



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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LONG summer evenings, and sights and sounds of Examination, alike warn us that the end of the Term is drawing near. Long since have those who remember the old holidays begun to cry out at having to work in the hot July weather; and long since have all, old and new alike, begun to grumble at spending half the evening in their studies.

By the time, too, this reaches our readers' hands we shall be living in the close atmosphere of work which precedes the calmness of the holidays. We shall be, doubtless, as we peruse these pages, speculating on past Tutor papers, calculating on future form lines, inveighing against examiners and papers;—in a word, we shall be in the middle of Long List. It may seem absurd for us to attempt any review of our own career in the past Term. Four times only has the *Meteor* been guilty of appearance, and, according to the present *regime*, future Terms will see it no oftener. If we are to begin each Term with something of an Introduction, and end it with something of a Review, we shall certainly fall into the criticism of being all beginnings and endings.

But if the *Meteor* can claim no right to review the past, if it has no past to review, the School, to which it belongs, has passed through a career of the utmost importance. If as Meteorites we have no exploits, no history, to moralise on, as Rugbeians we have much to think of, much to be proud of. Rugby has passed through an eventful Term. It has beaten Marlborough; it has won nearly all its foreign matches; it has nearly carried off the trophies of Wimbledon; it has, above

all, celebrated its Tercentenary. Everything in the past is bright and pleasant to look upon: what can we say of the future?

The long holidays, and an extra week, will make our return late. By October nets will have vanished, Big-side goal-posts appeared. We shall have but a moment to recover our wind and order new boots, 'ere the Sixth Match will plunge us into the depths of Football. We are fully aware of the sacred nature of the ground we are about to enter on, yet, in glancing at the future, one question in connection with Football presents itself most forcibly to us: Is the present system of the game such as it ought to be, such as it is best for the School it should be? We wish not to be understood to refer to the actual rules of play; such questions we hold the Committee and Big-side Levée amply competent to deal with. But of the feeling and spirit which Football produces, and which make Football what it is,—of these what judgment can we form? Even the worst enemies of Football must allow that pluck, endurance, patriotism towards one's house, are qualities which should be justly held in the highest estimation, for at least three months in the year; that there are worse standards than these by which a fellow's character may be judged in the School; that their existence is advantageous, and not the reverse. We are not enemies, but ardent lovers of Football, therefore we concede these points completely and willingly. But the question which remains to be answered,—and which we recommend for our readers' consideration next Term,—is,