

Mrs. Mortimer's New Velvet Cloak.

BY MRS. E. F. E.

"But you will allow, Fred, that is the greatest of bargains!" And Nellie Mortimer looked anxiously at her husband, as he buttoned his overcoat after dinner, preparatory to leaving for the store. "And only think," she continued, "I can get a whole cloak for a trifle more than Mrs. Granby paid for one yard of hers!"

"Yes, my dear; and I am confident the difference in the looks of the cloaks will plainly tell the difference in the price. Depend upon it, Nellie, these wonderful bargains seldom amount to much." And Mr. Mortimer leaned back against the door, and buried his hands in his coat-pockets nearly to his elbows.

"Well I am sure I never saw anything so cheap." And Nellie looked pouty. "I do not see one particle of difference in it all. And, just think, a velvet cloak for three dollars a yard only nine dollars for the whole!"

"But there are the linings, trimmings, and all the fixings," persisted Mr. Mortimer.

"Oh, as for that, Fred, I have it all fixed. I will take my old blue silk dress, I am so tired of it, for lining, and I will have it cut and basted, and I can make it myself; so you see how cheap it will all be. And I do hate that great broche shawl, I always feel so muffled up in it."

"Then this is no new plot of yours, eh, little one?" And Fred thought of the "old blue silk," which was not three months old, and a favorite of his, and the tiresome shawl; and Nellie said she thought it was such a bargain, she hated to let it slip; and the clerk told her, in sober truth, that it cost them nearly twice the price he asked for it. And she looked so earnestly about it that the hands came slowly from the capacious pockets and Nellie noticed that her husband had a peculiar wise look, and a roguish twinkle in his eye, as he gave her the required sum, and bid her good-bye until tea-time.

'Twas in the early spring-time before that Nellie Greyson left her own quiet village home a bride. About a year before, Frederick Mortimer chanced to spend some little time in their vicinity, transacting some business, and became acquainted with Nellie's brother, Harry, and was consequently invited to call during his stay which he gladly did; and being quite charmed with the little home circle which received him as cordially, his calls lengthened into visits, and frequent ones, too. And after his return home there came such highly perfumed letters, written on tinted note paper, addressed to "Miss Nellie Greyson," that all the people that chanced to know anything about it thought that it meant something; and it all ended in Fred's taking rooms in a stylish up town boarding house, and bringing the pretty little Nellie into town to reside therein.

Of course there was a great stir in the house when it was known that a bride was coming among them; and when she made her appearance at the breakfast-table the morning after her arrival, in her plain white cambric wrapper, confined to her delicate waist, with a belt and gold buckle, and her beautiful brown hair wreathed into a graceful knot behind, and looking the very personification of youth and innocence, they were all taken somewhat by surprise. To be sure, she was a lovely little creature, but they had expected—a belle.

It was not to be wondered at that Mrs. Frederick Mortimer was at first fairly bewildered with every thing she saw. She, who had rarely been from home, except to school, was as yet a novice in the ways and customs of the world into which she had been transplanted; but it was new, and consequently delightful, and as she became acquainted with those around her, and the strangers became friends, Nellie was nearly happy.

There was one thing that troubled Mrs. Mortimer exceedingly; and was the great bugbear of her existence, and that was to be fashionable, to be quoted, to be copied. To be called the "fashionable Mrs. Mortimer" was indeed the very charm which was working its way to her unsophisticated heart, and she heard it discussed daily by all the ladies in the house; and as she heard the merits of people rated in proportion with their dress and fashionable position in society, was it wonderful that Mrs. Frederick Mortimer should wish to be considered as one among the chosen?

Fred had often observed of late, that Nellie, when walking with him, was constantly pointing out some "love of a bonnet," or "magnificent silk," and twisting her neck peeping in at the show-windows that they passed, and she was forever quoting Mrs. Granby, who was an extravagant woman, and managed to spend in one year upon her showy person enough to support two small families. She was always showing "dear Mrs. Mortimer" some new purchase, and as her room was only across the hall, Nellie and she was upon quite intimate terms.

Notwithstanding all her friendly pretensions however, there was a spice of malice in it all; and she had a faculty of reading at a glance the very unsuspicious little Nellie, and knowing also that the new firm in Brooks Street was not doing such a flourishing business as Granby & Co., and however much Mrs. Mortimer deserved to equal, or even approach herself or Mrs. Graham and Warren on the floor below, it would be an utter impossibility.

Nellie Mortimer would have been exceedingly shocked had any one told her that such a spirit was creeping into her heart, yet she did often whisper to herself that it would be so grand to dress beautifully, and to have just as much money as she could spend, like Mrs. Granby; still

she had a great horror of being considered extravagant, and when she heard one after another of the ladies call the other so, and wonder if their husbands could afford such things, Nellie thought, with satisfaction to herself, "they surely cannot say as much of me."

About this cloak business, Nellie had had many miserable thoughts. Ever since she went with Mrs. Granby, and heard her order a cloak made from a piece of ten dollar velvet, and knew also that Mrs. Warren had concluded to have one from the same piece, Nellie's planning commenced. She knew she could not afford one half so expensive, and she knew also that she really needed none, as her shawl was new and very nice; yet a cloak would be so very becoming.

She did so hate to ask Fred, for he had already bought more for her than would have sufficed for two years in her country home; but Nellie was desperate, and when she chanced to see the piece that was offered at the astonishingly low price of three dollars a yard, she made the effort, and succeeded.

Never in all her life had Nellie felt so glad as when she spread the bank-note out to be sure that she really had it, and already in imagination she was walking with Fred with the identical velvet cloak drooping daintily from her shoulders. A low rap at the door, and it immediately opened, and Mrs. Granby wanted to show "dear Mrs. Mortimer such an exquisite set of laces, and so cheap!" it was perfectly wonderful; and then, if she told how cheap, she must never breathe it, or Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Peters would be sure to get some just like them. Mrs. Graham had a set already, not half so beautiful, and it cost much more.

Notwithstanding the numerous invitations to guess the price, Nellie was wisely silent, for she had not the most remote idea of it; and when Mrs. Granby whispered, "Only fifty dollars," Nellie's exclamation of "impossible!" which meant to convey "how cheap for such beauties," really meant, "such an amount for these," and if Mrs. Granby knew it, and whispered it in several rooms in the course of the afternoon, Nellie Mortimer was no wiser for it.

Before tea time, the velvet was purchased, and when asked by the clerk for her address, she told him she would take it herself. Such an unusual answer evidently struck the gentleman as singular; but Nellie glided out of the store with her bundle, and took her way to one of the most fashionable "modistes."

"We do not cut and baste, madam," was the answer to her inquiry after her long walk; "we can make your garment if you wish." Just then one of the sewing-girls appeared, pulling the basting threads from a splendid rainbow plaided silk, and handed it for inspection, and commenced putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Mercy, cut and baste this lady's cloak before you go," for Nellie had remained standing, wondering in her own mind what she should do. She certainly could not leave it to be made, and where should she go to hire it cut? Possibly no one cut cloaks without making them, so when the sullen Mercy disappeared into the next room with the velvet, Nellie felt inexpressibly relieved.

"Oh, if she had mercy enough to let it alone, I should have thanked her," thought Mrs. Mortimer an hour afterwards, as she tried in vain to find how in the world to put it together. The cloth had been cut regardless of quality and it was to be pieced in several places, and one shoulder was full two inches shorter than the other; and as Fred's step was heard at the door, the new cloak vanished into the closet, the perplexed look was gone, and Nellie was as gay as a bird.

For the next two days, Mrs. Mortimer's door was locked whenever anyone knocked, and Mrs. Granby said she believed she was always "out." Nellie did not deny the charge, and worked steadily at the cloak, sewing and ripping, basting and trying on, until she fairly hated the sight of it, and vainly wishing she had not been so foolish as to purchase it; but it was too late, so she worked on; but it looked bungling, and hung awry, and once or twice she gathered it up, and looked desperately at the glowing coal-grate; she felt that it would be such a satisfaction to see it crisping on the red-hot embers.

After several days of weary labor, she had the pleasure of proclaiming to herself that it was done; and as she glanced at herself in the mirror, she really liked it; still, she could not forget the trouble it had cost her, and that it was pieced so much; she felt sure that would be seen, and altogether it looked unfinished. Then she thought of those beautiful trimmings she had admired so much only a few days before, which would be such an addition, and would hide entirely the defects; but then she had not money enough to buy them, not even one yard, and her porte-monnaie was opened; she still had the little gold dollars that Fred had given her, telling her to keep them for a year, and see how many she would get, and never before had she the least inclination to spend one of them; but now she looked at the cloak, called it "dowdy" and resolved to buy the trimming, cost what it is would.

"My dear Mrs. Mortimer, I do so want you to go down street with me this morning," said Mrs. Granby. "I want your good taste in the selection of some dress goods; come, that's a darling. I dislike very much to go alone."

How beautifully she looked dressed so superbly! Nellie felt an inward satisfaction that she had her velvet cloak done to wear, and as she came out with it on, she felt that she looked well, and was sure she made a better appearance than she would in her broche.

"Oh, my dear, that is something new, is it not?" and Mrs. Granby, glanced at the new cloak. "When did it come home?"

"Yesterday it was finished," answered Nellie, forgetting to say that it had been "at home" all the time.

"But my dear creature, you have been most miserably cheated! Did you know it was half cotton?" and Mrs. Granby held it beside her own.

"No indeed, I did not!" answered Nellie, indignantly. "Why do you ask such a thing? I am sure I thought it was good, or, I assure you, I never should have taken it. The clerk told me he had never sold a yard less than six dollars and"—

"It's a shame; but never mind. Come, or we shall not get back in time for dinner;" and Nellie went, carrying the empty porte-monnaie, and feeling heart-sick with her new velvet cloak, and trying to keep it from blowing open, so that Mrs. Granby should not know that it was lined with her "old blue silk."

On the next Sunday, Nellie stood ready for church in her new cloak, and Fred praised her looks, and admired her until she began to think he was actually making fun of her, and she felt she ought to look pleased, he took such infinite pains; yet she felt wretched in spite of her endeavors, and when he asked if the "beautiful trimming was thrown in with the bargain" she had hard work to keep back the tears. However, she conquered; but it is fearful that Nellie did not hear much of the sermon that day.

A short time afterwards, as Mrs. Mortimer was passing from her room to the street, she heard her name mentioned, then a low titter, and Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Graham simultaneously exclaimed: "I thought as much," then the voice of Mrs. Granby went on speaking in a low tone, yet sufficiently loud for poor Nellie to hear: "Cotton velvet, old dress, the trimming cost more than the cloak," and poor humbled little Mrs. Mortimer hurried on; she had heard enough. How earnestly she wished the poor coveted cloak would catch on fire or be stolen, anything to get rid of it, and in answer to Fred's inquiries as to her downcast expression at dinner, she pleaded a headache.

"But why not wear your new cloak, Nellie? It looks much better than that shawl," said Mr. Mortimer, as his wife appeared before him, ready to accompany him to a lecture.

"Oh, I had rather wear this to night!" answered Nellie, examining the fastening of her glove.

"Getting saving, eh? Afraid you will injure it by wearing it in the evening, I suppose; but never mind, my dear, wear it to night, you look so muffled up in that. I like to see you in your best."

What more could be said? Nellie quietly folded the shawl and placed it in her drawer, and putting on her cloak, went to the lecture. It seemed to her always to be the way; she never went with Fred but he insisted upon her wearing her new cloak, and if she demurred, he made the invariable reply: "Don't be so saving of it, Nellie; there are more where that came from. It did not cost you much, only three dollars a yard; now, if you had paid ten, like Mrs. Granby, you might well be miserly."

Poor little Mrs. Mortimer! How wretched all this made her! Fred was so provoking; she was sure she would hate him—if he kept on in this way.

From some reason or another, there had grown a decided coolness between herself and Mrs. Granby since the advent of the new cloak, and when Fred came home one night, and told her that he had bought a house, and thought seriously of housekeeping, she felt happier than she had for weeks before.

"Come darling, put on your cloak and bonnet, and we will walk over and see it; it's not far from here, and I know you need a little exercise."

So, they started, and if Nellie saw any "loves of bonnets" or "superb mantillas" on the way, she never mentioned it, and imagine her surprise when Fred stopped before an elegant little brick cottage, surmounted with a light iron balcony. Through the blinds, which were turned, very handsome lace and damask curtains were visible, and Nellie looked incredulous. If the outside looked beautiful, she was charmed with the interior, for behold, it was furnished throughout, and all in such exquisite taste that she felt sure she was walking in a dream.

"Fred you are cheating me. Whose house is this that you are careering over at this rate? Surely, it is not ours. How could you buy this?"

"Why not, little one? But you have not seen your own room yet, Nellie—your sanctum, if you like;" and he led the way to a perfect boudoir of a place, fit for a fairy queen; and yet, could she believe it? Surely, she was dreaming, for there, in a rosewood wardrobe, hung the most beautiful velvet cloak that was ever thought of, and near it one of those sweet little white bonnets, with its snowy plumes, that looked like woven snow-flakes, and a blue silk dress was just visible through the folds of tissue paper in which it lay.

Nellie was bewildered. She looked first at Fred, and then at the things before her, and burst into tears.

"I knew you were making sport of me all the while," was sobbed forth, and Nellie sank down on the little couch by the window "You knew this was not fit to wear, and you made me wear it."

"Never mind, Nellie, pet; it's all over now. You have bought your whistle as all poor humans have done before you, and although you did get yours at a great bargain, you were wonderfully cheated."

In less than a week the Mortimers were quite domesticated in their new home; and Nellie made such a nice little housekeeper! Fred never knew half her worth until then.

In due time, Mrs. Granby and all the ladies called upon their dearest Mrs. Mortimer, and were charmed with her establishment, and promised Nellie, without asking, that they would call often, and even stay to tea with her.

"Who ever imagined he was rich?" said Mrs. Granby on her way home. "Why, only think, I heard yesterday that he was partner in one of our largest wholesale houses."

Nellie never returned the calls of her would-be-friends; she never could forget the story of her cloak, and when she told Fred the whole, from beginning to the end, about the gold dollars and all, he laughed heartily.

"So they thought you tried to ape them, did they, Nellie? and you were caught in your own trap. I thought I would see how you would figure as a poor man's wife among those better off than yourself, and see if you could withstand temptation; and now, Nellie, I beg of you, never display your foibles to any little new one, as you were then, but remember every one for their station; never buy at such wonderful bargains; if you want a good thing, wait until you are able to have it."

Nellie felt humbled indeed, and as she grew older, she found herself a leader in the circle that she had viewed at a distance with such envious eyes, and found that the gayest and most expensively dressed were far from the happiest, and, in fact, her whole career through life was, in some way, influenced by the memory of her new velvet cloak.

MARRIED:

In the city of Fillmore, on the 14th inst., by Elder Alexander McKee, Mr. DORUS B. WARNER and Miss CORDELIA A. WEBB, both of Fillmore city.

In Mill Creek Ward, Dec. 23, 1855, by Elder M. H. Ballif, Mr. JOHN S. CARPENTER and Miss CATHERINE WEISLI.

DIED:

In this city, Jan. 25, 1856, of dropsy, JOSEPH AYRES, aged 67 years and 7 months.

He was a native of England, was baptized in Birmingham in 1841; came to Nauvoo in 1842, and emigrated to the Valley of the mountains in 1853. He was a good man, and beloved by all who knew him, and died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection with the sanctified.

Of consumption, in Great Salt Lake City, Mrs. MARY WATT, wife of Geo. D. Watt, aged 50 years.

[Millennial Star please copy.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEAVING.

FLANNELS, Jeans, Sattinets, Linsey Cloth, Carpeting, &c., on short notice and reasonable terms, at the Public Machine Shop, by 47-3m NATHAN DAVIS.

Strayed or Stolen,

NEAR the Bath House, one Red OX, star in forehead, some white about belly and flank, branded L I on left hip. Whoever will bring him to me at the Bath House shall be rewarded. 47-3t ROBT. S. GOLDING.

TAKEN UP,

BY the Subscriber, Jan. 1, 1856, a two year old black HEIFER, with a few white spots here and there, no brand or mark visible. The owner may have the same by application to Solomon Freeman, 16th Ward, and paying charges. 47-2t

TAKEN UP,

ON the 11th of January, 1856, a Red HEIFER, with some white on the end of the tail; branded on the near horn F L. The owner can have her by proving property, and paying charges. 47-3t WILLIAM YEATES, 16th Ward.

TAKEN UP,

A COW, about 5 years old, red sides, white face, white on her back, belly, tail and legs; swallow fork in right ear; brand on left shoulder illegible; with a young calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away. 47-2t F. M. POMEROY, 12th Ward.

NOTICE.

THE "State Fruit Committee" for the Territory of Utah of the American Pomological Society, will meet at the Council House on Friday evening, at 7 p.m., the 22nd February next, to appoint a Delegate to represent this Territory in the next National Congress of the Society. EDWARD HUNTER, Vice President for Utah. 47-1t

Administrator's Sale.

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction on Thursday, 7th of February next, at Saml. W. Richards' residence, 14th Ward, at 10 o'clock a.m., a quantity of Tea, Boots and Shoes, some dry goods, cooking stove, 2 waggon, 7 head of oxen, &c., the property of D. A. Foster, deceased. Terms, cash. 47-1t S. W. RICHARDS, Administrator.

TAKEN UP,

ON the 23rd inst., a white three years old HEIFER, with red ears and red fore feet, the point of the right horn broken and lopped little, and a crop or rent under the left ear, which are all the visible marks on the creature. When satisfactory evidence is produced (it is hoped by the proper owner) and all charges paid, she will be delivered accordingly. 47-1t JOSEPH YOUNG, Sen.

NOTICE.

CAME to my corral about the 15th of Dec. last, a spotted COW, with brindle head and neck, about 9 or 10 years old, branded SS on the left horn, and has the appearance of being branded S on the left hip; she has a calf 3 weeks old. The owner can have said cow by proving property and paying charges. JOHN F. SANDERS. 47-3m

Union City, Jan. 29, 1856-47-1t

Land Warrants.

PERSONS entitled to Land Warrants, return pay and subsistence, or extra pay for services in the war 1812, Black Hawk war, Mexican war, or Indian wars of this Territory of 1850-51, and who are determined to sell them, can do so by calling on us; or papers will be executed, warrants obtained, or their return pay and subsistence collected by our agents in Washington for a reasonable commission. 47-3m HOOPER & WILLIAMS.