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## SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN.

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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

### Poetry.

#### NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the Jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
That leads me at last to the light.

Savior, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the might of my faith;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death;

For as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink—  
For it may be I'm nearer home—  
Nearer now, than I think?

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### THE DRAB DRESS.

"Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask you,"  
And Lita Ross lifted her face, with a be-  
seeming expression, from a bouquet of  
choice flowers which she held in her small  
jeweled hand.

"A favor to ask of me?" was the young  
man's reply. "One would think, from your  
serious, troubled countenance, it was the  
first one you ever preferred, and you  
were to try an experiment."

"Well is a sort of experiment, Fred;  
and, before you give me an answer I want  
you to think, and not say 'Oh, yes, yes,' as  
you always do and not give it another single  
thought."

"Well, here goes then," replied the gay  
handsome young man, dragging an ottoman  
to his sister's feet, and seating himself  
upon it with well assumed gravity. "Your  
humble servant. And now proceed to  
business, madamissimo."

"The young girl's face assumed a thoroughly  
earnest expression as she clasped one of  
her brother's hands in both her own, and  
said, while the rich color burned up into  
her cheeks:

"Fred it is this; that you will drink no  
more wine. I tremble whenever I see you  
with the glass to your lips."

"Well, now, Lita, child, can you not  
trust me, knowing my entire self command—  
that I have no natural tendency that way,  
and that I only occasionally take a social  
glass when in the society of my friends?"

"I know it, Fred—I know all that; but  
your influence is what I fear. That is  
Charles Chester thinks you a perfect pat-  
tern of goodness; and as he touched glasses  
with you at Mrs. Reardon's, and you stood  
up and drank together, my heart ached—  
not so much for you as for him, knowing  
that he has not the self command you have,  
and that he loves to look upon the wine  
when it sparkles in the cup."

"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right.  
I never looked at it in that way before,"  
said Fred, while his countenance wore a  
thoughtful expression.

"But when the name of common sense—  
and now the young man smiled—"would  
have expected that my little fashionable  
butterfly sister ever found time for such  
thoughts as these, what with her ribbons,  
roses and lace? Seriously, Lita, I did not  
give you credit for being so much of a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, Fred—  
But now promise me; I shall not be happy  
until you do. I have no fears for your  
personal safety in this matter—though I  
doubt your moral right to indulge in a social  
glass merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles  
upon the custom—but I fear for Charles  
Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains  
his glass to the dregs. Promise me, Fred,  
come, now, do this, if you love me."

And Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly  
on her brother's head.

"Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice  
to ask of me. Why, I should make  
myself very conspicuous by refusing a social  
glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if  
you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I  
don't care to be immaculate upon the altar  
alone."

"Name it, Fred, and, if it's in my power,  
I'll do it gladly."

And her soft eyes fairly danced with de-  
light.

"Well, then, Sis, I'll promise this  
thing if you will do what I am about to ask  
you. I declare I have scarcely the heart to  
you, look so pretty in that blue silk dress,  
with its trimmings—and your ear-rings, pin  
and bracelet of tiny pearls; but you must  
give them up if I comply with your re-  
quest."

"I will, Fred—I will."

"And wear a drab dress without any or-  
naments?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Next Thursday night make your first  
appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remem-  
ber you will be subject to many remarks,  
and will look very plain by the side of  
your showily dressed companions."

"I promise, now, Fred, promise in re-  
turn that you will then and there comply  
with my request."

"Your hand, Sis. And now remember  
as long as you will wear drab, and that  
without ornaments, I will refuse a fashion-  
able glass. But you do not know what a  
sacrifice you are making. I should not be  
surprised were you to retract any day."

"Well, Fred, we shall see. And now a  
kiss to seal the contract."

And Lita threw her arms about her  
brother's neck, and covered his forehead,  
brow and lips, with a shower of kisses—  
then glided away through the hall, up the  
long, oaken stairway to her own chamber,  
where, seating herself, she bowed her head  
and ejaculated:

"Thank God, Charles Chester may yet  
be saved."

And then the tears rained down her fair  
face, and when she had again looked up,  
there was a subdued, tender light in her  
eye, never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet play-  
thing of the family—the sparkling, dis-  
sonant belle of the season—the coquette,  
so accounted. But there was in her heart  
a leaf as yet unread by any eye save that  
of her Maker, and on it was inscribed, her  
love for Charles Chester.

"Well, now, who'd have thought it?"  
Fred exclaimed as he found himself alone.  
"I thought I had touched her dearest idol,  
and that she could no more deny herself  
than she could give up her right hand."

But she did it—Lita in her eye. Faith  
I never was so proud of her in my life. I  
have looked upon her as a mere child, a  
girl; but all at once she stands before me  
a noble and self-sacrificing woman. And  
she's right about Charles Chester, for now  
I think of it, he is in danger of being drawn  
into a whirlpool of dissipation. Strange  
I've not thought of that before! I used  
to think they had quite a partiality for  
each other; but they've out-grown it, I reckon."

How much we pride ourselves upon our  
own discernment, and yet how widely do  
the conclusions sometimes wander from the  
real truth.

Thursday evening came, and Frederick  
Ross sat in the drawing-room, awaiting the  
appearance of Lita. There was a light  
rustling step, and she stood before him  
with her soft brown hair drawn smoothly  
from her brow, and confined plainly at the  
back of her pretty head, and amid its glossy  
abundance were a few strands of heliotrope;  
her dress was simple, drab silk, with low  
collar and short sleeves, relieved by a fall  
of white blond, which her tiny foot, with  
its dainty satin slipper of the same shade  
as the dress, laid, coquettishly hidden in  
the rich carpet.

"Come, Fred, I am ready," said she.  
"Am I presentable?"

"Why, Lita, love."

Here he paused. Acquaintance was written  
on every feature of his speaking face;  
but he adroitly changed the expression,  
and concluded with—

"Yes, Lita—presentable perhaps; but  
you would take you to be at least twenty-  
five, instead of nineteen. Faith, I had no  
idea it would alter you so much!"

"There is an hour yet; run and put on that  
rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings  
from your hair, and let it fall in curls about  
your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little  
Sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet,  
and Bell will assist you. Do it, now,  
to please me—there's a good girl."

Lita's cheek turned crimson, and her  
eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred,  
her own brother, should tell her "she looked  
old—twenty-five," and "prim" at that!

What would Charles Chester think of her?  
For a moment the temptation was strong  
upon her. But she did not yield, for she  
saw in her mind's eye Charles Chester with  
the wine-cup at his lips, she heard his  
mother's voice crying "Enter not into  
temptation!" as plainly as when she heard  
him whisper it into his ear as he turned  
from his cottage home a few weeks previous.

It was those words and the look of gentle  
sorrow that filled the mother's eyes with  
tears, that first aroused Lita's fears in re-  
gard to Charles, and ever since that time  
she had watched him closely. She did not  
care to betray her interest in him, as he  
had studiously avoided her for more than a  
year; and besides she feared to wound him  
by forcing upon him the thought that she  
imagined him incapable of self-control.

But now she had devised a way in which  
either of these contingencies could be avoided.  
And having obtained her brother's  
consent, should she yield it up simply to  
gratify her love of admiration? No, no—  
she would not. More than that; she dared  
not. Laying her hand in its tiny kid  
glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am,  
though I would gladly consult your taste  
and my own by exchanging this sombre  
dress for the rose-colored crape, but it  
would not be right in me—I should despise  
myself. I am sorry you are going to be  
mortified at my appearance. I did not  
think, before I came down, that I looked  
so old and prim. But of course I do as  
you say."

"Never mind, Sis—I am proud of you,  
let you look as you will, I should not have  
loved you half so well, had you meekly  
yielded to my request. And now run and  
get your hat and cloak, for the carriage  
waits for us at the door."

Had my readers looked closely into the  
eyes of Frederick Ross, they would have  
seen something like a tear glittering upon  
his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped  
away upon his delicately perfumed hand-  
kerchief as Lita turned from him. And Lita  
thought he never looked so lovingly upon  
her as when he handed her into the carriage;  
and then she was quite sure his bearing was  
more than usually proud as he led her to  
the further end of the reception room, to  
present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of  
the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperi-  
ous beauty, as she tossed her stately head.  
"I wonder what new freak has taken pos-  
session of her?"

"O, she likes to make herself conspicu-  
ous," replied another lady, carelessly toy-  
ing with one of her golden curls. "See how all  
eyes follow her. I should not care to be in

her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron  
of thirty or thirty-five. You'll stand quite  
a chance of reigning belle to-night, now that  
she has hidden all her beauty under a cloud  
of drab."

Miss Millford the young lady addressed,  
colored a little at the doubtful compliment,  
and, gathering up her pale blue satin dress,  
she smiled stately away.

"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bend-  
ing her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you  
give a key to the mystery that so sorely  
puzzles my guests to-night—the plainness  
of your dress on this occasion?"

"I cannot at present, Mrs. Thurston,"  
replied Lita, "but at some future time I may.  
I hope you do not think I have done any-  
thing improper? I have a motive that you  
would certainly approve of, if I were at liberty  
to name it."

And Lita stood blushing through her  
smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"O, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper;  
but it seems so different from your own  
girlish self, that it causes speculation in the  
minds of many. But do not let it trouble  
you. I think it very becoming to you, this  
drab dress, with its blue trimmings. In  
short, I never saw you looking so lovely  
as to-night, though not so brilliant as your  
wont."

"O, Mrs. Thurston, you do not mean it.  
I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother  
Fred said, before I left home, I looked twenty-  
five, and so very prim, and I have felt as  
though it were true all the evening. It must  
be your partiality for me, Mrs. Thurston—  
indeed it must."

"Not at all, Lita—I am quite serious in  
my opinion; and I have heard others say  
the same."

"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you  
may," said a light-hearted girl, as she stood  
talking to her companion. "Just see her as  
she stands there with the light falling around  
her soft drab dress, but she looks prettier  
to-night than ever," continued the unselfish  
girl.

"Look, Harry."

"Yes, Lizzie, there are few faces like Lita  
Ross, prettier without adornments than with.  
I know of but one other like it in this whole  
assembly."

And the little white hand of Lizzie was  
tenderly pressed by the young man, while a  
soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet  
tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with  
the crowd.

The supper saloon was thrown open, and  
the tables, laid with silver and cut glass,  
supporting all the choice luxuries of the  
season, presented a dazzling spectacle, un-  
der the multitude of gas jets from the  
rich burners, while the long polished  
sideboards were supplied with some of the  
richest wines reflecting many a prismatic  
color.

"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?"  
queried the gentleman who had escorted  
Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite obli-  
vious. She was thinking of her brother's  
promise, and wondering what effect it would  
have upon Charles Chester.

The ladies had withdrawn from the sup-  
per-room; but still a gentleman lingered,  
or returned after having escorted their fair  
companions from the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross—here, take this seat  
by me, and while we sip our wine we will  
have a chat."

"Well, I have no objection to the chat;  
but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred Ross is a temperance man—he has  
signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred  
Ross!"

Charles Chester had in his hand a second  
glass, and just as he was about to drain its  
contents the words of Frank Leland fell  
upon his ears. He turned pale and stood  
looking at Fred Ross, who sat smiling  
composedly upon his boisterous compan-  
ions.

"Yes, just so; a temperance man, if you  
like it. I've signed a pledge, too, and it's  
useless to ask me more, for I'm bound to  
keep it faithfully."

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the  
folding door, and not only had she seen all  
that had taken place at the sideboard, but  
not a word had passed but had reached her  
ear. With a heart filled with happiness, she  
turned away, and at that moment would not  
have exchanged for the richest dress around  
her own simple drab.

Several weeks wore away, and yet Lita  
was never seen in public with anything but  
sombre drab.

"It is ridiculous in a child of her years,"  
said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry  
goods establishment—"perfectly ridiculous.  
I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccen-  
tricity. But it is not; it is downright folly."

If she was my girl, I'd shut her up in the  
house, and feed her on bread and water,  
before I'd see her make such a spectacle  
of herself. Only see that drab bonnet, with  
its white ruffles and strings, and the cape  
quite suitable for her grandmother."

"I heard her called one of the very finest  
dressed ladies on the street, to-day, by a  
gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk,  
and he expressed a desire to obtain an  
introduction to her."

"Ah, indeed," said she, tossing her head.  
"Show me some more lilac noires."

"Frederick Ross," said Charles Chester,  
drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they  
left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Gran-  
ville's musical assemblies, "will you walk  
with me? I've something to say to you—  
a few questions to ask, if you will not deem  
it impertinent in me to do so."

Frederick readily acceded to his request,  
and no sooner were they alone than Charles  
Chester said:

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but  
I am anxious to know why you so suddenly  
left off your old habit of taking a fashion-  
able glass. It alarmed me. I said, when-  
ever I saw you turn from me, 'Is it possi-  
ble he fears to trust himself?' or 'what has  
wrought this change in him?'"

"Yes, Charles, I will tell you," was the  
ready reply.

And then he proceeded to tell him the  
circumstances that led to this change in his  
habits—omitting to relate that his name  
was particularly mentioned as the one over  
whom Lita especially feared the influence  
of her brother's example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness,"  
Fred; you may well be proud of and worship  
her. If more ladies would take the same  
stand she has done, young men would have  
higher inducements to break from fashion-  
able follies; but, instead of that, they smile

upon a custom which, dear d d d d d d d d d  
Mrs. Grundy sanctions, and give the cold shoul-  
der to one who has the independence to as-  
sert and carry out his own honest intentions.  
You, with your wealth are an exception. —  
And yet I'm resolved to follow your exam-  
ple, and whenever temptation is strong  
upon me, I will look upon Lita in her  
dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacri-  
fice she has made—not so much from fear  
that her brother might fall a prey to the  
vice cup, but lest, others who have not so  
much self-control, might take encourage-  
ment from your example."

After a few moments spent in discussing  
the subject, the two friends parted; and  
when Fred related the conversation to Lita,  
after expressing her satisfaction, she stole  
away to her chamber—as was her wont—to  
give vent to the gratitude of her heart, and  
an earnest petition ascended to heaven that  
Charles Chester might have strength im-  
parted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so this rich, talented, hand-  
some European, who sued so earnestly for  
this little white hand, has shared the same  
fate with your many suitors. You're an  
enigma, sis, and I'm afraid I do not ex-  
ert my authority upon you. I never marry."

"I am sure I shall not, Fred. My heart  
goes with my hand. I have a quiet smile  
as she looked up from her sewing. "Now, don't you leave me with  
such a sober face, for I assure you that I  
am happy as I am."

"I doubt it, sis," was the laughing re-  
joinder, as Fred closed the door, and went  
through the hall humming a snatch of a  
sentimental song.

Two years had flown by, and still Charles  
Chester had kept his vow inviolate. Lita  
had watched him narrowly, and every day  
in her heart she thanked God that it was  
so; and yet to have seen them no one  
would imagine that they had the slightest  
feeling in common.

Lita sat alone in the back-parlor of her  
home, thinking of the past—the happy  
hours she had spent with Charles Chester  
when she was a mere child—wondering why  
he avoided her so studiously of late—when  
she was roused by a tap at the door, and  
before her stood the object of her thoughts.  
With heightened color and an embarrassed  
air she welcomed him, wondering at this  
unceremonious call. A few moments of  
silence followed his entrance, and then  
Charles drew his seat near to her and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my boy-  
hood's love—now that I know, and can  
trust myself, will you entrust your life, your  
happiness, to my keeping? I owe to you  
all that I have, all that I am. It was  
through your influence that I abandoned  
the wine cup just in time to save me from  
an inevitable grave. O, Lita, what do I  
owe you?—and yet this very fact encour-  
ages me to ask for more. Say, will you be-  
come my wife?"

The small hand—he held it—more  
confidently in his, the brown eyes lifted  
to his face with so much of truthful love in  
them, answered him.

And she told him of all the long years  
of her fears for his safety, when she saw  
him with the wine cup pressed to his lips,  
and of her resolve to save him and the  
consequent adoption of her drab dress.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone  
that you were led to this sacrifice?—And  
yet you did not know half my danger. I  
loved wine; my thirst for it was becoming  
more intense; and only a few months longer  
would have placed me beyond the reach of  
aid. But you were the 'good angel' com-  
missioned by God to save me."

Lita was a happy wife and mother;  
but she still maintains her plain style of  
dress. She wore a drab dress on her bridal  
day; and as she passes along the  
street, she is pointed out as the "lady  
in drab." But many there are who  
know not the story connected with it, nor  
that her husband will not hear to changing  
it for any other color; for to him no dress  
is as beautiful as her drab dress.

## POLITICAL.

### BIBLE VIEW OF POLYGAMY.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN HENRY  
HOOPER.

Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.  
Right Reverend Sir:—I venture to de-  
dicate to you these few pages, which derive  
their inspiration from your writings. An  
admirer, like yourself, of the institutions of  
old, I should hardly have dared to declare  
these truths to a perverse and self-glory-  
ing generation, had I not been emboldened  
by the example of one who so worthily  
wears the highest honors of the church. In  
constructing my argument, therefore, as I  
have done, with paragraph after paragraph  
of your very words, it has been because I  
felt it necessary to shield myself behind  
your authority from the charge, which  
ignorant presumption might else have  
brought, of irreverently travestying the  
Word of God. A race which can stigma-  
tize as "two relics of barbarism" two insti-  
tutions such as slavery and polygamy, which  
are divinely ordained, is capable of any  
act of irreligious fanaticism. The Utah  
experiment failed to accomplish the de-  
struction of the one; let us hope that the  
present abolition war will prove equally un-  
successful as to the other. To aid in the  
good work, then, let us bend our united  
energies to the task of forcing the light of  
truth through the accumulated darkness of  
our so-called modern civilization, in the  
hope that the time is not far distant when  
every citizen may have as many slaves as  
Abraham, and as many wives as Solomon.

Trusting that you will accept my co-opera-  
tion in the spirit in which it is tendered,  
I beg leave to subscribe myself,  
Your humble admirer,  
MIZRAH.

Polygamy may be defined as the union for  
life of a man with two or more women. —  
And this kind of union appears to have ex-  
isted as an established institution in all the  
ages of our world, by the universal evidence  
of all history, whether sacred or profane.

This, understood, I shall not oppose the  
prevailing idea that polygamy is an evil in  
itself. A physical evil it may be; but this  
does not satisfy the judgment of its more  
zealous adversaries, since they contend that  
it is a moral evil—a positive sin in a man to  
be married simultaneously to more than one  
woman.

Here, therefore, lies the true aspect of  
the controversy. And it is evident that it  
can only be settled by the Bible. For every  
Christian is bound to assent to the rule of  
the inspired Apostle, that "in the trans-  
gression of the law," namely, the law laid  
down in the Scriptures by the authority of  
God—the supreme Lawgiver who is able  
to save and to destroy. From his Word  
there can be no appeal. No rebellion can  
be so atrocious in his sight as that which  
dares to rise against his government. No  
blasphemy can be more unpardonable than  
that which imputes sin or moral evil to the  
decrees of the eternal Judge, who is alone  
perfect in wisdom, in knowledge, and in  
love.

If it were a matter to be determined by  
my personal sympathies, I should be as  
ready as any man to condemn the institu-  
tion of polygamy, for all my prejudices of  
education, habit, and social position stand  
opposed to it. But, as a Christian, I am  
solemnly warned not to be "wise in my own  
conceit," and not "to lean to my own un-  
derstanding." As a Christian, I am compelled  
to submit my weak and erring intellect to  
the authority of the Almighty. For then  
only can I be safe in my conclusions, when  
I know that they are in accordance with the  
will of Him who is the source of all truth,  
and render a strict account at the last great  
day.

I proceed, accordingly, to the evidence of  
the sacred Scriptures, which, long ago,  
produced complete conviction in my own  
mind, and must, as I regard it, be equally  
conclusive to every candid and sincere in-  
quirer.

The first appearance of polygamy in the  
Bible is in the case of Lamech, fifth in de-  
scend from Cain, whose two wives, Adah  
and Zillah (Gen. iv. 19-23) are mentioned  
by the inspired writer without any expres-  
sion of reprobation, or any allusion to the  
transition being unusual or irregular.

Introduced thus early, it may be regarded  
as among the primal principles of human  
society, though our knowledge of antedilu-  
vian times is too scanty to enable us rightly  
to determine its extension and prevalence.  
It is probable, however, that the great du-  
ration of existence might well render men  
cautious how they bound themselves for  
life to more than one partner whom incom-  
patibility of temper might render distasteful  
after a few centuries.

For several generations after the Deluge,  
population was not sufficiently dense to re-  
nder polygamy frequent. Accordingly  
the first who revived the time-honored cus-  
tom appears to have been Esau, as might  
have been expected from his voracious na-  
ture and ardent character. He seems to  
have contented himself with three wives,  
Judith, Bashemath, and Mahalath. (Gen.  
xxvi. 34; xxviii. 9; xxxvi. 2, 3.)

The descendants of Cain and Esau,  
however, be regarded as somewhat ques-  
tionable sponsors for the custom, all doubt  
as to its righteousness is removed by the  
example of the patriarch Jacob, the blessed  
of Heaven. His union with Leah and  
Rachel is well known, as well as the num-  
ber with which his wives supplied him  
with supplementary consorts in the persons  
of their handmaidens, Bilhah and Zilpah  
(Gen. xxix. xxx.); while the blessings sub-  
sequently promised to him and to his pos-  
terity show that his plurality of wives was  
sanctioned in the highest and most direct  
manner.

Polygamy being thus divinely approved,  
it became a recognized part of the domestic  
economy of the chosen people, as we learn  
from the direct rule established by the wis-  
dom of God for Israel, on the very point in  
question.

If a man have two wives, one beloved  
and another hated, and they have borne  
him children, both the beloved and the  
hated; and if the first-born son be hers that  
was hated;

Then shall it be when he maketh his  
sons to inherit that which he hath, that he  
shall not make the son of the beloved first-  
born before the son of the hated, which is  
indeed the first-born. (Deut. xxi. 15-17.)

With this law before his eyes, what Chris-  
tian can believe that the highly attached  
immorality or sin to the condition of poly-  
gamy, especially when one may look in vain  
through the Mosaic regulations of marriage  
(Levit. xviii.) for any limitations on the  
number of wives?

The blessings vouchsafed to those who  
took to themselves numerous consorts, and  
the lofty positions to which they arose show  
that in the eyes of God and man they were  
pure from sin and worthy of all honor.

It is recorded of two judges of Israel,  
Haman and Abdon, that the one had thirty  
sons and thirty daughters, while the other  
had forty sons, showing conclusively that  
their genecees were abundantly peopled.  
(Judges xii. 9, 13.) That the Prophet  
Samuel—the asked of God—sprang from a  
father, Elkanah—the Levite, who had two  
wives (I. Samuel i.) is sufficient proof to  
those who impiously use the word bigamist  
as a term of contumely and reproach.

David, the man after God's own heart,  
before he was thirty-seven years of age, had  
taken to wife Michael, Alinoam, Abigail,  
Maach, Haggith, Abitha, and Eglah (II.  
Samuel iii.). while he was living with them  
all, God prospered him and made him king  
over Israel and Judah, and the Prophet  
Nathan announced to him the favor of the  
Lord, to him and to his generation. — Even  
his indiscretion in adding Bathsheba to the  
list was readily pardoned, and the union was  
blessed in the birth of Solomon.







