

Five minutes later Dr. Meacham, city physician, and Dr. Fowler were in the office of City Marshal Young, where the wounded man was lying on a mattress on the floor. By direction of the surgeons, he was stripped to the waist, that an examination might be facilitated. There was only one bullet hole, and it was located in the left side about half way between the top of the hip bone and the arm pit, and seemed to be about in line with both. The ball had not come out, and the surgeons pressed the flesh on the back and abdomen to find it, if possible. Whether or not it had passed within the ribs was a matter of doubt. On pressing a spot three or four inches above the navel, the patient winced, and gave it as his opinion that the bullet was there.

The surgeons seemed doubtful as to whether it was there or not, and Dr. Fowler inquired if the patient had vomited, and was told he had not. Dr. Meacham proceeded to bandage the wound, and while he was thus engaged Justice Laney came into the apartment and asked: "Hadn't a statement better be taken from him?"

Dr. Fowler—Wait till we get him fixed. He is not in a condition now. But when we get him fixed up you'd better do it.

Sam Shell, driver of the patrol wagon, was kneeling by the side of the mattress, carefully supporting the wounded man, whose position, however, was uncomfortable, and he said: "Let me lie down." He could not lie prone, on account of the pain he suffered in that position, and he had to be raised up again.

At 1:18 o'clock, Judge Laney came up to the bedside with paper and pencil, to take the wounded man's statement, and all except police officials were excluded from the room. As Dr. Fowler left the room he said, in answer to an inquiry:

"He's not dying yet; he is not pulseless, and there may be a reaction occur. But you can't tell, and his relatives ought to be notified at once."

Desk Sergeant Merrill at once directed a police officer to go to an address on First South Street, where it was understood the wounded man had friends. But little, however, could be ascertained about him. It was said that he had friends in the Sugar House Ward. He is of fine physique, dark complexion, dark hair and moustache, about medium height and apparently about thirty-three years old. It is believed he is single.

Immediately after firing at Lockett, Snellson walked to the county jail, two blocks distant, gave himself up and was locked up in a cell. He is about thirty-five years old, is of rather small stature, dark complexion, wears a black moustache, and looks like a hardworking man. The sheriff refused to allow reporters to speak to him.

At last accounts Lockett was still lying on the mattress in Marshal Young's room at the City Hall, in a condition which made it impossible for the surgeons to pre-

dict with any confidence whether he will live or die.

Justice Laney very properly refused to make public the contents of his *ante mortem* statement.

### A GENTLEMAN.

This is the late Cardinal Newman's attempt to define a gentleman. The passage occurs in his "IX. Discourses addressed to the Catholics of Dublin." "It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one that never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, so far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than take the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts of conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their best in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender towards the bashful and merciful towards the abused. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interpreting everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles: he submits to pain because it is inevitable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adver-

sary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. No where shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful to which he does not assent; he honors the ministry of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization. Not that he may not hold a religion, too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or qualities with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason or creation of his fancy he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold a religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind otherwise than a number of deductions. Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from the religious principle. They are seen within the pales of the church and without it, in holy men and in profligate; they form the beau-ideal of the world; they partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic. They may subserve the education of a St. Francis de Sales or Cardinal Pole; they may be the limits of contemplation of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow-students at the schools of Athens; and one became the saint and doctor of the church, the other the scoffing and relentless foe."

Man is first startled by sin; then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed. The man is impenitent, then obstinate, then he is damned.—*Jeremy Taylor*.