

point of mere assertion. But a few short years ago, precisely the same arguments were adduced in favor of pugilism and cock-fighting. They too were good old English sports—much in the same sense that bribery and corruption were *good old English practices*;—but now thinking men are generally agreed that it is not a useful pastime to witness two cocks spurring out each other's eyes, nor a pleasing employment to encourage two rational animals to bruise and maim each other, even for the important purpose of instructing a rabble in the *art of self-defence*. The tide of popular opinion has now set in strongly against such unmanly diversions, and horse-racing will soon share their fate in public estimation:—let but sound views of religion and morals pervade a community, and the day of these things is for ever gone. I know that it may be said that gambling, and drunkenness, and “revellings and such like,” are by no means essential constituent parts of these diversions, and that if those who attend them will choose to destroy their own fortunes, and to brutalize themselves, the fault is entirely their own. But granting that they are not the *necessary*, are they not the *natural accompaniments*? Ask it of experience. Do they not always go hand in hand together? Were they ever dissociated? Races without betting! What man who has any character for fashion to lose, or any distinction in society to gain, would think of frequenting them on such terms? Races without any facilities for drinking!—and where would be those crowds which now throng the course? Why, these are the very things which give to these amusements their relish and their zest. The rich man dissipates his money in *bets of honour*, forgetting too frequently that other and more honourable debts remain unpaid; and the man who has no money to spare, bets

*in kind*, and decides at the price of his own intemperance the relative merits of the contending horses; while high and low, in a vast majority of instances, think a recourse to the bottle a scanty and becoming mode of celebrating their good luck, or drowning the remembrance of adverse fortune, and winding up the excitement of the day.

I will mention a circumstance which came under my own observation,—the allusion to it may seem very childish to some; others may possibly regard it as a fair sample of the effects to be expected from these opportunities of riot and excess. Having been summoned from home on the evening of the first day of the races, I saw immediately on leaving my house, a poor fellow much intoxicated, staggering up to some comrades who were lounging about the street. He had come from the races!—and the tenor of his communication, interspersed, I need hardly say, with fearful oaths, was—“I have lost all my money on that gray horse.” Now I was so fully prepared for such scenes, that this man's remark made but a slight impression upon me at the time, and I am sorry that I lost sight of him; for on afterwards reflecting on what he said, I could not help feeling that it might have been true to the very foot of the letter;—it *might have been* that he had lost his little all, and that little all the hard earned wages to which an anxious wife and children were looking for their winter's comforts or winter's subsistence, thus cruelly and recklessly squandered! and he himself—it might have been that he had flown to the intoxicating draught as to a friend in distress, and if haply thus to check the keen remorse that was gnawing at his soul!

O these races! I do tremble at the thought of the wretchedness which they must have brought with them in their train; and if I could hope that