

and from them the present Orthodox or Protestant bishops have derived their orders, being the successors by unbroken and uninterrupted descent, of the ancient Irish Church, which Church he it ever remembered, was the last in Europe that fell under the usurped jurisdiction of Rome; her metropolitans not having received the Roman pall (the badge of slavery, as it appears by the fifth Canon of the fourth Lateran Council) till 1162. For so comparatively short a time, not exceeding four hundred years, was the Irish Church bound under the Papal yoke.

**ORIGIN OF MORMONISM.**—Some interesting facts, says the respected Editor of the Gospel Messenger, in relation to this monstrous absurdity and delusion will be found in our present number. Could the exposure of such an imposture have the effect to open the eyes of Christians to the importance of keeping close to the plain Scriptures of truth, and to the primitive model of the church of Christ, such things would have little effect.—Novelties in religion, however attractive they may be, must be absurd, simply because they are novelties. Look for the OLD PATHS.

**ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF MORMON," OR "GOLDEN BIBLE."**

As this book has excited much attention and has been put, by a certain new sect, in the place of the sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment, yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently, that Mormonism had found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has been necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, N. Y. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated on Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labours. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the delapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbours. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit, occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbours would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbours would often inquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assem-

ble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P., who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. S. that if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit.— This Mr. S. refused to do, for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at this time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa. where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Monson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and to the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. S., in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted, that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive.— This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction, and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbours when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion.— Thus an historical romance, with additions of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor, deluded fanatics, as divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

MATILDA DAVIDSON.

The Banner of the Cross (Philadelphia) has the following notice:—

Rev. Mr. Tattam, of Bedford, Eng., is now at Cairo, engaged in translating Coptic manuscripts of the Scriptures. Prior to the 10th of February, he had translated the Book of Jeremiah, and a portion of the Psalms.

LETTER FROM MR. PEASE,  
American Missionary at Cyprus, dated at Larnaca, July 13, 1838.

*Funeral of a Child of Mr. Pease—Kindness and sympathy of the Priests*

We had been given to understand that it had been the custom for the Greek priests to precede the corpse on such occasions, to their church, and that then they allowed the friends of the deceased to perform the remaining services according to their own custom. They expressed a wish to do so on the present occasion, and a willingness that at the church we should perform our accustomed services. At first I declined, as I feared they might be unwilling to dispense with some services, which if not wrong, are at least superfluous. But as some of my Greek friends assured me that their chant is not only not objectionable, but perfectly proper, and as I perceived that my refusal might be construed into a declaration of war, or contempt of the priesthood, I consented, on condition that they should leave the cross, the cherubims, the incense, &c., at home.— Mr. Ladd led the services at the house in English, in the presence of nine or ten persons who understand our language, and a considerable number of Greeks. Before he closed, the priests arrived, wearing only their robes usual on such occasions, and having conformed in every respect to our wishes.— The procession was led by the janizary, (armed Turkish servant, or constable,) of our consul, and two others, belonging to two other consulates, sent as a token of respect to us, according to the custom of the country. The priests followed, chanting the funeral dirge, to the church. The corpse immediately succeeded, borne by four men, having for a pall the star-spangled banner of our country, supported by several boys belonging to our schools. We and our friends came in the rear, as is customary at home, except that the procession was not so regular as is usual on similar occasions in America. The church was soon almost filled with Greeks and a few Franks. I took a stand where I could see nearly all of them, and when the noise of those who were entering had ceased, I began to address them extemporaneously, in the Greek tongue. I alluded to the case of the Shunamitish woman, who having lost her son, on being asked by the prophet Elisha, "is peace to thee? Is peace to thy husband? Is peace to the child?" answered, "Peace." (You see I have made a literal translation, which gives the peculiarity of the expression in the Hebrew, Arabic, and ancient Greek, better than our own authorised version.) I then told them that we could say the same: and stated the grounds of this our peace, to wit, that God does that which is right and best, and that in 1 Cor. chap. xv. he has promised a glorious resurrection to all those who love and obey our Lord Jesus Christ. I followed these remarks by exhorting parents to instruct their children in the knowledge of the word of God, that they might appreciate and appropriate the blessed promises contained therein, and spoke a word of consolation to those who, having been afflicted as we now are, faithfully obeyed God. It was a blessed moment! Several wept, and all gave the closest attention. I have not had so silent, so attentive, so solemn an audience since I left America. But to think that in the depth of my afflictions, I was preaching the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, to my beloved Greeks, in my beloved Greek, in a Greek church, with the permission and informal invitation of Greek priests, was a privilege I had never expected to enjoy. And I believe that I am the only Protestant missionary who has enjoyed this privilege, except the Rev. Mr. Hartley. Is it not time for every missionary in the Mediterranean to gird up his loins for preaching? Can that blessed day be distant? I closed with prayer, and was careful to supplicate a blessing on the archbishop, bishop, and priests of the islands. We then went to the grave, and there deposited the remains of our beloved child. Several of our friends having thrown each a shovel-full of earth on the coffin, I returned thanks in Greek to all, and especially to the priests, for their kindness and sympathetic attention to us strangers, in this far distant land, and then we departed. We had the sympathies of all, and I could see it in their eyes and countenances.— Many wondered at the magnanimity of soul (as they called it) which I displayed in addressing them on such an occasion. They thought it was I who bore up under afflictions, not knowing that it was, as I trust, the grace of God working in me.