

"The steed! the steed!" again exclaimed Lampanas.

It appeared that the imagination of the prisoner had conjured up to him a fiery black steed, harnessed in front of those attached to the carriage, rearing, plunging, and exerting himself to the utmost to hasten them forward to their destination.

It may be well here to remark, that Lampanas in his disordered imagination supposed the black steed to be the shape assumed by the EVIL ONE, who had thus come to give him personal attendance.

At the next session of the Court the two prisoners were indicted, convicted, and sentenced.

During their incarceration we had frequent conversations with them in their cells, and from Lampanas the substance of what we have related was obtained.

The 7th day of June, 1850, was fixed upon for the day of execution.

On the day preceeding the execution, we entered the cell of Lampanas for the purpose of making a final effort to cause him to realize the peril of his condition, and, if possible, to bring him to repentance.

To all our entreaties, the only reply which he made was—"The black steed! the black steed!"

The phantom of the black steed had not left his imagination, and he considered it a sure omen of his destruction.

We were present at the execution, — and as we saw them struggling in their last agonies, the following lines suggested themselves to our mind:

Dark and foul were the deeds they did,
The couple there suspended—
The only son of a noble sire,
To have his life thus ended!
That sire in sorrow now is sunk,
Nor joy to him is returning,
He weeps in prayer for the wilful son,
Whose spark has ceased the burning.
May God have mercy on the youth,
Whose bloody hand was uplifted,
Against the Amel and Shaftesbury house,
The noble and the gifted.