

FAIRE-MOUNT

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Faire-mount by Henry Peterson

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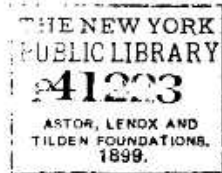
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HENRY PETERSON

FAIRE-MOUNT

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BY

HENRY PETERSON,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO," ETC.



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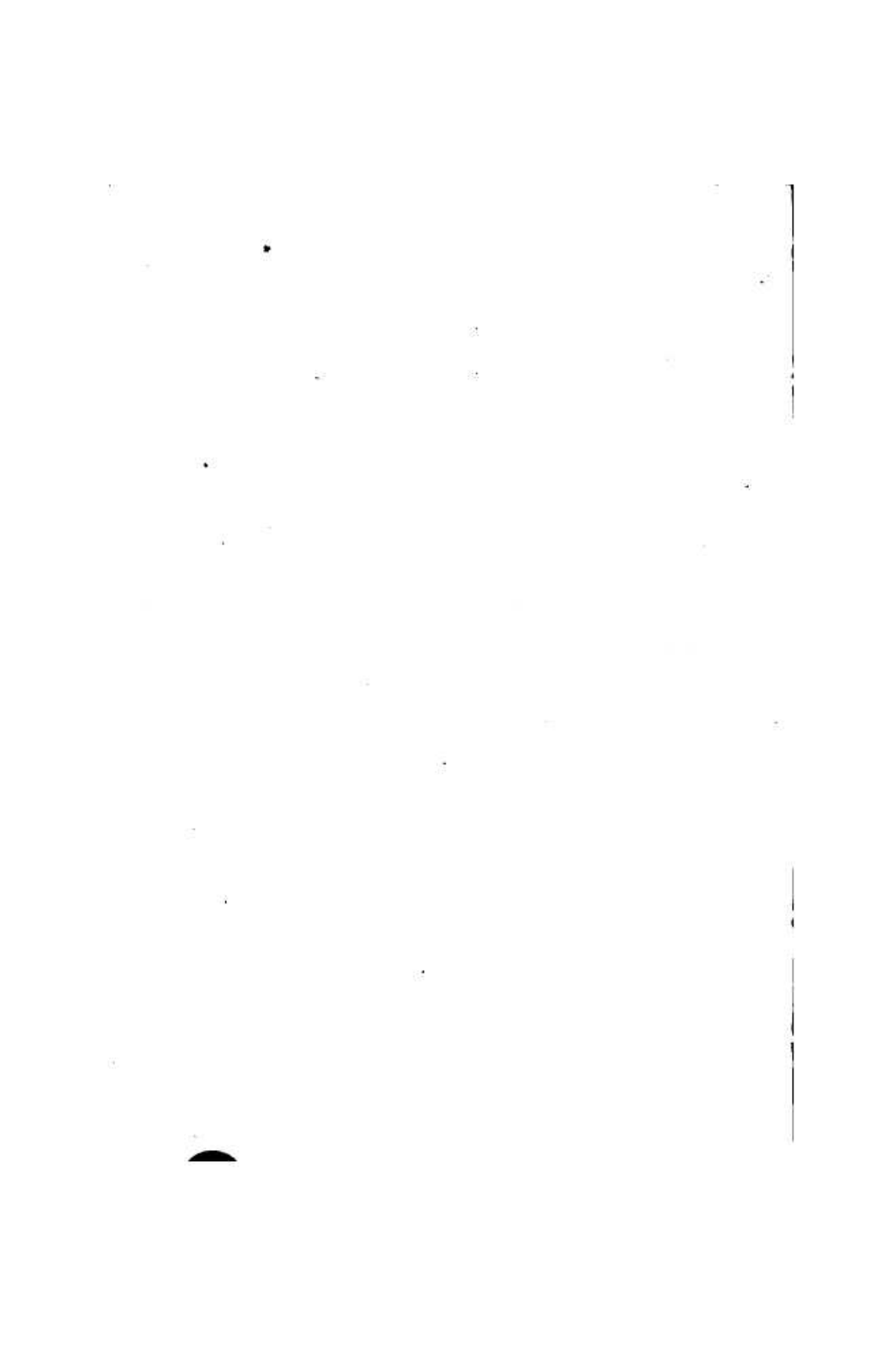
"THE HILLS"—THE RESIDENCE OF ROBERT MORRIS.

BELMONT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

MOORE'S COTTAGE.

VIEW FROM BELMONT.







FAIRE-MOUNT.

ON Schuylkill's banks, where hills of beauty rise,
 'Neath the deep blue of Pennsylvania's skies,
Where winds the river, 'mid its woods of calm,
Grand and majestic — an embodied psalm —
Where opening vistas, as you onward stray,
New splendors bring to glorify the way,
In the glad days when life and hope were young,
And in the soul their songs tumultuous sung,
Oft have I wandered, from the world apart,
To feed the immortal hunger of the heart.

Precious is Beauty! In this world where care
Lays on us loads that seem too hard to bear,
Where cold and hunger our existence bound
With daily duties, a prosaic round,
And oft, oppressed with grief, we sadly stray,
With leaden heart, beneath a sky of gray,
Without the charm that Beauty's hand has given,
The green-spread landscape, and blue-vaulted heaven,
The clouds fantastic, or aflame with light,
The sunbow's glory, the star-studded night,
Torrents, wild dashing as they downward pour,
The rush of waves upon the rock-bound shore,
Rich curves of woodland, with their leafy bowers,
The sweet and subtle influence of the flowers,
And all the graceful forms and glowing dyes
That Art has mimicked from the earth and skies,

Oh what were Life? what all the dull, dark days
Which even now afflict our devious ways?
A cold, bleak scene — blank, desolate and bare —
Our life a mere existence of despair.

Sacred is Beauty — let us guard it well.
Not idly did the wise Athenian tell
That Beauty was of Virtue but the flower.
No good exists but Beauty is its dower.
And when this globe was made God called it good.
And still 't is beautiful, still therefore good.
And who could doubt it, gazing on this wood
Of solemn Pines, with eash its ancient crown —
A natural Temple, cool and dark and brown,—
Or on this wide expanse of wave and hill,
Where birds are singing, and all else is still,