AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"--A. LINCOLN.

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The Annapolis Fair.

As is my custom, I took an evening walk into the town of Annapolis, and having passed a pleasant evening with some of my soldier friends, and former comrades in battle, I was returning to my quarters; it was after 10 o'clock, and fearing I might be halted by the guard, I came the back way, and as I came by the Methodist Episcopal Church No. 1, my attention was attracted by a bright light at the open door, and thinking it must be a *glorious revival* that would be protracted to that late hour, I neared the door, through curiosity, and inquired of the door keeper if the meeting was about closing; being answered in the negative, I asked who preached? He replied that it was "a Fair;" this reminded me of the great sport I had often had driving horses for the premium, and of the fat cattle I had often seen at country Fairs. A Fair! says I—a *Fair!* How can they have a *Fair* in a church! So I walked in, but halt! a man asked me for "ten cents," not having thought about paying to get into a church, this took me a little by surprise, but I paid, meantime inquiring if the *elephant* had performed yet, but passing through another door, I was still more surprised for instead of *elephant* I beheld the *preacher*, instead of *fat cattle* I beheld *poor soldiers*, and instead of *fast horses* I beheld *fast women*. And if you had seen how fast they took money out of my pocket you would have called them fast too.—"Here sir—have your fortune told." I told her I did not believe in fortune telling—"O neither do I, it's only for fun." I told her I did not care, so I turned the wheel of fortune, and she told me I "was *beloved by all*;"—this provoked me for I knew she did not *love me herself*. So I started on but, "stop! you must turn three times,"—so I did, and she told me "I was married," and that I "possessed great wisdom," these being equally untrue, I started off in disgust, but halt! "*Only ten cents.*" I told her she had said "it was *only fun*," and I would not have paid, but the preacher explained that the girls had turned *Gipsy* for *Christ's sake*; I paid the poor girl but had not got my wallet in my pocket, when a beautiful girl of sixteen, (pity her modesty,) asked me to pay for her. The beautiful smiles put on for the occasion, had the desired effect and soon I was minus another dime. Not waiting to hear her fortune, I hastened on, but only to be met by another fair damsel, dressed in purple and scarlet, with hair curled in beautiful ringlets, hanging in rich profusion over her youthful form, addressing me in the softest and most fascinating manner of her sex, her ruby lips whispered, "Wont you take a chance?" I was all amazement—certainly she does not mean for me to *kiss* her before all this crowd, but soon her blue coated attendant, who no doubt had paid dear for his whistle, and was trying to build castles in the air—told me about "a cake," and "such a beautiful cake, all iced with sugar and floating the stars and stripes." Well, I took a chance, paid the immortal quarter—drew a blank, and had not gone two steps until I was compelled to repeat the same, by a very pretty girl who talked so nice, I gave her a *quarter*, and traveled, but now I was told in great earnest by a boy that there was "an *express package* for me." I started but had not gone far when a news boy informed me, there was a *letter* in the Post Office for me. Then I will get the letter first. After paying the unlawful postage of "*ten cents*," I proceeded to read, "*Dearest friend*,"—yes I think you are dear.—"*Ten Cents*"—only *four* lines and *five* lies—but I could excuse the writer though I understood she had been a *church* member for some time. I started to go to the express office, but being outflanked by the *daughters* of *chance*, I fell back in good order and sought refuge at Jacob's well—having drank of its sparkling waters, I began to think *truly* this is the land of my *father's kindred* and I shall be entertained for the night, but as I was about to return thanks for the hospitality of my father's kindred in the land of Mesopotamia, I was politely reminded by the fair damsel, that this was only the "*ten cent* well of Annapolis-" and having watered the Campbell which I had with me, she demanded another dime- But soon Rebecca's brother Laban came out and invited me into the house—soon some of the servants treated me to some of the rich cake of Jacob's house, and a saucer of the highly flavored milk of *human kindness* congealed *without* ice by the *heart* of the giver. The Campbell was provided with the same fare, but refused to eat on account of the great noise kept up by the daughters of chance, in fact I could not keep him in the stall, he broke loose and I have not seen him since; this cost me sixty cents, and fearing to go out past Jocob's well I took another direction, and met the express man again, "A package" indeed! (?) Thinking perhaps some person had taken pity on a lame soldier, I paid the charges, (only twenty-five cents,") opened the package, how are *you*, old black hat. Encouraged by this success, I immediately took a chance in a bottle of cologne, which I was assured was prepared expressly for the use of The Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a superior article. In this I was fortunate indeed, I drew the prize, but as I was about to carry it off, Miss Cologne, said in a very persuasive manner "If you do'nt want it, you can leave it." Willing to do any thing to please so *beautiful* a creature, I left it, and would have left my *pocket book* if she had asked for it, for it was now nearly empty. Just then I felt something pluck my coat, looking down I was impolitely accosted by two *rude* looking boys (who no doubt learned their manners in this *fair* institution,) "give me a dime?" "give me a dime?" Here I began to count the cost of such folly, and found I had already lost two dollars and fifteen cents, or *five day's wages*, and had only twenty cents left, and fearing lest I should have to pay a "quarter" at the door *to get out*, I excused myself to the boys, and finally got rid of them by giving them my "*old black hat*." I was now shown a back room called "*archery*," where the fair mistress informed me, I could make a trial of my skill for *twenty five cents*, but I declined for I had only *twenty* cents, and I feared if I run *five* cents in debt, they might cast me into prison for it was a dark looking place. Here I beheld several soldiers intoxicated with water stronger than that of Jacob's well. They were shooting *blind* mice, *white* mice, dolls, and pin-cushions of so *delicate* a *form* they were encircled by *garters*, and altogether too small for a soldier. The condition of these men was fully appreciated by the daughters of chance; besieged on all sides they had a chance in everything, and one of them afterwards told me he lost between *five* and *six dollars* in these games of chance. It was now twenty-five minutes past eleven—and "while good men slept, and in light winged dreams ascended up to. God" I left those daughters of chance and sons of folly, holding a midnight carnival around this "*ten cent*" altar, of modern vanity and frivolity; and as I walked home I pondered on the scenes which I had there beheld. This is a *Christian* land—these are professedly a *Christian* people and this house is *their* place of worship, where they meet to sing His praises and I am told that all I have seen in this "beautiful temple" *is* for *Christ's* sake, and being a believer in the truths of Christianity, I am disposed to look at it all with a *friendly* eye, but I must beg leave to ask the *Reverend Shepherds* throughout our country who presume to preside over the spiritual welfare of those young flocks of *fair* lambs that play around Jacob's well, if they do honestly believe that fuch "Fairs" are *right?* Can you show us where they are sanctioned in all of *Christ's* teachings?—Can you point to a single justifying example in the history of the *primitive Christian's?* Or do you suppose if Christ were here, He would sanction any such unhallowed conduct? Can you strap this "*Lottery Box*" upon your back, take this "*fortune telling machine*" in one hand, these "*dice*" in the other, fill your pockets with "*white mice*" and "useless toys," then *kneel* down in "the *archery*," or the "*Ice Cream Saloon*," and invoke the blessing of *God* upon such an institution?—Then as you rise up from such a *sacrilegious* devotion, I imagine I hear you sing:

> Ten cents a chance in Jacob's well,
> O! have your fortune told
> Here is a *mouse*, I'd like to sell,
> It is not very old.

And then the DOXOLOGY:

> Praise *Chance*, from whom all blessings flow,
> Come shake these *dice* before you go,
> Praise *Chance* and drink a *toast*,
> And see who can drink the *most*.—AMEN.

Is it not an appeal to the *depraved passions* and *appetites* of humanity? Is it not giving your sanction, to games of chance, and training the youth of our land for the *gambler's* hell? Is it not an intrigue and deception unbecoming a Christian people? Is it not a *studied* and *labored* effort to *cheat* all who patronize them, an act which cannot be justified by any purpose whatever? Is it not on the part of those *fair* youths who conduct them a sacrifice of *modesty*, and is not *modesty* virtue? Can any *good* intention justify such conduct? Or can *such* conduct have a *good* intention? Is it not foolish?—Why not substitute instead of those miserable lottery tickets, common *playing* cards, and have "25 cents *Ante*," and if it be such a very good cause, perhaps some of the brethren would "go a blind?" Or would not a *faro-bank* be easier managed and more remunerative? But to keep up a *vain* show of morality, you of necessity condemn in *word*, what you teach by *example?* Is not your whole conduct, "straining at a *gnat* and swallowing a *gambling saloon?*" Did not Christ when *He* entered into the temple at Jerusalem, overthrow all such Fairs and cast out both those that bought, and those that sold, and began to teach saying, "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves?" He said nothing about "25 cents a chance," but having no where to lay his head he preached from the mountain top a *free* salvation to all. And such conduct was never sanctioned by the *early* Christians, *no! never!* Paul recommended that they give "according as the Lord had prospered them," but I do not read that he ever recommended that the house of God be turned into an ICE CREAM SALOON, or that the sisters should lose their sleep to sell articles of vanity, to decorate God's house with articles *worse than vanity*. *No!*—"The groves were God's first temples," and sooner would they have worshipped amid the deep, calm shades of the forest than have *stooped* to such acts, to purchase all the *luxuries* of *earth*. But the fact is, such "Beautiful Temples" are just now in *fashion*, and it is your *pride* that creates your imaginary wants, and to gratify that pride you stoop to means unbecoming and subversive of the religion you profess. For one moment imagine you see John the Revelator, getting up a *Fair* and calling on the people to have their fortunes told, "Only 25 Cents!" *No!* He chose rather to tell them *without* charge, the *fortune* of *Babylon*, and the final *overthrow* and *sorrow* of all those who bought and sold in her "Fairs" of luxury and vanity. Or PAUL when he entered Athens, setting up a *Post Office* and writing "billetdoux" to the Athenian soldiers, "Only ten Cents!" and all to *Decorate* the temple of that God whom ye ignorantly worship. No! He chose rather to *rebuke* such folly and gave his life a sacrifice to the plain unvarnished truths of Christianity, preaching humility and self denial, obedience and LOYALTY to the powers that be. Or imagine you see PETER with the keys of heaven and earth in his hand standing by the door of the church of *Annapolis*, at the midnight hour demanding "ten cents" of all who chose to enter, and after he had got them in, dressing up the young and fair sisters of the church, in purple and scarlet, curling their hair and prompting them to ask the soldiers to "*take a chance*" in some article of vanity or luxury, "Only 25 Cents," and all this to buy himself a spring sofa, and marble pulpit. *No!*—PETER spent his nights quite differently and you might have heard him at the midnight hour *denouncing* all such folly and offering all "*a chance*" in the kingdom of heaven "without money and without price." Again imagine you see MARY going around with her alabaster box of precious ointment "Only 25 Cents," O! the idea is *perfectly ridiculous*, yet these *pious* shepherds attend these festivals and sanction them by their august presence, but I must confess I never saw any of them "take a chance." Now I beg leave to say to all such shepherds, would you not feel more noble worshiping in a *plainer* house built by *honorable* means? Could you not sit more comfortably in a rude seat purchased by *honorable* means than upon a spring sofa purchased by the sacrifice of your *moral dignity* and *Christian consistency?* Would you not feel more like a minister of CHRIST, standing behind a *rude* pulpit purchased by *honorable* means, than you do behind your *marble* structures purchased with the proceeds of your "Archery," your "Fortune telling machine," your "lottery and dice boxes," and "white mice," to say nothing of the sacrifice of the *modesty* of the *fair* ones of your flock.—If ye be men of honor, do you not despise such chicanery for any purpose whatever? And as Christians, instead of spreading those *rich carpets* upon your floors should you not seek to spread the *rich tidings* of the *Gospel* in heathen lands, and instead of *pointing* and frescoeing the walls of your temples should you not seek to paint the name of JESUS on the walls of heathen temples of idolatary, or to paint the letters of the alpabet upon the minds of some of your ignorant servants.

But having seen the Fair I concluded to attend divine services the next Sabbath evening, in the same "beautiful temple," accordingly I accompanied some of the faithful and was politely conducted to a seat in the gallery. "The Beautiful Temple" was crowded. The "daughters of chance" were there, and the sons of fortune sat beside them, but I could see no sign for "Ice Cream," and "Jacob's Well," was not there, but the Reverend came, he had no "Fortune Telling Machine," no "Chance Box," no "Dice," as to the "White Mice," I could not say, but soon he opened the "Archery" of Truth, and "took a chance" in Esther:—"If I perish I perish." The subject was perseverance, the discourse delightful, and the conclusion, "COME TO THE FAIR!—Come every night until the debt is paid," just as if a soldier's money was made by such "midnight chances," and as I walked to my quarters I pondered on what I had heard. "If I perish—I perish," but I cannot go to the Fair, for I have not money enough to buy a postage stamp.—If there should be no Fair when the Invalid Corps is paid, I connot practice this "Perseverance," and my chance will be hopeless. Again he said: "Come every night." Is not this a *wicked* allurement to the waste of precious time? If a soldier desires to give anything can he not give it in *one* night? And does not such perseverance as he preaches, tend to reduce to poverty and want the poor soldiers who have given their ALL, to a cause I never heard HIM PRAY FOR! Even if these Fairs *are* right, would not *one night* be enough for each poor day? I'm sure one night "strapped" me. But the worthy Patron of Chances, informed us that he had "neglected to take up the usual collections for The Tract Society, and for The Sabbath School cause," of course, because of the debt on "THE BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE," and as I looked upon its grandeur, "I said:—Beautiful! beautiful!! indeed—but what a pity to neglect the education, even of ONE child for all such vain beauty and grandeur."

In conclusion I would say in all kindness to these Gospel Ministers who patronize and conduct such "Fairs,"—IF THIS IS RIGHT, WHAT IS WRONG?

In my opinion when vice and immorality become Christian virtues then will such "Fairs" become Christian institutions, and you will occupy an enviable position, but under the teachings of CHRIST, and His Apostles, your position is ridiculous; and as you cannot defend your course by any acknowledged rules of morality, I would advise you to repent of your past folly, and instead of practicing "such chicanery" to use the last dime of the wounded soldier to carpet the walks of *Treason*, you give the remainder of your days to deeds of *love*, *charity* and LOYALTY.

Very Respectfully Yours,
INVALID SOLDIER.

Monkey in Church.

There was once an eminent clergyman by the name of Caassaubon, who kept in his family a tame monkey, of which he was very fond. This animal, which was allowed its liberty, liked to follow the minister when he went out, but on the Sabbath was usually shut up till his owner was out of sight, on his way to church. But one Sabbath morning, when the clergyman, taking his sermon under his arm, went out, the monkey followed him unobserved, and watching the opportunity while his master was speaking to a gentleman on the steps, ran up at the back of the pulpit, and jumped upon the sounding board. Here he gravely seated himself, looking round in a knowing manner on the congregation, who were greatly amused at so strange a spectacle. The service proceeded as usual, while the monkey, who evidently much enjoyed the sight of so many people, occasionally peeped over the sounding-board, to observe the movements of his master, who was unconscious of his presence. When the sermon commenced, many little forms were convulsed with laughter, which conduct so shocked the good pastor, that he tho't it his duty to administer a reproof, which he did with considerable action of his hands and arms. The monkey, who had now become familiar with the scene, imitated every motion, till at last a scarcely suppressed smile upon the countenance of most of the audience. This occurred, too, in one of the most solemn passages in the discourse; and so horrible did the levity appear to the good minister, that he launched forth into violent rebuke, every word being enforced by great energy of action. All this time the little fellow overhead mimicked every movement with ardor and exactness. The audience, witnessing the apparent competition between the man and his monkey, could no longer retain the least appearance of composure, and burst into roars of laughter, in the midst of which one of the congregation kindly relieved the horror of the pastor at the irreverence and impiety of his flock, by pointing out the cause of the merriment. Casting his eyes upward, the minister could just discern the animal standing on the end of the sounding-board, and gesturing with all his might, when he found it difficult to control himself, though highly exasperated at the occurrence.—He gave directions to have the monkey removed, and sat down to compose himself, and allow his congregation to recover their equinimity while the order was being obeyed.

For the Citizen.

AN EMBLEM.

The reckless youth drives on with furious heat;
With dangers great his pathway is replete:
He labors not to curb his fiery steed,—
Increasing ev'ry moment is his speed;—
Instead of toiling his momentum to restrain,
He cracks his whip, and loosely gives the rein:
Unconscious, he entirely seems to be,
Of perils imminent the prudent see.
Above his head are cliffs, abrupt and high,—
Just on each side, deep, awful ravines lie.
The danger still increases—more and more,—
While, right ahead, his gp'ning eyes explore
A frightful gulf, most fearful to behold,
Which yawns to drown him in its depths untold:
He nears its dreadful brink with lightning speed,—
Onward, with fury, bounds his firy-steed,—
He sees his danger,—labors to restrain
His courser's rapid force,—but 'tis in vain,—
And why? the reason's obviously plain—
He has too long enjoyed the slackened rein:—
His blood is high, restraint he will not know,—
They plunge into the dread abyss below!
The reckless, furious, tragic race is o'er;—
Driver and courser can be seen no more! * *
Philosophers of ancient times declared—
"Man's passions with willl horses well compared;"
His reason did the driver represent,
Which was to give the passions proper bent.
But many—what a truth to understand!—
Their chargers better than themselves command;
Their horses are instructed to keep still,
Or, well perform what is their owner's will;.
While man permits his passions have the sway,
And with their driver, reason, run away.
A governable horse, all must agree,
Alone, can to his owner useful be;
And he, that he may serve him well and true,
Must be "broke in" betimes,—completely too.
So, too, our passions must be well "broke in"—
They are the drivers to the gulf of sin,—
Or they o'er reason will their pow'r extend,
And lead to dreadful ruin in the end.
Philosophy, indeed, may show us how
To make our willful, furious passions bow;—
But heav'n-inspired Religion will impart
A pow'r to govern and to guide the heart,
Philosophy—the ancient and the new—
Has never yet performed—can never do.

M.

WIT AND WISDOM.

CONSIDER whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and before whom thou art to stand.

THE most disagreeable of all bats to have flying about one's head, are *brickbats*.

How did Noah preserve honey bees during the flood? In the ark-hives of the world, of course.

WHAT is the difference between one's mouth and a bandbox? Not much; either is a good place to put a *muff*-in.

A LOVER is most eloquent when he talks to his sweet-heart about marriage. Then his speech is *ringing* eloquence.

A GENIUS out west has just patented a machine for making chestnuts out of sweet potatoes. He is a brother to the old gentleman who put handles to prickly pears and then sold them for curry-combs.

THE editor of the Rochester Democrat gives this recipe to kill fleas on dogs:

"Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set him on fire. The effect is instantaneous."

A GOOD deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river. "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

A LADY, just returned from a foreign tour, said her husband purchased, among other things during their travels, a lot of stationery to put in the nicks, and some articles of virtue to adorn his parlor with.

A MAN had a sign up, "Cheap Ladies' Shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear*.

A WAG remarked the other day that people treated postage stamps now-a-days in the same manner as school-masters used to treat their pupils in his time—licked them to make them stick to their letters.

"SOME people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four by-standers, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families; but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

AN old bachelor of our acquaintance says he doesn't wonder that married men over thirty-five years of age are placed in the second class conscripts under the new conscription law. They have suffered enough for their country.

THE wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her.

"Well," said he, "to tell the truth, it is impossible for me to like you *any longer*."

A CYNIC, by the name of Wright in Wrightsville, Wright county, out West, recently writing on Woman's rights,—"that it is so seldom that women do right what is right that it is more than right that when they do what is right that it should be rightly done." Now, if Mr. Wright is not right, then he had no right to write the above.

AN officer of South Adams on a furlough was recently addressed by a pompous individual:—

"Oh, you feel big, don't you? with your shoulder straps and brass coat and blue buttons? Well, I could have had a commission, too, if I had wanted it, and gone to the war, and fought and been killed and been buried by this time."

"It's a pity you hadn't taken the commission," said the officer, quietly.

Army Correspondence.

ANNAPOLIS, Md.
April 6, 1864.

Messrs Editors:—This is a very pleasant day, and the bright rays of the sun I hope speak freedom to Maryland, this county is a dark corner, but I observe some as true and active friends of the Union as can be found any where, gray haired citizens at the polls, exerting themselves to give the death blow to slavery, before they leave, were it to be their last act, could be none more noble. I hope history will prove that, to-day a bloodless victory forever freed "My Maryland"- from the dead weight of this degrading institution. But, be the issue of to-day what it may "Let us have faith, that *Right* makes *Might*" and do our duty.

Troops are arriving here daily, part of the 3d, N. J. Cavalry, came yesterday, the 17th Mich., last night, and a few days ago I observed marching through to their encampment, the 1st Michigan, (colored) regiment; they marched to good music of a brass band of their own color; they carried the good old flag of the Stars and Stripes, on one side of which I read,—"*Presented by the Soldiers Aid Society of Detroit*," on the other: "*All men are born free and equal, to realize which we fight.*"

As I looked upon the forms, many of whom had once worn the white man's chains, but now carried the musket to defend the white man's Government, who once were slaves under the flag they now rally to defend, who but a few years ago had "no rights a white man was bound to respect," but who now volunteer to defend the rights of all, and are welcomed to the noble defence of the Government of our fathers, whose motto they have inscribed upon their banner, to realize which *they fight*. I could only say, "truly the change is great" and if it be a *crime* for a *white* man to *assail* that flag and that motto, certainly it is a *noble act* in the *black* man to defend it. "The world moves" *onward*. "Error and decay are synonymous terms, and that which is not right must cease to exist, for "*God reigns*." Rebellion against free institutions must end in its own overthrow, and in the glorious triumph of *that* flag, and *that* motto, for "*the service of God is perfect freedom*."

When the discoverer of our country declared this planet to be round, he but told *a truth of nature*, which nothing but the hand of God can change. When Roger Williams declared amid the forests of the new world, that "All men had a right to worship God according to the dictates of their own concience, he but declared a truth of God's moral Government, which shall only cease to be, a right, when man shall cease to have a conscience or God an existence. And when our venerable fathers declared that "All men are created free and equal," they only expressed a simple *truth of Gods creation*, which all the tryants in the world can never erase, and all the rebellions on earth can never overthrow, but this immortal truth, a star of hope shall *forever* glitter upon that,

> "Flag of the free hearts only home,
> By angel hands to valor given;
> Thy *echoes* are from yonder dome,
> And all thy *words* were born in heaven.
> Forever float that *motto* sheet,
> Where breathes the *Reb*, but falls before us,
> With freedoms soil beneath our feet,
> And freedoms *motto* floating o'er us.

"*To Realize which we fight*," was the impulse of our noble sires, and by their valor, suffering, and per servance during seven years warfare, they secured for *our realization* the liberty we enjoy and gave into our hands this blood stained Charter of universal freedom. Let it be inscribed upon the banners and hearts of all. Let it never pass from our hands except as a rich and untarnished legacy to our children. Let that motto of Gods creation be inscribed upon our banners until it becomes a living reality, acknowledged and *realized* by *all*, then rebellion against this law of natures God, will be unknown. *All* will be free, *all* will be equal, *all* will be peace, *all* will be happy; *none* will wear crowns, *none* will bear arms, *none* will live in chains. And then it will be the glory of America, that she has been the asylum for the oppressed. The birth-place of Civil and Religious Liberty. The *Cradle* of Human Freedom, and the *grave* of Human Slavery. "*To realize which we fight.*"

AMERICAN SOLDIER.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.—If a traveler who took the course of human events has never been heard of since?

If the hollow of a log can be heard?

If twelve inches make a foot, how many will make a leg?

Do potatoes ever wear out, as we often hear of potatoe patches?

Will the Cape of Good Hope fit a fashionable lady?

☞ "Men are made in the image of God." Gentlemen are manufactured by tailors, barbers. and bootjacks.

"Woman is the last and most perfect work of God." Ladies are the production of silk-worms, milliners and dressmakers.

From the New York Home Journal.

A Confidence Woman.

Our Western exchanges contain lengthy accounts of a young married woman named Mrs. Van Vleet, who has been swindling the people of Michigan and Illinois. The annals of female crime and fraud during the past quarter of a century scarcely present a parallel case. Her operations have been distinguished by a boldness, a dash of romance, and, until recently, by an unvarying success at once surprising and evincing talent of a high order, worthy of a better use. She is described as young in appearance, not over thirty years of age, of handsome and peculiarly attractive manners. She dresses with exquisite taste, and moves in good society with all the ease and self-possession of a traveled woman of the world.—She has resided from childhood in Monroe county, and, until her recent arrest, has moved in good circles, where her respectability has been undoubted. It is said that she has realized untold sums from her swindling operations during the past seven or eight years. During this period she has absented herself from home frequently weeks at a time, returning as mysteriously as she disappeared. While at home, she lived in a style of luxury and magnificence that has been the envy of her friends and acquaintances. During some of these periodic excursions Mrs. Van Vleet played the literary role, and claimed to be authoress of "Rutledge." Soon after the appearance of "Rutledge" she made her advent in the quiet Eastern city of ——. Here she sought out a prominent real estate agent, and confided with him the important information that she was a woman of means, and desired to purchase a residence in the vicinity. The confiding man of real estate was flattered by the prospect of selling property to the authoress of "Rutledge," and in defference to her literary fame, invited her to a home in his family. Her blandishments secured her an introduction to financial men, and she was enabled to get a check for two thousand five hundred dollars on a Boston bank cashed. It was altered from twenty-five dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars. This fraud was soon discovered, but not before the fair swindler had escaped. She is said to have operated extensively in minor swindles in the East, many of which transactions will probably never see the light. She has at different times personated Mrs. General Van Vleet, and it is stated that not long since she put on a brigadier's uniform and went to Chicago, where she had the audicity to personate General Van Vleet himself. Sometimes she made her husband put on the uniform, and the pair traveled as General Van Vleet and lady. The arrest of this woman at Dundee, Michigan, has caused considerable excitement and gossip in the neighborhood where she is known, and all kinds of stories are afloat. One is to the effect that she donned the uniform of a lieutenant, and by her dashing and brilliant appearance, won the effections of a young lady, married, and then cruelly deserted her. She has a young child about a year old, which gossip says she has abducted in some of her wanderings.

Her husband is said to be an inoffensive man, and has been used as the tool of this artful and designing woman. She took her arrest with the utmost *sang froid*, and said to a female acquaintance as she was about to leave with the officers for Chicago, that she had "escaped from a good many worse scrapes than this." Her arrest and exposure will probably close a career of crime that has been as romantic, as successful and remarkable, as anything of the kind we have ever been called upon to record.

☞ A few days ago a lady alighted from the New Haven train at Guilford, Conn., asked for the residence of a well to do gentleman living near the centre of the town, and proceeded thither. She was admitted, had a five minutes interview with the said gentleman, when both went to the minister and were married. The next day she left and has not been seen in Guilford since. In reply to the questions of the curious, the gentleman says: "She is my wife, and she has gone away." This is all the satisfaction he gives, and the gossips are wild with excitement

☞ A country editor living on the line of a railroad, sent to the superintendent of the road for a pass for himself, and added, "please embrace my wife." The superintendent returned a pass to the editor, but declined the proposed honor.

☞ A Man at a fair was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a stable."

Santa Anna has, it is said, given in his adhesion to Maximillion and is going to Mexico to tell him so.