

*Nathaniel Lockert.*—On Saturday afternoon Lockert was brought into court and received sentence. Judge Brice addressed him briefly, stating the enormity of the crime of which he was guilty, notwithstanding the jury had mercifully awarded a verdict of murder in the second degree, and then sentenced him to seventeen years imprisonment in the Penitentiary at hard labor. His honor remarked very truly, that considering the enormity of the crime and the atrocity that attended it, it was the duty of the court to go to the full length of the law, and that in sentencing him to seventeen years instead of eighteen, it was actuated simply by the fact, that the jury had thought proper to render a verdict of murder in the second degree.

Lockert listened to his sentence with perfect indifference; and the moment he had adjusted his hair, which, by the way, appears to give him much more anxiety than any thing else this side of the grave or beyond it, the warden conducted him to his "new boarding house at Brighton," where he will undoubtedly spend the remainder of his days. All that he said after the sentence was pronounced, was that Judge Brice might just as well have sentenced him for life at once. He betrayed no feeling, nor did a feature of his countenance express the least sensation. He is a strange mortal. Immediately after the verdict of *guilty* was returned by the jury on Thursday night, he was re-conducted to prison by the warden. As he turned the corner of Lexington street, he, as if waking from a dream, said to the warden, what is the verdict of the jury? I heard the foreman say something like *guilty*. What was it? Guilty of murder in the second degree, said the warden. Ah, is that all? said Lockert. It might have been worse, might it not? He then adjusted his hair and passed on. He still persists in his innocence, and yet seems not to care the value of a rush light about the result.