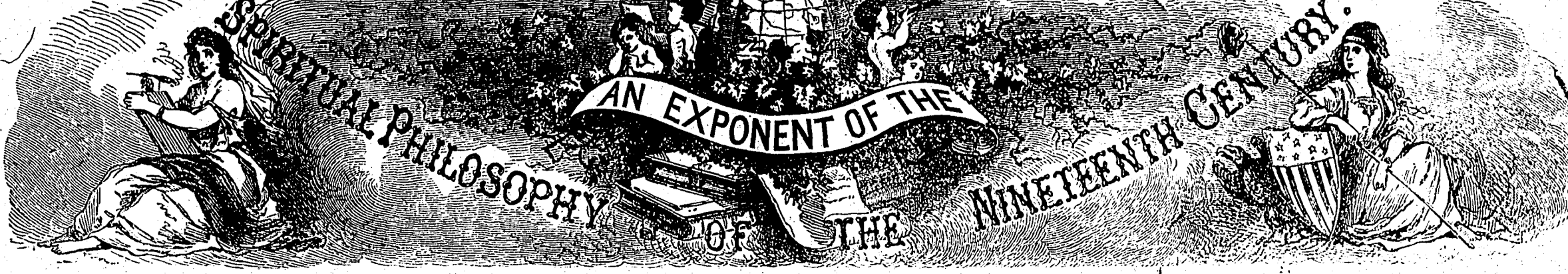


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 6.

## THE TRUE POET.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

A fountain, the true poet's life,  
Whence flows unequalled consolation:  
His fancies rear in nooks and dells,  
Grottoes and bowers, wherein he dwells,  
With beauty life, where worldly strife  
Cannot disturb his meditation.  
More wondrous than Aladdin's ring,  
And far too oft his sole possession,  
His "pen and ink" whose gentle stand,  
Like slaves awaiting his command,  
Ready to bring him anything,  
That may adorn or aid expression.  
He heeds not how the seasons wane,  
From smiling Spring to Winter hoary,  
Since his "midst Winter's" icy gleams,  
Lives in the Spring-time of sweet dreams,  
Sowing the grain, in many a strain,  
Whose harvest shall be rich with glory.  
He sings of Truth, of Wrong's decay,  
Of Joy that yet shall spring from Sorrow,  
Of Sin and Error, that shall cease,  
Of Freedom laughing Earth in Peace,  
Whose gentle way, scarce felt to-day,  
Grows wider with each dawning morn.  
The future whispers in his ear,  
While others stand at gaze and wonder,  
And voiceless in his cadenced lays,  
The mysteries of coming days,  
Which drawing near shall yet appear  
And Earth's selfishness assuage.  
Nature, to him, in honeyed speech,  
Speaks from the forest's leafy portals,  
From brook and grove, from sighing breeze,  
And all her matchless melodies—  
Imbued with each, his efforts reach  
A power that makes his songs immortal.  
He reads, where others trace no line,  
Ere his eloquent, suggestive pages,  
And though to youth withheld the bays,  
Blind to the world his art displays,  
A power divine the wreath shall twine,  
And he be crowned by future ages.  
His is a world-enriching power,  
Clad with no grim and threatening terror,  
Armored with Truth, his humblest song  
Gives battle to Earth's Hydra, Wrong,  
And every hour brings some new flower,  
Where grew the noxious weeds of Error.  
Howe'er the ages roll, his light  
Lit by the flame of inspiration—  
Is queenless, and to Fame belongs,  
As those of old, whose deathless songs  
Winged with delight, descended the night  
That closed forever round their nation.

## SPRING-TIME—ETERNAL.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

Blustering March at length is with us, and with fluttering wing  
Heralds forth the advent of the long-awaited Spring;  
Fill thy cheeks, and blow thy loudest; when is o'er thy din,  
April with its tears and sunshine softly shall come in;  
Winter's cold and snow-fields all too long have stayed,  
Nestling the elements now welcome in the maid!  
Toughly blow the breezes, but brightly shines the sun,  
Each in its own chosen way declaring victory won:  
Soon the pure white covering from the earth shall be with-  
drawn,  
Even now, the robin-red doth usher in the morn;  
May shall enter quietly, with all her buds and flowers,  
And June perfume the balmy air with arching apple-blossoms.  
Now the budding human spirit with new joy is life;  
As the sap starts up its tree-branches, gain we newer life;  
As the May and June approaches bring the sweet spring-  
flowers,  
So the buds and blossoms open in these hearts of ours.  
We have felt thy cruel rigor, Winter, stern and cold,  
Freezing all our hopes within us at thy presence bold,  
So we now, with glad rejoicing, hail the coming Spring,  
With the red-bud and the blue-bird bid our souls take wing!  
Heaven aid us, weakly mortals, truest strength to gain,  
From our upward pathway may we never shrink in pain,  
Heed not Winter's icy bosoms, nor at changes pale,  
Keep a fire within our bosoms, that shall never fail.  
Over the elements may darken, and the wild storms blow,  
Over all our earth's green bosoms lo the gath'ring snow,  
Loves may perish, friends forsake us, sorrows be our drink,  
Keeping bright our altar-fires, we shall never sink!  
Turn us to our inmost spirit, learn on that to lean,  
Keeping our immortal being from defiling clean,  
Then the angels' or the river shall most sweetly smile,  
And within our hearts be Summer's music, all the while!  
Dayville, Conn., March, 1870.

## A PRAYER.

BY H. H. BROWN.

Oh ye angels who minister  
To us in our every need,  
Come and bring the heavenly manna,  
That my hungry soul may feed!  
Come, and all through life's journey,  
Guide me on my dearest way;  
Let your presence break that darkness—  
Come and help me, oh, I pray!  
As ye guide me, make me willing  
Evermore to be thus led;  
And from off the Bread of Heaven,  
Do my famished spirit feed.  
Teach me courage, faith and patience—  
Teach my longing soul to wait—  
Wait, until above this midnight,  
Glorious light of morn shall break!  
I am told that o'er my pathway,  
Shines a "Star" to be my guide;  
And that friends from "over the river,"  
Linger over at my side,  
In this faith, then, will I labor;  
And if trials come to me,  
Will I know they will but aid me—  
"As my day, my strength shall be."  
Yes, ye guides, I'll wait in patience,  
And will never more rebel;  
No doth send them, and forever  
He in love doth all things well.  
Thanks, oh Father, for this knowledge—  
Praises for this inward peace!  
Though my tongue may sometimes falter,  
In my heart they ne'er shall cease!  
New Boston, Conn.

## SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE WITH JAMES T. BRADY.

Written for the Banner of Light  
BY JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

This gentleman was a lawyer of distinction in the city of New York. He was born in this country, but of Irish extraction. He had the qualities which have so often distinguished the Irish character. He was generous, impassioned, witty and eloquent, and of a genial nature, so that he was as much beloved for his social qualities as admired for his genius.  
About the time of my elevation to the Bench, i. e., in 1815, he began to be distinguished, and from that time until his death, in February, 1869, he occupied a most prominent position among the lawyers of the State. He and I had never been on very intimate terms, though there was a mutual regard which made us always welcome to each other. He was a professed Catholic, though not much of a religionist. He never spoke to me about my belief in Spiritualism; and whatever his feelings on that subject may have been, they never disturbed our friendly relations.  
In the last year of my judicial term, when, in consequence of the strong and very universal prejudices against my religious belief, I avowed my determination not to become a candidate for reelection, he was one of those more eminent members of the bar who remonstrated against my retiring; and he was warm and decided in the expression of the opinion that my belief would not interfere. I told him that I was confident that it would; but as he thought otherwise, I consented that he might try the experiment. He did so—got himself elected a member of the nominating convention, and very much to his chagrin was fully defeated. He told me afterwards that he was astonished—that he had never before found his fellow Irishmen, in such bodies, unwilling to oblige him in any matter of the kind on which he had set his heart; but now, on the subject of my nomination, they would not even listen to him, but were determined on my defeat. I assured him that I was not at all disappointed, for I knew better than he did how strong was the feeling against me in the religious part of the community.  
Sixteen years have since passed away. His brother now, by a recent election, fills the place on the Bench which I once occupied. James T. went to his long home in the early part of last year, and I now linger on the stage, a crippled old man of more than three score years and ten. When he died, the members of the Bar had their usual meeting on the occasion of the death of the distinguished ones among us. I was present at the meeting, but took no part in it. At the next monthly meeting of the Law Institute, however, I did take a part. The Institute is an association of lawyers of the city, formed for the purpose of procuring a library for the use of the profession. It has a very large and valuable collection of law books, and has its library room located near the courts, and of easy access to them. It is resorted to every day, and Brady, at the time of his death, was its President.  
The proceedings on that occasion were the following:  
"At a stated meeting of the Law Institute, held in their library-room, on the 8th of March, 1869, Charles Tracy, second Vice-President, in the chair, and Clarence A. Seward, Secretary pro tem, Judge Edmonds offered the following resolution:  
"The Law Institute of New York would be unfaithful to its own emotions if it omitted to add its slight regret to the current of sorrow which has so lately flowed in our midst at the lamented death of its late president, James T. Brady.  
It was within these walls, consecrated to the learning and wisdom of centuries of our profession, that its members so often received his presence with pleasure.  
It was here that his generous and genial nature was wont to pour itself out, to the delight of the young and the old, the gay and the grave.  
It was here that we were accustomed to see him, preparatory to some forensic effort, skimming at it were it hid, like flight over the thousands of volumes, and seizing by instinct the eternal principles of law and justice treasured there.  
It was here that, after some startling outbreak of his genius in the courts, he would meet us in the most sincere unconcernedness, on his part, that the effort which had held his auditory in breathless attention, was anything more than any one could do just as well.  
It was here that to his younger and less gifted brethren of the profession he was ever ready with his advice, his assistance and his cheering words of encouragement.  
And here ought to originate some more enduring monument that shall not only help to perpetuate his memory amid the busy and engrossing life of the profession, but preserve for future guidance the example of his integrity, his genius, his courtesy, and his generosity.  
Resolved, therefore, That a committee be appointed and charged, with the duty, in behalf of the Institute, of preparing such a memorial of him as shall best comport with our regard for him and his claims to our lasting love and admiration."  
Mr. A. J. Vanderpool moved the following as an amendment and addition, which, being seconded by Mr. Tracy, was adopted:  
"Resolved, That the Committee be instructed to procure a marble bust of Mr. Brady, to be placed in the Institute."  
The resolutions, as amended, were then unanimously adopted, and John W. Edmonds, Edmund Terry, Edward Patterson and Clarence A. Seward were appointed the Committee.  
In consequence of those proceedings, a marble bust of him was ordered, and a printed memorial containing the proceedings of various public bodies prepared and circulated.  
The bust was presented to the Bar on the anniversary of his death, February 9th, 1870, and I was selected as the mouthpiece of the Committee in performing that office.  
During the year succeeding his death I had been, as usual, in the habit of visiting a medium, through whom I would have communications with old friends who had preceded me to the land of spirits, and among others with Brady. I would occasionally hear from him. But on the 6th of November, 1869, he wrote me as follows through Mrs. Staats, my medium:  
"Good evening, old friend. I dared not break the link which bound me to the authority of the Church. Fear, I have learned, is not respect; nor is it reverence. Association makes one cling to that which is but pride; and the outgrowth of pride is a doubt and darkness which pride seems not to own; and the intellect spurns all that simplicity which belongs to the spirit because of education. I know now you were right. I coveted your faith in life, yet thought it weakness to own it. God bless you, old friend, and help you to remember

The next time I heard from him was in December last. In the hands of the sculptor, Macdonald, the bust of Brady was progressing rapidly, but I had not had time to go and see it.  
One day I received a letter from Mrs. Staats, the medium, enclosing the following communication:  
"MY DEAR FRIEND—I have made repeated trials to reach you. I now succeed in doing the most best thing. I desire you to go to Macdonald and ask him to change the expression of my mouth. He is making my upper lip to protrude, and giving me an expression which I am very sure I did not possess. The artist is puzzled, and your criticism, with my presence, will aid him greatly.  
This is fine amusement for me, to be able to assist, after death, on my own bust.  
Thanks for your interest and regard for your faith, now realized by you.  
Disenthralled friend,  
JAMES T. BRADY."  
In consequence of this note, I went to the artist's studio and examined the bust. I was struck with an expression which the artist had given to the mouth. It was an expression seldom seen, but which I recognized as one I had several times witnessed in his loftiest moods, when addressing me sometimes on the Bench. I told the artist of Mr. Brady's criticism, and that I was not surprised that he should not have recognized it, for I hardly believed that he had ever had that expression on when he beheld himself in a mirror; but I had seen it, and advised that no alteration should be made, for it gave the beholder an idea of him in his most elevated condition, and not as he would be seen in every-day life.  
On the 31st day of Dec., I visited the medium to have one of my ordinary sittings. This was after I had received Brady's note and had examined the bust.  
Among other communications, I obtained the two following—one from Ozden Hoffman, a brother lawyer and old friend of ours, who died some ten or twelve years ago, and the other from Mr. Brady. It was Mr. Hoffman that, at this interview, first addressed me. It was in these words:  
"MY DEAR FRIEND—I have come in to help Brady along. He is doing finely, and delighted at being able to reach you. I told him that I was just right—that I had seen him look just like that. He had an idea that a closed, compressed lip gave him a natural expression of firmness; but as I had said to him, in his best, and loftiest moods, his muscles relaxed and dilated more than he was aware of. Your criticism was just, and we are satisfied with it. Your friend,  
OZDEN HOFFMAN."  
The next communication was from Brady himself:  
"I thank you, Judge, most sincerely. You met us at the artist's. We were interested, and left to your decision with the artist. It was the only means I had of reaching you, and it gave me great joy to see you respond so readily to my request. We shall rejoice when you join us, and will sit down together, not exactly singing praises to Moses and the Lamb, but taking to our spirits more of the glory which belongs to this life, continued under every advantage which the soul desires. God bless you, Judge, and believe me,  
Your friend,  
J. T. B."  
In due time the bust was completed, and the 9th of February, this year, the anniversary of his death, was selected as the day on which it was to be presented by the Committee to the Institute.  
As the day approached, I was cogitating what should be the line of my remarks on the occasion of its presentation. I, at one time, thought I would tell the story of his intercourse with me on the subject of the memorial, but I doubted the expediency of doing so, not because I feared the effect upon myself, but because I doubted whether the public mind was sufficiently prepared for it to make it advantageous. So I determined that sometime at my leisure, before the appointed day, I would consult Brady himself about it, and also about availing myself of that opportunity to denounce the favoritism and delinquencies of the Bench. But I had settled upon no time for such consultation.  
On the afternoon of the 4th of February, I thought I would attend to the matter that evening, but after dinner it stormed so badly that I abandoned the idea for that day. I was sitting silent in my parlor, when my thoughts took a strong direction toward my wife—stronger even than usual, and I felt so strong a desire to commune with her, that, maugre the sleet and snow, I sought my medium and had an interview with my wife, Mr. Brady and my brother, which interested me very much. I give so much of it as is germane to the matter in hand, and omitting only what was pertinent only to myself.  
My wife began:  
"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I could not resist the temptation to tell you down here this evening, and when I tell you that your friends crowded about me urging your presence here, I know that you will excuse us for driving you out from your comfortable quarters, facing the wind, away down here.  
We promise it shall do no harm to you, and we know that you will be better satisfied upon your return to dwell on the pleasant memories of so many that come to cheer and bless you."  
Not that alone. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you make others happy. Hence there is nothing more to be said on that point.  
I had promised Mr. Brady that he should have

the best of the hour, and he shall, for he is generous, noble, and true, and his spirit-life will soon be seen as befitting so exalted a nature as he possessed.  
Mr. Brady then addressed me, and I give the whole of what he wrote:  
"FRIEND JUDGE—I can scarcely wait the moment given me to begin this communication to you. So much have I to say to you, that I never found myself more perplexed than at this instant how to express my thanks and my gratitude.  
I used, as you know, in order to prepare a set speech, to study up my points, get my cue from the circumstances of the day, hour, and case, and it by chance some lurking inspiration or latent fire was kindled, it was but momentary, and was gone without my knowing its effect, or whence it came. And when gone, I flattered myself that I was up to my mark, and that I had by some stroke of policy succeeded and earned my money, satisfied my client, and was ready and willing to rest upon the reputation I had won. I made myself the machine you saw me, and if I had loftier words, I certainly thought I owed it to the most severe discipline and hard study which I subjected myself to, rather than to the inspirations which come from closer proximity to the spirit-world.  
I know—now that I have learned the modes operandi of spirit communion and intercourse—that I was fearfully stupid, gross and mundane in the extreme. Hence when I looked with you upon that face in the hands of the sculptor, I wanted you to decide if ever you had seen such gleams of inspiration, such hints of glory on my face as that which I beheld. I was astonished when you said you were satisfied; and you may rest assured, my dear friend, that that one thing has gone further to convince me of the control of spirits than all the arguments ever adduced in its favor. That there, in my face, as now seen by me from the spirit-world, is recognized a likeness of me when in my exalted moods, is indeed wonderful!  
I have reflected again and again, and I can and do say in all candor, had I have known, in my earthly career, what I now know, I should have been an enthusiastic believer in that which I thought a pitiable delusion in you. But how, my friend, am I to express thanks to you—you, the one who has attracted, or rather welcomed me from these domains of thought—these wide realms where man meets man on the footing of equality of spirit—where there are no mistakes, no pitiable incongruities to blind the eye of pity with the veil of materiality, and drive clarity from the heart and life of man—where reason makes a faith which truth can bid stand fast forever—where love is immortal, and hope a present personal joy in the reality which is forever in your sight and within your grasp.  
When I look upon all these glories, and attempt to narrow them down to man's ideas of God, or to fit them to sectarian limits, I say, How is it possible that man has lived so long a stranger to himself, and entirely ignorant of the glorious legacy of life! Alas! for that ambition which seeks fame in the world of letters—that studies and pleads in the beaten path of man's earthly, materializing that which men admire and call great things!  
No man is great who lives a slave to that power which bids his thoughts revolve around a lesser star than he himself may be; and no man knows true greatness until he is free from all that leaves a lurking fear within.  
There is no boundary to thought, no limit to the power of the soul. It is and has been eternal, and we know it is capable of thinking, that it has the corresponding power to do.  
I could teach, methinks, now, and were it possible for me to stand again in that dusty, dingy old court room, I am sure I should tell something new to lawyers; for of all men who linger on the portals where old fossils belonging to past generations live, I know of none who have relinquished them so reluctantly. From the poverty of ignorance the trifling to weave garments of raiment robes with which to make wrong appear the right. Cunning and tact, long, long ago strove to rob truth of its eloquence, and right of its might. Sharp practice has kept pace with the greed of gain; and the majesty of the law, as meted out to-day, is but a by-word that mocks at justice, and despoils truth of the beauty of her glorious proportion. Education has no chance, but bespurn and slung with foul-mouthed profanity, lead the press and the people.  
Do I regret this? Believe me, I do; for never before have I seen humanity and society as I now see them; never before has the veil been removed, and the hearts of men laid bare as they are this moment to me. And why? That I might see the state of those who labor for money who waste the gift of the soul, and bring down or attempt to drag the spirit into the vortex of that fearful slide into which pride brings the selfish.  
Ay, friend Judge, write on; keep moving the mighty waters. The age demands liberty, prepares the way, and the model Republic which Cicero sung of may yet be looked for as inaugurated by the bar—for heaven knows it never can come from the pulpit so long as their preach as now.  
Much as I have written, it is not a drop in the ocean of thought which wells up, now that I have you here, where you know that it is I, talking almost face to face with you. No man need wonder why a spirit does not seek an immediate friend. What was for me to whisper to my sister face to face the truth? Does she express it? Nay, though every emotion and instinct of her inner life accept it, she dares not take it first—best of all—from me. What wonder, then, that I hate to you with the burden of my spirit, to pour out this much that I have long striven to give you! The welcome which the spirit meets when silently and alone your soul answers to mine own, no man can know, save those who have experienced it. Earth has no bond more pure than that of friendship, which grows out of the law of spirit attraction—no light so pure as that which seeks the waiting latent bud to bid it yield its perfume and rejoice in its bloom. Thus has your spirit been to mine—the one strong ray which alone in through the chunk where I had taken myself waiting for such as I knew you had to give. God spoke through you, and answered back from me, and both our spirits say amen!  
God bless you, friend Judge; and let me assure you I shall be one to welcome you to these purer courts, where justice and truth cannot be adulterated with man's ambition, nor tarnished by the miserable authority which holds man beneath himself to a something which his every aspiration spurns.  
God bless you again and again, and believe me,  
Yours in kindness and love,  
J. T. BRADY."

truth as poured out in gratitude and purity to you! Your work is not yet done, and we are thankful that you are able to do it.  
Always in love, your own happy brother,  
FRANK.  
I had not put to Mr. Brady the inquiries which, as I have said, I intended to consult him about, for I saw plainly enough that, by indirection at least, he had answered my thoughts and clearly indicated the course I was to pursue. I accordingly pursued it, and these are the remarks I made on the unveiling of the bust:  
Judge John W. Edmonds addressed the meeting. He stated the proceedings which took place at a meeting of the Law Institute, of which Mr. Brady had been President, held soon after his death, appointing a committee to prepare a memorial of him, and to procure a marble bust of him to be placed in the Institute. The speaker then said:  
"In behalf of that committee I am now here to report to you our action and unfold to you the work we have accomplished.  
I should be unfaithful to the feelings of the committee, if I should, in the performance of the duty now devolving upon me, omit to call attention to what they deem the deep significance of this, the greatest effort ever made by the bar of New York, to do honor to the memory of one of its members.  
The event which is now being consummated in your presence is not merely in commemoration of the virtues which adorned his private and public life, though their disinterestedness at once warmed the hearts of the good, and put to shame the calculations of the selfish, and much to the glory of his wit and eloquence, though the one was as gentle as a breeze, and the other was as a rapid and deep and as brilliant a tide as ever bore freedom aloft on its wave, not so much to call to mind the warm-heartedness which ever placed at the service of the friendless his powers and his purse; not so much even to bring to the view of the beholder that gleam of inspiration, those hints of glory which, in his loftiest moods, caused his face to glow with the elevated expression which the artist has so happily portrayed in the figure before us; but rather to perpetuate, and, by the force of his example, extend the influence of that lofty and even fastidious integrity which marked his whole professional career.  
No man that ever practiced among us had a finer sense of the duty which that integrity imposed upon him as a lawyer—a duty to the public, to the suffering and the friendless, to his brethren of the profession, to the judges on the Bench, to the administration of justice among men, and to the whole people.  
Who ever knew him to betray the secrets of his client? Yet amid his varied employments, how often and how have been interested with society affecting life, liberty, reputation and property.  
Who ever knew him to abandon or even neglect the cause of his clients? Yet how often must it have happened that his advocacy of that cause has conflicted with his wishes and his interests.  
Who ever knew him wrongly to advise his clients when such advice would have given the cause of his sanction to a false position, though it would have poured wealth into his pockets?  
Who ever knew him to falsify his word to a brother in the profession, or by sharp practice to take advantage of a slip of his adversary?  
Who ever knew him to powder to popular prejudice by a willing advocacy of a palpable wrong?  
Who ever knew him to be so unjust as to impose on his adversary as matter of personal opinion the conclusion which he in a client's cause might have made obvious? Not in none of those things did he fail or even falter in the course which the sternest integrity demanded of him, and in these respects he has indeed left us an example well worthy our admiration.  
But it was in his deportment toward the judiciary that his example stands out before us in most noble splendor. He says—none more clearly—how painful was at times the position of the judges, and how utter was their dependence on the bar for protection. Aware, as he was, of the hostility to which the judges were exposed from the wrath of disappointed litigants; beholding how much the system of an elective judiciary had exposed its members to the assaults of the unthinking, who came to look upon them as occupying representative positions, which they could control, rather than independent ones above the noisy clamor of the multitude; conscious that the purity of the Bench—the last anchor of our safety—was in danger, not from actual corruption, but from suspicion of partiality and favoritism; and seeing how the very height of the judicial position forbade its occupants from entering into any controversy of self-defense, he was so conscious that it was the bar alone which could preserve the emine from contamination, and he never shrunk from the duty thus devolving upon the whole brotherhood of the profession.  
He performed that duty with characteristic wisdom—not by clamoring from the house-top, but by so deporting himself in his professional life that no judge could even be suspected of impropriety through any act of his.  
Of this integrity he gave a striking example when his hour was elevated to the Bench. From that hour—and so during the whole residue of his life—he abstained from ever practicing in the court over which that brother presided; and this in the hey-day of his reputation, when he could have commanded retainers without stint. Noble act of integrity that it was! Thus, not merely guarding himself from what to his sensitive nature would have been offensive imputations, but screening that brother from all imputation of nepotism or partiality—an imputation at all times most damaging to a judge—but also proffering to us an example from imitating which we cannot dare not, must not shrink.  
That example, cherished as we shall cherish it, will be as wide-spread in its influence as is the fame he has left behind him, and as enduring as this memorial that will henceforth be so constantly before us; and thus, through his brothers of the profession, will he contribute his aid toward the attainment of that model republic of which Cicero sang, and which was so long an earnest aspiration of his inmost soul.  
Let us on then, Mr. Chairman, and brethren of the bar, guided by his example, and listening to the voice which he speaks to us from his tomb—let us on and faint not in our determination to maintain the might and majesty of the law, and to preserve unscathed and unsuspected the purity of its administration.  
Sirs and gentlemen, our task is done, and this memorial of his greatness and your appreciation of it is now at your command."  
I afterwards received from his brother, Mr. Justice Brady, of our Superior Court, the following letter. He is not, I suppose, aware of the intercourse I have had with the spirit of his brother:  
Feb. 9, 1870.  
MY DEAR JUDGE—I beg you to accept my thanks, and those of the family, for your noble and disinterested devotion to the memory of James T. displayed by word and deed. I know that, beyond the desire to serve his country and







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