

STAKEHOLDERS.

We clip the following from the *Clipper*, as a warning to those concerned. In reference to two bets, which have recently been made, says:—"In both instances have the stakeholders been sued by the losing party, although the money was given up to the winner according to the decision of the referees in whose selection both men had a voice. To act as referee or stakeholder, in these days, is a thankless task, and but few men can now be found to assume either position, knowing the dangers, responsibilities and risks attached to them. No matter what may be the issue of an event, no matter how fairly conducted, the stakeholder is liable to the loser for his share of the stake money should that worthy institute a suit for the same. It comes under the "Gambling Act," and unscrupulous characters, knowing this, take advantage of this incentive to roguery and rascality, and, though the stakes may have been handed over to the winner, yet this contemptible law holds the stakeholder responsible to the losing man; and, if sued, he is compelled to pay the money out of his own resources. We have always set our face against men who would be guilty of so contemptible a proceeding, and refused to recognize them thereafter in any way. For a time we thought we had heard the last of suits against stakeholders by losing parties, but recently we are sorry to see a disposition evinced to revive this mean and unprincipled dodge. The only way to put it down, is, for all sporting men to cut the characters who adopt such a course, and refuse longer to associate with or recognize them. It is bother enough to hold stakes, without being put to the additional trouble and expense of contesting a law suit. Care should be always exercised in selecting a referee, but when once chosen, his decision should be respected, as from that decision there is no higher authority to appeal to. Let us hear no more of these suits against stakeholders.

HOOPS.

We consider the following so apropos, though written a century and a half ago, that we cannot forbear inserting it:

"The women give out in defence of these wide bottoms that they are airy, and very proper for the season, but this I look upon as only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known that we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned ladies why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them?"

I find several speculative persons are of the opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hooped petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honor cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of network and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secure against the approach of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Eth-eridge's way of making love in a tub, as in the midst of so many hoops.

"Should this fashion get among the ordinary people our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much frightened, and if the mode increases I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches, [and who knows what their indignation may lead them to,] a man and his wife would fill a whole pew."

BRUTES! BRUTES!

Truly this is a progressive age, whether in art, science, or moral reform. But a few months ago, and the press of New York could scarcely find language strong enough to apply to our pugilistic friends, when speaking of that much abused class. They were placed on a footing with the brute creation, and the veriest cur that ever carried his tail between his legs was the most fitting companion for a prize fighter. But, as we remarked before, we live in an age of progress, and those who once selected this brutal circle in which the pug should move, and have his being, now fawn upon, and caress the prize fighter with as keen a relish

as the lover enjoys when pressing to his breast "the girl he left behind him." Is the pugilist less brutal now than he was in times past, or have those who then decried him, degenerated until they have found their proper level, and helped to swell the brutal throng? It is really laughable to notice the change that has been brought about in so short a time. Why, the respectable press vie with each other in obtaining the earliest information concerning the movements of this pugilist, or that one. Their exhibitions are as fully and accurately described as the proceedings of meetings for the reformation of "juvenile delinquents," or the learned discussions in the Board of Aldermen. We rejoice at this unmistakable evidence of reform, this tendency to right the wronged, and do justice to those who have heretofore been so shamefully belied and traduced. Verily, has it come to pass that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them. Greeley, we love thee, though thy sins have been black as the Ethiop's hide thou admirest so much. Bennett, thy return to the path of rectitude and justice enlists our sympathy, and thy short cut through Plum Gut is forgiven thee forever; even the "little villian" of the Times shall hereafter have a place in our affections, and his past villainies towards our friends be forgotten in our admiration of his anxiety to retrieve the errors of the past by rendering unto the pugs the things that are the pugs, and so on. We are all the sporting press now; we are all equally respectable; and we are a happy family of fighting editors. So let us be; one and indivisible, now and forever.—*Clipper*.

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.—Placing a quill behind your ear and fancying yourself an editor.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[By Telegraph to the *Physiog.*]
 MEX.—The old woman's dead.

Physiognomy is the science that teaches us the character of man, from a glance at the "pate." Buy the "PHIZ," read, learn, be wise.