

modest and neat, that does not drag in the dirt nor show your garters, but cut it so that it will clear the ground when you walk, when you are passing over the floor it will not drag everything on the floor, or in the street as you pass along. Put enough into the skirt to look well, and if we are to go into particulars, of course, we would have to say, we must use enough to cover the person. I do not expect mother Eve even did this. We could relate some little incidents of our past experience, that perhaps would not entertain the people, and still, perhaps, they might learn something from them. For instance, in some circles it has been fashionable for a lady to wear, perhaps, twelve yards in the skirt of her dress, but when it came to the waist, I guess three-quarters of a yard would have been enough. I will relate a circumstance of which I heard, that took place in the metropolis of our country. A gentleman, a stranger, was invited to a grand dinner party there. The ladies of course were dressed in the height of fashion, their trails dragging behind them, and their—well, I suppose there was a band over the shoulder to the waist, but I do not recollect whether the gentleman said there was or not; but one gentleman present, who knew this gentleman was a stranger, said to him, with all the loveliness and elegance in his heart that one could imagine—“Is not this beautiful? Did you ever see the like of this?” “No sir,” said the party questioned, “never since I was weaned.” Well, all this, you know, is custom and fashion.

Now, I wish to say to my sisters, If you will be just a little more moderate, I should like it very much. Some of you, and especially the young sisters, may say, “Why, Brother Brigham, how do your daugh-

ters dress?” I will say, to my shame, many of them, and many do not. Then I must have a great many, for if I have many that do and many that do not, that will amount to a great many. But I guess I will let it go. Some of them are modest, delicate, neat, and look beautiful, and do not want twenty-four yards for a dress, nor seventeen. But this is uncomely, uncouth and ill-looking. What shall I call it? A camel’s back? You will say they go from the lady to the camel, and from the camel to the lady, and so on and so forth. They are called, I believe, “Grecian Bends,” but I do not think this term is exactly proper. Are they comely in appearance? No, they are not. Then I should like my daughters and my sisters to lay them aside. They should dress neatly and comely, and to suit themselves, but not to suit anybody else. We have the ability to tell what looks well, just as well as anybody else. We need not go to New York, London, or Paris to tell whether a coat looks well if it has a collar half an inch wide. Do you recollect when collars were not more than that? I do, and I recollect when they were about six or seven inches in width. Now we need not go to Paris to ask them whether a coat looks just right with a half-inch or a five-inch collar; we are the judges, and can decide that just as well as anybody else on the face of the earth. I would not swap my eyes with any living person for beauty and comeliness. I would rather trust to my eyes for beauty, excellency and comeliness in dress, than any other person’s eyes I know of. We should be our own judges. This, I say, to my sisters. Pause, reflect, look at the facts in the case as regards the folly and expense of fashion. Take the people of this city, and if you can form a correct estimate of the