

fluence, for he has cured by his touch alone, many hundreds of persons who have been to visit him. He receives all strangers who seek him with the greatest simplicity, disclaims any credit for the wondrous miracles he performed, merely repeating the assurance of his appointment by our Saviour, who appeared to him in a deacon, to go forth into the world and testify to the truth of the gospel. He is of a short stature, and full, expressive countenance. His hair, parted on the forehead, descends on either side of his temples. There would be nothing remarkable about the person of the man were it not for the circumstance which has given rise to the wilful lie or the unhappy delusion, whichever it may be, that he thus openly advances—were it not for the extraordinary ‘stigmata’ on his hands and feet, and the deep cicatrice in his side, whence issued during the whole of Passion Week large drops of blood! Many people worthy of belief have told me that there is no delusion about this. The hands and feet are pierced through and through, and the wound in the side is about two inches long and very deep; and they have seen the blood ooze from those wounds slowly and drop by drop for hours together during the past week, and that during all this period Perimond remains exhausted on his bed, lying as it were in a trance, without food or nourishment, and to all appearance dead. After sunset he revives; the bleeding ceases, he partakes of some slight refreshment, and passes the whole night in prayer. His dress consists of a short tunic of white linen, reaching to the knee, with long full trousers of the same. On his head he wears a white linen turban of the Jewish form. He carries no ornament on his person save a gold clasp, which fastens the band to which his waist is confined. The police has been most active in causing the strictest investigations to be made into the

history and antecedents of the man—but as yet nothing has been discovered which can any way serve as an excuse for molesting him. All that is known is the fact that he has recently arrived from Grenoble, where he had lived a holy and religious life, much beloved by the old peasant woman who had reared him, and who even at the hour of her death, declared to have found him one morning lying beneath a hedge near her cottage. No trace of his parentage has ever been discovered. He never stirs abroad, and discourages all meetings of assemblies at his house—therefore the authorities of Paris have nought to do in his case. Several physicians of eminence have already been to visit him, but none have as yet been able to solve the mystery of the long fast, and bleeding. Dr. C——, the great anatomist, after remaining two hours in the room last Friday, left in despair, declaring with an oath, “that the juggle was too well managed for discovery;” and therefore the mystery, like the ecstatic virgins of the Tyrol, remains a mystery still.—[Paris Correspondent of the London Atlas.]

REPRODUCTION OF VEGETABLE FORMS.

The London Mechanics’ Magazine contains the following, “Thoughts on the two faculties of Feeling and Knowing,” and from a work of Octinger:

“I chopped up some balm, put it into a large glass retort, poured rain water upon it, connected the retort with a good sized receiver, and let it heat at a cuppel, gently at first, then more strongly. Upon this there went into the water a yellow greenish oil; it took up the whole space of the receiver, and swam on the surface of the water the thickness of the back of a table knife. This oil had the form of innumerable balm leaves, which did not lap over or run into one another, but lay side by side, each perfectly drawn and with the distinctness of all the lines of a balm

leaf. I let it stand a long time that all about me might observe it. At last I shook the receiver, because I had to pour it out; the leaves ran together, but in less than a minute restored themselves to their former position more distinctly.”

The writer in the Magazine follows this quotation by saying:

“Chemists show that the *pal-ingenese* (being born again) or the resurrection of plants is very possible. Able chemists in great numbers have made experiments by which, placing the ashes of a plant in a vial, those ashes exhale and arrange themselves as nearly as they can in the very figure which the Author of nature first impressed upon them.—[Portland Transcript.]

WEST POINT IRON WORKS.—They are a gigantic blacksmith’s shop, where single masses of iron, weighing sometimes twenty tons, are taken up in a moment, plunged into a furnace, heated and drawn out, and put on to an anvil, and there beaten and fashioned into any desired shape, by hammers weighing not less than nine tons. The facility with which this almost superhuman labor is accomplished is wonderful. The castings of iron, though amazing enough, are yet not so truly astonishing as the working of the wrought metal. The shafts and cross bars for the engines of the gigantic steamships of New York are forged here. One was under the hammer during our visit that weighed about 25,000 pounds. It was handled as easily as an ordinary bar of iron on a common blacksmith’s anvil. This is equal to forging thunderbolts.

TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE.—Mr. Chase has presented a memorial to the United States Senate, in relation to the establishment of a line of telegraph across the continent, and through Behring’s Straits, to connect with Europe. Referred to the committee on commerce.