msa_sc2901_scm2356-0040 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 25.—No. 38. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865. WHOLE No. 1276.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding eight lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

Advertisements inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for eight lines.

Job-Printing.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY ANNA MARIA WELBY.

We, who were friends in childhood, fast, unchanging,
That 'neath the shadow of one roof-tree grew;
The same sweet haunts in light and gladness ranging,
The same bright stars that loved within the blue—
We, who were friends when life and hope were stronger
Within our breasts, than they, alas, are now—
Is it a dream, that we are friends no longer;
We who were bound by friendship's holiest vow?

Alas! too well I know I am not dreaming;
We meet with smiles and outstretched hands no more,
While each for this the one's in secret blaming,
She would have died to shield from blame of yore;
With cold, proud looks, and words of formal greeting,
We meet and part, that used to meet of old
As if the days were all too fast and fleeting,
For half we felt of fondness to be told.

Alas, for us! and for those days long vanished,
The sweet wild days of all our girlish glee,
When from thy heart thou would'st not have me banished,
And thou canst say the same, alas, of me.
Would that the words were left by each unspoken—
The words that made our early friendship vain—
Our broken faith—by whom—no matter—broken,
To both belongs its deep abiding pain.

The dear ones all, far, far away are lying,
Whose names e'en now thy heart and mine can thrill;
The summer winds above them softly sighing,
Their once warm hearts beneath the daisies still—
They whose meek hands so oft were laid at even,
With sweet mild words of fondness on each head—
Oh, they would weep this strange, sad strife, in Heaven,
If tears by eyes immortal could be shed.

It seems so strange that here we e're could sunder,
Whose way of yore was ever side by side—
Could leave the loves of angel ones to wonder,
That such could live where human hearts are tried.
But hush, my heart! away with vain repining!
My lips no more shall murmur of the past;
The darkest cloud hath still a silver lining—
And we shall meet as friends in Heaven at last.

Yet days will come, when far from me and dreary,
When seas, perhaps, between our pathways lie,
When for the one, thy heart at times will weary;
So true to thee through all the days gone by.
Among the gay, the careless, and cold hearted;
Thou'lt weep the one, whose love was thine in truth—
Will weep the words the girlish hearts that parted,
That should be one—that had been one in youth.

A WATCH WITH ONE WHEEL.—A Sacramento, California, paper has the following paragraph:

"While in San Francisco the other day we saw in the shop window of Mr. Otto Weiderow, on Montgomery street, some of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism we ever witnessed, and more ingenious than we ever dreamed of. Mr. Weiderow has invented and manufactured a watch that has only one wheel. This wheel, a mainspring, and very little other machinery, is so arranged that the watch when set going, winds itself up, and it will run two years!

"It would run forever if the material would hold out, but the ingenious inventors say it is necessary to take it apart once in about two years for the purpose of cleaning and repairing the worn parts. It is certainly a very ingenious, yet a very simple and successful piece of work.

"Mr. Weiderow is also the inventor of a new sort of clock, with engine movement, the pendulum of which is on top, and works like the walking beam of a steamboat."

A LETTER OF IRON.—An iron letter has just been sent from Pittsburg, Pa, to England. The iron was rolled so thin that the sheet was only twice the weight of a similar sized sheet of ordinary note paper. It is supposed to be the thinnest iron ever rolled in the world.

SEVERITY WITH CHILDREN.

At one of the inland towns of England, recently, a boy, for throwing a stone at a hare in a park, was arrested and sent to jail for three weeks.

At the town of Tenderton another boy was detected in the act of knocking walnuts from a roadside tree. He was arrested and carried before a magistrate, and five walnuts being found in one of his pockets, he was sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor in the jail for six months.

In front of a London bakery, says the Watchman, a girl of eleven was detected with three bread-rolls in her hands, and not being able to account satisfactorily for their possession, she was marched off to prison.

Scarcely a foreign paper is without some incident or paragraph similar to the foregoing. We Americans in reading them at once pronounce condemnation. It is the course, all will say, if pursued, to make hardened criminals. While we condemn, it is well enough to examine our own selves. It is true that no custom obtains with us of arresting boys for chasing rabbits, or knocking walnuts, but do we not perform things whose effects on the character is nearly, if not quite, as pernicious? Is there not a type of parental training prevalent whose tendency is to harden?

We were passing along one of the streets of our city, a few days since, when a little girl, from the open window of a second story, pushed a tumbler to the pavement. It had scarcely struck before the mother's hand came down upon the child's head with a force that nearly prostrated her.—The fall of the tumbler was an accident, it having been touched by the child's elbow, as she was standing sidewise to it; but of this the mother took no account.—The tumbler was broken, and because it was broken she was angered, and the child was made the victim of that anger. It is not pretended that children in well-regulated families are daily breaking the tumblers or cups, but it is held that accidents are each day happening, and that multitudes of parents are visiting upon their children for these happenings, punishments such as quench all the nobler feelings of their children's nature.

Severity of punishment does not implant the love of truth in a child's heart, nor does it eradicate the vice of lying. Years ago we spent a night with a friend who had three boys, the youngest four, the oldest twelve. The youngest had been charged with falsehood. We shall not soon forget how the case was managed. Charley was called forward with the exclamation, "Here, sir, I am told you have been guilty of a lie." The child made no reply except that he hung his head, and slowly shuffled his little feet toward his offended parent. "No pouting or sulks here, sir," continued his father, "boys that lie have to take the rod," and marching him out of the parlor to the kitchen, Charley's back was made to smart with blows that would have caused an adult's to quiver. We saw the little fellow several times after, but he always appeared uneasy in our presence, and as he grew up, it was with a feeling of hate toward his father. We doubt whether years will fully eradicate the feeling from his breast.

What we are our children become.—Manners of abruptness and austerity on our part will produce the same in their nature. Strike an infant in anger, and if he can not reach you, he will vent his anger by striking the floor, or his chair, or any inanimate thing within his reach. Strike him again and he will repeat his demonstration of revenge; continue to abuse him, as he grows up, by hard words and severe treatment, or charge him sternly with this or that omission of duty, or this performance of crime, and as his fists become larger, and his voice stronger, he will strike with the one or curse with the other.

Bravado in a boy is often the result of stinging his sensibilities or wounding his views of honor. An orphan left solitarily to fight his way in the world, if met with distrust or coldness, will grow by the process into a ruffian; and men witnessing him will perhaps indulge their words of wonder of cynicism, not dreaming the while how much the icy kindness of their own charity has had to do in making him what he is.

Do not understand us to advocate unlicensed indulgence or leniency. Gentleness and firmness are as compatible as prayer or piety. It is the man of warm heart and delicate perceptions that knows how to hold the steady hand over his child. He who storms or harshly punishes is the man whose own education has been lamentably neglected, and who, under pressure, will run to the opposite extreme, and show that the balance of his nature is wanting. The wise parent takes time to study his plans, to review his own life and conduct, to inquire into the circumstances of his child's life, and to see if there is not something besides the imperious word, the harsh punishment that will help him in rightly directing his household. "My father's whip," said a good man, now gone to heaven, "was once a terror to my boyish mind; it used to come often; but those eyes full of tears, that taking me on his knees, and telling me, O, so gently and kindly, of his love to me, and that praying to God for me in the closet was more than the whip. His great warm words of love and his holy prayers saved me."—Would it not be wise for any of us who may be hasty or severe, to reflect whether there is not something more powerful in love and prayers than in anything else?

HISTORICAL RECORD.

The following is a list of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States as well as those who were candidates for office, since the organization of the Government:

1788—George Washington and John Adams, two terms, no opposition.

1796—John Adams, opposed by Thos. Jefferson, who, having the next highest electoral vote, became Vice President.

1800—Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, beating John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney.

1804—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton, beating Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

1808—James Madison and Geo. Clinton, beating Chas. C. Pinckney.

1812—James Madison and Elbridge Gerry, beating DeWitt Clinton.

1816—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, beating Rufus King.

1820—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, beating John Q. Adams.

1824—John Q. Adams and John C. Calhoun, beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and W. H. Crawford—there being four candidates for President and Albert Gallatin, for Vice President.

1828—Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, beating John Q. Adams and Richard Rush.

1832—Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, beating Henry Clay, John Floyd and Wm. Wilkins, John Sargent and Henry Lee, for Vice President.

1836—Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, beating Wm. H. Harrison, Hugh L. White and Daniel Webster for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.

1840—Wm. H. Harrison and John Tyler, beating Martin Van Buren and Littleton W. Tazewell. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the remainder of the term.

1844—James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, beating Henry Clay and Theodore Freelinghuysen.

1848—Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, beating Lewis Cass, and Martin Van Buren, for President, and Wm. O. Butler and Charles F. Adams, for Vice President. Taylor died July 9th, 1850, and Fillmore became President.

1852—Franklin Pierce and William R. King, beating Winfield Scott and Wm A. Graham.

1856—James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge, beating John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore for President, and Wm. L. Dayton and A. J. Donnelson for Vice President.

1860—Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge for President, and Edward Everett, Herschel V. Johnson and Joseph Lane for Vice President.

1864—Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, beating George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton.

DEATH FROM SWALLOWING A PIN.—The Juniata (Pa.) Sentinel says: Singular and trivial, indeed, are the causes which sometimes lead to death! We have to record the distressing death of a young woman, about 18 years of age, named Maria Coder, of Beale township, daughter of James Coder, a soldier in the 49th regiment. It appears that she had a pin in her mouth and falling asleep, awoke to find it lodged somewhere in her throat.—Medicinal aid was summoned, but in vain. She lingered for several days and expired, relieved, no doubt, from the most excruciating agony. What adds to the sadness of this unexpected death, is the absence of both her father and brother in the army. Women and children should be warned against the dangerous habit of carrying pins in their mouths.

GALLS ON HORSES.—It is said that an ointment made of white lead and milk will greatly soothe and heal galls on horses, occasioned, as they frequently are, by a harness that does not fit, or from some other cause. In cases of long standing it will be necessary to repeat the application daily for a week or more, gently rubbing and stirring the blood about the injured parts. Care must also be observed not to cause fresh irritation by chafing or otherwise exciting the wound.

DRAINING.—When the weather is pleasant, laborers may work at draining advantageously; but the tile or stone should be laid as soon as practicable after a ditch has been dug, as there is danger that the sides may cave in. Let every day's work of digging be filled at night. By fixing a spirit level on a straight piece of scantling, ten or more feet long, the correct inclination for the bottom of a ditch may be obtained, and every rod may be filled as soon as it has been dug.

A CITIZEN of Nashville who went out to witness the attack on Hood had the top of his head taken off by a shell.

"BOB, is that dog a hunter?"

"No, he's half hunter and half setter—he 'hunts' for bones when he's hungry, and 'sets' by the fire when he's satisfied."

A TOUCHING POEM.

We select the following from Mr. James Linen's book of poems. It has often gone the rounds of the newspapers, but will bear repetition, being one of those gems which receive new lustre from the touch of Time:

I FEEL I'M GROWING AULD, GUDE WIFE.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
My steps are frail, my een are bleared,
My pow is unco bauld.
I've seen the snows of fourscore years
O'er hill and meadow fa',
And, hinnie! were it no for you,
I'd gladly slip awa'.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Frae youth to age I've kept warm
The love that ne'er turned cauld.
I canna bear the dreary tho't
That we maun sindered be;
There's naething binds my poor auld heart
To earth, gude wife, but thee.

I feel I'm growing auld, gude wife—
I feel I'm growing auld;
Life seems to me a wintry waste,
The very sun feels cauld.
Of worldly friens ye've been to me
Among them all the best;
Now, I'll lay down my weary head,
Gude wife, and be at rest.

THE CASE OF MRS. HUTCHINS.

As extensive publicity has been given to the arrest and sentence of Mrs. Hutchins, of Baltimore city, and her subsequent release, the following may prove of interest:

City of Fitchburg, County of Worcester, State of Massachusetts, ss.:—I, Sarah L. Hutchins, of Baltimore city, in the county of Baltimore, and State of Maryland, do hereby acknowledge that the act for which I have been tried, convicted, and am under sentence, was a wrongful and improper act on my part; and I do give my word of honor that henceforth I will be of good behavior towards the government of the United States and do no act to aid or comfort its enemies, and will conduct myself as a loyal citizen of the United States.

And I do solemnly swear, that to the best of my knowledge and ability, I will support the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully conduct myself as a good and loyal citizen of the United States—so help me God.

Signed, SARAH L. HUTCHINS.

OAKS PLANTED BY SQUIRRELS.

IT is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that most of the oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by the squirrels. The little animal has performed the most essential service to the British navy. A gentleman walking one day in a wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Trevhouse, in the county of Monmouth, had his attention diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly on the ground. He stopped to observe his motions; in a few moments the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his paws.

After digging a small hole he stooped down and deposited the acorn, then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner.—This he continued to do as long as he thought proper to watch him.

The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing himself against want in winter, and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposited every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. The few spring up and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain in some measure indebted for her mercantile greatness to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel.—*Merry's Museum.*

EFFECTS OF LAZINESS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Think of that, my little lads. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a lazy, shiftless vagabond when he was old enough to be a man, though he was not a man in character, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up to nothing useful. All those who are good men now, and useful to the community, were industrious when they were boys. If you do not love to work now, a love for industry can soon be acquired by habit. So my little reader, I want you to look round at once for something to do, in doing which you can benefit somebody. Shun idleness as you would the evil one.

SHARP PRACTICE.—It is stated that a company was formed in New York, who purchased some land in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and expended some $5,000 in boring for oil. They were unlucky—the oil did not appear as they had expected. So they bought a quantity of oil, which they poured into their well every night, and pumped out every day; and in the meantime sold shares until they realized $25,000 after paying all expenses.

SOMETHING ABOUT OYSTERS.

A writer in the Springfield Republican devotes a column or more to discussion of the merits of oysters, in the course of which he says:

The art of cooking oysters is not so far advanced in our northern cities as it should be. There is but one place, we believe, in all New Haven where steamed oysters can be had; and why they are not more common here is very strange. In Washington and Baltimore it is the favorite style of cooking them, yet many of our readers scarcely ever heard of them. They are eaten by the peck. You call for at least half a peck, or if you are *very* hungry, possibly a peck. Soon a small dirty boy comes and puts a hot plate before you. Then the small dirty boy places a lump of butter beside you. Then you put some butter on the hot plate, with such other seasoning as you please, making a kind of rich gravy of the melted butter. Finally the small dirty boy brings a peck measure of his testaceau victims, plants himself square in front of you, and by a dexterious kink of the wrist lands an oyster with a graceful flop in the midst of your plate. Then all you have to do is to eat 'em—ah, yes, eat 'em.

Oysters are native to the temperate and warm waters of the greater part of the globe, but no where else do they grow so fine as in America, and nowhere else are they so highly appreciated. We advise American travelers, who have been accustomed to them at home, not to touch them in Europe; they will be only disgusted and disappointed if they do. Paris is famed, and justly so, for epicurism, but Paris oysters, faugh! they taste like copper cents. If America has a national dish, it is oysters; and they are a dish worthy of so grand a country. Give Johnny Bull his pudding and his beef, give Johnny Crapeau his boullon and fricandeau—we stick to oysters. Who can tell how much of our national character is fashioned by them? They are easy of digestion, and do not make one sleepy; they are stimulating, but do not make one meddlesome; they make one enthusiastic, yet keep his brain cool and clear.

A remark of Thackeray's, when in this country, illustrates the superior growth of our oysters rather forcibly. He was accustomed to those of England and France, but knew nothing of the monsters we raise here. When dining with some literary friends in New York, he chose oysters, and when asked in what style, he said raw—he liked so much to swallow them. The waiter brought out a plate of splendid fellows, which were in size about like a man's hand. The great satirist was undismayed, lifted one into his mouth—a perceptible effort, and down it went!—Then came a pause—"Ah, yes, swallow 'em," said he; "Egad, I'd as soon think of swallowing a raw baby!"

CHIROGRAPHY.—Good penmanship does not consist in spread-eagle flourishes and five story capitals. That is the best piece of chirography which is most easily read. Affected penmanship, like mock polish of any sort, is devoid of grace and beauty. Some half-hatched lawyers, and aspiring young men of other vocations, claim to be great and distinguished, in proportion to the untelligibleness of their scribblingship. If such were the guage of guessing at greatness, how *incomprehensibly* great some men would be!

A good story is told of the wretched writing of a certain railroad manager.—He wrote a letter to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn that in some way incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened man was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature; but he took it to be a *free pass* over the road, and used it for a couple years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document!—*Clark.*

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.—The Scientific American thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1768, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out the first patent.

One man can make as much flour in one day now as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

One woman can make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

It now requires only as many days to refine sugar, as it did months thirty years ago.

It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes.

The engine of a first-rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.

SOUTHERN MERCHANTS PAYING THEIR DEBTS AT THE NORTH.—We hear, with pleasure that a number of the leading merchants of Savannah have already forwarded to this city funds for the part or whole payment of debts they owed in this city when the war broke out, and which they were then prevented from paying. Some who have made but partial payments at this time, have, we understand, given notice that they intend to clear off all their obligations as quickly as possible.—*New York Post.*

A GALLANT FIGHT.

The Louisville Journal tells of a gallant fight made a few weeks ago by Capt. Sam Tabour and his nephew, John, a lad of sixteen. They belonged to a home guard company, and were surrounded in the Captain's own house by a noted guerilla chief, Captain Pratt, with his desperadoes, all armed to the teeth. Knowing that surrender would be suicide, they determined to sell their lives dearly.

They refused to give themselves up, and a fight at once ensued. Young Tabour fired the first shot, shooting one of the outlaws through the heart. The Captain was not long in following suit. With his unerring rifle he brought down another one of these scoundrels, when the five remaining guerillas started to flee. Pratt turned to fire a parting shot, when the Captain rewarded him with a ball in the mouth, which settled, in short order, his temporal affairs. Pratt had scarcely fallen before Tabour took aim with a heavy revolver and brought the fourth scoundrel to the ground.

The remaining three halted about two hundred and fifty yards from the house, and one of them was in the act of firing when the boy took quick aim and shot the gun, a Spencer rifle, from the hands of the outlaw. This closed the fight. Capt. Tabour arrived in this city yesterday, and presenting himself before Col. Farleigh, made the following report: "Colonel, we have some captured property to account for. We have three dead men and one wounded, a prisoner. We have three live horses and a dead one; three Enfield rifles, one carbine and four saddles. What must be done with them?" Such are the spoils of the victory. We will wager that a more gallant little fight has not occurred during the war. Pratt was one of the most desperate outlaws in the State, and his followers were noted for their bloodthirstiness and daring.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky, at particular times, affords wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are again full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues, betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; yet not so simple but what the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.—*Scientific American.*

ENTHUSIASM.—Rev. Rowland Hill in once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below at a distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast *then;* and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast *now?* No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel."

A NEW INVENTION FOR EXTINGUISHING FIRES.—A new invention for extinguishing fires has just been tried at St. Petersburg. About 130 pounds of a white powder were dissolved in a tub containing about 200 galls. of water. A large wooden construction, two stories high, was then set on fire, and the liquid being pumped on the flames they were extinguished without the least generation of vapor or smoke. The wood attacked by fire was covered, after having undergone the action of the liquid, with a light coating resembling varnish.

DID IT A PURPOSE.—A droll story is related of an honest, solid farmer, who in attempting to drive home a bull got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment and exclaimed: 'Darn your apologies; you needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn your ugly picture!"

IT cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it, as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown seed.

LIFE is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as a nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it till it falls asleep.