

**THE
ABOMINATIONS OF
MODERN SOCIETY**

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The Abominations of Modern Society by T. de Witt Talmage

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T. DE WITT TALMAGE

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NOTICE TO THE ENGLISH READER.

The Publisher in presenting this Volume to the English Public deems it necessary to state, that it has been reprinted *verbatim et literatim*, thus accounting for many expressions sounding unfamiliar to English ears.

P R E F A C E .

THIS is a buoy swung over the rocks. If it shall keep ship, bark, fore-and-aft schooner, or hermaphrodite brig from driving on a lee shore, "all's well."

The book is not more for young men than old. The Calabria was wrecked "the last day out."

Nor is the book more for men than women. The best being that God ever made is a good woman, and the worst that the devil ever made is a bad one. If anything herein shall be a warning either to man or woman, I will be glad that the manuscript was caught up between the sharp teeth of the type.

T. D. W. T.

BROOKLYN, *January 1st, 1872.*

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THE ABOMINATIONS.

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

Pride of city is natural to men, in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome; Læurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base-heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, or arms, or behaviour; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of prosperity, its artistic embellishments, and its scientific attainments.

I have noticed that men never like a place where

they have not behaved well. Swarthout did not like New York; nor Dr. Webster, Boston. Men who have free rides in prison-vans never like the city that furnishes the vehicle.

When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well.

Let us not war against this pride of city, nor expect to build up ourselves by pulling others down. Let Boston have its *Common*, its *Faneuil Hall*, its *Colliseum*, and its *Atlantic Monthly*. Let Philadelphia talk about its *Mint*, and *Independence Hall*, and *Girard College*. When I find a man living in either of those places, who has nothing to say in favor of them, I feel like asking him, "What mean thing did you do, that you do not like your native city?"

New York is a goodly city. It is one city on both sides of the river. The East River is only the main artery of its great throbbing life.

After a while four or five bridges will span the water, and we shall be still more emphatically one than now. When, therefore, I say "New York city," I mean more than a million of people, in-

cluding everything between Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Gowanus. That which tends to elevate a part, elevates all. That which blasts part, blasts all. Sin is a giant; and he comes to the Hudson or Connecticut River, and passes it, as easily as we step across a figure in the carpet. The blessing of God is an angel; and when it stretches out its two wings, one of them hovers over that, and the other over this.

In infancy, the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses, sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile; and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe; and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong; and the ships of foreign lands brought gold and spices to its feet; and, stretching itself up into the proportions of a metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains, and off upon the sea,—one of the mightiest of the energies of American civilization.

The character of the founder of a city will be seen