Cities were not to be reached, fields to be drenched with blood or
strewed with headless limbs and bodies of dying men. All pointed to
me Godward, the author of all things and civilizations was in its
wound progress. But what was the view around him? The poor
and distressed who lived every country at every age were calling
loudly for some offering hand. Thrown from the prison house
and vagabonds and lock within. The soul shrinks from the dread
right. Here may be heard the shriek of agony. The grave of
death commenced in one sound of undistinguished horror.
Here many a ragged form raises its wretched eye, anxiously
pays around for relief and shut them again in despair and death.
Here are they who have bid a long farewell to all human kinds,
the constant form: the cold and bloody hand, which tells a tale of saddest
error of friends and perhaps mingled with the dead. If hope
like a faithful flatterer, fling in the utmost hour of need; or perhaps
of a son call upon the dead worlds mercy.

The horrid condition of
the prisons and of prison disciplines had for a long time waked
the sensibility, all charitable hearts. Vice prevailed to such a
startling degree that the dungeon was converted into a seminary
of wickedness and villainy. The young were initiated by the
old and confirmed in all the acts and mysteries of iniquity. Instead
of being reformed, which is the chief object of confinement, they
came forth from their cells founded evil tutors in unrestrained
freedom. All laws in all their fury, to commit deeds of still greater
terror and bloodshed. To frighten the fearful coloring of this
dreadful scene, the king of terrors came in the garb of bathsheba.