

the result of the impending race; the ruin of the foolish persons who are throwing the dice there, is already proceeding at a most rapid pace.

The horses about to start appear on the field, and the work of betting, as people see them with their own eyes, begins afresh. In a few minutes more, the bell rings to summon the animals to the starting point and the starting position. That moment there is a rush on the part of the tens of thousands who were occupied in amusing themselves in various ways outside, towards the dense masses of men, women, horses, vehicles, etc., which line the margins of the course. A few minutes elapse between the ringing of the bell and the issue of the race being declared. And what an important fraction of time is that to thousands who are present! Their prosperity or ruin—their future happiness or misery in this world—their affluence or beggary—the weal or the wretchedness of their wives and children, are all wrapt up in the events of five or six minutes. Imagine, then, the corroding, the consuming anxiety of such persons in the brief interval between the ringing of the bell and the decision of the contest. O the agonies of the suspense endured in those few minutes! The world affords but few instances of an equal amount of mental torment being suffered in so limited a space. See how pale many a countenance suddenly turns. See the absorbed mind as indicated by the fixed eye and unmeaning stare. And were you near enough you might almost hear, you might certainly feel, the palpitations of the beating heart. The signal is given for starting. 'Go!' shouts a loud voice at the starting-post. The horses are all off. Now commences the frightful tempest of conflicting feeling in the breasts of multitudes before you. The horse which a party has backed against the field, starts fair; he is a-head. Imagine, he who can, the hope and joy mingled with fear which agitate such a person's bosom. The animal is distanced by some fleetest steed; the demon of despair seizes the party in a moment, in his iron grasp. He is a ruined man; his wife and family are in one moment hurled from the heights of affluence, to the lowest depths of poverty. He can scarcely support himself; he would fall prostrate on the ground, but that he is kept up by the pressure of the crowd. Had he the means and the opportunity, the probability is that he would, in the agony of his remorse and despair, that moment destroy himself. This is no imaginary picture—no exaggerated description of the tempest which rages in a man's bosom, when he has been infatuated enough to stake his all on the result of a horse-race, and that result has been adverse. It is only a few years since a case was brought before the public which fully equalled the one I have here supposed. An hon. gentleman, one belonging to a noble family of distinction, and his own name well known to all the fashionable world, not only staked but lost on the Derby of the year to which I allude, more by some thousands than he was able to pay. To such a state of excitement was his mind worked up before he knew that the event was against him, that he was heard audibly, though nervously to utter—though the fact was unknown to himself—while the race was being run, 'The D— wins!—The D— wins!—The D— wins!' The horse he had backed lost; he was a ruined man. He had not the means of committing suicide on the spot, and besides, the bustle around would have deterred him from the attempt; but, on his return home, the very first act he did as soon as he retired to his own room, was to take a pistol and blow out his brains.—To be concluded next week with remarks on the impropriety of the Turf.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

There is no art in the world demanding so many personal acquirements for its graceful practice as that of riding on horseback. That it is an exercise fitting the grace, and even the gentleness, of a lady there can be no doubt, seeing that if philosophers held the opinion that it was not, and ladies themselves were disinclined to venture to indulge in the perilous indulgence of the saddle, Fashion declares that it is, and to the opinion of the mighty and fickle goddess the opinions of all others must give way. Whatever Fashion says is right, is right—her commands are as indisputable as the Berkeleyan argument or the affirmative compulsions of the northern autocrat. This being the case, one of the primary objects of the ambitions of all the fair sex of this country is, not only to stand well in the eyes of the world, but to sit well on horseback in the eyes of the opposite sex. Great is the advantage possessed by her who can rule with despotic yet affable and easy sway the animal bearing the precious burden of her dainty self—singular must be the disadvantage of her whom no practice or tuition can empower, with any propriety or comfort or skill, to subjugate to the sweet will of her mind the noble and generous animal so worthy the honour to be her supporter. Example, we believe, is always a stronger agent of instruction than precept, and when, therefore, humbly and with that diffidence so perfectly in character with the well-known modesty of our natures, we would here attempt to make our fair friends learned in equestrianism, we might judiciously point out to them many of the gifted and beautiful of their own sex among our aristocracy, whom, as equestrians, they would best have to imitate to achieve excellence in the desirable and attractive art. We shall content ourselves, however, in this short chapter, with pointing out to their notice one

lady alone who has acquired a perfect knowledge of the practical portion of the accomplishment—her majesty the queen. Her majesty possesses all those attributes which so admirably qualify a lady to become a graceful and skilful horsewoman—moral qualifications as well as physical, for firmness and self-possession, and a power of controlling emotions, are as necessary to the perfect government of a horse, as elegance of shape and lightness of figure are essential to the graceful aspect of the person whom it bears. Her majesty also evinces great taste in the style and character of the horse she selects for her use. Generally fourteen or fifteen hands high, her animal is always one of the very highest courage and breeding, well broken in, in the very best condition, of symmetrical figure, aerial bearing, and of the gentlest temper—a gentlemanly horse, in fact, one that is conscious of the delicacy and rarity of its charge, and who seems, as he paws the ground, to take a pride in assisting to make her appear to the very best advantage. Her majesty, indeed, is at heart a horse-woman, since she judiciously thinks that no lady can have so befitting an aspect as when seated on a charger. With regard to the dress of a lady equestrian there is little to object to that style which is at present in fashion. The hat, indeed, affords almost the only object of complaint. Against this we have already, some few months back, entered our protest, as we would and will against any article of dress which, inasmuch as the usage of it implies the desire to imitate the ill-fitting *brusquerie* of the man, is out of keeping with that feminine softness and diffidence which should still characterise the lady, even at moments when she is engaged in a pastime not distinctly feminine. Boadicea—only, as the song says, hats "were not invented at the time at which she lived—might have worn one of Mr. Franks's Ascots on horseback—so might Christine of Sweden, Joan of Arc, and we cannot help thinking somehow that even Mrs. Trollope would not look badly in a hat, but in our minds there cannot be a better head-dress for a lady on horseback than a velvet cap, made in the shape of a coronet—ornamented or otherwise, of black or crimson, or green, or any other colour, provided it suited the complexion of the lady, and were not ugly in itself, or out of keeping with the texture of her attire. The riding habits we admire especially when they are not too loose, and the figure of the wearer is itself to be admired. They are both modest and becoming. In another paper we may return to this subject again, to point out a few examples of ladies who are perfect equestrians, for the edification and profit of those among our readers who are learners and who wish to be proficient.—*Court Journal*.

GLIMPSES OF WAR.

Causes of War. These, says Dr. Knox, are often such as would disgrace any animal pretending to the least degree of rationality. James tells us their real character. "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?"

Suwarrow's War Catechism. This teaches the soldier's duties! And here is a part of them. "Push hard with the bayonet. Stab once! and off with the Turk from the bayonet! Stab the second! stab the third! A hero will stab half a dozen! If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third!" Such is war. Is it like the Sermon on the Mount?

Waste of property by War. It is incalculable, because we can estimate only its expenses, a mere fraction of what it wastes; but these alone are enormous, even in a time of peace. The expenses of the United States in one form or another for war in 1832, were \$30,554,000, and for all other purposes only \$3,702,000. From 1816 to 1834, a period of 18 years, our national expenses were \$463,915,756, an average of \$25,773,097 a year, all of which, except about three millions and a half, were for purposes of war! Of the whole sum, more than 398,000,000, were for war, and only about 64,000,000, less than one sixth, for the necessary operations of government! The war-debt of Great Britain is nearly \$4,000,000,000. From 1797 to 1817, she raised by revenue \$6,192,866,666, and borrowed \$2,160,000,000; in all \$8,352,866,666; an average of 1,143,414 every day for twenty years, and full fifty-nine-sixtieths of it all for war!

Loss of life by War. Julius Cæsar once annihilated an army of 363,000; of another, he slew 400,000; and on another occasion he massacred more than 430,000! Jenghiz-Khan once shot 60,000 men in cold blood. At another time he massacred full 200,000, and sold 100,000 more for slaves. In a single district he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000! During the late wars of Europe, no less than 5,800,000 lives are supposed to have been lost in twelve years; and the Spaniards are said to have destroyed in 42 years, more than 12,000,000 of the American Indians! How long will Christians connive at such a custom?

Napoleon's sacrifice of life. "Never was there a conqueror," says an European paper, "who fought more battles or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play from the

rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804 down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men; and from 1804 to 1814, he levied, at least, 2,965,965. This statement is deficient; but, even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles, and, at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here, then, are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six millions of human lives!"

Atrocities incident to War. It is not very uncommon for the outposts of two armies, encamped near each other, to be on terms of friendly intercourse; and, after having messed together one day, they have the very next, when called forth to battle, imbrued their hands in each other's blood. In some cases, professed disciples of the Prince of peace, belonging to the two armies, have attended the sacrament together, and then gone, in a few days or hours, to the field of mutual slaughter. In the famous battle of Bennington, members of the same church fought on both sides,—actually butchered one another!

A definition of Murder applied. The shrewd editor of the N. Y. Observer, examining Wis's flimsy, cold-blooded vindication of himself before his constituents against the charge of murder for the part he took in the duel at Washington with Cilley, asks, "Why is it not murder? What is murder? Killing, 'with malice afore-thought.' Malice in law is not that 'animosity' which these duellists disclaimed, but an intention to kill. The highwayman who kills the traveller for his purse, has no 'animosity' against the victim; he only wants his money; but he intends to kill him, and that intention is 'malice afore-thought,' and therefore the killing is murder. Mr. Cilley, therefore, was murdered."

Very good logic; but, applied to war, it would prove every death to be a murder, and every warrior a murderer in the eye of reason and of God. If "an intention to kill" is the only "malice afore-thought" necessary to constitute murder, what shall we say of the wholesale butcheries in war, offensive or defensive? Do not armies always intend to kill? Does not every soldier seek the life of his enemy? Is he not required to kill? Does not every nation, on going to war, design to kill? Does not every kind of war, whether offensive or defensive, consist mainly in killing men? Are not all the preparations for war designed to kill? Is not the butchery of mankind by thousands the grand aim, well nigh the whole business of war? If this be not murder, tell us what is; and if it be, can you tell us the sum total of guilt incurred by Christian nations in continuing such a system of wholesale murder, in spending every year \$800,000,000 for the sole purpose of murder, in keeping four millions of men under pay to commit murder by wholesale, at the bidding of rulers who have no more authority from God to license this species of murder than they have duelling, idolatry or blasphemy?—*Friend of Peace*.

THERE was a great master among the Jews, who bid his scholars consider and tell him what was the way wherein a man should always keep: One came and said that there was nothing better than a good eye, which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said, a good neighbour was the best thing he could desire; and a fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come; that is, a wise person. But, at last, came in one Eleazar, and he said, a good heart was better than them all. True, said the master, thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said. For he that hath a good heart, will be both contented, and a good companion, and a good neighbour, and easily see what is fit to be done by him. Let every man then seriously labour to find in himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him abundance of other labour.—*Bishop Patrick*.

EVEN in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states—of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly—have since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark and fetid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams,—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom—*Davy's Salmonia*.