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Daily Eagle.

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 6.

FROGS' VITALITY.

FOUND ALIVE UNDER THE MOST ASTONISHING CIRCUMSTANCES.

A Snail in the British Museum—The Mud-fish of West Africa—A Toad in the Wall—Dr. Buckland's Experiments.

[Chambers' Journal.]

A recent communication from America, has reopened the old and vexed question of the vitality of the frog. We learn that a huge piece of ice left at a residence in Louisville was split open, and in the center was a large frog. The animal was a black one, of the species known as the Michigan frog, and weighed two pounds or over. It is further stated that the ice had been in store for over four years, and therefore the frog had been a prisoner all that time in his cold quarters. After its release it was quite lively, and was maintained for some time in an engine house near. This case is very similar to one that occurred more than two years ago in Connecticut, where a frog had been imprisoned over seven months, and when found was alive and well.

Notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, the possibility of frogs existing for any length of time under these or similar conditions is still debated. It is well known, however, that not only frogs but other reptiles and insects, can exist in a torpid state for months and even years. The snail which woke up in the British museum, after a sleep of some years, is a case in point. A shell which had been picked up in the Egyptian desert March 25, 1846, was gummed on to a piece of cardboard and sent to the British museum. But, curiously enough, the shell unexpectedly contained a snail, which had retired to the inmost recesses of the whorls, and was consequently unseen. For nearly four years after this time the snail remained in a state of stupor, but on March 7, 1850, showed signs of life. It was placed in a tepid bath, and immediately on touching the welcome moisture it showed increased signs of animation, and soon crawled to the top of the basin.

The mud-fish of west Africa, known as the lepidosiren, affords another instance of long-continued existence in a state of torpor. This fish lives in the shallows of the Gambia river, which, in the tropical season, is quite dried up. By a marvelous instinctive power it knows when the dry season is approaching, and digs deep in the soft clay at the bottom of the pools, and there lies in a torpid state for months together, although the surrounding mud be hardened into a cake. The natives dig these fish up while in this state, and consider them a great delicacy for the table. The mud-fish does not live without breathing, which is provided for by his leaving a small orifice or pipe open from his cell through the hard mud up to the upper air.

Experiments made in the past have generally demonstrated what is really the common sense view, that the frog can not live for any protracted period without air. Yet there can not be the least doubt of frogs having been found alive under the most astonishing circumstances. In the centre of rocks, generally sandstone, and in the heart of trees, they have frequently been discovered. Ambrose Pare, chief surgeon to Henry III of France, relates a fact of which he was an eye-witness. At his seat near the village of Meudon, he was overlooking a quarryman whom he had employed to break some hard and large stones. In the middle of one they discovered a huge toad," full of life, although there was no aperture by which it could get through. In May 21, 1793, a mason named George Wilson, who was engaged in building a stone wall, came across a toad, which, out of sheer wantonness, he immured in the wall. Sixteen years afterward, in 1809, it was found still alive.

At Windsor, in 1792, a live frog was dug up from a depth of nine feet below the surface. At Castleton, in 1779, many frogs were found from five to six feet below the surface, apparently dead, but when exposed to the air they showed signs of animation, and became active and healthy. In 1768 some laborers in digging a well twenty-five or thirty feet in depth, threw out what appeared to be stones covered with earth. These, however, proved to be frogs, and were so numerous that many of them were broken through with the spades. Being exposed to the air they soon revived, but could not survive the direct rays of the sun. A writer who witnessed this discovery considers they must have been covered up many hundreds of years.

Early in 1862 a man in Tyr Nicholas colliery, Cwm Tylery, near Newport, found in the nine-inch bed of coal a live frog. The hole it was found in was not more than three and one-half inches in diameter. There was a slight hollow over the coal where it was found; and the frog when released commenced moving about, but seemed larger and more active next day. This was 200 yards below the surface. In 1731 a toad was found in the heart of an old oak near Nantz, without any visible entrance to its habitation. Near Caen, in an elm at about four feet above the earth and exactly in the center of the tree, a live toad of middle size, but lean, was discovered. When an opening was made it "scuttled away hastily." This tree is also said to have been firm and sound.

Some twenty years ago, in the course of the excavations that were made in connection with the Hartlepool waterworks, the workmen found a toad imbedded in a block of magnesian limestone at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. The toad's eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. The creature continued for some time in the possession of Mr. Spence Horner, the president of the Natural History society, and for a long period was in as lively a state as when found. Similar instances might be quoted as having occurred at Selkswortb, near Sunderland, at Kilmarnock, at some quarries near Cheltenham, and other places. Only three years ago there was published a well-authenticated instance of a frog having been discovered in the root of an oak tree at least 200 years old near Balham, Surrey.

Dr. Buckland had some experiments which are claimed as conclusiva. He placed twelve toads separately in twelve holes cut in blocks of hard, flinty sandstone. They were firmly sealed in. The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on Nov. 26, 1825. At the same time four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an apple-tree, and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster of Paris covered with luting. On Dec. 10, 1826, all of the buried toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree, and two in the plaster of Paris, were dead. The remainder were dying; but some placed in a softer stone were in tolerably good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water could penetrate frogs may live and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light and any visible means of subsistence.

Chicago Tribune: Chicago is kind to a gritty man. All places are kind to gritty men.

Judge Hoar's First Meeting with Grant.

[Concord Memorial Address.]

I am reminded of the first time that I ever saw him, which was just twenty years ago, when the first great division of the work of his life had been completed. It was in the heat of the summer following the close of the civil war, when he came on to New England for a little rest after his immense labors, and I was introduced to him. Lee had surrendered. Richmond had been taken. Gen. Grant had instantly gone to Washington and taken measures as rapidly as possible to dissolve and send home the army of the Potomac, to restore them to their natural places in the country.

I said to him: "Gen. Grant, I have been looking in the papers pretty steadily since the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee to see about your entering the city before which you had been kept for so long a time, and I have not yet seen that occurrence reported in any newspaper." Gen. Grant replied: "I never was in Richmond in my life."

I think we have known some generals, and even some military men of less exalted rank than generals, who would not have been likely to have had such an answer to make; whom we should have seen riding about the streets of Richmond on prancing steeds, with brass brands and the thunder of cannon; who would have issued a proclamation, had they accomplished very much less than what Gen. Grant had done. This tender forbearance on his part is an act which the heart of Virginia should remember forever

Dangerous Pets.

[Youth's Companion]

Not one sane man or woman in 10,000 would make a pet of a lion or a rattlesnake. Yet many young men and women secretly nourish, not in their houses but in their bosoms, some vicious habit, or temper, or thought, which one day, when full-grown, may overcome them, and rend their souls beyond hope of help.

HIS CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

How the Book Agent Lost His Faith in Human Nature.

A young man engaged in traveling for a publishing firm opened the front gate of a house near Orange, N. J., and strode blithely up the path to the front door. The words "traveling for a publishing firm" are used here as the young man used them, but the dreadfully practical serving maid who answered the ring at the door announced to the master of the house that "wan ov thim book agints" awaited his pleasure on the piazza. When the master of the house came out, all smiles, and courteously inquired how he could be of service to his visitor, the young man felt sure that he could sell at least one copy of "Mc. Carthy's Record of Universal Information" and perhaps get a note of introduction to one of the neighbors. When the master of the house seated himself in a rustic chair, and observed in a particularly kind and interested manner that he had no doubt that the work would prove of more than usual value to any purchaser, no matter what his position in life, the young man felt ready to wager a small sum that the gentleman would take not only a copy for his own use, but two or three as presents to relatives.

"It is, no doubt, a valuable work," said the gentleman; "but has it any statistics?"

"Full of them, sir—full of them. A hundred pages of the most carefully prepared figures and—"

"Glad to hear it. But how about useful information?"

"Anything you want to know sir. Fifty pages without a break. Why, sir—"

"Yes, I have no doubt, but tell me are there historical facts enough to suit a practical man?"

"Entire history of the world sir, from the fall of Adam to the present time and more—"

"And reminiscences?"

"Half of the book is reminiscences, sir; every anecdote verified by affidavit and—"

"Any illustrations?"

"The best artists' work on every page," and for an hour the young man gave glowing descriptions of the contents of the book, its usefulness to the general public, and the danger likely to accrue to any family keeping house without it. Dinner time came and went and still the young man talked; perspiration rolled down his face in rivulets, but his energy never flagged. He went over the book section by section, chapter by chapter, and page by page. He was hungry, his jaw ached, but he was determined to talk until the gentleman's fortitude gave way. At last, at the proper moment, he produced his order book.

"How many copies may I put you down for?" he asked breathlessly, spreading the memorandum book upon his knee.

The gentleman hesitated. "Oh," said he at length, "you needn't put me down at all, as I am a member of the firm. I am pleased to see that you have learned your lesson very thoroughly. With perseverence you will make an excellent salesman, I assure you."

This will explain, in part, why the young man is now opening oysters in a South street restaurant, his hopes blighted, and his confidence in human nature grossly betrayed.

The British Baby and His Painter.

[Contemporary Review.]

The prevalent pictorial motive of our great painters for the last two or three years has been babies, and our old friend the British matron must have at least enjoyed this peculiarity to the full in the academy. There are, it is true, about five nude figures in the present exhibition, but it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that there are nearly 500 babies. Every variety of infantile healthiness or sickliness is displayed here. A new "Liliputian Warehouse" might be set up with shoes, socks, capes, frocks, and bonnets of these academic "innocents."

There is, I notice, one special kind of bonnet, like a miniature coal scuttle, lined with plaited satin, which is a great favorite with academicians, and which they have attained great skill in rendering. Shoes, also, particularly those with a strap and one button, are, like Osric's "carriages very dear to" their "fancy," and short white socks are also successfully treated in several instances. It is remarkable that in this, as of course in all the less important branches of their art, the academicians and associates surpass the outside artists. There are not only a larger number of academic babies, but they are bigger, chubbier, and better dressed than the others.

The average toilet of one of these favorsl sucklings must cost about 20 pounds sterling and as it is invariably of spotless freshness, must be a somewhat costly element in the household expenses. The great apostle of this new "cry of the children" is an associate called Morris, who had the good fortune to discover, in a pictorial sense, the universal attractiveness of the "millinery baby."

J. O. DAVIDSON, President. JOHN C. DEBBS, Cashier.

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