

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

No. 43.

A Corpse driving a horse through
Nashville.

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Dr. Wm. Burdett, who resided at 339 South Cherry street, died at six o'clock last evening, under the most peculiar circumstances. About half an hour previous to his demise he had driven to the residence of conductor Edward Wells, near the Decatur depot, who lay very ill of inflammatory Rheumatism. After leaving some instructions with his patient he got into his buggy and started his horse homeward.

Sudden death like a stroke of lightning overtook him probably before he had driven more than a few hundred yards, and the late living, speaking human being, who a few moments before had been calm and quietly after his usual manner to a patient and that patient's family, and had even joked with a little boy whom he met by the street as he entered his buggy, still sat stark and stiff upright upon his seat, the reins clutched in his hands, starting eyes looking out upon the street driving homeward—a corpse. Father of us all! it is that those who meet him in the horse and vehicle saw in the face of the driver that made them shudder and hurry on a little faster?—Death looked out; the unknowing horse plodding on towards his late master's door, and those who look led into that vehicle felt something awful and undelimited which made them shudder, perhaps, and hasten involuntarily forward. The horse drove up to the familiar hitching post, but so much as man and now, and he kept playing the ground, anon jerking the lines, but he got no answer to these signals, however oft repeated. No familiar voice that had so often chided or cheered him in long jaunts. Then he pricked back his ears and jerked the reins a little harder and listened, but there was no response, save the gratings of the leather over the dashboard. What was that all mean? And now, says Dr. Burdett looks out of the window and says, "Well," I declare, the doctor came, but why didn't he get out?" She looks a moment, but he doesn't move, and she says, perhaps he wants something, and then she trips out into the street, looks up into the buggy, and says, "Well, William, what is it?" No answer. And then she bends forward a little, and her light shines full on the figure there. It is her husband, but the face is livid, and the eyes blindly staring. "William, oh, William?" and she grasps him by the hands, still clutching the reins; they are cold and stiff. He is dead.

Through the assistance of several gentlemen Dr. Burdett's body was taken into the house, where Coroner Corcoran held an inquest over his remains. The jury returned a verdict that he came to his death through disease of the heart.

How it Sounded in the Garret.

"As true as the first of John," writes an Ohio correspondent, is the following:

Eliel Calkins lives in the rustic village of—. 'Liel is no singstar for 'Liel's musical efforts were discouraged in their first timid ventures. Besides, 'Liel had to commence farther back than most folks. His first essay resulted in breaking up a Sunday-School "in a row," and this resulted in the "old man" peremptorily ordering the bashful 'Liel to attend singing-school. 'Liel went, but on the first night discreetly kept silent, wholly absorbed in observing how others surmounted the difficulties which environ "Days of Absence," and in endeavoring to note for future use, "the lick it was done with." 'Liel took his "Missouri Harmony," and repaired to the attic to practice. He had about arrived at the conclusion that he was worrying no little melody out of that "hymn," when he heard a stealthy step on the stairs. Looking nervously around he beheld the falling eyes of the "old man" looking "hickory withee" at him.

He likewise heard a voice, to himself less musical than his own diameter croaking.

'Liel' explained the "old man," in a tone of expostulation, with an undertone of castigation, "You say I've tried to bring you up a decent moral boy; and now, when you ought to be dressing for meeting here you are saving clapboard on Sunday!"

The balance of the interview was of a strictly private and domestic character not to be profaned by publication. But to this day 'Liel is a conscientious singer.—KERRON'S DRAWING ROOM.