

Tuesday, July 29, 1872

Another "Hard Shell" Sermon.
SOUTHERN PIETY AND PULPIT
LITERATURE.**[CONTINUED.]**
"But my brethren! Norval had
not for a moment after this—ah.
Then when it must—a-had-a-
feedin'—and a-watrin' and a-clean-
in' out after such a mess!"
Some of 'em, accordin' to Gold-
smith, was "Nature's ah," was
the natural, and wanted fresh
meat—an' and wanted fresh
food—an' and wanted vegetables
an' and wanted live things whole-an'
and he had to feed everything ac-
cordin' to its nature. Hence, we
view, my brethren, the natural
order of things, which wasn't altered
by goin' into the Ark—an' some of 'em
would roar, and holler, and bark,
and bray, and squeak, and blate,
the whole murrin' might-a-be
driven from his eyes, and
squeezed from his eye-lets-an'
and at the first streak of daylight the
last hoot of 'em would set up a
noise accordin' to its natural, and
the bulls of Bashan wern't no
whalebone, and the lions wern't
their women stood it. Scripter is
silent on this pint—an' but I think
I know of some that would a-been
vapory and nervous under such
circumstances, and if you'll give
me a minute, I might-a say somethin'
besides their prayers—an'

Here the speaker stopped again,
spit, took water, etc., and hastened to a conclusion:

"My friends," said he, "one
more word for old Noe-an', and I
will draw to a close—an'. After the
outburst time he had, fist and
last, for so many hundred years-an'
if he did, by accident or otherwise,
take a leak in the wind, one
wouldn't be surprised—I think it's
to be seen out to a point. Besides, I
think he was entitled to one speech,
as he made the wine himself,
and not the vintner, and I'm
glad the heart of man is. My
brethren, as it was in the days
of Noe-an', so shall that comin' of
the Son of man be-an'. The world will
never be drowned again. It
will be set afire, and burn up, root
and branch, with a vengeance, and
then it will be washed, and
done sinners, do on that first day-an'
They won't feel fit to live, nor
fit to die—an'. They will be
put in the sun, and stand
and straddle around in every direc-
tion—an'. All at once, my breth-
ern—a-darkenin' ah, the sea a-
-ah, the town a-ah, the moun-
tains a-moun-ah, and everythin'
I think, will be in a
confused and unsettled state. May
the Lord add his blessing. Amen.—
Boston Commonwealth.

Fashionable Extravagance.

A Long Branch correspondent of
the N. Y. Tribune dilates upon the
giddy extravagance of women in
dresses and jewels, pictures the sad
and gloomy scenes of life in
those who visit there, and makes some
very sensible observations, the
conclusion of which we copy, as follows:

"It is no longer news, asaphite,
rubies and emeralds, onyx, canes,
and all that—more's the pity—but
it is diamonds. If it is a fair young
girl with blue eyes and blonde hair,
it makes no difference. She does
not care if the price is high, and
nor in the necklace of pearls, which
are so chaste and becoming, but if
her father can afford it she must
have it. And where is this to end?
To-night is always what last night
was or to-morrow night will be,
for there is a hope lasting to 11 o'clock
every night. It is not a formal
affair, but a social gathering, and all that.
The ladies and gentlemen do not even wear gloves.
Guests come in, it is true, from
other hotels, to participate in the
enjoyment, but it is wholly inform-
al, and the grand ball would bring forth
something I dare not allow my
mind to contemplate. If such
things as these are sins, and are
every day affairs, may Providence
spare us in the future!"

It is not (I mean this tempest of
extravagance) confined to young
ladies and women; it extends to
babes, and even children, too young
to know their letters. There
is a young miss in the ball room
who wears light hair, and dressed
with pink ribbons, gayly, and tucking
up and down the room to the tune
of the music, and in her ears are
solitaire diamonds, over a carat in size
I should think, and certainly worth
six thousand dollars, and she
is not more than seven years old.
I saw on the plaza recently, while
the city church bells were telling
the story of the meekness of our
Savior, a little girl scarcely able to
toddle, in a dress nothing but
a clout of the best costly cloth,
and more than it seemed as if
history would go back as far as the
Ptolemies. The ball room is not
the only place where this danger-
ous example is set. At the
breakfast table, with seven or
hundred guests seated, there is always a
brilliant constellation of gems
they flash from the ear of the
ladies, they sparkle on the hand, they
gleam on the fingers, and they shine
on gentlemen's shirt fronts.
Why will ladies persist in wearing
diamonds in the morning? If they
wear them to stop a man's eyes to consider,
they would think that they are
more appropriate than a décolleté
waist or a face shawl would be at
the breakfast table.

While such prodigality exists
and increases, it is natural that it
sets on the coming generation—the
boys and girls who are to people the
earth after those now here have
passed away. Every man with a
moderate income, it is thought, at least
that the tendency of the women of
to-day is to unbridled extravagance;
that dress is the ruling feature with
a majority of those who go into
what is called society, and that,
although a woman may be never so
frugal, she does not care to be seen
so plainly dressed that she would
attract attention at the open,
the theatre, the party, or the street.
This is the limit, or the standard.
You cannot find a lower standard
to which you have never been
accustomed, and above which you are
not in position to intelligible, exper-
imental or ideal, or you just stay
at home perpetually. What does
this prodigality in dress lead to?
How many husbands are groaning
under the heavy load of their
wives' extravagance? How many
are they? The penalty of their
foolish extravagance; this, surely,
this envy, this jealousy! What
crime to place such an example before
children, to impregnate their
little minds with ideas of compari-
son, and the like, though that
was the one chief object in creation.
What is to be the end? What is
to be the effect on the family of
moderate income? Debt or disgrace,
or the shutting of the door to the
world?

From careful observation of men
a month at the most fashionable
hotel at the Branch, I give it as my
interior opinion that persons in
moderate incomes, who cannot afford
to have with satisfaction to
themselves, if they are finely organized
and of a sensitive temper-
ament—I refer of course to families,
to ladies! You may have the desire,
you may have the capacity of enjoyment,
you may have the means of enjoyment,
but you are not satisfied with inferior
accommodations which a less
luxurious hotel could furnish, you
may even be compelled to means which
you could afford to exert for
more hotel accommodations—
and of course to families, to ladies!
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you could afford to exert for
more hotel accommodations—
and of course to families, to ladies!

What young man in modest cir-
cumstances, with honest prospects,
of course, dares to marry?
What encouragement is there to do
so?

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