

set of scoundrels, it would be hard to find. Two of them had seized the bridle, and one who seemed to be the leader, and whom I recognized as the inn-keeper, roughly ordered me to dismount. The answer I gave him was a bullet from my revolver, which I think took effect, but I had no sooner fired, than I was struck from behind, a violent blow on the head, which I suppose stunned me, for I remembered nothing more for some time.

To be continued.

LEGEND OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

There is a quaint old tradition which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age, and replete with the superstitions of the past. On the borders of Alsatia there lies a great city, dating the foundation far back to the old Roman days, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time, which are ever so dear to the antiquary.

"Quaint offspring of centennial years, the town of Strasburg stands,
Rich in the lore of a mighty past, in legend and in story;
Rich in high-hearted, honest sons, a country's truest glory;
Rich in its old Cathedral Church, with clustering ivy spread,
The Santa Croce of the land, where sleep her noble dead."

The story runs that once in every twelve-month, on the eve of St. John, when the quiet burghers of that ancient city are wrapt in peaceful slumber, and when the hour of midnight clangs out from the loud-toned bell which hangs in the old Cathedral tower, that the spirits of the stone-masons, by whose hands the sacred pile was erected, arise from the tomb, and once more revisit the scene of their former labours. Up from the dark and gloomy crypt, along the columned aisles and vast dim nave, across the white-gleaming marble floor, checkered with ghostly shadows that stream from pictured oriels, past the stone carved statues that keep watch and ward with their swords and sceptres, comes the long train of death-like night-wandering shadows. Clad in their quaint old mediæval costume, the Masters with their compasses and rule, the Craftsmen with their plumbs and squares, and levels; the Apprentice lads with their heavy gavels, all silently greeting their companions, old and dear, with time-honoured salute and tokens as of yore. While the last note of the deep-mouthed bell is still trembling in the air, reverberating from arch to arch, and dying away amid the frozen music of the traceried roof—forth from the western portal streams the shadowy throng. Thrice around the sacred edifice winds the waving, floating train, brave old Erwin himself leading the way; while far above, up above the sculptured saints who look down upon the sleeping city, up where at the very summit of the feathery, fairy-like spire, the image of the Queen of Heaven stands, there floats a cold, white-robed female form, the fair Sabina, old Erwin's well-beloved child, whose fair hands aided him in his work. In her right hand a mallet, in her left a chisel, she flits among the sculptured lace-work of the noble spire, like the Genius of Masonry. With the first faint blush of dawn the vision fades, the phantom shapes dissolve, and the old Masons return to their sepulchres, there to rest until the next St. John's eve shall summon them to earth.—*Freemasons' Magazine.*

TWO DREAMS.

In the year 1808 there was, and probably still is —unless, among the many changes which have taken place since I left London it is pulled down—a place in the Strand called Lycas Inn, the smallest of the law inns; and a queer old, dismal, dark place, it was, although it had some very comfortable suites of chambers. The inn consisted of eight or ten spacious houses, forming a quadrangle. In one of these resided a relative of mine, George Cockayne, a solicitor of some considerable practice, having an agency business for many country attorneys in the Midland Circuit. He used to relate the following singular coincidence of two dreams and their consequences.

He had a client, a country magistrate, in one of the midland counties, who called upon him one morning and related a dream—if it was a dream—he said, of which he seemed very doubtful, for so deeply had it impressed his mind that he had actually come to London purposely to consult my friend on the subject. "I reminded him," said Cockayne, "that my profession did not include the interpreting of dreams. 'Hear me seriously,' said the magistrate, 'and you will see the necessity of my taking advice.' So I handed him a chair, and prepared to listen, when he thus proceeded:

"Last Monday night I had been in bed about an hour; I may have previously dropped off to sleep, but think not; and what took place was quite vivid, and unattended by the usual misty weakness of a dream, so that I am very doubtful if it was in sleep it occurred. I saw, or thought I saw, the pale face of my old friend and neighbor at the lodge, at the foot of my bed (he then lay dead, but I did not know this till the following morning). He asked me to rise, and I did so, when he informed me that his death had been foully caused by his cousin, the family apothecary, "who believed himself to be, after my son, the next heir to the estate; and he assured me this, that if means be not taken to prevent his prescribing for my boy, he will meet with a similar death. I entreat you, therefore, to use your influence to have him removed from attending my family at all, and save my dear boy from a premature death."

"On saying this, he appeared to fade gradually from my sight, and I got out of bed, feeling assured that this was a reality, and no dream. Now, Sir, I am invited to attend the funeral of my old friend on Tuesday next. What would you advise?"

"Why," I replied, "this is surely a very frail foundation on which to found a charge against a respectable man. Why did not the ghostly visitor furnish you with some specific evidence? Would you, as a magistrate, listen to such a tale? Have you any other reason for suspecting foul play?"

"No," said he, "I certainly have not."

"I looked at my friend, and asked him if he really had come eighty miles in consequence of this dream. 'Yes,' said he; 'I can quite understand your wonder, but I was so impressed with the reality of what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, that I could not resist the desire I felt to consult some lawyer of considerable experience.' 'What, in dreams?' said I. 'Well, you may laugh at me, but really it seems a serious matter to my mind.'

Never electioneer for Masonic candidates, as no man is a true Mason who solicits office.