

B. HART, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, AND TAILOR OF THE NEW CUT...

CLINTON HOTEL, BY SIMON LELAND, OFFERED FOR THE PARK IN BRATTLEBORO, [34] New York.

JNO. BURNHAM & SON, Brass Founders, AND MANUFACTURERS OF Copper Pumps.

P. SIMONDS, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

ALONZO FARR, Livestock Keeper, HORSES AND CARRIAGES of all kinds furnished at short notice.

L. G. MEAD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

HENRY CLARK, AGENT OF WINDHAM COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Brattleboro, Vt.

Wholesale and Retail Millinery Establishment, THE subscriber would give no...

MILLINERY BUSINESS, I would invite all my patrons, and those in want of Millinery Goods...

BONNETS, some very new styles, among which may be found: 10 Cases Super French Lace...

New York and Boston Spring and Summer Goods, AT THE SIGN OF THE ELM TREE.

Just Received, PLOWNS, Cultivators, C. S. Manure Forks, C. S. Shovels, and Wilder's Hoe.

Flour, T. H. TAYLOR, Brattleboro, April 16.

NEW MILLINERY, CHEAP! CHEAP!! MRS. E. HINCKLEY, BEGS leave to inform the public that the building she has occupied...

FLORENCE BONNETS, French Lace, Pearl, Geneva, Colours, Jersey Lid, Fancy Braids, Lace Colours, Chain Braids...

R. SANDS & CO.'S, Rich Cantonese Plain and Curled Silks, narrow striped and Faded Silks, in beautiful colors...

TRAINED ELEPHANTS, Jenny Lind and Home, and Ten Egyptian Camels, whose performances have been the wonder and delight of thousands...

HIPOFFERAEAN ARENA, In addition to their already mammoth troupe of Equitarians and Animals, the Proprietors offer, for the present season...

TO DEALERS IN CLOTHING, WHITING & KEHOE, Nos. 40 and 42 Ann Street, BOSTON.

OUR FOREIGN GOODS, are imported by ourselves, having made arrangements to receive, per Steamer, the newest styles of Vestings and Summer Stuff Goods...

OUR AMERICAN FABRICS, we receive directly from the Manufacturers Agents, Our Cutting and Manufacturing Rooms are under the direction of persons of EXPERIENCE AND ABILITY...

NEW ARRANGEMENT, THE subscribers have this day formed a partnership in business under the firm of JONES & ESTERBROOK.

MAY 1ST, 1849, JONES & ESTERBROOK are now retiring at their new and splendid Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saloon, at West Dover, the largest and best assortment of GOODS ever offered for sale in this place...

Boots, Shoes, and Shoe Stock, Wholesale and Retail, THE subscriber offers for sale at his Chambers over his Retail Store, a complete assortment of BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS...

Stewart's Sugar-House Syrup, L. S. P. R. and Mustard-Molasses, for sale very low by T. H. TAYLOR, Brattleboro, April 16.

APRIL 16TH, 1849, THIS DAY RECEIVED, A LARGE assortment of ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN BEY GOODS, which will be sold very low for Cash.

APRIL 16TH, 1849, T. H. TAYLOR, Brattleboro, April 16.

JEWETT & PRESCOTT, IMPORTERS OF SILK GOODS & SHAWLS, NO. 2 MILK STREET, A few steps from Washington Street, BOSTON.

New and Fashionable Goods, newly equalled, and never surpassed, in this or any other market.

500 Packages Fresh Goods, From which any Lady or Gentleman can select a single Shawl, Dress Pattern, or any quantity, at the LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

BLACK SILK SHAWLS, CANTON CRAPE SHAWLS, plain, damask and richly embroidered, of every quality and price.

THIBET SHAWLS, Black and Mode Colors, Plain Wool Long & Square Shawls, Imported styles, and also choice patterns from the Best Shawl Mills.

Rich Cantonese Plain and Curled Silks, narrow striped and Faded Silks, in beautiful colors, Fifty Quantities of Black Silks, with Rich Lustrous and only such Goods as we can safely recommend for durability...

Visites, Mantillas & Sacks, Some of which are richly embroidered and very elegant. We shall receive these Goods in new patterns by every French Packet and Steamer.

RESPECTFULLY solicits the attention of the fashionable public to the sale of Gentlemen's Hats, for their approval and patronage.

Several of "the elite" well known for their good taste, and familiarity with the latest FASHIONABLE HATS, have unanimously concluded that the New Hats now offered by ABORN surpass in beauty and fitness any thing ever yet worn on the human head.

After she reached New York, she ordered her baggage to be removed on to a North River boat, which lay side by side with the one she was on.

That does not go up the river to-night, Miss; but that one further along goes up a few hours. Shall I put your baggage in it?

Mrs Dudley bowed her head and followed him. She entered the elegant saloon of the Knickerbocker, and taking a berth, laid down and tried to sleep, but there seemed to be no rest for her.

It was morning when she awoke amidst the bustle and confusion of a stoppage at a city wharf. She had intended to have stoppage at some small country town, and disappointed, she turned to the chambermaid.

"No, we have reached Albany; but she goes back to the city to-day."

"To what hotel shall I drive, Miss?" he said.

"It is of no consequence—any," she replied.

"The carriage at length stopped in front of an ill looking, dirty, third-rate house, and Mrs Dudley felt a repugnance to enter it. A stage was directly in front of the door, and she asked where it was going."

"To Springfield, Miss," was the reply.

"She ordered her baggage to be put on, and took a seat in the stage, which already held several passengers. She was pale and exhausted, and a matronly looking lady upon the back seat insisted upon her taking a seat beside her. Enma leaped back in one corner of the coach. Wary and desolate she did indeed look. The remaining passengers were a gentleman, a young girl about fourteen, and an elder brother of the last. Mrs Dudley gleaned from the conversation of these two, that they were returning to school, after a vacation of four weeks, and that the elderly lady was the principal female teacher. Enma's drooping eyes became more expressive as she heard her remark to the young girl, whom she called Helen, that she would be disappointed in not finding her old music teacher."

"Why, has Miss Atwood been getting married?" inquired the girl, in a sorrowful tone of voice.

"No, but she is so ill that her physician gives her hopes of her recovery." They talked a long while about her many virtues, and at length Enma interrupted them, by timidly asking if they had as yet procured a substitute.

"We have not," the lady answered; "do you know of any one suitable?"

"I was on my way," answered Enma, "to find employment as a teacher of music, and as I am alone, I should find much relief in being able to engage myself with you." Her voice was tremulous, as she paused, and they noticed her agitation.

"Why, this is very fortunate," remarked the lady, in a kindly tone of voice; "have you been accustomed to teaching?—you look very young."

"No, I have never taught," replied Enma, "but I have been employed as a teacher of music, and I have been accustomed to teaching?—you look very young."

"Well, you can at least stop at Glenwood with us, and if you like the place we shall do our best to engage you in other matters."

Enma made no reply, but she looked that her heart was full—so full that she dared not trust her voice. After a few moments of silence, she spoke by Enma's half-fledged eyes, the lady again spoke: "I think we should feel better acquainted if we knew each other's names, my dear—mine is Mrs Easton; and what shall I call you?"

Enma's face was painfully flushed—This was her first temptation to deception since her new resolves, but she struggled with it and obtained the victory.

"Mine is Enma Dudley," she replied, but her answer had been so tardy that Mrs Easton felt a sudden feeling of distrust creep into her bosom, and she questioned whether it was right for her to engage, or even to converse with her, as she knew nothing about the pupils whose welfare was so dear to her. But the tearful eyes and compressed lips of this fair young being, plead their way to her heart; and she resolved that she would throw out all distrust until some act should convince her that she was indeed unworthy.

From the Ladies' National Magazine, Enma Dudley's Secret, BY CLARA BOWEN.

CHAPTER III, After Cecil Dudley left the house, the memory of Enma's look so haunted him he could not rest, and he retraced his steps in his dwelling, trying to still the thought that had been unnecessarily harsh towards her. He went directly to her room, and tapped gently at the door. There was no answer. Clipping the silver knob, he turned it gently. She was not there. The doors of the wardrobe were open, but he quick eye espied the letters—he broke the seal, but they gave no clue to her destination. Wild with grief, he threw himself upon her bed, and sobbed like a child.

Keen as was his mortification, it was as nothing in comparison with the remorse which he had one upbraiding sentence caused him. He had been to blame—he had expected too much of one so young, so petted and admired. Himself sick of the folly and heartlessness of the world, he had expected her to renounce it before a single pleasure had pallid. Bitterly did he lament his short sightedness, for he saw the very course he had taken was calculated to wear her from him and to foster deception, but he had discovered it too late! Then came thoughts of the world's sneer—he should be pointed out as "the girl Mr. Dudley, whose wife had run away from him," and perhaps some would even dare to breathe injurious reports regarding her character. Maddened with the thought, he rushed wildly from the house, and listened to Mr Ellis, his wife's father.

Scarcely less great was the agony of the parent, but it came with such stunning weight that for a time it stupified him—Mrs Ellis went immediately around to her daughter's house, while Mr Ellis and Mr Dudley visited all the depots of the different lines, but found nothing which could guide them in determining which she had taken. After a day of ceaseless anxiety and useless toil, Mr Ellis returned with the nearly broken-hearted Cecil, to his desolate dwelling. Mr Dudley entered his wife's chamber, and this time he took up the miniature and opened the case. The gleaming eyes looked reproachfully upon him, and with a cry of agony he sank upon the floor.

Mr Ellis immediately went for their family physician, leaving his wife with Cecil. When they returned he was blest, but he awoke delirious.

"Those eyes—those eyes!" he would scream, "take them away, they burn my sight—they will kill me! take them away!"

When upon the couch, her lips and eyes, pleading the responsibility of a thing how devotedly he had loved—how madly he had worshipped. But the one alone whose voice had power to soothe him was far away, suffering even more intensely than himself, for her reason was not dethroned.

The excitement which had buoyed her up the night previous to her departure, forsook her immediately after she left the house. She then felt that all she held dear in life was buried to her. She wondered at her pride, and longed to throw herself at his feet, and plead for forgiveness. But she had gone too far, she could not return.

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Mrs Dudley bowed her head and followed him. She entered the elegant saloon of the Knickerbocker, and taking a berth, laid down and tried to sleep, but there seemed to be no rest for her. Hours she lay motionless around her, her open eyes fixed upon the one little window, and her head drooping with intense pain. At supper she drank the cup of tea which the usually kind and thoughtful chambermaid brought her, and this acted as a quietus upon her excited nerves, and she slept.

It was morning when she awoke amidst the bustle and confusion of a stoppage at a city wharf. She had intended to have stoppage at some small country town, and disappointed, she turned to the chambermaid.

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ly, but surely sliding to the gulph below. The last sounds that fell upon her ears were those of mingled screaming, rising far above the roaring of the torrent—a feeling of sudden pain—a dizzy faintness, and all was over.

But the pain had not been occasioned by the jarring crash. It was by the grasp of the strong arm of her preserver, and now he bore her drooping form over the rocks, followed by the little group who with pallid faces had watched the stranger as he cautiously stood near and grasped her at the moment of peril.

They entered a little brown cottage by the road side, and after applying the usual restoratives, Enma opened her eyes upon the tearful faces beside her.

"My poor—poor child!" said Mrs Easton. The warm blood mantled Enma's pale face as the affectionate tones fell upon her ear, and pressing the extended hand, she wept passionately.

Glenwood was a few miles from the falls, and they continued their journey, reaching the grove embowered village at twilight. A strange calmness stole over Enma's heart as the stage wound through the elm-shirred road, and deposited them at the gate of the beautiful grounds which surrounded their boarding-house.

The first weeks of Enma Dudley's engagement as a teacher passed wearily and heavily to her. How calmly she looked back now and reviewed the feverish haste with which she had rejected the then humiliating present for the unknown future.

Al! deeply did she regret the wretched pride which had kept her from confessing her faults to the husband who had been so lenient and kind to her many errors. How plainly they rose before her—those same errors which had led to her self-banishment! With patience and without murmuring she bore the penance she had inflicted—her life became one of continued effort, but she faltered not in the painful path she had chosen.

"I will become worthy of him," was her constant thought, and this gave her strength to persevere when her delicate frame was worn, and her spirit faint with self reproach, which, constantly dwelling in her bosom, stung her heart to its inmost core.

Daily from his wounded depths arose prayer and thanksgiving, that in the wilderness of her grief, when her mind had been shrouded in darkness and bitterness, and she had sought the quiet of the grave—that, in that terrible moment a hand had been outstretched to save her from such a fearful sin.

Twice, by merchants who had left the village to purchase summer goods in New York, she had sent long letters to her mother, begging of her occupation in her village home, but as they were mailed from that city, her parents received no clue to discover her retreat.

Mrs Easton had proved a most excellent friend. She was fully convinced that there was some secret connected with her protegee's past life, but with a delicacy which Enma appreciated, she forbore alluding to the incidents of the day of their meeting, and Enma's secret remained untold, and even unperceived.

Alone in her school-room Enma sat. She taught drawing in the afternoon, and her music lessons were given in the morning. It was near sunset, and Enma had remained to finish several drawings for her pupils. She heard from after the loggia horn of the stage-coach with which the driver always announced his approach to the village.

She leaned her head upon her hands and wept. With the tears came memories of the loved one who had always caressed her more fondly than any light grief had overshadowed her joyous spirit—yearning memories which would not be stilled or subdued.

"Ah, Cecil," she sobbed, "what have I done? how can I live through this separation, my husband! and I—I—alone am to blame!"

A door opened from an adjoining room, and Mrs Easton passing through, drew a seat beside Enma's.

"My child, you know me too well to think I have come to you with any motives of curiosity. I heard your violent weeping, and I hesitated in disturbing you, but I overheard what I know you did not intend or wish me to know, and I came to tell you; and to beg of you to make me the confidant of your troubles—will you tell me, and let me sympathize with you?"

"I cannot—I cannot," sobbed Enma,—"they are all my own fault, and I deserve no sympathy—you would only despise me, if you knew."

"I have studied your character for a month, Enma, and I am sure you could never have done anything intentionally bad—nothing for which I could despise you. I offer you my warmest sympathy for your sorrows, whatever they are—will you accept it?"

"No, I thank you, dear, kind, good Mrs Easton, but you do not know."

"No Enma, I know I do not, neither shall I unless you confide in me," and Mrs Easton drew her tenderly towards her.

Enma's heart opened at once, and clasping the hand of her friend, she poured out in broken words the history of her married life.

Mrs Easton was astonished at the recital—astonished that Enma could have so resolutely banished herself from such a home—astonished at the want of knowledge of the world, which she had shown in braving its opinion. Her heart beat as she thought of the undrump of mortifications which were in store for her sensitive spirit—the many hours of unavailing regret which her impulsive act would ever cause her.

"She saw at a glance the agony of the husband—the keen mortification of the man of the world—and the distorted view which Enma had taken, forgetting in her own wretchedness the misery she was inflicting upon others; but although this immediately presented itself to her mind, she hesitated in inflicting new pangs in the heart of the already sufficiently suffering Enma."

Suddenly a shadow fitted past them, and raising their eyes they both rested them upon the tall form which darkened the doorway—how pale was the strikingly handsome face!—A step farther and Enma sprang into the outstretched arms. With wild sobs she clung around his neck; Cecil, weak from his previous illness, and overcome with the excitement of the meeting, staggered to a seat; where, supporting her in his arms, he bent over her with the fond look of other days.

Mrs Easton left them alone and it was well, for oh, there was so much to say. In that hour they read more of each other's hearts than many married couples have read in a life-time. How bitterly Enma chided herself for causing that man and child to bow! how tenderly Cecil folded his wife to his heart, resolving that she should never know cause for grief again! how filled were both their hearts with happiness that their troubles were so soon over!

Again and again she questioned him—He told her of all the agony he endured when he found that she had gone—of his severe illness, of the forethought of her parents, who had immediately discharged the servants before they had time even to suspect the absence of their mistress. The physician and an old nurse, who had been for years in their family, had been their only confidants, and so well had everything been managed that not one of their immediate family suspected her absence.

"But how, Cecil, came you to think of finding me here?"

"Can you not imagine, my dearest?"

"No, I have tried in vain to think."

"During my illness a letter was sent to me, which not having my place of business upon, was advertised before I received it. When I opened it I found it from an old college friend—"

"Ah, Cecil! and you know the whole?"

"Yes, darling, I know all—the wretchedness which my poor little wife must have endured before she could have yielded to such a dreadful temptation; but let us bury the past, and live for the future; for this bitter lesson will not be a useless one. My friend wrote me the particulars of his meeting with you, and when, where, &c., and asked if you were a next relative. I, with your father, immediately made arrangements to travel—we left home the next day, and your parents are now awaiting us in New York, where we shall join them, and spend the Summer together in traveling—Shall we not be happy, Enma?"

"I do not deserve such happiness," she replied, her dark eyes glittering with tears.

"And I, Enma, feel as though I hardly deserved you for not understanding you better; oh, how much misery would have been saved both, had we made each other's dispositions our study. But it is too late for regret; we have at length learned how dear we are to each other, and I am thankful we have learned before it was too late."

They made immediate preparations to leave on the ensuing day.

Mrs Easton rejoiced in her young friend's happiness, and felt greatly relieved when she found that owing to her parents, forethought, she would not have the causes of mortification which she had anticipated.—On the ensuing morning they parted, and Enma's secret remained safe with Mrs Easton.

Her meeting with her parents was extremely touching. They wept over her, chiding her through their tears, but Enma was so changed, so humble, so penitent for the past that their words of censure changed to expressions of the deepest and the purest love. They forgot the torturing anxiety of the past four weeks in the blissful meeting.

In conversing with them, Enma realized for the first time the suspicious nature of the step she had taken—how narrowly she had escaped the sneers of a world ever ready to suspect—and she felt renewed thankfulness for the misery she had escaped.

Their Summer was spent in journeying through the most beautiful portions of the North, and late in the season they returned to their elegant house in town.

Mrs Dudley's friends came thronging to see her, among the first Mrs Howell.

"Well, Enma," she said, after her salutations were over, "do you not feel repaid for devoting yourself so constantly to your husband during his illness?"

"I was not half as devoted as I ought to have been, Ann," replied Enma, sadly.

"I am sure you could not have been more so—every day I called, I received the everlasting reply, 'Mr Dudley is very ill, and Mrs Dudley sees no one!'"

"That was all very true; but I cannot bear to think of his illness, we have been so happy since."

"Ah, I know that very well. I saw the Pelicans the other day—they met you at Niagara, and they said they should have taken you for bride and groom, you were so devoted to each other."

Mr Dudley entered.

"Mrs Howell, I am delighted to see you, Enma has talked a great deal about you during her absence, and I am glad to find that she has a friend who gives her such excellent advice—I am sure she profited by it, and perhaps now will be able to give you some lessons in return—is it not so, Enma?"

She smiled her reply, and Mrs Howell looked equally delighted, for it was the first really cordial greeting she had ever received from Enma's husband.

"Truly he is changed," she thought, as she left them that morning. "I do not know a happier couple in the city, and ye before his illness I thought they would not be able to live together another year."

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child five years old, "Mary, you are not good for anything."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for? pray tell me, my dear?"

"If you want to love you, father," replied she, at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early-felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any mortal can confer, is to live in the full exercise of your affections.