APPALLING DISCLOSURES!

MORMON REVELATIONS,
BEING THE HISTORY OF
FOURTEEN FEMALES,

EMMA HALE
MRS. HATFIELD
LUCY MURRAY
ALICE FOSTER
MRS. WILLIAMS
LIZZIE MONROE
MARIAN GAGE

ADELINE YOUNG
MRS. JONES
LADY BULA
MARG. GUILDFORD
MAUD HATFIELD
ROSE HATFIELD
MRS. RICHARDS

VICTIMS OF MORMON

SPIRITUAL MARRIAGES!
WIVES,
MOTHERS, DAUGHTERS, AND SISTERS
Lured away from their Homes, and
UNITED TO THE SAME HUSBANDS!

THE TRAGIC
Deaths of Mrs. Hatfield and her Husband,
Through the Double Marriages of their Eldest and Youngest
Daughters to Richards, the Mormon Missionary;

AND THE
Awful MURDER of MAUD HATFIELD

By the first MRS. RICHARDS, who became a Maniac through
Jealousy and the Desertion of her Two Babes;
Including the Sufferings of other once happy Women, entraped by the
Prophets and Elders of the Latter Day Saints; with their Lives and
Cares, from the rise of Joseph Smith, the Founder of their Pretiger;
Church, to the dark deeds of Brigham Young, and his Disciples, now carried
on in their Pantheonism at Utah.

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THE HISTORY OF
FOURTEEN FEMALES,
VICTIMS OF MORMONISM.

The cries for redress of the thousands of single and married females of all countries, enticed or trepanned by the Prophets and Elders of the Latter Day Saints, for years (since so monstrous a delusion was first ushered into the world) have remained unrespected. We hope that the earnest cries from the hearts, and the loud and deep appeals from the souls, of fourteen of their victims, whose names and melancholy history are here given, will meet with that success which outraged humanity and religion, and the ruin of many once happy families, demands the instant organisation of Christian fathers, husbands and brothers, throughout England, America, and all those lands whose natives have suffered, with the view to suppress effectually the new Sodom established by Mormon impostures at Utah, South America, for ruining innocence, and spreading throughout the earth the darkest of crimes.

To Christian wives, mothers and daughters, and females generally, we hope the more fervently that these terrible facts will prove a timely and lasting warning; for which object we shall spare no pains or expense to circulate a knowledge of them in every quarter where the English language is understood.

The rise of Mormonism we shall first make clear to our readers. At the seat of the Green Mountains, in 1831, resided Joseph Smith, sen., with his wife and family and four sons. The town of Windsor, Vermont, could be seen in the distant plain, to the civilization of which, the Smith’s from their wild habits were total strangers. They inherited all the superstition of their class; and to obtain existence, many a night between the witching hours of twelve and one, had they stolen out to unearth hidden treasures. The neighbours’ complaints against their depredations grew loud and pressing, when they resolved to emigrate for a season to Palmyra, in Wayne County, New York. The light of this family was not destined to be hid under a bushel, for here the traits that had distinguished them in Vermont soon became conspicuous, and tales new and honourable to the family were soon freely canvassed among the people around them. Palmyra, like Old Windsor, gradually depreciated the capital of the family that lived by their wits, that the favour of those who had contumaciously them could not save them from the general outlash, and be removed to Manchester, Ontario County. About eight miles south of Palmyra, the at the seat of his late exploits. Here by the aid of his sons, secured the possession of several acres of land, and turned his attention to farming. Joseph, jun., could not brook the confinement of tilling the soil for his bread, or subjugate his turning propensities. He had in his possession a transparent stone (a crystal) which he averred would reveal fated destinies and concealed treasures. The ignorant and superstitious gave him his credence, while the more intelligent looked with wonder on his audacious assertions. Joseph laughed secretly at the commotion his vagaries raised, and when he saw they caused him to be look upon with awe, he pursued them with greater ardour. His natural sagacity taught him to be wary, assuring himself by what he had seen of human nature, that nothing could be too monstrous and absurd to find believers. In his wanderings he encountered a man by the name of Soowoll, who swallowed with avidity his monstrosities, provided him with implements and money, and set him to
work to bring to light treasures said to be hidden in the earth, at Brinbridge, New York. But although he brought the "sea stone" and metal rod to his alter, he was unsuccessful; and Stowell, minus several large sums of money and a few months board, was glad to bid adieu to the aid he had called in.

The life of our hero never had anyisienceness; and at this time we find him,

The early life of Robert Spaulding, from Harmony, Pennsylvania. This, his first
elements of knowledge, and his early
dog, was what he called a fop, when too late to awaken her, for which she had exchanged
a father's roof. This rivalry became unpleasant for a further reason, and, in her
ought against the scenes of her husband. "Steal what you can; I will take
what you are here for, if you are afraid of a rifle!" returned the young man,
advancing as he lowered his weapon. "This strikes me you look like a con-
able. Out with it and tell me who you are in some terms, or I will not,
return," said the robber. "I am nothing of the sort," she replied; "I am the
mister of the gospel." "That won't do, coady; miniatures never go through the
woods eating cold dinners: they always ride and are fed like the gentlemen.
You try to break the window, and here is my rifle!"

Spaulding was an antiquarian, and possessed some learning, having been a
elgerman, but after divining some of the plates of cast and closely examining
their characters, he failed to understand them. However, although forbidden
to indulge in close mental application by his physicians, on account of a
malady he was then suffering, he resolved in spite of the entreaties of his
wife, to write a novel, entitled the "Manuscript Found," in which he had
the imitated the chronological theme, names and style. Mrs. Spaulding, seeing the evil his studies were doing him, induced him to abandon
his forest home for active life among his fellows at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Throughout the day the student's feet were always tires of life, and his mind assumed a more healthy tone, instead of pursuing his former vagaries, he took the road to
his manuscript and read therewith his friend Mr. Spaulding, laughing heartily himself at the absurdities it contained. Their originality and
mannerisms are discernible in the characters of Mr. Patterson, who made application to him
for the manuscript for publication. "But, my dear sir," said the author, in
amusement, "they are the greatest absurdities or an overwrought imagination
ever seen!"

"So much the better," returned the publisher coolly, "they will tickle
the fancy of the wise, while the simple will gulp them down as they gallop for
more, and cry, "How wonderful!" Not so, Mr. Patterson, for his
attention to let him publish it, with the prospect of a fortune for the
author. Spaulding only consented to let him take a copy of it,
declaring, "I would rather never have a fortune than have it made at the
expense of my friends" — a journeyman — Sidney Rigdon, who was
then a young itinerant Campbell preacher, became fascinated by its oddity,
and protested it sounded vastly like reality with all its absurdities. Spaulding's
innings were dinheiroed to his removal to Amity, Washington
County, New York, where he died in 1816. Mrs. Spaulding collected the
original copy of "Manuscript Found" with other waste papers of her husband,
and packing them in a trunk, left them with her relatives in Rushford, New
York. Not long after, when they were discovered as waste and worthless papers.

In 1820 Patterson died, leaving the manuscript he had copied from Spaulding's
in the possession of Rigdon, who had borrowed it a few days previously, and
who, now that no one could conceive it, had begun to meditate on its
possibilities. He, however, kept it a secret; and there are many at this
hour living in that city, who have seen and heard Robert Spaulding read from
the "Manuscript Found!"

A year after, in New York, Rigdon wandered a long way in search of
work, and when weary and hungry threw himself on the mucky bank of a
stream, and drank from its gurgling depth; then taking a bath from the
bundle commenced his meal. While thus engaged he heard a voice say to him,"Robert, you
must have been a man steeped in crime against all moral and civil law, but an honest man
though he was ever so lowly."
"That was Day," replied Smith, angrily. "Let him go, he is too straightforward, I want to gather those of my own class and stamp."

"Day can wield a strong influence over those you purpose to delude; therefore it is best to impress him with your sincerity, if we do not get the wool over his eyes," returned Rigdon, soothingly. "There is Cowdery, who could be easily imposed on to believe anything, but it would not do to let him into the secret, that the plan was between us."

"I saw Old Harris on my road this morning, and he seems more impressionable than any to whom I have yet related my mission. Have you spoken with him?"

"I have," replied Smith. "I saw him in a subdued tone, I wish to refresh my memory as to the names and dates when it was buried; besides, I have been thinking whether it would not take amongst the creeds of the world."

"What do you mean?"

"If we could find the plates, like that said to have been discovered in Canaan, and it had been published as a visible Bible, buried by the Prophet of Old, and its hiding place revealed to me in a vision, it would hardly do, Smith. The ancient ones were not conversant with the English language, and the more knowing would say at once, 'the imposture carries its refutation on its face, for Smith is not acquainted with the Hebrew, Egyptian, or Chaldaic, in which one of the three bibles the plates must have been engraved for, in no other were the Prophets of old conversant.'"

"Easily obviated," returned Smith, coolly. "You know I have the 'Seer Stones,' and I can make them believe the vision by them, or by a 'Urim and Thummim' of which Spaulding speaks."

"But I have read it to numbers of people, and I am afraid they would detect me."

"Tell you Spaulding and Paterson are dead, as well as several others who saw it in their possession?"

"Yes, but Spaulding's wife still lives, and she knows its contents perfectly." If these two verities were committed over their scheme for deception, honor.

"Imagine, then, all the noble passions of the heart they had stifled, and how they would have steamed with a torturing crime which they had to destroy their own depths of infamy, and entail the curse of their fellow beings."

"Rigdon, let us continue our way, and that night in our camp, in their fiery light. These died away when the hosts of heaven with their golden chariots and myriads of purified spirits, led on by the Patriarchs and Prophets, passed before me, among whom Mormon, the last of the Prophets, was passed and addressed me thus—'This is the day for thee in which the prophecies shall be fulfilled, and thou shalt, if thou overcomest the evil in thine own heart, reign among us.' The words of Mormon comforted me, darkness fell around. Trembling with fright I saw in the sky before me the clouds and sky--all around it, I felt the divine influence of my being."

"Do I pray, cried Smith, his eyes flashing as he concealed within his vest a pair of pistols, and a bowie knife. "I do, and by the hand that made me."

"Did you ever see a crowd befooled if they do not insist, and the man at that work?"

"Remember, you are a Prophet, the chosen messenger of the Lord, and act accordingly," said Rigdon, alarmed at the aroused doubt about my actions. "You must not shirk the task that is before you, as he girded on his armor, and stepped boldly out among the people, who retreated as he advanced forward, and sprang upon a pile of wood, and in a frightened, rambling way, began his first sermon.

"Halloo! money digger, has the angel found that bar of gold I gave you twenty dollars for?"

"That is not enough, Joe, and tell us about your gold Bible?" were the greetings he met with from all sides.

"Yes, tell us about the gold Bible," shouted Rigdon, encouragingly.

"If God has forgiven all sin, and purified the soul, does it become his creatures to turn from him with scorn? Has his Creator sanctified? Look into your own hearts, and search out—"

"You mean the Bible; we want facts, as we are capable of making our deductions," said one of the audience near him.

Now self possessed, he changed his policy. "It is but little that I can tell you. Four years ago, while alone, two singularly beautiful personages appeared to me, and announced themselves as messengers from the throne of God, sent to reveal to me that I had been chosen, to turn the hosts of heaven with their golden chariots and myriads of purified spirits, led on by the Patriarchs and Prophets, passed before me, among whom Mormon, the last of the Prophets, was passed and addressed me thus—'This is the day for thee in which the prophecies shall be fulfilled, and thou shalt, if thou overcomest the evil in thine own heart, reign among us.' The words of Mormon comforted me, darkness fell around. Trembling with fright I saw in the sky before me the clouds and sky--all around it, I felt the divine influence of my being."

"Yes!" shouted Rigdon, forcing the words from his lips. "You know not. Then the angel came to me with a wave of his wing, and smiling benignly, raised the treasured book, and placing it in my arms, I beheld it in the light of the world, that it had been found worthy, and that he sent thee with it full thy mouth with wisdom, whereby thou shalt find a congregation of true worshippers here below. As he ceased speaking he disappeared, and I was astounded. Whom trust you, will you dare raise your voice against Jehovah? Who shall dare dictate to his Maker the instrument he shall use for the furtherance of thy glory of his kingdom? That hath the hardbood
At him go up to battle against the host of heaven; as for me, I must do my God's bidding.

So saying, with a haughty wave of his hand, he sprang to the ground and entered the house, while the wrapt, silent, subdued, audience, with the exception of a few, quietly dispersed, in the amazement of his barang
d.

I never heard such a sermon in my life," said Rigdon, as he followed him in.

"Now, tell me, in fact, Smith, did you ever have a vision in your life?—ever have a vision of those things you said you did?"

Smith gave a glance of astonishment at his follower, but made no reply. Rigdon's dull brain could not conceive that Smith's fertile imagination enabled him to weave a chain of impositions, in addition to those in the "Manuscript Found." "Rigdon," said the arch-impostor, solemnly, as he turned to the sect,

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her daughter, were converts to the Mormon Temples. Contact with them, and an acquaintance with Joe Smith, soon turned the weak mind of Mr. Guildford away from his native Methodist church and carried him to the Church of God, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as it was then known. He was baptized by the Prophet, and received the ordinances of the Church.

With a virtue of piety and a high sense of duty, he lived a life of service and devotion. He was a member of the Stake Council and a leader in the Relief Society. He was known for his kind heart and his willingness to help those in need. He was a man of virtue and integrity, and his influence was felt throughout the community.

He was a man of the scriptures, and his knowledge of the Bible was encyclopedic. He was a devoted husband and father, and his love for his family was evident in every aspect of his life. He was a man of prayer, and his faith was a constant source of comfort and strength.

He was a man of the people, and his presence was felt in every corner of the Stake. He was a man of action, and his leadership was felt in every endeavor. He was a man of service, and his contributions to the community were immeasurable.

He was a man of God, and his love for his Heavenly Father was a constant reminder of the importance of living a life of virtue and devotion. He was a man of faith, and his faith in the future was a constant source of hope and inspiration.

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Margaret's revolutions were the next day confirmed by seeing Mrs. Cobb, an old, long-ago acquaintance, who, with a little daughter, had deserted her husband, and had become one of Brigham Young's Hottentot's. Her relations were greatly distressed at the time, and the constant reply of her daughter's husband was, "If I let her die, I could have said, 'Oh, Father, not my will but thy will be done,' and hold her to rest as the final end of all; but to know she lives is agony to me and brutality of her seducer, it is more than I can bear."

We will defer poor Margaret's fate for a time, and return to the camp. Richards, with Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield, and their daughter, was in the camp. He now arrived on the ground of the New Zion, where he met with the wife of the aged woman, who had been, at the time of his absence, the companion and confidante of his home. Poor Mary stood there pale and rigid, almost speechless, captivated by her face, an object of pity. Looking off her grasp, he bounded forward with the ferocity of a tiger, grappled the seducer of his child by the throat, bore him to the ground, and the two fell over together.

The old man's hand relaxed. Richards sprang to his feet, and bending over the child, she was dead! An old complaint, insomnia, excited by the terrible wrong done to his aged daughter, had taken it. He was kept from his wife and her two children. Poor Mary stood there pale and rigid, almost speechless, captivated by her face, an object of pity. Looking off her grasp, he bounded forward with the ferocity of a tiger, grappled the seducer of his child by the throat, bore him to the ground, and the two fell over together.

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In jets descending on the victim and her betrothed. "My God! who has done this?" cried Richards with horror, as he bounded from the stove to raise her in his arms. She recoiled from him as from a viper, and as she died, those gaunt, almost childlike eyes buried in a deathly stare, she exclaimed, "Thou murderer!" He cried loudly for help, the door was burst open and the motley throng of the Harem pressed into the chamber; and now the cry of "Richards has killed his wife!" rung through the house. "Maud! Maud! cried Richards, with a frantic shriek, and folded forward, and others, returned with a constable to execute it. The constable refused to go with the constable, who was hosted and assailed by a grand expose of the Prophets Young's, Richards's, Guildford's and the rest's licentiousness and criminal career. The Prophet and his body guards declared the publication to be a nuisance, and destroyed the printing materials.

The publishers fled and procured a warrant for the arrest of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, who was searched for on the ball night, and found confined in an upper chamber of Young's Harem, from which he was rescued by his lover, Lizzie Monroe, who was searched for on the ball night, and found confined in a upper chamber of Young's Harem, from which she was rescued by her lover, Henry Bennett and Dr. Foster, who was assisted by the constable in their escape. The Prophet and his body guards declared the publication to be a nuisance, and destroyed the printing materials.

The Prophet told his mistresses it was a suicide, and forbade all mention of the affair, lest the Gentiles should hear of it. But Richards was troubled lest Maria, his wife, whom he suspected, should publish her own crime. He threatened and vexed them with the idea of all traces of the crime being lost, and he would not be satisfied with the story.

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