



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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THE past three weeks may be said with justice to constitute the true dead season of the Rugby year. The time has come round again when, in the words of a Rugby poet of by-gone days—

“The autumn leaves come fluttering down, the trees
are left all bare;

And Diver roams across Big-Side with a scornful,
moody air;

And cricket has all vanished from its eminence supreme,
So Hobley's sweet shop vanishes in some Tantalean
dream.”

The last Big-Side has been played in a somewhat listless manner, the last Foreign Match has passed almost unheeded, Football is not yet legitimate, and the right of Big-Side Runs to put in an appearance so early is looked on by some as questionable, while many regard them—at such a pitch of degradation have we arrived—as a species of harmless fanaticism, and treat them accordingly! Racquets have created a little sensation, on account of the new *régime* which has just come into force, and the New Pavilion has created a small amount of interest, but there is not the faintest excitement created by any of these, and the *Meteor* is even unable to follow the example of the *Times* of this period, and take up a controversy, as—fortunate mortals—we have no grievance to be rectified! The conversation on all sides is not of the present, but consists entirely of anticipations of “the ensuing campaign” as a Contemporary is pleased to style our football season. As usual, we hear every one expressing his decision about the two houses, and about the poor show of caps that the School will make for the Sixth Match, and we feel that we are doomed for the next three months to be hedged in on all sides by, and to breathe, the

atmosphere of pure undiluted football “shop,” which will flow on steadily and without intermission until Christmas. But, as a set-off against this gloomy prospect, let us remember that this is, of all times of the year, the most prolific of Old Rugbeians, and though there was an alarming deficiency in the number of well-known faces last year, we may with reason ascribe that for the most part to unfortunate arrangements, and not to lack of will on the part of the absentees. Let us hope, then, that the unpropitiousness of the elements on Saturday, Oct. 3, may not prove ominous, but that the Football season of 1868 may pass off with as great *éclat* as any of its predecessors.

FROM its birth the *Meteor* has carefully shunned all politics but those of the School, and has held it its sole office to be of Rugby—Rugbeian. But it has not deemed it inconsistent with that office to recommend to its readers the pursuit of what Rugbeians, since the days of their second Founder, have been taught, as well by example as by words, to regard as one of their highest duties—the study of Politics. Last Term the *Meteor* advocated the founding of a School Debating Society. A better time for its institution than the present it would be hard to find. Now, if ever, fellows must regard traditional or inherited politics with suspicion, for we shall have to look at most questions for the future in quite a different light to that of our defunct Whig and Tory ancestors. How many fellows in Rugby will find in the old political principles of their families a key to the questions of Trades Unions, Compulsory