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# The Episcopyon.

No. 2.]

"NOTANDI SUNT TIBI MORES."

[January 17.]

*"Dimidium facti qui supra 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

a Dean occupies in a small College like this where the Chapel and other regulations are so strict, is far from an enviable one; he has not only to exact from us a proper discharge of our duties, but also to do so in such a manner (taking a Student's view of the question,) that he shall not forfeit our good opinion, or, as may be so easily done, provoke us to a secret defiance of law, and perhaps, direct insubordination. To conceive a man capable at all times of hitting upon this happy medium, is to conceive an impossibility; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, when on several occasions, the opinions of Professors and Students were as far removed from one another as the Antipoles, or from other causes, that abuse hot and heavy fell upon the devoted head of our former Dean. But we are glad to say that this very soon died away, and that the only feeling which now exists among us in reference to Mr. AMBERY, is one of universal regard, heightened into affection (if we may use the word) among the more sensible portion of the Students. That the course which the present Dean may think it expedient to pursue may be productive of like consequences, is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

O. C.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

"—Once a day I'll visit  
The Chapel—; and tears shed there,  
Shall be my recreation: so long as  
Nature will bear up this exercise,  
So long I daily vow to use it. Come  
And lead me to these sorrows."

Winter's Tale, Act III, Sc. 2.

*The Dean's remarks on taking away Student's gown.*

"Thy gown? why ah! come let's see it.  
Oh mercy God! what masking stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? too like a demi-cannon  
What! ups and downs, carved like an apple tart,  
Here's snip and snip and cut and slash and slash  
Like to a censor in a Barber's shop,  
Why what o' Devil's name, call'st them this?  
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant."

Tommy, of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3.

*To the College Quire after six months' of Mus. Doc. Teaching.*

"At last though long our jarring notes agree."

Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2.

An EARNEST boy not a thousand miles from  
College.

"—Behold my Lords  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the  
valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and neck, his  
smiles.—"

Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 2.

*Inscribed to the Amateurs in the East End of the  
Building.*

"Why masters have your instruments been at  
Naples,  
That they speak i' the nose thus?"

Othello, Act V, Sc. 2.

*Pythagoras' (once more a professor of moral  
philosophy,) grey mare, which is evidently still  
fed on beans.*

"His horse possessed of the glanders, and like  
to mose in the chime, troubled with the lampass,  
infected with the fashions full of windgalls, sped  
with spavins, raised with the yellows, past cure of  
the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn  
with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-  
shotten; ne'er-legged before and with a half-  
checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather;  
which being restrained to keep him from stumb-  
ling hath been often burst, and now restrained  
with knots."

FROM the many scraps which have been sent  
in relation to our Christmas dinner, we have  
found it altogether impossible to distil any thing  
like a connected account; they all bear marks of  
very indistinct recollection, whilst some are evi-  
dently at the expence in a great measure of the  
writer's imagination. The dinner, however, is  
on all hands allowed to have passed off most  
happily,—[didn't we say so?—]reflecting great  
credit in its arrangement on our committee. Of  
many of the speeches we have received elaborate  
reports, composed however, in a style which un-  
fits them for insertion here. Mr. Ball's speech  
has been reported to us by several,—so volumi-  
nous, in fact, are our materials for the examination

of it, that we cannot say we have yet satisfied ourselves as to what was the point of it.

His subject, "the Ladies," being the toast of the evening, he was listened to with attention; he seemed to be drawing a distinction between chaste ladies and the contrary, a method of treating the subject which, considering his hearers were all male, was perhaps excusable. Mr. Kendall's speech was reported to us by some one who it appears does not go to sleep on Sunday afternoons, as he occupied himself chiefly in comparing the style of the speech with our Rev. Dean's sermons. Mr. Bogert's speech seems to have had more of the "comical-historical" than the *pastoral* in it; but was much admired.

Professor Strathey's song of "Arethusa" will long be remembered by all true lovers of music as well as by admirers of the comical. The singing, indeed, formed a very prominent part in our evening's entertainment. One of Mr. Morris' songs—an original effusion we hear—drew particular applause from the "*professores*;" Mr. Kendall and Mr. Bogert were also among the most admired: but to place any one of our songsters before another, would not only be invidious, but probably incorrect.

Professor Ambery very properly agreed with our last number in considering the Christmas dinner a settled institution, which, indeed, Mr. Bogert clearly shewed by the indisputable authority of *tradition*—Mr. Broughall's speech with commendations by various members of the *second year*, contained *two puns* and was received with great applause.

We also noticed that the "Episcopon" quite superseded the weather as the general topic of conversation, and it is even further reported, that at the coffee, after dinner in Mr. Ambery's room the *Episcopon* appeared prominent upon his table, an intellectual treat amongst a variety of *examination papers* placed there perhaps for the entertainment of the inquisitive.

The duties of the chair during the evening were performed with great spirit and eloquence by Mr. Houston, and it is with regret we must conclude this article, otherwise so satisfactory by giving to that gentleman the farewell appellation

of *late senior student*.—"In the words of the poet"—

"Quis desiderii sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis—"

#### THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

"That things which are double of the same are double of one another;" that a circle has no centre both of which however our quondam Professor of Mathematics acknowledged to be clearly proved by our learned friend the D——r.

[For the "*Episcopon*"]

#### RARE OCCURRENCES.

That any one going to bed early in M——r's corridor with the intention of having a good sleep should not every five minutes be interrupted by his (M——r's) melodious bray. That any one in the whole building, having a sofa, should get the benefit of it himself.

To meet Mr. P-t----- anywhere without hearing him say that he must go and *wash his 'aubs*, or *brush his 'air*, or else that he had just done so. The time of day no consequence what ever.

To find Mr. G. T. C-r-r-r-th-ss adhere in the slightest particular to the *scheme of work* he draws up for himself at the beginning of every term.

To see Mr. J. A. M-l-r in *Chapel* on the mornings that he puts a *placard* on his door, requesting his "gyp" to wake him in time to *dress* before the bell stops. "Tattler."

#### FROM OUR XMAS DINNER REPORTER.

The only thing I can remember,  
About the Dinner last December,  
Accounts for my forgetfulness,  
Of all things else that then took place,  
And this was it—ain't I a sinner?  
'Twas the goodness of the dinner.

**"THE LADIES."**

The racy speech of Mister B—I,  
(The last he gave within our Hall,)  
Shall long to freshmen green be told,  
As very worthy grand and bold!  
Loud did he make the rafters ring,  
And echoes from the tables bring,  
To Nectar, by his words divine,  
That drink of Gods, he changed the wine  
To Punch-bowls, which on festive board  
Were seen to bow to him as Lord.  
Beneath our feet the very floor  
With hearty cheers cried out "encore,"  
For lovely woman was his toast,  
The best he said of all the host,  
Which we that night were met to quaff,  
In cans of wine or "half-and-half,"—  
Let us then drink, he loudly cries,  
A bumper full to ladies' eyes,  
With Highland honours let us cheer,  
The toast of each one's pretty dear;  
For soon they'll all be comely wives,  
As good and precious as our lives  
Up then, boys, let our shouts proclaim,  
Our value of "the ladies" fame;  
But stop, a word my fellows all,  
Take "time" from me says Mr. B—I.  
Thus, as he warmed in his noble theme  
Fierce love and desire, from his eyeballs gleam,  
But round he looks and sees no Polly,  
As subject for his amorous folly;  
Then like the story of the fox and grape,

He prates of virtue and discards the r—e,  
And with clumsy attempts at pious haste,  
With turned up eyes applauds the chaste.  
A smile or wink he cannot endure,  
But talks of the virginal state of the pure;  
Talks in a manner, decidedly slow,  
Of "spotless virtue," "white driven snow;"  
Tries with success at becoming a bore,  
And with lachrymose twangs quotes dear  
Tommy Moore;

A stave he recites about verses and roses,  
Then of breaking a jar and sniffing our noses.  
But, ah! then his thoughts again take a turn,  
He sees his vacation, and some dear "Fanny  
Fern."

Thinks of her pretty turned ankle—the rake!  
Her cherry red lips and the smack they would  
make,  
And many things more which I cannot repeat,  
For lacking the power to write things so sweet.  
But, the result of it all amounted to this,  
That nothing is equal to marital bliss;  
So back, with the poet, he comes in good time,  
To the blissful enjoyment of "women and wine"

PHI.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- "Theta" will excuse the liberties we have taken with the "random scratches of his unruly pen," for which we thank him heartily.
- "T. G." is under consideration.
- "Tatler" is requested to continue his favours.
- N. B.—We would suggest to contributors writing under feigned names, to retain the same in all their favours, both for our sake and the public's.

