

Perhaps I have said enough with regard to these meetings. Elders, appoint your meetings, and invite the people to come to them. I want now to go to other matters.

I will tell you, my brethren, my own feelings with regard to the conduct of the Latter-day Saints. In the first place I will say that we are governed and controlled too much by the feelings and fashions of the world. We lust after the leeks and onions; we yield ourselves to the spirit of the world too much. You will excuse me, for I must say a few words with regard to this. It is true we are bound, and it seems that men's bounds are set by each other, more or less. If I, for instance, were to have a coat made to suit my own taste, I do not know any of my family and perhaps my friends, and especially the tailors, merchants and business men, but what would say, "You are an oddity," and they would think, "You are not fit for society, because you do not fashion and pattern after others." I commence here, you know, at myself. Well, I will say that I am bound, I cannot accomplish my own wishes in these things altogether. Perhaps others cannot. I go to a tailor and say, "I have a piece of cloth, and I want you to make me a coat." He cuts that coat to suit himself. I do not see a fashion that suits me. What use or comeliness is there in putting the legs of the pantaloons on my coat?" Well, perhaps the tailor will be a little moderate, and will cut it down considerably; but if I were my own tailor I certainly should leave off—what shall we call them? "Bustles," "Grecian Bends," or what shall we call them? Though these coat sleeves are not exactly like the sleeves of the frocks or dresses worn by the ladies forty or fifty years ago, which they used to call mutton-legged sleeves,

shaped just like the ham of a mutton. I recollect there used to be considerable said about them. Sometimes a paper would come out and tell of the wreck of a ship, on board of which were a hundred and fifty passengers; but, they would say, "Thanks be to kind Providence, the ladies took all the male passengers into the sleeves of their dresses, and went ashore." Such narrations as these, you know, were only meant as a satire upon the fashions of the day. Now I am coming right to the point, and I wish to say to some of my sisters, not to all, that if I were my own tailor I should cut my own coat to suit myself. "What would be your fashion," says one? I will tell you. I have a coat here which you can see—if I were to take hold of a swillpail, this part of the skirt must drop in; and if I took hold of a milkpail I must take the coat around by the other end, and hold it, or else it is in the milk. I see no convenience or beauty in it. That which is convenient should be beautiful; and I want my coat cut so that when I lift a pail of water, or a milk or swill pail the skirts shall not fall into it; and so with the pockets, I would have them convenient. If I were a lady and had a piece of cloth to make me a dress, I would cut it so as to cover my person handsomely and neatly; and whether it was cut according to the fashion or not, custom would soon make it beautiful. I would not have eighteen or twenty yards to drag behind me, so that if I had to turn around I would have to pick up my dress and throw it after me, or, just as a cow does when she kicks over the milkpail, throw out one foot to kick the dress out of the way. That is not becoming, beautiful or convenient—all such fashions are inconvenient. Take that cloth and cut you a skirt that will be