

THE FAIR EASTONIAN.

He promised to bring me a Fairing would please me,
And then for a kiss, O he vowed he would tease me,
He promis'd to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.—*Old Song.*

Vol. I.

EASTON, PA., CHRISTMAS EVE, DECEMBER 24, 1845.

No. 1.

PUBLISHED AT THE LADIES' FAIR.

EDITED BY EDLA H—.

FAIR AT EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

"The object contemplated by the Ladies' Fair, is in every point of view a worthy one. Lafayette College is a rising Institution, and the citizens of Easton have recently raised between *six* and *seven* thousand dollars to place it in a safe position. The Ladies, with commendable zeal, are attempting to raise eleven hundred dollars, to relieve the academical department; and we ask our friends to aid them by money, or by fancy articles, and new books, to be sold at their Fair."—*Ed. Presb.*

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.—*Imprimis.*

The ladies of Easton, and many there are,
Whom even the beaux of your city think fair,
If we judge by their conduct, when slyly they come
And lure our sweet maidens from kindred and home—
Well, sir, these fair ladies resolve and agree
To write you a letter, and for scribe they chose me;
Unworthy I own, and unable am I
To act as their proxy on mission so high—
But without further preface, my task I essay,
Though not as I would, I will write as I may.
You ask on what subject? Dear sir, you must know
We thought of a plan, about three months ago,
To promote the advancement of science and knowledge;
To aid and uphold and give strength to our College,
Whose shoulders now bend 'neath the burden of care
Too great for the strength of a stripling to bear.
What a pity it is that a youngster, who yet
Has scarce entered his teens, should be loaded with debt!
Had it been his own doing, he ne'er had our pity,
Nor would we now trouble his friends in the city;
But it was his young Brother, a promising youth,*
That has caused this distress, sir, and that is the truth—
Well, now for our plan, as our ladies were sad,
To see how it stunted the growth of the lad,
Who was always a pet with our fair ones in town
Since the very first day that he set himself down,
On the hill just above us, where evening and morning,
We see him, his place and his calling adorning;
His conduct so studious surpassing his years
To the aged and youthful his person endears—
You, who know him yourself, sir, his habits and station,
May judge if my praises are exaggeration—
But pardon my wandering—To get up a Fair
We have made many things that are handsome and rare,
Tho' I say we have made, yet I own that *my* doing
Would not do much to rescue our favourite from ruin;
But as drones ever buzz round the honey bee's home,
Sipping sweets others toil for, they carelessly roam,
So we have among us some vagabond elves,
Who'd rather see any one work than themselves,
Yet such are employed in their proper vocation
As beggars to sue for a little donation;
And that to the theme of my song brings me back
Though again I have wandered away from the track.
I wish you could come up some evening and see
How happy, and jocund, and active are we:
Some taxing their wits for an article neat,
Which others with fingers and genius complete—

* The present effort is on behalf of the building in which the academical department is taught.

† To be holden on Christmas Eve.

Some knit the bead purse, which, in brilliant display,
Might rival the dew-drops that brighten the spray,
Though I'm free to confess that the metal is thrown
To grace and embellish the outside alone!—
Some broider the slipper in scarlet and gold—
Some weave the soft neck-tie to keep out the cold—
While others, with industry, worthy and proper,
For gentlemen make the gay calico wrapper.
And here is displayed, too, so faithful a scene, †
So true to the life, that old *winter*, I ween,
Might deem it the work of his own wither'd hand,
Though by one of the fairest young maids of our band!
So now the old fellow may come or may go,
We're quite independent of him for our snow.
There's a head of a Beatrice, lovely and sweet,
Where firmness and gentleness mingle and meet;
The blue eye's sweet languish, the brow soft and fair
And the bright sunny curls of that long glossy hair
To nature so true that you long to entwine
With your fingers, the ringlets that flowingly shine—
Ah! why should we grieve that old Guido has gone
A light, that though brilliant, far, far from us shone
While we have a fair, rising orb of our own!
Again I've digressed from the aim of my story—
But now, sir, I'll lay it out plainly before ye—
I'm deputed to ask, what perhaps you can spare,
Some Books! Have you any? to sell at our Fair!

A man like yourself, sir, whose name has gone forth,
Through the length of our country for talents and worth,
Whose word is a law, and whose fiat is fate,
When the author comes trembling and knocks at your gate,
With wishes most kind, and so forth, and so forth,
And compliments due to your learning and worth,
He leaves you a handsome bound copy with pleasure,
And begs you to glance at it, just at your leisure;
In your columns, perhaps, speak a kind word or two,
Should you deem his work worthy a notice from you.
As this kind of thing comes again and again,
Your shelves must be burden'd—*the matter is plain.*

Now, sir, as we value your talents and learning,
Your kindness, your goodness, your tact and discerning,
We know that we only need ask to receive,
So our cause in your hands we with confidence leave
And duly we'll prize as a present from you,
Those books at our Fair, be they many or few.

There are others, your friends, sir, whose names we could name,

Whose praises are loud in the trumpet of fame,
Ah! would we with them an acquaintance could claim—
There's *Chandler*, who comes just at evening you see
And ever gives relish and zest to our tea!—
And *Graham* and *Godey*,—one gentlemen's ware,
The other a festival finds for the fair;
Names ever dear to the good and the wise
For virtue and learning both merit the prize.
Then there's the *American*—he of the *North*,
So famous for talents, and learning, and worth—
The *Sentinel* too that honest old fellow,
Like wine that with age grows more spicy and mellow.
The *Ledger*, the *Times*, and the *Sun* that unite
To shed o'er our country a halo of light—
Ah! if we but knew them, sir, as we know you,
We would write just to say to each, How do you do?
We would beg them to open their stores and their heart,
And out of their plenty, just send us a part!
Now if any unnamed in your city should feel
An interest deep in our wo or our weal,
And send us a present, we will not refuse,

† A Painting of Winter Scenery by a young lady.

‡ The Ladies suppose that Editors have a great many pretty Books, while they know that they are the patrons of every enterprise for the diffusion of knowledge.

§ The "United States Gazette," ever welcome as it is intellectual, arrives here now late in the afternoon.

For though *Books* we have named, we presume not to choose.
'Tis kinder and pleasanter too, we believe,
Nay, we know it is better to give than receive;
For we tested its truth, sir, by sending you down
A Box, when a fair you got up in your town; ¶—
And now the sweet privilege we would afford,
And the blessings, we tasted, to you would accord!

But we must say good bye—may the coming year bring
A burden of blessings and peace on its wing—
And may Christmas time bring to your bosom and board
The very best gifts that our land can afford,
With an appetite keen for the good things you feast on,
Are the wishes and hopes of the *Ladies of Easton!*

On behalf of the Committee of Ladies,

J. L. G.

EASTON, Pa., December 8, 1845.

¶ The Ladies of Easton sent a Box to the Fair recently held on behalf of the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

"BELLS,"

Charles Lamb says, "make music the highest bordering upon heaven." If this be true, and we may believe the gentle "Elia"—then will the visitors at the "Armory" be

— "lapped in Elysium,"

while the FAIR continues open. *Belles* are all around them, whose silvery tongues, never cease "discoursing most eloquent music."

The following beautiful thought from Goethe, is particularly appropriate to the present season of the year.

"The season is going away like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful—and the measured beat of the thrasher's flail, calls up the thought that in the dry and falling year lies most of our nourishment and life."

A WARNING.

Who can think of grief or sadness,
Midst this scene of joy and gladness?
Who will pause to shed a tear
Over the departing year?

This is beauty's gala night—
Here are brilliant eyes of light;
Rose-bud lips, that parting, show
Pearly teeth, as white as snow—
Sylph-like forms—exquisite smiles,
Pleasure's most bewitching wiles—
Hasten, hasten to the FAIR—
Easton's lovelies are there!

But if you are loth to part
With your gaily bounding heart,
Leave it under lock at home,
Where these tempters cannot come.
If you take it to the FAIR,
Mark me—you will lose it there!

December 24.

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Of the innumerable and beautiful variety of useful, substantial, and ornamental articles which the Ladies of Easton are now exposing for sale in the Guards' Armory, see the third and fourth pages of our mammoth sheet.

PARENTS,

Before purchasing elsewhere, Books as Christmas or New Year's Presents for your children, examine the collection to be seen on "The Book Table," at the Fair. It is choice and carefully selected.

THE FAIR EASTONIAN.

Easton, Christmas Eve, December 24, 1845.

TO THE INDULGENT PUBLIC.

We know not, dear Public, that we can better state the object which brings us tripping out before you this cold weather, than by referring you to the *chime* which our poet friend, "J. L. G.," has given us upon her musical bells.

Our College—there is something pleasant in the *appropriate* pronoun—has a debt that is rather pressing, resting upon it; and we all agree with our friend in thinking it a pity,

"that a youngster, who yet
Has scarce enter'd his teens, should be loaded with debt."

With a chivalry, therefore, becoming the age of *Joan d'Arc*, the Ladies of Easton have stepped forward in the emergency, (like true women,) and pledged their time and *fingers* to the removal of his existing difficulties. We send him not to sue for himself, but *we* come to you, dear Public, as the foster-father of our scholastic friend. We are sure you feel an affection for him, which will prompt you to do all that we desire. But, in sooth, we have no notion of bending the knee so humbly before your reverence. We rather suppose that *you* will be the obliged person; for we have taxed our wits, and brought into play all the delicate ingenuity of feminine skill, to provide you with the means of gratifying your propensity for showering Christmas presents, without having to go beyond the precincts of our own town, to make the necessary purchases. We ask you not to put a penny in our purse, for which we will not give you an equivalent; and we must say, that we will set you down as a stern, iron-hearted foster-parent, if you will not be bribed, by *your own interest*, to treat with the most considerate kindness, the child whom you have adopted, and named after one of the firmest friends of our fair Republic and our beloved Washington.

But, we trust, we shall not be driven to any such conclusion. *Failure* is no part of our plan. When did a woman ever fail in any thing which she strenuously bent her efforts to accomplish?

Bunker Hill Monument stood in unfinished loneliness, until the Ladies of New England took its neglected condition into consideration—and while Brother Jonathan stood with his hands in his pockets, *wondering* how so vast an undertaking should be completed, they had the cap-stone ready to place upon its lofty head. "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!" had no column reared to the memory of her martyred dead, until the lovely women of their valley built it, with the assistance of no stronger implements than *their needles*. If we were not one of the *favoured sex* ourselves, we might proceed to lay the unction of pleasant flattery to our own hearts; but we remember the old adage, which used to set us as a copy by our writing master "long time ago"—"self-praise," &c.

We cannot, however, forbear thinking, that our brothers will have the manliness to confess, that *enterprising patriotism* is but another name for the Ladies of Easton—of New England—of all American women.

In the pride of our newly conferred editorial dignity, we fear we have grown tedious; so, with a modest courtsey, we close our remarks, hoping that our good cause may receive the kind attention which it deserves.

OUR FRIENDS from Jersey and elsewhere, we hope will find enough of the useful and substantial, as well as beautiful, upon our tables to induce them to empty their

purses among us. We should be sorry indeed if they would be content with only *looking* at our articles. They have, or *ought* to have, an interest in the College as well as the Eastonians, and are bound *by that interest* to give it their hearty support. A word is sufficient. We know they will do their part.

ORTHODOXY.

There are things sometimes allowed about Fairs, to which serious objections are made by the more thinking portion of man and womankind. It is the intention of the Managers of the present Fair to exclude all grounds for such objections.

In the first place, they will permit no *raffing*—they are principled against all *lottery*. When lotteries are forbidden by the laws of our Commonwealth, we will not encourage the principle which is there condemned.

In the second place, they will not demand more for their articles, than they consider a fair exchange for them. Great care has been taken to ascertain, at the retail stores, the price of various things, which they expose for sale, and they will sell them quite as low as they can be purchased elsewhere.

As a third item, directions will be given, that the *change*, in all cases, be returned to the purchaser—A reverse mode of procedure, is looked upon as nothing better than *fair* cheatery. If we abide by these principles, will not the community bear us out in the assumption of *Orthodoxy*?

THANKS! THANKS!!

We have many acknowledgments to make to friends in Philadelphia and elsewhere, for their promptness in responding to our call in regard to the Fair.

Some very handsome articles on our tables are placed there especially through the exertions of Miss W——, of the above named place.

OUR COLLEGE.

It is proper that Lafayette College, the prime cause of all our existing movement, should be particularly alluded to in the columns of our extensively circulated sheet. We believe that its condition has never been more flourishing than at the present time, the number of students in the College classes having never been greater. Discipline is very perfectly preserved. Such a thing as a *student* being guilty of any ungentlemanly impropriety in our streets, is a thing we "wot not of." Credit is due to our good President and Professors for holding the reins of government so gently, yet firmly, that none grow restive under them.

AN EASTON ARTIST.

The editor may be allowed the privilege of drawing special attention to the beautiful painting of "THE LOST CHILDREN," the execution of our townsman, Mr. Moon, and by him presented to the Fair. We presume not to pass critical judgment upon it as a work of art—of this, we consider ourselves incapable; but all who in the least degree appreciate the true and beautiful, will have their taste for it gratified by the study of this picture. How truly the distinctive character of the sexes is brought out! The boy has yielded to discouragement and despair, and is indulging his grief; the sister, with the *persevering hopefulness* of the future woman about her, looks fearful and sad enough, but does not give way to what is useless. The expression of her sweet little face is very touching; and the exceeding beauty of its execution, does our Artist no slight credit. We are told that the copy of this painting, which a gentleman of Easton placed in the Philadelphia Bazaar, attracted universal admiration.

It is hoped that the present picture will not be permitted to go out of our own town; and it is also hoped,

that its fine finish will induce many others to grace their walls with productions from the same easel. All who have visited Mr. M.'s studio, must acknowledge, that he needs but to have the opportunity of seeing, and studying the works of the old masters, to become himself a master.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT "THE ARMORY."

My eyes are dazzled till I'm blind!

Just look around, before, behind,

And say if such a burning blaze

Of beauty ever met your gaze,

Convened upon a single night?

See yonder where that streaming light

Falls over *Marion's* polish'd brow—

How very lovely seems she now!

And look still farther on—a pair

Of radiant stars are shining there;

'Twould be considerate and wise

To throw a veil o'er *Silva's* eyes!

But hold—a form has flitted past—

Such lips! such cheeks!—it could not last:

It must have been a phantom bright

That gleamed betwixt me and the light.

But no—I see the sylph again,

'Twas *Florence* crossed my vision then!

Beneath that picture *Elva* stands—

Oh! for a screen within my hands;

I cannot bear this burning blaze—

My head is throbbing as I gaze.

Upon that table tempting lie

Rare books to please the learned eye,

But rarer maidens circle it—

Hark to the flash of *Laura's* wit.

I turn that I may 'scape the view,

And beauty here besets me too;

For *Lila's* sunny smile is there,

And only look at *Blanche's* hair!

'Tis all in vain to whirl about,

I'm blind—make way! I must be out!

JACQUELINE.

TO ———.

No gilded book, no jewel'd ring,

No costly toy is mine to bring,

But dearest! wishes fond and true,

Shall form my only gift for you.

Be then your pathway clear and bright,

With something *more* than earthly light;

And sweetly beam your heart above,

All that is *dear* in earthly love.

These are my wishes—may they be

Prophetic of your destiny!

December 24th, 1845.

AMBROSIA!

We presume that it will be scarcely necessary to recommend to Easton Epicures, the good cheer beneath which

REFRESHMENT TABLE

groans. Cakes, which in delicacy of material and flavour might rival the Ambrosia of the Gods—Ice-creams that Jupiter would have forfeited Olympus to get a taste of—Oysters that would have tempted Hercules to undertake his *Labours* all over again—surely need no puffs. We speak advisedly. The old proverb says,—“The proof of the pudding is the eating.” Give us the test.

CATCH THIEF!

There will be a great many *fair* fingers employed in endeavouring to empty gentlemen's purses on Christmas Eve. Warning is given, that they may not be taken by surprise.

THE LITERARY POST OFFICE.

If there is any gentleman within sight of our "LITERARY POST OFFICE" who has sat with pen in hand, rubbing his cranium in hopes of stirring up the latent thoughts which he is in vain endeavouring to whip into the harness of rhyme, that he may present the offering to the lady of his love, we invite him hither. Here are letters just waiting a *signature* to make them precious enough to be pressed to fond lips, and read by bright eyes. Is not that inducement sufficient to bring purchasers? We do not put up the sign,

"Bankrupt and broken fortunes mended here"—

but broken and bankrupt hearts *may* be.

—"Slight cause may move,
Dissensions between hearts that love."

And such letters can be found in our office—some, breathing passionate devotion—others, unfeigned regret for hastily spoken words—still others, laying heart and hand at the loved one's feet—as will pacify the most unyielding. Ladies who are unwilling to wait until Leap Year comes, or are too modest to make *viva voce* confessions, can be accommodated by patronising us. Those fond of literary tit-bits for their own sakes, can also be gratified; for we have pages of letters that may safely be classed in this category.

Our charges are reduced to suit the times.—Six pence for every single letter.

BY ORDER OF THE MANAGERS.
December 24, 1845.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BEAUTIFUL BOOKS!

Bound in bindings brilliant enough to put to blush the brightest bloom that blazes on the burning cheek of beautiful Autumn!

No literary eye could carelessly wander over such a choice collection, without a wish to become possessor of some of the valuable volumes embraced in it. It would therefore be an insult to their taste, to suppose they needed any *invitation* to make purchases. We can rather say of them, "they came—they saw—they bought."

TWO BEAUTIFUL FIRE-SCREENS.

One a painting; the other embroidered on velvet.

"'Twas merrily
To bring a pretty colour'd, handsome screen
Betwixt the fire and thy nobility."

We ask attention to these specimens of female taste and skill. They may not equal the "Berlin Screen" which figured so largely at the Philadelphia Bazaar, but they are quite elegant enough.

GENTLEMEN,

Who dislike ever to see a frown upon a lady's brow, (and who could forbear frowning when a pair of muddy boots are intruded upon the carpet?) are desired to examine the varieties of brodered slippers which will be found upon the Fair tables. Braided in gold and crimson, silver and blue.

TWO SUPERB SMOKING CAPS.

Could the gentlemen have any idea how perfectly irresistible they look in these graceful caps with their floating tassels, there would no doubt be a dangerous competition among purchasers. Apply at the table where they are to be had.

HOT COFFEE

EVERY EVENING AT THE FAIR.

PURSES! PURSES!!

CORDS AND TASSELS FOR WINDOWS.
EMBROIDERED BOXES—VERY HANDSOME.
LAMP SCREENS—WORKED AND PAINTED.

CIGAR CASE.

PEN-WIPERS. TIDIES. HOLDERS. IVORY YARD MEASURES.

SHELL BOXES.

Worsted Work.

POLKAS—very beautiful, Knit and Black silk. Worsted collarets. Worsted Caps for children.

FLOWERS MATS.

LAMP MATS, OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

LIGHTER BOXES.

VERY HANDSOME BIBLE CUSHION.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Aprons of every description and size for children. Stockings. Hoods for children. Gloves and Mittens. Hemstitched collars for boys. Gaiters, a most convenient article, may all be had, by paying for them, at the Ladies' Fair.

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

An elegant Box, suitable especially for a *bridal present*, wrought in gold, silver, and worsted, for sale.

WHO'LL BUY!

"And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box."

French Perfumery.—Cologne-water in all varieties of fancy bottles. Fancy Soap, Parisian Soap, first quality. Scent-bags—and—want not!

LADIES' WORK BASKETS.

Black willow; fancifully lined with *Irish blush* silk.

PURCHASE! PURCHASE!

PORT-FOLIOS.

For Advertisement of a very beautiful variety of embroidered Port-folios, see fourth page.

ARTICLES OF GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Scarfs, Slippers, Guard-chains.

WRAPPERS,

Indispensable for Students and Professional men.

USEFUL AND NECESSARY.

STEEL PENS. GOLD PENCILS.

Pen-wipers. Wafers in fancy boxes. Iron-holders. Kettle-holders.

IRON PIN-CUSHIONS,

A very *substantial* article, particularly suitable for Ladies' work tables.

A NEW BOOK!

Just from the press of Wiley and Putnam, New York, and for sale very reasonably.

JUNKIN ON THE OATH.

This treatise is very highly spoken of, and it is recommended to the intelligent Eastern public, as well worthy their perusal. For sale at the Book Table.

EVERYTHING

THAT COULD BE DESIRED FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

TO BE FOUND AT THE ARMORY.

A MONOCHROMATIC DRAWING.

A SNOW-SCENE,

"So true to the life that old *Winter* I ween
Might deem it the work of his own wither'd hand."

A BEATRICE CENCI

DONE IN SEPIA,

looks wistfully over her shoulder in quest of some lover of art who will take her to his house and home, and establish her there as a Favourite. Come buy.

THE LOST CHILDREN,

PAINTED BY MR. MOON, OF EASTON.

A beautiful picture. For particulars, see the preceding page.

HEAD DRESSES,

JUST FROM NEW YORK, OF VERY UNIQUE STYLE.

The attention of Ladies is called to them. They cannot fail of finding purchasers.

A CONCERT,

By two very fine performers—native-born Eastonians—but descended from ancestry who gave name to some important and far distant Islands. Selected from a whole ORCHESTRA by a Connoisseur.

"I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine,
I'd give the world to melt one heart,
As they have melted mine."

They are a pair of Canary birds, and will reward whoever may purchase them, by their unfailing music.

BABIES,

Whose *understandings* are not sufficiently developed to know how to wear *shoes*, can be accommodated with

SOCKS,

By inquiring for them at the Fair.

OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT!

Will be sold in the "Armory" at the Ladies' Fair, December, 24th, THE INDIAN CHIEF,

JOHN D. BEMO.

Sensitive humanity may be disposed to shudder at such barbarity. For its relief, we will merely add, that the *prints* are very well executed, and the likeness is good.

NOTICE

TO SAINT NICHOLAS,

We wish our old friend to understand that it will not be necessary for him to hie away to Fairy-land in order to have his sleigh filled with toys. Let him slip quietly into our *Fairy Room*—get what he wants, and then he may shout to his "eight tiny coursers."

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

A PAIR OF

HANDSOME OTTOMANS

FOR SALE AT THE FAIR.

How long it is since they arrived from the

SUBLIME PORTE

is not known.—Doubtless they are the work of some fair Sultana.

LOOK YOU, LADIES!

Worked collars, under-sleeves, under-spencers, worked and plain. Hair ornaments, very handsome. Cases for knitting needles. Night caps. Needle cases of every variety. Toilet cushions, Pin-cushions, &c. &c. &c.

The following gem is handed us for insertion in "The Fair Eastonian." The *rejected* must have been a Down-Easter.

THE REBUFF.

I knelt before a Lady's shrine,
Whose eyes had captivated mine;
I dwelt on the exstic bliss
That lives within fair girlhood's kiss—
I murmured in her listening ear,
In words that came with faltering fear:
But O! my trembling hopes all fled,
When she with lisp'ing accents said,
"You've *eaten onions*—and that ain't
At all polite—move off—I'll faint!"

ZEPHANIAH.

THE DESTINY.

Thy doom—thy doom! oh, lady fair,
So radiant in thy beauty rare,
I shudder when I think o'er all
The ills that shall thy course befall.
Those hands so delicate and soft,
I've held between my own so oft,
That deftly draw the silken thread,
Shall be employed in making—bread!
For thou—O! strange mischance of life,
Art doomed to be—a Baker's wife!

WANTED! WANTED!

AT THE GUARDS' ARMORY,
On the Evening of December 24th,
PURCHASERS OF ALL AGES!
Whoever will apply, may be assured of meeting
SPECIAL ATTENTION.

EMBROIDERED PORT-FOLIOS,

Worthy of holding the *chef d'œuvres* of the first artists—and of workmanship beautiful enough to entitle them to a place upon any marble-topp'd centre table.

"HO! BOY—MY UMBRELLA!"

A lot of fine silk UMBRELLAS of very superior quality—presented by Mr. Wright, of Philadelphia. They seem especially fitted for the hands of ladies—Gentlemen, you understand.

A RETICULE

Of the most recherche pattern, just recently from Paris—and of the most elaborate style—presented by a Gentleman of Philadelphia.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

—"For dainties are all cakes."

Shakspeare.

CHRISTMAS CHEER!
POUND CAKE,—BLACK CAKE,
BRIDE CAKE, SPONGE CAKE,
Light as the spirits of the fair Ladies.
SUGAR'D DOUGHNUTS, (mark them, children!)
COOKIES,

And all the family of cakes too numerous to mention, will be found at the Refreshment Table.

ALSO,

OYSTERS—CHICKEN SALAD,

And for those who like them better,

ICE CREAMS.

In connexion with these, other good things without limitation. Come buy! Come taste, Lovers of what is good.

ENVELOPES

For LETTERS and NOTES to be had at the BOOK TABLE.

ALSO A VARIETY OF

FANCY STATIONERY,
WAFERS, STEEL PENS,

PEN-WIPERS, BEAUTIFUL BOXES.
PENWIPERS IN BOXES,

CHILDREN! ATTENTION!!

TOYS! TOYS! including Dolls of all sizes, A Swiss Maid, &c. &c., St. Bernard's Dog, Elephant, Two Hay wagons.

SIX VOLUNTEER COMPANIES

Will parade in the Armory on the eve of December 24, if sufficient room is allowed them. If it is too crowded, they will stand in one corner, until they are knocked off to the highest bidder—as they are only mercenary troops.

A GERMAN ANNUAL FOR 1846!

EMBROIDERED COLLARS,

EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS,

WROUGHT PURSES,

BOOK MARKERS,

PERFUMED BAGS,

COLOGNE WATER,

FRENCH SOAP,

VELVET SMOKING CAPS,

TIDIES,

SHELL LIGHTER BOXES,

WORSTED CAPS,

CRADLE QUILTS,

INFANTS' EMBROIDERED BLANKETS,

And a great assortment of Fancy articles, all for sale.

FRENCH PERFUMERY

Of superior quality. Also

CARD BASKETS, LINED BASKETS, &c.

SMOOTHING IRONS

Manufactured from ore taken out of our own hills, cast at Mr. Godel's Foundry, South Easton.

Presented by Mr. _____

For sale at the Fair.

FRUIT!!

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

STRAWBERRIES

Of uncommonly fine size.

ACORNS, AND RADISHES,

Very fresh looking.

How palatable the above may be, we cannot say, as they have not been tested. We can however, assure purchasers that they are filled with the best emery. To be had at the Armory.

BAGS

Of every possible shape and quality, from the highest to the lowest prices, are waiting to be bought. They will be sold reasonably.

NEW MUSIC.

In our next number a list of the pieces of Music for sale at the fair, may be expected.

FOR SALE

A HIGH POST, CURLED MAPLE
BED-STEAD,

Curtained in the most approved style—fitted up with bed, pillows and all the necessary paraphernalia to make it complete. Titania would dream sweetly in it.

STUART'S CELEBRATED CONFECTIONERY
Put up in fancy boxes, baskets, cornucopias, &c., can be had in abundance at the Fair.

A NEW BOOK

Just from the press of William S. Martien, Philadelphia, and for sale very reasonable,

THE INFLUENCE OF PHYSICAL CAUSES

ON

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY JOSEPH H. JONES, D. D.,

PASTOR OF THE SIXTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

This treatise is very highly spoken of, and it is recommended to the intelligent Easton public, as well worthy their perusal.

↪ FOR SALE AT THE BOOK-TABLE. ↩

APRONS

WHITE CAMBRIC-MUSLIN,

Beautiful patterns.

GINGHAM,

All varieties.

PRINTED COTTON.

WOMEN'S APRONS.

THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

A fashionable and beautiful article of clothing for children in the shape of

POLKAS

is offered to discriminating mothers. The upholders of our present national administration are desired to show their attachment to it by becoming purchasers of the above named article!

FOR SALE AT THE FAIR.

O YES! O YES!

The attention of the Lawyers of our good town is asked to a new book on

THE OATH

to be found on our book table. Also other books ornamental and useful.

A BEAUTIFUL BIBLE-CUSHION.

A Bible-cushion of ingenious workmanship wants a purchaser. Its beauty will soon procure it one, or we miscalculate its effect greatly.

For sale at the Ladies' Fair.

↪ USEFUL AND NECESSARY.

Steel Pens, Gold Pencils.

PEN-WIPERS.

Wafers in Fancy Boxes. Iron-holders. Kettle-holders.

IRON PIN-CUSHIONS,

A very substantial article, particularly suited for

LADIES' WORK TABLES.

THE FAIR EASTONIAN.

We are sorry to have to inform our very numerous subscribers, that it is impossible to supply them with any back numbers, this being our first issue: but our paper will be again published when it suits us. Editors, we hope will have the honesty to acknowledge whatever they may extract from our valuable columns, and will address their exchanges to the

GUARDS' ARMORY, EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.