



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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It is scarce a week ago since the 7th of February came and went—the birthday of the *Meteor*. Few but the *Meteor* himself remembered the auspicious anniversary. Yes! it is but a year ago since he was thrust, rather clumsily, before the Rugbeian eye. No astronomers announced his appearance. He had, as it were, hidden himself from their critical glance, and was determined that no one should make any remarks about him or his personal appearance, until they should behold him soliciting them to invest sixpence in his behalf. He had nothing to recommend him, but that he was a novelty. All Rugbeians will congratulate him on reaching his first birthday, and hope that he may live long, and be spared the melancholy fate which befell and cut short the career of his predecessor, the *New Rugby Magazine*. Up to this time he does not deny that he has been brilliant; but he feels sad at the thought that his nurses are not exactly those who watched over him at his birth, and hushed his infant sighs. On our part, we will try to fill their places as we best can, and to make him feel as little as possible the painful loss which he has continually been compelled to sustain.

We hear that the Captain of the Eleven has received a challenge from Rossall School. We have also reason to believe that Cheltenham has been endeavouring to arrange a match with us. Such a tribute of homage paid to our fame is inexpressibly gratifying. We can almost foresee the day when the picture so graphically described by Longfellow, at the commencement of *Hiawatha*,

shall be symbolically realised, when the various cricketing nations of England shall assemble at the feet of the R.S.C.C.—the Great Manitou of Cricket; shall wash of their war-paint in the clear-flowing Avon; and shall smoke the pipe or bowl the ball of peace in harmonious concert. For the present we can only hope that the virgin Goddess of Rugby Cricket will not be intoxicated by the sweet fumes of adulatory incense which are circling round her. Might we not on this occasion be tempted to exclaim, in the language of the fortunate beauty in the *Beggar's Opera*?

“How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.”

Is it not a poet who observes “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast”? We hope that those visitors at our Concert who laboured under the delusion that our ordinary Big-Sides are at least as sanguinary as Sadowa, were gratified to observe that the poet's words did not prove false in this case, that the storm of unearthly passions was laid to sleep, and the quenchless thirst for blood assuaged by strains as harmonious as those whereby Timotheus of old “raised a mortal to the skies.” Seriously, if those who entertain deep-rooted prejudices against our game, would take the trouble to visit our winter concert (two days after the greatest football match of the season), and inspect the quiet, orderly rows which darken the background of Big School, they would (we suspect) find some difficulty in reconciling their experience with the fanciful account (which ingenious