

**ALDORNERE: A
PENNSYLVANIA
IDYLL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649318520

Aldornere: A Pennsylvania Idyll by Howard Worcester Gilbert

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT

**ALDORNERE: A
PENNSYLVANIA
IDYLL**

ALDORNERE:

A PENNSYLVANIAN IDYLL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS, BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JR.

*Νομίζοντες ἀθάνατον ψυχῆν καὶ θανάτῳ πάντα μὲν κακὰ ἐπέχεσθαι,
πάντα δὲ ἀγαθὰ.—PLATO.*

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN PENINGTON & SON.
1872.

L3
13



Aldonire.

ALDORNERE.

A PENNSYLVANIAN IDYLL.

'Twas autumn in the woods of Aldornere,
The chestnut-burs were bursting in the sun,
With all their wealth of fruitage ripe and brown
That crackled down all day from bough to bough,
Where gathered restless troops of noisy crows
On the warm southern slopes that else were still.
The squirrel there was busy all day long
Hoarding his store deep in the hollow bole,
Down in the silence of those autumn woods.

But, though scarce other sound of life was heard,
Save now and then the cawing of the crows,
Faint-heard and distant, all the woods were filled
With a continual voice in under-tone,
Of the great stream that through the dreamy haze
Of softest blue which veiled the crimsoned hills
And isles, together fading faint and far,
Went winding, shimmering on forever down—
Here dim, there flashing in a mellow gold—
At last to mingle with the distant sea,
Far by the wandering waves and shifting sands.

And where amid those forests gnarled and old
Like to some mighty Sachem of the Woods,
With muffled voice the Susquehanna met
In council all his many sagamores,
'Mid winding ways, upon its sunny knoll,
Where stood the ancient Grange of Aldornere.

The moss of many a year was undisturbed
Upon the stained walls of Aldornere,
And now the many-coloured autumn leaves
Lay thickly strewn in all the woodland ways.
There was the warbler busy all day long
Among the bowery deeps of plummy elms
Slow fading into autumn's paly gold,
And his continual ditty on the ear
Fell like the silver voice of woodland stream.

And in this quiet refuge dwelt, apart
From the vain tumult of the envious crowd
And all the frivolous world's most empty noise,
In sable velvet robed—her widow's weeds,—
The Lady of the House of Aldornere.
Two children, only, graced her simple halls,
A daughter fair as morn, with golden hair,
Scarce brighter than the locks of twilight-brown,
Of her young brother;—they together grew
In that sweet woodland-home in sylvan grace,
As two fair trees whose beauty daily sends
To the gladdened heart of the rude forester
A thrill of joy. And quiet, health and peace
Dwelt in the olden halls of Aldornere.

The dreamy afternoon had lapsed away
In golden stillness, and the sun had set.
But from the snowy mountains of the air
That lay, with changeful and slow-fading forms,
In rosy glory where the day had passed,
The light fell on the broad and sleeping stream
Where, on a yellow curve of sanded shore,
Sat Edith Brandon by her brother's side.
And silently they gazed upon the stream
That shone with tints ethereal, tenderer far
Than any hues that glow amid the sky,—
Now every wavelet crinkling in a line
Of clear vermilion—then of steely gray,
Or delicate green—then flushed with tender rose—
Then the long lines upon the unbroken swells,
Fading into the watery tints that told
Of coming twilight.

“If my destiny,”
She said, “should call me from this quiet shore,
It seems to me the murmur of this stream
Would sound forever in my ears—I deem
That like the Switzer, exiled from his home,
I should die pining for my native shore.
Its voice, dear George, would haunt me in my dreams,
In whatsoever land my lot were cast.”

And he, “This voice is now, forevermore,
Part of my inmost being. As I mused
In such an evening-hour as this alone,
The voice we hear was moulded into words—
This was the song the river sang to me:

My current made of many streams,
From wells unknown and dark that flow,
I come as from a land of dreams,
And to the glimmering ocean go,—

My song one grand accord of all
The songs of mountain-stream and mere,
And bubbling beck and waterfall,
And meadow-brooklet cold and clear.

By many an isle with plume of green,
By many a mountain still and grand,
By deeps with water-lilies zheen,
And boulder in the beaten sand,

By sunnier dale and shadowy dell,
By dingle deep and cliff of gray,
And hamlet with its sounding bell—
By many a thoughtless wight away,

With olden and deep-hidden lore,
I come from those mysterious springs,—
To thee, upon this solemn shore,
I sing of deep, mysterious things.

To him who hears aright the tunes
Of murmuring waters, wandering winds,—
To him who reads aright the runes
That carved in the rocks he finds.

To him, with voice profound and clear,
I sing mine endless wanderings,—
To him who hath an ear to hear,
I roun these weird and secret things.

And whether he who stands by me
Can hear, or not, the chaunt I sing,
I sing not less, and wandering free,
And wandering free, forever sing.



The Susquehanna.