

ABOUT BEGGARS. Of late days, the number of Beggars has astonishingly increased in our streets. On every block, on every corner may be seen a woman with a woe-begone face, and two or three dirty, ragged little urchins around her, she holding out her hand piteously asking in a silent manner for a gratuity;—or some man or youth prematurely old, with an apparently broken or humped back, or with a placard announcing that the beggar is afflicted with blindness, and silently awaiting the coppers of the way-farer.—These miserable objects often excite the commiseration of the benevolent, who bestow on them all their small change; but little do these people know that they are encouraging vice, idleness, and probably crime.

There exists in this city, a Bureau of Professional Beggars. This bureau is established and owned by a company of speculators, who have an agent at Genoa in Italy. From this agent by every vessel arriving, come invoices of Beggars, who have been brought up to the trade from childhood. These are consigned to the bureau, or some of its agents, who keep wine cellars and lodging houses. At these places they are dressed in a proper manner for effect, provided with children, and false certificates, purporting to be signed by responsible men in this and other cities, setting forth that the bearer is a foreigner and cannot speak English, has been forced to leave his or her country, either on account of political troubles or domestic affliction, is in great distress, and a decided case for the benevolently disposed, &c., &c.

These beggars armed and equipped for the work are then sent out. Some of them sit on the curb stones as we have stated above. Others again, provided with these documents, go about in the stores and offices, counting houses, &c., seeking filthy lucre. A few days since, one of these wretches came into our office. He was dressed in rags, and seemed to be bent almost double. He came very humbly, hat in hand, and with a most piteous look, to the table where we were writing, and stood patiently by our chair for some fifteen minutes without making a motion; he then took out of his hat, and as if in great pain at the time, unfolded a piece of well worn paper, which he held some time in his hand, as if afraid to present it. At last he heaved a most mournful sigh, and on our looking up, a woe-begone countenance met our gaze, and a thin hand placed the document before us, accompanied, for effect's sake, with a piteous appealing look from a pair of coal black and villainous looking eyes. We glanced over the document, which pretended to be a certificate from somebody in Italy, that the bearer had been a soldier in the Revolution, and had been wounded by a ball, and was unable to work—the document went on to say that the poor fellow had a wife and nine children, a mother and father-in-law to support, and that he was a most worthy object of relief. The whole purported to be endorsed by General Guiseppe Avezzana. We saw at once that the fellow was an impostor, and told him to go, we had nothing for him, when, without any difficulty, he straightened himself, and muttering an Italian oath, he took himself out of our sanctum.

These beggars often make ten, twenty and thirty dollars a week, and adding to this the proceeds of what they steal, they make quite a comfortable living by the business. Two-thirds they receive they pay over to the agent of the Bureau, and for this they are fed, lodged and supplied with wine of a most villainous character. A description of their haunts and their carousals at night, did our limits permit, would form an interesting chapter in city life. We have been led to these remarks by a case which came before one of our police courts the other day, the result of which was that a female impostor, certified to have been once well off, to have lost a husband and half a dozen children by cholera, and to have half a dozen more children to support, was sent up to Blackwell's Island as a vagrant for three months. Her certificate purported to be signed by Dr. Valentine Mott and two other well known physicians,—but they were too well known in this case, and the use of their names at once disclosed the fraud.—*N. Y. Express.*

HORRIBLE MURDER—Arrest of the Supposed Murderer. Our city was thrown into great commotion, last evening, by the news of a horrible murder committed at the water station on the Rochester and Syracuse Railroad. At half past two o'clock the lifeless body of Patrick Phenel was found at the station house before mentioned, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and the crown and back part of his head broken in. Phenel was last seen alive when the steamboat express train passed the station, about one o'clock, when he was on duty. It is thought that soon afterwards he laid down to sleep, as was his custom, when the murderer stole upon him while thus sleeping, broke in his skull with some unknown instrument, and then cut his throat.

As soon as the body of Phenel was discovered, on the passage of the next train, our city police were sent for. A special locomotive was immediately despatched with several of them.

Suspicion immediately fell upon a man named Edward Murphy as the person guilty of the atrocious deed, and he was soon arrested on the towing path some distance from the place of the murder. He was suspected for the reason that he had been removed from the station keeper's position to give place to Phelan, but a few days before, and he had also been seen lurking in the vicinity during the day.

Phenel leaves a wife and large family at Camillus. Murphy was at work for a man living near the scene of the murder in the morning, and discontinued about 10 1-2 o'clock on account of the rain. He went away and was not again seen by his employer till after his arrest.

P. S. Murphy's wife has been arrested as an accomplice in the above described deed of blood, and committed for examination.—*Syracuse Star, Aug. 8th.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED MORMON. A letter from Paris to the *New York Observer*, gives the following notice of the Mormon Missionary at that place:—

"In the house where I live, is a gentleman by the name of B——n, an American, a Mormon, and a Prophet. He is one of the most polite and pleasant men that I have met since I left home. A graduate of the New York University, and familiar with several modern languages. He has a family in the Great Valley (Deseret,) and has been connected with the Mormon fraternity ten years. He is one of the twelve Prophets who conduct the affairs, and guard the interests of the whole community. He is now engaged in the laborious occupation of translating the Mormon Bible into French; and when I tell you that he has been occupied for months already, from 11 to 5 each day, with a prospect of four more before the work is completed, you must acknowledge that it is no small task."

SUIT FOR DAMAGES IN A LIQUOR CASE. One of the liquor sellers in Augusta, Mo., whose stock was destroyed by the city authorities a few days since, brought an action of trover against the officer who seized it, to recover the value of the jugs and liquor, representing that he had the liquor in his possession for medicinal purposes, and not for sale. The Judge decided, under the 16th section of the liquor law, that no action could be maintained in which any portion of the property sued for is composed of intoxicating liquors. Judgment accordingly.

ANOTHER CLIPPER. The new clipper ship *Snow Squall* is expected at New York from Portland within a few days. She is painted entirely white, with the exception of a vermillion streak along her gunwale. With this addition, the clipper fleet will compose three "Squalls," viz: the *Black Squall*, the *White Squall*, and the *Snow Squall*.

"It is AN ILL WIND," &c. It is estimated that Jacob Little has made \$250,000 by the recent change in the money market, having been "short of stocks." A friend of ours who had \$44,000 to pay in two days this week, was compelled to sell Erie at 74, which he bought back again at 70, making some \$3000 out of his own necessities!—*N. Y. Mirror.*