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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., FEBRUARY 14, 1857. No. 40.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of religious or charitable nature, will be charged at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF JACOB MASLIN.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, January 27, 1857.

On the application of Richard Hynson, Administrator D. B. N., of Jacob Maslin, late of Kent county, deceased

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 27th day of January, 1857. {SEAL}

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Jacob Maslin late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 20th day of August 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of January, 1857.

RICHARD HYNSON,
Adm'r D. B. N. of Jacob Maslin, dec'd.
Jan. 31, 1857 —4t.

ESTATE OF ANN MARIA BRYAN.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, January 13, 1857.

On the application of William T Adkinson administrator of Ann Maria Bryan, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 13th day of January, 1857. {SEAL}

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Ann M. Bryan late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 12th day of August, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 10th day of January, 1857.

WM. T. ADKINSON,
Admr. of Ann Maria Bryan, dec'd.
Jan. 17, 1857—4t.

KRAUSERS PORTABLE CIDER MILL.

THESE superior Cider Mills can still be furnished, of improved construction and finish Their grinding apparatus is peculiar and give them an advantage over all other mills. By the action of two reciprocating pistons the apple are forced up against the teeth of a rapidly revolving cylander and retained till ground to a fine pulp, which of course yields more juice when subjected to pressure than if the pomace was coarse. The screw press has been greatly improved and strengthened since last year and the whole frame is tightened by strong joint bolts. It is adapted to either hand or horse power and can be worked by hand to the extent of six to eight barrels in a day.

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Implement and seed store,
7th and Market street, Philadelphia.
oct. 11, 1856.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County

Sitting as a Court of Equity:

ORDERED that the sale made and reported by Richard Hynson trustee for the sale of the real estate of Thomas A. Lamb, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the first day of April, next; Provided a copy of the above order be inserted in some paper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of April next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1300.

J. F. GORDON, Clk.

True Copy—Test: J. F. GORDON, Clk.
January 21st, 1857. ja.24.4t.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME

1,000 TONS Mape's nitrogenised superphosphate of Lime, an article which has been fully tested by farmer, and is believed to be the cheapest and and strongest fertilizer in the market. 1,000 barrels superior Pondrette, especially adapted for the corn crop, also Tafew, a new and powerful fertilizer; all of the above for sale wholesale and retail by

PASCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Cor. 7th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.
Mar. 8, 1856.

POETRY.

THE WIND.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

The wind, the wind. Oh! hearken,
It whispers through the pines,
It is knocking at the casement,
That is wreathed with leafless vines.
To each lonely heart it speaketh,
That is mourning for the dead.
To the hearts that long have sorrowed,
And may not be comforted:
In a low mysterious whisper,
It tells us of the band
Of friends forever vanished
To the unknown silent land.

Bring'st thou tidings, viewless spirit,
From that bright and distant shore?
Those sweet friends long parted from us,
Shall we meet them evermore?
In the shadows of the church-yard,
'Mid the tomb-stones old and grey,
Are they sleeping, where we left them,
In the cold and silent clay?
We shall share their peaceful rest,
Weary of life's toil and pain—
In the mansions of the blest
Shall we meet them yet again?

Mournfully the wind arises,
Whisp'ring hoarsely through the pines—
To and fro before the casement
Sways the shadows of the vine—
And the ever-falling rain-drops
Beat a low and sad refrain,
With a sound so dull and mournful,
Dripping down the window-pane.
To the wind I listen vainly
As it rushes wildly by—
Voices of the troubled darkness
Give no answer to my cry.

THE YANKEE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly!
I stand like a scarecrow, alone—
Sad victim of love's melancholy!

I feel most confoundedly blue,
Life's rose is turned into thistle,
My sweetheart has turned out untrue,
And *sacked* me as *slick as a whistle*.

Though lively and keen as a rat,
And playful as any young kitten,
She has got the sharp claws of a cat,
And has *showed* 'em to me through the mitten.

Of our village girls she is the belle—
As plump as a partridge she grows—
Her lips for two cherries would sell—
Her cheeks are as red as a rose.

Like two bran new dollars her eyes—
Her figure was neater than wax;
In beauty, with venus she vies—
Her hair—it is finer than flax!

I courted her day after day,
Expecting a wedding to follow;
Alas! for my love thrown away—
Her heart, like a pumpkin, was hollow!

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly!
I stand like a scare crow, alone,
A victim to Love's melancholy!

MISCELLANY.

Woman's Witchery.

THE BEST "SELL" OF THE SEASON.

With all our knowledge of "life," and particularly of New York life; with all our experience in the ways of the world, and especially in those ways which are most perilous for a badly balasted philosopher to attempt to study; with all our habit of observation, and, in chief, that knack of detecting at once every new "dodge" which the restless anglers in Vanity Fair, are continually casting out like a fresh "fly" upon the broad waters of this vast Babylon of hoops and hope, we confess we have been frequently puzzled, nay nonplussed of late, by certain appearances put forth by the well dressed outside part of the town—as it spreads itself daily in the sunshine of the promenade, as it swarms and buzzes about the entrances and halls of popular picture galleries, or settles and nestles in the nooks and alcoves of certain sugar cake saloons. In visiting these places of popular resort, and sometimes in merely passing by them, we have often noticed unusual swarms of most carefully dressed people of both sexes, pouring in and out at certain hours, all looking fresh as paint, all smelling as if they were emissaries of the house of Lubin & Co., to dispense French perfumes, and yet all wearing as great a look of mystery as if they were called, by trumpet, to be present at the opening of the seventh seal. How long we should have remained in our quandary, how many *Charlotte Russe* we might have eaten, or hours wasted over the fresh paint, of the very *fresh* artists, of the bunkum galleries in town, to find the puzzle out, we know not, had not accident betrayed the secret of the whole affair.

This accident exposed to us the fact, that these apparantly capricious and mysterious mass meetings of musk and lavender, of clashing silk and swallow tatled "Imperial Saxony," grew out of the matrimonial colums of the daily press, and were nothing more nor less than curious conventions of Chloes and Leandres, Henrys and Lavinias, who experimented in a blind business, in this rare, novel and certainly somewhat exciting "open your mouth and shut your eyes" kind of way.

The accident that we allude to having put us on the right track we were soon in possession of abundant information, and from our budget we select one illustration, in order that our readers may go along wisely and be as well instructed as ourselves.

A lady, who had no idea of looking for a husband, but with large proclivities for mischief and for fun, put a matrimonial advertisement in the *Herald*, with directions for answers to be sent to a certain signature at the Broadway post office.—As the advertisement appealed to the practical appreciations, by assuming a neat little fortune in addition to an agreeable person, the seed of such temptation could not well fall idly upon such a fertile bottom as is offered by the city of New York. On the first day that succeeded the advertisement the lady received seventeen replies; on the second day, thirty-two, and on the third, seventy-two; an extent and ardor of apreciation for her vaguely described personal attractions, which even she was not prepared to expect.

Bewildered by the warm volume of adoration and entreaty which issued from this hymenial magazine, the lady called to her aid five ladies, as mischievous as herself, who, by throwing open the folding doors of a large sized pair of parlors, were enabled to sit in council, in full skirts, on the matter.

One pair of hands and one mind were, of course, quite unequal to the task of answering all, so the whole batch of billet doux was divided equally among the bilowy congress, and each was to make an appointment with the writors for the following Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, on the lower side, of the up stairs saloon, of a certain popular restaurant in Broadway. Each of the ladies, moreover, who took the task in charge, chose a different colored paper for her replies. Finally, it was agreed that the whole six should be presented at the interview, and that each should wear the exact costume prescribed for the inamorata whom the sighing swains would be there to see. On the other hand, the gentlemen were directed to appear in all the varieties of attire and position, which female ingenuity and mischief could devise. One was requested to wear a blue coat and bright buttons; another a buff vest; another was to have drab unmentionables; another Cahill's gaiters; another to sport a lilac glove; another, a blue scarf; one gentleman was to have his hair parted in the middle; another was to lean his cheek pensively upon his hand; another was to fold his arms; and another to wear a cap. Then again, one was to be eating a Charlotte Russe; another was to be indulging in a plate of duck; another an ice cream; and, we might as well say it, one swain, who wrote a peculiarly delicate handed note, was requested to be immersed in the awful mysteries of a plate of "pork and beans"—a dish which," said the ingenious writer who dictated it, "you can scarcely expect will be called for by anybody else."

At 4 o'clock on the prescribed Saturday afternoon, every chair at every table on the lower side of the up stairs saloon, was filled with slick looking and highly perfumed Leanders, all gazing in each other's faces, and each secretly cursing the luck which wedged him so closely out of the killing position and display, which he had been meditating ever since he got his note. And how the dishes smoked, and the wondering waiters flew! Even the perplexed landlord, amazed at his miraculous flow of business, was obliged to drop his own mutton chop, and call out the entire force of his establishment, to meet the clamorous, if not threatening demands of gentlemen, who feared they might not get their telegraphing plate of duck, or mess of pork and beans in time.

In degree, as the shortening minutes kept creeping closer and closer to the hour the suppressed excitement increased and every rustle that was heard coming up the staircase, was the signal for the flash of one hundred and twenty white faces in that direction. At length 4 o'clock struck, and though just at that moment no lady appeared rising from the stairs, an indescribable sound of anxiety pervaded the entire room, like that made by a congregation rising from prayer, or, what Irving describes, as the indescribable noise caused by the falling of snow. Every hat was in its exact place, every cane and handkerchief was properly displayed, and every gaiter—whether on a hoof or pettitoe—was lavishly turned out for the admiring inspection of the myth of the matrimonial column.

At length the clash of sheen and kick of stiff skirts, was heard coming up the stairs one minute after 4, and an inamorata appeared, dressed in dark green, with deep fur cape, and abundant drooping lace. She was wafered on the back of the head with an infinitesimal bonnet, and carried in her hand the magic drift of cambric, whose Shakspearean strawberries intimated that she was *she*. When she appeared, the sensation was universal; the gentleman with the buff vest threw open his coat to the extreme; the gentleman in the "blue" and the bright buttons buttoned his coat entirely to the chin; the gentleman who was to lean backwards frequently, commenced tilting like a Chinese mandarin; the gentleman with the pork and beans became vociferous for *more* beans; while those who had duck, &c., were equally clamorous in complaining of the undue fulfilment of their orders.—Never was there such a sudden clamor heard in that usually well regulated up stairs saloon before; and by the bye, never did it subside more suddenly, than when a new brush of skirts was heard coming up the stairs. All the Lothorios were once more in position, when lo! another Cordelia, in all respects the reflex of the first, appeared, bearing the film of strawberries as a challenge in her hand, and sweeping with it like a Jano to a seat near the location of the first. It is needless to say that the sensation was now extreme. Some of the gentlemen who were to part their hair in the middle, began, however to look less furiously at other gentlemen who had *their* hair parted in the same way, as much as to say, "Well, there is one for each of us, anyhow!"—But most of the party seemed more troubled than before. A pause of some minutes succeeded before any new "appearances" took place, during which time the Letharios were engaged in displaying their points to the best advantage; and some more ardent than the rest, pulled out the various colored notes they had received, and either pretended to read them or laid them conspicuously on the table. "There's one of my fellows with the blue note!" said Mystery No. 1, over her spoonful of soup, to Mystery No. 2.—"There's one of mine," said Cordelia the second; "he's got a *pink* note." "What do you think of Augustus there, with the pork and beans before him who is so pensively leaning his cheek upon his hand?" said Myrth the first, but before the answer could be given, Apparitions three and four appeared, and hard upon *their* heels came Numbers five and six. There was now perfect consternation on the lower side of the up stairs saloon of the fashionable restaurant in Broadway. The man on the tilt fell backward and was shot under the table; there was a general feeling after hats and gathering up of loose handkerchiefs and canes. All at once, after one of those short, sudden panics which convey electric knowledge to the human mind, a general stampede took place, and the whole party, with more or less dignity according to their natures and the shapes they had been put in—made for the stairs and descended out of sight. It was several minutes before they could hand in their checks and pay the score, and during this time the mischievous bevy with strawberry marked handkerchiefs took full pay for all their trouble, in the hearty laugh which they indulged in at the ludicruous tableau and exodus they had just beheld, on the part of gentlemen who were so sharp after the "snug little fortune," and whose motives were entirely confined to the object of getting a "congenial partner, with whom they could quietly settle down in life."

Dear, unsophisticated, plain-intentioned reader, allow us to put our arm around your neck, and whisper in your ear, that those offers of handsome fortunes, at the hands of ladies of most amiable natures, and agreeable persons—nay, at the hands of gentlemen also—are of daily occurrence, in this patent, double-spring, ever moving, highly elastic city; and our advice is, that you be not caught among the callow breed who lean their cheeks upon the hand, or part the hair in the middle.

Marshall Ney's Death Scene.—The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney, who had well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot he was led to the garden of Luxemberg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him saying:

"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?"

He then lifted his hat above his head and with the same calm voice that steaded his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle said:

"I declare before God and man, that I never betrayed my country. May my death render her happy. Viva la France!"

He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order—

"Soldiers, fire!"

A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, no one against her, was shot as a traitor!

☞ Jonah wrote to his father after the whale had swallowed him stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a man going into the oil business; but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been 'sucked in.'

WEBSTER'S DESCRIPTION OF MORNING.

"Every body knows the morning in its metaphorical sense applied to so many occasions. The health and strength and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the 'morning of life.' Of a lovely young woman we say, 'she is bright as the morning.'

"But the morning itself, few people inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one out of a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their idea of it is that it is that part of the day which comes after a coffee or a piece of toast.

"With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking of all that has life from a sort of temoporary death, to behold the works of God, the heavens and the earth. It is only a part of the domestic day, belong to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen, 'regent of day'—this they never enjoy, for they never seen it.

"Beautiful descriptions of morning abound in all languages, but they are strongest perhaps in the East, where the sun is frequently the object of worship.—King David speaks of taking to himself the wings of the morning. This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of morning are the beams of the rising sun. It is said that the Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing in its wings,—a morning that shall scatter life and health and joy throughout the Universe. Milton has fine descriptions of the morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most delightful imaginery, all founded on the glory of the morning might be filled.

"I never thought Adam had much the advantage of us for having seen the world when it was new. The manifestations of the power of God like his mercies, are 'new every morning and fresh every moment.' We see as fine rising of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much of a miracle now as they were his day, and I think a great deal more so; because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of the millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this was.

"I know the morning: I am acquainted with it and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is—a daily new creation breaking forth, and calling all that have life and breath and being to new aderation, new enjoyment, and new gratitude.

As ever, your friend,
"Daniel Webster."

Skelton of a Fashionable Sermon — The following, from the Knickerboker, is a well-merited burlesque on the style of discourses too common in these days from dandyjack graduates, anxious to show off their slight smattering of a superficial learning, without knowing how to properly apply it:

Text—"And he killed the Fatted Calf.'

Introduction—Not necessary to say much about the Prodigal Son, for nearly every wealthy family has a specimen of its own, and needs no enlightenment on the subject. Divide the subject into five heads:

1st.—Speak of the Calf, and inform your hearers how a calf should be fatted. Give him all the milk of two cows, except a tin cup full now and then for the baby. Here you can make some learned remarks about the milky way, the belt of Jupiter, Rosse's telescope.

2nd.—He killed the fatted calf, but not only the Scriptures, but Joseph and the Fathers are profoundly silent on the question *how* he killed it. As this was more than a thousand years before the invention of gunpowder firearms, the presumption is that the old man didn't shoot the critter, but pitched into him with a club—for clubs are very ancient institutions.

3rd.—Exclaim why the old gentleman instead of a *calf*, didn't kill a *sheep*, and make a one horse barbecue and have a real time of it.

4th.—Inform our hearts what the word *calf* means when used in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Choctaw or Lockjaw.

5th.—Dwell pathetically upon the melancholy degeneracy of the present age, evinced by the fact that fathers, now-a-days, in stead of treating a runaway son to a "fatted calf," are pretty apt to treat him to a "hasty plate of soup," made from the hide of the calf's maternal progenitor,

Conclusion.—Throw in a little geology, talk learnedly about "*grapewake*" and "*transition conglomerate*." Wind up the discourse with a most eloquent, affecting appeal to the consciences of your hearers on the Durham breed of cattle.

☞ It has been ascertained that the average quantity of sugar consumed by every man, woman and child in the United States is 29 lbs. per annum.

THE PITH ON'T.

There was an old fellow, a good deal of a bore, who used to occasionally worm himself into dinner, where his conversation was not always timely, and not seldom obtrusive. One day Blossom had received from New York some very large fine lobsters, and had served them up to one or two friends sitting at his favorite end of the table. Among them came in also our obtrusionist. He had the misfortune to loose all his teeth, except a long eye-tooth that stood sentinel at the corner of his cavernous mouth.

"What is them red things, Blossom?" he asked.

"Lobsters," replied the host. "Did you never see a lobster before? They are the finest eating in the world. Try that leg."

Here he give him a huge claw, and told him to "go to work upon *that*."

He put one end of it in his mouth and began to mumble it over without making any very great progress.

"How do you *like* it," said Blossom, who, with his friend, were ready to split their sides with laughing. They had helped themselves to some other dish, and were *waiting* for their portion of the obster.

"I can't tell yet," said the other.—"How do you eat that cussed thing, anyhow?"

"Oh, eat it right down," said Blossom; "never mind the bones."

By this time the man with his one sharp tooth, had succeeded in drilling a hole through to the meat. Having established a *suction*, as Blossom saw, he asked him again:

"Well, how do you like it *now*?"

"Well," he replied, "it is pretty hard eatin' but I *kinder like the peth on't*."

It didn't need the roar that followed this to satisfy the victim that the pith of the whole matter was that he had been badly "sold."—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Singular Fascination.—An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things exists in the case of a young man who, not very long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer, and watched with great interest its perfect, regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thick black sheets, but the supply becoming exhausted, at length it only decended on the polished anvil.—Still the young man gazed intently on its motion, then he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was, that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disable, that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner, but that he still felt the power within above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good hand."

New Litany.—Here is a litany which although not exactly orthodox, will pass among sinners:

From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, western chills and other ills—deliver us.

From want of gold, wives that scold, maidens old, and by sharpers 'sold'—deliver us.

From seedy coats, pretested notes, sinking boats, and illegal votes—deliver us.

From creaking doors, a wife that snores, 'confounded bores,' and dry good stores—protect us.

From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—never mind.

From stinging flies, coal black eyes, baker's pies, and babies' cries—deliver us.

Queer Proceedings.—"Warrington" writes from Boston to the Springfield Republican a singular statement. He says that the directors of a bank, in the vicinity of Boston, held a meeting within six months, and chose a committee of their number to burn a lot of old and mutilated bills to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. *Of course* the bills were burned—for that was the vote.—Yet it is remarkable that, since the conflagration, $14,000 *of the same bills have been redeemed at the same bank.*

Composts.—Lime is a substance which it is an error to use with composts in which we have barnyard manure. It is equally an error mix lime with any compound rich in ammonia. The tendency of lime in all composts is to promote decomposition and to waste nitrogen, which escapes by union with hydrogen under the form of ammonia, which is the very treasure of the dunghead, and of most other manuring substances. *Morton's Practical Agriculture.*

How to Get Rid of Pests.—A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends strichnine as the most effectual means of riddance from such pests of the farm as rats, mice, crows, foxes, &c. For the mice, he soaked corn in a solution of strichnine, and puts it into the stone heaps, under the stumps, &c. For foxes, he poisoned fresh meat with it, and killed crows with the soaked corn.