



The Meteor.

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Our contemporaries, as a rule, are at this festive season presenting their readers with some special source of amusement, in the shape of extra pages filled with such matter as seems only to come into existence at Christmas time, and to be one of the chief features of the season. We suppose it is conventional,—just as it is conventional to eat goose at Michaelmas, or pancakes on Shrove Tuesday,—for periodicals to swell in size and to feed their friends with light and digestible “pudding” (which is after all the real meaning of a periodical “pudding,”) about the month of December. Our readers must, however, and we hope willingly, accept our Christmas number free from all such adornment. The motto which has been before our Editorial minds, even if not generally known, is “*Simplex munditiis*,” and so we hope it will remain. Want of material or poverty of ideas is far from our complaint: our correspondents are still loquacious, our own pens could easily become more prolific than they are. But we must have an eye to the future, and were we to make such a precedent, our successors might in future ages be at loss to keep it. Besides, we quite feel that the School is generally satiated with “extras” just now, and any more might become disagreeable, for we are certainly not prepared to provide light reading and stirring stories, such as to form a pleasant break in the midst of the heavier subjects that an examination entails. We can but express a hope, in conclusion, that our efforts to satisfy what was fast becoming a serious want, have been attended with success. Should any one, but we can hardly fancy it,

cry out in answer to it that our price is perhaps a little high, we can but feel sorry for not being capable of initiating such a grumbler into the difficulties of the literary world; but at the same time we should feel glad if that malcontent would thoroughly digest Mr. Carlyle’s opinions upon “Cheap and Nasty.” With the best wishes of the season to all who have kindly patronised or criticised us, we beg to announce that the next “Meteoric display” may be expected early in February, when we shall again crave the indulgent favour of our readers.

PERHAPS one of the most striking changes in the feelings of the School just now is the apathy which is growing upon them with regard to Big-Side Runs. Hare and Hounds used to be justly considered one of the most prominent amusements of Rugby, and we probably still enjoy a reputation for activity in that branch of exercise, simply because our old prestige is not likely to fade or decline without some very urgent reason. Steps, however, ought to be taken to prevent any such decline becoming even possible. In the Book of Rugby School there is a chapter devoted to description of our running, a description such as to impress any one with an idea of the immense fervour with which all able-bodied members of the School join in such aglorious recreation. Football is of course allowed the foremost sports, but place in our next to Football, Hare and Hounds is proved to be far the most engrossing excitement. And so it was no doubt until quite lately, and