

LAW AND THE FAMILY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649626045

Law and the Family by Robert Grant

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT GRANT

**LAW AND
THE FAMILY**

LAW AND THE FAMILY

BOOKS BY ROBERT GRANT

LAW AND THE FAMILY.

THE HIGH PRIESTESS. 12mo

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER.

THE CHIPPENDALES. 12mo

THE UNDERCURRENT. Illustrated. 12mo

UNLEAVENED BREAD. 12mo

THE LAW-BREAKERS. 12mo

THE ORCHID. Illustrated. 12mo

SEARCH-LIGHT LETTERS. 12mo

THE ART OF LIVING. 12mo

**THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS, AND
OTHER STORIES.** Illustrated. 12mo

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.
16mo

THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER. D-
Illustrated. 16mo

JACK HALL. Illustrated. 12mo

JACK IN THE BUSH. Illustrated. 12mo

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LAW AND THE FAMILY

BY

ROBERT GRANT

JUDGE OF THE PROBATE COURT, BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1919

NEW YORK
1919

887866

1920

COPYRIGHT, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published October, 1919



RECEIVED
JUN 20
1920

FOREWORD

(BEING AN EXTRACT FROM VERSES READ AT A
BAR ASSOCIATION DINNER)

A Probate Judge who talks in verse
Suggests a decorated hearse;
But these slow lips I cannot teach
To make an after-dinner speech.
So I will utilise my time
By dropping briefly into rhyme.
A Probate Judge who outlives you
May break your will—yes, tax it, too.
Concerning various other things
His power outrivals that of kings:
If he decides you are insane,
All your remonstrances are vain.
A spendthrift—he can cut you short.
Your wife asks separate support
And finds the Judge her nearest friend.
You drink—and Foxboro is the end.
Your children, when you prove unfit,
Are whisked away by sovereign writ.
If your accounts aren't just and true,

FOREWORD

Upon your bond the Judge will sue.
In short, it may be truly said
He has you living, has you dead.
The moral is—as on you trudge,
Propitiate the Probate Judge.

Patient he sits, while year by year
Old women whisper in his ear;
All sorts of skeletons he knows,
Sad secrets told beneath the rose.
He may not lay his bosom bare;
He turns the key and keeps them there.
Where are there fiercer battles fought
Than those peculiar to his Court?
When rival kinsman children claim;
When cestuis hold trustees to blame;
When cousinly greed backed up by skill
Conspires to break a rich man's will.
And if the lawyers compromise,
He knows the fees and gently sighs.

If you desire to change your name
The Probate Judge permits the same;
And ere the very youthful wed
His nod must bless the nuptial bed.

FOREWORD

He construes the obscure devise
And shows the difference which lies
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
Which is sometimes hard to see.
In times of stress his powers prevail;
He sends contemptuous folk to jail,
And by injunction's awful might
Protects the weak and guards the right.
Thus equity corrects the flaw
Which justice finds in common law.

And yet as judges go, has not
The Probate Judge a happy lot?
He always sleeps in his own bed
And eats three well-cooked meals instead
Of tempting a dyspeptic fate
By frequent circuits through the State
As other Courts are forced to do.
He lives at home and knows who's who.