THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW.

WHOLE NO. 595. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

J. L. CAMPBELL. J. R. CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL BROS.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, per Grange Store.

OUR ONLY

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted as follows:

One square, 10 lines or less, one insertion $3; each subsequent insertion $1. Cash required in advance.

Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One square three months	$6 00
" " six months	8 00
" " one year	12 00

Transient notices in local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:33 p. m. For Siuslaw, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 6 A. M. on Wednesday. For Crawfordsville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 P. M.

Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after arrival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.

A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE No 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPENCER BUTTE LODGE No. 9 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

LON CLEAVER,

DENTIST,

Eugene City, Oregon.

ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly office of C. W. Fitch.

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. M. DAVIS

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY IN Eugene. Office first building north of the Astor House, up stairs. Charges reasonable and all work warranted for five years. Nov2:tf

T. W. SHELTON, M. T. W. HARRIS, M. D.

Drs. Shelton & Harris,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

A. W. PATTERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence,

EUGENE CITY OREGON.

Dr J. O. Shields

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Eugene City and surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to his care.

Office at the St. Charles Hotel.

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged.

Office at the

POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dr F. M. Walker

HAS LOCATED IN EUGENE CITY, Oregon—office at St. Charles Hotel—and will treat the following diseases: Consumption (Phthisis Pulmonalis), Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Brights' Disease of the Kidneys, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Peritonitis, Erysipelas, Dyptheria, Dyspepsia, Nasal Catarrh, and other diseases to numerous too mention.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Oct. 3d, 1878.

A. I. NICKLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND U. S. EXAMINING Surgeon for Pensions offers his service to the citizens of Eugene City and vicinity. Uterine diseases a speciality.

Residence—corner of Willamette and Tenth streets, Eugene City, Oregon.

S. S. HOFFMAN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Wishes to inform his patrons that the rumor that he has removed from town is false. He may be found at his OFFICE—Judge Risden's former residence on High Street.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

CENTRAL MARKET

T. L. BOYD, Proprietors.

will KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will fill Beef in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

JEWELRY ESTABLISMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted.

J. S. LUCKEY,

Ellsworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDER, J. R.—Justice of the Peace South Eugene Precinct; office at Court House.

ASTOR HOUSE—Chas. Baker, prop. The only first-class hotel in the city—Willamette street, one door north of the post office.

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Planing mill, sash, door, blind and moulding manufactory, Eighth street, east of mill race. Everything in our line furnished on short notice and reasonable terms.

BENTLEY, J. W.—Private boarding house, southwest corner of Eleventh and Pearl sts.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist—Ninth St., opposite St. Charle Hotel

BOOK STORE—One door south of the Astor House. A full stock of assorted box papers plain and fancy.

BOYD & MILLER—Meat Market—beef, veal, mutton, pork and lard—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

CLEAVER, J. W.—General variety store and agricultural implements, southeast corner of Willamette and Seventh streets.

CHRISMAN, SCOTT—Truck, hack and expressman. All orders promptly attended to. Office at express office.

CRAIN BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

CALLISON, R. G.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, country produce, canned goods, books, stationery, etc., southwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.

DORRIS, B. F.—Dealer in Stoves and Tin ware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DURANT, WM.—Meat Market beef, pork, veal and mutton constantly on hand—Ninth street, between Pearl and High.

ELLSWORTH & CO.—Druggists and dealers in paints, oils, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GUARD OFFICE—Newspaper, book and job printing office, corner Willamette and Eighth streets, up stairs.

GRANGE STORE—Dealers in general merchandise and produce, corner Eighth and Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Druggist, Postoffice, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HODES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine pigeon-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

JAMES, B. H.—Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

KINSEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory, window and door frames, mouldings, etc., glazing and glass cutting done to order.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables, etc., Willamette street, first door south of Postoffice.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler; keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice, wines, liquors, and cigars—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

MELLER, M.—Brewery—Lager beer on tap and by the keg or barrel, corner of Ninth and Olive streets.

OSBURN & CO.—Dealers in drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, etc.—Willamette st., opposite S. Charles Hotel.

PATTERSON, A. S.—A fine stock of plain and fancy visiting cards.

PERKINS, H. C.—County Surveyor and Civil Engineer. Residence on Fifth street.

PENNINGTON, B. C.—Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, corner seventh and High streets.

PRESTON, WM.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office.

RUSH, BEN.—Horseshoeing and general jobbing blacksmith, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

REAM, J. R.—Undertaker and building contractor, corner Willamette and Seventh streets.

ROSENBLATT & CO.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL—Mrs. A. Renfrew, Proprietress. The best Hotel in the city. Corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

SHIELDS, J. C.—Physician and Surgeon—north side Ninth street, first door east of St. Charles Hotel.

STEVENS, MARK—Dealer in tobacco, cigars, nuts, candies, shot, powder, notions, etc.—Willamette street.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES—A large and varied assortment of slates of all sizes, and quantities of slates and slate books. Three doors north of the express office.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys-at-Law—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Buckskin dressing. The highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth st., at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. B.—General brokerage business and agent for the Connecticut Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

LAKIN, D. R.—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

ELLSWORTH & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

WILL CONTINUE THE BUSINESS in all its branches at the old stand, offering increased inducements to customers, old and new. As heretofore, the most

Careful attention given to Prescriptions.

FARM FOR SALE.

A WELL IMPROVED FARM OF three hundred and sixty acres, 100 acres under cultivation; all under fence and the improvements in good order, which we will sell at a bargain, and on the most reasonable terms. Situated five miles south of town, and has a good orchard for stock. Apply at this office

A Subterranean Monster.

Down beneath the pavements on Spruce street, there is panting away, day and night, every hour in the year, a huge iron slave, running his giant arms out beneath sidewalks, across streets, under massive buildings and blocks, grinding away Samson-like in his dark prison house, a perfect marvel of strength, and without a parallel on the Continent if on the Globe. He grips with one of his long fingers the Bullock presses of Horace Greely's greatest monument, and throws off 4,000 *Tribunes* an hour from each of several presses under the famous Tall Tower. With another he grasps the lightening presses of the paper which "shines for all," and prints a hundred thousand *Suns* before you have tasted your morning coffee. Down Spruce streets runs out the monstrous edition of the *New York Ledger;* another drives the presses of the *Sunday Dispatch*, another runs down into John Scott's cellars and prints over forty weekly papers of lesser fame. To both sides of Spruce, both sides of Frankfort, both sides of William and one side of Beekman, yet other arms stretch out and run hundreds of devices for printing, ruling, cutting, perforating and binding in that busy nest of types and cardboards fronting on and adjacent to Printing House Square.

His fires never goes out; almanacs and clocks, seasons and cycles, dynasties and electoral commissions are not for him. He heard the booming guns at Sumpter and told the world what they meant, but his panting quickened not: Lee thundering at the gates of Gettysburgh and Lee surrendering to Appomattox were one to this slave. He heard the tramp of armed men above his head in '61, and listened in '65 to the heavier tread of thinner ranks bearing back those tattered, riddled banners, which make the veriest dotard's blood tingle in his veins as he looks; he saw Tweed's daughter wearing diamonds for shoe buttons, and looking again saw the dethroned robber dying by inches in a felon's cell, nor this nor that meant anything to him. Old Time, to whom we mortals bow most reverentially, looks down through these grimy gratings and gets no more attention than a contemptuous puff of steam in his face. This is the Slave of Commerce not of Time; he knows no law but the demands of Trade and acknowledges no master else!

Twenty years ago a printer owning a steam engine which supplied more power than he needed, began furnishing power to his neighbors. They quickly found it cheaper to take a shaft from him than buy and operate an engine for themselves, and the business grew rapidly. This is the very heart of the printing business of Gotham. Within the space of eighty acres is more capital invested in types and their accessories than in half of all America. It was a rare field for such an enterprise. A stock company was formed with $80,000 capital, every dime of it represented in the engines, boilers and shafting. Great papers like the *Tribune, Sun* and *Ledger* found it cheaper to buy power than to generate it, and though they have engines of their own, they hold them only as reserves in case of accident. No accident has occured these twenty years. A fire pump of immense power has been attached to these engines, a thousand feet of hose are always ready for use; men are at hand every hour of the twenty-four, and rarely have turned the full power of these mighty engines upon the pumps, and put out dangerous fires before even our alert Fire Department could reach the spot. The chained slave has saved his master nearly half a million of money in this way, to say nothing of averted disorganization of business from a fire.

English vs. American Girl.

The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusement, which tends to develop and invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock—and all this without having it pressed forever on her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day until it becomes a habit which will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is larger, her muscular system in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier.

Fifteen mile creek Wasco county, shows 30 new houses of people who have settled there last year.

Dallas, Polk county, has $144,000 assessable property, exemptions $19,000, indebtedness $14,877, voters 91.

Webfoot Wheat.

EDITOR WILLAMETTE FARMER.—In your issue of Feb. 14th is an article headed "Walla Walla Wheat," in which the Weston Leader, in speaking about the raising of fine wheat, says that in Umatilla county they can raise finer quality of wheat than can be raised in any county of the State west of the mountains, and makes it as a banter in these words "Trot out your Webfoot wheat growers and let them make a comparison."

I have been waiting for some other wheat grower in the valley to reply, but as none have, I will say to the Weston Leader that I claim to be a Webfoot wheat grower for the last 25 years, in the county of Lane and valley of the Willamette, and I now wish to give a kindly invitation not only to the best wheat growers in Umatilla county, but to those of the Walla Walla county, Palouse country, or any county east of the Cascade mountains, California and the Eastern States, and all other nations in the world not excepted, to the next three State Fairs of Oregon in succession, and compete for the best and finest bushel of wheat,—judges to take into consideration equality in size, large and well-filled grains, thinness of bran and white and fine in color, for flouring purpose. Also for the best display of wheat, say twenty varieties. The invitation is wide, and an unlimited one. Nevertheless I shall be happy to meet all the growers of fine wheat from any other lands with the production raised from the dark-brown soil of the land of Webfoot, so your Umatillas, Palouse and Californians do your best. This is one way to make our Fairs attractive, and that is what we all want. GEORGE BELSHAW.

A Revised Catchism.

Q—What is the chief end of man?

A—To make money and run for office.

Q—Into what estate did the fall bring mankind.

A—Real estate.

Q—What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?

A—Not being able to get enough of it.

Q—What is effectual calling?

A—Offering ministers large salaries.

Q—What is conscience?

A—An entire stranger to most people.

Q—What is a fallen estate?

A—One that pays but 23 cents on the dollar.

Q—What is the eighth commandment?

A—The eighth commandment is—"Thou shalt not steal!"

Q—Is running off with the funds of a bank, stealing?

A—Oh, no! It is loaning the bank's money to yourself without security—merely a violation of the rule.

Q—What is the ninth commandment?

A—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Q—Do newspaper men ever violate the ninth commandment?

A—Never.

Q—What, never?

A—Well, hardly ever.

Q—Do all good men pray?

A—Yes.

Q—Who to?

A—The City Council.

Q—What for?

A—Better sidewalks and more coal oil street lamps.

Q—What is the lost estate?

A—One where the relatives fight over the will.

Q—After the estate is lost what becomes of it?

—A The lawyers get it.

It is estimated in Washington that the census of the next year will show an increased population of 8,500,000, necessitating, under the present apportionment, an increase of sixty-six in the House of Representatives, making that body the unwieldly number of 359. The Electoral vote would be increased to 435. New York would gain five Congressmen, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and Wisconsin, four each. The estimate shows no increase in the population of Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Louisiana, Maine, Nevada, New Hampshire, Vermont and South Carolina.

'Twas a young printer's devil who asked for a kiss, but she quickly replied, did this pert little Miss: "You look inky and black, though your head may be level, and I'll never consent to be kissed by a devil." Years passed and the Miss became an old maid, with frizzels and curls, false teeth and pomade. Then sadly she thought to recall the old issue; but the printer replied: "The devil won't kiss you."

Wm and Ed Cole are the only occupants of the Salem jail.

The Gambler's Revenge.

Years ago, on a trip to New Orleans, the boat crowded with passengers, among whom where a company of gamblers, in luck, flushed with money, and of course in high spirits and ready for a game. At a landing a small town some miles distance below Memphis on the Arkansas side, there came aboard a seemingly middle aged planter, followed by his slave, who stuck close to his heels, carrying a pair of saddle-bags well filled. The planter, draped in southern backwoods style, a lindsey suit, broad-brimed hat, apparently a backwoodsman not used to travel and on a trip for pleasure, plenty of money and didn't care for expenses.—just the man for the sports..

It was evening, and the boat again underway. The planter called his negro. "Sam."

"Yes, massa."

"Got the saddle-bags safe?"

"Yes, massa."

"Well, watch the bags, Sam, and nary a spill."

"Yes, massa; I'se got 'em and nary a spill." Turning to the crowd whom he eyed sharply: "Boys, I've sold my crop of cotton, and am bound for Orleans to have a good time. Plenty of money, and don't kear for expenses. Come, all take a drink."

They went to the bar, and taking out of his pocket a large roll of bank bills which he carefully unrolled and displayed, paid for the drinks, and another and another, seemingly bound for a spree and somewhat into it, and as the sharps thought, about ready to pluck. Often he would call Sam, who was always close by: "Sam hold on to the bags, and nary a spill." "Yes, massa, I hold 'em safe, and nary a spill." The gamblers commenced:

"Say, old fellow, suppose we have a game of cards to pass away the time. Euchre, for drinks."

"Well, boys, I don't know much about keard. Kin play seven up and a little of euchre,—play sometimes at hum,—don't keer if I do, I'm bound for a good time and don't keer for expenses." And at it they went, losing in turn and drinking often, but the gamblers, so intent of their game, didn't watch the planter who called for his drinks as often, seldom more than tasted, but appeared to be pretty well filled. Soon they proposed "draw poker" for a small amount as a more exciting and amusing game.

"Well, I don't keer; I don't know much about poker, seen it played and can learn, and don't keer for expenses."

The sharks played cautiously, stakes small, for awhile, to keep the game excited, until they could well bait their hooks and swallow him whole. But they were mistaken in their "fish," he was as eager and sharp for the game to be played as they. They were all ready, the cards stocked and dealt all right, as they supposed, and the betting run high, until the gamblers had staked their all to the last dime, some ten thousand dollars on the table, when the planter called Sam.

"Sam, fetch out them saddle bags, and nary a spill."

"Yes, massa, here they be, and nary a spill," which he took and opened out, taking out package after package of bank bills which he laid on the table, and went five thousand better. The gamblers were amazed, and began to think they had caught a Tartar. They had put up all they had and demanded a call, which the planter gave. Taking out a good sized navy revolver, he threw down his cards, four kings and an ace, (he had been as sharp as they). He threw off his old hat, took off his wig and false whisker and stood before them revealed. They exclaimed in a voice of astonishment, "Ned Monroe, by thunder!"

"Yes, gentlemen," raking in the pile, "Ned Monroe, who you a few years ago cheated in a game and took his all, not leaving him a dime. I then swore to be revenged, and have waited until now. I knew you were coming on this boat and was ready, as you see, and have got my revenge, but will be more liberal than you." Counting out one hundred dollars he shoved it over to them, which they took, with the jeers of the crowd, and left for their rooms and the next morning the boat at the first landing.

Sam could hold in no longer. With a loud laugh and grin of exultation: "Massa's too smart for dem fellah's. He played 'em a good trick, and served 'em right. I'se knowed it all the while; yah, yah. Yes, massa, I'se got dem saddle bags safe, and nary a spill."

They both, Sam and his master, had played their parts well, and the gambler had his "revenge."

There will probably be a special term of Circuit court to clean the Linn county docket.

Pope Leo's Daily Routine.

Pope Leo XIII rises winter and summer at 6 o'clock, and generally celebrates mass in his private chapel. At 7 he takes a cup of coffee of chocolate, with an egg beaten in it. After this he takes a walk, either in the gardens of the Vatican or in the galleries. He looks and comments on everything like a true and subtle observer. Nothing escapes his notice. At 8 he receive his secretary of State, Cardinal Nina, and the day's business begins. He signs documents and letters, and receives in audience, first, the Cardinals, then apostolic congregations, then ecclesiatics who have been granted a special audience, and then he receives peculiar Catholics. According to the length of the audiences the dinner takes place. His dinner is very frugal. It consists of chickens broth mostly; then the boiled chicken is served. He rarely eats other meats. He likes pears and cheese. He drinks a couple of glasses of red wine. He does not take coffee after the meal. After dinner he sleeps a while, in his arm chair mostly. He then enters his study and confers with his under secretaries; writes, signs and reads petitions; gives orders. He then takes another walk, but accompanied this time by a suite of cardinals and other familiars of his court. When tired he sits in the first arm chair or other seat he meets with, and then the walk changes into a conversation or literary lecture. The Pope is very learned in literature both Italian and French. He speaks elegantly. He has an excellent memory, and sometimes recites verses of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. He does not read many newspapers. On his writing table may always be seen the Revue des Deux Mondes and the Nuvova Antologia, of which he peruses a few pages when he has time. On another table lies open Treves' large Bible, illustrated by Gustave Dore. Occasionally when he rises from his table he casts his eyes on the volume, and sometimes he remains in contemplation before it. After this second walk the Pope returns to his apartments and remains an hour in reading with his Chamber Prelate, and then he resumes public business for the last time in the day. During the evening he gives his attention to the interior arrangements of the Vatican. At 10 o'clock he generally retires to his bedroom.

That Funny Column.

Camden Post.

A city paper thought it must do like its neighbors and have a paragraph column. It advertised for the right sort of a man in this way: "Wages no object; good looks not desirable; good sense not expected." The man came and went to work. One column was his task, and he furnished it. It looked well as printed, and the publisher hoped for good results. During the following day a plain-looking farmer came in and asked the editor for the man who wrote that column. The paragrapher was speedily summoned.

"You are the author of this column, I hear?" said the farmer. "Yes, sir," proudly rubbing his hands.

"I owe you a debt which I can only partly reply in money; but here are $5 which I insist on you taking as an earnest of gratitude I feel toward you."

The man of paragraphs took it and asked what was the especial cause of gratituded.

The farmer said: "You saved my brother's life after he had been given up by the doctor. It was this way: He was taken last Monday with a fit of laughing hysterics, which got worse and worse. We had tried everything in vain; had taken him to funerals and scenes of all the horrible accidents we could hear of, but still he laughed and laughed. Medicine was equally useless, and there seemed nothing but death for him. He could not eat, drink, or sleep; nothing but laugh. His mouth stretched twice its usual width, and his jaws were almost paralyzed. I got your paper and commenced reading your column of comics to him. Before I had got to the end of the first one I could notice an improvement in him, and by the time I had got half through the column his mouth was entirely closed, and he was calm as ever. He has never laughed since, and I don't believe he ever will. That is the cause of my gratitude Is it not enough?" The publisher thought so, and concluded to dispense with the original column of funny paragraphs.

The Statesman says last Tuesday morning the wind was blowing very hard on the river, and the Willamette Chief in attempting to land at her dock was blown against the piles fronting the wharf, breaking two of them square off. No damage whatever was sustained by the boat.