

**PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.**

THE DAILY JOURNAL is a 24 column paper, published daily, except Sunday, at \$5.00 per year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1.00 for three months, and 50 cents for one month. It is published every Thursday at \$2.00 per annum.

**ADVERTISING RATES (DAILY)**—One inch one day \$1.00, one week \$5.00, one month \$15.00, three months \$45.00, six months \$85.00, twelve months \$150.00.

Advertisements under head of "Business Local" 50 cents per line for first, and 3 cents for every subsequent insertion.

No advertisements will be inserted between local matter at any price.

Notices of Marriages or Deaths, not to exceed ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged 5 cents per line.

For terms of transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of each month.

Communications containing news or a discussion of local matters are solicited. No communication must be expected to be published that contains objectionable personalities; withholds the name of the author; or that will make more than one column of this paper.

Any person feeling aggrieved at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and showing wherein the grievance exists.

**THE JOURNAL.**

NEW BERNE, N. C., JUNE 27, 1885.

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**BRANCH OF ECUADOR.**

The population of Ecuador is about a million, and the nation owes twenty gold dollars per capita for every one of its inhabitants.

The president is compelled to live at Guayaquil as to see that the customs duties, the only source of revenue, reach the government, and to quell the revolutions that are constantly arising.

Three hundred thousand of the population are of Spanish descent, 100,000 are foreigners, and 600,000 are Indians of mixed blood.

The commerce is in the hands of the foreigners entirely, and they have a mortgage upon the entire country. The Indians are the only people who work.

Over the doors of the residences of the business houses, and both are usually under the same roof, are signs reading, "This is the property of an Englishman," "This is the property of a citizen of Germany," and so on, a necessary warning to revolutionists, who are thus notified to keep their hands off.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor but proud, very proud. The mixed race furnishes the mechanics and artisans, while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery.

A book gets two dollars a month in a depreciated currency, but the employer is expected to board her entire family. A laborer gets four or six dollars a month and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service.

The Indians never marry, because they cannot afford to. The law compels him to pay the priest a fee of six dollars, more than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade with you anywhere but in the market place, on the spot, where he and his forefathers have sold garden truck for three centuries.

Although travelers on the highways meet whole armies of Indians, bearing upon their backs heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies, they can purchase nothing of them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them.

They will give you a gourd full of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will give you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the suppo-

sition that their suspicions are excited by an attempt to depart from it.

An Ecuador there are no smaller coins than the quarto, change is therefore made by the use of bread. On his way to market the purchaser stops at the bakery and gets a dozen or twenty breakfast rolls, which cost about one cent each, and the market woman receives them and give them in change for small purchases.

If you buy a cent's worth of anything and order a quarto in payment you get a breakfast roll for the balance due you.

The Indians live in villages and communities, which are presided over by an alcalde or governor. The native women all wear black. One never finds a glimpse of color upon a descendant of the ancient race.

They are in perpetual mourning for Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, who was cruelly murdered by Pizarro. Their costume is a short black skirt and a square robe or mantle of black, which they wear over their heads and hold in place by a large pin or thorn between the shoulders.

They look like nuns, and walk the streets with burdens upon their backs or heads in processions as solemn as a funeral. They never laugh, and scarcely ever smile; they have no songs and no amusements.

Their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to their traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the Aztecs of Mexico look for the coming of Montezuma.

They have relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and two great secrets no amount of torture at the hands of the Spaniards has been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incas' treasures.

It will be remembered that Pizarro offered to release Atahualpa if the Indians would fill with gold the room in which he was kept a prisoner. They did it. Pizarro thought there must be more where this came from, and demanded that the ransom be doubled.

Runners were sent over the country to collect the treasure of the kingdom, and were on their way to Oaxamarca, where the Incas was a prisoner, loaded down with gold to buy his freedom, when they heard that Pizarro had strangled him.

This treasure was buried somewhere in the mountains of Llanganati, northwest of Quito, and has been searched for ever since. A Spaniard named Valverde married an Inca girl, and from poverty became suddenly rich. To escape persecution from those who wished to know the secret of his sudden accumulation of gold he fled to Spain, and upon his deathbed made a confession to the effect that through his wife he had discovered the Inca treasures, and left a guide to the place of their deposit as a legacy to his king.

This guide has been followed by the government and by private individuals; fortunes have been wasted in the search, hundreds of men have perished in the mountains while engaged in it, and while the gold of the Incas will never cease to haunt the memories of the avaricious, no man has been able to reach the spot designated by the confession of Valverde.

The last to attempt it was an English botanist, who wrote a pamphlet giving his experience. He says that no one who was not familiar with every inch of the Llanganati mountains could have followed the Valverde document, for the land marks are all minutely described; but the path indicated leads to a ravine which is impassable, and in attempting to cross which so many people have lost their lives.

It is his opinion that the condition of this gorge has been so changed by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, as to obliterate the landmarks which Valverde describes, and permanently obstruct a path which he is said to have followed.

The capital and productive regions of Ecuador are 160 miles from its only sea port, Guayaquil, and are accessible only by a mule path, which is impassable for six months in the year, during the rainy season, and in the dry season it requires eight or nine days to traverse it, with no resting places where a man can find a decent bed or food fit for human consumption. This is the only means of communication between Quito and the outside world, except along the mountains southward into Bolivia and Peru, where the Incas constructed beautiful highways, which the Spaniards have permitted to decay, until they are now practically useless.

They were so well built, however, as to stand the wear and tear of three centuries, and the slightest attempt at repair would have kept them in order.

Although the journey from Guayaquil to Quito takes nine days, Garcia Moreno, the former president of Ecuador, once made it in thirty-six hours. He heard of a revolution and springing upon his horse, went to the capital, had twenty-two conspirators shot, and was back at Guayaquil in less than a week.

Moreno was president for twelve years, and was one of the fiercest and most cruel rulers South America has ever seen. He shot men who would not take off their hats to him in the streets, and had a drunken priest impaled in the principal plaza of Quito as a warning to the clergy to observe habits of sobriety or conceal their intemperance. There was nothing too brutal for this man to do, and nothing too sacred to escape his grasp. He died in 1875 by assassination, and the country has been in a state of political eruption ever since.

Although the road to Quito is over an almost unbroken wilderness, it presents the grandest scenic panorama in the world. Directly beneath the equator, surrounding the city whose origin is lost in the mist of centuries, rise twenty volcanoes, presided over by the princely Chimborazo, the lowest being 15,922 feet in height, and the highest reaching an altitude of 22,500 feet.

Three of these volcanoes are active, five are dormant, and twelve extinct. Nowhere else on the earth's surface is such a cluster of peaks, such a grand assemblage of giants, eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and the summits of eleven have never been reached by a living creature except the condor, whose flight surpasses that of any other bird.

At noon the vertical sun throws a profusion of light upon the snow-crowned summits, where they appear like a group of pyramids cut in spotless marble. Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but it is slumbering now. The only evidence of action is the frequent rumblings which can be heard for a hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night which constantly arises from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man.

Many have attempted to scale it, but the walls are so steep and the snow so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling ladders. On the south side of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than 2,000 feet high, called the "Inca's Head." Tradition says that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Yasurui can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi, if they can imagine a volcano 15,000 feet higher, shooting forth its fire from a crest covered by 3,000 feet of snow, with a voice that has been heard six hundred miles.

And one can judge of the grandeur of the road to Quito if he can imagine twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

Here, in these mountains, until the Spaniards came in 1534, existed a civilization that was old when Christ was crucified, a civilization whose arts were equal to those of Egypt, which had temples four times the size of the capital at Washington, from a single one of which the Spaniards drew twenty-two thousand ounces of solid silver nails, whose rulers had palaces from which the Spaniards gathered 90,000 ounces of gold and an unmeasured quantity of silver.

Here was an empire stretching from the equator to the Antarctic circle, walled in by the grandest groups of mountains in the world, whose people knew all the arts of their time, but that of war, and were conquered by 213 men under the leadership of a Spanish swineherd who could neither read nor write.

Not a Pleasant Story. A Washington dispatch says that the United States Senate has committed a gross outrage upon West Point and the army. A cadet, who was about to be found delinquent a short time since, resigned to escape the disgrace. He was once through social influences, secured a nomination from the President as Second Lieutenant. The Senate had full knowledge of the case, and still confirmed him. As a result the young man, who could not maintain himself as a cadet, takes rank in the army two years ahead of those cadets whom he left in his own class to struggle through their course.

This is the crime of pure politics. Influence? Two other took more for young men than merit. Such things are a disgrace to our country.

N. Y. Ledger.

**Magnolia Balm.** Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and you can't tell.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

They Need Your Immediate Attention.

HERE'S A CASE. For six long, dreary years I have been a great sufferer from a complaint of my kidneys, which failed to be cured by physicians or advertised remedies.

HERE'S ANOTHER. I am a merchant of Atlanta, and am near 60 years of age. My kidneys have been inactive and irregular for many years, attended with excruciating pain in small of the back.

**Dentistry.** Dr. G. L. SHACKLEFORD, DENTIST.

**W. P. BURRUS & CO.** GRAIN AND COTTON COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

**New Central Hotel.** NEW BERNE, N. C.

**MALLET & KAHL.** FRUIT AND PRODUCE Commission Merchants.

**QUICK SALES & PROMPT RETURNS.**

**FERDINAND ULRICH.** CAN BE FOUND AT T. A. Green's Old Stand.

**Groceries.** Lorillard & Gail & Az's Sauces, Grain, Beans, Apples, Prunes, Canned, Oatmeal, Raisins, etc., etc., before purchasing.

**J. B. BROWN.** Barber and Hair Dresser.

**BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR**  
An infallible and absolute specific for all the distressing diseases peculiar to the female sex. A trial means a cure.

Send for our book containing valuable information for women. It will be mailed free to applicants.

**Announcement Extraordinary!**

**DETRICK'S OLD STAND.**

**JAMES REDMOND, Agent and Bottler.**

**BERGNER & ENGEL BREWING CO'S PHILADELPHIA LAGER BEER.**

**RECOVERED FROM THE FIRE!**

**COMPLETE NEW STOCK OF Spring and Summer Goods.**

**CLOTHING.**

**Gents' Furnishing Goods.**

**M. H. SULTAN.**

**J. B. BROWN.**

**THE NEUSE & TRENT RIVER Steamboat Company.**

Will run the following schedule on and after July 30, 1885:  
Steamer L. H. Cutler

Will leave New Berne for Trenton every Friday; returning will leave Trenton every Saturday, touching at all points along the river.

On and after June 25th, 1885, the Steamer Kingston will leave Kingston for New Berne every Monday and Thursday; returning will leave New Berne every Tuesday and Friday, stopping at Jolly Gap, Pocomoke and touching at all landings on Neuse river.

**NEW-BERNE AND PAMLICO Steam Transportation Co.**

**ELM CITY**  
to get into effect on and after April 17, 1885.

Leave New Berne at 5 o'clock p. m. for Lake Landing, stopping at Adams Creek, Vandenberg, Stoneval and Bayboro, Monday, arriving at Lake Landing, Wednesday, at 10 o'clock a. m.

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**OLD DOMINION Steamship Company.**

**SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.**

For New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Boston, Elizabeth City, Philadelphia, Providence, and other Cities.

**Monday July 2nd 1885.**

**Change of Pier in New York.**

**The N. C. Freight Line FOR NEW YORK, BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, and all ports.**

**North and West Office of New York and Baltimore.**