



The Meteor.

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THE Cricket week is over. For the last few days a considerable part of the 24 hours has been spent by some as performers, by some as spectators in the close. But it is over, and all that is left us—at least if the grim prospect of Long List in the future does not absorb us entirely, and prevent our having an eye for anything either present or past—is to talk over the doings of the great week, to recount over and over again the fortune which it brought us. And, surely, when the retrospect is so bright, we cannot be better engaged: nor can the *Meteor* do her duty better than in assisting the Rugby public in such pleasant recollections.

Certainly, whatever may be our other functions, to criticise, to reflect, to take deep council, all these must at such a time as this be laid aside, and we must appear in our simple character of chronicler. When every day has brought some fresh festivity, some fresh excitement, or some fresh deed of prowess in the field, our readers may justly claim that we should tell our tale simply, as a plain, though delightful, matter of history, without stopping to draw any recondite moral upon it.

Enough, then, we have said in these remarks. Let us to our duty: only adding our hearty congratulations to the Rugby public in general at the good fortune which has attended us in the last week, our heartfelt thanks to all, whether masters or boys, who have contributed to make the past week the bright time that it is to look back upon, and—just one word more—let us add a hope that Rugby may always have eleven as

goodly sons to represent her in the cricket field as have done so in the past week.

MR. POPE has endeavoured to console nervous humanity with the reflection that

“Whatever is, is right,”

and if we could but persuade ourselves of the truth of this sentiment, with our deep love of moral rectitude, we should at once advocate a state of quiescent immutability. But such is not the case; and the battle-cry of Grievance or Retrogression is ever stirring us up to a state of friendly antagonism to the Present. Now there is one subject which we have never yet had occasion to attack, though it has often been brought under our notice by aggrieved Old Rugbeians. They tell us that the Speeches are far more tame than they were formerly. The happy prizemen take no sort of interest in the proceedings. We are not speaking now of the recitation of those speeches or dialogues which are extracted from classical authors, whether modern or ancient—though here we think there is every room for improvement—but we allude only to the recital of the prize compositions. We are told by an Old Rugbeian, and one to whose advice we should pay as much attention as to anybody, that in his day the prizemen always bowed to the Headmaster as a kind of polite acknowledgment on receiving their prizes. But this custom may have been swept away as a relic of those semi-barbarous days when sons called their fathers by the dignified appellation of Sir. Be that as it may, there is one