



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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WITH great readiness is it that we now take up our pen: for a single moment, Editors as we are, believe us, we can cast away those myriad fears that haunt us whenever our quickly-recurring "middle" week calls us to our duty. For our present subject is one that calls for no timidity or caution on our part or on the part of our readers, but that even invites the utmost boldness.

We need not fear that from what we say in this page the avenging bolt of some almighty Jove will obliterate our *Meteor* light from the face of the universe, because it throws its light on things altogether too high for it, and attempts to reform the Masters. Our subject, too, is essentially a School one: so we trespass not on other planets of older date and more extended orbit. We will boldly avow that nothing written in this article shall figure in any future confessional, by which Fortune, as she did scarcely a month ago, may bid us plead for a prolonged existence.

The note we are about to touch is one which will, we feel sure, find a ready echo in the mind of every Rugbeian, old or present, Radical or anti-Radical. Know then, O Rugbeian, that it is now the wont of this noble School to oblige those fair and many-coloured Elevens who visit us, swallow-like, in the sunny summer,—and sometimes, as we have seen lately, in the rainy spring,—to pay out of their own purses and pockets for that pavilion-dinner, a seat at which, in hungry moments thou hast so often coveted, even though but as humble scorer. Know that amid such, thy School's cricketing

guests, having feasted, ever may be seen a figure gliding in and out with a bag!—to receive in hard cash the payment for that dinner of which they have just partaken from off thy own spike-worn deal.

To descend to more sober argument: there must be few, if any, of our readers who will not feel ashamed that, unlike Marlborough, Harrow, or Eton, Rugby should entertain her visitors at their own expense. Deceive not thyself, reader: we cannot excuse ourselves by any means, or in any measure, by saying that of those who come to play the School a large number, perhaps the majority, are Old Rugbeians, who have no objection to subscribe to our School Cricket Club, even in the form of payment for their own dinner. Even if such thy excuse could be maintained, reader; if there is no novelty, and therefore less hardship, in Rugby's stinginess to her old children; remember how many of those whose play delights our cricketing ideas, and horrifies our school patriotism, come to Rugby for the first time, only too ready, perhaps, to form comparisons between ourselves and other schools better known to them. With what account of us and our land, thinkest thou, will these involuntary spies return to their cricketing brethren at Oxford, or Cambridge, or elsewhere: "Yes, we have been to Rugby; a very fair eleven; one or two who will cut a good figure up here in a year or two; a very pretty ground and racquet court, though the latter is rather large and dead; but—they made us pay for our dinner." Surely it is not well to oblige our guests to descend from

their high opinion of our cricket and ourselves to thinking, with Tennyson's Will Waterproof:—

"I ranged too high: what draws me down
Into the common day?
Is it the weight of that half-crown
Which I shall have to pay?"

Need we argue any further; need we remind our readers, as Englishmen, of national hospitality—of Garibaldi's banquetted—of Belgian Volunteers subscribed for, &c.; or as Rugbeians of that which serves as the climax of so many even of our own warnings at this season, that 1867 is the glorious Tercentenary of Lawrence Sheriffe's School, a time most apt for reforms.

Be it Tercentenary or not, be our ideas of Tercentenary reforms high or low, one thing is certain—it is never well to recede: we paid for our foreign elevens' dinners in 1866, why should we not do so in 1867?

OUR correspondents are indeed going very far. We feel that two such letters as those of "A Mathematical Swell" and "Anti-super-Education," need some comment from us, if only as an apology for their insertion. Their very signatures, as well, demand it. "A Mathematical Swell" must not be passed over unnoticed. "A Mathematical Swell!" Perhaps, though we must not accuse him of conceit, for Mathematics are not held in such high honour here as to make the claim to being a Mathematical Swell a very conceited one. "Anti-super-Education," too! He has just saved himself from self-annihilation by italicising the super. We think it was unnecessary for him to tell us that his little fable was not Æsop's. We think it was unnecessary for him to tell us, by its means, that it was presumptuous to kick against the pricks, or, if we follow out his little conceit, to try to wriggle off the prongs of the toasting fork. Of course no solution has come to hand of his tiresome questions. Of course he could not expect any (one of us suggests that perhaps there is no solution); oh, no! the obvious reason is that no one has thought it necessary to put down on paper what is clear to everybody. We must decline to answer his questions for the same reason; for none other, be assured, satirical reader.

Of course it is absolutely necessary that every one whose classics are not good should be lopped off as useless: of course it never does happen, except in the imagination of flighty correspondents, that fellows of much use to the School, and of not absolutely use-

less abilities, spend much of their time here with a drawn sword over their heads, dreading superannuation at the next opportunity, and that such dread really hurts their characters.

We fear any "friend of the School" would fully qualify himself for superannuation, if not for very strict medical care when superannuated, who could advocate either of these propositions.

We find at the end of "A Mathematical Swell's" letter, a hope that we shall not give him credit for doing the exact thing that he has done all through his letter. But we must not hit him. Superannuation is passed; its day has begun; and he has no friends. We beg his pardon; our eye catches sight on our editorial table of "A Letter to the Masters and Seniors of St. John's College, Cambridge, by J. M. Wilson, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., &c.," and we cannot help suspecting that the spirit of that letter would revolt at the fact of a boy who had been head of his Natural Science Set two Terms, being obliged to leave from inferiority in Classics. We recal our words. "A Mathematical Swell" must have a friend, we think. We confess we are muddled.

A TERCENTENARY DREAM.

Who shall say
That dreams do import nothing?
Old Play.
For dreams, too, come from Jove.
Jones' Homer.
Verissima noctis imago.
Gradus.

SIR,—Last night I dreamed a dream, and thinking it might possess matter of interest for some of your readers, I have set it down and send it to you.

Methought I had left Rugby many years ago, and being now grown grey and bearded, had once more revisited the scenes of my youth on the anniversary of the Tercentenary. As I strayed into the School Quadrangle I was astonished to see that the stone paving had disappeared. In answer to a question, an intelligent Sixth fellow informed me that it was no longer necessary to commence a general weeding in prospect of the advent of the Trustees, and that the School Quadrangle was no longer a receptacle for the waste paper and orange peel of the School in general, and of the School-House in particular. A rumour likewise reached me, though unsupported by authority, that members of the School-House no longer