

#### SIX TIMES SHE ATTEMPTED TO SEE THE BODIES,

and six times she was removed in the arms of her two attendants. Hyrum's wife next entered the room with her four children, supported by no one, she having resolved to brave the scene with her poor orphans. She trembled at every step, and nearly fell, but reached her husband's body, kneeled down by him, clasped her arms around his head, turned his pale face upon her heaving bosom, and then a gushing, plaintive wail burst forth from her lips: 'O! Hyrum, Hyrum! Have they shot you, my dear Hyrum? are you dead, my dear Hyrum!' She drew him closer and closer to her bosom, kissed her pale lips and face, put her hands on his brow and brushed back his hair. Her grief seemed to consume her, and she lost all power of utterance. Her two daughters and two young children clung, some around her neck and some to her body, falling prostrate upon the corpse, and shrieking in the wildness of their wordless grief. In about ten minutes Mrs. Emma Smith, wife of the prophet, came again into the room, between two attendants, in a half swooning state. She came toward the body of Hyrum, and knowing that the sensation of feeling a cold, dead body exerted a calming effect on the human nerves, I took her hand and laid it on Hyrum's brow and in a moment, her strength returned. She murmured something in a low tone that I did not hear; her eyes opened, and she said to her friends: 'Now I can see him; I am strong now.' She walked alone to her husband's bed, kneeling down, clasped him around his face, and sank upon his body. Suddenly her grief found vent; and sighs and groans and words and lamentations filled the room. 'Joseph, Joseph,' she said, 'are you dead? Have the assassins shot you?' Her children four in number gathered around their weeping mother and the dead body of a murdered father, and grief that words cannot embody seemed to overwhelm the whole group. She continued to speak in low tones, but none of the words were audible save those which I have recorded.

#### WHILE THE TWO WIVES WERE BEWAILING

their loss, and prostrate on the floor with their eight children, I noticed a lady standing at the head of Joseph Smith's body, her face covered, and her whole frame convulsed with weeping. She was the widow of William Morgan, of Masonic memory, and twenty years before had stood over the body of her husband, found at the mouth of Oak Orchard creek, on Lake Ontario. She was now the wife of a Mr. Harris, whom she married in Batavia, and who was a saint in the Mormon church, and a high Mason. She is a short person, with light hair and very bright blue eyes, and a pleasant countenance. I had called on her a few days previous to this occasion, and while conversing with her, put my hand on a gilt-edged volume lying on the stand. It was 'Stearns on Masonry,' and contained the likeness of William Morgan. She said she had taken it out, and thought if the mob did come, and she was obliged to flee, or jump into the Mississippi, she would take it with her.

#### THE MULTITUDE DISPERSED

about dark, and next day was set apart for the people to come and see the bodies of the two brothers. They commenced assembling at an early hour, and the city, the river, and the surrounding country swarmed with men and women during the whole day. The scene around the bodies of the dead men was too horrible to witness. Hyrum was shot in the brain, and bled none, but by noon his body was so swollen -- the neck and face forming one bloated mass -- that no one could recognize it. Joseph's blood continued to pour out of his wounds, which had been filled with

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THE PROPHET'S DEATH . . .

Some three months since The Times published a history of the Mormon church, from its inception, in New York, to the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri, and their subsequent settlement in Illinois. As the particulars of the discovery of the golden tablets in the hill Cumorah, the translation of their hieroglyphics into the book of Mormon by means of the Urim and Thummin, the propagation of the faith, and the graphic details of the Missouri war, resulting in the capture and ultimate escape of Joseph Smith, the prophet, by bribing his guards, were obtained from the only parties now living who are competent to give reliable information regarding these interesting events, the article attracted much attention, and was of historic value. Another and a more tragic chapter in the eventful life of this strange man remains to be written, and The Times is in possession of the facts that enable it to complete the task.

Half a century ago there lived in New York, in the vicinity of Palmyra where Joseph Smith first became known to fame, a young man named B. W. Richmond, who afterward studied medicine and acquired the title of doctor. He formed Joseph's acquaintance there, and was familiar with the denomination attending his self-announcement as a prophet. In later years he saw him in Ohio, and observed his course with interest. Still later he met him in Nauvoo, and was an accidental witness of scenes incident to, and consequent upon, his tragic death at the hands of an Illinois mob. Ten years afterward, partly in compliance with a request of the prophet, made just prior to his assassination, he wrote a full account of the affair, intending to publish it in book form. Various causes combined to delay the publication, and in 1864, twenty years after the occurrence of the events which he had committed to writing, Dr. Richmond died, leaving the manuscript in the hands of his widow, Mrs. Lucinda Richmond, now residing in McGregor, Iowa, by whom it has been carefully treasured until the present time. This manuscript is not only as interesting as a novel and as thrilling as any tragedy, but it is a reliable chronicle of one of the most singular and startling events in the history of the nation, and contains a large amount of information never before given to the public.

Dr. Richmond was not a believer in Mormonism, and would as soon have chosen the devil for his spiritual guide as Joseph Smith, and yet his humanity led him into sympathy with him in many of his acts, and his acquaintance and facilities enabled him to judge him from a standpoint entirely different from that occupied by other historians. His prejudices may have led him into errors, and innocent parties may rest under undeserved censure or imputations, but of this the reader must judge for himself. The Times purposes setting forth, in brief, the most striking features of this exciting narrative, quoting the exact language of the writer only when it serves to make the description more forcible.

TO A PROPER UNDERSTANDING OF THE MATTER,  
a knowledge of the character of the prophet, as well as of the situation at Nauvoo in 1844, is essential.