

But some will say, It is not the money I care for, but the amusement. Excuse me, why then do you not bet for counters, or pins, or pebbles? It would be better for many a young man, for some of the finest fellows of all, men of eager temper, high spirit, delicate honour, if they would make up their minds never to bet, even a shilling. For Gambling, like drinking, grows on some men, and upon the very finest natures too. Nay, more. Gambling is almost the only thing in the world of which it is true the baser a man is the better are his chances: the more honourable a man is the the worse are his chances. The honourable man is no match here for the dishonourable.

Now as to betting on horses. How many betting young men know anything about a horse except that he has four legs? But they know what the horse has done. Yes; but not what the horse might have done. No one can know, who is not in the secrets of the turf, what the horse's engagements really are,—whether he has been kept back in view of these engagements; whether he will not be kept back again; whether he has not been used to make play for another horse; and, in one word, whether he is meant to win.

Ah, but the young gentleman has sent his money on commission to a prophet of a newspaper. And if you are fool enough to buy his facts, his easiest and