

the family glory to future ages is that of his mother, who deeply resents the accumulated evidence "of crime, guilt, insanity, genius, and holiness," which her son stores away with such jealous care in the old press.

In a powerful scene, M. Zola transports the members of the Rougon family to the lunatic asylum of Les Tulettes, where the great-grandmother of them all, Aunt Dide, is confined.

"At the venerable age of 104 she lived on there like one forgotten—a harmless lunatic with an atrophied brain."

Her great grandchild Charles resembles her in features.

"The close resemblance which manifested itself, after the lapse of three generations, between that worn and withered centenarian visage and his own delicate childish face, about which there was a certain indefiniteness, as though racial wear and tear had aged, exhausted, and well nigh effaced its lineaments. Seated there face to face, the idiot child with his deathlike beauty looked like the *finis* of the forgotten neglected ancestress."

Space fails us to record the remorseless influence of heredity upon this poor child, nor the gruesome description of his death from loss of blood in the presence of his ancestress, paralyzed and powerless to summon aid.

We turn, with relief, to the love story, which is full of passages of such supreme beauty that again and again we are forced to ask ourselves if it is possible that M. Zola, of whose realism we have such a distrust, could have written them. To our ideas it is disagreeable that an uncle and niece should fall in love with each other; but it should be remembered that such marriages are perfectly legal in France—and in many other countries in Europe. Still this relationship of the lovers will be a serious blot upon the book to Englishmen, and after all Dr. Pascal's talk about heredity, and of our duty to the unborn, one fails to understand how the Doctor, learned in all the fatal racial defects of the Rougon family, was content to make one of them the mother of his child.

The ending of the book is vividly pathetic, and no one can fail to be deeply moved by the death of Dr. Pascal of angina pectoris—nor by the spectacle of his mother's savage delight in burning all his MSS. and papers, and thus, as she fervently believes, saving the honour of her family.

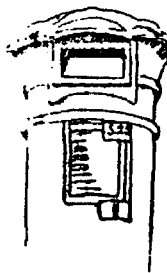
The last chapter describes Clothilde sitting quietly, nursing her baby, and the old press is full of the son's soft little baby garments in place of the father's cherished papers.

The translation is exceedingly well done.

Review.

"From Hospital Ward to Consulting Room."—A Medical Autobiography (H. K. Lewis. 3/6.). It is somewhat difficult to understand why this little book has been written, for whom it has been written, or who will read it. The interest of an autobiography centres in the personality of the historian, and yet the anonymity of the writer of this *brochure* is carefully maintained. The writing is good

and fluent, and it is clear that the author has had sufficient experience to write something which would have been instructive to his profession and interesting to his friends. Instead of this, a sixth of the book is devoted to school and childhood reminiscences, and a quarter more to reflections upon such facts as that bleeding is seldom practised now-a-days, that germs are factors in the production of disease, and that other important advances have been made during the last half-century. The rest is most scrappy, and the pity of it is that it is plain that in the author we have to deal with a man of great energy and perseverance, who, although he clearly has not reached to "the highest place in his profession" as he imagines, still, in the face of the greatest difficulties and drawbacks, made his way upwards from a chemist's shop to a position on the Staff of a small Provincial Hospital, and who, in the midst of a general practice and by self-tuition, succeeded in passing all the examinations necessary for the M.D. of the London University. Such a man should have given us something better in literature, and we would advise him to withdraw his present attempt and try again. His past history leads us to believe he would succeed better next time.



Letters to the Editor.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

NURSES AS VEGETARIANS.

DEAR MADAM,—You will perhaps, care to know that I have proved it quite possible to do private Nursing, from time to time, as a vegetarian without being a nuisance in the homes of my patients, as the Nurse referred to in this week's "NURSING RECORD" must have been. In the first place I always took care to keep myself provided with *dried* fruits for emergencies, and sometimes with brown bread or wheaten biscuits, and it is easy, in any household, to substitute an egg for meat; and puddings are seldom difficult to get, especially when it is known that "the Nurse" prefers them to meat. There is usually no need to say *at once* that one is "a vegetarian." I have always found the servants most willing to remember one's partiality for vegetables, porridge, etc., without thinking it troublesome or anything very extraordinary. All the same, I agree with you that most Nurses need meat. Few that I know have really healthy appetites, and consequently would not get sufficient nourishment without it.—Yours, etc.,

Boston Spa, R. S. O.,
Yorks, Oct. 8.

SISTER ELEANOR.

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