

Some time last summer I had business in Louisville, Kentucky, connected with our emigration, and was detained there two or three days, having nothing particular to do but to walk around the city and see what was to be seen of interest. And in walking the streets of that city I thought that in all my travels I had never before seen such evidences of wickedness, corruption and degradation. There are portions of that city that seem to have become corrupted to such an extent, that Sodom and Gomorrah would have blushed at the mention thereof. Men and women could be seen in the most beastly state of drunkenness, and little children, bearing the marks of the lowest degradation—waifs of society, growing up as hoodlums, with no sense of the difference between right and wrong excepting that which nature itself has planted there, to furnish future material for the gallows. I thought in contemplating the scene that presented itself in the streets of the city of Louisville, ay, even at noonday, to say nothing of that which the recording angels are obliged to look upon in the darkness of the night—I thought of the reformers who come to Utah fresh from such haunts of vice and corruption, and then I thought of you, my brethren and sisters; and you can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them.

I went to one of their hospitals and sought an introduction to one of the physicians; on learning who I was he expressed himself pleased to meet me, and proffered his own services to accompany me over the building, which I gladly accepted. On passing through the different wards I saw sights that I trust my eyes shall never be called to look upon again. He opened his book in

which was recorded the names of the patients who had been admitted during the past twelve months, and I had the curiosity to ask him to tell me the nature and character of the disease of these people. He informed me that three-fourths of all cases were, what is termed venereal disease. This is not hearsay; these are facts that exist of which the records testify. And from the windows of this hospital, this living monument of the morals of Louisville, Kentucky, was pointed out to me the residence of one of these "reformers" of the Latter-day Saints. And in conversation with one of these "reformers" who had been here, whose acquaintance I had formed when he was here—he recognizing me while traveling in a railway car, and came and shook hands with me, and sat down alongside of me—he asked me "how our friends were getting along in Utah." "Whom do you mean," said I, "by our friends?" I mean the ministers who have gone there," he replied. They are, I think, getting along in their way pretty well. What have they done? They have established whiskey shops! They have imported houses of prostitution, and they have brought hoodlums into our midst, and they thrive under their spiritual care. They have caused sorrow on the hearts of fathers and mothers, by ruining the prospects of sons and daughters whom they have led astray from the paths of honor and credit. Now is not that glorious work to be engaged in! Do you not congratulate yourselves in having been connected with men whose object and labor has been to turn men and women from the truth, from bearing the fruits of morality and righteousness, and failing in that to join hand in hand, heart and soul, with those