

Two pair of bullet-moulds on exhibition have an interesting history attached to them. They were used by CONVERSE and BETSY BACON and ABIGAIL SMITH, children of and granddaughter of EPHRAIM BACON, of Natick, Massachusetts, who moulded bullets from pewter dishes for the soldiers of BACON and SMITH's family during the battle of Lexington.

Miss STAFFORD's collection is very valuable. We have given but a few of the more prominent articles.

In the same department a number of Indian curiosities is exhibited; also goods from Egypt. The remnants of a Hessian flag, captured at the battle of Trenton, are enclosed in a frame and covered with glass. On the same table is "The Christian Quaker and His Divine Testimony Vindicated," by WILLIAM PENN and GEORGE WHITEHEAD, and printed in 1674. This is a rare old volume. PAUL JONES' telescope, and a sword presented by LAFAYETTE to General JAMES GILES, in 1780, are displayed in this department. The table-cloth on which General WASHINGTON and General LAFAYETTE dined is also among these relics. It is in a capital state of preservation, and looks as though it might be able yet to do considerable service.

The New Jersey State Arsenal makes a grand display of arms and trophies. The battle flags of New Jersey Regiments are grouped, and beneath them on the floor are the Rebel flags captured by the New Jersey soldiers. A piece of the flag carried by Company "E," of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, has an interesting history connected with it. In the Shenandoah Valley at Woodstock, this flag headed the charge which dislodged the enemy's battery. At Harrisonburg it was the last color on the field, and near to Captain HARRIS when he fell. At Rappahannock Station the flag was captured by the enemy, but the brave Jersey boys had no notion of parting with their loved banner, and it was soon retaken in a charge made by the company.

But the most precious relic in this collection, especially at this time, when so many patriots have given their lives in defense of the Stars and Stripes, is the *first American flag* ever raised on an American vessel. It was fashioned by the ladies of the Old Swedes Church, Philadelphia, and contains but twelve stars.

It was raised on board the Bon Homme Richard, by PAUL JONES, and afterwards transferred to the ship Alliance. As the Alliance was the first American man-of-war that raised the Stars and Stripes, there can be no doubt but that this flag is the original of our nation's banner.

Major STRIKER has presented the storm flag of Battery Wagner. The Arsenal also exhibits a number of cannons as trophies of the Revolution. One was captured from the British at the battle of Trenton, and one captured

at Monmouth and another obtained at Saratoga when BURGOYNE surrendered.

Commodore CHARLES S. BOGGS has given to the State of New Jersey a handsome Mexican saddle, mounted with silver, and made in the most finished style. It is on exhibition. Commodore BOGGS made the request, at the time he gave the saddle to the State, that at the close of the war it should be presented to the soldier or seaman who had proved himself the "bravest Jerseyman." If this be the test, Commodore BOGGS may find the saddle returning to himself. The man who fought the gallant fight on the deck of the sinking "Varuna" is thus far the "bravest Jerseyman."

A large collection of Hessian muskets is also in the Arsenal display.

The visitor to the New Jersey Department should not overlook the Refreshment Stand at the entrance. There is a tempting display of good things spread out, and as the stand seems to be well patronized, we judge the charges are satisfactory.

New Jersey has done well throughout, and her collection will net a large sum to the Sanitary Commission.

*Our Daily Fare* has received and publishes in this number, an original poem by EMANUEL GEIBEL, the great German poet. In the introduction we have referred to a volume of lyrics by Mrs. ROBERT M. HOOPER. This beautiful little volume entitled, "Poems with Translations," from the German of GEIBEL, and others by LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, has just been published by F. LEYPOLDT, and is for sale at the Book Table in Union avenue. A comparison of many of the versions with the original indicates the possession, by our accomplished *debutante*, in bound volume literature—(*Daily Fare* has had the pleasure of meeting her many times in the magazines)—of a rare and happy faculty of translating from the German; a *me'tier* to which—like billiards—many are called and uncommonly few chosen. The *defect* of these is the universal and almost pardonable one of a frequent use of that conventional poetical phraseology and *inversion*, which is destined, in the course of a few years, to be fiercely warred on—the *merits*, those of much ease, a natural affinity for pleasantly toned words and happy sentences, and not unfrequently an unaffected grace, which gives a new charm by association even to the original. If we may venture to be slightly aesthetic, we would say that in the translations, as in the original poems, color is more attractive than design; or, more appropriately, that that musical element manifests itself, which is after all the main difference between poetry and prose—albeit Young England seems determined to eliminate it from the home of song. Faust to Marguerite is, however, a poem finished on both sides—and well finished; so,

too, is On a Portrait of Heine, and the King's Ride. This latter poem is, in fact, of striking excellence, though it is far from being alone in this volume in that particular; *Imploro Pacem* being quite as good. We commend this beautiful little book to all friends of good literature.....Speaking of the poetry of Young England, what does the reader think of the following imitation, written for *Our Daily Fare*:

GONAMONE.

(A Poem in the present fashion.)

Grey golden Gonamone, in days of yore,  
Did meet beneath the willows on the shore  
Of yonder tarn,

One who all dank, and much disconsolate  
With turbid eyes did turn him towards his mate,  
And thus sang he:

"The grewsome, grey-beard pines,  
The livid water lily shrinks,  
The sun from his height declines,  
The moon at the river drinks;  
But where is the fainting gull  
Who bathes in the sun's gold waves,  
And in the mystic light with weary ceremony laves?"

The orphan porcupine,  
Beneath the linden shade,  
Set in his eye the glint,  
And his dreary moan he made:

And his dreary moan,  
All alone,  
On his leafy throne,  
He made.

The echoing forest groaned  
At the dum pool's reply,  
And the hissing lightning flashed  
In its leap across the sky;  
But still the brook flows on,  
Till it flows into the sea,  
The dark river and the sarcastic sea.

Oh! woe is me,  
Gonamone,  
I'm alone,  
And I die!"

Only the "lush anemone" and the "umbered boles" of trees are left out. English poets seem to be uncommonly fond of "boles," and of "lushing" it.....He who would witness retribution should see the press formerly used by the Secesh for printing their Confederate currency, now at work in Union Avenue striking off engravings of Uncle Abraham Lincoln. "This is, indeed, wengence.".....*Daily Fare* returns thanks to the unknown but very courteous damsel who sold us a curious fan this morning, made by Secesh prisoners, as she averred, "all out of one piece of wood." That is to say, it was in many pieces, all of which had, however, come from the same plank!.....The Turkish *Diwan*—called *diwan*, by certain ignorant people—which, by the way, is the *correct* pronunciation—is doing a "big business." Gentlemen desiring a good Havana, or some first-rate Orinoco smoking tobacco, can secure the same at a moderate figure of the dames who wait at the door.

Under the head of "No change for him," we receive the 'next: Visitors to the Fair, by providing themselves with small notes before