



The Golden Hinde
DEERMOEN



ВЪЛКЪ ЛЪВЪ ОУРЪ
ДО ЧЕЛОВЕКЪ



Golden Hinde

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The Incas of Today; Children of the Sun; Dream of Empire.

The following Account of The Legends of Hidden Treasure of Peru, is by Florence Jackson Stoddard, who has lived for Years in South America, and is now Editor of "The Overland." It was part of this same Treasure that, Recaptured from the Spanish, formed Drake's freight, in "The Golden Hinde."

When Berkeley said that "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," it was in ignorance or ignoring of the fact that long ago the course of Empire had reached the farthest limit of the Western World and that still there lives in that region a people who Dream of and believe in a renewal of Imperial Power. America for the Americans, has more than one significance; it is taken to mean that which each person would have it to mean; for most, it is claimed to apply to a region that has been thought to be so saturated with the Spirit of Democracy as to make the word Imperialism wholly lacking of significance in its Vocabulary. "Mais, nous avons change tout cela" is a most quotable phrase in this connection, and Evolution sometimes

demands that a man shall stultify his early training.

But outside of these given limits of situation, there lie other Lands, other "Homes of the Free" built up in the wide New World to which a certain discoverer came some four hundred years ago, and to which a certain adventurer managed to give his name. And behold, neither the discoverer nor the adventurer ever touched foot upon that portion of consecrated earth which has so loudly claimed to be America for the Americans. And the portion they trod upon, glories in that fact, so that South America, proudly calls itself America with a very large A, and distinguishes the rest of the Continent as North America. And in that Southern Hemisphere there lives, not a dream of New Imperialism, but the memory of an ancient Empire that will live again.

It has been so long since the Conquest of Peru was written, that the World, which has since then sought many adventures, has forgotten how it was led by the accounts

of those Explorations in a New World Empire, to seek further wonders in other places. When it seemed that Europeans had stripped from the Peruvians all the treasure they had, interest in a race that had shown itself gentle under tyranny, died out. The wonderful civilization of that Quichua people & the Empire of the Incas, has ceased to be, but in the remainder of the tribe that still possesses the region where it once lived in greatness, there is held the belief in the restoration of all that made their land mighty. Confidently do the People look for the coming again of an Inca who will set up the Kingdom of the Sun in all its former grandeur, & they say that then the Buried Treasure that was hidden from the avaricious white man, will be brought forth, and that the Temples will be filled with as costly and beautiful ornaments as they held when Atahualpa's ransom was paid and treacherously received in old Cuzco.

Along the table lands of Titi-caca, there are now living the descendents of the once Imperial People. They are very humble in appearance, of stolid countenance, although mild, dwelling in the most primitive way and showing no inclination to progress from the standards they hold of the past. In some respects these standards have degenerated; there is no Upper Class,

no Royalty to inspire effort or veneration, and the daily existence is a continual waiting, a patient, dreary, yet not hopeless waiting for the expected deliverance.

In the faith of the coming Inca, these people dream as their limited mental development would not seem to make it possible, of a greatness that will rival the greatness of anything they have seen in other races, for they judge all, or what they can conceive of all, by what they have seen of white races that have taken possession of their lands.

It is a singular and marvelous thing, to be able in the Twentieth Century, to study the mental and moral condition of a People whose manner of life is that of tribes developed little beyond the point of the Dawn of History. Having deteriorated from the position reached by the Peruvians before the Conquest, and having never in the days of their greatness possessed a written language, the Incas of today can be classed, in mentality, with Prehistoric man, or at best with those who listened to, but had not been the heroes of, the very earliest tales gathered in Homeric times.

And they have Legends of their own, beautiful and wonderful to relate. It is through these that one may trace the Dawn of Thought, the reaching out to the Great, the Infinite, through the lessons read in

the Nature about them. They live in a land of marvels. Surrounded by the stupendous peaks of a forest of silent volcanoes, and warned that silence can be broken when they hear the sullen roar of Cotopaxi, or Chimborazo; at day smiled upon by the Sun they worship, and at night gazing with awe into the limitless Dome of the Starry Heavens; following the pathways their legends point to; reaching down to the treasures of gold they will not disturb until the Inca comes to need them; these expressionless creatures carry on a dream life like to that no Idealist, in the midst of Civilization can hold.

It was known by travelers, that strange and interesting folk-lore was to be found among the Quichua people, and many have tried to gather the tales from the lips of some garrulous member of the tribe, but without success. The Incas of today are shy of strangers. Mild and even docile as they are, they refuse to speak more than need be and with the greatest unwillingness do they use the Spanish language.

For the most Part, White People throughout South America speak the Indian dialects if they live any length of time in the regions where Indians form the greater portion of the population. The idioms of the Quichua and Guarani are soft and liquid, easily learned, & the languages have now become so

formed as to possess a grammar by which they can be learned by students.

In the early days of colonization the Jesuits established missions in Paraguay whereby the Guaranis were many of them brought under their influence and taught European ways of living. But the same effort with the Quichuas was not so successful, and the love of race, the belief in the faith of their fathers remained, and remains with them. For this reason it has been difficult for foreigners to learn their stories, and the wealth to be found in the interior lands they inhabit, has as yet been left undeveloped owing to the difficulty of reaching to the mountainous districts, & of transportation to, and from, even the chief cities.

The mines of Bolivia & Peru still hold their treasures well guarded. Even the ancient Peruvians did not develop the mines, but gathered the gold they used from the rivers and gulches, and shafts were sunk only by the foreigners who, later, ravaged the country and pressed the Indians to service under the hated *misa* tax. Yet even these workings were not so extensive as they might have been, and Bolivia has hidden wealth that, when it is reached will be the wonder of the world. For the Quichuas sought gold and gems only for the adornment of their temples and the use of the royal families, the Incas, the name including the

chief officers of the government & the priests of the temple. To the people it was a privilege & a duty to gather the gold which was never used in exchange & barter, never made into money, but was kept for the fashioning of ornaments & vessels used in the temples and palaces. This gold was accumulated by the people of each community & every 3 months was deposited in boxes placed along the post-roads. From these boxes the messengers from the Capital gathered it in their rounds, and there it had lain unguarded & untouched till taken by such authorities. To people who have stories of these customs always in mind, the value of wealth is, even in the Twentieth Century, insignificant. Their legends are more valuable to them, and so they are to students who may find gold themselves but cannot create a folk-lore in a generation or two.

Fortunately the "Legends of the Incas of Today" have been gathered & given to the world at last. Treasured as they are by the people, it was for long an almost hopeless effort that was pursued, this search for them; many tried and failed, but the persistence of one man has been rewarded & an Argentine scholar, after living a long time among the Quichuas, winning their confidence & adopting their customs, until he was adopted by them, has taken from the lips of the remnant of

the old Inca people, the stories still told & believed among them. Don Filiberto Oliveira de Gezar, has written & published in his own land, the Legends of the Incas of Today, & the Folk-Lore of the Guarani Races, those tribes that over ran the Eastern part of South America as the Quichuas did the Western table lands.

These stories have been given into the hands of a North American who has the sole right of publishing them in English, & thus adding to the anthropological literature of America information that even the most casual reader will find interesting.

Florence Jackson.

The Bottle Worshipers

The greatest sorrow of The Picturesque Suburb, is that it is so unblest with bibulous visitors from The Squalid Urb, who come for a Summer's Day or a Summer's Stay, & while the elders drink prodigally of stimulants & medicines, the juniors spend their time in mashing the empty bottles over the surrounding land, until it begins to look like a sea of broken glass, dangerous alike to man & beast, ceaselessly cumulative & crescent from its way of multiplying by fracture. No Good Comes in or out of Bottles.

What a Surprise an Honest
Community Would Be.

Imagine the Shoemaker handing out a pair of shoes tagged with the inscription in plain letters:

"Poor Quality, 3rd class split leather Mens' Brogans."

Wouldn't it be surprising?

Shoemakers are hanging out the same thing every day, but always bearing the mark "Best Quality etc." Oh you liars.

Look your polite clerk in the eye when he assures you that the mixture of hog fat and cotton seed juice which he hands you in a bottle, is "Pure California Olive Oil, and nothing else." There is not a tremor in his voice. He has the perfection of a Poker Face, which betrays naught of what passes by the mind within. You know he is lying. He knows you know he is lying and you know that he knows you know it. What is the use of it all then?

Go to the druggist; ask him for pure brandy for medicinal purposes; see the brown-colored dope that he will hand you. He knows that nothing ever came out of a still with that color; that nothing could come over a still with that color. Tell him so and then hear him lie. He will tell you that it has been so long in wood etc., well knowing that his barrel of alcohol has lain in the back

cellar for perhaps eleven years & hasn't got a particle of color out of the wood, and never could and never would, and well he knows that the brandy never did; that it is doctored with tobacco, peach juice, licorice & the maker only knows what.

If there was an honest community that branded its second class products as second class, you would know then that you were getting second class goods and not eleventh class stuff at second class prices.

Following the above advice and as a sample of the way it sounds, the business manager, to wit the Purser of the Golden Hinde doth depose & say (without being sworn, & I am sure that all will believe him without his going through that formality, so necessary when averring large circulations,) that the number of paid subscribers to the Golden Hinde is under 100, & that there is none on the free list, & the average number of monthly sales is small, to wit under twenty five copies. Which puts the said Magazine in the proud position of having the only absolutely true statement of circulation and also makes it evident that to have the Golden Hinde in the house is a mark of distinction. While the subscription list is small, it is of high quality, & there are some names on it which are worth more to the captain & crew as marks of appreciation, than would be the dollars of a hundred dolts.

Hot Surf Bath.

The Mount Tamalpais Railway is building a wagon road of easy grade from West Point to Willow Camp. This will make the submarine Hot Springs of Bolinas more easily reached and perhaps in time people will come to realize that taking a natural hot bath in the surf is worth the time and trouble merely for the delight of the sensation.

The Hot Sulphur Springs are under the surf at ordinary tides, but twice a month, at new and full moon, the water goes low enough so that only the highest waves roll in over the Springs.

They are situated at the foot of an almost precipitous bluff, about five hundred feet high, down which falls a torrent in a hundred small cataracts.

Huge boulders, big as houses are scattered about a sandy beach, and from among these issue the Springs. There is not stick or stone of any work of man in sight, and bathers usually dress in their tents at Willow Camp, and run down the Beach.

To visit the place on a cool grey morning when a fog hangs over the sea, and the surf rolls in, threatening storm, is an experience to remember.

Clouds of steam are seen rising from the sands which, released from the cooling sea by the low tide, are

rapidly rising in temperature. The hot water runs away as fast as it issues from the sand, and so one must dig out a small pool for a bath tub. The water in this often becomes too hot for comfort, and then follows the delight of running out into the surf for a cooling and back to the pool again for a warming.

At the time of the greatest low tide, the morning after a new moon, the sands get so hot that the returning breakers are often warmed to a comfortable temperature, and then, Oh! the rare joy of a warm surf bath.

~~~~~  
 Ruby wine is drunk by fools  
 Sugar spends to fatten slaves.

Emerson.

Would you be free from Pain?  
 Would you banish that Neuralgia?  
 That Toothache?  
 All the rack of nerves?

No you would not, for you would have to omit sugar & all sweets from your diet. And you will not.

For you are a slave of the Sugar Bowl & dare not break away.

—————  
 I like to write Flub Dubby Things  
 To put in Sunday Papers;  
 I put on my Pegasus wings  
 And cut Linguistic capers.  
 I don't have to be grammatical  
 Rhetorical or funny;  
 I just make yards of pencil tracks  
 Because I want the money.



*The Mountain's Ways.*

The Sandman put the Mountain in  
 her bed  
 And tucked her in with little fleecy  
 clouds,  
 Then drew a snowy coverlet round  
 her head  
 And left her there to pleasant dreams.  
 But he had scarcely gone away  
 When the Mountain threw her cov-  
 ering off  
 And peeping out, began to play  
 At hide go seek with the sunbeams.

H. G. E.

Of the first volume of  
 The Golden Hinde (6 numbers, March  
 to August inclusive) 23 complete  
 files remain. These have been firmly  
 bound in Californian hand stamped  
 leather with inset backs & thong-  
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 12:30 o'clock each Sunday Morning.  
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 Rev. Charles G. Paterson, Pastor.

Ladies' Missionary Meeting on The  
 Second Tuesday of each month 8 p.m.

The "Golden Hinde" will always be  
 found at the Bookshop of Paul  
 Elder and Morgan Shepard, San  
 Francisco, California. . . . .

*December.*

*Chansonette.*

When on a rainy day the shadows fall,  
 Covering the world with banks of  
 driving mist  
 That droops down nearer till the trees  
 are kissed  
 And stirring answer to the raindrop's  
 call;  
 And strange Perfumes yielded by  
 Redwoods tall,  
 With wandering clouds that linger  
 where they list,  
 While in the heavens light and dark-  
 ness twist  
 Or drop in sullen silence like a pall;

So in my soul the shadows compass  
 round,  
 While Sorrow soothes my Heart like  
 Magic Balm,  
 And draws sweet incense from my  
 troubled mind,  
 Raising my earth-clogged thought  
 from off the ground,  
 Flooding my being with a restful  
 calm  
 Bringing sight where I before was  
 blind.

H. G. E.

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*The Romance of the Common Place.*

I have long wanted a chance to write an appreciative review of Gelett Burgess. This review now is not for the Public nor the Publisher: it is to please me myself, & should be treated as strictly Confidential.

The truth is that I dote upon the Lark & all that has followed.

I am vain enough to think that I see more in Burgess than the World in general or any person in particular, even suspects.

His antic performances have beneath them more of reason & philosophy than many a Dry-as-dust ever dreamed.

Burgess plays upon the World and the People in it, as a Musician does upon an instrument.

A deaf man, seeing the Musician perform would say, "What comical capers his fingers can play!"

But the Player is not thinking of fingers or instrument.

And the deaf man gets never a thought of the theme.

"The Romance of the Common Place" has been ever a steady quest with the Burgess and he finds it everywhere under our own very eyes which we had been straining by peering so far away that the vanishing point was past.

"There I read an old Romance,  
Here I see one living;  
There I read an old Romance,

But in Helen's lightest glance  
Far a livelier tale enchants  
Wild excitement giving."

It is always a source of regret to me that the Lark does not fly forth each week.

There was more originality, more work, thought, brains, planning and invention in the first volume of the Lark than would run most magazines or papers for a whole cycle, and none who have not struggled with the mysteries of "Publishing Something New" can ever know what effort the Lark must have cost its originator.

In the "Romance" there is to be seen a little more of the real Burgess than we have before been shown but he still holds his reader at arms length while just a corner of the curtain is raised now & then, or may be he only pretends to raise it.

His versatility is marvelous & so far as I know unequaled; Writer of Prose—humorous, comic and analytical; of Verse—comic and romantic of the purest, truest kind. Artist, Engraver & Designer, Editor & Publisher, & all of these things well done.

Well done, Burgess. But tell me, please will not you let the Lark fly again, just for a year?

"Romance of the Common Place," Published by Elder & Shepard. Price I do not remember, But the Book is worth it.