for the study of the Roman antiquities around Bristol and Gloucester, and especially at Caerwent.

Brown, though a Manxman by birth, was also in a sense a Gloucester man. It was at the Crypt School that he made his own *début*, and discovered and fostered the genius of W. E. Henley. He sleeps not in his own sea-girt isle, but in that quiet, quaint little eighteenth-century resting-place, the churchyard on Redland Green.

Of the Symonds family I might say much. There are no links more shining in the chain which binds Oxford to Bristol than those which their family has forged.

Out of Clifton College, its council, and its head master to a certain extent grew the University College. It was at any rate largely the work of the Bishop of Hereford. But he again imported an additional measure of Oxford influence. Balliol and New College, introduced by Jowett, who again had been brought to Bristol by the elder and the younger Addington Symonds, were its nursing mothers in its early struggling days.

Now, we rejoice to think, it stands firm in its own strength and promise, the youngest accession to that comity of English Universities which make us all, both individually and separately, stronger.

Time would fail to tell of other families and interests which have united us, the Prichards, the Pococks and others.

Memories of my youth and early manhood are the strange bizarre figure of Francis Newman, whom I was taken to hear lecture as a lad, and the shy, self-effacing enigma "Sammy Wayte," President of Trinity, who after being a courageous leader in Oxford politics for some thirty years, suddenly chose the *fallentis semita vitæ*, and like the scholar-gipsy "came to Oxford and his friends no more."

Among living leaders I rejoice to think that the Bishop of Gloucester is an Oxford man, and that the Archdeacon of Bristol is also connected with my own college and with Gloucester.

But I am becoming garrulous and personal. I am for-

getting the past in the present. I must draw to a close. This only I would say, that in the words of that great Oxford historian, who united all our interests, Gloucester, Somerset, Oxford, the Church, the State; in the words of Professor Freeman, "History is dead politics, politics are living history." The past is to be interpreted by, while it also interprets, the present, the present is on its way to become the past. Both past and present aid us to forecast the future.

As the centuries run on, the old family ties, the ties of geography and race, of county and city and clan, reproduce themselves again and again. There is no place, I think, where we see this more than here in Oxford, where it is our duty and privilege to watch, and record, and try to read, the ages.

"*Mêmes causes, mêmes effets*"—we cannot doubt that the influences which have drawn Oxford and Bristol, Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire together, for shall we say seven centuries, will, with increased means of communication, whatever sundering influences or impediments may arise, continue to operate.

May these counties, with their cities, sharing something of the same skies and soil, watered by the same rain and rivers, as they march together physically, march together in the things of the mind and the soul, for the good of each other, for the good of realm and empire, for the Glory of God and the well-being of man!