

"I may have said so," was the answer, "but I certainly did not seriously mean it, and at any rate I should not wish you to act upon that assumption." "Then," said the sick man, "draw up the will so as to give yourself the absolute property, and I will execute it." The lawyer replied, that he could not make a will in his own favour, and before another lawyer could be found the testator had died, and the mistake had become irreparable. A gentleman was poisoned but escaped with his life; the poison remained in his body, and caused him grievous suffering. He employed certain unrecognized remedies, and by means of them, as he considered, recovered his health, and got the poison out of his system. He went to an eminent physician and described his case. The physician said, "I will treat you on the supposition that you really have got rid of the poison, but don't tell of me, for the remedy which, as you say, has got it out, is not recognized by the profession."

"These illustrations are instances taken from the three learned professions of a sort of secret code of laws, of which the outside world understands neither the principles nor the applications, but which exercise a wider influence than most people would suppose over the proceedings of some of the most important classes of the community."

## LONDON SOCIETY.—JULY.

This is decidedly the best number of the series, as far as its literary character goes. The illustrations, too, are good, but not equal to those which beautify some preceding numbers.

"*The first time I saw Her*" is the beginning of a London story, which promises to become particularly interesting.

"*The Derby Day under an Umbrella.*"—One never tires reading good descriptions of the Derby Day, and although the circumstances under which the writer viewed this great national fête were not encouraging, yet he succeeded in giving a very interesting and lively narrative under unfavourable circumstances. The rain did not in the least degree lessen the fun or mar the enjoyment of thousands, although the uncloaked public must have had their ardour, but evidently not their spirits, damped by the downfall. The illustrations are worthy of *Punch*.

"*Among the Powder.*"—One would scarcely have expected to find a minute description of a powder manufactory in *London Society*. The writer succeeds, however, in keeping up the interest of his subject admirably, and treats of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, crushing mills, drying mills, and magazines, as if they were the liveliest subjects for light literature.

"*The Doctor's Fortune.*"

"*How she was dressed for the Ball.*"—

"Roses glowed ardent red on her dress,  
Glowed ardent red on her lips,  
Roses fainted and drooped on her hair,  
And died on her finger tips.