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Author(s): G.M. Ottinger

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Abstract: Series of articles dealing with archaeological, anthropological, geographical, societal, religious, and historical aspects of ancient America and their connections to the Book of Mormon, which is the key to understanding “old American” studies.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

BESIDES the feast of Raymi, Acosta says the Peruvians had another festival, when they produced publicly three figures of the sun which they called father sun, son sun, and brother sun. The third festival was celebrated about the time the maize and other plants sprang up out of the ground, when they sacrificed many animals to the sun, entreating him to prevent the frost from injuring their agricultural productions. During the ceremony, the dances and drinking of the Raymi festival were renewed. The fourth festival was called Citua, and was held on the first day of the moon after the autumnal equinox (September). It was preceded by a rigorous fast of several days. On the vigil of the feast they made bread called "cancu," which was formed into balls, and placed in a pot, where it was baked. According to Garcilazo (258), this bread was made in two different ways. The first kind was simply made from meal of Indian corn and water. The second kind was moistened with the blood of children from five to ten years of age. They drew the blood from veins in the arm, the nose or between the eyebrows. Some hours before daybreak on the morning after the fast, they arose from their beds, washed their bodies, and, taking a lump of the bloody bread, applied it to their head, mouth, and other parts of their bodies as if by so doing they purified themselves from all their infirmities. This being done, the eldest member of the family affixed some of the bread to the lintels of the door next to the street, to designate that they had performed their purifications. The high priest performed the same ceremonies at the temple of the sun, and appointed other priests to perform the same rites at the convent of the virgins of the sun and at other places accounted holy and sacred by them. The eldest uncle of the Inca performed the ceremony at the court. As soon as the sun rose the people adored him and then broke their fast with the bread, which they attempted to do simultaneously throughout the kingdom. Immediately afterwards one of the royal princes sallied out from the fortress of Cuzco. He was richly attired and represented a messenger from the sun. He held aloft a lance ornamented with feathers of various colors from point to butt. He ran to the market place where he met four persons also of royal blood, each bearing lances in their hands. They touched the points of their spears with the one carried by the first lord, who told them that the sun commanded them as his officers to purify and cleanse the city. The four persons then departed, running through the principal streets of the city. As they passed along, men, women and children stood at the doors of the houses, making great acclamations and shaking their garments, as if to beat out the dust, and rubbing their bodies as if washing off all disease and sickness, which they expected would be expelled from the city by the men armed with lances, who passed along the streets. By a succession of persons relieving one another they purified the city and its vicinity for a distance of several leagues, when fixing their lances in the ground, they considered they had formed an impassable barrier to all ill luck and disease. When night came they lighted great balls or torches of straw twisted close and hard together, that they might be a long time burning. They were about the size of a foot ball, with a short piece of

cord attached by which they were whirled about through the streets. In this manner they expelled the nocturnal plagues and evils, as the diurnal one had been driven out by the lances.

After passing through the streets of the city the fire-balls were thrown into some running stream, which, carrying them along with its current, bore off every evil and accident. A Peruvian would on no account approach one of these balls, which, being extinguished, might happen to be entangled in the weeds or bushes of the river's bank, believing if he did so he would be afflicted with the plagues driven out of the city. "This celebration of eating consecrated bread made with blood is similar to the same religious rite practiced by the Mexicans and people of Nicaragua" (McCullough, 396).

Connected to every temple dedicated to the sun was a convent of virgins, who devoted themselves to seclusion and celibacy. They were considered the wives of the sun, and were not allowed to speak to any man but the Inca, a privilege it would seem he never attempted to use. Acosta says these convents were maintained by rents and revenues assigned them by the Inca. At Cuzco these virgins were solely of the royal blood, none others being admitted, and these only before their eighth year. In other parts of the empire the convents were filled with the daughters of the curacas or governors and the nobility. To these provincial convents females distinguished for gracefulness and beauty were also admitted. These provincial virgins were considered as wives of the Inca, if he chose to select them; but if ever they had been so honored, they were never permitted to return to the convent. Those who had reached a good old age had permission to return to their families with certain honorable privileges, if they preferred to do so. The virgins of the sun took no part in the religious worship of the country. It seems they were chiefly employed manufacturing clothing and ornaments for the Inca and his family. They also made the fine garments annually burned in honor of the sun, as well as the consecrated bread and the drinks used on the occasions of their festivals. They constantly preserved at the convent at Cuzco a perpetual fire. If this happened to be extinguished it was supposed to indicate a visitation of dreadful calamities. Garcilazo says if the women violated their vows of chastity they were buried alive. The man connected with them was hung and his kindred stoned to death.

When the Inca or any person of consequence died his body was emboweled and then gradually dried (Acosta says they embalmed their dead Incas 'with a certain resin'). The bowels were interred at a temple five miles from Cuzco, and with them were buried his armor, garments and other things that had been useful to him while alive. Some writers say that many of his domestics were also put to death and buried in the same grave, that they might attend their master in the invisible world. The bodies of the Incas, when perfectly desiccated, were placed in a sitting position before an image of the sun in the temple of Cuzco, where sacrifices were offered to them. They not only made great lamentations over their dead but they also used mourning clothes which were of a grey color.

The Peruvians, unlike the Mexicans, made few idolatrous images, except those of the sun and moon. Acosta says when they "celebrated their festival of Raymi they made images of carved quinnua wood, all attired with rich garments." Idols of gold and silver or at least figures of these metals, were found among the ancient monuments and tombs. Skinner says that they had household gods called canopas (lords of the house). They also set up stones in their fields which were worshiped as protectors of the crops. The Inca Viracocha

erected a temple to the god of that name (Viracocha being a synonym of Pachacamac). In this temple an image of stone was placed. The Spaniards demolished this temple and defaced the statue. Garcilazo (Royal Commentaries, 30) declares that in one of the royal apartments (called holy) of the Cuzco temple was a cross made of white marble. It was hung up to the wall by a golden chain, and was held in great veneration, though it was not worshiped.

(To be Continued.)

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

BY HUGH KNOWLH.

As great interest has been shown and a desire expressed to know more of the countries of the southern hemisphere, no doubt a description by one who has spent over eleven years of his life in those countries will be acceptable to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

As your friend, "Hugh," does not wish to be tedious and dry by merely stating facts and figures, he will, with your permission, take his readers on an imaginary voyage, describing, as we travel along, the objects of interest, and noting down items worthy of record.

Well, are we all ready for a start? Pray do not provide yourselves with large trunks of clothing or hampers of provisions as your fathers did when traveling across the dreary plains in days gone by. Anything we require can be obtained cheaply while on our trip. All that we require is a compact valise containing a change of clothing and our note books. All ready? Then off we start on a voyage that a few years ago took as many years as it does now months. Thanks to our mighty friend steam for the change.

We start from the depot at Salt Lake City, leaving our friends waving us adieu and good wishes and soon arrive at Ogden. At that busy railroad town, we secure our tickets for San Francisco, and soon are whirling away on the C. P. R. R. towards the Occident, flying over barren plains, halting at the rising towns of Elko, Reno, Truckee, etc. for a few minutes and off again climbing the lofty and grand Sierra Nevadas with their beautiful scenery and mighty chasms surrounded by snow on all sides, the train like an enormous snake diving every few minutes into horrid dark tunnels, to again emerge into the glorious light of day—again shooting through the heart of the mountains and again welcoming daylight, we at length reach Cape Horn, and here one of the grandest and most extraordinary pictures of nature is brought suddenly to view. Wrapped in our great coats, shivering with cold, the beautiful snow lying deeply around us, we, as if by magic, have presented before us one of the most beautiful panoramic views that possibly can be conceived in the mind of man—thousands of feet below us lie fields of golden grain, beautiful orchards, happy homesteads nestling amongst shade trees, everything fresh, bright, green and beautiful. This is our first sight and impression of California. Soon we are rushing through the Sacramento Valley, with its grain fields, orchards and vineyards, the sun shining brightly (now warm enough to discard our great coats and wrappers) and by night we cross the Bay and arrive safely in San Francisco—the city of wealth, fashion, excitement and lunacy.

Early next morning we hunt out the steamship office, purchase our tickets and secure our cabins and make everything comfortable for our long voyage to the Antipodes.

Having the remainder of the day to spare, we start off with a will to see the most we can in the short time we have to stay.

Walking along Market Street, one of the finest streets in America, we first pass the Grand, and on the next block the Palace Hotels, the latter being acknowledged the most complete and handsome hostleries in the world, accommodating 1000 guests in comfort and elegance. Further on we come to the new City Hall, in course of erection, and which when completed will be one of the handsomest edifices in the United States. A few blocks further on we arrive at Woodward's Garden. We pay our twenty five cents at the grand entrance, and proceed to see the sights therein contained. The first thing that meets our gaze are the beautiful lawns with flower beds of every variety of color, and the fine statuary. Entering a large building we find a splendid collection of minerals, coins, fossils, stuffed animals and birds. In an adjoining hall we find a splendid gallery of pictures, and passing out at the end door we are in a large conservatory filled with tropical fruits and flowers. The sight is most enchanting, and we long to pluck the luscious fruit. Out in the grounds once more we see a lake, on which is a large circular boat filled with happy children, and in different enclosures are water fowls. In one corner in a large pond are several sea lions, which make a fearful noise as they flounder about on the rocks. Passing through a tunnel, under the public street, we arrive at the zoological collection proper. Here we find almost every variety of living animal—lions, tigers, camels, monkeys, etc. We now hasten to the Pavilion where a circus performance is in progress. This is a large building holding some 4,000 people. There are many other sights to see, indeed, much more than would occupy one visit. We find the gardens filled with people and are informed that it is the great resort of the people of San Francisco. The owner, Mr. Woodward, we are told has been offered \$1,000,000 for his gardens, but refused it, for from barren sand hills he has improved them and made them indeed a thing of beauty and the joy of his heart.

As we journey back to our hotel, we note the number of handsome private houses, beautiful grounds and elegant equipages and when we arrive in the heart of the city are attracted with the splendid stores and public buildings, especially the Mercantile Library, California Bank, the Nevada Block, Wade's Theatre and—but stop, we shall never get to New Zealand at this rate, so let's to bed, for the ship leaves early to-morrow morning.

But these facts we note before retiring, that San Francisco is situated on the shore of a fine bay—that it is built on sand hills—we meet people of every nation, American, English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Mexican and last though by no means the least in number and influence the Chinese; each nationality represented going on the even tenor of their way and minding their own business. We have also ascertained that the present population of the city is estimated at about 175,000; that it is not yet 30 years old, owing its rapid growth to the gold mining carried on in the neighboring country, but that now its prosperity is based on a more solid foundation, it being one of the greatest grain and wine markets and important sea ports in the world; and lastly, for its size, it is one of the richest and handsomest cities in existence.

You say you are in raptures with San Francisco, but you must remember we have hardly started on our trip as yet, and there are many places quite as fascinating and beautiful, if not more so, which we shall visit on our journey; so bottle up your enthusiasm for the present, and save some of it for a future time.

To be Continued.