

I wish you were
 as common as morning
 No. 1. I don't know
 what to say - I write
 opposed to your views

HANDWRITING OF AN UNDEVELOPED SPIRIT.

APPENDIX.

Appendix—B.

COMMUNICATION FROM GOVERNOR TALLMADGE.

NEW YORK, May 6th, 1853.

HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS:

My dear Sir—I cheerfully comply with your request for copies of communications received by me, purporting to come from DANIEL WEBSTER. They were received at Washington in January last, through a writing medium from Philadelphia.

The medium is a young man of fair natural capacity, of very limited education, and by trade a blacksmith. He writes with wonderful rapidity, and never mistakes or misspells a word, and never has occasion to correct a single word, although he may have written hour after hour without intermission. He writes with a pen in a bound blank-book; and the communications thus written are as perfect as the most skillful and expert copyist could have recorded them. His handwriting, as a medium, is as different from his ordinary handwriting as night from day.

You will perceive from the character of the communications that they are infinitely beyond the capacity of the medium, and even beyond the conceptions of Webster himself while in the body, and could only have emanated from his high order of intellect sublimated by a translation from this to another sphere.

It was well remarked by a gentleman of the highest order of intellect present, after the communications closed, that he had read all the old philosophers, from Plato down to Bacon, and had never seen any thing equal to these communications from Webster.

The sense in which he speaks of light is illustrated by the following view from a late work on this and cognate subjects:

“That God is the author of spiritual light unto mankind is exhibited from many passages of the Scriptures. Thus in Cor. iv. 6: ‘For God, who commanded the light to shine out of the darkness, hath shined into our hearts to give us the light of knowledge.’ Again, in Luke ii. 2: ‘A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel.’ Also in John: ‘I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life’ (viii. 12). The prophet Malachi designates the Lord the Sun of Righteousness—the orb in which righteousness is originally inherent, in which he dwells, and from which he shines into mankind. In the same manner it is also said by David, that the ‘Lord God is a Sun.’”

It is remarkable that these communications arose out of conversations between myself and other gentlemen present, and were as unexpected to us as they were unpremeditated by the medium. We were conversing about light, its effects on the human system, in health and in sickness, when the medium's hand was moved to write, and then came the following communication :

You are all the true disciples of light ; follow on—do not fear—as you said, it is the great ingredient in the health of the body, and the perfect light of the spirit. It is the purity of God's rays shed far and wide, illuminating space, and filling it with aspirations that spirits drink and are happy. You must keep it far before you as the light of him who is the cause of your existence, and the enjoyment attached thereunto.

Then if he hath spread before you this enduring light, drink, and it will render your actions as transparent as itself—clear and pure it will become. As seen by others, your actions will be like the light that incites them, an honor unto you and the Father of the light.

WEBSTER.

While we were commenting on the communication, the medium's hand was again moved, and wrote as follows :

When we say light, we mean the pure essence of God that the sun reflects into your system. It is fraught with the life eternal ; is the secret of your happiness and the cause of your existence. Remove it, and the channel of communication between you and the Father is cut entirely away, and you must cease.

Chaos is darkness, and only that ; but darkness is not in the universe. There is light everywhere that life exists. The partial obscuration of light at night is for the resting of spirits that are so constituted that they tire the body, which by a reaction tires the spirit, and thus they both need rest. But there is no place dark, else God is not there ; and of this you can not conceive.

God is the Father of light, and in it are contained all the principles that govern the numberless bodies floating in space. Motion is part of its laws combined. Electricity is the handmaid that receives all its instructions from this servant of God, light.

Here a conversation ensued in relation to the communication just received, and then came the following :

The instructions I now receive, you can not comprehend. The source of light we can tell, but the cause we must say is God alone.

There we stop. He alone can create ; and he alone knoweth the source from whence he bringeth the subtile essence spoken of. But be content with this, that it is as enduring as himself, and as pure.

Here further comments were made, when the communication proceeded :

He is the Creator we love to study, and are still as his schoolboys learning our a, b, c's, and will always be. For we see continually new fields of this same light growing far and farther in space, and still we proceed in the still, silent search after the secret of our existence ; and still have to say, that God alone is good, and we his happy though ignorant children. Still we are learning, and still shall learn ; and as we ascend we see more and more of him. We come to earth and see our brother man. We pause before a sweet-scented flower, and listen to its quiet song of praise—scent of its sweetness, and return to search for the principles by which its delicate voice is tuned and its sweetness regulated—and all is still a happy mystery. Thus it is everywhere.

Here a conversation again ensued, in which the organization of the brain, among other things, was spoken of. Then the following communication was written out by the medium :

The brain of man is filled with organs, each differently acted upon with this same life-giving essence, light. And it produces the various motions of body and thought marking the individuality of man. All are different because of the different powers of comprehending light, and according as their organization is allowed to receive it. He who would shut his door against the light of day must pale and sicken. He who shuts out the light of conscience must keep his part of God as the diamond in the rough, that can not give life unto himself or his fellows. Dress up your own diamonds, and see the brilliant luster they give forth. It will greatly enhance your value as men, and give you the farther start in your happy future. Remember and heed well the light.

Here again a conversation ensued, and the following communication came, as called out by our remarks :

Yes, that is the right way. The boy that gets an idea that he knows more than any other boy, and the master too, will never learn fast.

Remember we spoke of light ; and open windows and doors are certainly the best mediums through which it can be conveyed to

you. Let it be always thus. Ye are but boys in the school of knowledge; but do not be discouraged. You have safely got through the alphabet of letters, but the alphabet of principles we have hard work to find; and a great many we can not find aught of but the effect produced by their harmonious actions.

The visible works of nature might be called condensed principles, for this, in fact, they are. But *One* can comprehend the great connection between cause and effect, between Himself and the objects he has created. He is the cause, all else is effect. The poet was inspired when he said—

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

Again there was further conversation, when came the following communication:

If you will keep open, we will give you ideas of life that you have not yet received. It is the active part of the light we still cling to. And you can as much see it as the light that incites it to action. Life is the active principle, and light the essence of that principle. We can extract principle essences as you extract wine from the grape. Put some principle under a press, such as life, motion, etc., by compressing them we get, or rather let out, the light; and it flies away, and we have the hulls of life, motion, etc., left to pay us for our trouble. Never destroy the fruit in your extracting presses; for the essence will surely escape, and then both fruit and essence are lost unto you.

Judge R. here made some remarks in his pointed and forcible style, and then followed the communication below:

You who have such correct ideas should not let forms trammel them and curb the spirit of their flow. Let them forth as you have just done, and angels will say the song of your spirit tells of flowers more bright than those comprising the life of the flowers of which we spoke. It singeth its true song. Now do so as far as thou canst comprehend the truth thereof, and behold the future shall open visions of whose pure light thou canst not conceive. Man is studying as thou sayest, and has simplified some things. But the difficult though pleasant part yet remains. Seek, investigate, and thy ideas of God shall swell as the river swollen with many rains, and the banks shall be overflowed, and thy thirsty kind drink of the

pure waters freely, and bless not only thee, but the former of the principle producing the rains that supplied thee. Remember this. This is handed down from a very high source. Thou art worthy, go on, we love thee.

After commenting on the beauty and philosophy of Webster's communication, Judge R. remarked:

It is true that principles must have an essence originating principles and the cause of them; and let the communications come from what source they may, they come consistent with true philosophy.

The medium wrote in answer:

Wherever is true philosophy, there is an essence of principles and part of God's purity. Then be very careful not to reject what you have admitted so much of.

Judge R. then said:

My strongest desire to know that spirits exist is to demonstrate that after death the spirit retains a consciousness of its own identity. Because if it returns, as a bare essence, to the source from whence it came, it is nothing more than the Braminical doctrine of annihilation.

The medium wrote in answer:

Your own repugnance to such a belief is the proof of its falsity.

Judge R. then said:

Nothing on earth is so repugnant to me as the idea of the spirit not existing after death.

The medium then wrote:

The inner light of your existence makes the repugnance. It wars with its opponent, darkness.

Again a further conversation was had in regard to the future existence of the spirit, and its identity after death.

The medium then wrote the following:

You want proof of the future existence of spirit, and the identity of each spirit remaining the same to all eternity. Now, sever a flower from its parent stem and try to destroy it. Thou wilt find the leaves wither and decay. Thou canst pulverize them, but the dust remains as the dead body of the lifeless nature. Select the sweetness from the atoms composing the flower and try to destroy *it*; it will escape thee and sweeten the air, doing its little mite toward rendering all pure on the face of the earth. Then draw thy own conclusions. If thou canst not destroy the identity of the little flower, how can thy own identity be destroyed, when it is composed and the recipient of

more high and holy powers than are used in the construction of aught else below thee? Then fear not. God is not such a poor workman that aught of his construction ought or can be changed. Remember this; all he doeth is *done*, and naught can undo it.

Judge R. then went on commenting in his highest and most eloquent strain, when the following communication was received:

A man with a mighty mind! his spirit seeks the highest spheres known, and there revels in the glory of the eternal light of God; returning, his mind burns as a volcano seeking the outer air, and when the bursting point is reached the lava runs down the side of the green mountain and all is scorched and blackened. Then again comes the relapse. This is followed by another glorious visit to the spirit-home, and then the circle is entered again and the fire lighted, and again all is dark. Oh! visit those holy places oftener; they do thee good; and all else that is worthy of being good and useful is given thee in these glimpses of the purity of heaven bestowed upon thy hungry spirit. Do not burn the body of thy spirit-home; keep thy brain cool. Remember thou art the image of God's noblest production, a combination of things in nature. Go on thy way rejoicing; all is well! We love thee, and will, if thou dost open thy door, pour in the continual flood of living light. All is well with thee.

Again we entered into conversation about the mind, spirit, and passions, when we received the following communication:

The mind is debarred from entering eternity, from the fact that the mind is not constituted of principles that are a part of eternity. The inhabitant of the mind is the essence of the mind, and as such endureth forever.

By the compressing of all these passions you get the harmonious spark called spirit, and leave behind all the hulls called passions.

The animal passions are compressed to give you passions above them, making your passions as the compressed essence of theirs.

Light is the source of life, motion, chemical affinity, astronomical calculations, and all else but God.

Existence is proof of harmony. When you use that word *all* is said. There is one harmony, one purely harmonious God. All else diverge and converge to this point.

Something was said about the harmonious action of mind, and the medium immediately wrote:

For this reason your minds are governed by harmonious principles.

I then said to Calhoun, My son tells me you teach him many important things. Will you give me some idea of what they are?

It was immediately answered:

The knowledge of light as our brother spirit has been giving it to you.

I regret extremely that I did not preserve the conversation and remarks which called forth the different portions of this communication. They would have served to give still more point to the communication itself. But I could not recall them. As it is, I consider the whole communication as exhibiting the highest order of intellect, and that intellect sublimated by the purity of the sphere in which it exists. The style and language will be recognized as perfectly Websterian, from the pure Saxon English which runs throughout the whole of it.

Very truly yours,

N. P. TALLMADGE.

I add from my records the following communications, some of which were received in the Governor's presence, the account of which I kept.

J. W. E.

RECEIVED THROUGH MRS. S., AUGUST 10, 1852, PURPORTING TO BE FROM HENRY CLAY.

It is with feelings of thankfulness that I have again found an opportunity of speaking through a medium. It seems to be the wish which is ever uppermost in my mind to come back to earth, and mingle again in the scenes in which I took so active a part, but not with the same desire that I then had to participate in the hopes or fears which sway the minds of those who can not see beyond the present sphere of existence.

But it is my desire to make myself known, if possible, to those with whom I have walked the down-hill path of life. And it is my aim when I shall succeed in so doing, to open their minds to the truth of this incalculable and momentous manifestation, to them unknown.

I foresee, in so doing, the light of wisdom to rule and govern a nation that is striving to rise into liberty on the wings of an eagle, and how absolutely necessary and all important is it that the minds of the rulers of the land should be filled with the wisdom which shall enable them to rule with a justice which shall diffuse its in-

fluence with the knowledge of truth. And the truth, when it shall reach the minds of the people, with the power which only truth can approach, will open their minds to the enjoyment of this glorious knowledge, which will lead to the happiness of the people, to the nation's lasting good.

When this young eaglet, whose aspiring wings are spread to all nations and climes, shall become stronger in her strength, and more powerful in her power—and, thank God! this power shall yet be felt in the uttermost parts of the earth—the cry shall be to the people, Strengthen ye my loved ones with the strength of the truth which is strengthening ye.

Oh, how lovely the light! how palely beautiful the beams which are darting hither and thither around. And it falls there, and it falls here, and it takes root, and the root takes strength and is beginning to flourish. But ah! the young saplings are yet tender. The winds of ridicule and calumny blow roughly over their head. It may break. It may rudely handle them in their tender youth. But oh! it will not blast them. The young trees shall lift their heads and become as oaks, which, amid the tempests, stand unmoved.

And I would say to the weak ones, oh! be strong in your faith and trust in God; for this glorious work is advancing slowly, but surely and steadily. And as an army whose ranks are feeble at first, it shall increase in strength and beauty, and might and majesty, until it shall overpower the hearts of the people, not with the force of power, but with the power of love.

Already in my short journey I can perceive how great the happiness and welfare of the nation is to be promoted by a knowledge of the truth, when they shall reap the benefit of the communion of spirits from the highest to the lowest in the land.

Oh! how great, how earnest is the desire of spirits to make their presence known! And through that influence the hearts of men shall grow weak in their desire to commit crime, and to wrong their fellow-man. Through that influence the weak and oppressed shall be raised from the dust, and placed on the level plain of Humanity; which the power of God willed all human beings to enjoy, but which the perverted will of man, whose conscience has become deaf to the voice of nature's God, has down-trodden and oppressed when circumstances have given him authority over them.

But the voice of freedom from the thralldom of mind and body shall ere long be heard over the land, and minds shall rise strong in the knowledge which God has given them, and teach to other minds how dark the gloom which sectarianism, and superstition, and unbelief, and skepticism have cast around them. And I say their fetters shall be broken as the light shall spread onward.

As I contemplate this work, which is gradually becoming unfolded, I thank God in my inmost heart that I have been permitted to soar above this land of shadows, and darkness, and dimness, and whose honors and glories flee away as shadows from our grasp, and leave us toiling for we know not what.

I now stand on the mount of Hope, whose strength upholdeth me, and whose light becomes stronger and brighter, nor vanisheth as the objects are nearer. But more lovely becomes this lovely light the nearer I approach it, through the goodness of God and the aid of spirits made perfect, who dwell in the presence of his smile, and who do their Father's will where life is unceasing, joy is never ending, and eternity is eternal.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH INTERVIEW.

NEW YORK, September 12th, 1852.

The Circle of Hope met this evening. Mr. N. P. Tallmadge, of Wisconsin, was present by invitation.

Mr. Ambler was requested to open the meeting with prayer. He was immediately thrown into the trance state, and in that condition gave utterance to one at once touching and sublime.

Mrs. S. soon became affected, and spoke as from JOHN C. CALHOUN.

This is a novel situation for me, one which I can scarcely yet realize myself. It is, nevertheless, a mighty and overwhelming reality to me as well as to you, my friends, who can feel it to be such. I have gladly availed myself of this privilege this evening in your midst, because I can see here those with whom I had relations while in the form.

My object in coming is to me a very great one, and, God knows, I wish it was so to the world at large. I wish, I desire, I pray most fervently that we might feel how great the responsibility that is resting on each one who has heard the revelations of life and truth, to spread the echo, to spread the circle of sound, of thought, of energy, of ambition, to excel in the labors of the field, in which they are

placed by being partakers of this high and holy privilege—privilege unfathomable, untold, unfelt, and unexpressed, ever changing, ever beautifying, and becoming more lovely, more light, more holy, more serene in its outward paths.

My experience as a spirit is very limited in comparison with some with whom you have conversed, and I deeply feel it to be so to-night.

I deeply feel the barrenness of my soul, the lack of wisdom, the dread of ridicule, the loss of friends, the thought of enemies which debarred me from participating, from being experienced, from a want of knowledge of this holy privilege.

Why, my friends, while in the form it was not a new thing to me. Oh, no! it was a great reality, which my soul felt to be true, but dared not own. Have I not felt the presence of my friends around me in my seasons of despondency and doubt? I believed it, but dared not say it.

That "dared"—shall I tell you what it did to me? It shut out from my soul a revelation that might have gladdened it, and compels me now to unbeam, when the covering of clay was thrown off.

Ask him, and him, and him, if he has not felt the presence of loved friends departed? a mother, a child, a wife was near? Yes, and the inmost heart, welling up from the depths of the inmost tenderness, will answer.

It is the connecting link between the spirits of your sphere and ours; the cord that draws the spirit back to earth and elevates the thought back to heaven.

This may to many seem a small, worthless, and even absurd subject. The great and mighty of the earth despise small things, yet it is the small things, the trifles, which draw out the tenderest emotions of the heart. They swell and overflow. Have not the high and mighty those well-springs in their hearts? Yes; every heart will gush up, and through their afflictions must the mighty ones be reached.

Thank God! it has been told me in my home, though you may not see it, that the time will arrive when earth's children will all be children of our Father, who is the God whom all nations adore in some form. Some adore him as the sun, as images, as nature. The simple hearts, and those in high places, the poor and the humble in heart, adore him—the afflicted and the downcast, and he comforts them.

This intercourse is calculated to bring heaven and earth more closely together, and to make man feel his responsibility as man, to lift him up from his degradation, and when you see this fully, you will not say the spirits' labor has been in vain. When the unfolding light of spiritual communication shall reach the heart of the sons and daughters of earth, it will come with sweet humility, open their eyes, and show them wherein they err. It will set them to thinking; and every heart thus set to thinking will feel "Thou art the man."

No one will be overlooked in the crowd. The great spirits will take cognizance of all, the high and the low.

Some say, I'll believe when others do. If so, you lose much precious time by tarrying. Sometimes the laggart is caught in darkness ere he is aware.

Then, turning to Mr. Tallmadge, he said:

My object in coming to-night is principally to you, my friend, as I wish to whisper a word in your ear that you may be strengthened in your faith, you may be a medium to convey important truths to others, as I am now to convey my knowledge to you. This is with me yet very limited; but I do not live as one without hope. Far from it. The circumstances now surrounding me are so different from those surrounding me while on earth, that my vision is more enlarged. It is not bounded by so small a compass as this city, this country, or this world, even, in my little sphere. But the knowledge that is now opening to my view! I can not conceive of its magnitude. The wisdom of God, the witness of his created worlds of power, of light, which is ever opening to my view! if it come any faster it would overwhelm me; as my sphere of thought, of experience, as I said before, is very limited. Why, I can not give even the faintest conception, nor will I try, of the magnificent, ever-varying, and all-absorbing visions and realms which are continually breaking upon my enraptured eye.

How very dim life on earth seems to me now! I look upon it as a troubled dream, wherein were indeed some bright spots, some kind feelings shed around my path to make it brighter. I was but the germ placed in a casket of clay, whose inner unfoldings, whose heaven-sent aspirations, should have begun to develop themselves sooner while placed there.

Of every man shall be required a talent. Let each ask, Have I