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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.

Retracing our steps for a short distance, we made a slight turn to the north and again to the west, and passed over some more hot places, where we could have lighted a cigar by the lava, had we been smokers, but as it was, we contented ourselves by putting our sticks in and setting them on fire. We soon reached the edge of the great crater, Kilauea, and viewed the monster. The surface of the boiling lake was about five feet lower than where we stood, and at times it would swell and rise till it looked as if it was going to run over. We stood near the edge of the lake a little while before it showed us its power, and we moved a little closer to get a better view, when it commenced boiling and leaping up into the air on the opposite side from us. The red-hot lava thrown into the air assumed all sorts of shapes, and as I stood and looked at it I could imagine numerous small animals pictured in the fiery mass. It lasted but a short time, and then started out in another place much the same as before, only stronger. I was impressed with the power of the Creator who holds in his control such a mighty agency for destruction, and never before did the power of man seem to me so insignificant.

We concluded to retrace our steps as time was passing, and we had a very long and rough ride before us; but we had not proceeded more than three rods when the lava commenced to boil and spurt up in the air near us, and actually fell on the very spot where we had just before been standing. Had we remained there two minutes longer we would have got the hottest shower bath ever mortal received.

The smaller lake is about eight rods across, the larger one fifteen. There were also several small cones that puffed and blew like so many locomotives ready to start. We proceeded to where the stream of lava runs: it is said to flow from thirty to forty miles an hour, but how true this is I cannot say. Here we put our sticks into the melted matter and got some out, in which we fastened a couple of fifty cent pieces, making very pretty and curious specimens. But we both had the misfortune to break them in carrying them in our saddle bags.

We reached the top of the volcano just before twelve o'clock, mounted our horses and rode twenty-three miles.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

ON the Rio Guaraconda at the base of the peak Chicon are the remarkable ruins of Ollantaytambo. These ruins, originally a fortress, guarded the narrow pass leading to the plains of the Amazon. It is built upon a spur of the mountain that projects into or rather between the two valleys of Patacaneha. Each side of the projection of rock is built up with terraces, except where it presents a sheer precipice. The terraces are ascended on one side by steps, and on the other by an inclined plane over half a mile long. This plain is protected at intervals by buildings of stone. They are square in shape, similar to the old-fashioned block houses, and like them looped with holes. In places the walls of the incline are sixty feet high, and up this plane the enormous stones were dragged. Mr. Squires says: "The exterior walls of the fortress zigzag up the mountain side, and, turning at right angles, extend to where a

precipice, more than a thousand feet high, makes prolongation impossible and unnecessary. They are about twenty-five feet high, built of rough stones, stuccoed outside and inside, crenated, and have an inner shelf for the convenience of defenders. They might easily be mistaken for the work of Robert Guiscard, being not unlike the Middle Age fortifications of that chief which hang on the brow of the hills above Salerno, Italy. Within the walls and on the projecting rocky point which they isolate from the mountain, is a confused mass of buildings and walls, great porphyritic blocks, closely fitted in place or lying isolated, rock-cut seats, doorways of beautifully hewn stones with jambs inclining inwards, long ranges of niches in Cyclopean walls, stairways and terraces. The stones are of a hard, red porphyry, brought from quarries more than two leagues distant, upwards of three thousand feet above the valley and on the opposite side from the fortress. They are nearly all hewn into shape and ready to be fitted, and among them I notice several having places cut in them for the reception of the T clamp, which I have mentioned in describing the remains of Tiahuanaco. One of these porphyry blocks, built in the wall of what appeared to be the beginning of a square building, is eighteen feet long, five broad and four deep, not only perfectly squared but finely polished on every face, as are also the stones adjoining it, to which it fits with scarcely perceptible joints."

Mr. S. describes other stone blocks larger in size; one of them, twenty-one and a half feet long by fifteen feet broad, is partially imbedded in the soil but shows a thickness of five feet above ground.

The view from the fortress is beautiful. The whole valley at one time was laid out in a system of terraces, "each terrace level as a billiard table, or with just enough of declivity to permit of easy irrigation."

Facing the ruins is the mountain of Pinculluna, or "hill of flutes," an abrupt splintered mass of rock, thousands of feet high, cutting the sky sharply with its jagged crest. Hanging against its sides in positions apparently and in some places really inaccessible, are numerous buildings. One group, a series of five long edifices one above the other, on corresponding narrow terraces, is the "School of the Virgins." On a bold projecting rock, with a vertical descent of upwards of 900 feet, stands a small building with a doorway opening on the very edge of the precipice. It is the "Horea del Hombre," over which male criminals were thrown. Above it a little distance on a narrow shelf, are the prisons in which the criminals awaited their doom. To the left of these again, separated by a great chasm in the mountains, but at the same giddy height, and overlooking another precipice not less appalling, is the "Horea de Muger," or place of execution for women—vestals false to their vows, or nuns faithless to their Inca lords.

The village of Ollantaytambo is little changed from Inca times. The great square or court of petitions is nearly perfect, and one of the Inca buildings remains nearly perfect, lacking only the roof. The streets of the ancient town were laid out with regularity and taste, running parallel with the stream that watered it. This stream was confined between walls of stone. The ancient houses still substantial are occupied by the present inhabitants, and in their arrangement and other respects give an accurate idea of the mode in which the ancients lived. The romantic history of the place is no less interesting than the ruins. And the traditions and stories of Ollantay, the love-lorn chieftain, form the bases of the most perfect and best dramas of Old America that have descended to our day.

"Cusi Coyllur, the 'Joyful Star,' was the daughter of the Inca Pachacutec. Ollantay was a brave and handsome chief-tain of the Inca's army, who had carried the Inca power further down toward the Amazonian plains than any of the Inca generals; but he was not of royal blood. Returning in triumph to Cuzco, he was received with unprecedented honors in the Huacapata; but in that very hour when his fame was highest and his ambition most elated he caught sight of 'the Joyful Star,' and became the prey of a passion guilty alike in the eyes of religion and the law. None but Incas could ally themselves with those of Inca lineage, and whoever, outside of the royal line, should aspire to such distinction was adjudged guilty of sacrilege and visited with the severest punishment. Thwarted in his suit ignominiously when any one less distinguished would have been slain, the young chieftain, mad with disappointment, and burning with revenge, returns to his army, and in passionate words recounts his wrongs and asks his soldiers to assist in avenging them. In flying from the capital, however, he pauses on the height above it and exclaims:

'Ah, Cuzco! ah, beautiful city,
Thou art filled with my enemies;
Thy perverse bosom will I tear,
Thy heart give to the condors!
Ah, haughty enemy! ah, proud Inca!
I will seek the ranks of mine antis;
I will review my victorious soldiers,
I will give them arrows;
And when on the heights of Saesahuaman,
My men shall gather like a cloud,
There shall they light a flame,
Thence shall descend as a torrent;
Thou shalt fall at my feet, proud Inca!
You will ask me, take my daughter,
On my knees I implore my life.'

"The army responds to his fiery appeals and hail him, Inca. He places on his own head the imperial scarlet 'dantú' and marches on to Cuzco; midway, however, he hears of the old, astute and invincible Inca general, Ruminani, whose name of 'Stony-eye' fairly indicates his cold, unflappable character. Ollantay, impetuous, but cautious, does not undervalue his powerful and wary antagonist, but seizes on the important position destined to bear his name in future times, fortifies himself, and establishes a firm base for his operations against his sovereign. For ten years he maintains himself here, until, by a wonderful act of treachery, he is made prisoner, and brought to Cuzco to suffer death. But meantime the stern old Inca has died, and his son whose younger heart can better appreciate the tender passion, touched by the rebel warrior's story, not only pardons him but consents to his marriage with 'the Joyful Star,' who had all this time been confined in the Aella-Nnasi, or convent of the vestals. And they lived to a good old age, and were as happy and prolific as the hero and heroine of any modern novel." (Squire.)

Such is the story of the origin of Ollantay; and, according to the old Quichua drama. The palace of the chief is still pointed out to the traveler, and enough of its ruined walls remains to show its elaborate plans and vast extent.

It is false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for everybody can do something. Everybody can set a good example, be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; everybody has some one to advise, instruct, or in some way help or guide through life.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

BY C. R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE suspicious treatment of mine host of the "Farmer's Rest" made us feel glad to get away from his constant watchfulness, and we bounded along, little heeding which way we went. It was spring time, and nature was putting on her best appearance. The common was broad and thinly peopled, and, although considered barren, was nevertheless beautiful to look upon. Here and there were clumps of oak, the glory of English forests, while between each clump the green sward was dotted with beautiful wild flowers, such as the violet, cowslip, primrose, daisy, buttercup and many other modest and beautifully scented flowers, that in other lands are nursed very tenderly in greenhouses. The beautiful hawthorn, the gaily painted furze and other flowering shrubs help to complete a picture of floral loveliness peculiar to the moist, temperate climate of old England.

Sit down with me in some quiet dell and hear the divine tones of the nightingale, the song of the thrush, the goldfinch and the linnet, and then emerge into the open plain and listen to the king of English songsters, the skylark; slowly he rises from the earth to a height of about fifty feet, when he begins to sing. Higher and higher he soars, pouring out a volume of melodious sounds until almost lost to the eye, appearing as a small speck in the ethereal vault, when suddenly he stops, and appears to almost fall exhausted to the earth. Verily thou art highly favored above other lands, thou little green isle of Great Britain. What a contrast to the Republic of Mexico, where it is said the birds have no song, and the flowers no scent.

Tom and I had but little interest either in the study of botany or ornithology. Other studies were troubling us at that time, the one that troubles many of us now—the study of bread and butter. Our future looked gloomy and uninviting. We had run away from home to get rich, and return and astonish our parents, but we were homeless, penniless, and almost shoeless, and entirely out of supplies in the commissary department. Every move we made towards our cherished object seemed to put us further from its accomplishment. We had even lost our way, and with a feeling of desperation we determined to follow any road we came to, about after the fashion of the man who directed a stranger to "turn every corner he came to and keep straight to the right." We had started on the road to Portsmouth, a seaport town, where we hoped to be able to find a vessel and get a job as cabin boys, or any other one through which we might reach some other country, where perhaps luck might favor us as it did Dick Whittington. How far we traveled I do not know, but espying some blue smoke curling upwards near a copse of hazel wood, we thought we had reached a house or some place where some one lived that could help us; but judge of our disappointment—it was a camp of gypsies. Their house was a yellow-painted car, on wheels, while a kind of temporary tent was stretched near it, with two or three rough looking men loling on the grass near by. Several dirty little children were playing around, and the dark-eyed ladies were making fancy baskets. Hungry as wolves, we asked them for something to eat, and said we had lost our way. They generously gave us some heavy bread and the remnants of two chickens, and then tried to get our history from us, but we took care to keep our own counsel.

The gypsies are a race of vagabonds who live by stealing, robbing and fortune telling. The men make money any way