

The Episcopyon.

No. 2.]

“NOTANDI SUNT TIBI MORES.”

[January 17.]

“Dimidium facti qui suppet habet.”—SON.

NOTHING would be more foolish in persons placed as we are in a perilous situation, balanced on the giddy pinnacle of our readers' tolerance. I say *pinnacle* because of its *high* tone, uncertain when, losing our centre of *gravity*, which is also, indeed, our centre of merriment, that, namely, which supports our weekly existence, stale wit may suggest *weakly* if they will) fun, wit, and pleasant satire—we may fall—like Lucifer never to rise again;” though now like Lucifer matches abounding in light—in persons, I say thus placed, than to assume in their second number, an air of assurance or self-satisfaction. But to conceal the fact that we have been greatly encouraged by the favourable reception which our first number met with at the considerate hands of an enlightened public, would be mere affectation of modesty—a fault to be even more eschewed than real arrogance.

We have made a step: whether we maintain our footing secure, depends on the ground on which our step is planted. If that remain firm in our support, we are safe; if it crumbles under our heaviness, we fall. Now, it is our present task to warn the kind reader *not to expect too much*. If one number is not so good as the last—why, hope for better next time. If a remarkably good one comes out, be thankful, enjoy it; but don't imagine that we are always to grow better and more entertaining!

Let the nature of the case be considered.—“*Tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis.*” If the times offer food for satire or enticement to the pen of our poetical contributors—then expect amusement, and look for witty verses; if nothing peculiar happens out of the ordinary routine—that enemy of intellectual enjoyment, as well as of enlightened progress—then expect an indifferent treat, our “speculations” will not

be extraordinary. But, above all, dear Readers, let it be your ambition to be more than readers—to be among the read—to appear by an assumed or real name in our fame-conferring columns—a dignity you may safely aspire to, for we are as thou art, our people as thy people, our horses as thy horses, our pens as thy pen.” Contribute then—let us work together. If then any number is not exactly as it should be, the fault will not be entirely ours, and we will continue to the best of our ability, our humble endeavours to afford to the public that species of entertainment which we originally professed.

B. B.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

THE commencement of the Term has brought with it a change among the ruling powers, and an office has been entered upon by our junior Professor, the duties attendant on which, we suppose, are very much more disagreeable to perform than any of his other duties. Of course this is a matter which on ordinary occasions we should pass by as of but trivial importance to the Student; but, when we consider it in connexion with the rumours and reports which were circulated so freely among us at the close of last Term, it would be foolish indeed, if we were not instantly to perceive in it positive proof that our Classical Professor is soon about to leave us. If such be the case, and the reasons advanced be such as reported, however sorry we may be at the loss, we can only say, “Go and prosper.” A feeling of modesty prevents our entering into any laboured panegyric of Mr. AMBERY, but this we must all admit, that during the whole time he has been among us, while zealously performing his duties as Professor, he has ever had the interests of the Students at heart, and steadily protected their privileges and institutions. The position which