



# The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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It is an unfortunate propensity of human nature to do most things by fits and starts, —to feel a violent passion for one thing one week, and in the second week to find a new attraction, and utterly disregard the favourite amusement of the last week. This spasmodic mode of proceeding is perhaps seen in a Public School more than any where else, and certainly Rugby has frequently shown itself given to such a common weakness. No doubt it is one of the proper arrangements of nature that various pursuits should have their turn, as perhaps if we gave our attention wholly to one subject we should not know the delights of many other occupations. Had there not been an oratorical spasm much might have been lost during the last Term or two, when the Debating Societies flourished so generally. Who knows but what the *Meteor* is a but a spasm; its name at any rate pretends nothing but a momentary flash? The interest in the Rifle Corps burst forth again with a sudden start, and it seems that it has almost as suddenly collapsed, though perhaps there is some comfort in knowing that they can still muster a twelfth man for their shooting matches. But we have other instances to keep us in countenance for our apparent vacillation. A society came into existence last Term under the most distinguished patronage of all our scientific stars, who held their meetings and no doubt ventilated weighty questions at certain stated periods. But even the energy of these learned people has grown lax, and their meetings have dwindled as the fit of inquiry and research died out. Should they not try to resuscitate their

fading spirit? The *Meteor* is aiming at making its momentary gleam into a steady burning flame, and why should not the Natural History Society overcome the proneness to fits and starts, and become an established body? More interest would be excited were the members to write papers for themselves, and not trust to the occasional kindness of a Master. We have been told that beyond an exhibition of stray specimens, there is but little to occupy the attention, or raise the curiosity, of either members or strangers. If only papers were to be read, an audience, surely, would be always found, and by a small amount of trouble on the part of each member, a Society could be maintained with as much success as such Societies meet with at Harrow and Marlborough. There is a new inducement to the acquisition of knowledge now that the Arnold Library is thrown open; and at any rate under the influence of the as yet fresh mania for the opening the door of that retreat with our own key, and of sitting in our own compartment, it is fair to expect that something can be produced to instruct us. And it is, perhaps, more reasonable to expect this, when we see unhappy sufferers under the torments of a "copy," fly with their lexicons and such paraphernalia to the comfortable fire and chairs of the Arnold Library, there to seek the inspiration that their studies never could have given. But let the members of this would-be Society pay speedy attention to their perishing powers, and above all let them remember the proverb

*Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera :*  
then, perhaps, they may show to us that they,