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# ALONG THE UNCHARTED PAMPACONAS

BY  
HIRAM BINGHAM, Ph.D.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition

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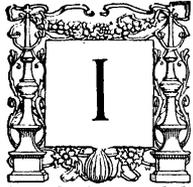
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# Along the Uncharted Pampaconas

BY HIRAM BINGHAM, Ph.D.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition



IN the lower Urubamba Valley, about a week's journey north of Cuzco, Peru, is a charming sugar-estate, once worked by the Jesuits and now owned by a delightful and highly cultivated gentleman, Don Pedro Duque, who was born in Colombia, but who came to Peru many years ago. It was my good fortune in July, 1911, to meet his oldest son, Don Alberto, in Cuzco, while we were arranging for a trip to the Vilcabamba country. As Don Alberto, who was educated in the United States, spoke not only English and Spanish, but also Quichua, the language of the Incas and of the majority of the residents of the Peruvian highlands, and as he was most courteously willing to aid us in every possible way, we saw quite a little of him, and eventually received letters of introduction to several of his friends in the Urubamba Valley, and in particular a letter of commendation to his father, the owner of the Santa Ana sugar and cocoa estates.

It will be remembered that we were at that time engaged in a search for Vitcos, the last Inca capital. We were also desirous of finding a place referred to in the early Spanish chronicles as Vilcabamba Viejo, or Old Vilcabamba.

Even in a country where we have always received valuable government assistance and generous hospitality from private individuals, our reception at Santa Ana stands out as particularly delightful, largely because Don Pedro took such an interest in enabling us to get all possible information about the little-known region into which we purposed to penetrate.

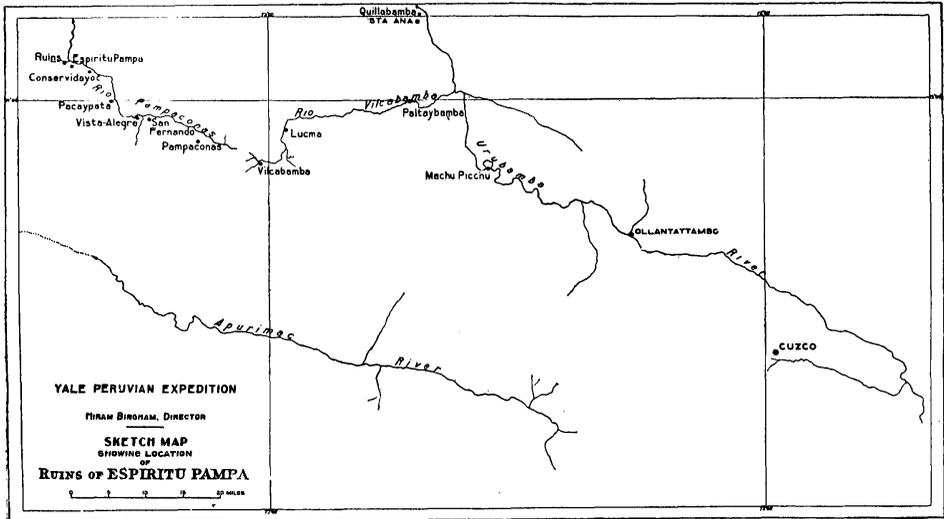
Santa Ana is less than thirteen degrees south of the equator, and the elevation is barely three thousand feet above sea-level; the heat in the middle of the day is intense. Nevertheless, Don Pedro

was so energetic and enthusiastic that, as a result of his efforts, a number of well-informed residents were persuaded to come up on the second floor of the great plantation-house, with its magnificent view over the cane-fields of the lower Urubamba Valley, and tell us all they knew about that almost totally unexplored Vilcabamba region between the Urubamba and the Apurimac valleys.

It was not much that they had heard, although they all agreed that if only Lopez Torres were alive he could have been of great service to us, for he had prospected in those parts more than any one else. It seems that in 1902 he had reported that at a place called Conservidayoc, "somewhere over in the *montaña*," there was a forgotten Inca city. This place appeared also to have the name of Espiritu Pampa, and was thought by some to be Vilcabamba Viejo. They said it was near Pampaconas; but that village was not on any map. We could find no one who had been there, but all assured us that it was a terrible place to reach, and that the savage Indians who lived near Conservidayoc would not let us come out alive.

We were not able to get much information with regard to the character of the aforesaid Lopez Torres as a witness; but Don Pedro assured us he had been an energetic man who went about considerably in the *montaña* looking for rubber-trees.

One day, by great good fortune, there appeared at Santa Ana the *teniente gobernador*, or administrative officer of Lucma, Ebaristo Mogrevejo. Lucma was on our way to Vilcabamba, near Pampaconas, and Mogrevejo promptly received orders from the sub-prefect at Santa Ana to see to it that we were given every facility for finding the ancient ruins. He declined to risk his skin in Conservidayoc, but still he carried out these orders most faithfully.



SKETCH MAP OF THE PAMPAONAS AND ADJACENT REGIONS

A few days later, in company with Prof. H. W. Foote, the naturalist of the expedition, I left the delightful hospitality and the charming conversation of Santa Ana, went back a little way up the Urubamba, and then turned south to ascend the Vilcabamba.

This valley had once been visited by the Italian-Peruvian explorer Antonio Raimondi, to whom, more than to any other one person, Peru owes a knowledge of her own geography. But his notes on the Vilcabamba Valley are not very full. He was interested chiefly in mines and minerals, and made no mention of any ruins hereabouts. Accordingly, it was with a feeling of considerable uncertainty that we proceeded on our quest.

Our first stop was at the sugar-plantation of Paltaybamba. The owner, Sr. José S. Pancorbo, was away attending to the affairs of a rubber estate, not many days' journey off in the *montaña* of San Miguel; but his wife received us most hospitably, and his majordomo confirmed the information that way off somewhere in the *montaña* of Conservidayoc, beyond Pampaconas, there lived a Peruvian mestizo named Saavedra, and that he would know all about the ruins of Espiritu Pampa. They all said that Saavedra lived an extremely retired life, and that his place was a difficult one to reach. But no one here had been

there, and accounts differed as to how long it would take us to reach it.

Two days later we were in Lucma. Our friend, Teniente Gobernador Mोगrejejo, showed us a number of ruins in the vicinity, including the very important ones of Rosapata, which we were able to prove later were those of Vitcos, the last Inca capital. Meanwhile, Sr. Pancorbo of Paltaybamba, on his way back from his rubber-estates, took pains to look us up and to beg us not to attempt to find the ruins in the lower jungles, explaining that the land there was controlled by Saavedra, "a very powerful man, having many Indians under his control, and living in grand state with fifty servants, and not at all desirous of visitors." Sr. Pancorbo and his *administrador* both agreed that the Indians were of the Campa tribe, very wild and extremely savage, using poisoned arrows, and most averse to strangers. They admitted that they had heard that there were ruins over there, but they begged us not to go and look for them. Our curiosity, however, was now thoroughly aroused, and we believed the danger to be exaggerated.

A day or so later we reached the town of Vilcabamba, once called San Francisco de la Victoria, and found it to be a compact village of solidly built stone huts, with heavy thatched roofs, at an

elevation of 11,700 feet above the sea. The nights were unusually cold. The village had the appearance of being deserted. Most of the men were away attending to little *chacras*, or farms, and small herds of sheep, in the neighboring valleys. Only at special festival times and at the annual visit of the priest has the village many inhabitants.

The church, an ancient structure with a thatched roof that leaked, was built, they told us, in the time of the Spaniards, at least three hundred years ago. Its picturesque belfry stood slightly apart. Its furnishings were meager and its air of desolation extended over the entire village.

In the sixteenth century, during the viceroyalty of the celebrated Don Francisco de Toledo, gold-mines were discovered in the adjacent mountains, and the solidity of the stone houses was probably due to that ancient industry.

We stayed with the *gobernador*, Manuel Condoré, who had received orders from the sub-prefect to aid us in our search. On the following day he summoned the oldest Indian living in the vicinity, a picturesque old fellow named Quispicusi. After it was explained to him that this was a very solemn occasion, and that a governmental inquiry was in progress, he endeavored to the best of his ability to tell us about the surrounding country. Other intelligent Indians were summoned, but neither he nor they, nor apparently any one else in the village, had ever been to Conservidayoc, although they all agreed that it was not more than four days' journey away on foot in the *montaña*, beyond Pampaconas, and that they had heard that there were ruins there.

Our supplies were getting low; there was nothing to be bought in Vilcabamba; and so, against the protestations of the hospitable *gobernador*, we decided to leave the following day for Conservidayoc, provided we could get carriers, as all agreed it would be impossible to use mules after the first two days.

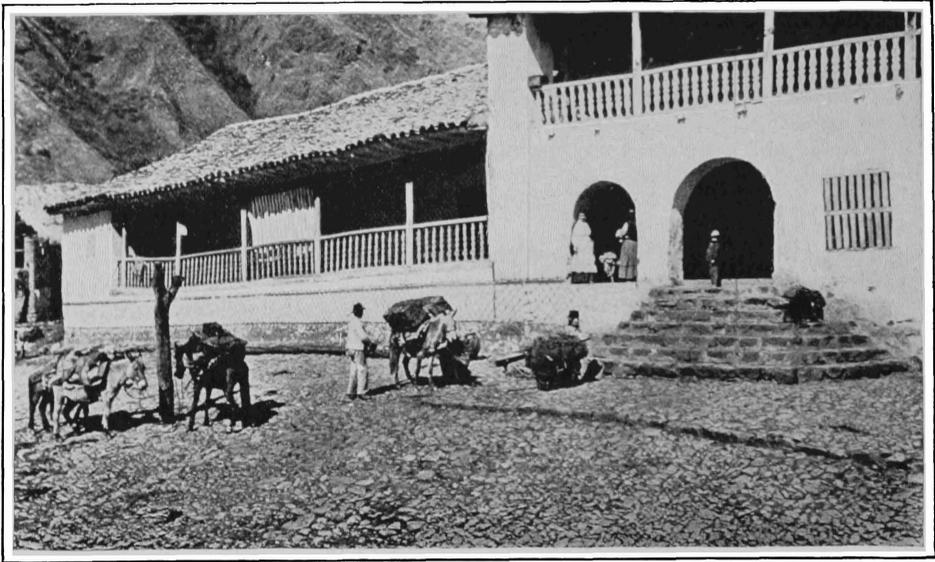
It seemed strange that here in the village of Vilcabamba, only a few days' from Conservidayoc, we could not find any one who had ever been in the valley, and it seemed stranger still that on

Raimondi's map there did not seem to be any place where this valley could exist. Apparently, Vilcabamba was as far as Raimondi got in this direction, and it appeared that he was the only scientific explorer who had penetrated this far. On his map, hitherto the only one of the region, the watershed between the Urubamba and the Apurimac is shown as being at a point about six or seven miles west from the village of Vilcabamba. It is so shown on the map of South Peru published by the Royal Geographical Society in 1910. No one could tell us of any Vilcabamba Viejo, so we had to give that up. All our hopes were now based on the report that at the village of Pampaconas, about five hours' journey on muleback from Vilcabamba, there were people who had been to Conservidayoc.

Pampaconas is mentioned in some of the early Spanish chronicles as being an important village in the time of the Spanish conquest. It was here that a meeting was held when the emissary from the viceroy came to talk with one of the sons of the unfortunate Inca Manco, who was ruling all that his father had saved of the grand empire of their ancestors. But the name does not occur on Raimondi's map, nor on those given us by the Lima Geographical Society.

After the usual delays, caused in part by difficulty of catching the mules which had wandered far up into the mountain pastures, we finally left Vilcabamba and set out for that vague place Conservidayoc, which had been surrounded with so much mystery and seemed to be in a land of dangerous savages, albeit possessing also an Inca town buried in the jungles.

Our first day's journey was to be to the village of Pampaconas. Here and in its vicinity, the *gobernador* told us he could find guides and the half-dozen carriers whom we needed for the trip. As the mountain Indians were reported to be very averse to going, and particularly averse to the sight of a man in uniform, the two soldiers who were accompanying us, by the orders of Prefect Nuñez in Cuzco, were instructed to stay behind for a few hours, and not to reach Pampaconas until just before dark. In



OUR FIRST STOPPING-PLACE—A SUGAR PLANTATION OF PALTAYBAMBA

the mean time, our carriers were to be engaged. It was said that if they saw the brass buttons of a soldier coming over the hills they would hide so effectively that it would be impossible to secure anybody for the journey.

Leaving Vilcabamba, our path descended rapidly to the smooth, marshy bottom of an old glaciated valley, in which one of our mules had that morning got thoroughly mired while nibbling the succulent grasses that covered the treacherous bog. Crossing the little stream, we ascended the other side of the valley and turned westward.

As we rode along there were pointed out to us the vestiges of several ancient mines. According to the chronicles, it was the presence in these mountains of rich gold-mines and their discovery in 1572 or thereabouts that led to the establishment in this bleak, upland valley of the town of San Francisco de la Victoria, now called Vilcabamba. Raimondi reported that at a little distance from here he discovered mines of cobalt and nickel, and also saw silver-bearing copper ore, and even some lead sulphide. The difficulties of transportation in this region, however, are so great that it is not likely any more mining will be done here for some time to come, now that the ancient gold-mines have been exhausted.

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From the top of the pass we had a superb view, back to the eastward, of a long chain of snow-capped mountains. We were greatly surprised at seeing these, for they were not mentioned in any way nor referred to on any map. It was not until long afterward that we realized that they lay mostly in a region which actually did not exist on any map because of an error in locating the great river Apurimac. The old maps do not leave room enough between the Apurimac and the Urubamba for this magnificent glaciated area, probably one of the largest in the world thus far undescribed. In a portion of this region the Expedition of 1912 carried on topographic surveying, and it was expected that the Expedition of 1914 would continue the work under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographical Society.

To the west of us, as we stood on top of the pass, there stretched a great area of high mountains and deep valleys, unknown rivers, and splendid forest-clad slopes. We supposed, from Raimondi's map, that from our elevation of 12,500 feet we were looking down into the valley of the Apurimac; but as a matter of fact we were looking into the valley of the hitherto uncharted Pampaconas, a river probably over one hundred

miles in length, which seems to empty into the Urubamba some distance below Rosalina. Somewhere far down in this valley was Conservidayoc, with its savage Indians and its ancient ruins.

Our trail—it could hardly be called a road—was so bad that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in getting our sure-footed mules over it. We frequently had to dismount, as the path led over a long, steep rock stairway; but at last we got over the worst of it. We rounded a hill and came in sight of a little hut perched on a shoulder of the mountain. In front of it were two or three women, seated on mats set out in the sun, shelling corn. As soon as they saw the *gobernador* approach with strangers they at once began the preparation of a hearty meal, for it was about eleven o'clock, and they did not need to be

told that the *gobernador* and his friends had not had anything but a cup of coffee since last evening.

Our hosts began by catching four or five guinea-pigs which were running squealing about the mud floor of the little hut, and before very long the savory odor of roast guinea-pig, well basted, whetted our appetites.

After lunch, we went on to the village of Pampaconas, a settlement of small huts scattered over gently sloping glaciated hillsides. It is at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea. Its score of huts, built of stone and mud and thatched with grass, are occupied by sturdy Peruvian mountain Indians, who

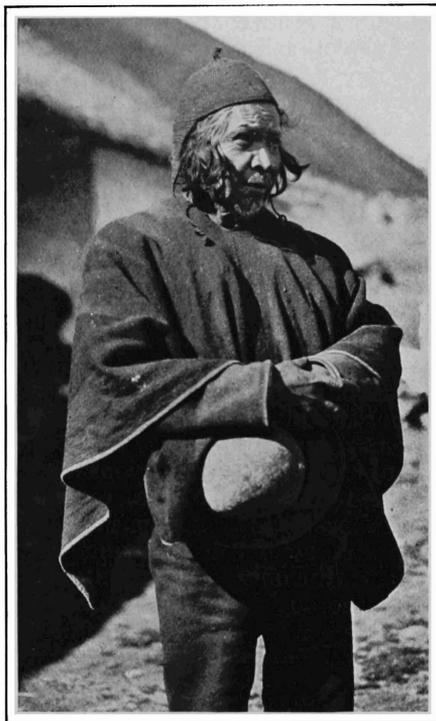
find it a good place in which to raise sheep and potatoes. There was some excitement in the village on account of the fact that on the previous night a jaguar had made his way up to the settlement from the *montaña* jungles and carried off one of the village ponies.

The *gobernador* led us to the dwelling of a stocky, well-built Indian named Guzman, who was selected to be the head of the party of carriers that was to take us down to Conservidayoc. Guzman, his wife, and five or six children lived in a hut that seemed no better nor worse than any of the others in Pampaconas. It had no windows; two lofts; a damp earth floor; three or four rude niches in lieu of shelves; a fire in one corner which frequently filled the hut with smoke; piles of sheep-skins for the visitors to sit upon; three mongrel dogs, a flea-bitten cat, and a

dozen pigs which at frequent intervals entered stealthily with muffled grunts, only to be speedily driven out, squealing loudly.

During the course of the day, the *gobernador* and the *teniente* had commandeered the services of half a dozen sturdy Indians, one of whom had actually been to Conservidayoc, and knew the trail that Saavedra used when he came out on his annual or biennial visits to trade. Furthermore, Guzman had seen the ruins! At last the somewhat mythical Conservidayoc began to take on aspects of reality.

Although it was August and supposed to be the middle of the dry season, rain



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF VILCABAMBA

## ALONG THE UNCHARTED PAMPA CONAS

began to pour early in the afternoon, and continued without intermission during all of a very cold and dreary night.

After pitching our tent and spreading our blankets, we went down to Guzman's hut to oversee the butchering of a sheep which had been killed preparatory to our journey into the lower valley. When we came back to the tent various and sundry comfortable grunts greeted our ears, and we found that in our brief absence a large sow and six fat young pigs had decided that this was the driest place on the mountain-side, and that our blankets made a particularly attractive bed. As the tent was of the small mountain pattern, later used on Mount Coropuna, the pigs had some difficulty in getting out as fast as they were urged to. They returned at intervals during the night. Their own shelter leaked.

Just as we were dropping off to sleep our kind Indian friends insisted on sharing their food with us, and sent up two plates of "macaroni soup," a great delicacy made out of the intestines of the sheep.

At daybreak we found ourselves in most uncomfortable surroundings. Our tent, which had not been wet before, leaked badly during the night; the only part of it that seemed thoroughly

waterproof being the floor. We were lying in puddles of water. Everything was soaking wet, and it was still raining hard. As soon as Guzman heard our voices he sent one of his children with two more plates of hot soup, which were most welcome, even though among the vegetables we found this time the jaws and teeth of the sheep that had been killed the afternoon before.

We were anxious to make an early start, but, partly owing to the rain and partly owing to the necessity of preparing food for the ten days' journey ahead of them, it was nearly noon before enough carriers had put in an appearance to justify us in starting.

In preparation for the journey, Guzman's wife spent the morning grinding frozen potatoes, by rocking one stone on another, and roasting large quantities of sweet Indian corn in a terracotta olla.

Toward noon most of the Indian carriers arrived, and we were told that it was possible to use the mules for one day's journey to a place called San Fernando, some seven leagues hard journeying down the valley.

Leaving Guzman's hut, we climbed the mountain-side back of the village to reach a dangerous and precarious trail



INTERVIEWING THE INDIANS OF VILCABAMBA AS TO TRADITIONS OF THE INCAS

on top of the ridge. We had to go most of the way on foot. The recent rains had not improved matters. Owing to rain and fog, we could see but little of the deep valley below us, into which we soon began to descend by a very steep, winding trail. From an altitude of 10,000 feet, we rapidly dropped down to 6,000 feet. The fog lifted and we found ourselves near a small abandoned clearing, or *chacra*. Passing this, and fording occasional little streams, we followed the narrow path along the mountain-side until we finally came to a little *chacra* with two extremely primitive and very small shanties, hardly deserving of the term "hut." This place, we were informed, was San Fernando. The three or four Indians living there were so alarmed by our arrival that they disappeared during the night. We found they had made little clearings where they could raise the corn and vegetables which would not grow any nearer the sheep pastures and potato-fields of Pampaconas. It was only with the greatest difficulty that we could find, and clear, a place for our tent, so steep were all the slopes, even in the *chacras*.

About half-past eight we felt an earthquake, and the Indians rushed out of their shanty, crying, "Temblor!" There were a dozen vibrations, lasting three or four seconds.

During the night it rained hard.

The next morning we arranged the loads so that each man should carry not more than fifty pounds, one soldier was sent back to Pampaconas with the mules, and we started off on foot. Half an hour's walk brought us to another little clearing called Vista Alegre. It deserved its name, for it certainly had a charming view both up and down the Pampaconas Valley. Near here the river, which had hitherto been running in a westerly direction, turned to the northward. In the clearing at Vista Alegre we saw the tallest corn-stalks that either Professor Foote or myself had ever observed. Some of them were about eighteen feet in height. In the midst of the little clearing rose a gigantic tree, almost completely enveloped in the embrace of a magnificent parasite.

Our path now followed the banks of the Pampaconas River, and then turned

into the jungle, where it became more and more difficult. Crawling over rocks, under branches, along slippery little precipices, on steps that had been cut in earth and rock, over a trail that not even a dog could follow, we made our way painfully down the valley.

We could see little of the scenery on account of the density of the jungle. About three o'clock we reached another little clearing named Pacaypata, where there was a six-by-five shanty, and where we managed to bank up a bit of nearly level ground on which to pitch our tent. So steep was most of the land that it was apparently only with the greatest difficulty that the Indians had succeeded in finding a few gentle slopes on little alluvial fans which it was worth while to clear for the sake of planting a small garden. In the clearing at Pacaypata we noticed sugar-cane, sweet-potatoes, bananas, green peppers, corn, and grenadillas. A magnificent forest-covered mountain rose opposite us across the valley to a point which we estimated to be about five thousand feet above the river, or twelve thousand feet above the sea.

We made an early start the next morning, and found ourselves confronted by several very steep descents and ascents as we crossed the little tributaries of the Pampaconas. As we advanced deeper into the *montaña*, the men found it more and more tiresome to carry their loads. About one o'clock Guzman told us we must stop, as we were approaching territory of *los salvajes* (the savages), and that we must now send a man ahead to warn them that we were coming on a friendly mission; otherwise, they might attack us, or else, if afraid of the size of our party, run away and disappear into the jungle. He said we should never be able to find the ruins without their help. The man who was selected did not seem to relish his task.

It was a rather exciting half-hour while we waited, wondering what attitude the savages would take toward us, trying to picture to ourselves the potentate Saavedra, who had been painted as sitting in the midst of savage luxury, surrounded by fifty servants, and directing his myrmidons either to fight or to disappear into the jungle.



ONE OF OUR CARRIERS CROSSING A TYPICAL BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPACONAS

Suddenly we were startled by the sound of rapid footsteps, and we instinctively held our guns a little tighter, when there burst out of the woods into the little clearing where we were seated a pleasant-faced young Peruvian, quite conventionally clad, who had come running from his father Saavedra to give us a most cordial welcome. It was quite a relief to encounter this kind of welcome instead of a shower of arrows, but we still wondered what Saavedra must be like. Gathering up our packs, we continued on through the jungle, that got continually higher and deeper, until presently we saw sunlight ahead, and came out on the edge of a sugar-cane field! This was Conservidayoc! In a few moments we were at Saavedra's hut, welcomed very simply and modestly by that worthy himself. A more pleasant and peaceable little man it was never my good fortune to meet. We looked for the fifty savages, but all we saw was his good-natured wife, three or four small children, and a wild-eyed savage girl, evidently the maid-of-all-work.

Back of his hut was a thatched shelter under which he had constructed a little sugar-mill that could be worked by foot-power. Near it were some large pots which he used in the process of making

crude sugar, but which we recognized were of Inca origin and had been constructed probably several centuries ago. He said he had found them in the jungle not far away.

Before long an abundant meal of boiled chicken, rice, and sweet yucca was set before us, and we were given to understand that we were not only most welcome, but that everything would be done to enable us to reach the ruins, which, it seemed, were some distance farther on down the valley, and at present separated from us by an almost impassable trail.

The next day, while our carriers were engaged in clearing this old trail, Professor Foote collected moths and butterflies, including eight new species, and I inspected Saavedra's little plantation. We found he had more sugar-cane than he could grind, plenty of sweet-potatoes and yuccas, nice coffee-trees, and some bananas. Here in the wilderness this veritable Peruvian pioneer had established his primitive sugar-estate, and had constructed two primitive hand-and-foot-power sugar-mills of the hardwood of the forest. He was not an Indian potentate, but only a frontiersman and sugar-planter, and also an ingenious carpenter and mechanic. He told us he



A HALT NEAR PAMPACONAS

had managed to send two of his children to school to Cuzco.

It seemed strange that he should have taken the trouble to make two sugar-mills, one near the house, and the other in the valley below; but when we remembered that he had no pack animals, and was obliged to bring the cane to the mill on his own back and the back of his son, except when he could get an Indian to help him, we realized that it was easier to put in time, while the cane was growing, in constructing a mill near the cane-field than to have to carry the cane up the hill.

His heaviest burden was to get money with which to pay his taxes, as the only way in which he could get any cash was by making a few pounds of crude brown sugar, *chancaca*, and selling it, at ten cents a pound, in the village of Vilcabamba, three hard days' journey on foot from his little plantation.

His was certainly a hard lot, but he did not complain, although he said it was very difficult to keep the trails open, as the jungle grew so fast and the river continually washed away his bridges. His chief burden was the fact that, as a result of a recent revolution with which he had had nothing to do, it had been decreed that all firearms should be

turned in to the government; and so he had lost the one thing he needed to enable him to get fresh meat other than the occasional chickens which he could raise.

He said that near his house he had found several bottle-shaped holes lined with stones, with a flat stone placed on top, evidently ancient graves. However, he discovered nothing in them except a yellowish clay, the bones having entirely disappeared. The stone over one of the graves had been pierced, and the hole covered with a thin sheet of beaten silver. Apart from this, he had found a few stone implements, two or three small bronze axes, and the large jars which he used in making sugar.

We had almost forgotten about the savages when our carriers announced in a flurry of excitement that there was one in the offing. When at length he got sufficient courage to come and speak to us he proved to be a miserable specimen, suffering from a very heavy cold. He was by far the dirtiest, most wretched savage that I have ever seen. He was dressed simply in a long sleeveless gown, coming nearly to his ankles, made of a large square of coarsely woven cloth, with a hole in the middle for the head to pass through, and the sides stitched up, leaving holes for the arms.

## ALONG THE UNCHARTED PAMPACONAS

By evening two others had come in, a young man and his sister. All of them had colds. Saavedra told us that they were Pichanguerras of the Campa tribe. Saavedra and his son spoke a little of their language, which sounded to our unaccustomed ears like a succession of low grunts, breathings, and gutturals, pieced out by the sign language. The long gowns worn by the men indicated that they had at home one or more wives. Before marrying they wear very scanty attire.

The next day we continued on down the valley, using the trail that had been cut through the thicket by Saavedra's son and our carriers. About noon we emerged from the jungle onto a promontory, from which we had a fine view up and down the valley, and particularly of an alluvial fan, called Espiritu Pampa, heavily wooded, containing two or three small clearings, in which were the huts of the savages.

On top of the promontory was a small rectangular ruin of crude late Inca design. From the promontory down to the alluvial fan we followed the course of an ancient stairway that appeared to be nearly a third of a mile in length. It was roughly built of uncut stones, and about four or five feet in width.

We arrived at the clearing of the sav-

ages at half-past two, just in time to avoid a heavy thunder-shower. There was nobody at home, and we hesitated to enter a hut without invitation, but the heavy downpour overcame our scruples, if not our nervousness.

After the shower had passed, we found a good place to pitch our tent not far from the two little huts of the savages.

Not far from the Indians' huts and in a part of the little plain which they had cleared, we found the remains of eighteen or twenty ancient dwellings. The ruins consisted of roughly circular and oval walls, fairly close together, arranged in an irregular group. All the walls were low, averaging from two and a half to three feet in height, and the buildings were from fifteen to twenty-one feet in diameter. Some of them contained fragments of Inca pottery. They appeared to be the low walls on which the arched roofs of primitive huts had rested. We were told that there were better ruins some distance off. While wandering in the woods around the edge of the clearing we saw the ruins of a few other houses. The little arable plain of Espiritu Pampa, in this country of terribly steep hills, must have been occupied, off and on, for many centuries.

After a brief rest, the Indians took us over to the principal group of ruins



CAMPA INDIANS ILLUSTRATING THEIR METHODS OF HUNTING



RUINS OF AN INCA HOUSE—ESPIRITU PAMPA

situated on an old river terrace a little distance up one of the tributaries of the Pampaconas.

Here, in dense, wet woods, we found the remains of fifteen or twenty small rectangular buildings somewhat resembling those of Choquequirau. The lintels of the doors were made of three or four narrow blocks of stone. In the walls were a few niches. None of the buildings were particularly well made. In the vicinity was a fountain, resembling those on Titicaca Island described by Squier and Bandelier.

In the huts of the savages, and also in the vicinity of the ruins, there were several fragments of Inca pottery, and one or two whole pieces that the Indians were using in their cooking. Equally interesting were a few red Spanish roofing-tiles of various sizes and one or two round stones, apparently made by Spanish hands, as though, at some time in the distant past, this had been a missionary settlement.

The characteristic architecture of the principal group of ruins, however, left no doubt in our minds that these buildings had been constructed by the Incas. This conclusion is borne out by the shapes of the houses, the general arrangement of the group, the presence of niches and projecting cylindrical stones

in the walls of the houses, and the general appearance of the walls. Most of the houses appear at one time to have been a story and a half in height, with gable ends like those of Choquequirau.

Two hundred yards away is another group, called by the Indians Eromboni Pampa. The principal building of this group is 192 feet long, 24 feet wide; with twelve doors, fairly equally spaced, in front, and a similar number in the rear of the building. The doors were about three and a half feet wide; none of the lintels were in place, although some were on the ground near by. This building had no niches and no cylinders, so far as one could judge, although the whole place was very much in ruins. The walls appeared to have been covered with mud. This place, with an altitude of only 4000 feet, is lower in the jungles of the Amazon than any Inca ruins hitherto reported.

The next day we cleared away as much as we could of the jungle so as to get a few pictures, and to our surprise, and apparently to that of the Indians, discovered, only a few feet away from the principal group of ruins, two houses of superior construction, well fitted with niches and perches. These houses stand by themselves on a little artificial terrace below the level of the other group.

## ALONG THE UNCHARTED PAMPAONAS

The Inca Titu Cusi may have lived here.

In the last of the houses that we found were small ventilators (or possibly holes for rafters) in the side walls above the niches. The fragments of pottery found in these houses were characteristically Inca, and included pieces of large water, or *chica*, jars of the type known as the *aryballus*.

So dense is the jungle that one could hardly see more than five or six feet in any direction except along the trail, and we sent the Indians to hunt all about for more buildings. All they managed to find was a group of three little fountains and a carefully built stone bridge over a brook, on the path connecting the two groups of ruins. More or less rain interfered considerably with the work of clearing and taking photographs.

It was impossible, in the length of time at our disposal, to continue the survey of the river any distance below the ruins. It was to see if the ruins of Espiritu Pampa existed that we had ventured into this region, and after locating them and observing their Incaic character our work was over. In the mean time we had been so fortunate as to alter materially the map of this portion of Peru.

Our carriers showed signs of restlessness, and so we returned to Saavedra's house at Conservidayoc that evening. While we had been gone from Saavedra's he had secured the services of some of his Indian neighbors to help him grind some sugar-cane, and part of the evening was spent in boiling the juice and making some excellent brown sugar, which was allowed to cool in primitive square molds cut in a huge log flattened on two sides. Into some of the molds Saavedra's son sprinkled a few peanuts, making a delightful mixture which we greatly enjoyed on our return journey.

The next day proved to be the sixth of consecutive rains; but although we had been thoroughly drenched each day, we all felt well repaid for our hard trip. That night we came again to Pacaypata.

Another day of rain brought us to San Fernando. Here we met our soldier,

who had returned with the mules, and the next day, in the midst of torrential tropical downpours, we worked our way up the valley to Pampaconas. It is doubtful whether a more cold, wet, and bedraggled caravan ever arrived at Guzman's hut.

A couple of weeks later, Messrs. Hendriksen and Tucker, of the topographic section of the expedition, went down the Pampaconas Valley as far as Espiritu Pampa, and made a sketch map and a number of astronomical observations so as to fix the course of the river and the location of the ruins.

It is interesting to note that the Pampaconas River actually follows the course laid down on the maps for the Apurimac River, between latitude  $13^{\circ}$  and  $13^{\circ} 10' S.$  and longitude  $73^{\circ}$  and  $73^{\circ} 30' W.$  As a matter of fact, the Apurimac is thirty miles farther to the south than it is represented on the maps, and the little river which is shown on Raimondi's map as rising near Vilcabamba and flowing south into the Apurimac actually turns to the north, becomes a considerable stream about one hundred miles in length, and probably empties into the Urubamba somewhere below Rosalina. Professor Bowman and Dr. Erving, of the expedition, in their journey down the rapids of the Urubamba, later reported two large rivers, the Coribeni and the Sirialo, said to rise in the Vilcabamba mountains. It is entirely possible that the Sirialo is the local name of the river known higher up as the Pampaconas.

Perhaps some day it will be our good fortune to determine more accurately the full course of all of these rivers. In the mean time we must content ourselves with the satisfaction of having put a new river on the map and of having located Inca ruins at a lower elevation in the Amazon jungles than had been hitherto supposed possible. If, as seems likely, these ruins represent one of the last royal residences in Peru, it was doubly worth while to venture into the imaginary terrors of Conservidayoc and the Pampaconas Valley.



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