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Glorietta
or
The City of Fair Dreams

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MISSION BELLS

1916

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NOTE!

There was a time when beautiful Monterey by the Sea was the capital of California. The people there, as all along the Pacific Coast, were mostly Spanish—with Spanish customs, dress, and manners. The old Mission houses were still in their glory, and Monterey, then the gem of the Pacific, was a very gay and luxurious little capital. It was not surpassed for beauty anywhere on the Pacific.

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G l o r i e t t a .

Oh, many, many years ago this tale
Had its beginning by a charméd sea,
So beautiful it seemed; the bending sail,
And the blue sky, like that of Italy.
There grew the palm and there the lemon tree,
And every flower that's beautiful to see.

Outside the bay the mighty ocean rolled
In liquid mountains, or in glist'ning sea,
And moonlight nights some wondrous story told
To listening forests and to meadowed lea;
And lovers, walking in the moonlight, heard
Their sweethearts' voices when the sea was stirred.

Such was the scene, where the fair city stood,
By poets called "The City of Fair Dreams,"
Between the forest and the shining flood;
And even now, to strangers' eyes there seems
Some lingering glory of that happy day
When all was merry in old Monterey.

'Twas at a time when Spanish friars bore
For many years their long and kindly sway
In grand old Missions stretched along the shore
From San Diego to Francisco Bay.
Then all was Spanish—manners, speech and dress—
Save the wild Indians in the wilderness.

'Twas just as if some island in the past
Had drifted off from its beloved Spain,
And by some wondrous miracle been cast
Along the shores of the Pacific main:
Or was't Arcadia that had been lost,
And by some chance had hitherward been tossed?



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THE WOOING

Be it as it may, it was a lovely land,
And joyous people lived along its coast;
There dance and music wandered hand in hand.
And, next to these, their horses were their boast,
No Arab tenting in the desert airs
Had steeds so swift, so beautiful as theirs.

He was not poor who had his desert steed,
With silver spangles hung on neck and breast,
Bejeweled saddle, beautiful, indeed,
And wondrous spurs outshining all the rest.
It was a sight sometimes to look upon,
These new-world knights and their caparison.

Famed was the land for other things as well,
Famed for fair women, beauteous to behold,
With great black eyes, and olive skins to tell
Castilian blood; and forms of fairest mold.
Of one of these, had I a harp to sing,
I'd tell a tale not all imagining.

For there was one, a child almost in years,
Some sixteen summers only had been hers,
But in that clime of rose-leaf and of tears,
Love wakens early and its passion stirs.
So, Glorietta, soft as any dove,
Just laughed and loved, yet never *thought* of love.

Till on a day when Ivan came to woo,
A fisher's lad, he was, down by the bay,
Who dived for pearls of many a heavenly hue
That in the bottom of the ocean lay;
And here and there a pretty shell he took
To Glorietta with a lover's look.

Though well she prized these pretty courtesies,
There was a gulf that stretched betwixt the two,
A stream unbridged, and bridgeless, most, as seas,
Without a road that any lover knew.
For what was he? A common fisher's son,
And she, the heiress of a Spanish don.



LOVERS WALKING IN THE MOONLIGHT

O! she was young, and beautiful of face,
With melting eyes, a joy to look upon,
Big, black and deep, like her Castilian race;
Who looked too long was sure to be undone.
That Ivan learned, although he was so young,
Yet loved the sting with which he had been stung.

Her hair—such hair—in two great braids fell down
Like twisted ropes, black as the ebon night.
Upon her beautiful but girlish gown
Of simple rose, bedecked with lillies white.
Hearts had been cold, or ice, or something worse,
Not to be moved by eyes and hair like hers.

She was akin to the Don Carlos line;
Though orphaned young she might have riches still,
For the Alcalde, now Count Valentine,
Had many lands and herds on every hill.
He was her guardian, and could well endow
Such rose of beauty as he saw her now.

Upon the hill where his gray palace stood,
Fair flowers grew of every hue and kind;
The bougainvillea, with its purpling flood,
In drifted banks the walls and porches lined.
But Glorietta, far beyond compare,
Was fairest yet of any flower there.

And when the harvest of the vine was on
In the sweet autumns of that blessed clime,
When summer's heats and summer's suns were gone
And frosts just touched the orange and the lime,
Then manly youths were to the labor pressed,
And Ivan, too, was there among the rest.

So it fell out, as in that long ago,
When Ruth and Boaz in the harvest met,
Love had its way, or Ivan wished it so,
And cast himself in Glorietta's net,
Just at the moment when she brought the wine
Sent to the gard'ners by Count Valentine.

'Twas like a dream, the sudden joy, to him!
Not many grapes he gathered on that day,
Nor on the next, for other things now drew
His one attention in another way,
And oftener now did Glorietta bear
Her jugs of wine out to the gard'ners there.

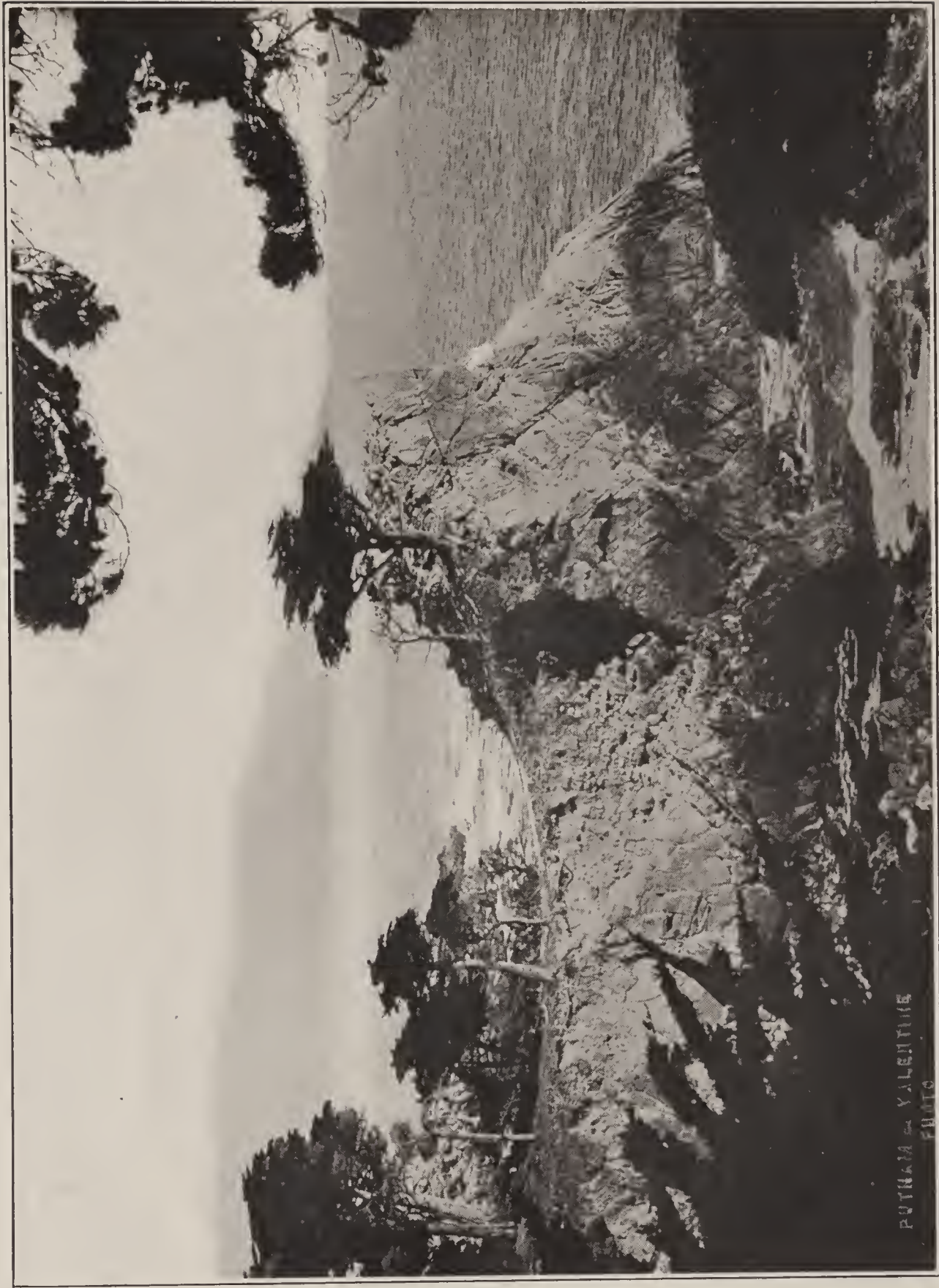
And once, unconsciously, the jug she held
To Ivan's lips, that he might drink his fill,
As if by accident his face she touched,
And quick he felt it, the immortal thrill,—
Such thrill as comes but once to any soul,
Or rich or poor, it is love's sweetest toll.

So days went on, the vintage was not done,
And every day young Ivan there would be
To gather grapes in the sweet autumn sun,
Or pick the lemons from the lemon tree;
But most to see his sweetheart, and adore,
And every day she welcomed him the more.

There was an arbor on the palace ground,
Hid all in roses of sweet loveliness,
Where all was silence save the gentle sound
Of little brooklets and the wind's caress.
There Glorietta at the noontide came:
Who wonders now that Ivan did the same!

So in sweet converse flew the blessed noon,
While they sat looking in each other's eyes,
Amazed an hour could fly away so soon.
But time to lovers very quickly flies;
Not much their feast on either bread or wine,
On other things, 'tis said, do lovers dine.

Yes, talk they had, and may be, kisses, some.
For they were glad of life, and everything:
Youth must be so—delicious it can come,
And this was now the flower of their spring.
Give love a bower, in vines and roses drest,
And melting eyes, and love will do the rest.



POTNAM & VALENTINE
PHOTO

BAY OF MONTEREY

There, in their moments of felicity,
Young Ivan told her of a thousand things;
Of the pearl-divers and the sapphire sea,
And the great fishes that had shining wings;
Of caverns told, and rocks that overhung
The ocean caves where the pearl-fishes clung.

How he himself the dangers underwent
Of diving down, his trusty knife in hand,
To cut them loose from walls and caverns rent,
Then sudden rise and cast them on the sand:
How once a shark so near him came to sup
He was half dead before he could come up.

How he had seen a grotto wonderful
Down in the ocean with the waves above,
Not e'en the shrieking of the sad sea-gull
Was ever heard in that enchanted cove.
Like Desdemona, Glorietta heard,
And breathed a sigh at every other word.

How, fearing not, again and yet again,
He dared the dangers that around him were,
Not in some hope of some poor little gain,
But for a pearl that was most worthy her;
And then he reached to give it, with a kiss—
But hark! a step, and ended all their bliss!

It was the Count, his face in purple rage.
Some evil soul had whispered in his ear,
How every day these lovers did engage
In guilty amours, and he'd find them here.
Few words were said, there was not much to say;
The place, the kiss, were they not plain as day?

He railed a little, Glorietta heard:
"I had no one to guide, and I was young,"
Her eyes were weeping, but no other word;
The Count, he better too had held his tongue!
He was himself not over good, they say,
Among th' élite of lovely Monterey.

Be as it may, he had his Spanish pride;
No kin of his might ever think to wed
With lowly fisher-folk, or be the bride
Of one who labored for his daily bread.
That very day he made his plans to send
Young Glorietta to a distant friend.

He had a cousin, rich and proud and lone,
Who with a sister by the desert dwelt;
What took him there had never quite been known,
If fate or love with him had coldly dealt.
Don Eldorado was the cousin's name,
A bit romantic and once known to fame.

There Glorietta will be safe awhile,
Thought the Alcalde, when she reached the place,
And thinking so, a long and happy smile
At times illumined the Alcalde's face.
"Time conquers love, at least so I have read,
And Ivan well may think her lost or dead."

For it was planned that never any word
Should pass between them now forever more.
Just how 'twas done no mortal ever heard,
But things like these were often done before—
Some false arrest, some prison far away,
Or, at the worst, there still would be the *bay*.

A little while, though broke of heart at first,
And Glorietta almost loved the scene—
When on her eyes the great wild desert* burst
Like two vast seas, with mountains in between.
The porphyry hills, the red sea-walls that rise,
Seemed fit for gates to some sweet paradise.

'Twas in the morning, and God's great blue tent
Spread over mountains and the desert land;
A sapphire glory every moment lent
Some lovelier color to the desert sand;
A little while, and then the mountains seem
A mystic phantom, a forgotten dream.

*NOTE—The Mojave and the Colorado deserts are really the same thing. A chain of the Sierra Madre mountains cuts the vast plain in two parts.



EACH RIDER HELD HIS FAIR ONE ON BEFORE

Once, on a height, alone, she stood and gazed
On violet mountains and the desert sea.
A sudden sun above the desert blazed,—
“O World!” she cried, “thou wert all joy to me
Were this to last, with never any tear,
And Ivan standing close beside me here.”

Now, Eldorado, though not very young,
Kept in his breast some fires not yet gone out,
Saw Glorietta, and that moment flung
Himself before her, dead in love, no doubt.
Love at first sight, I've sometimes heard it said,
Affects the heart, but oftener the head.

Be as it may, he surely was most kind
To Glorietta, never dreaming how
Her heart with Ivan there was left behind,
Nor saw the shade that often crossed her brow.
One thought was his, and that he could not hide,
The hope that quickly she would be his bride.

Each hour he thought some pleasant thing to do
To please her fancy or to kill the time;
Rode on the hills, looked on the desert view,
Or climbed the canyons glorious and sublime,
Where thundering down some torrent came to bless
The flowering wastes, the desert's loveliness.

And lovelier things he thought of, and less grand,
The purple sage-brush that was everywhere,
The yellow poppy of the sun and sand,
Enchanting contrast to her raven hair;
And Manzanita berries, crimson red,
And purple heather from the desert's bed.

And desert holly of the sanded wild,
Frost-white and fair as ever fair could be,
Sun-born but lone, the desert's loveliest child,
Its curling leaves God's own embroidery.
All these were hers, and others yet the while,
All cheaply purchased by a single smile.



IN THE VINEYARD

Day in, day out, the old new lover came;
Was it not time to answer yes, or nay?
Like fair Penelope, who did the same,
She prayed delaying, just another day,
And still in hopes she yet might surely know
If Ivan really were alive, or no.

Just then a letter from her guardian came;
A perfect thunderbolt it must have been,
Full of complaining and of every blame,
What under heaven was it she could mean?
Could it be so, such cold ingratitude,
Towards one who always was so kind and good?

Oft he had heard of how his cousin sought
Her hand in marriage, and of her delay:
He was amazed, for was this cousin not
What any girl could like most any day?
Rich, and genteel, and good to look upon,
And then, still more, he was a Spanish don.

Then, as to Ivan, heaven only knew
What had become of him: perhaps a shark
Had simply swallowed him; such things they do!
There were great dangers down in caverns dark,
And any way, her passion for him must
Long since have turned to ashes and to dust.

There seemed no choice; that Glorietta saw,
This unloved marriage was a thing foregone.
Her guardian's wishes, were they not a law?
She was as helpless as a mountain-fawn,
And yet she waited still another day,
And never answered either yes or nay.

At last she spoke. It was a *ruse* to find
If Ivan really were alive or dead.
"It seems to me that I could speak my mind
If I were only in my home," she said.
"There in our garden by the crystal bay,
There I could answer either yes or nay."



ONCE, ON A HEIGHT, ALONE, SHE STOOD AND GAZED

“Let it be so! Tomorrow,” he replied,
Not guessing all her reasons nor the why;
“On my fleet steeds across the hills we’ll ride.”
He did not notice Glorietta sigh.
He had forgotten, too, about the slip
That sometimes happens ’twixt the cup and lip.

Next day it was a pretty cavalcade
That crossed the mountains, westward to the sea.
The Don, his sister, and the beauteous maid,
And some retainers, only two or three.
A hundred miles was nothing then to ride,
At least to win so beautiful a bride!

A little while, and now in Monterey,
The dear old city by the sounding sea,
There was great talk among the young and gay
Of an event that very soon would be.
“The Don was rich,” that much the gossips said,
“And Glorietta had come home to wed.”

Not in whole years had there been such a stir.
The Alcalde’s ward was now a beauty, grown,
All eyes were turned for but a glimpse of her
Or the great Don who claimed her for his own.
A little while, and wedding bells would ring,
And guests be bid up to the revelling.

Now there was searching of old wardrobes through
For gowns unique, and rich, of long ago;
Gold satin skirts, and rare mantillas, too,
And high heeled boots with gold or silver bow;
Queer combs from Spain, and jewels rare and bright,
To wear on Glorietta’s wedding night.

It was proclaimed among the ladies all,
To be *au fait* one must be gaily dressed.
And there would be a Spanish carnival,
To make this wedding seem the very best.
The men also, in picturesque array,
Expectant waited for the wedding day.



HIGH AT HER WINDOW GLORIETTA STOOD

Young Ivan, meantime, had been lost to view;
No trace of him could Glorietta find,
And now there seemed no other thing to do
Than wed the Don, though much against her mind:
So, though in tears, she gave a half consent,
And all was fixed, just as her guardian meant.

The day has come, the sun will soon be down,
A hundred guests on horseback gaily ride
Up to the palace, quite outside the town,
To greet the bridegroom and to kiss the bride,
As was the custom in the days of yore,
Each rider held his fair one on before.

Down by the sea the glad old mission bells
Ring out a sweet, a half voluptuous chime.
The saintly friar there a moment tells
His beads to heaven in this dear, happy time:
Then turns his steps, he must be there to say
The nuptial vows on this their wedding day.

At her high window Glorietta stood,
And saw the riders in their glad array,
Yet felt that moment that she almost could
Have thrown herself into the shining bay:
All seemed a mockery to her, the scene,
Not less her wedding dress of gold and green.

Out on the lawn a bright pavillion showed,
Hung round with flags, and open at the side,
Already circled by the common crowd,
For all would see the bridegroom and the bride.
Half in the dark one silent figure leant
Against the curtains of th' illumined tent.

A little while, and look! The priest has come,
And bride and groom walk slowly down the line.
In a few words she is bid welcome home,
By the Alcalde, old Count Valentine.
In smiles and tears, she waits the solemn word:
Yet listen, now, a singer's voice is heard.



THE SAINTLY FRIAR THERE A MOMENT TELLS HIS BEADS

A pretty custom in the land they had,
That girlhood friends about the bride should be,
To sing some song, some pretty words, nor sad,
To wish her joy and all felicity,
Before the one and final word is said,
Before the priest pronounced her duly wed.

And so to-night the singers come and sing,
And to a lute some verses improvise;
Some happy thought, perhaps some little thing,
Each for herself some pretty couplet tries,
Then hands the lute to her who next her is,
Who smiling sings of future ecstasies.

Meanwhile the bride, who is all listening
To honied phrases she is glad to hear,
Herself prepares some pretty song to sing,
For see, the lute to her is coming near!
That moment look, her eyes are quickly bent
On that lone figure by the curtained tent.

Half in the shadow, halfway in the light,
Two sad dark eyes are looking straight at hers.
Heavens! it is Ivan, come this very night!
A sudden joy her inmost bosom stirs;
She dare not speak, a hundred wait around,
And he were dead if near the palace found.

Quick beat her heart, it was her turn to sing,
A prayer she breathed for guidance. What to do?
Her voice she feared had sudden taken wing,
And Ivan's eyes were piercing through and through.
Oh! would some saint in all Love's calendar
That moment come and pitying smile on her.

She waits a little—then an Indian air
Came to her mind that *he* had often sung.
Not one would know it of the many there,
For it was only of the Indian tongue.
She took the lute and sang a melody
Of love beside the Manzanita tree:

The moon's above the ocean now,
Then hasten, love, to me,
And keep the vow you made beside
The Manzanita tree.

The stars across the heavens sweep,
As faithful as can be.
Let us be faithful, too, beside
The Manzanita tree.

The mist is on the mountain top,
The mist is on the lea,
Tonight, tonight, we meet beside
The Manzanita tree.

The Manzanita berry's ripe,
And red as red can be,
O who would not go loving by
The Manzanita tree.

What if another claim my hand,
My heart, my heart's with thee,
So we will meet tonight beside
The Manzanita tree.

Each sigh, each thought, the listning lover heard,
And knows the meaning of the song she sings,
And ere the priest has said the solemn word
A steed all saddled to the gate he brings:
A sign, a gesture, from her lover there,
And they are gone, and no one knoweth where.

And they have mounted on the swiftest horse,
The fleetest steed the Alcalde ever owned.
They ford the Carmel in its swiftest course,
The old sea-bay behind them moaned and moaned,
And many a cypress gnarled by storm and wind
There in the moonlight they have left behind.



A SHIP ALL SHINING LIKE THE SHIP OF OLD

Into the mountains, all the night they rode,
On narrow ways, along the canyon's side,
Where moon and stars no more the pathway showed,
Till the bright dawn the flying lovers ride,
Then change their course, for path there now is none,
And leave the horse and climb the rocks alone.

And still a day, now downward toward the sea,
Some *ignis fatuus* beckons them along;
Though tired of limb and hungry they may be,
They think they hear some soft, sweet siren's song—
It is the sea-wave's voice alone they hear,
Forever sweet to any lover's ear.

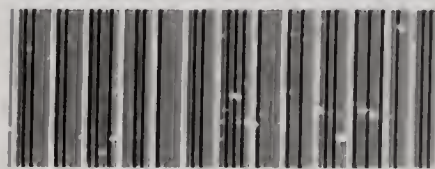
And they have reached the hemmed-in ocean's shore,
Cliffs right and left, behind them but despair.
Are they pursued, there is not any more
The smallest hope of further flight than there:
But see! a ship is yonder passing by,
Or is't a phantom of the mist and sky?

Full-sailed it rides, yet scarcely passes on—
“'Tis not a league,” cried Ivan, “from the shore,
Trust to my arms: a thousand times I've gone
Down in the deeps and braved the ocean's roar.
Here it is calm, and yonder ship may prove
A rest from flight, a refuge place for love.”

And they are gone into the mist and wave,
Far out of sight of each pursuing one.
If in the sea they find a lovers' grave,
Now who may know, since mist and ship are gone!
Time and the sea, no matter, kind or rude,
Can cover all, pursuers, and pursued.

Still, from yon cliff, where fisher-folk repair
On moonlight nights the ocean to behold,
'Tis said they see, if but the mist be there,
A ship all shining like the ship of old,
And on the deck a lady walks serene,
Still in her wedding dress, of gold and green.

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