

**JULIN:**  
AN ORIGINAL POEM, WRITTEN FOR "OUR DAILY  
FARE," BY EMANUEL GEIBEL.

We lay with pleasure before our readers one of two poems written for our journal by EMANUEL GEIBEL, the greatest living poet of Germany. The translation is by our colleague, Mrs. ROBERT M. HOOPER, who chances to have made a specialty of translating from this writer, as is shown in the greater portion of an exquisite little volume by her, which has recently been published by F. LEYBOLDT, consisting of lyrics from GEIBEL.

In explanation of the poem, we would state that Julin, or Vinetum, was a flourishing city in the 8th century, on the Baltic coast, but which, like Agnanum, near Naples, or the glorious city built by the god Baly, of Indian legend, sunk beneath the waves.

## JULIN.

Es rauscht der Wind, es rinnt die Welle,  
Befuegelt schwebt das Schiff dahin;  
An jenes Kreidefelsens Schwelle  
Dort, sagt der Schiffer, lag Julin.

Julin die hohe Stadt am Sunde,  
Die still die Meerflut ueberschwoll;  
Wie klingte die fabelhafte Kunde  
Mir heut ans Herz erinnerungsvoll!

Ich denk' an meiner Kindheit Tage,  
Da mir, von Maerchenlust besetzt,  
Die Schwester jene Wundersage  
Des Abends vor der Thuer erzuehlt.

Noch steht's mir deutlich im Gemuethe:  
Wir sassen auf der Bank von Stein,  
Am Nachbarhaus die Linde bluehte,  
Am Himmel quoll des Mondes Schein.

Die Schlaunken Zackengiebel hoben  
So ernst sich wo der Schatten fiel  
Und dann und wann erklang von oben  
Von Sankt Marien das Glockenspiel.

Dann ging's hinein zum Nachtgebete  
Und linder Schlaf umfing mich drauf;  
Ich baute die versunk'nen Staedte  
Im Traume praechtig wieder auf.

O Knabentraume rein und helle  
O Jugendlust wo gingt ihr hin!  
Es rauscht der Wind, es rinnt die Welle,—  
Wo sind Vineta und Julin?

## JULIN.

Soft sighs the breeze, soft flows the wave,  
Swift flies the vessel on her way;  
To yonder ledge of chalky rock,  
"There," says the Captain, "Julin lay."

Julin, the city by the sea,  
Swept by the silent flood away,  
How comes the old tradition back,  
To my rememb'ring heart to-day!

I think how in my childhood's days,  
My soul rejoiced in fabled lore,  
My sister many a wondrous tale  
Told me at eve beside the door.

Clearly my mind recalls the scene,  
We sat upon a bench of stone,  
In the next garden lindens bloomed,  
The moon in heaven brightly shone.

The slender Gothic gables rose  
Solemnly where the shadows fell,  
And now and then rung out o'erhead  
The chimes from sweet Saint Mary's bell.

Then, in we went to nightly prayer,  
Then slumber soothed my childish brain,  
And I the buried cities built  
In splendor in my dreams again.

O boyish dreams, so bright, so pure,  
O youthful joys, where did you flee?  
Soft sighs the breeze, soft flows the wave,—  
Julin—Vinetum—where are ye?

## OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The New Jersey Department---Facts,  
Fancy, and Gossip.

OUR Great Central Fair is a success more complete than its most sanguine friends dreamed of. Thousands have been realized where hundreds were expected; hundreds came in the place of tens, and mites have rolled up into tens with most marvelous rapidity. The crowd of visitors yesterday and last evening were without precedent, the doors being besieged for hours before they were opened, and every part of the vast range of buildings being overrun during the entire day and evening. The scene was of that description which sets description at defiance, all known adjectives failing to convey any adequate idea of the real condition of things at the Fair.

## NEW JERSEY.

Both New Jersey and Delaware united heartily in the enterprise which has culminated in the Great Central Fair, and the citizens of those States have been lavish in their contributions to the good cause. Two avenues are set apart for the display of goods from these States, and no visitor to the Fair can avoid calling in and taking a peep at the host of beautiful articles on exhibition.

New Jersey has the avenue running north of Union avenue and Eighteenth street. In the decorations and the general arrangement of the goods great taste has been shown. The large number of the battle-stained and torn flags of New Jersey Regiments has allowed the decorator full scope, and the result is very creditable. General GEORGE M. ROBESON, JAMES H. STEVENS, Camden, Judge CARPENTER, and ALEX. G. CATTELL, were very active in the work of collecting articles for the exhibition, and their efforts have been crowned with success. They are still busily engaged in looking after the interest of their State, and are determined that New Jersey shall not be slighted in the immense mass of good things brought together in the Central Fair.

Camden, Burlington, Cumberland, Trenton, Gloucester, Salem and West Jersey have separate tables, and on each the ladies offer for sale a tempting array of fancy and useful articles.

Gloucester sends a model of "Uncle Abe's Old Kentucky home," and no doubt the competition among bidders for this log-house will produce abundant revenue to the table. The same table contains a number of handsome vases of flowers, together with articles falling under the general head of "Lingerie."

Burlington offers pyramids of flowers, fancy articles, children's clothing, and a miscellaneous collection, whose value is much increased by their skillful arrangement with a view to attract purchasers. Burlington will not be left in the lurch when the grand settlement day comes around.

Cumberland, Salem and Camden have very fine displays of fancy goods, toys, &c., &c., and the presence of handsome young lady attendants will prove a sore trial to the young men who unsuspectingly wander into this department. If there is any spare cash needed outside the Fair buildings, do not allow these young ladies an opportunity of transfixing you with a glance from their bright eyes. Our people will be surprised to find what a number of pretty girls Jersey can produce at short notice.

Trenton furnishes a supply of books, and also a magnificent scarf, valued at \$200, and which is to be sold for the benefit of the Commission. A table devoted to "EWING & ASYLUM, Croswick," is crowded with goods, and a purchaser will be hard to please indeed if nothing suitable can be found here. The ladies in attendance are very obliging, and do not charge for showing the goods. Step up and look at them. The flag of the 9th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers is part of the drapery at this table.

West Jersey is not behind her neighbors, either in the value of her collection or in the beauty of the articles. Close by this table are a number of interesting curiosities. We may only call attention to them, as the visitor is expected, of course, to examine this Department before leaving the building.

Mrs. SARAH SMITH STAFFORD, of Trenton, exhibits a large collection of articles. The following is a list of some of these:

A piece of the scarf or mantilla worn by Mrs. ROSE STANDISH, wife of MILES STANDISH, of Mayflower celebrity; also a piece of her Court dress. There is but little left of these articles. In this connection, there is exhibited a silver teaspoon which belonged to JOHN ALDEN, "J. L. A.," with the arms—a dove is engraved upon the handle. JOHN ALDEN was a bosom friend of MILES STANDISH. MILES was a shrewd leader and wise man, but he did one foolish thing; he delegated ALDEN to do his courting. This proved to be such pleasant business that MILES STANDISH lost, and JOHN ALDEN gained, a wife. LONGFELLOW, the poet, persists in calling the lady who put off the old love for the new, "PRISCILLA;" but Miss STAFFORD, who is a descendant of the Standish family, states that "LYDIA" was the name of the faithless damsel.

A yard stick, brought over in the Mayflower in 1620, is also in the collection, together with a number of revolutionary articles, formerly the property of EPHRAIM BACON, a prominent man in those days.