

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

F. L. FETHERSTON, Publisher.

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BY THE EDITOR, GIBSON PEACOCK.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Fourth of July at the Sea-Shore

VIA

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Trains for Atlantic City leave Vine Street Ferry on

SATURDAY, July 24, at 8.00 and 9.45 A. M., and 2.00,

3.15 and 4.15 P. M.

The 2.00 and 3.15 P. M. trains run through from Phila-

delphia in TWO HOURS.

Tickets sold on SATURDAY and SUNDAY, July 24

and 25, are good to return on any train MONDAY,

the 26th.

Fare for the Round Trip, \$3.00.

D. H. MUNDY, Agent.

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

224 South FIFTH Street.

NOTICE TO STEAM ENGINE BUILDERS.

Proposals will be received at this office until noon of

FRIDAY, July 25, for delivering at Fairmount Park

A STEAM ENGINE, WITH BOILER AND DRIVING

PULLEY

complete, of compact form, suitable for occasional re-

moval, and which will be capable of developing horse power.

Proposals must be accompanied by specifications

describing the form, dimensions and weight of the ma-

chine, and a statement of the time at which it will be

delivered, and as they will be delivered to the

"Committee on Plans and Improvements."

J. C. CRESSON, Chief Engineer.

DEDICATION OF THE WASH-

INGTON STATUE.

The Statue of George Washington, to be presented to

the City of Washington, will be dedicated at the

First School District of Pennsylvania, will be

placed in position and presented to the city, with an

appropriate ceremony, on MONDAY, July 26, at 10 A. M.

The Controllers, Directors, Teachers and Pupils of the

Public Schools, the Mayor, Heads of Departments, mem-

bers of the Board of Education, and the Military and

Naval Authorities, are invited to participate in the cere-

monies, and all associations bearing the name of Wash-

ington are invited to take part in the exercises. The

Committee on Plans and Improvements, will be in

charge of the arrangements. J. C. CRESSON, Chief Engi-

neer.

WILLIAM B. HANNA,

Chairman of Committee.

THE ATTENTION OF OUR READ-

ERS is called to a public sale of five new and com-

plete sets of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," the

latest edition, published by the Encyclopaedia Com-

pany, of New York, at the residence of the undersig-

ned, at 1010 Locust Street, on FRIDAY, July 24, at 10

A. M. The sets are complete, and contain the latest

information on all subjects. The price is \$10.00 per

set, and will be sold at a discount of 25 per cent. The

sets are sold on a cash basis, and will be delivered

immediately after the sale. J. C. CRESSON, Chief Engi-

neer.

OFFICE OF GENERAL FREIGHT AGENT.

202 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1869.

NOTICE.

The rates for the transportation of Coal, to take effect

July 1st, 1869, can be obtained upon application at this

office, or at the office of the General Freight Agent.

J. C. CRESSON, Chief Engineer.

OFFICE HUNTINGDON AND

BROAD TOP MOUNTAIN RAILROAD CO.

No. 47 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1869.

Companys No. 21, due February 1st, 1870, on the Second

Montgomery Bonds of the Huntingdon and Broad Top

Mountain Railroad and Coal Company, will be paid at

the office of the Company, on and after the 25th inst.

J. P. ALLEN, Agent for Trustees.

TURKISH BATHS.

106 GIRARD STREET, TWO SQUARES FROM THE

Market Street.

Leads' department strictly private. Open day and

evening.

ap-507p

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE PHILADELPHIA

AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, No.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

A Tame Nightingale, his Songs and his

Sympathies.—Listed Introduced to a

Roman Roman.—Excavations

at the Palace of the Caesars.—Wonderful

Ancient Frescoes.—Discoveries at

the Emporium.—Improvements and

Repairs in and about St. Peter's.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Rome, Italy, Piazza di Spagna, Tuesday,

June 24th, 1869.—A few weeks since a friend

hung over my writing-table a tame nightingale,

thus giving me a chance to enjoy this luxury

of the woods at my leisure. The bird sings

sometimes in the day, but its finest burst of

song is at 3 o'clock in the morning. Last night

or rather this morning, I was awakened by a

duet and responding solos between our bird

and a strange nightingale outside the window

the visitor had probably come down from the

Pincian Gardens, which lie, as most of you

know, only a little distance off. They overhang

the northeast side of the Piazza di Spagna.

The two birds vied with each other; my bird

told the story of its woes most touchingly, and

yet may-be it was lauding up the charms of its

glided bondage, for it has never known any

other life than that of cagedom.

There is no bird song like that of the night-

ingale. The skylark's is beautiful, fresh, full

of joy and hope, "the bird of the laborer,"

the bird of heaven. He mounts up into the

air, floats along the cloud regions until almost

lost to sight, a little speck in the blue throbbing

sky, from which pours down a rich, full flood

of melody. Yes, the lark has something divine

in his song, but the nightingale is the human

poet, and when I listen to this bird in my

study, I recall all the beautiful terms old poets

and new have bestowed on their feathered

kinsman, "winged voice," "voice of fire."

He is a curious little creature; his plumage

is gray and brown with a yellowish tinge in

it; the breast and throat are a soft rose-color;

the legs long, the neck long and supple, the

bill sharp and long also, and the little eyes

fery and quick. I often find him peeping out

of his cage at me while I am writing or read-

ing, and we have grown to be very good

friends already.

His food is curious: Raw beef's heart cut

up fine, one little measure full daily, about a

gill; three live worms from flour; and a sort of

dried farina, made up of ground hemp and

poppy seed. A gill of this is grated for him

daily. Flesh, blood, hemp and poppy! The

delirium of the night song and the dreaming

silence of the daylight hours come from the

intoxicating hemp and sleepy poppy seeds.

Michael says the nightingale is the only

one among the winged tribe to whom should

be given the name of artist.

"Why," bursts out the rhapsodist. "Because

the nightingale alone is a creature he alone

varies, enriches and amplifies his song, and

adds to it new strains. One other bird attains

sublime effects, the lark, daughter of the sun.

There is this difference, however—the lark

does not sing in the night; he does not feel the

elevating influence of the evening, the pro-

found poetry of the shadows, the solemnity of

midnight; he has no aspirations before dawn,

none of those poetic fervors which unavail-

ingly to us a great heart full of tenderness. The lark

has a poetic genius, the nightingale is epic

drainatic."

Michael says, also, the nightingale needs

appreciation and applause; he shows plainly

that he values the attentive ear of a human

being, and understands well such admiration.

This is very true. My bird loves to be noticed,

and replies with thrilling melody to my

whistles and caressing words. His melody is

delicious. In the woods there is no chance to

study the character of this bird-song, but here

in my room is every opportunity. My bed-

room is adjoining, and I always awaken when

he sings in the night, and notice his first

phrase. I whistle to him and say every pretty,

kind word I can think of. He stops, listens,

and replies with bewitching intelligence. His

will is thrilling; he runs little enharmonic

scales and *fortissimos*, and as Liszt says of

Chopin's music, "warbles out little groups of

superfluous notes which fall like light drops

of pearls down upon the melodic figure." He

strikes a low note, then a high one, with all

the singing sharpness of a skillful violinist

trilling his instrument; the latter is the note of

sorrow, and it is, as the French say, *déchirante*.

Sometimes the bird dwells on this high note

for a few instants, breathing intensely on it

a perfect pulse-throb of anguish, and when he

ceases I feel that one second more might have

almost driven me mad. This high note is

strident, and the shivering drawing of the bow