



The Meteor.

Edited by Members of Rugby School.

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WITH great readiness is it that we now take up our pen: for a single moment, Editors as we are, believe us, we can cast away those myriad fears that haunt us whenever our quickly-recurring "middle" week calls us to our duty. For our present subject is one that calls for no timidity or caution on our part or on the part of our readers, but that even invites the utmost boldness.

We need not fear that from what we say in this page the avenging bolt of some almighty Jove will obliterate our *Meteor* light from the face of the universe, because it throws its light on things altogether too high for it, and attempts to reform the Masters. Our subject, too, is essentially a School one: so we trespass not on other planets of older date and more extended orbit. We will boldly avow that nothing written in this article shall figure in any future confessional, by which Fortune, as she did scarcely a month ago, may bid us plead for a prolonged existence.

The note we are about to touch is one which will, we feel sure, find a ready echo in the mind of every Rugbeian, old or present, Radical or anti-Radical. Know then, O Rugbeian, that it is now the wont of this noble School to oblige those fair and many-coloured Elevens who visit us, swallow-like, in the sunny summer,—and sometimes, as we have seen lately, in the rainy spring,—to pay out of their own purses and pockets for that pavilion-dinner, a seat at which, in hungry moments thou hast so often coveted, even though but as humble scorer. Know that amid such, thy School's cricketing

guests, having feasted, ever may be seen a figure gliding in and out with a bag!—to receive in hard cash the payment for that dinner of which they have just partaken from off thy own spike-worn deal.

To descend to more sober argument: there must be few, if any, of our readers who will not feel ashamed that, unlike Marlborough, Harrow, or Eton, Rugby should entertain her visitors at their own expense. Deceive not thyself, reader: we cannot excuse ourselves by any means, or in any measure, by saying that of those who come to play the School a large number, perhaps the majority, are Old Rugbeians, who have no objection to subscribe to our School Cricket Club, even in the form of payment for their own dinner. Even if such thy excuse could be maintained, reader; if there is no novelty, and therefore less hardship, in Rugby's stinginess to her old children; remember how many of those whose play delights our cricketing ideas, and horrifies our school patriotism, come to Rugby for the first time, only too ready, perhaps, to form comparisons between ourselves and other schools better known to them. With what account of us and our land, thinkest thou, will these involuntary spies return to their cricketing brethren at Oxford, or Cambridge, or elsewhere: "Yes, we have been to Rugby; a very fair eleven; one or two who will cut a good figure up here in a year or two; a very pretty ground and racquet court, though the latter is rather large and dead; but—they made us pay for our dinner." Surely it is not well to oblige our guests to descend from