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Ana O.

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EN ROUTE TO CUZCO.

The "Record-Union" Correspondent
Makes a Perilous Journey.

A Pilgrimage to the Birth-Place of an
Ancient Civilization—Over Rivers,
Mountains and Valleys on the Deck
of a Mule.

[Special correspondence of the RECORD-UNION]
AREQUIPA, Peru, 1891.

It would be a pity for the sojourner in this part of Peru to miss seeing Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, though the journey thereto is exceedingly wearisome and rarely undertaken by travelers "of the feminine persuasion." Indeed, I doubt if any Anglo-Saxon females but ourselves have ever visited the place—unless perhaps Mrs. Agassiz may have done so when she assisted her husband so bravely in his South American researches. However, the journey is neither so long nor so difficult as the 340-mile expedition we made not long ago on mule-back, over all the ranges of the Andes to eastern Bolivia.

In going to Cuzco one's plans must be carefully matured in advance, making all possible provision against accidents and hitches in the programme. One must be sure that the rainy season is well over, for there are many bridgeless streams to be forded that become impassable torrents in which men and beasts are swept away during the annual time of rain. Of course one or two foreigners can hardly make the pilgrimage by themselves with safety, and the average tourist is strongly

advised to do as we did, viz: to engage the services, as guide and escort, of E. C. Hanfieldt, a well-known Arequipa-
nean who makes business trips to Cuzco regularly each month. Knowing every yard of the route and all the people thereabouts, he can tell one exactly what to do and to avoid, and—more important still—will supply suitable animals and honest servants, which the stranger would find great difficulty in securing for himself.

The cost of the round trip, including railway fares, horses, mules, and all expenses en route, not counting whatever provisions one chooses to carry, is about \$25 per capita; and the time occupied each way varies from five to seven days, according to one's endurance in the saddle. There are no hotels along the route, and one must depend upon private hospitality, which is freely accorded to those who bring letters of recommendation. Every village has its *tambo*, however, similar to the inns of Egypt in Mary's time, where the animals are fed and sheltered, and where one might manage to "put up" in case of stern necessity, depending upon one's own supply of food, or foraging among the neighbors; but it is always easy to obtain introductions to the various curies and the families of well-to-do farmers, and through them to be more comfortably housed.

In providing the outfit for this journey, one should not forget that to offer money in payment for food and lodging outside of a public house would be resented as an insult by these hospitable people; and therefore one must go stocked with gifts in order to get even with one's entertainers. Bottles of wine are always acceptable, also butter, tea, canned goods and other similar luxuries which are rare in the interior. Eggs are cheap and plenty, but though there are cows on all the wayside farms, milk is unobtainable. In any case, enough bread to last the entire trip should be taken from Arequipa, because, though hard and dry as the surrounding rocks, it is infinitely preferable to the black, unleavened lumps of dough in use among the country people. Tinned beef, ham, fish and fruit are indispensable, with condensed milk and boxes of English biscuits, or "crackers" as Americans call them. As one suffers greatly from

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thirst along the road, the water being warm and not always obtainable, it is best to prepare every morning the day's supply of cold tea, mixed with claret and sugar. What little butter is to be found in this region is odd enough to deserve a paragraph. If one is not a sufficiently good traveler to forego butter entirely, he must pay almost its weight in silver for a pale, lardy sort of a lubricator, wrapped up in bladders, in square packages weighing about two pounds each. Being thus hermetically sealed, it will "keep" indefinitely if the air is not let in; but when once opened, it proceeds to become nasty with marvelous rapidity, and in a day's time will fill the air with an odor beside which Limburger cheese is as attar of roses.

By the way, it may not be amiss to mention that our butter supply, as well as letters of introduction to all the priests and cures on the road to Cuzco, were furnished us by one of the sandalled and gray cowed monks of the Recoleta, known far and wide as "Father Tom;" and incidentally I may tell you something about this familiar character of Arequipa. The good-looking, white-haired friar (now past seventy years old) prides himself greatly on being "an American," though his face is as unmistakably Irish as his brogue. Known in the order as Fray Francisco Tomas, his real name is Thomas Keegan, and he loves to tell strangers that, many years ago, in New York, he served the elder Vanderbilt as coachman. Afterwards he drifted to San Francisco, where he accumulated considerable property. When about forty years of age he was so ill with fever that his death was hourly expected; and in a lucid interval he prayed to the Virgin for restoration, promising in return for health to devote the remainder of his life to her service as a friar. Contrary to all expectations he immediately began to mend, and regarding his recovery as due to the direct interposition of the Holy Mother, he at once assumed the gray cowl and hempen girdle of the Franciscans. It is sometimes rather hard lines for the poor old man, because—though it is said he still owns enough California property to maintain him in comfort—he must take his turn with the rest in begging from door to door, for the Recoleta Brotherhood subsist entirely on charity. He must never have more than ten cents in money about him, must never wear hose, though his bare feet in their ox-hide sandals are sometimes frost

bitten when he goes into the mountains to visit the sick and afflicted, and must always walk rather than ride unless the distance be too great for human endurance. Yet a more cheerful and merry-looking man does not exist than stockingless "Father Tom," in his coarse gray gown and rope girdle.

Going from Arequipa to Cuzco, one may now save nearly half the time in the saddle by riding due east on the Mollendo, Cuzco and Puno Railway, to Jullaca (pronounced Hool-yack-ab), a distance of 189 miles, and then changing to the Cuzco division of the road for Santa Rosa, the present terminus, 82 miles in a north-westerly direction. As there are no hotels either in Jullaca or Santa Rosa—nothing better than an empty car to sleep in—one is advised to go on to Puno and take a fresh start back over the same road to the junction next day. Even in Puno the public accommodations are little better than none, but its poor hotel is a palace compared to anything else one will find on the road to Cuzco. An explorer should not look for "beds of ease," and on this hard journey one may comfort himself with the thought that he is following an archeological by-path in the footsteps of the most learned scientists of the age, some of whom crossed the ocean from the capitals of Europe for the sole purpose.

I am not going to give you an itinerary of the trip, for the path has not changed materially since Professors Orton, Squier and Markham went over it and wrote their excellent books. Permit me to briefly notice a few of the more prominent points en route, and advise those who wish more detailed information to purchase the books aforesaid. One should leave Santa Rosa by the first glimmer of dawn, for there are at least twenty-four miles of indescribably bad roads to be traveled on horse or mule back, and La Raya to cross—the highest ridge in all the journey, where winds are strongest and storms are incessant. This first day is by far the hardest of the entire trip, as much because one is not used to it, as because the road is incomparably worse; and at all hazards one must reach Aguas Calientes before nightfall. To the right of a lofty, snow-clad mountain named Vilacanota one follows for some miles, and finally fords a small water-course, which seems to rise in one of the hot springs so numerous in the locality, and which Peruvians regard as the mother spring

of the great Amazonas River system. The little stream which here takes the name of the near-by mountain, is known as the Chalea farther on, and afterwards as the Urubamba. Many miles further northward, having gained much strength and volume, it joins the Rio Tambo, and their united waters form the famous Ucageli, the largest of Peru's tributaries to the Amazonas.

5 The second night out one is booked to sleep at the village of Licuain, a ride of only eighteen miles, through charming scenery. There is a possible drawback, however, in the Licuain River, which must be forded several times and is likely to be rather high. There is a road on the left of it, but travelers are warned to take to the water instead, for there are vast swamps on that side, with quicksands treacherous enough to engulf an army; and besides one must pass through the unfenced hacienda of Antacucca, which is celebrated far and wide for its wild cattle. Nobody goes over that dangerous road if he can avoid it, there being no place of refuge should he be attacked by the torros. Fancy a party of United States tourists, including two women, riding peaceably along on muleback, when a herd of wild bulls come charging full tilt upon them, and not a wall, or tree or bush to hide behind. In the vicinity of the hot springs (*Aguas Calientes*), there are acres of plump mushrooms, and no passer-by whose palate has been properly educated, will fail to secure a supply for his evening meal, whether he takes it at the tambo, or, as we did, in the hospitable home of Don Pablo (Paul) Mejias.

6 The third night one sleeps at "Tinta,"—a hacienda owned by an educated Italian, Senor Don Francisco Masciotta, who is sure to give the pilgrim a hearty welcome. The road thereto lies through an ancient Indian village called Raccha, built within the crater of an extinct volcano. Among other curiosities, it contains a remarkable wall, which is said to be the remains of the palace built by an Indian prince, eldest son of Tupac Yupanqui, who revolted against paternal rule and here maintained his independence. Near it is one of the many small round towers, so frequently found in this part of Peru, which are believed to have been astronomical observatories wherein the Incas determined the meridian passage of the sun.

7 On the fourth day one may take a leisurely jaunt of only fifteen miles to Checacupe, where he will be made to feel quite at home by Colonel Martin Alvarez, who is a regular king in his little world—a large landed proprietor, a member of Congress and a wealthy wool merchant. There are yet forty miles to Cuzco, and a rapid rider could accomplish that distance in one day; but what is the use of tiring one's self when it is so much more comfortable to take things easy? One better go only half the way, say to Quiguijana, though it is a miserable little hamlet with but one redeeming feature—a remarkable old bridge. Unless one has a letter to the cure, and that itinerant individual happens, by rare good fortune, to be at home, the night must be passed among the bugs and other pests of a wretched post-house.

8 Next morning one is glad to take an early start for Huaros, twelve miles away, and even to forego breakfast until he reaches the casa of the local magnate, who rejoices under the high-sounding name of Senor Don Fructuoso Egulietas. We went out of the way a few miles to visit the little lake called Urcos, famous in Peruvian tradition for being the burial place of that great gold chain of the Inca Huascar. We read that the celebrated chain was long enough to encircle the grand Plaza Mayor of Cuzco, and that every link of it was as heavy as a strong man could carry—all of pure gold. Of course the story is nonsense; nevertheless we spurred our beasts to the perilous brink and faithfully tried to believe that we saw gold shining through the dark waters. No securer hiding-place for heavy treasure could be found, because the lake has a bottom of unfathomable ooze, which speedily swallows anything thrown into it, and affords no footing for divers.

9 Twelve miles beyond is Zucra hacienda, where the traveler is advised to stop over night. This very fine estate, a mile or two from the village of Oropesa, belongs to the Garmendia family and includes a cloth manufactory. Only twelve miles beyond Oropesa is Cuzco, in the midst of a tropical valley. After leaving the highlands the weather grows warm and warmer; paroquets and monkeys, palms and fig-trees are seen; and one sultry afternoon (mid-winter at home), we came cantering into the stony streets of the old, old city that had seen several centuries before the United States was born.

FANNIE B. WARD.

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