

at church in those cases where a marriage in church follows the civil ceremony.

There is one other point in regard to which marriages in Germany are not such an easy matter as in England. Ladies may marry any one they like if they are of age. Not so men. They require their parents' permission until they are twenty-five. However, in case of refusal on their part, the sons may demand their reason, and place this before the authorities, who, if they do not see sufficient cause for the refusal, will declare it invalid, and the marriage will proceed. This formality may somewhat interfere with the freedom of men who might be supposed to know their own mind. But we daily see that they often do not in this matter; and this slight prohibitive power, which is exercised only in case of necessity, has saved many a young man—and woman, too—from life-long misery.

The church ceremony, though optional, and of no statutory importance, almost invariably follows the obligatory, and really legal one, before the Registrar. It takes place in the early part of the afternoon, mostly about three o'clock, thus giving the bride, who in the morning wore an ordinary walking-dress, sufficient time to put on her bridal apparel. This differs very little from those in vogue in England, except with regard to the flowers worn, whilst the rest of the bridal party looks very different from an English one. Far from wearing bonnets, the ladies in fact are in evening dress; and the gentlemen don their evening dress, which, however, it must be borne in mind, abroad is not generally in use for every little dinner party, much less on ordinary occasions at home, but are considered the garb for more festive occasions, greater parties, ceremonious assemblies, and even very formal visits, without regard to what time of the day any of them may take place.

Before the altar, not only the bride receives a wedding-ring from the bridegroom, but the latter is presented by the bride with this symbol of being chained in wedlock also; both wearing it, in the north of Germany on the right, in the south on the left hand. The guests on this occasion not being quite so numerous as on the Polterabend, the wedding party is more or less a great family gathering, with a number of the more intimate friends of the bridal couple intermingled. The wedding dinner takes place in the latter part of the afternoon, of course there being no lack of speechifying; but whilst these matters in England are so well—almost too well—regulated, so that one may almost foresee what this or that person is about to say, there prevails the greatest licence in this respect in Germany. We may carefully have prepared a subject, but just when on the point of making our glass resound—the usual sign of somebody wishing to make himself heard—somebody else may rise and give our very toast. This may happen a second and a third time, and ultimately perhaps the company may have to go without our toast altogether!

After a dinner often merrymaking goes cheerily on; but on the whole it is of a quieter character, and terminates earlier, than the festivities on the Polterabend, the bridal couple having slipped away as unobservedly as possible, without taking leave of anybody, except perhaps of the bride's mother.

It has to be observed, however, that in latter years, in the very best families, especially in large towns, this two or three days' fêting has sometimes been abolished in favour of having the whole festivity come off in one day, doing away with Polterabend as well as Kranzbinden. But this is a fashion by no means frequent yet, and, many hope, only a passing one.

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## THE BOSTON LAWYER.

BY AN AMERICAN.



TO speak of New England is usually to think of Boston, which represents to Massachusetts the centre of life and learning; in fact, as they call it, the "Hub." One is often reminded, while listening to a Bostonian, of the French saying, "Paris is France, and France is the world." Boston is certainly the most provincial, as New York is the most cosmopolitan, of American cities. By that I mean that the note of locality is most strongly marked in Bostonians, and whereas the New Yorker will adapt himself to any place and circumstances, the Bostonian thinks his home ways and circumstances are models for the imitation of others.

He sees no beauty in any city but his own, and wonders, nay, is even hurt, if travellers do not see a superiority in Boston over all other places which they

have visited. Central Park is beautiful. Yes; but, my friend, you should see the historic Boston Common. "Remember," he would say to you, "that bigness is not greatness." All of which may be perfectly true, and is only mentioned here to show that the state of feeling which inspires its utterance is essentially a Boston feeling, of which the Boston lawyer has more than his share.

Imagine him a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular figure, with high cheek-bones, bright keen eyes, and strongly marked features, which are not concealed by much whisker. He is pompous, dogmatic, and impatient of a weak argument, of puns, prolixity, or idle contradiction. He thinks his name gives prestige to a case, and crushes the young opposing counsel as often by his dignity as by his speech. At times he even thinks that he knows more law than the judge. The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day,

after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage, and started to walk off.

"Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the Court?" asked the judge sternly.

"No, sir," was the reply, "I am trying to conceal it."

I ought, perhaps, to explain here that in America lawyers are not divided, as in England, into special solicitors and barristers. A lawyer here not only writes up a case, but pleads it as well in court. The tendency of the times is, however, to divide into special branches all the professions, and already we have, of course, criminal lawyers, real estate lawyers, notaries, political lawyers, &c.; lowest of all, a class known as "shyster lawyers."

Each division would require an article by itself, so I confine myself to a broad, general sketch of a certain well-accentuated type—the successful Boston lawyer.

His Yankee shrewdness particularly fits him for the profession of the law, and it is true that, in spite of all the legal lights in New York, a client from that city will often seek a Boston lawyer to defend him in a New York court. Some of the most eminent men at the American bar to-day are to be found in the city of Boston, and such names as Daniel Webster, Choate, Adams, &c., shine on the records of her fame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has spoken of the "Brahmin Caste of New England." It is from this class that our typical lawyer springs. Blest with a rich inheritance of Puritan blood, he has perseverance and pluck for his bone and sinew, and a rare vigour of mental, moral, and physical powers.

He has the clear moral vision and the keen intellect of New England, lightened by the usual admixture of shrewdness and wit. Add to this an education at Harvard, where for generations honours will run in families, and you can excuse, perhaps, his pride of birth.

It is a quiet, unobtrusive sort of pride, and if it makes him exclusive in his friendships, it is nevertheless certain that no one is a stauncher friend, no one more appreciative—nay, worshipful—of genius and talent, and no one capable of a finer hospitality. He entertains simply, for he does all things in moderation,

and his house is plain, comfortable, and imposing, with a quiet elegance which bespeaks the refinement of its owner. He himself, however unsocial and frigid when travelling, is at home distinguished by an old-fashioned politeness that is exquisitely marked towards all women. His board is stocked with silver in antique shapes, and his furniture, you are told, came over on the *Mayflower*. He is apt to forget, indeed, that history did not begin when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, as the Mohammedans date from the flight of Mohammed into Medina.

Our friend thinks Boston a new Athens, and takes an honest pride in Emerson and Longfellow, whose works he reads on principle, as he does the *Andover Review*. What a magazine reader he is, to be sure! and how little interest, comparatively speaking, he must take in journalism, to be satisfied with the daily newspapers of his city!

In politics he was once a fiery Abolitionist, but is now Conservative. He is a regular church-goer, and takes his family twice on Sunday to the old King's Chapel, where his voice is loud in the hymns and responses.

He overshadows his family, but it may be safely inferred that his wife and daughters are noble, cultivated women. They dress simply in black silk and sober colours, and their lace and jewellery, like their culture, are always real.

With his sons the father is often somewhat too strict. Times have changed since he was a boy, and tastes also. It is hard for the young men to be trained into a certain groove, and it is a sorrow to the parent that he sometimes fails utterly in his difficult task.

I question if the generations to come can give us anything better than this severe but majestic figure of to-day, who, like his ancestors of two hundred years ago, is ready to fight the Indians, the witches, or fiery serpents, if necessary; but whom all the kingdoms of the earth could not tempt to a mean thought or deed.

His motto, as one said to me some years ago, is "Command first all men's respect, and let love, friendship, and fame come after if they will."

