

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1881.

NO. 20.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In the 16th chapter of Mathew is recorded: The Pharisees and Sadducees came to Jesus with much assurance and authority, desiring him to show them a sign from the spiritual world or heaven. He answered: When it is evening ye say, "It will be fair weather for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day for the sky is red and lowering." Oh, ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky but cannot discern the signs of the times. A wicked and adulterous generation, seeketh after a sign and there shall no sign be given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas. Those questions and answers were for a purpose, for a lesson to mankind to-day. The spiritual teachings of that book called the Bible is for all time and eternity. It contains the whole law of life. It has been misunderstood by the teachers and they planted tares with the wheat and we are now reaping the reward. The harvest is ripe for the sickle, and where are the reapers? Those who can discern the signs of the times are praying the Lord of the harvest to send out more laborers as the tares are bearing down the good grain into the dust and we need more help. Evil seems to be driving the car of destruction over the earth, bringing misery and cruel suffering to humanity. We would implore all women to rise up in their power and bring their influence to bear on the destructive element that now prevails. Let us purify ourselves from all prejudice and selfishness, bring ourselves into harmony, unite like drops of water that form a powerful stream, be one, in purpose, to overcome evil by establishing justice, right and liberty to all. We have the greatest burdens of life to bear, therefore we must buckle on our armor and stand firmly on the rock of love to humanity, and we shall succeed—overcome all opposition.

There has been, we hear, a murder committed in Missouri; we understand a member of the legislature, Mr. Talbott. Two of his sons have been tried, convicted, and sentence of death pronounced upon them, and are to be executed on the 25th of March—executed—that means murder the most cruel—in the first degree. We would appeal to all Christians, Jews and Gentiles—all mothers and widows to join in protesting against this second crime. It is contrary to the teachings of Jesus—the Christian's model. He said, "No longer an eye for an eye." How dare anyone pretending to be a follower of Him give their consent or acquiesce and allow two boys to be killed contrary to the teachings of the law, of love to your neighbor and forgiveness to our brothers who have possibly been from their surroundings and development chosen to suffer that we Christians might have an opportunity of advancing towards perfection in showing love and mercy to the unfortunate widow and orphans. If those boys should be killed and the murderer of their father be discovered afterward what shall be done to those who have murdered the boys?

MRS. M. MERRICK.

P.S.—In last number in "Signs of the Times," "evil of flesh" should have read, "veil of flesh."

MY EXPERIENCE.

My experience in the investigation with the interior or spiritual realm where the soul dwells after it leaves its physical body, I went to a medium, a girl twelve years old, with the intention of discovering what a medium was, and if there was any good to be found in searching in that direction. I found the medium as much interested as myself, in making inquiries of invisible intelligences. She was no wiser than myself. It was but lately she had lost her brother, about sixteen years old, who died suddenly. The family felt the loss deeply, and having heard of tables moving and bringing messages from departed friends, they were impressed to sit around a table, and in a short time the table made a move, and they began to ask questions and receive answers, and the medium found she could write messages without knowing what she wrote. It was about this time I commenced investigating the subject.

I had the girl come to my house in the afternoon, and sit by a table, and write messages, and talk with signs made by powers, not known by me, that seemed to know all about me and my thoughts, and was familiar with papers and things belonging to my husband, before our marriage.

opment of a perfect body. Those left behind are trying to patch up an old worn-out car that has no wheels, or motive power, and commune with themselves saying, if we cannot fix up this thing, we shall walk, and they are trying to persuade those who were asleep when the car passed to help them, or travel in their company, although it is a hard road, and darkness surrounds them; no oil in their lamps, or bread from spirit realms, or water from the everlasting fountain, to cheer and quench their thirst on the way.

There is a conductor on the first-class car who is watching out for those who were left by mistake or had not informed themselves when the car would pass, and as it moves in a circle, it will soon be around again, and the conductor will take every one on board who is willing to ride, even tramps. The car is spacious, no limit to its circumference—the same cushioned seats for all.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

MOST HONORABLE SIR:—In behalf of the two convicted boys—Charles and Albert Talbot—of your State—sentenced to be hung for the murder of their father, upon circumstantial evidence, we address you. Are not acquainted with the boys, have never heard of them before, but there is a power impels us to plead in their behalf. Is it natural that they should murder their own father? And again, if they should have done it, oh! do not let their lives be sent forth into eternity, in this horrible manner. Is it the way to prevent murders? If we would but pause, and consider; it is murder again. Oh! spare their lives, and good people all let your sympathies go forth to that mother; her husbands form lain away in its last resting place; his soul gone forth to the unknown, and the sons to suffer this ignominious death. Can she not be constituted judge; not according to law, we know, but, in accordance with the right and justice of humanity. We ask you, governor and people, humbly and before the Mighty Ruler of the universe—the judge of all mankind, to grant a reprieve, to change the mode of punishment at least.

Think of it; sending out innocent souls, perhaps, into eternity. Oh! it is no trivial matter that the life may be taken. You can never recall it, should you thereafter find the best of evidence that they were innocent. Oh! let us beseech of you, for the sake of brother man, to spare the life, anyway, and would plead in behalf of all those who are being sent out into eternity, willingly, and at the hand of justice.

Does crime cease? Are not murders committed as of yore? Could not a better mode be found? If guilty, confine them and teach a better way; train the morals which have, perhaps, been uncultivated; there *are* ways and there are strong minds in our government officials and there are also hearts and we appeal to your hearts; open them and let the noblest emotion, which can shed a tear over misery and distress, now triumph. It is not a womanly weakness; it is manly; it is heroic; it is *noble* to listen to the appeal of that widowed mother; to spare her so much sorrow as you may.

Power is noble, used judiciously, and with leniency, as far as possible; it is powerful to yield, to the weak and erring, sympathy. As those in authority have these noble qualities, have desires for the beneficence of humanity, we know you will consider this request; *we know* you will; and may it occur to you in this light as it, mayhap, many times has; the life once taken you cannot give, and the innocent soul may call for vengeance of thee.

The deed done, cries and supplications or remorse cannot undo it; even if guilty, they are not redeemed by this mode, and humanity is as exempt from their influence if confined. Oh! in mercy and with justice grant a hearing to the widowed mother whom we do not know, only through sympathy. Yours in behalf of Humanity,

(Signed,) MRS. M. MERRICK.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Would also add my signature, and say, with the above, I agree. Am an old lady and have always felt that there was some better way of punishing crime than by taking life, and as our sympathies have been aroused by this, we ask you to listen with consideration, and, if possible, grant the request of hundreds whom we are sure will stand by us in this move; it is a desire to see humanity benefited, and not cast out without a hope of reform; reform and not extermination, will prevent crime.

Will all who are in favor of the pardoning of those young boys lend their influence and their names—pardoning inasmuch as regard the sentence: To be hung.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

MRS. ELIZA KERR.

Perhaps the best punishment—man ever inflicted upon his brother, was exile to a beautiful island. Here the glad voices of nature harmonize the soul, with the great Soul; and the pure beauty subdues the fierce passions.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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"Let there be Light,"—spark after spark,
In form of glowing thought,
Till every heathen dogma dark
Shall dwindle into naught.

"Let there be Light," once more we cry;
Oh, yes! let there be Light,
And Love, and Liberty to do
Whate'er we think is right.

The Love, to brew, a will to do.
The Light, to show the good,
And Liberty, to make us free
To do the things we should.

O, LOVE! O, LIGHT! O LIBERTY!
Fair Trinity, all hail!
This world! depraved can ne'er be saved
Till these on earth prevail.

Let there be Love! let there be Light!
Let there be Liberty!
That all may see and do what's right,
And all mankind be free.

Deep may the "Tree of Liberty,"
In every land take root,
And Light and Love from Heav'n above
Mature its golden fruit.

NOTE.

LADIES;—The verses herewith sent,
Are offered with a good intent,
As thought-forms of a rustic muse;
Do with them anything you choose.

We would say more if we had time
For writing prose, or spinning rhyme;
But having now no time to waste,
We here subscribe, yours in haste.

[Light and knowledge, or appreciation, or desire for the same, is always received as a good intent. Light, knowledge and love to humanity is the reform of the world.—ED.]

A REPRIEVE.

We are pleased to learn that the Supreme Court has granted a hearing to the Talbot boys that the time of execution is remanded from March 25, until May 11, and that they are to have a hearing April 20. We trust that the sentence will be withdrawn; we shall never have a prosperous nation, so long as murder is sanctioned by law. "Thou shalt not kill" is a law unto all mankind, if unto one. If all would awaken to this, and see that a dark stain is resting upon our nation in consequence of shed-

ding blood, Aye! innocent blood—a general outcry would resound through the land. Oh, think of it! picture the sad spectacle. A man in the presence of hundreds of witnesses fastens a rope around the neck of his brother, draws the block; a soul is launched into eternity, and you have done your duty. Arise and look at the subject in a proper light! This is murder, and premeditated, open and without compunction. There are the seeds of crime, being scattered by this very act in the soil of impressible youth. They are rooting, and will spring up with a deadly growth. Could you but realize that as heads of nations, the pure example is the one which will bring reform!

DIAMOND DUST.

We are all brothers and sisters, but we seldom realize this: all children of the Great Supreme Power.

We judge of a person's character by what we see as, "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Life and light, knowledge and progress, and we have a grand eternity—a step in the great whole is taken here, and it is a preparatory school for the real life.

Ask me of my hope in an immortality, and I answer: Ask me if you may destroy this grand, beautiful world at will? Then contemplate the powers of man, the deep moving of the quenchless spirit. Can you sweep away this which is more powerful than nature—the soul of man?

You may each day receive some ray of light, if the soul's windows are open; there is no sorrow so deep, but the Great Father's love may heal; no cloud so dark but the bright sun of prosperity and joy may vanquish. Life is all storm and sunshine; and, were it not for the storm, we could not appreciate the placid sky.

Courage and bravery constitute true heroism. Bravery in what we know to be right is essential to a perfect development of character.

There is a peace which passeth all joy. It is the peace which arises from a clear conscience. When we know that we have done what we were so sure was right at the time that naught could move us, we are at rest; the great waves may beat against our bark, but may not envelop it; it rises above them.

A true and pure character is more to be desired than wealth, gold and diamonds.

Plato was told that his friends circulated bad reports concerning him. He said, "I will live so that none shall believe them."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. M. MERRICK:—Your very interesting and instructive publication has been received since the beginning of its being published.

Every article that I have yet found in its pages are elevating in teaching and beautifully chaste in expression; your position in reference to the infliction of capital punishment is undoubtedly just and true.

It is not possible for any other murder to be more shocking than one committed by the makers and executors of law. Certainly nothing can be more revolting to the feelings of any human being, with a particle of goodness of heart or refined feeling, than the *Light or knowledge* of a poor culprit being taken out (often, perhaps, already having suffered torture of mind, probably for months and sometimes even years incarcerated in loathsome prison cells, frequently treated inhumanly by the brutal keepers of such blots upon the fair face of our country,) and murdered in cold blood by the sanction of law. Such deeds are crimes of the darkest dye. Murders of the coldest blood and most premeditated cast. But, unfortunately for the higher development of humanity, how few understand the vast amount of evil, resulting from the perpetration of this monstrous and heinous crime. I hope and pray that the Talbot boy's may not be executed. Shall do all I can by way of petitioning our Governor to commute their sentence to imprisonment. Surely if earnest prayers can save the poor unfortunates they will be spared so fearful a doom. Our unlucky town has been the sad scene of two public executions, casting an awful gloom over the country and felt by every sensitive nature keenly.

The victims were two young men in the vigor of youthfulness and health.

Oh when! oh when, will our law makers become wise enough to abolish the infliction of such terrible laws, which are nothing more nor less than relics of barbarism? When will they learn the grand importance of making our jails and penitentiaries places of reform instead of punishment alone. And most earnestly should we inquire when will our religious teachers teach the people that if they commit crimes that punishment is inevitable, that they themselves must atone by suffering for every misdeed, either small or great. Until such truths are taught and understood, crimes will be repeated on and on, through all time.

When people can be taught to understand that to cultivate the highest capacities of their nature, suppressing the lower, it will bring the great-

est degree of happiness, and to live up to the "Soldiers Rule." Then, and not until then, shall we find love, peace and harmony reigning among men, and crimes of every grade cease.

Wishing A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT may become as welcome a visitor to every family in the land as mine, I am most truly yours for light and knowledge,

MINERVA ANN BEDFORD.

LOVE PRINCIPLE.

TRIPPVILLE, Wisconsin, March 12, 1881.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—Yes, dear sister, that is what we want, and what the world needs. How dark and blind we are. If you have found a ray of light that bespeaks a coming day, for the world's and heaven's sake do please send it broad-cast over the earth as fast as possible,

I am hoping when I see your specimen paper to find it strictly liberal in sentiment, Independent, Spiritual, or rather an Exponent of the Spiritual philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. All such print has heretofore been exceedingly high price and if you can publish a paper on the above topics at it, I shall do my best to disseminate it. And if you approve and advocate Socialism, and the love principle, all the better. I have been a spiritualist for thirty-three years, and expect to remain so for an eternity to come. I form my own conclusions of right and wrong, regardless of preconceived or orthodox notions.

Jesus Christ taught His disciples to love one another, and I believe it is a good doctrine and would be, even, if Jesus had never said anything about it, for we find it the law of God disseminated throughout nature.

A. WYMAN.

[The love principle which we advocate, is love to humanity—love which lifts up the fallen, strengthens the weak, scatters joy, and would banish evil by shedding the bright light, purity, shining down in the darkened caverns. Bidding the captive go free from chains of sin; which would ask all people to arise and with a universal cry say, Peace and good will to man.—ED.]

[As Spring is approaching, we place the pome "Violet" in our pages. It was sent sometime ago, but it seems as the season of violets draw near more fitting to publish. Yes! the gentle violets in sweet simplicity remind us of childish innocence. What a lovely mission hath flowers! They gladden and beautify our earth, drawing our natures into sympathy with the loving Father. He forgets not the tiniest flower—all are perfect—ED.]

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MRS. TALBOTT.

ARKOE, Mo., April 1st, 1881.

MRS. M. MERRICK:—Yours of late date is before me, and I will answer most surely, as I am very much pleased to get one ray of comfort from any source on earth. I have read your welcome letter with great interest, and have faith in those things of which you speak. There is some mystery yet to come to light, and may God in his divine wisdom bring those to justice and save my dear boys, for they are innocent of the charge against them, and the All-Wise Ruler of us all knows they are blamed for what they have never done—all for money—nothing else.

Kind lady, can you sympathize with me in this terrible trial? Are you a mother; do you know the extent of a mother's *Lore* for her children? If so, you can pity me in this hour of sore affliction. I do beg you to pray for the rescue of my dear sons; write to the Governor in their behalf, and plead for their lives and they will be spared. I am glad to hear of some one feeling interested in them, for well do I know they are not guilty of the most horrible crime on record—for I was an eye witness to the scene, and was shot myself while lying on the bed at the time my husband was shot, the ball passing through his body and cutting a flesh wound on the left side of my right leg between the knee and ankle, the scar of which I will carry to my grave. Do you think that any man's sons would shoot him and their mother lying on the bed, right back of their father, and shoot her also? The absurdity of that will show that it was not the boys who did the crime. If the world only could see the real cause, my dear children would be free. But a few enemies of the family are working and the detectives are trying to get the reward, and they are willing to wear the lives of these boys away for a few dollars, and if there is anything on this earth that will do them any good, I wish for it from a pure heart, for I am suffering all the sorrow that any poor mother can suffer in this life.

Ladies, I may never meet you in this life, but bear in mind, I shall remember you very kindly for the interest you have shown in my sorrow. You shall have my prayers and well wishes through life. You say, the real murderers will be discovered in time to save the boys. Pray for it. You say it would give you much pleasure to receive an answer from me. Well this is from me—this from the hand of the mother of the boys, and

I am in harmony with you and yours. May God in his divine wisdom, work through you some means of saving those dear boys, for this life of mine is dreary and it will be more so if they are taken away from me. There is no more for me to live for in this life, if they are gone. Oh, kind friends, I could enfold you in my arms and tell you *all*, if I only could, with a broken heart and sorrow that no tongue can express!

I close, hoping to hear from you again, I am respectfully yours.

MRS. BELLE TALBOTT.

[The letter above is from the mother of the unfortunate boys in whose behalf we appealed to the Governor of Missouri.

Can any humane heart turn a deaf ear to the appeal of that stricken and heart-broken mother? Oh, friends everywhere! let your hearts go out in sympathy to that mother! let every noble quality of your natures come forth to the cause of right and justice! We find that as we were impressed at first, there is a hope of their innocence being proved. The angels tell us they are, and is it a strange thing that God should allow a power which will prove the innocence of many who are martyred for the guilty? Is it astonishing that if we shall join together throughout the world in a harmonious band for right and justice, that we shall see the evil swept away and that *justice* shall prevail? Oh, good people and Governor! listen to the appeal of this stricken mother. The angels say they are innocent; we feel sure it is true. Oh, consider, if they should be executed, and then you should find they were not guilty. We say to every mother in the land let your sympathies go out for that broken-hearted one; consider: Were I in her place? Your very sympathy may strike a chord which may vibrate on the wings of thought; until it touches the hearts of those who are in authority. Every father, consider: Were I hurled into the unknown, and this, my widow and sons. This is the chord which we desire to touch and we have an Eden world.—Ed.]

The American *Sentry* is before us. It is an eight-page weekly, devoted to "Industrial interests, the diffusion of Truth, the establishment of justice, and the preservation of a people's government;" is printed on good paper, clear type, and is filled with general news and miscellany; articles upon various subjects. We want papers that will work in the interest of the people and not in the behalf of a few who may monopolize the advantages of our glorious, free country. Published by D. A. Hopkins, New York. One dollar per year.

Dear readers accept our desires for your mutual improvement. The world is starving for spiritual food, and the dear angels are holding the food, but are rebuffed and thrust back by opposition, until they cannot reach the hungry souls! Oh! let us all join in a harmonious band in the cause of justice and right! Let us beseech those in power to cleanse and purify the nation, and the special case, under consideration by a band from the spirit realm—the Talbott boys. Dear friends, one and all, send out your mite of silent influence, if you can do naught else. Oh! for those two boys to be hung—and this mother pleading with us to aid her! It is too terrible. Mercy, Love and Justice say, No! Never! Dare to stand for the right, and use your voice against an evil which is blighting our lovely land.

In love to all who may read our pages,

YOUR EDITRESS.

P. S.—Our Publisher will send you greeting in next issue.

THE NEW ERA OF WOMEN.

About a quarter of the Vermont Towns have elected women as superintendents of schools. The Texas Legislature has decided that women can hold any place under the government that they are capable of filling. Keep right on gentlemen saying though, that they must not be allowed the ballot, but before you awaken to the fact that the destiny of the race is equality, women will be in quiet possession, of the controlling power of the country, and you will wonder how it was accomplished. They will write and tell you all about it after the earthquakes all subside, that are on the programme for 1881—1882.—*Western Light*.

We take the following from the Brockfield Recorder, Ontario:

"Conscience makes cowards of us all." The following letter received by Mr. Overell, enclosing \$1 25, exemplifies the truth of the foregoing quotation:—The letter says, "If a soul sin and commit a trespass against the Lord, and against his neighbor, he shall restore that which he has taken, and shall add a fifth part thereto." There was no signature to the note, consequently Mr. Overell is ignorant of the person whose conscience has been relieved.

[This is repentance; that which causes a man to make recompense for evil committed.—Ed.]

We send back numbers of this magazine to all who subscribe.

bored so perseveringly to discover matter in all its forms, and the laws governing it, would turn their attention to the real cause of matter, and the operation of spirit that controls the same. Highly cultivated brains may not be as impressive to the influx of thoughts or ideas as one that is soft and tender or not worn; a man who has been in college seven years, his brain becomes seared or like a macadamised road, with deep ruts, and spiritual influences cannot inspire such a brain with the same ease as one that has been less used.

The Indians Great Spirit sends angels down among the willows where the wild flowers grow, and select one of nature's aristocracy, and from the fountain of love and mercy flows the pure stream.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

MOST HONORABLE SIR:—Again we petition to you for the release of the Talbott boys. Their mother is pleading with us. Oh, spare their lives we beseech of you, for when they are gone it is irrevocable. If they may be found innocent, then it is too late for justice to be meted out to them. Will you not do all that is in your power to release them. Even if they are guilty, spare their lives; for you will be guilty of wilful murder, if you sanction the death of these two boys. Oh, think of it! The command is, "Thou shalt not kill," and it means, "*thou shalt not kill.*" Give them their life, at the very least, if not their freedom. There is a cry all over our lovely land—the blood of the innocent who are slain for the guilty—sent out into eternity, many times, with the life mission incomplete—is crying out to us for vengeance.

There is an appointed time for men to live, and by the transgression of the law, he does not fulfill the earth mission, and if we wilfully transgress the law of our being hurl another into eternity, we have the responsibility to bear.

If christians who to-day say, the murderer will go to the lowest regions of darkness, there to remain forever, if he dies in his sins, would consider: how can they knowingly put them there—transgress God's law and say we have done our duty. If you could but look at this subject in the true light, Governor and people you would see there is a better way. Reform the murderer as much as is possible.

But we shall not wander from the immediate subject—these two boys.

Oh! for the sake of that poor heart-broken mother, whose letter we published in our last issue, and who pleads with us so piteously to save her sons, will you not release them? Oh, can *she* not be judge? This is the law of God—forgiveness, lifting up, not casting down. Oh! ponder well this and see if it is not a better way, to spare to that widowed mother her children, for her life too is ruined, and blighted, by this double loss. Justice and mercy will say yes! We feel, as we write, a faint hope. Yes! a ray of hope, which we think will become a star, that shall rise for the redemption of those sons to the mother. There is a power which inspires us to plead for these strangers which *we know* comes from above, and is guided by innocence pleading for a requital and for freedom. Could it be possible, (and if it were possible) that they committed the murder? Oh, do not commit another one—a wilful one. A voice of hope seems to say, *you will not*.

IDA M. MERRILL.

P. S.—We give a few names of those who petition; our space will not permit a full list:—Mr. and Mrs. Maertz, Dr. and Mrs. Durant, Miss Emma Thompson, Mrs. Evans J. Markle, Mrs. M. Merrick, Mrs. Eliga Kerr, Miss Lou Maertz, Mrs. Merrill, Prof. A. W. Moreland, James Post, W. E. Grantham, S. W. Rolle, W. A. Post, Editor *Post*.

CELESTIAL FLOWERS.

BY H. R. YOUNG.

My soul is thrilled with blissful rapture,
Gazing from the celestial shore,
Watching flowers sweetly blooming
Ever more.

Now, the veil is rent assunder,
And long since have ceased to wonder,
That the plants are weak and tender,
On the mundane shore.

Child of earth, be up and doing!
Life's too short, to waste in brooding;
Don't you see the tendrils drooping,
From your chamber doors.

Vile weeds like serpents—slowly creeping,
And their influence cold and blighting,
Hurl them from our precious treasures;
Ever more.

Then our garden will be blushing fair,
Nurtured with angelic care,
Teeming with truth and love and reason,
Ever more.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1881.

NO. 29

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

When this world of souls is renewed and invigorated with love, and the kingdom of happiness has flowed over all the lands of earth, when the desert blooms with roses, when the high places are brought low, and the valleys are raised up, oppression and crime will cease. The resistance, of evil with evil, increases crime, and now is the time for humanity to stand up firm for right and justice, before each other.

"Infant Indictment—Mahias, Maine, Jan. 8th.—The Grand Jury to-day brought in an indictment against Warren Longmore, of Penbrooke, for the murder of Freeman Wright; Longmore nine years old; Wright but eight." A Grand Jury indicting infants before a court for the crime of murder. If women composed that Jury, is it possible they would take the same course to bring about reform? Does any sane person think trying infants, or hanging them will prevent other infants from committing the same crime? Build asylums instead of court houses, and try the criminals in them with tenderness, and pity as an invalid. Send for an apostle that is filled with the Holy Ghost, to come and lay his hands upon them, and cast out the devil or heal them. Form harmonious circles around them, and by your sympathy, an influence will be drawn, from the celestial spheres that will raise the fallen brother, restore him to his friends, and by such loving treatment he will become a useful member of the great family. All those who give a cup of water to an afflicted one raises him or herself on another burnished round of the ladder. When a shocking crime is committed, men allow themselves to become excited, and instead of looking calmly on, the awful calamity that has befallen their brother, they take upon themselves the same in-

fluence that caused the crime, and proceed to commit another, even worse than the first. They intend to have revenge, so they take their brother to the forest, put a rope around his neck, and hang him until he is dead, then return to their homes, and go to rest from their labors, but, to their astonishment, there is no rest. Can they feel happy after they have sent their brother to the unknown shore, to read the panorama of his misdeeds o'er and o'er again, and look upon his victim, face to face? No the masked men, who took their unfortunate brother's life, can still see his pallid face and trembling limbs, as they adjusted the rope to launch him into eternity, and they not sure that he was accountable for the deed he did. Mothers think of the poor Talbott boys lying in that lonesome jail for months, and who knows, but the angels, whether they are guilty or not? They say, "not guilty."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

INHARMONY.

It is not right; we see the wrong, but we do not know how to right it! How often is this the case in this life? There is inharmony amongst friends, who are near and dear to each other, who would not injure each other but, who would rather benefit each other. But there is a ripple of life's stream; a current which sweeps the helpless barques of our existence, surging and struggling out upon the ocean. We cannot divine the law which governs it, where it originated but we see the effect. How much of the tumultuous war of life's storm is brought about in this manner?

There is a gentle breeze wafted from the mighty universe, and the harmonious waters now flow smoothly; the current brings together the severed barques, and we wonder what ill-wind did the mischief. The various barques tossed hither and thither upon the mighty deep, by union, might have much more readily withstood the storms.

Thus in the beautiful hope of reformation, of purification, of reviving the Christ principle; our barques of progress should be united, our banners of mercy and love, each bearing its peculiar inscription, should be unfurled for the encouragement of each other.

We, who may, in this era of light, embark upon a troublous ocean should join in songs of harmony, should do all that is in our power to stem the storm of opposition, which would sweep our frail barques into the unknown deep.

BELIEVE AND TRUST.

A childless widow, seemingly forsaken,
Gave words to wrath—rebellious, fierce and wild;
Wrath that the gift The Giver gave was taken,
And would not pardon God, who took her child.

She had a waking-vision; saw a band
Of happy children, there she knew her boy;
Each held a lighted lamp in his young hand,
And, as they passed, each sang a hymn of joy.

All but one mournful child; his solemn tread,
And face, were gloom; his lamp—it had no light;
When, sobbing through her tears, the mother said,
"How comes it, dear, your lamp is dark as night!"

"Mother!" he said, "you, mother, make me sad,
Your tears put out my lamp, and stay my voice;
I must be mournful when I could be glad,
And silent where, in soul, I should rejoice."

Up rose the mother from her knees and smiled,
Her sobs were stilled, of tears remained none,
As, bending low her head toward her child,
She clasped her hands and said, "HIS WILL BE DONE."

Out burst the lamp, with a wide-spreading light!
Out burst, from all that group, a joyful hymn!
'Twas as a change to perfect day from night,
When heard and echoed by the seraphim.

S. C. HALL.

The sentence of the Talbott boys, of Maryville, Mo., is commuted until the 24th of June, and if we cannot reach the heart of the Governor, and there is no evidence found in their favor, they must then be hung. It is too terrible to contemplate. Murder of the innocent perhaps; let us people all, send out prayers for deliverance on the mighty ocean of thought.

Mrs. S. Sells, of Newark, N. J., of the Spiritual home, writes:

"Your weekly is truly a fountain of light to those who like the dying Goethe, crying out, light, more light—not the soul alone—thus yearns and dies, but every atom becomes vocal with the great yearnings of the earth, flashes of thought and lightnings of spiritual truth—hopes that uplift the world and relieve it from darkness, for the prophesy has been spoken and the seed has been sown that shall liberate those imprisoned thoughts within, still the call for tirede working women must lead."

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1881.

NO. 33.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Look up from the footstool towards the great supreme spirit, and behold the Heavens, as the throne from whence all life flows the mighty, limitless expanse of space, filled with spheres of worlds upon worlds, spirit-life—no place where life is not present. Wherefrom the everlasting fountain of light, liberty, justice and mercy flows the stream forever the immense reservoir always full of wisdom, knowledge and understanding ready to fill the souls of mankind with thoughts and ideas of truth, righteousness, peace and good will. The everlasting law of love, that creates and upholds all things, will never change, but will be fulfilled when the world has become enlightened sufficiently to understand the happiness and beauty of loving one's neighbor as themselves.

The real neighbors are all who suffer from whatever cause. If they are victims of their own follies, or have yielded to those wild beasts, they have taken into their ark and allowed them to govern, pity, and not condemn, as the same sun shines upon all, and let the sun of your interior self shine on your brother or sister, and raise them up on the elevation where you stand reach down and take them by the hand and support them with kindness, with gentle, loving words; do not mention their faults or crimes, but treat them as we would like to be treated under the same circumstances. By taking this course you will draw an influence from the highest sphere of intelligence, love and mercy or forgiveness; it will be acting the will of our Father who is in heaven on earth, as we act from the God principle within us.

Build places of refuge or asylums for those morally insane, diseased, human beings; make it both pleasant, secure, and give them employ-

ment, not as punishment, but as a means of support, and enjoyment, so as not to be burdensome to the people. When a thief steals an article worth ninety cents, he is taken to jail and punished by keeping him confined fourteen months, and tax payers, widows, orphans and laborers foot the bill at eleven dollars per month, would it not be better to build a workhouse than a jail, and use every inducement to reform the criminal?

Every mortal has a spark of fire from the Father of all life, that by judicious fanning may be blown into a flame. It would be more sensible to use the money that is waisted in building an elegant church called the house of God in building a place to teach criminals how to govern themselves, as God says, "Where can you build me a house, or where is my place of rest?" This man with an humble and contrite spirit is my temple to dwell in; a humble, true man is one who does not despise his neighbor, but takes him up every time, never goes by on the other side, his religion is to do good in the little acts of every day life, no stated times to do good deeds. Jesus, went about on the Sabbath, or day of rest, doing good deeds of loving kindness healing the sick, casting out evil spirits and preaching the gospel, teaching the people that the kingdom of happiness is always at hand, the door open for mortals to enter into the sunshine of peace and love.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I am impressed from the great high Priest to speak to you this day concerning two boys who are to be executed on the 11th of June, being sentenced for the murder of their father, to be hung by their necks until they are dead. Dr. Talbott was shot while in bed last September. I knew nothing of the circumstances connected with the murder, never heard of them until I read the cruel sentence that was pronounced. But the spirit of the father came with the sentence to me to find sympathy, and when he succeeded in making himself known; said his sons were not guilty, and all the judges and juries on earth could not make me believe they are. And suppose they were, who shall say, contrary to the law of the great supreme ruler of the universe, "kill them?" The fable of Cain and his brother is sufficient to show that a murderer should never be hung or killed. Cain had a

mark put upon him; lest some one should take his life before he had suffered the penalty of his misdeeds on earth.

The christian people have revised the bible, and now it would be well for them to revise themselves, and see if their hands are not full of blood and murder; if they had spent the time fulfilling the laws of God, instead of trying to improve the word, that some call God, crime would cease, and peace and harmony prevail.

All who have received the light are responsible for the cruel suffering and misery, if they place their light under a bushel. Come out and work in the vineyard; cast out the noxious weeds and poisonous plants of murder and selfishness; punishment and revenge. It is contrary to the great teacher; he said, "Forgive them, they know not what they do." Build asylums and workshops, and by kind and gentle treatment, restore them to moral health and usefulness.

I ask the co-operation of my spiritual friends (James Tatum, Alabama; Jesse H. Butler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Warren Boyington, Rockford, Ill.; Minerva A. Bedford, Mo.; Mrs. T. Anderson, *Western Light*, St. Louis, Mo.; Hattie A. Cate, *Watchman*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter Dahlberg, Winfield, Iowa; *Scientific Investigator*, Portland, Oregon; Nathaniel Randalls, Woodstock, Vermont; W. G. Gray, Mich.) in this great work of reform; send out forked lightning from your centers of harmony, and break the circles of murderers. All ideas and thoughts move in circles, and the positive will unite with the negative, the angels of mercy aiding, and if we are willing and faithful we shall win the battle.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

The following we take from a letter of Dr. Woodworth, of Forest Home, Miss.: "Let me congratulate you on the noble work in which you are engaged, and in the praiseworthy object. Would that we had many, MANY more such unselfish souls working in our ranks of progress and reform. You have struck the right string for us all to play upon. Yes, we do need reform, and yours is the right plan of teaching it—thousands upon thousands may be taught to see aright if taught correctly—my past 20 years experience as a healing medium has taught me many salutary lessons of instruction, having gone through the roll of persecution. I desire to see a copy, and will do all in my power to increase its circulation."

from the eye, the smile of joy or the tear; they are broken idols. Are they dead! *There are no dead.* No! the spirit returns to us again, in the quiet even. It is the spirit of pure ideality and thought, and in our souls the sweet fragrance from our proffered flowers steals, filling the sensitive throbbings with a peaceful reverie. The channel has cast back that which was sent in all its beauty, and its unfailing gladness where e'er it reached not the dead idol. So we bury our dead; the spirit returns to us in a new form, with added beauty with greater freedom, a new and more commodious dwelling. We rise upon the graves of the dead past, and shed no more tears on the graves of that which is perishable, for we have had a new revelation: It is the spirit which gladdened our hearts and when we see all motionless our idols, we fain would bury them from our sight, and would shed no tears over the graves, as soon as we realize where the spirit is, that we may at our own heartstone commune with it.

No! every good and beautiful thought lives forever; every noble effort which is put forth in the cause of right lives—*lives* in all its glory. If the idol lies still motionless, we know that the spirit returns to us with a new beauty. The seeds which we have planted in these gardens of the soul are springing; we see the leaves and the blossoms of some, are just peering, and we find the decayed idol but fills our flowers with life and beauty.

We contemplate this grand mystery, and we say: There is no death—a continuous changing of form, a decaying physical sending forth to another realm nourishment, whilst the new life is grander than the old, our buried hopes give us greater peace, give us the loving messages of cheer and encouragement and cheer from the invisible. We rise up and see the flowers still blossom on these graves, and we say: From every grave there comes the renewal of life. We fain would bury the semblance of what was life, for the beauty is all gone.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Publisher and Editress of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT started for St. Louis on the new "Gem City," on their way to Jefferson City to petition the Governor in behalf of the Talbott boys; send out your heart's desires that our efforts may be successful.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.**FOR THE LIFE OF THE TALBOTT BOYS.**

To-day we send out again a message to our people, our brothers and our sisters—every one, whose eye may fall upon these words, is a brother or a sister to us, if not a faithful one, a co-worker in the cause, even yet a prodigal and feeding upon the husks of unbelief we say, come to the feast and send us a powerful influence, a mighty ocean of prayers—*real prayers* in the behalf of the Talbott boys that their sentence may be commuted to imprisonment for life.

We do not wish to weary you by our many requests, dear readers, but we cannot refrain when we consider the great, the awful, the terrible subject even though guilty, shall the government of our lovely, our glorious, majestic and free(?) country be guilty of bloodshedding, of scattering seeds of murder through every act of the same and no dissenting voice arise to beseech them to look upon their work, to assist them to unmove the scales from their eyes and see the better way—the way of reform—is to lift up into a true state of living, to cultivate the vicious character. Oh, friends! everywhere, you, who in your inmost souls loathe the manner of punishment, a relic of barbarity, lift up your voices to stay the mighty evil. We feel assured, could those in authority but see the truth as it is, there would be a change.

We start for Jefferson City—two women with tear and trembling at the daring attempt of interceding in the behalf of those boys with the Governor, shall stop at St. Louis where we expect to gain the co-operation of Mrs. Annie F. Anderson, Ed. *Western Light*, and friends, as she is in sympathy with the movement. We fear not the frowns of any, if we may but be the means of gaining a reprieve or a complete change of sentence to imprisonment for life. But feel that we need the influence of *all* our brothers and sisters, *all* co-workers, that by a union of forces we may establish a love to humanity, upon which we may lift up the criminals and the innocent, who may be cast into the net and redeem the world by harmony—by harmonizing the great powers and letting the love principle flow out which would warm the congealed and hardened souls causing them to walk in a newness of life, to gladden the world by by singing new songs, and join labor with praise. Teach the criminal that his murderous plan but brings him sorrow—if to obtain wealth there comes no joy with it; if because of hatred to his brother, it does not bring him love instead, only remorse.

But we shall only ask you now to send forth your prayers, and literal petitions also, that this sentence may be changed, as there is a power which urges us on to use every available means to obtain their release.

We feel that we *must* move with this power, or faint with the oppression not that we have any personal interest, for we have never heard of them before. But they *must* be saved seems to haunt us day and night.

Guilty or not guilty, oh why must we have legalized murder? (for we can call it by no other name.) Perhaps law makers have not looked at it in this light, but oh, we would that we might beseech of them to calmly contemplate and reason upon this terrible subject. Take it home to your hearts. Place the subject in this light, were it my son or my brother, would I desire to have them hung? Let us hear the voice of the people—of men and women—also. Yes, we say, when human life is at stake may not woman also raise her voice—and plead not for rights to herself, but for a universal justice, a broader and a deeper platform that men may reform their laws, not by compulsion, or yielding any rights of lordship, but because they see a nobler way, and that is elevation ever; reforming the visions, and lifting up the weak. We know that the strong and brave men have hearts of flesh also; have the *power* to make our land one where there are no more Rachels weeping for their slaughtered children.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Quarrells would be short-lived if the wrong were only on one side.

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the smoothen of disquietude.

The universal heart of a man blesses flowers. He has wreathed them around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1881.

NO. 36

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Friends and Fellow Citizens of Missouri: Hear the voice from the invisible world saying, this is the time, this is the grand opportunity for Missouri's people to lay a foundation of reformation in the west, to plant a standard and wave a banner with the inscription, Love, Mercy and Justice to the unfortunate criminals. Let us take the first step in this new era. We have the grand opportunity presented in the condemnation or sentence pronounced against the sons of one of your citizens. Take the first step up into this new plane above the plane of murders, and we shall be able to reach down, and by kindness draw them up into the same sphere with ourselves.

There is a great gulf between good and evil; two extremes; not a material gulf, but a spiritual one, and the influences meet as it were in deadly conflict. The grand army of progress are marshaling their forces, and preparing for the combat, and now is the time when all those who feel an interest in the development of humanity into a higher sphere, should enlist and give their influence, their co-operation, to gain the greatest victory, the most important achievement, that has ever taken place on this earth. It must be accomplished. All those who stand on the platform of right and justice towards mankind, those who can see the light of love, beaming down from the celestial spheres, must come to the front, and point out the way, to those who are down in the region of murder, as they know not what they do when they give their consent to have their brother killed. They do not think themselves in that deranged state of mind called murder, but if men and women will give the subject due consideration, they will perceive they stand on the

same plane with murderers, and when they say, "kill them: you could make no better use of a rope than to hang a man or woman, an influence is produced that causes more murders, as the malaria rising from the marshes and cess-pools causes malignant fevers. Do not condemn, but pity the poor mortals that are so deep in the mire they cannot extricate themselves without assistance; lend them a helping hand, and raise them from their fallen condition; prepare an asylum instead of a jail or penitentiary; make it secure and give them employment according to their capacity, and treat them kindly; do not disgrace or confine them as punishment, but heal them, pour oil and wine of loving kindness into their wounded hearts; they may not be entirely responsible for the deeds they do. It is more in accordance with the divine law that the innocent should suffer death than the guilty as death is not punishment, but a blessing to them. They being born into a higher sphere of existence in the summer land, in the Eden of love, youth and beauty; but the guilty that are swung into Eternity may have a different reception; a dark, lonesome wilderness where the light of love will never dawn to warm their desolate hearts until some pitying angel, can break through that cruel circle of murderers, and guide them through the darkness of crime, and all evil deeds into the light of peace and love.

MORE ABOUT THE TALBOTT BOYS.

As we said to our readers in last week's issue, we left Quincy for Jefferson City via St. Louis. Upon our arrival in St. Louis, we ascertained the Governor was to be in the city, and awaited him there. We were discouraged by some who said they feared we would not be heard by the Governor; but Dr. R. D. Goodwin, of that city, said he could introduce us to some gentlemen who were intimately acquainted with the Governor. The first—Major Reinwater, upon being told we had come to see him upon a case of life and death, made the practical remark: "If it is a case of life, I am there; if death, I want nothing to do with it." This is the true spirit—life. We should not dare take that which we cannot restore. The Major assured us the Governor would hear all that we might have to say. Another gentleman, Mr. Couples, Police Comm. gave us the same encouragement, and with more hope we awaited the arrival of the Governor. On Wednesday about noon, we found ourselves with Dr. Goodwin at the Southern Hotel, sending up cards;

great was our disappointment to find he had gone and would not return until evening, as we wished to take the boat for Quincy at four, P. M. The Dr. going immediately to the office found he had just a moment before passed into the street, and hurrying forward overtook him in time to have a few words with him, he saying he would give us an interview whilst in the city or at his official rooms at Jefferson would be preferable; also that anything we might bring forward would receive due consideration. This is all that we desired, and with somewhat lightened hearts we made preparation to return. Now, dear friends, all who are sending in petitions, act quickly for the time is short, and we must make every effort to at least gain a reprieve.

EDITRESS.

FOOTPRINTS.

BY MRS. A. G. COMSTOCK.

There are many footprints leading from our cottage door,
And I see, thro' blinding tear-drops, that they backward turn no more;
I can trace them, sadly trace them, out to where the shadows lie,
Of the pure, white marble's gleaming underneath the wintry sky.

There's the little, tiny impress of glad childhood's dancing feet—
Oh! but when they outward tended, how we missed their music sweet!
Of manhood's lofty bearing, and of woman's gentle tread,
But they all alike are pointing to the garden of the dead.

And there I've wept and waited, through many a dreary day,—
And lo! some white-robed angel-guide has rolled the stone away;
And from the gloomy portal that the angel opened wide,
I now can see the footprints leading up "the other side."

Now I know the dear departed have passed o'er the shining track,
And I know with all my weeping, that I would not call them back;
They have crossed the tideless river, they have reached the other shore,
And I know they are waiting to conduct my footsteps o'er.

Oft when the evening shadows gather round my cottage door,
Out in the cold gray twilight still I count those footprints o'er;
I seem again to hear sweet voices on the whispering wind,
Breathing words of cheer and comfort to those who are left behind.

We look in each other's faces and the silent teardrop falls,
As we count the vacant seats within those dear old cottage walls;
But we dread not to follow upward through the silvery sheen—
There our footprints all may mingle and no graves will be between.

are a better philosopher than I am. He baffles me many times, and I retire with the answer: Wait until you are older, Willie?"

"Oh, I shall answer all the questions answerable, and tell him that there are some things no one can understand in this world."

Upon alighting Willie, by some indefinable childish sympathy takes Eva by the hand, and says: "Tome ets do an' see se fowers ey'll make oo g'ad."

"Why, my little fellow, do you think I am not glad now?"

"Tause mama said oo had to tome an' leave our danma in se cold ground, and se's jest like our mama an' I tol' mama I'se make oo g'ad."

"Bless your little heart! you are a philosopher these pretty flowers and borders will make me glad when nothing else will, for she loved them so."

How soon a child partakes of the spirit of those who are with it; we have seen the infant in its mother's arms laugh with those who laughed, and have seen the tears come to the eyes when the words were serious, and upon the faces of none, it could see a smile. So easy are the impressions made upon a human being.

Little Willie, although he could not comprehend Eva's loss, could by a pure childish sympathy, electrically receive the impression that it was not joy. We find great lessons, if we note these movings of nature. Mrs. Ernest says to Harry as they passed into the house:

"Leave Eva alone with Willie for a time." And although he was impatient to see Eva he knew his mother was right. Shortly the tea bell rung and Willie says:

"Tome now mama's bin making evry sing nice for oo, but she didn't know wat oo liked e most. I said mebbe custard and take tause I likes it."

"That will do very well my little man, and then we'll both be pleased. You have taken so much interest to make me 'g'ad' I shall want to see you happy."

[The story we are obliged to shorten this week on account of absence. It will be usual length next week.—Ed.]

We had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Annie T. Anderson, Ed., of the *Western Light*, whilst in St. Louis, and received her earnest sympathy in the object we had in view, in regard to the Talbott boys. She is doing a good work in the reformatory cause, and we wish her a brilliant success in her field of labor.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

ANOTHER PETITION.

TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

LOS ANGELES, California, June 5, 1881.

We the undersigned, most respectfully petition you, the Governor of Missouri, to in some way mitigate the sentence of the Talbott boys of your state, now under sentence of death, and to be hanged the 24th day of June, 1881, in consequence of their youth, and the uncertainty that always attends the circumstantial evidence by which they were convicted; as also from the fact that their mother believes them innocent; and this execution would deprive her of her two only children, after the loss of her husband by the murder or suicide or whatever it might have been:

Miss Eva N. Holt,
J. F. Ninkson,
F. Lindquist,
George Giegerich,
Peter Baty,
A. H. Weir,
Birdie Wier,
Frances Baty,

J. H. Butler, ex-councilman,
John Hayes,
J. F. Walkan,
Arthur French,
B. F. French,
Mrs. Nettie C. Weir,
Mrs. Anna Burdick,
D. A. Stern.

One of our correspondents—Jesse H. Butler, of Los Angeles, California—sending us his petition says, popular opinion there is not in favor of hanging, and also says at a meeting in talking of same, one gentleman remarked that the petition was practical Christianity, and hoped to see the day when we shall need no petitions for such executions. We sincerely acquiesce with him, and hope to see the day when the light and knowledge which comes from heaven, shall elevate the criminal to a higher standard, and teach him by example that murder is alike despicable in the sight of God and man; not that it is allowable by a body, and is considered just, where as perpetrated by an individual is, a heinous crime, but a crime once a crime in all cases.

Will our readers please pardon errors of last week, as we did not reach home in time to read revise.

VICTORY OF RIGHT.

Did you hear the story,
Of the grand and mighty throng?
Did you see the glory?
'Tis an army of Right 'gainst Wrong.

Did you see the victors,
With the banners all unfurled?
Did you hear the singing:
Arise and we'll redeem the world!

We're battling 'gainst Satan,
We know the victory is ours,
For we've seen him recoil,
Before our just and mighty powers.

The power of truth eternal;
The power of Mercy, Peace and Love;
The power from climes supernal,
We know, in our souls, comes from climes above.

We've followed our leader,
Through dangerous road and weary path,
And we've found the conflict,
Was gained by love instead of wrath.

We've pitied every brother
Who is caught in Satan's coils;
We have torn them from him,
And left Satan all the spoils.

We've added to our army.
Many from the enemy's rank;
Shall each day add another,
And give to heaven above the thanks.

The angels of the highest
Have led us through the thorny road,
Have led us to redemption,
To the glorious heaven-like abode.

They still are giving comfort,
Giving messages of hope and cheer,
Say the battle is over,
Thou hast conquered and without fear.

—CORA CORAL.

Paschal Haney, of Morehead, Ky., formerly a magistrate who struck and killed a man on election day, has simply been found guilty of assault and battery, and fined \$2.00. Must the Talbott boys on circumstantial evidence alone be hung? Oh, it is too terrible!

A MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

elegant lamps. Eight dining tables. The wood work, of pure white with the exception of doors which are darkly grained.

Over the elegant mirror, which is set in the pure white frame with a design of grapes and leaves in gilt as a border, is the name Gem City. Lighted on the forecastle by Kelly's electric light, from Rochester, N. Y. Cost of lamp about one thousand dollars. The light is a pale white, and gives the appearance of day light to all objects upon which it is cast, but is so brilliant that our eyes are not developed into that state of progression that we may read by it. But portrays the spirit of our age.

Perhaps our physical eyes in the future may become educated to this light. It at least portrays the grandeur of our inventive age.

To our readers in the east, we say, Come out and take a pleasure trip on the central Mississippi; come and see if we are far behind your progressive efforts.

To our friends in the West, we say, Come back and see if you have advanced much faster in your rapid strides to the "Westward Ho!"

To our Southern friends, we say, Come up and try our beautiful climate for a season, and see that we too are keeping pace with the warm blooded, active Southerner, and to our Northern friends, we say: Come and see if we cannot be toned to your cool and deliberate actions, and strike the happy medium—the central focus of the United States which lies between the two cities, Quincy and St. Louis. Here you may all meet in a grand celebration of good will and good cheer to the land of the free.

IDA M. MERRILL.

We have learned from a reliable party, of Clark county, Mo., that the detective who has worked up the evidence against the Talbott boys is supposed to be the same who cleared Young, convicted for murdering the Spencer family, and was afterward arrested for heading the gang which lynched him. The gentleman tells us he could identify him, as he stopped at a hotel opposite his home. This detective at that time had various aliases, two of which were, Frank Lane and Slater. His photograph was identified by a warden at Joliet penitentiary, as a convict who had served a time there for forgery.

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VOL. 1.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1881.

NO. 37

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

My dear friends, not so much mine as friends of human right, friends to all that is true, useful and glorious, how much I thank you for your harmonious action in regard to the governor for the respite of the Talbott boys. This little spot, no larger than a man's hand, that is rising just above the horizon in the western sky, will sweep over the world in a storm, a furious hurricane that will purify the atmosphere, cleanse the minds of men and women, wash the stains of crime and insanity from their darkened souls, and the light from the celestial spheres will burst in radiant splendor over this beautiful land, over the whole earth. Few realize the immense result that will be produced from this small act of charity of right and justice toward the unfortunate criminals. The Christian world—those who pretend to follow in the footsteps of the gentle, loving Nazarine who said, "Neither do I condemn thee," and when his enemies nailed his bleeding limbs to the cross he said: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," can these christians drink of the same cup that he drank from? Do they express the same principle when they say (when the question is asked, so you approve of murder for murder) yes you cannot make better use of rope than to hang a man or woman if they have killed their brother or sister. Jesus was a man, and Christ was a principle; he taught the true law of life, and when he was preaching the truth to the insane, the diseased criminals, the morally sick instead of punishment and condemnation, he healed them by his loving words and actions.

Now as we are stepping into a new era, up into a higher plain of intelligence, let us remember the true teachings of the past. The angel Je-

and fulfilled the laws of Moses; he believed and lived in accordance with the ten commandments, and now when humanity will behold the light of this beginning of a new age—practice and fulfill the laws that Jesus taught in the thirty three years he lived on this earth. There is no other way of progression towards happiness; we are all born under the law, and the laws are inevitable as firmly established, as the stars in the firmament, and when men and women transgress the laws, they must suffer the consequences. If one thrusts his hand into the fire there is no power or law that will make another to suffer the pain; therefore when mortals transgress the moral laws, the same result follows; no one can suffer for another's crime or remove the pain of remorse from another's conscience. The time is near when all deeds of evil will be revealed, brought to light by the law of progression, and inspiration; the flowing in of intelligence from the spirit world; the origin of all thoughts ideas and knowledge.

The brain of man, like the bed of a stream when there are no obstructions, its waters flow in a smooth and placid stream, but when rocks and debris is thrown into the current, it divides and scatters its power in various directions. When men unite in harmony, and allow their influence to flow in the same manner, they draw from the source of all life a power that has no limit, but break the current divide the influence and the power is gone.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

During our trip up the river we formed the acquaintance of a blind boy by name, Robert Shepherd, who is a student of Jacksonville blind asylum, but resides at Port Byron to which place he was then going in company with his mother. During our conversation with him, we asked the question, "Do you often lament the loss of sight?" When he answered so bravely: "Oh, no! I always reason it out. I know it cannot be otherwise, and I think it is best not to think anything about it." The thought arose, if we all would reason with ourselves, when we repine over that which is uncontrollable, how different it would be! This boy with his loss of sight seemed as delighted with the new boat as though he could see, and as he was taking much interest in the electric light. I said: You can almost see it can you not? His answer was, "I can feel it. I know it is there, and others can see it, and it is just as much satisfaction. Again I thought: The true philosophy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARYVILLE, Mo., June 19, 1881.

DEAR LADIES:—Yours of the 8th at hand, and will say in reply that I am truly glad to learn that there is still some one that can feel some pity for me and my poor dear children. Oh! pray for their lives. Oh! may the great ruler of the universe guide us through this trying ordeal which I have to pass.

Ladies, I may never have the pleasure of writing you on this earth, but my prayers are with you, and I do hope the day may come that I can repay you ten fold for your kindness toward me and my poor unfortunate boys. We are doing all that can be done here in behalf of the boys.

There have been a number of letters written by the most prominent men of our county to the governor asking for a commutation of the sentence, and everything looks favorable here. The ladies here are working for the same.

I am going in person myself to the governor, and I wish I could have the pleasure of meeting you, ladies, there. I will start on the morning of the 18th of this month to see the governor and beg on my knees for him to spare the lives of my dear boys, and will you plead with him also for their lives? Oh! what a happy day it will be for me if their lives are spared!

With these few hurried lines I close this hoping to hear from you soon. Yours for the right. This from the hand of

MRS. BELLE TALBOTT.

FROM UNDER THE CLOUD.

For reasons well known to honest truth-seekers the Spiritualists of St. Louis have been under a cloud for many years, and many worthy mediums have been compelled to shun our city.

A meeting was called for last Sunday, and many progressive minds were present to decide upon the best plan for permanent organization. A society was formed with the determination to stand by and defend all true mediums and lecturers who may come here. Under the auspices of the society, circles will be held in various parts of the city, and lecturers will be engaged to give light and knowledge to the people. A

charter will be applied for, a suitable building or church or meeting-house obtained and a paper established as soon as possible. Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, etc., have each suffered persecution in their day—as have the Spiritualists at the hands of orthodox bigots and so-called christian denominations. But thanks to the God given truths of Spiritualism it has spread faster than all other religions united, and opposition can have no effect.

Lecturers and mediums proposing to visit St. Louis are invited to address Dr. R. D. Goodwin, 623 Locust st.

[Progressive papers please copy.]

St. Louis, Mo., June 9th, 1881.

STILL ANOTHER PETITION.

GOV. CRITTENDEN, OF MISSOURI:—May we beseech you again to listen to the entreaties of hundreds throughout your state, and in other states to spare the lives of the Talbott boys.

We fain would weary you that by our much speaking you will be constrained to pause and consider. We know that men in authority have hearts of flesh, and would appeal to your sympathetic nature in asking you to listen to these requests and to the heart-rending entreaties of the mother. Oh! think if they are not guilty you cannot restore them to the weeping, heart-broken mother, to the arms which bore them in infancy to the maternal breast which says, Come to my heart, my sorrowing sons, and let me soothe your griefs, but is stayed by the bars of justice? Is it justice that this mother who has so greatly suffered, who has been so cruelly wronged, should be robbed of the children whom she *knows* are innocent of that terrible crime—patricide.

Oh, people of Missouri, arise! and let your sympathies go forth and sustain your governor in this noble, this generous act, this right and just fulfillment of the law. With you—governor, lies the power to give the life; with you—people, the power to sustain the governor in a praiseworthy act. We ask and beseech for another respite, for we feel that we may obtain evidence in their favor. They are strangers to us; but we have by some human sympathy for that mother in distress who has written us a letter declaring her boys innocent, and besought us to aid her, been impelled to put forth energy. I speak of Mrs. Merrick of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, with myself. She has at her own expense gone to

Is the object one which would call forth the idea of gaining laurels—*gaining laurels* over lives? Is there anything which will compensate the soul's desires for the salvation of mankind, excepting that salvation? Is there anything which will bring the sweet peace within, except the solace: We have not swerved. No! selfish and mercenary motives, ne'er brought peace.

Yes! I arise and contemplate this terrible struggle for freedom for the many benighted ones, and say farewell to what I *would* do, if I sought but mine own pleasure and ease. An eternal habitation awaiteth me, where I may by using my talent see hundreds elevated to the same state of eternal happiness.

IDA M. MERRILL.

Mr. Post, of the Greenback paper, Quincy, Ill., Mrs. Merrick and Miss Merrill, publisher and editress of A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, gave us a very agreeable call on Monday last. The ladies are going to Jefferson City by the instruction of their spirit guides, to see the Governor relative to commuting the sentence of the Talbott boys, to be hung in June for the murder of their father. The spirit father says, murders (though legalized) would be committed upon his orphan boys, were the sentence to be executed. The spirit world is trying to throw light enough into the darkened minds of law makers that will show the guilt of a state, equal to an individual act that sends a soul prematurely out of this world. It is another relic of barbaric periods, and needs the reformers wand to open the door to more enlightened ideas of life and its purpose, and that an eye for an eye is not justice, but revenge that is ever retaliating.—*Western Light*.

We understand that sister Smith, who is a methodist preacher, could not get a house to say hersay in at Liberal, when here, but had to preach in the street. Never mind, sister Smith, our Free-thought Hall will soon be up and finished, and then you or any one else can go there and preach as much as you please, and we will all give you a respectful hearing. We will do the same thing with all the religious denominations. And in your sermons you are particularly invited to criticise our lecturers and doctrines to your hearts content, and if we are wrong we wish to be set right. We will do the same thing with you.—*Liberal*

This is in the right spirit. Give all a chance to be heard.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrill.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 38

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

Friends of justice and mercy of Nodaway county—hear the cheers resounding throughout the land that right and justice has prevailed in the state of Missouri, and the sons of one of the citizens in that state—a prominent one—he being chosen by the people of Nodaway county to represent them in their legislature—have received a respite granting them time to prove their innocence of the murder of their father.

This is one step upon the ladder of progression, and all those citizens of this glorious country should feel happy over the result of their efforts. They have done a greater work than they dreamed of in the beginning; they have raised a star in the west and its rays will touch every state in the union, and illuminate the minds of those who have lived in the dark circle of murder, (not knowing themselves that they were under a cloud) and show them the light of love and mercy to their fallen brother. All mankind, according to divine law, must suffer the consequences of their deeds or actions towards each other, and all those who desire the death of one of the human family, and give their influence to have their prayers fulfilled, stand on the same plane with one who cut his brothers throat, even worse, as he has not the same object in view.

A man may murder for a selfish interest—wish to blot out his opponent that he may the better hold his position (like the Talbott murder) but Christians sign the death warrant for revenge, as the criminal has done him no personal harm, and the laws that Moses was inspired to write on the tablets of stone: "Thou shalt not kill," is an expression from the Great supreme law—gives an expression of love manifested through the organism of Moses, and whosoever transgresses this law

must suffer the penalty: That is, as you measure to others it will be measured to you again.

Our thoughts and deeds are reflected every day in the spiritual world. We paint the panorama of our lives and the picture will never be erased; we shall read it again and again, and suffer remorse for the cruelties we have practiced toward our neighbor, who has fallen by the wayside. Murder is not the most cruel crime committed. There are little children that suffer many deaths in one day, and women whose agonizing, cruel suffering death has no resemblance; it is like a pleasant sleep, and on awakening we are surprised, and pleased to find we are ourselves, not knowing what has happened. The spirit of man never grows old, only the body. Those we have befriended in this first sphere will come to meet us and take us by the hand and show us the light of love, they feel for us, and it adds strength and happiness to our new-born spirit. As this new era opens, the world will behold in its light, the errors and misdeeds of humanity and correct them.

Crimes will be brought to light. No darkness can hide them. When men and women understand they are in the midst of a crowd, will be careful how they conduct themselves. All cheating, lying and stealing will pass out of men's minds; the dark cloud of evil will break away—is breaking now—and happiness reign.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

THROWING A GLEAM OF LIGHT INTO THE CELL OF THE TALBOTT BOYS
JUST BEFORE EXECUTION.

How dense the crowd! What a solemn sight!
O'er the city a pall as gloom of night,
For the alleged crime—patricide.
These two boys by the law abide.

The law which deems it is so just,
Says, "Hang those two boys must.
The last few days has come a change,
Which seemed not so very strange.

The witnesses have changed their words,
And now another tale is heard.
The hope arises at this late hour,
Innocence may prove to be their dower.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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The Governor's promise dispatch to send;
Known by some who 'he family befriend.
The rabble dark—fierce and mad for blood,
Roll on. *Twenty* thousand; what a flood!

The innocent boys baptized this day,
Still slightly hope justice yet may sway
The power which rules and that the word:
"A respite granted," may at this hour be heard.

In awful suspense, in agony deep,
We await the news to rejoice or weep.
Many silent prayers to heaven ascend,
Oh, God! may an angel of mercy descend,

And justice to the oppressed one,
Be meted ere the life has gone.
Father of love! Father of light!
Thy power may scatter this dark night.
Thy strong arm may snatch from the grave,
These innocent ones thou wilt save.

Thy promise to us we know was true;
Thou yet will Satan's power undo;
Thou yet will triumph by thy power,
Save them at the latest hour.

The thirsty crowd who blood do seek,
Are awaiting the appearance of the meek,
Pale, resigned lads who firmly still
Cling to the truth: My Father I did not kill.

But patient and mild, ready to die,
They await the hour which is drawing nigh.
Oh joy, the change! Thanks be to heaven!
One month's respite has been given!

With joy the friends receive the news.
Oh what may a month to come disclose!
Father we thank thee; the angel came,
Saved the boys from a death of shame.
Spared their lives to prove a power,
Saved them at the latest hour.

It is even' and we bid them farewell!
Dear innocent ones! no guilty stain
Rests on thy countenance. Ah well!
We whisper a hope—free again.

God, in a mysterious way, does move,
To perform His mighty deeds.
He is able His power to prove,
If faithful ones follow as he leads.

Faithful ones *will* follow, prove the truth,
That false and base is the charge.
This stain shall not rest on thy youth;
Faithful ones will a duty discharge.

IDA M. MERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

OUR VISIT TO MARYVILLE.

 THE SPOT SELECTED FOR THE EXECUTION OF THE TALBOTT BOYS.

On the morning of June 21st, in a driving rain, we took our departure from this city with the intention of going to Maryville, Mo., to visit the heart-stricken mother, to see the boys, and hoping—aye! *expecting* that, at the last moment, there would be a change in favor of the boys. On Wednesday evening, the 22nd of June, we took the train at St. Joe. for Maryville, and very soon thereafter found that Mrs. Talbott, her attorney—Col. Life Dawson, and Hon. E. P. Morehouse,—were on the same train returning from Jefferson City, where they interviewed the Governor. Mrs. Talbott had quietly listened to the others speak, and the Governor had not granted the respite, but told them to endeavor to obtain a confession from the boys. Mrs. Talbott was calm and composed, considering the terrible agony and suspense she was enduring, until on leaving she spoke in a low tone to the Governor the words, "Governor, for God's sake have some mercy on my poor boys," when she almost broke down.

During the conversation with Mrs. Talbott, I gained the following account of the murder of Dr. Talbott, which I have never before heard exactly as related, although principally so. The exact date of murder did not obtain, but was sometime in September of 1880. Mrs. Talbott says: We had all been to the fair that day, and on returning home in the evening, the doctor was called to see a sick child of a neighbor. She had lain down upon the bed in the sitting room without removing her clothes, as she felt quite fatigued. When the Dr. came in he removed his coat and hat, sat down on the edge of the bed upon which she lay, but before doing so handed to Albert, their eldest son, who was present a copyright for a book which he had just received. There was a crashing of glass, and Mrs. Talbott did not realize what had happened until the Dr. exclaimed: "My God! Belle, I am shot! Some cursed assassin has been sent here to do it."

The ball passed entirely through the body of the Dr., striking her, inflicting a flesh wound upon her ankle, and passed into the wall. (It was removed therefrom afterward by the Sheriff, and found to be a slug; the Sheriff said, "That means death!")

Albert taking a shot gun, which was in the room, ran to the door, and

saw a man of medium size, dressed in dark clothes, running through the orchard after whom he fired twice, then returned to assist his mother, and see the extent of injury to the father. His next move was to arouse the nearest neighbors. Charles E., the boy who is convicted of the murder, a lad of sixteen years, was in bed with his brother, next in age, and was asleep.

This is the story given us by Mrs. Talbott with out any hesitation, looking us clearly in the eye, and talking with all the feeling of a loving mother, devoted wife, a true and noble woman. During the conversation with her I said, one of the stories afloat is they did it for their fathers money, also said I supposed probably they had all the money they desired. She says: "Yes they did, and besides they did not wish to be rid of their father; they were proud of him."

Col. Lafe Dawson said during the trip that the Governor had promised should anything be brought up in favor of the boys, he would dispatch on the morrow, and with this slight hope we awaited the future, which we felt sure would develop something in favor of the boys. For it did not require even the evidence which we recieved afterward to convince us that the boys were innocent. An angel voice has whispered it to us from the first, and also that the respite would come in time to stay the execution.

It is a cool pleasant morning this, our first in Maryville, and we gaze upon the beautiful village with its houses dotted here and there midst green hills and gaze upon the stretches of country with that refreshed feeling which is always experienced in the country, after leaving the dusty city, but there is a sad and solemn thought comes in, disturbs the repose. Can it be that this peaceful village is to be the scene of so terrible a tragedy? Cannot this angel whisper be verified, and may they not yet be saved? To-morrow is the day of execution. But who can tell what a day may bring forth?

We proceed immediately after breakfast to see Mrs. Talbott, and she goes with us to the small coop-like jail, where the two boys are confined. We have heard various reports concerning the boys, as being hard characters, etc., and although we did not believe them, we were even astonished to see the bright, handsome faces which greet us with a smile, shake hands with us conversing as easily as though we had met them in a parlor. Their clear, honest blue eyes meet yours with a steadfast gaze and there are no traces of guilt.

They both speak of the subject freely, say all they desire is a fair trial. We mentioned the fact that we believed the murderer to be a political enemy when Albert says: "Yes, that is what father said before he died," as he lived until two o'clock next day. He says also: "I have predicted that, if we were only allowed to live, it would be proven before a year that we are innocent. Mrs. Merrick said, "If you were guilty we do not believe in hanging," when the younger one says "Yes, I think we ought to be hung if we did it, but we did not do it."

To our readers, who yet do not understand why they were sentenced, we will briefly state a few facts. After the burial of the Dr., the mother and son gave in their testimony, which was at first satisfactory, but after a time the mother, two elder boys and a hired man named Wiatt were arrested on suspicion. But the mother was held in bond of \$1,000 and the others held under arrest, and by some plan it seems Wiatt turned states evidence, pretending the boys had murdered their father, and told him about it. A detective was brought forward some time afterward, and an uncle of the boys—by marriage; these all testified that the boys had confessed the same to them. The boys were upon this miserable, paltry sworn evidence, condemned to be hung. We must here pause and consider. What is the state of our nation, when a man may be condemned to be hung with no other evidence than that sworn by persons whose characters are very questionable?

Our readers now have a very slight idea of the case as it stands, and we shall proceed with the description of the scene. People already stood in knots here and there, conversing in a low tone; every thing was quiet and orderly, when we spoke to the sheriff in regard to the act he was about to perform, tears almost came into his eyes, although he said he could do the deed, and if he did not some one else would. We soon met Col. Lafe Dawson with a dispatch stating that the hired man Wiatt who is subject to fits and had one in the courtroom at the time of trial, had changed base, and said he did not now believe the boys guilty, and gave as the reason for so swearing that his mind was so beclouded from the influence of the fit, that he did not know what he was doing. As the detective who was also a principal witness against them is now in jail for robbing the mail, it was thought very probable the Governor would grant a respite. The man Mitchell, uncle of the boys, as the time wore on, seemed restless and, in conversation with the writer, said he would not like to see them hung, and would do any thing for them except perjure himself.

Evening came, and yet the Governor had not decided, although he promised a decision by ten o'clock on Friday. The scaffold was in process of erection, and the distress of the family present—consisting of Mrs. Talbott, four daughters, three boys, younger than the two sentenced, the affianced bride of the eldest boy, and other relatives—was very deep. All hope seemed gone. The little star, which seemed to have gleamed through the inky darkness of the dense cloud which overshadowed them, seemed receding and fading, and the gaunt despair almost enveloped them; yet the boys—especially Albert—were hopeful. As we tried to comfort their grief it seemed almost madness to bid them have hope which would only be the more terrible, were they crushed. Still a voice as of thought seemed to whisper to our inner souls: "It will come and the boys will be saved," and we felt strength enough to say: "As long as there is life there is hope."

At break of day most of the inhabitants of Maryville were astir, and the scene which greeted the earliest riser was one which he had never before witnessed in their quiet village. Teams were crowded over the adjoining hills; dense crowds of people had already assembled; the hotels were filled to overflowing from distant cities, and the morning trains brought hundreds more. Come to see a murder! Women were there with infants in their arms, small children following them. The thought arose: Once there was such a large assemblage of people gathering together 18 centuries ago, and the purest character that ever lived was lifted to gratify a rabble crowd. Will the Governor like Pilate say to the bloodthirsty crowd, "Do with them as you will." Every effort had been made the night previous to extort from them a confession. They were placed in separate cells, and each told that the other had confessed to this terrible accusation, but all of no avail; they could not wring from the boys a falsehood. Two priests of the Catholic church conversed with them, and baptized them. Other ministers also offered words of consolation, but they preferred the Catholic. They are now resigned, and almost without hope await the time of execution.

Oh, how terrible is this awful suspense! As the friends anxiously await the decision of one moment which shall spare their lives or send them out into the unknown regions without a hope of recall, if their innocence was instantaneously proved. The crowd rolls in like the sweep of some great wave, moving, restless, lashing the shores of life; and the beach, or rather, we say, the beacon light to which they steer their bark is the execution of two boys, one as yet a child; too young says one to place in penitentiary; therefore they must die. Will they? Ah there is hope. We await anxiously to hear the doom or the respite. The mother has wept until tears almost fail to come; we are with her; we are told by one, who has conversed with the Governor a few days previous, that he had said he could not interfere. Still, we say: He will. We still feel that he will realize that there is great doubt in regard to the evidence given, and we know that he is a man of sound

judgment, and will be guided by it. As we speak the joyful news comes. A respite for thirty days. We feel all the gratitude in our nature to arise, as we hear the news. Hurrying to the side of the mother, we find that she takes it with a thankful heart, only weeping a little more forcibly with joy, and then arises ready for action. May God give her strength and power to prove the innocence of her boys is our desire.

We have no personal interest in the parties, as they are entire strangers to us, and ever would have been had it not been through this sad fatality. But we are friends and lovers of justice, and ever shall be found on the side of justice, or what we deem such. And we believe there is an inward talisman which may guide in every particular.

Albert's affianced and two sisters were in the cell with the boys when the news came, and about twenty minutes previous Albert says to the former, "The good news is coming; I feel it!"

We talked to many of the citizens and the general expression was that the Governor had done a noble deed, and even those who believed they were guilty favored a commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life, and many, who had thought them guilty, had changed their opinion on this last day. *How terrible!* it would have been had they this day been murdered and afterward proved innocent!

At nine o'clock Sheriff Toel received the following telegram:

JEFFERSON CITY, June 24, 1881:—The execution of Albert and Charles E. Talbott is hereby postponed until Friday, July 22. I will send written instructions at once. Answer immediately. THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.

As the Sheriff and prosecuting attorney rode through the streets proclaiming the news; there was no audible murmur of discontent or cheer of applause. The crowd seemed stupefied; the blow came with such a force—so suddenly to the expectant crowd; they were stunned.

But every justice loving individual, and there were many there who hailed the news with silent joy which could not be expressed and the bloodthirsty villains who had collected to gratify an insatiate animal desire could not collect their forces readily. They were completely unnerved by this surprise. The jail was completely guarded by one hundred armed men, and other friends of the family, who were pledged to stand by them until death, moved hither and thither quietly, but with determination through the rabble crowd, hearing the low muttering as the gnashing of wild beasts who had been suddenly robbed of their prey. And these friends were also ready for action. Not a word escaped their lips but they were prepared had the riotous crowd rushed to the onset.

Slowly the crowd disperses, but many loiter, curiosity and restless hope not yet satisfied.

This motley crew which would have torn the boys from the arms of justice had not so much prejudice against the unfortunate victims, as it was this beastly desire to see an inhuman sight. It was composed of the men that constitute border ruffians; such men as were termed bush-whackers, in the time of the war of the great rebellion; who fought on

neither side, because they believed it right, but concealed themselves in wood and glen for the purpose of plunder and murder. Who carried out their murderous designs upon innocent women and children. Such a spirit has been known always in the annals of history. It is the piratical spirit of ancient times, and now in this great and final effort for justice in the United States—this justice which must be obtained at this time, from brothers and kindred rather than from the oppressors of foreign shores—we see this plunderous spirit rise rampant and until the mighty power of our free country cripples such barbaric power, the lives of our people will be in danger. Men will be shot down in the midst of a quiet hearthstone by a black-hearted, vile assassin; innocent ones will be condemned, and the same vile hand will rise again to plunge them into the seething abyss. But blessed be the power which raised a leader in the form of Washington, to lead the oppressed people to a seat of victory, to a state of comparative peace, for a time—it will be done again.

IDA M. MERRILL.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY OF SPIRITISM.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Webster defines Religion "the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience."

Theology—moral Theology teaches the divine laws as they relate to moral character and conduct; natural Theology, the knowledge of God from His works by the light of Nature and Reason."

Spiritism teaches a reciprocal or compound Religion, and Theology, not the foundationless thing taught by the schools of past sects and systems, or the doubtful negation of material philosophy; but in its certainty of phenomena, it enlarges our conception of God—unseen, and yet more clearly seen in his works as we advance in knowledge; while time, age, or exchange of works seen or to be seen can add nothing to our Religion or Theology, or our conception and consequent worship of God, only as we examine the laws of nature, visible or invisible; in proportion as we do this, we become more truly and more profound worshippers of God; and better understanding our own relative nature and position, we realize more fully our responsibility to God and to our fellow beings.

Material science claims only spontaneous production, and ignores or at least evades the intelligent, great first cause, because it, the finite, cannot discover and demonstrate the Infinite; like the owl that should de-

'A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

The fierce wave athwart,
 For within the heart
 Does a link unite
 Each soul in the Right,
 And to a false friend,
 Who with us may blend,
 The same law of light
 We would use for right;
 We would lead above
 To a clime of love,
 But our spirits grand
 Can never descend
 To the clime, so dark,
 Where no bright spark
 Lights the weary soul.
 We would sin control,
 And lift our brother,
 Teach the law: Love one another.

No murderous crime of darksome hue
 Upon a nation or a man;
 No legal crime for the rabble dark,
 E'en though led by the nation's van.

No murder, else the law is void;
 A right to one free citizen.
 A right to all free born men,
 Thus says our noble constitution.

A *rr*ight to kill—to take the life,
 Which man can never, *never* give,
 And though as innocent as babes;
 No more the power to bid them live?

Can this be right? Can wrong be right?
 If once a wrong—always a wrong,
 Thus says the immutable law.
 Then swell the chorus, loud and long.

When right we've found, we'll grasp it firm,
 And wrong we'll hurl with power below,
 For no two wrongs e'er made right;
 No man conquers who yields to his foe.

No law e'er said that black was white;
 No law e'er made God a devil;
 No law e'er said that day was night,
 Then what's hanging if not evil?

IDA M. MERRILL.

The false reports which are being circulated in regard to the Talbott boys confessing to the crime of murder of their father, will only move in their favor, and prove that a fearful effort has been in progress to crush down the power of right which was inspired through the great orator, Dr. Talbott, and which descends to his sons with renewed energy. But Right shall conquer.

as the knowledge of the comfort, new life and health derived from a few weeks or months sojourn in the "Land of the Decotas," becomes more widely disseminated, the summer visitors increase in numbers.

Reader, we suggest that the Lakes, Trout Streams, Waterfalls, Cascades and Picturesque Scenery of this "Tourist's Paradise" hold out many flattering inducements to the seekers after Rest, Health, Hunting, Fishing, Sailing or Bathing to come and enjoy all that nature's hand has provided in such profusion.

"The River Route" supplements nature's call to enjoy its grandeur, solitude and beauty with a cordial invitation to go North on a Packet Steamer.

Music, Moonlight Promenades, Dancing, Scenery equal to the Nile, table fare without an equal, quiet night's rest—all may be enjoyed on a trip between St. Louis and St. Paul. Meals and staterooms included in our excursion rates.

JAS. A. LYON.

General Passenger Agent.

The following letter was written to the Governor of Missouri by Dr. R. D. Goodwin, of St. Louis, previous to the day appointed for the execution of the Talbott boys:

"The 24th of this month is the day set to take the life of the two Talbott brothers for the alleged murder of their own father. You have all the testimony before you and as given by two men of very questionable reputation, one being an ex-convict and at present in jail charged with robbing the U. S. mail. I, with most people, believe that the reward of \$1,000 is what has brought about the conviction of these two innocent sons of their murdered father. Governor, I believe in my heart, you will not take their lives upon such circumstantial and doubtful evidence, but will at least extend the time of their execution long enough for us to find out facts which we are on track of, and which will fully prove to you their innocence. Governor, let us not shed innocent blood! For God's sake stay the execution! With profound respect,

R. D. GOODWIN, M. D."

Theodore Parker never uttered a greater truth than the following:

"The truth is not silenced with Aristotle, not exiled with Anaxagoras, nor slain with Socrates. It enters the soul of its veriest foes, and their children build up the monuments of the murdered sect."

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

[Written for A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.]

RECORDING ANGEL.

How few comprehend this important truth! When clearly understood deception, cheating and dishonesty in every form, will be shunned.

"Know you not that ye are the temple of God, and the spirit of God dwelleth in you."

Now compare this divinity in each person to water or air, one and the same in every person. Conscience a part of the divine, "breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul." This divine angel makes the daily record, we shall never dispute, and when we learn this divine angel is in every human being, can see and read this record, as well as ourselves for the God in every person is wisdom—truth, and no outside amanuensis to do the recording. But God, the soul that never, *never* sleeps or gets weary, the immortal that every human being possesses, and hence can read the whole life of every person. This is the power which clairvoyants possess in reading the past history and events of all persons they examine.

Oh could this fact be rightly understood, and fully believed, how changed would be the life and daily acts of the masses! Nineteen twentieths of the inhabitants of the civilized world, show by their daily lives that they have no faith in God or future life, and nothing but a demonstration through spiritualism, will lift them into a higher life.

WOODSTOCK, Vermont.

NATHANIEL RANDALL, M. D.

The caricatures which are going the rounds of the press pretending to be portraits of the Talbott boys resemble them about as much as the heathen's idol represents the Deity. They in both cases are purely imaginary representations. We saw the boys, and Charles E., who is represented a man at least twenty years of age, is only a boy—his face almost girlish in its appearance—only seventeen years of age, and apparently not over fifteen. The reports are all false that he appears three years older than he really is, or our eye sight deceives us very much, and it never has heretofore.

The boys will undoubtedly triumph over all their enemies who are working for their execution.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

Published by Mrs. Dr. Merrick.

Editor, Miss Ida M. Merrill.

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NO. 42.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

OUR SECOND VISIT TO MARYVILLE.

We left Quincy, Sunday morning, the 17th of July, and arrived in St. Joe the same evening. On Monday we went out in search of the ministers who had so kindly given their influence to induce the governor to give the Talbott boys a respite. Before we started we inquired how many ministers there were in St. Joe, but could not ascertain the number. As we mused in walking along the street, an idea entered our mind, there might be twelve apostles, and one of them that would betray his friend and brother, or that passed by on the other side of the helpless criminal.

The first one we met was a genial, pleasant enough looking gentleman and we expressed ourselves in harmony with those who showed pity for the unfortunate ones who had fallen by the wayside, and said when we heard all the ministers in St. Joe, but one, done this little act of kindness, we felt strengthened and happy to think the work of reform was progressing, but soon our little barque received a shock by his (the ministers) throwing a rock into the current of the stream, but our barque passed over without a tremor, when the splashing of the waters covered the debris. The gentleman said we had made a mistake in supposing he was not in favor of capital punishment, as he most certainly was, he would have the laws executed to the letter in regard to capital punishment, regardless of other laws as his God said blood for blood, but we endeavored to show him the great supreme love taught

us not to kill, or treat our neighbor as we would not like to be treated, and that we were commanded to love our enemies, and treat them kindly and by doing so would heap coals of fire upon their heads—the fire of remorse and regret. After we understood each other, we bid him good morning and called upon another one in the vicinity, found him in his office; he met us in a friendly manner, took us cordially by the hand, called us sisters. When he understood the object of our visit, instead of throwing rocks or stumbling blocks in our way, he came on board and we enjoyed a harmonious ride which will not be forgotten as our pleasant conversation is written on the eternal world, and will never be effaced.

There is not an idea or principle that has heaven or joy in it that can ever die or be unfruitful. Tuesday we made another visit and found a fine, benevolent looking person, with great firmness of expression. He proved to be on the same plane of thought, as the first one on punishment. He listened attentively to what we had to say, and thanked us for the visit, gave us a pamphlet of his wives production, and we felt doubly paid for the effort made to meet the gentleman.

Women and men may judge in what circle they move by the expression of their thoughts; if full of loving kindness it cannot be from a sphere of evil, or from the lower regions, called by some hell, but if your thoughts are dark and malignant, filled with murder and cruelty towards the poor, unfortunate mortals that suffer their enemies to overcome them, then they may judge what circle they dwell in.

It will be the same when they pass into another sphere, and it may take ages to break the circle of murder and cruelty they dwelt in while on earth.

Miss Merrell and myself appeared before Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, on the 21st of July to intercede with him for the lives of the Talbott boys. He gave us a polite and friendly reception of an hour which we appreciated, feeling that our presence was the cause of him doing himself so much honor. We did not call to see the Governor, but a man and we saw him as such, and we expressed ourselves without reserve. We saw at once he had resolved to have the boys killed; he said he should abide by the decision of the jury and let the law take its course; he would not interfere.

When Pilate was seated on the judgment seat, his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered

many things this day in a dream because of him. When Pilate saw that he could not prevail with those men who were filled with murder and revenge without creating a tumult, he took water and washed his hands, before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: See to it. Then answered all the people, and said, his blood be on us, and on our children. In the great crime committed on the 22nd of July in Maryville the multitude at least two thirds were not willing to have the blood of those innocent boys upon their hands and all who sent in their protest against that capital crime have washed their hands and have taken one step upon the ladder of progression, and the remainder will soon stand on the same plane. The Talbott boys and their father have been offered a sacrifice on the altar of their country to destroy the prevailing evil of murder and punishment on this continent. In a speech delivered in the Exposition Building, Chicago, before the Union Greenback-Labor convention, June 9, 1880, by Hon. Perry H. Talbott, he uttered this prayer to his creator:

"Save me in the spirit land to guide in safety, in the future, the Greenback hosts, whose ever sounding war-cry will be the equal rights of man. Permit me to go unseen in the advance guard, where I can feel the jar of the tread of the countless millions who with better success, will sing psalms of praise for the sacrifice we have made."

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE TERRIBLE DRAMA.

THE TALBOTT BOYS.

Thanking the friendly reporter of the *Post-Dispatch*, St. Louis, for the publicity which he has given our feeble efforts in regard to the Talbott boys, will beg leave to exonerate ourselves so far as we have power. We certainly were in earnest, when we know the evidence given by the witnesses who appeared against the Talbott boys, whereby they were condemned to be hung, and were hung, was worthless; that each witness, excepting the uncle of the boys and one Leighton, had afterwards retracted, saying they had perjured themselves; that the detective Brighton, who worked up the case, was an escaped convict having served out four years in penitentiary and is now under arrest for robbing the mail. There were tangible reasons, as well as the reasons

which have been given by the spirit father. Men of sense, of judgment, such as Honorable A. P. Morehouse, of Missouri, were co-operating with us. Ministers of the gospel, hundreds, yea thousands of ladies sent in their voice of pleading to stop the murder of the innocent. Ex-Senator Conkling advised with Hon. A. P. Morehouse, a special friend of the family, and gave his legal advice to grant the commutation of the sentence, and the almost universal voice of the people assembled to witness the most terrible tragedy which was ever publicly committed, was one of pity, and a solemn weight rolled through that assembly which will never be forgotten. We beg leave to say it was not epilepsy which inspired us to labor with untiring zeal, but a high and holy power which bade us lend our influence in the cause of justice and mercy. There is blood—innocent blood—crying from the everlasting habitation of heaven for revenge upon Governor Crittenden. God pity him as he would not pity that anguish-stricken mother—that forsaken widow—who cried herself for mercy, who sent the messengers in her stead to again plead, in the person of Mrs. Merrick and writer. He would not listen to reason, would not give us one point in the evidence against them upon which to base his reasons only said he would not interfere with the decision of jury, but Gov. Crittenden *did* interfere so far as to grant a respite, investigated the subject, found that the witness Wyatt and Brighton retracted, and that Mitchell contradicted himself in his statement, and did not make a point otherwise, said nothing, save which any man might manufacture. Not saying he did manufacture it even, yet we said to the Governor, Do you not give the criminal the benefit of the doubt? The answer came, "We gave them the benefit of the doubt." Hanging then is the benefit of the doubt? our answer came. The terrible, the fearful words came in answer to each plea: "I will not interfere with the court. Ladies, the boys will hang to-morrow." Upon whom but Gov. Crittenden does the responsibility rest? The appeal was taken to him—the highest tribunal in the state of Missouri, and he set the seal which doomed the young, the innocent boys, as he thought but which sent their pure spirits out into the unknown to be reunited with their father, and to sing the song of triumph, "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory?," and doomed himself to harrassing misery, to sleepless nights, and anxious solicitude. Gov. Crittenden has shown himself unworthy a position of trust, where he may deal out justice tempered with mercy to the suffering children of

earth, and he will in the proper time take his true position, and a man of nobility, courage and bravery will come forth and with the gentle wand of peace subdue this strife which is raging in some parts of their beautiful state.

Even the prosecuting attorney Ramsey allowed it publicly announced a few days before the execution in the *St. Joe. Gazette* that he recommended commutation of the sentence.

This was a time when earnestness and zeal were required, but our efforts were a little over estimated by the reporter as all we did was within the bounds of reason and propriety. Our scene with the boys was truly pitiable and one which was calculated to cause the senses almost to forsake a humane and justice-loving individual. To see those two boys, one of them with the stamp of childhood yet upon his brow, the other just entering manhood with eager expectant faces, knowing we had come from the Governor and to feel that we could give them no hope, no wonder that every human energy arose within us, when we said, boys there is no hope; the Governor says you must die, are you still innocent, and we see them look us steadfastly in the eye and say: "I am innocent." We looked into the depths of their souls with an earnestness that would not be deceived and saw that their words were true: The dear mother broke down, but with noble bravery each threw an arm around her sustaining her. The scene was enough to wring a harder heart than our own. The words arose to our lips: Thank God that you are innocent; it is better to die innocent than guilty. "Yes," says Albert, the elder, "we know it, but it is hard; but our innocence will be proved before a year." God grant that it may for the sake of that bereaved family, that heart-broken mother. We turned to the priests, and said, they are innocent? Each bowed his head in assent with a holy solemnity and they were as sure of their innocence as were we. The dispatch which we sent the Governor was in desperation almost; we would have at that moment dared anything which was in accordance with right, that the right and just power might have prevailed, and Gov. Crittenden might have been deterred from legalized murder, but he chose, and we wash our hands from the blood-curdling deed saying again, "God pity more than he did; not according to the Lord's prayer but deeper. But the eternal laws of the universe are yea and nay Right or wrong here or there, up or down ascent or descent and God himself moves in accordance with these laws. The sorrow-stricken mother said

to us in parting "write something nice about my poor boys. I hope they are satisfied that they have killed them. And as we looked upon those inanimate forms, beautiful in the last embrace of death, we said: There let us lie rather than occupy a Governor's seat with the stain of blood upon our soul.

Gov. Crittenden held for a time within his hand a sparkling gem of priceless worth, but hurled into outer darkness. It was caught by a loving, tender angel of mercy and retained in its pristine purity, for a noble and true son of God, to sparkle and radiate from the thrown of power, until it sends bright rays of purity into the darkened caverns of their state.

Aye, let us be the man who is shot at his own fireside, and the boys who died upon the scaffold, rather than the man of high position who dared do such a deed because of political difference. For we are sure with the boys last words: "I am innocent," and expressed upon the scaffold, yet ringing in our ears, that Dr. Talbot's dying words: "It is a political enemy," were true.

Let us lay ourselves down to rest, with loving hearts and pure consciences in obscurity, rather than be kings, queens or princes of power with the sad wail of the orphan, the cry of the widow ringing in our ear, or the blood of the innocent crying out for revenge. Let us give the noble intents away that we may not crave honor save the true, not that which is dishonor under a cloak.

IDA M. MERRILL.

THE MISSION.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

Blest be the souls whose gentle power
Soothes sweetly in the trying hour;
And plant some happy loving thought
Where sorrow's frenzied sting hath wrought.

Blest patience with her mild sweet eye
That lights the mourners where they lie
And gives the fragrant soothing balm
That bathes poor souls in heavenly calm.

Blest are the meek whose spirits sing
In every season notes of spring
That charm the weary in their way
From sorrow's vales to realms of day.

and where they can be redeemed, and fully vindicated as publicly as they have been condemned unjustly if proved innocent after a time; but shed no blood; capital punishment is a failure; it has gone crying and cursing out of the world since the race begun, and has only engendered a continuity of accursed abortions in public and private, like unto itself; it is a perfect paradox, for it is public murder that pretends to prevent private murder, not unfrequently resulting in other murders near the scaffold, and has never restrained other murderers in the hour or moment of temptation and passion.

"Peace to good willing men;" is not the figment of a weak imagination; but the true translation of the song of the angels, and must and can be engrafted in the constitutions of every State and in the hearts of the people that have any claim to be led by a calm reason and a true civilization.

OVER THE COUNTRY.

ONE THOUSAND MILES TRAVEL IN MISSOURI.

A Visit to St. Joseph, Kansas City, Jefferson City, Maryville, and Other cities.

INTERVIEW WITH THE TALBOTT BOYS—THEIR EXECUTION, ETC.

[From The Quincy Post.]

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 18.

Sunday was a beautiful day. Clouds crowded back the warm rays of the sun, which, with now and then a shower of rain, made it very pleasant for one who wishes to recuperate from the excitement of business and its responsibilities by rambling about over the country in search of information that may be of use to the people, who, as a rule, in their incessant toil have no money or time to spend going over the country to gain an idea of the development of nature through the intelligent brain of man, backed by energy and a desire to rise above the fog of poverty and ignorance, into a condition of growth, prosperity and independence which makes man the most enjoyable and contented being in the world, as well as the most humane and liberty-loving in perpetuating the gifts

of our forefathers, who struggled for years that this country might be the asylum of the world's oppressed and unfortunate people.

The H. & St. Joe road, controlled by gentlemen who are polite and liberal in thought, and who desire to increase the growth of the country, furnishes a means of transportation and travel that can hardly be surpassed by any road in the west. Leaving Quincy on this road going west, the pleasure-seeker or business man finds much to attract his attention. A rich growing country, decked with harvested wheat; with fields of corn waving their blades like swords to protect them from outward enemies; with meadows clothed in a verdure of green, over which cattle and horses feed in the highest luxury of their natures; with streams of water murmuring in their courses, cut out by the rough hand of nature, wind through the country, furnishing water to thousands, as well as amusement to those who have a desire to listen to the rippling water as it goes playing over stones, tickling them in their quietude; with cottages of beauty, surrounded by the wildness of nature, are but few of the many attractions. Towns and villages, with churches and school houses every few miles, mark the enterprise of the Missouri people, and give a market to the produce of farmers on whose skill and labor depend the happiness and prosperity of all the people, for, from their labor must come the life-sustaining qualities of nature. Yea! they are the kings of the universe. Let them cease their labor and the world, the rich and the poor, the learned and ignorant, would exist but a short season. Notwithstanding the power they wield, to-day they are the most oppressed, robbed and cheated class of people on the face of the earth. Year after year, in the burning heat of summer and the cold blasts of winter they stand at their posts, and with scarcely a sigh of complaint submit quietly and peacefully to the robbers who feed off their labor by unjust laws, which were passed for the purpose of enslaving the people to an unmerciful bondholding aristocracy which has created huge monopolies to absorb the wealth of the country, and which to-day are the great enemies of liberty and freedom in this country, as they are well organized and are determined to go ahead with their work of ruin by keeping the people in ignorance as to their aims and purposes.

A PHILOSOPHER.

Riding along slowly, noticing everything that comes in view, gaining a thought from every new scenery, our eyes rest on a philosopher. We

—and I felt as tired as they did, and determined to buy a house for them to live in; so I bought a piece of property, worth what I paid, and allow them to occupy it without paying rent until they are able, and doing some other little favors. Now who is at the bottom of this act? Is it the devil or is it love to one's neighbor? Am I deranged or have I made proper use of my means?

Please remember this and protect me in the right to use my money as I please. Miss Merrill is one of the daughters spoken of; she is a medium without a blemish on her character, and writes from the sphere of her development, and you may judge from what region it comes; she was raised in the Baptist church and was a member of the same in Quincy, and when the family had moved into a house, and Miss Merrill receiving remuneration for her writing, the Church notified her to come before the council, as they did Peter and John eighteen hundred years ago, and they treated her in a similar manner; would not allow any of her friends to be present, and when they had sneeringly questioned her, they offered to take her into the arms of the church, or what they call Christ's kingdom on earth, if she would denounce all spirit communication, and spiritualists, never speak or preach the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, (spiritualism) they would receive her. Her answer came: "Never; I would die at the stake first." Can any one see a devil, on either side? I can see a bad, dark influence, and Isaiah, the prophet says to the chosen ones: "Your hands are full of blood, and when I meet one who says blood for blood, I feel their hearts may be full of murder, ready to kill. I am learning the alphabet of the science of life, and the laws by which we live, move and have a being. Now, I perceive one law with no limits of variation, and hope in time to find the missing link that binds the spiritual with the natural.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

THE SAD EXECUTION

OF THE INNOCENT CHARLES E. AND ALBERT F. TALBOTT.

With a sob, a sigh and sorrowful wail,
 Oh, how can we tell the pitiful tale!
 How sad the city! what a solemn pall!
 Has fallen with darkened cloud.
 They have sent them out beyond recall,
 And a groan re-echoes through the crowd;

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

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Their entrance to the spirit world,
The angels greet with peace,
The glorious banners are unfurled,
For them there is no release.

Sad it seems unto us below,
But the realm to them so pure, so bright,
Will scatter now their fearful woe;
They shall rise to realms so light.

The pitiful cries of the mother of love,
Were rejected by the man of power,
And down from the great white throne above,
They shall come at an unexpected hour.

Shall prove the truth: we did not kill,
Our home now is one of pure bright love,
And our message to you is in the hours so still,
We are anchored in the clime above.

Innocent they were thrust from the land,
Thrust out, without a hope of life;
But they're are anchored on the shining strand
In gladder, newer grander life.

Innocent, thank God! 'tis better so,
Than if bloodstains their brow did mark,
Sorrow so great to those who are left below,
With the black stains of guilt so dark.

Resting on the brow of innocent youth,
But life is short, eternity grand;
Shall reveal the truth, the grand mighty truth,
Innocent they were thrust from the land.

But they're not dead, only gone before,
On a calm and a quiet eve,
Will visit the loved ones on this shore
Who sadly for them now do grieve.

How pitiful, how sad to take a life,
Take that which men can never give.
Oh, haste the day! when endeth strife,
When the law will bid e'en criminals live.

When no more murders through the land,
Shall flow with baneful power;
Oh, haste the day, with triumph grand!
Oh, haste that grand, that joyful hour!

But these dear boys, why must it be?
They must suffer for a guilty race;
Perhaps 'twill set many innocent free,
Perhaps 'twill legal murder efface.

God, grand them power to come to earth!
To appear as angels from a cloud,
To come and prove the true Right's worth,
To come and appal the murderous crowd.

IDA M. LERRILL.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

WE ARE VERY SAD TO-NIGHT.

22ND OF JULY.

We started with some hope to see the Governor to intercede for the Talbott boys, and he readily granted an interview. But, alas! for any bright hopes, he firmly says: "I will not interfere with the law."

God grant that the day may soon be ushered in when the law will not require any interference in regard to capital punishment. We plead with him to commute the sentence, as it was the wish of hundreds throughout Missouri and other states. But each time the answer came: "The boys must hang." Although we had been treated politely by the Governor, we left discouraged and hopeless. We hastened to the scene of the tragedy; was admitted to the jail by Sheriff Toel, found two priests in attendance, the boys bathed in tears and the mother prostrated with grief. Albert says: "We are innocent;" Ed repeated the same and I know they were in my inmost soul. We did not remain long, but still hoped something would come from the Governor. What joy would have filled that mother's soul to-night, were such the case—the sentence commuted and still the law not violated. But as it is, her soul is filled with woe unutterable. As we gazed upon the lifeless clay, beautiful in the last embrace of death, we say: How beautiful they look—no resemblance to the miserable portraits pretending to represent them. Alas! we say, has right yielded her everlasting power, and in this moment of trial deserted her children, left them starving upon the husks of the world's cold charity. But we throw aside the curtain, we see spread a feast of unfailing sustenance. We see the crimson, wine of love poured by a dear savior, and we see the fruition of hope; we see that the two innocent boys executed this 22nd of July are saviors for the age; we see the corner stone of reform is laid; but, oh! at what a cruel sacrifice! Oh! angel of mercy! Come! and temper the rude blast to that sorrowing mother bereft of both husband and elder sons by the cruel hand of injustice. Oh could not the world be redeemed, reformed, saved without such a terrible sacrifice of human life. But thanks be to the Omnipotent and holy power, a long life is only a step in the great eternity of joy, where the cup will be filled to the brim, and the sweet chalice of truth and purity shall flow for the weary souls, where the bright flowers of hope and trust shall forever blossom, and the loved ones sing to-

gether the songs of redeeming love, and we unite the dissevered fragments of our lives, where the baneful evil cannot thrust between the poisoned darts of malice and envy.

The hour arrives when they must be ruthlessly cast into eternity. Oh, the excruciable agony of those moments. Oh fiendish and hellish relics of barbarism! God haste the day when thou shalt be only as such, and when our country shall be beautiful and pure—no bloodstains upon her lovely banner of peace. Rise up, Oh, ye sleeping ones, and shake off the shackles which enslave our people. Let your voices ring with the chorus, Salvation to the people!

IDA M. MERRILL.

SINCERITY.

In my joy I said, the world is fair,
It was so sweet, so pure, so heavenly,
To wipe away the tears of care
To find the balm I'd sought so patiently.

A heart which could appreciate,
My inner soul, my heaven-born ideal,
But now there sinks the sullen weight,
My imaginations were they real?

A cloud of sombre nightly hue,
Rests now upon that glittering path,
Those congenial thoughts I thought so true,
Are changed into the worthless chaff.

Like a glimpse of the soul, it came to me,
That intelligent thought we understand,
Which says my soul surely understands thee,
How sweet to grasp such one by the hand.

But alas are we mistaken in our view,
Did we read aright at that day.
Has an evil one taken that soul so true,
And spirited it far away?

Has another power come rushing in?
Or have we ourselves taken a vail?
Is it the power of the viper sin?
Or simply his last sad, dying wail?

We would have light, be not deceived?
We would not use the cursed bane,
Had we not the insight received,
We had not known the sad refrain.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

'Tis a cheering thought to find a soul
Who realizes the depths of purity,
Who yields the all to heaven's control,
And is filled with truest sincerity.

—CORA CORAL.

OVER THE COUNTRY.

ONE THOUSAND MILES TRAVEL IN MISSOURI

A Visit to St. Joseph, Kansas City, Jefferson City, Maryville, and Other cities.

INTERVIEW WITH THE TALBOTT BOYS—THEIR EXECUTION, ETC.

[From The Quincy Post.]

In our rambling over the city our attention was called to the Talbott boys, whom we found securely placed in jail waiting the day of execution, which is to take place Friday, and of which mention will be made further on. They appeared to be of good cheer, and when asked if they thought they would be hung, replied in a laughing manner that they thought they would be saved; that the governor would commute their sentence to penitentiary; that their lawyer was working hard to influence the governor to do so, and they believed he would succeed. When asked if they had confessed to the murder of their father, they said they had, but did so under the promise of their attorney that their lives would be spared. This shows their weakness in not adhering strictly to the truth at all times and under every emergency. Young as they are—mere boys, so to speak—it cannot be expected that they would stand as firm as men of experience, yet there seems to have been no necessity for them to assert, which they claimed to be a falsehood, with the expectation of mercy. If their story was true, they should stand by it, and not acknowledge that they killed their father because their attorney advised them to do so. However, taking everything into consideration, it seems at this writing Tuesday evening, that their sentence will be commuted to penitentiary for life, as nine-tenths of the people seem to be in favor of such, rather than have them executed, owing to their youth and the character of

the witnesses who testified against them and on whose evidence they are to die Friday.

Before leaving St. Joe Tuesday, we visited

W. C. COUP'S GREAT SHOW

in the afternoon, which was the principal attraction of the day. Through the kindness of Mr. Coup and his press agent, who are very pleasant and obliging gentlemen we were given a reserved seat to witness the startling acts of this wonderful show. Fully 10,000 people witnessed the afternoon performances, filling every seat, and almost the entire Hippodrome ring. In fact, it was a great success to the manager, who deserves praise for his untiring efforts to furnish the people amusement worthy of their liberal support, and we are glad to see him prosper with his wonderful enterprise.

We leave St. Joe in the evening for Cameron, Mo., thirty-one miles south-east, and ten miles from where the great train robbery occurred recently. The town, numbering 3,000 inhabitants, is yet in great excitement over the bold robbery, and every effort is being made to capture the parties, but so far nothing has been heard from them. It is generally believed that two of the number are the James boys and that they are secreted somewhere along the Missouri river, waiting another opportunity to further their hellish design. At all events we trust that they will be captured ere they have another privilege and placed where they can never more do any injury to society. From Cameron we pass along to

KANSAS CITY,

fifty miles west, where we arrived at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, which seems to be the most prosperous and growing city in Missouri so far as our knowledge goes. An idea of this city may be had when we mention the fact that it has 65,000 inhabitants, 15 railroads, 5 express companies, 4 street railways, 5 telephone companies, 7 banks, 35 churches, 12 public schools, 14 colleges and academies, 2 libraries, 18 newspapers, 2 opera houses, 3 cemeteries, 3 hospitals, 27 incorporated companies for manufacturing, etc. Situated on the Missouri River, surrounded by a rapidly developing country, with the great advantages of the west, and its increasing wealth, no city in the United States has a brighter future than it has. Space forbids us giving a further notice at this time, and we leave here to-night for Maryville, Mo., to await the execution of the Talbott boys, which the Governor declares shall take place Friday.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

TRUE TO LIFE.

BY JESSE H. BUTLER.

The following beautiful symphony we take from the Author's volume of poems entitled "Home." It is an interlude in the beautiful, descriptive poem "Femme Heroic," which is the most touching and grandly beautiful poem we have ever read. We see in it the real pathos of one who has fathomed the mysteries of godliness through the school of affliction, hence we term the symphony true to life.

The roses are sweet, but the roses must fade;
 And the violets bloom where the loved ones are laid;
 And fresh is the morning that breaks on our sight,
 But the morning soon fades into evening and night;
 The lily blooms sweet by the rivulet's side,
 But the petals soon fall on the down-flowing tide;
 And the leaflet bursts forth in the Spring's wooing breath:
 But it fades, and it falls, in the winter of death,
 O! 'tis rapture to love, when the young heart beats high!
 But the flowers of our love all blossom to die!
 And the Summer's warm breath, and perfume so sweet,
 Are but heralds that sigh of the Winter storm's beat.
 There is rapture in birth, when the young life is born!
 But death only waits for the beautiful form;
 And the life that sings in its usefulness here,
 Hath a sorrowful strain, with a lingering tear!
 There's a beauty in life when we labor and wait
 For the fulness of time, and the fiat of fate;
 When the hour hath its work, and the day hath its round,
 And each word that we breathe hath a silvery sound!
 But the harsh notes of woe howl a wintery blast,
 And the smile hath a sorrowful tear at the last.
 O, the world needs her heroes, her children of light!
 But they fall from her side, like the meteor's flight;
 In their glory and might, in their beautiful noon,
 They fade in the silence of death and the tomb!
 O, the flower that is fair, the flower that is sweet,
 Hath a life that is tender, and fragile, and fleet!
 But the poison oak grows where the fragrant flower sighs;
 In the sun's burning rays, till it fades and it dies!

The innocence of the Talbott boys will be proven before another year expires.

DIAMOND DUST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT:—On last Friday, July 22, at Maryville, Mo., occurred one of the most outrageous, and disgraceful event that the people of this vast world ever allowed to be perpetrated the hanging of the yet youthful Talbott brothers, charged with the crime of murdering their father, Dr. Talbott. I have watched the proceedings of this case with unusual interest, because the law terms this "lawful hanging." These boys may be guilty of the high crime, for which they paid the death penalty, but we ask how can a man be accused, tried and hung for a crime which no human eye ever witnessed, but the one who perpetrated the crime. Not one witness swore on the witness stand that they seen the boys do the deed, not one, but they claim that circumstances pointed to their guilt, merely circumstances. Then again, Dr. Talbott lived some time after he was shot, conversed freely with his most intimate friends, also on his death bed called around him the dear ones of his heart, the very ones that were charged with his murder, and not a word of censure did he utter against his two sons, but died at peace with all his family, and died firmly believing that he had been assassinated by a political opponent for speaking words of opposition. Now, I ask all fair minded people if this is not a circumstance pointing to their innocence, but, Oh, alas these circumstances were on the frail and weak side, and not on the side of the law. Now, I do not by any means believe in capital punishment, but if I did I would look upon this case the same as I do now, as one of injustice and an error in the courts of the fate of Missouri.

Too much could never be said of the untiring efforts made by Miss Ida M. Merrill and Mrs. Merrick in behalf of the doomed young men, but to no avail, but rest assured that there are many that are silent now that will be with you in the great future, and I hope that the time will come when you both will be repaid for the many kind deeds that you have done.

Respectfully,

FRED P. TAYLOR.

A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT,

DEDICATED TO LIGHT SEEKERS.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(CONTINUED.)

In traveling around the circle of justice and mercy to meet the Talbott family and governor Crittenden we met with evil influences, or the devil, in many places and discovered his cruel torturing works, that seems a delight to those who move in the same circle. They love to torture the weak ones, build a prison and then a cell to make their erring brothers suffer, guilty or not. We visited the prison in St. Joe, and found the Talbott boys confined in the center of a room, a cell built of stone without a window, only a small opening to pass in and out; they were allowed to come out to speak with us, out of that dark hole, where light and air was excluded; they looked pale and feeble, but cheerful. I said:

"Have you made a confession?"

Charles looked at me for a moment and answered, "Yes." I said it was false; if they did make a confession. Albert said, "Don't you see the drift;" that their lawyer had advised them to sign a paper to that effect; they could make no confession; they had nothing to confess, and they entertained the idea to the last that they would not be hung, and it is a mystery to good people what Albert was hung for. According to report, Dr. Talbott was a tyrant at home, a violent, passionate man, one that abused his children, and his sons were a chip of the same block and if children inherit moral diseases from parents unto the third and fourth generation, are they entirely responsible for the deeds they do? If Dr. Talbott was morally insane can sane people perceive either justice or mercy measured to those unfortunate boys.

This is a materialized planet, and God is the spiritual world—the rea

world. Man is a spirit and walks about in a materialized body, and at the proper time it dematerializes and the spirit is born unto another sphere of existence, or circle and moves in the same, until they desire to break it and be free from the errors of one and enter another. The future life is progression; we being a spark from the center of all life; the sun of the spiritual world which fills all spheres of existence with rays of life, intelligence, thoughts and ideas by which man inspires his life. Although born under a cloud and cannot see from whence they came, and where they are going or understand those inevitable laws by which all things are governed, if he is willing to receive, they may be revealed to him. The great problem of life: If a man die shall he live again, has not been proved satisfactorily to mankind in general, but millions to-day know the fact. It has been demonstrated to their natural senses, and they know where they are going and feel perfectly satisfied that a man cannot die; he is a spirit himself, and by destroying the physical body, does not annihilate the spirit.

When the judge pronounces the sentence of death on a criminal, to be hung by the neck until dead, he and the jury suppose, by executing that infamous law, they shall kill a man or rid the world of his good or bad influences; this hanging will soon be proved a crime of the darkest dye. Dr. Talbott and son's are not dead, but actively and vigorously alive. They were innocent of transgressing the law of their country or doing aught to injure their friends or enemies. Those implicated in the destruction of the family have written a record of the proceedings in the eternal world.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Words of encouragement! Words of comfort, of cheer, of appreciation, of praise—worthy efforts. Smiles! How they sink into the weary heart, like the gentle dew upon the parched grass and withering flowers, reviving and refreshing, strengthening the soul for greater and nobler undertakings. How oft we repress the loving word which springs to the lips! How oft we hurl back the fount of feelings which, if allowed to burst forth would revive the parched souls, as the rain cloud does the withering earth, when dust and smoke almost choke the weary travelers. We hide ourselves behind a curtain, and do not allow the

have the law of just taxation established for the sake of those who suffer the penalty—the laborers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOMFIELD, Mo., Aug. 15, 1881.

MRS. M. MERRICK:—The brave and noble position you have taken in condemnation of the infliction of capital punishment has been well calculated to arouse much reflection upon that dreadful subject.

It is really a matter of astonishment that people of good common sense and intelligence should continue to think that this awful relic of the barbaric age should still be perpetuated.

Such blood curdling scenes as that of the accusation of those unfortunate Talbott boys will bring a heart-rending shudder to the feelings of all sensitive natures whenever thought of in all times to come.

A gloom was cast over the feelings of many sympathetic people in this locality on the day of their doom and we wailed with bated breath after earnestly hoping that our Executive head would certainly side with humanity and give the unfortunates the advantage of the doubts in their case.

Had the earnest prayerful appeals been made by men who had votes to cast instead of women who are denied their natural rights in that direction, the result might have been different. Hence the right, necessity demanding that every intelligent woman in the land should put her shoulder to the wheel using every effort in her power to roll out of existence that prejudice and ignorance which dares to limit women's right.

Women are as much amenable to the criminal laws of the states as men; any offense committed by them as breach of allegiance to the state of which they are citizens, subject them to the same measure of punishment as inflicted upon men.

Their property liable to the same rate of taxation, and may be taken for public use.

For injuries done they are bound to make the same reparation, yet they have no voice in making or creating the laws which they in every way assist in sustaining.

MRS. M. A. BEDFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jessie H. Butler,

VERY KIND FRIEND:—For such you have been in your efforts for us in A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. I cannot tell you how much we appreciate your efforts, or your assistance, I should say. We have been so much engaged in regard to the Talbott boys that we have neglected to answer your kind and encouraging letters, but please forgive us. Your articles come to us with the fire of oratory still smouldering in the page, and inspire us with new zeal. Your kind and encouraging letter in regard to the Talbott boys is appreciated. No it was not a failure altho' the world looks on it as such. It was a grand success in the inner temple and I feel that by our feeble efforts, and that of the hundreds of others who sent the loving sympathy to them; they were borne by the holy angels of love to a place of repose to their troubled spirits. As they were hung I sat in the room with the mother and feel that their spirits came to me instantaneously for I felt a choking sensation for a moment, then such a sweet peace seemed to steal over me as I had not experienced for months and I seemed to hear a voice as a breath say, "Saved! they were ushered by the holy angels." I feel that they were saved from a life of trouble were ushered into the spirit realm innocent and doubly purified, ready to perform the work assigned them by the Master of all.

These lines were not written for publication, but upon going to press conclude to answer in this way.

IDA M. MERRILL.

"Not many lovers, I suppose," says Robert Collyer, "have found that their wedded life answered quite to the dreams of their courtship—not quite. Mine didn't. Yet who would enter a complaint against heaven because May does not quite match with October? If my experience can be of any use, I think a thunder-storm, so that it does no serious mischief, may sometimes clear the atmosphere under the roof about as well as it does outside. And so sure I am of its blessing, that, when I hear people say they have lived together five-and-twenty years and never had the least difference, I wonder if they have not had a great deal of indifference."

many weeks, brought themselves into the circle of love and pity to one's neighbor. What could have occurred except the sacrifice of James A. Garfield that would have touched the hearts of millions of people with such tender sympathy, the God principle manifested in man, and it has produced an impression of harmony that will echo and re-echo through the spirit realm forever.

We have taken one grand step upon the burnished round of the ladder of progression in this new era, and should rejoice instead of grieving, that this opportunity has been presented to the world for the purpose of harmonizing and purifying humanity. If we could take one step more and pity the one that was chosen to commit the act, that brought this bright ray of love and harmony, into the hearts of so many people—could Judas avoid betraying Jesus? There are no acts committed or movements made by chance or accident. All things transpire through the law of progression for the happiness of mankind.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

TOO HOT FOR WOLFFE.

Between the 22d of July and the 1st of August, 1881, or shortly after the execution of the Talbott boys an article was published we think in the *State Journal*, of Jefferson City, under the above significant heading. The paper was sent to my sister who lives with me by her son, George H. Turner, and my sister and niece read the contents, and we being absent at the time, the paper was mislaid and could not be found, consequently we did not read the article, but they recollect the commencement, "Too Hot for Wolffe;" he had to pack up his traps and leave for parts unknown. The cause of his sudden departure had some relation to the murder of Dr. Talbott and the execution of his sons. We wrote to the *State Journal*; the reply was we cannot find the article referred to. If the readers of this pamphlet have the article they will confer a favor by sending a copy to our address as it may lead to a desired result of importance in establishing the innocence of the boys and truth of their father's communication to us in the beginning of our interest for the investigation of their sentence. It is but a grain of dust comparatively in beginning to trace a subject of so much interest; first in finding the assassin and the object in view of the murderer. Dr. Talbott said it was a political enemy who did the deed or caused it to be

done, and in the second place is it possible to receive a truthful communication, a sign from an invisible agent who will enable us to discover the errors or crimes committed and the criminal, not for punishment, but reformation and to shield the innocent and protect society. Albert Talbott said he did not doubt his innocence would be proved in less than one year, and as we said the boys were innocent, we will make a reasonable exertion to discover the real criminal and should any light be thrown out that would lead to the desired result we would be pleased to make it known to our subscribers for *A FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT* when in book form, as the efforts we made in behalf of the boys are published in full in our book.

MRS. M. MERRICK.

A DEADLY WEAPON.

Our readers have doubtless observed the sad accounts, with which the daily papers have been largely occupied since the last Fourth of July, of fatal accidents happening on that holiday from the use of toy pistols in the hands of boys. Over thirty cases of death are reported in various parts of the country from the cause. These metals are very poorly made with inferior metal, and are sold at cheap prices by nearly all retail dealers, so that the smallest boy can by a little exertion, become the proprietor of one. They are far more dangerous and deadly in use than the ordinary revolver, and are almost certain to explode when heavily loaded. In most cases these explosions are accompanied by wounds in the hand, that are frequently poisoned with powder, so that lockjaw intervenes, followed almost inevitably by death. Clearly it is the duty of state and municipal authorities everywhere to suppress the manufacture and sale of such weapons. The city of Philadelphia did last year, and succeeded admirably. No deaths were reported in that city from toy pistol explosions on the Fourth of July. The average boy has no sense or judgment in the use of explosive missiles on this national holiday, and parents and guardians should see that their children do not use dangerous articles, and the police should be instructed to take dangerous weapons from the hands of those who cannot be safely trusted with them.