



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

No. 7.

RUGBY, JULY 4th, 1867.

Price 6d.

THAT great ingenuity has been displayed in the uses to which our Tercentenary has been put, no one can, we think, deny. It has been made—as all extraordinary events, whether of a joyous character or the reverse, are made by Englishmen—an opportunity for the production of long subscription lists. Rugby has found in it occasion for showing itself a loyal member of the “nation of shopkeepers,” by using it as a stimulus to local trade. Our 300th birthday has been used for—the perpetrators themselves use the more indefinite term celebrated by—the introduction of Tercentenary letter clips, Tercentenary walking-sticks, we even believe Tercentenary biscuits. We intend, by making a circumstance of its celebration the point of a very severe lecture to our readers, to put it to yet another use.

A correspondent started in our last number the subject of communication between members of different Houses. He blamed severely (we cannot but think justly) present Rugbeians for letting House feeling predominate over, if not some times extinguish, School feeling.

We purpose to give our mite of strength to support our “Cosmopolitan” friend by showing how a circumstance which struck us at our late Tercentenary celebrations confirms the truth of his arguments. Last week we were visited by no less than 240 Old Rugbeians. We saw them in the Close, we saw them at the Dinner Table, we saw them on the Racquet Court, in short we saw them everywhere. But we saw nothing among them of that which staunch present Rug-

beians call “House feeling.” Old Rugbeians walked and talked with one another with perfect freedom, in spite of having belonged to different houses. If there was more ground for conversation and mutual reminiscences between old house-mates, we lost sight completely of that line of demarcation which, if Rugby was in their day what it is in ours, must have cut them off formerly from every one else; if each Old Rugbeian did pay a visit to his old study and calumniate improvements in ventilation and decoration; if he did lunch with his old tutor, he did not, as far as we could see, regard, on leaving his old house, every one as his implacable enemy who had not belonged to it,—a feeling something akin to which “house feeling” not unfrequently now demands. In fact, as far as this house feeling was concerned, their lives seemed the realisation of perfect peace. School Houseite sat side by side with Evanite and Ansteyite; Bradleyite, Cottonite, and Mayorite drank from the same bottle, and shared the same net before their innings in the close. In a word, they lived not as Ansteyites or Cottonites, but as Rugbeians.

Now two things must be insisted on with regard to these Old Rugbeians. Whatever speakers in the past week may have said in proposing their health, it is certain that their connexion with the School is very close, in fact that their feelings towards the School are the same as those which present Rugbeians possess or ought to possess. And secondly, that we are bound (and this is very important to our argument), to follow their