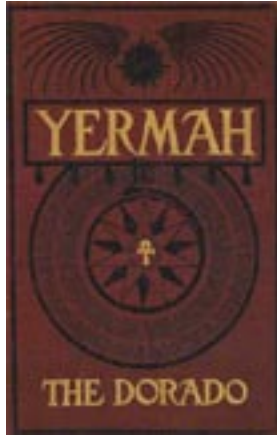


# YERMAH THE DORADO: THE STORY OF A LOST RACE

Fiona Eunice Wait

(Fiona Eunice Wait Smith Colbern) published in San Francisco in 1897 by Doxey Publishers

The Rosicrucian Library collection holds one of only 500 copies printed in the first edition of this little known esoteric classic. Colbern was a nineteenth century feminist novelist who wrote this visionary adventure story of an Atlantean Utopia named Tlamco, located on the site of present-day San Francisco. It is considered an early science fiction classic by a western American woman.



Yermah the Dorado was refreshed and invigorated by his early-morning ride. It had been a jolly gallop, and it would have been hard to say who found the keenest enjoyment in it, himself, his horse Cibolo, or Oghi, the ocelot, running beside them in long, slow leaps that covered much ground, yet always alighting noiselessly and softly as a cat.

“In Colbern’s novel an Atlantean city of seven hills and seven temples is described at the site of modern day San Francisco. She describes the locations as:

TEMPLE OF THE SUN: Haight and Shraeder Streets in the Haight–Ashbury District

TEMPLE OF JUPITER: Lone Mountain Campus of the University of San Francisco

TEMPLE OF VENUS: Alamo Park (a famous Victorian row in the Western Addition)

TEMPLE OF MARS: Southwest from Lone Mountain Campus of the University of San Francisco

TEMPLE OF SATURN: Buena Vista Park, facing Corona Heights in the Haight–Ashbury District

TEMPLE OF URANUS: The edge of the San Francisco Presidio, the upper end of Mountain Lake

TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE: Strawberry Hill in Golden Gate Park

“The three hills which overlook the Golden Gate from the San Francisco Presidio are understood in the novel to symbolize an end of the ‘Bridge of Kinvat,’ the etheric bridge extending from the star Sirius to earth.”<sup>1</sup>

This selection from the first chapter vividly describes the setting of the ancient area of Tlamco.

It was a beautiful morning, one that would correspond to the first of June now, but this was eleven thousand one hundred and forty-seven years ago, when days and years were reckoned differently...

It was the first time since his arrival from Atlantis that Yermah had ventured outside the city limits alone. When once the temples, forts, and market-places of Tlamco were left behind him, he had given Cibolo the rein and abandoned himself to the exhilaration of going like the wind. Tlamco, the Llama city whose passing was so complete as to leave no perceptible traces for the men who founded Yerba Buena on the same peninsula ages after, and whose very existence would be laughed at by the nineteenth-century inhabitants of San Francisco, were not the hills in and around Golden Gate Park living witnesses of great mathematical skill. The first denizens built some of these hills and shaped others, to give the diameters and distances of all the planets. Who of to-day will believe that Las Papas, or Twin Peaks, show the eccentricities of the earth’s orbit to one fifty-millionths of its full size?

South of what is now known as the Potrero was a bay. Now it is a swamp, and the north and south points there are the remains of forts, though they appear to be nothing

more than hillocks blown into shape by the merest chance. To the west is a hill, on which dwelt the naval commander, Hanabusa, with his officers.

Immediately north of the commander's residence was a hill upon which was located the house of the captain of the three-decked war-galleys, or balsas. The fleet was composed of twenty large and twelve small balsas, and these lay out in the bay, well-protected from wind and storm. The house of the commandant was near the signal-station, which could be seen from every eminence in the city. It also guarded the western side of the cement causeway leading from the market-place in the center of Tlamco to the water's edge. The captain's house afforded protection to the north side.

### **Yermah Returns to the City**

Yermah skirted the range of hills on the land side, where were located the granaries of his people, and which accounted for the presence of the fleets and forts in that neighborhood. He rode down what is now called the San Bruno Road, where he was kept busy returning salutes of the workmen whose duty it was to produce, conserve, and prepare food for their fellows. Meeting Hanabusa near his home, Yermah dismounted to consult with him.

An immense octagonal inclosure, eight hundred and eighty feet across, which equaled the base of the great pyramid of Gizeh, and one three-hundred-thousandths of the diameter of the planet Jupiter, surrounded Yermah's house in Tlamco. It was approached by two beautiful gates. The one due north closed a roadway composed of tiny white seashells, continued to the bay, and overlooking the Golden Gate. The other was the terminus of a footpath of flagging, which led to the observatory.

Here the adobe was laid in irregular forms and covered with stucco. The walls were four feet above the terrace, which was fifteen feet all told. There were eight towers, thirty feet high by twenty in diameter. These symbolized

the eight companions of Jupiter. They were circular in form, and had battlements and winding stairs, each tower being furnished with deep-set octagon loopholes for observation, and would comfortably accommodate twenty men.

Each one was entered by a door which opened into the courtyard, and connected with a passage under the terrace. It was this passage fitted with loop-holes which made it really a fortification. The whole structure was flat-roofed, with battlements of hard wood plated with lead. The lower floor of each tower was a sort of guardroom, furnished with huge tables and benches, which followed the outline of the room. There were stools of terra-cotta, porcelain, and hard woods elaborately carved where the bodyguard suite of the Dorado lived. In each tower, one above the other, were two sleeping apartments of similar size, with messrooms attached.

### **Consulting the Oracle of Orion**

Yermah ... lingered but a moment in the hallway, then crossed over to the extreme eastern triangle, which was a private sanctuary where he often went to consult the oracle Orion on personal matters.

The statue was of carved alabaster, exquisitely proportioned. It represented the figure of a man, with diamond eyes, whose head supported a jeweled miter, terminating in a point. The belt which confined his loose robe at the waist had three solitaires of purest water, which were supposed to grow dim if the petitioner was not in good health or was in danger. If these stones became opaque or colorless, the phenomenon gave rise to most dismal forebodings.

Orion was placed in a square niche exactly facing the rising sun, and held a fan and sickle in his hand. A window of jeweled glass let in the first rays of the morning, lighting up the gold and silver ornamentation back of the figure. The right side was of gold, the left of silver—one



typifying the sun, the other the moon. Back of the head, suspended from the ceiling, was a splendid panache of green feathers dusted with jewels, and above this was a crystal ball, whose knobby surface reflected rainbow colors in circles and zones.

At his feet was a bas-relief representing a golden humming-bird flying over water, which was a symbol of Atlantis. The prayer-rug in front of the figure was of ivory, woven in strips. It was as flexible as cloth and beautifully fine. The double-key pattern,

characteristic of prehistoric America, formed the border; but this was much broken and most effective with its shadings of black skillfully intermingled with filigree carvings. Pastils of incense burned on the altar; peace and quiet reigned supreme.



## Endnotes:

- <sup>1</sup> Description of Ancient San Francisco in *Yermah* adapted from DonnaKova Dauser [www.thediviningnation.com](http://www.thediviningnation.com) at Jacqueline Reid, "Power Sites in the USA," [http://reid\\_j.tripod.com/power.html](http://reid_j.tripod.com/power.html).



*Atlantean Temple*, James Collins, F.R.C.