

**MAE MADDEN, WITH
AN INTRODUCTORY
POEM, PP. 1-189**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649490653

Mae Madden, with an Introductory Poem, pp. 1-189 by Mary Murdoch Mason & Joaquin Miller

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

MARY MURDOCH MASON & JOAQUIN MILLER

**MAE MADDEN, WITH
AN INTRODUCTORY
POEM, PP. 1-189**

MAE MADDEN,

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY POEM,

BY

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run eye in the way, till the dawn of day
And a luckier lot beside you.

Ben Jonson.

CHICAGO:
JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.
1870.

COPYRIGHT,
JANSEN, McCLURG & CO.,
A. D. 1875.

FISH & BISELL, PRINTERS.

A DREAM OF ITALY.

AN ALLEGORY INTRODUCING "MAE MADDEN."

I.

We two had been parted, God pity us, when
The stars were unnamed and when heaven was dim;
We two had been parted far back on the rim
And the outermost border of heaven's red bars:
We two had been parted ere the meeting of men
Or God had set compass on spaces as yet.
We two had been parted ere God had set
His finger to spinning the spaces with stars,—
And now, at the last in the gold and set
Of the sun of Venice, we two had met.

II.

Where the lion of Venice, with brows afrown,
With tossed mane tumbled, and teeth in air,
Looks out in his watch o'er the watery town,
With a paw half lifted, with his claws half bare,
By the blue Adriatic, in the edge of the sea,
I saw her. I knew her, but she knew not me.
I had found her at last! Why, I had sailed
The antipodes through, had sought, had hailed
All flags, had climbed where the storm clouds curled,
And called from the awful arched dome of the world.

134028

III.

I saw her one moment, then fell back abashed
And filled full to the throat. . . . Then I turned me
once more
So glad to the sea, while the level sun flashed
On the far, snowy Alps. . . . Her breast! Why,
her breast
Was white as twin pillows that allure you to rest;
Her sloping limbs moved like to melodies, told
As she rose from the sea, and she threw back the gold
Of her glory of hair, and set face to the shore. . . .
I knew her! I knew her, though we had not met
Since the far stars sang to the sun's first set.

IV.

How long I had sought her! I had hungered, nor ate
Of any sweet fruits. I had tasted not one
Of all the fair glories grown under the sun.
I had sought only her. Yea, I knew that she
Had come upon earth and stood waiting for me
Somewhere by my way. But the pathways of fate
They had led elsewhere. The round world round,
The far North seas and the near profound
Had failed me for aye. Now I stood by that sea
While a ship drove by, and all dreamily.

V.

I had turned from the lion a time, and when
I looked tow'rd the tide and out on the lea
Of the town where the warm sea tumbled and teemed
With beauty, I saw her. I knew her then,
The tallest, the fairest fair daughter of men.

O, Venice stood full in her glory. She gleamed
In the splendor of sunset and sensuous sea;
Yet I saw but my bride, my affinity,
While the doves hurried home to the dome of Saint Mark
And the brass horses plunged their high manes in the
dark.

VI.

Was it well with my love? Was she true? Was she
brave
With virtue's own valor? Was she waiting for me?
O, how fared my love? Had she home? Had she bread?
Had she known but the touch of the warm-tempered
wave?
Was she born upon earth with a crown on her head;
Or born like myself, but a dreamer, instead?
So long it had been! So long! Why the sea,
That wrinkled and surly old time-tempered slave,
Had been born, had his reveals, grown wrinkled and hoar
Since I last saw my love on that uttermost shore.

VII.

O, how fared my love? Once I lifted my face
And I shook back my hair and looked out on the sea;
I pressed my hot palms as I stood in my place
And cried, "O, I come like a king to your side
Though all hell intervene." . . . "Hist! she may be
a bride!
A mother at peace, with sweet babes on her knee!
A babe at her breast and a spouse at her side! . . .
Have I wandered too long, and has destiny
Set mortal between us?" I buried my face
In my hands, and I moaned as I stood in my place.

VIII.

'Twas her year to be young. She was tall, she was fair
 Was she pure as the snow on the Alps over there?
 'Twas her year to be young. She was fair, she was tall
 And I knew she was true as I lifted my face
 And saw her press down her rich robe to its place
 With a hand white and small as a babe's with a doll.
 And her feet—why, her feet, in the white shining sand,
 Were so small they might nest in my one brawny hand.
 Then she pushed back her hair with a round hand
 that shone
 And flashed in the light with a white starry stone.

IX.

Then, my love she was rich. My love she was fair.
 Was she pure as the snow on the Alps over there?
 She was gorgeous with wealth. "Thank God, she has
 bread,"
 I said to myself. Then I humbled my head
 In gratitude. Then I questioned me where
 Was her palace? her parents? What name did she bear?
 What mortal on earth came nearest her heart?
 Who touched the small hand till it thrilled to a smart?
 'Twas her day to be young. She was proud, she was fair.
 Was she pure as the snow on the Alps over there?

X.

Now she turned, reached a hand; then a tall gondolier
 That had leaned on his oar, like a long lifted spear,
 Shot sudden and swift and all silently
 And drew to her side as she turned from the tide. . . .
 It was odd, such a thing, and I counted it queer

That a princess like this, whether virgin or bride,
Should abide thus apart, and should bathe in that sea;
And I shook back my hair, and so unsatisfied,
Then I fluttered the doves that were perched close about,
As I strode up and down in dismay and in doubt.

XI.

Then she stood in the boat on the borders of night
As a goddess might stand on that far wonder land
Of eternal sweet life, which men have named Death.
I turned to the sea and I caught at my breath,
As she drew from the boat through her white baby hand
Her vestment of purple imperial, and white.
Then the gondola shot! swift, sharp from the shore.
There was never the sound of a song or of oar
But the doves hurried home in white clouds to Saint
Mark,
And the lion loomed high o'er the sea in the dark.

XII.

Then I cried, "Quick! Follow her. Follow her.
Fast!
Come! Thrice double fare if you follow her true
To her own palace door." There was plashing of oar
And rattle of rowlock. . . . I sat leaning low
Looking far in the dark, looking out as we sped
With my soul all alert, bending down, leaning low.
But only the oaths of the men as we passed
When we jostled them sharp as we sudden shot thro'
The watery town. Then a deep, distant roar—
The rattle of rowlock, the rush of the oar.