

wife will say, "Dear me! Sister so and so wears such and such a thing, and I want to look as well as she does; and you have plenty of means, Brigham; O, yes, you have plenty of means, and you can buy it as well as not." Well, all that I have said, and my general reply is, "If I am pressed to the necessity of indulging my family in these needless articles the responsibility must be upon themselves, not upon me." I will not take that responsibility. In the day of reckoning if we are in debt and found wanting in consequence of our extravagance I will not bear any more responsibility than I have incurred in my own person in the gratification of this taste for needless articles of dress, and that will not be much I reckon.

Now, brethren and sisters, do you indulge in this taste for fashion and frivolity in dress? Most assuredly you do, and circumstances right before my eyes furnish proof of this. I will venture to say that my mother wore the cloak and hood that her mother before her wore, and wore them until the day of her death when she had occasion to wear a cloak; and when she left this place for the next apartment she was forty-nine years old; and they went to her daughter. I do not know what has become of them. She did not take a cloak worth twenty-five, thirty, forty, or fifty dollars and sit down in it with a child with a piece of meat in each hand to grease it all over. But, now, let some women get a silk or satin dress and they will, perhaps, while wearing it, take up a child that has a piece of chicken in one hand and a piece of pork in the other, or a cup of milk to drink, and as likely as not some of it is spilled on the dress, and then they say, "Well, I declare my dress is spoiled."

I recollect very well, and so do

others in this room, when our fathers and mothers raised the flax and the wool, and when it was carded with handcards, spun on handwheels, and woven into cloth on handlooms, and in this way the wants of the family had to be supplied or they had to go without. But now every woman wants a sewing machine. What, for? To do her sewing. Well, but she can do a hundred times as much sewing with a machine as she could by hand, and she does not need a machine more than one day in two or three weeks. "O yes," she says, "I want my sewing machine every day of my life." "What are you going to do with it?" "I am going to sew;" and when the sewing machine is procured they want a hundred times as much cloth as they used to have. Now, too, they want a hired girl for every child; and a hired man to every cow in the yard. I will admit that I am extravagant in these expressions; but they show the present condition of affairs. The improvements which have taken place during the last half century in matters pertaining to domestic life are wonderful, but has not the extravagance of the people kept pace with these improvements? It is true that the people are getting wiser in some respects, and some are getting wealthy; but there is only so much property in the world. There are the elements that belong to this globe, and no more. We do not go to the moon to borrow; neither send to the sun or any of the planets; all our commercial transactions must be confined to this little earth and its wealth cannot be increased or diminished; and though the improvements in the arts of life which have taken place within the memory of many now living are very wonderful, there is no question that extravagance has more than kept pace with them.