

The Vancouver Independent.

HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN.

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Professional Cards.

JOSEPH M. FLETCHER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR

AT LAW.

OFFICE:

UP STAIRS IN SOHNS AND SCHUELE'S BUILDING,

MAIN ST., VANCOUVER, W. T.

Particular attention given to conveyancing and the examination of land titles.

Vancouver, Sept. 4th, 1875.

G. H. STEWARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

VANCOUVER, W. T.

OFFICE UP STAIRS IN WALL'S BRICK

W. BYRON DANIELS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE OVER SOHNS AND SCHUELE'S

STORE,

VANCOUVER, W. T.

Will practice in all the courts of the Territory.

S. P. McDONALD,

City Recorder & Justice of the Peace,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent.

Agent of the HOME MUTUAL FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office in the store of J. Probstel, Jr.

Vancouver, W. T., Sept. 4th, 1875.

J. W. TURNER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Official PHYSICIAN for Clarke County.

VANCOUVER, W. T.

M. FLINN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

North side of Fifth Street, two doors east

of Main.

DR. W. H. GODDARD,

Practicing Physician

AND

AUTHORIZED AGENT AND LECTURER FOR THE NATIONAL HEALTH REFORM ASSOCIATION.

Office corner of Main and 9th streets, Vancouver, W. T.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



A here advertising contract can be made.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Boys.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Christ's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsoiled the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floor—oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the ballsters,
For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them launted
By ghostly toys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bells peal loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming,
And then the rush of "steam-car" trains
Scars all our ears a humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certain should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys!" but not for long,
Ah, could we hear about us
This thought—How very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us.

How soon but fall, deposed men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently should we chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket!

Small Expectations.

It was generally supposed by our family, and those who knew us well, that my Uncle Bunce would leave us something in his demise. In fact, I thought so myself. Our reasons for this belief being these:

First, When I was a little girl, though he took no notice whatever of other little girls, he always patted me on the head when we met, and said, "Ha, ha! here you are, Hetty?"

Secondly, When I was a big girl, and went to school, he always checked me under the chin on holiday occasions, and inquired, "Well, what are they teaching you, Hetty?"

Thirdly, When I had grown to be a woman, he established the following form of greeting as a permanent thing: "H'm! how do you do?"

Fourthly, He never took notice of any one else in so many words, but merely nodded to all other mortals.

Fifthly, When I was married, he presented me with an antediluvian tortoise-shell comb—the property of the late Mrs. Bunce, and of a preposterous fashion, said to have been in vogue at a remote date, the back a half a foot high, and elaborately carved. As he disapproved of weddings generally, and never before had been known to give the bride anything but a scolding, this was really something to build upon—though, by the way, I offended him sorely by refusing to wear the horrible thing to the altar upon my wedding day.

Now, of course I did not wish Uncle Bunce to die; nor could I have done so had I been certain that, on his decease, I should become a millionaire; still, we know that all flesh is mortal, and Uncle Bunce was like the rest of the world in this respect; and when he did depart, it would be a comfort to be the means of presenting Charlie with six thousand pounds.

When we moved to our charming little cottage at Barley Hill, then I decided that when Uncle Bunce visited us, I would make him so comfortable, that the matter would be quite settled. And, in fact, the spare room was furnished with an eye to his peculiar tastes, and a large amount of pepper was laid in which to season his favorite dishes. However, Uncle Bunce declined our invitations persistently; and having kept our spare room empty for him a long while, we at last informed the rest of our friends who had promised to visit us that we were anxious for their company.

We certainly were. Nothing could have pleased us better than that they should have arrived in a body on one day. But, alas! Barley Hill Cottage had a few disadvantages; among them, the fact that there were but four rooms and a bath-room—with which, by the way, we had such an indescribable amount of trouble, on account of our faulty plumbing, that we wished that modern convenience was not in our possession.

Consequently, when on one day we had the pleasure of greeting the Misses Jones, the Misses Brown and their mamma, Cousin Charissa, and Mrs. Twit's Miranda Jane, aged nine, we were rather puzzled. However, necessity is the mother of invention. We apologized to the Misses Brown and their mama for putting them all three together in the spare room. We resigned ours without a murmur to the Misses Jones. We begged Cousin Charissa to excuse us for giving her the

sofa bedstead in the parlor, and made a couch with three chairs and a bolster for Miranda Jane in a corner cupboard. Then Charlie improvised a bed over the bath; and after draping the machinery with curtains, and making up a valance for the side of the bath, I really felt quite proud of our handiwork. And we had fairly begun to enjoy ourselves among our friends, when, late one warm afternoon, some one rapped at the door, and I was greeted with, "H'm! and how do you do?"

It was Uncle Bunce, and he had come to stay. "Delighted," I gasped. "Charmed to see you, sir," said Charlie.

Then we exchanged glances, and each mutely asked the other, "where shall you put him?"

"Eh, how answered, 'where?'" "And Uncle Bunce answered, "Thanks." He had seized upon this one fashionable variation with avidity, because it seemed to do away with the personal politeness involved in the words "Thank you."

"Thanks. Like to go to my room at once—wash my hands."

His room, he must be taken somewhere; not to the spare bedroom, for there Mrs. Jones and daughter were dressing for dinner; nor to ours, for there the Misses were crimping their tresses. So perforce I led him to the bathroom, and there left him to sacrifice to the graces.

"Remarkable bedstead that of yours," he said when he returned to us. "Some new patent, I suppose. Very rickety, generally, those new patents. Oil-finished things much the best—much. However, curtains all very well—like old times. Ah, everything dreadfully changed!—headfully!"

"To which we, the guilty parties, answered only by blishes."

"That night Uncle Bunce slept upon our couch, and we sat up in the kitchen. We bore it very well for a while; but finally, maddened with want of sleep, Charlie, supporting his aching head, inquired of me in a plaintive whine, "Why didn't you kick the old brute out, Hetty?"

"Don't, dear, I pleaded; I know it is very uncomfortable; but still, though it is rough and unpleasant, think of six thousand pounds!"

"Nonsense!" said Charlie. "He'll out-live us! Look at his constitution. A crusty old durned fellow, without a civil word for any one!"

"My dear, I remonstrated, don't speak so loud. Of course we are suffering on these hard chairs, but think of the bed of down six thousand pounds will buy! Don't be angry. I think I shall wear the comb while Uncle stays."

"The comb he gave me," I said.

"You shan't put the hideous thing on your head," said Charlie.

"You shan't put the hideous thing on your head," said Charlie.

"Six thousand pounds and thumb-screws! You may enjoy sitting up all night on a kitchen chair for an old fellow who may, or may not, choose to leave you something when he dies," said Charlie; "I don't." He asked me not to smoke this evening, too!

And I never felt so sorry for any one as I did for that poor fellow, with his hair all tossed about, his eyelids heavy with sleep, his feet on one chair, and his head against the side of the mantle-piece, but, in spite of all, I resolved that Uncle Bunce should stay as long as he chose—yes, stay, though we slept in the coal-cellar, or did not sleep at all; for think of my joy when, some time in our life—some time when it was, perhaps, most wanted—I should fly in to Charlie's arms and say to him, "My dear, you're worth six thousand pounds; and I have won it for you by never allowing myself to be put out by Uncle Bunce!"

The next morning I wore my gigantic comb. The Misses Jones giggled, and Miss Brown laughed outright. No matter: Uncle Bunce's good-will was worth more than anything else. I bore their smiles like a martyr, and only felt because, after all, my uncle did not look perfectly satisfied. On the contrary, although he had a habit of scowling, I had never seen him scowl so much as he did that morning. He sneered at the milk, and scowled at the butter, prophesied at the rolls, and described to us, with his mouth full, breakfasts which he had eaten elsewhere, which were what breakfasts ought to be; and, ever and anon, he cast toward my unhappy self a glance of inexplicable disapproval.

However, he stayed with us through the week, growing more ill-tempered as the time passed on. I shall never forget the week—the weary nights during which we tried to take naps on chairs, or reposed on the kitchen table—the humiliation and self-contempt I offered when I permitted myself to be scolded, Charlie to be snubbed, and our guests to be sneered at by Uncle Bunce—the persistence with which I wore that awful comb—the things I said that I did not mean—the manner in which I abused myself, shaved myself, and suppressed myself. I shut up the house at nine to please Uncle Bunce. I locked up the piano for the same reason. I did it all, not for love of him, or respect for

him, but because of his six thousand pounds.

Dear Charlie, who worked so hard, and was so kind to me, and so tender of me, might some day have reason to rejoice that he had married poor little me.

At last, one evening, Uncle Bunce said, as he took his bedroom candle: "I shall go to town to-morrow. Mr. here don't agree with me, and vanished without so much as a nod."

"Charlie," I said, as I accommodated myself to circumstances on the kitchen dresser, with my water-proof cloak around me, and a rag-bag under my head; "try to bear up this one night longer. After all, it is worth it."

"Mark my words," said Charlie, from the window-sill, "with his big overcoat for a pillow—mark my words, Hetty; you'll never get anything but rudeness from that old fellow!"

"And mark my words, Charlie," I said; "this will happen. After we've struggled on, perhaps to middle age, and begin to feel as though we should always be poor, one day—you know he's seventy now—Uncle Bunce will leave this world for a better."

"I don't know," said Charlie, doubtfully.

"And we'll sit talking over the news, when some one will inquire for you, and being shown in will prove to be Uncle Bunce's lawyer, who will say, 'Sir, it is my duty to inform that my lamented client, Mr. Bunce, prior to his decease, signed a will which leaves all his fortune to your wife, his niece, there I pause!'"

"Oh, what a life!" cried Charlie.

"Help!" screamed Uncle Bunce's voice. "Fire! Murder! Help! Help!"

"Oh! Police!" screamed Mrs. Jones. "Somebody! somebody!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Cousin Charlie!" screamed Cousin Charissa from the sofa, your poor Uncle Bunce is being murdered!"

"Ow! ow! Ow-ow! cried Miranda Jane from the wash-room."

"Not above it all we heard a sound as of many waters."

"What is it, love?" I asked. "What can have happened?"

"That contorted pipe has burst again!" said Charlie, and Uncle Bunce is drowning in the bath-room!"

In a moment I comprehended it all. The Barley Hillites were proud of having a good provision of water from Barley River throughout the town. But the arrangements for supply had not been of the first order, and the consequence was that every house had been flooded in turn, that the main street had been inundated twice, and the reservoir burst as often. At this unfortunate moment, when Uncle Bunce reposed in the deceitful arms of the bath, without an idea of his danger, the pipe above his head had given away, and the flood of water poured itself out upon him. The door was locked inside. We heard him spluttering and swearing. In our agitation, we could do nothing but pound upon the panels, and implore him to come out.

"By George!" yelled Uncle Bunce in the voice of a sea-captain in a storm—"By George! they've put me to sleep in a bath!"

From that time until he stepped into the train next morning, he vouchsafed us no other word. And from that time we never saw or heard of him again.

When he died, however, we were unexpectedly summoned to the reading of his will, as being parties mentioned therein. We went. The will left the bulk of the property to a hospital; and we were mentioned thus:

"And I desire it to be known by all interested, that this will, which I, being in my right mind, have signed and attested, makes null and void a former one in which I had made my niece, Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, my sole heir. The reasons for her disinheriting being these: Firstly, she did for a week's time disrespectfully, ungratefully, indelicately, and by infamous deception, caused me to sleep in a bath, to the great detriment of my health and nervous system; and secondly, she proved her extravagance by wasting on ordinary occasions, and while occupied at household work, a certain tortoise-shell comb which I presented to her, and which the late Mrs. Bunce, a pious woman in every respect, never wore save at wedding and funerals." In consequence, I bequeath to the same Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, only the expression of my indignation!"

Europe has five millions of soldiers all ready for fighting, with fifteen thousand cannon and a million and a quarter machine-guns, and a fleet of 2,000 vessels, and a navy of 200,000 sailors, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. The cost of this armament is \$1,000,000,000. Five hundred and sixty millions of dollars annually, three times the amount being consigned to the armaments.

Wanmuth Hotel—One of the Speculations that Broke the Bank of California.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune gives description of the great Palace Hotel in San Francisco which will be interesting just at this time. Writing about ten days before the crash he says: "It was projected by Mr. Reddon, of the Bank of California, who has personally done more to popularize not only the city of San Francisco, but the state of California, than anybody else. He owned much of the land on which the hotel stands, and he and Mr. Sharon, it is understood, own much of the land near it. These gentlemen joined purses for the purpose of building the finest hotel in the world. The size is simply gigantic. It covers one whole square—from New Montgomery to Annie and from Market to Jessie streets. In fact the building is 200 by 275 feet covering nearly a hundred thousand square feet and being seven stories high. It is severely plain. In respect to bay windows, arched, owners and lessees have all run mad. Some idea may be obtained of the appearance of the hotel when it is stated that there are no large columns, no domes, no arches, no steeples—nothing but bay windows. Every room fronting on the street has one, and the appearance from the outside is very novel. At first it seems faded and trailing; but the appearance of a monstrous building covered with pigeon-holes. There are in all about 600 bay windows, so that, in the language of advertisements, 'no family should be without one.' The interior arrangements of the hotel are admirable. The entrance is on New Montgomery street, through a porte cochere extending to a court, similar to that of the Grand Hotel in Paris. This court is 144 by 54 feet and reaches to the top of the building, being covered with glass. In this court will be walks, fountains, statues, and tropical plants. The court differs from that of the Grand Hotel in Paris in this respect: On every floor a veranda 12 feet wide extends entirely around the court, forming a promenade about the garden, which it is to be illuminated in the evening. From the garden level to the second floor is the grand staircase, which is ornamented with statuary and flower vases. There are already a thousand rooms in the hotel; there are 500 bath-rooms. There is not a room in the house for guests that is less than 16 feet square, and more than half of them are 20 feet square. Every room has a closet, a fire place, a marble mantle six feet long, a French plate mirror and standard gas lights. Every room is provided with a trash-air register, communicating with the street and a landing to the roof. Perfect ventilation is therefore secured. Each bath-room has a flag leading to a hot-air chamber on the roof, thus securing a draft which carries off impure gases. There are 2,042 ventilating tubes opening outward on the roof of the hotel. To carpet the hotel, including rooms, halls and stairs, will require 28 miles of carpet of ordinary width. As before stated, the hotel covers nearly a hundred thousand square feet of land—the exact figures being 99,250. The window, in New York, is only a third as large. The Fifth Avenue Hotel is 200 feet square, while the Palace is 350 feet by 275, and contains 56,250 more square feet. The Palace is in all essential particulars the peer. All the partitions and walls are built of brick or stone, laid in cement and bonded together with iron. The hotel itself is of brick and iron, the brick portions being plastered in the color of sandstone, and the iron painted in the same shade. Within the walls of the building are four 19 inch artesian wells, with a total capacity of 28,000 gallons of water per hour. These wells communicate with a reservoir under the court, 107 by 64 feet and 20 feet deep, holding 639,000 gallons. As to the cost of this hotel, the figures are almost appalling. Mr. Sharon himself informed me that the building and ground had already cost nearly \$5,000,000. He said he did not expect the property would pay as an investment. It will, he thinks, be a credit and an actual benefit to the city. This is all he wants. He can afford to build one hotel, if it only costs \$5,000,000. But why Mr. Sharon, who is a Senator from Nevada, should have such an extraordinary interest in San Francisco, is rather strange. He is supposed to live in Nevada, where his colleague, Mr. Jones, is supposed to reside, but he does not live there. On the contrary, he has a very charming home in this city, and never goes to Nevada, except on a business trip, from one year to another. However, he goes quite as often as his colleague does. The mortgage on the Palace will cost \$1,000,000. This is the sum laid apart for it.

Resting.

As a nation, Americans are notoriously an active restless race of people. Each minute must turn out coin of less or greater denomination, or must add to the lazar of our lives, else the poor house is brought into the imagination, or the seizure of a famished name-hunts or our sleeping and our waking hours. We begrudge ourselves the respect of the legal holidays, and if it were wholly a matter of choice, and were considered to be the proper thing to do, we would even toil on the Sabbath, if we could thereby increase our stock of gain or fame. Of all the evils that spring from love of money, none are more to be deplored than that inordinate desire for wealth or fame which is gratified at the expense of health. We must rest. Take the case of a man who goes on vacation during the summer months, and then returns daily with a headache, and a nervous system that is in a state of collapse. The increase of paralysis and apoplexy is not due to extraneous and accidental causes, but to the fact that the man has overworked himself in a few years, and then death gathers us in the twinkling of an eye. As a people we need education in the science of making a rest. It is a science as hard as it may seem, and it has its laws, which must be heeded. It is not an infrequent thing to hear people who inherit a wonderful amount of energy, so-called, since at those who leave their business, or their pursuit, or their office, every summer season, for a brief release from care, but such persons, so wise and so strong, are rather to be pitied than blamed. They are ignorant of physical laws. They surely pronounce a man a weakling who pursues such a course, but we submit it to a rational public if they themselves are not the short-sighted ones and wretchedly in the wrong.

Shooting Ducks.

"Speaking of shooting ducks," says Dr. P., "Paris in mind of a great storm that occurred when I lived on the island. As you are well aware, our island was near by Casco Bay, an awful storm arose, and was so fierce that it drove all the bay into a pond, covering about an acre near my house. In fact so many ducks crowded into that pond that I could not see a drop of water."

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How the Young Lady Manages It.

Clerks at glove counters have a great deal to try their patience. For instance, a very stylish young lady will take a pair of six buttoned lavender kids and wear them to a party; sometimes she will only put on one, when when the dancer begins, she will remove to protect it from perspiration. When she goes home she will carefully fold the gloves in the original paper put in between the leaves of the ready-made press, and the next morning she will go to the store and tell the clerk that the gloves have all been yesterday morning washed, and she would like

Deception.

Nothing in life is more to be dreaded than a deceitful person. Whether male or female, that person is worse in society than a mad dog. We shall not describe how deception is practiced; for this might be teaching some youthful reader to deceive. Better it is to know how to avoid it ourselves. Let us always be frank and open. It is far better to be occasionally injured ourselves, through too great frankness, than to acquire the habit of excessive concealment. At all events, let your friends know what you are doing, or you will soon have no friends to trouble you. Confidence begets confidence; but if you confide nothing to your friends, they will soon lose all confidence in you. Above all things, dear reader, be not deceived and flattered by a smile. The saviour was betrayed by a kiss, and many a heart has been broken by a laughing face. Commit to the keeping of your heart these lines of Moore:

"A beam of the face of the water may glow,
While the tide runs to darkness and cold;
So the cheek may be flushed with a dawn,
Though the cold heart to run runs darkly
within."

Epithet.

The custom of supplying grog to soldiers is becoming quite common again, and is, singularly enough, accompanied by an abnormal increase in the number of accidents reported by increasing ocean vessels.