

M. ZOLA AT LOURDES.

M. ZOLA's visit to Lourdes (writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, September 2) has drawn particular attention to the so-called miraculous cures effected at that place. As stated in the *Standard*, he expressed some incredulity as to the miracle-working power of the shrine and pool. He demanded absolute proof, and for that insisted on the necessity of producing a person who had been cured of an outward malady. He urged, that if immersion in the Lourdes waters could cure internal diseases, they must have an equal power to heal external wounds, and said that he would be quite convinced if he saw that even an only skin-deep cut were healed in the few moments that the immersion lasts. With the object of demonstrating the reality of the miraculous cures, a girl, named Clementine Trouvé, was presented to the novelist. M. Zola's description of this case has already been published, but Dr Boissarie, corresponding member of the Surgeons' Association and Chief of the Lourdes Medical Cabinet, where those who declare themselves cured are subjected to a medical examination, was not satisfied with it, and has given his version of the story.

Dr Boissarie says M. Zola paid two visits to the Lourdes Medical Cabinet. The first was on the 20th of August. There were on that occasion some fifteen doctors in the room studying the cures which had just been effected. Among them were a member of the Academy of Medicine and some representatives of foreign medical faculties. The first person questioned was Clementine Trouvé, who had been cured last year of caries of the bone of her heel. In his certificate, the medical man who had attended her during three years declared nothing but an operation would cure his patient. The girl, who came to Lourdes with her foot bandaged with lint, consequent on suppuration, undid her bandages while she was in the pool. On leaving it there were no traces of the malady, and her heel, which was, it is affirmed, swollen and deformed before the immersion, had resumed its healthy aspect. She walked without her crutch, and felt no more pain. Eight days after this cure, Clementine Trouvé's medical attendant acknowledged that there was nothing left of her former disease but the scars. The following conversation then took place:—

M. Zola.—What you tell me is a miracle.

Dr Boissarie.—We never make use of that word, but we must acknowledge this fact cannot be scientifically and rationally explained.

M. Zola.—But, with such an example, I should, in your place, like to throw light on the subject and bring conviction to all. I regret I have not Paris medical professors around me.

Dr Boissarie.—We regret it also. The doors of our clinical establishment are open to all. We court open discussion. However, in the present case, everyone can see whether a wound exists, or whether it is closed. It is scarcely necessary to be a doctor for that. It suffices to have eyes and to look.

M. Zola.—Did you see the sore before the cure?

Dr Boissarie.—Her doctor had seen it. What would my testimony be worth? It would be suspected. That of the patient's doctor is a sure guarantee, and especially in the present instance, as the doctor in question is a sceptic, and does not believe in supernatural cures.

M. Zola.—But I should have demanded a searching inquiry, leaving no sort of doubt. Have you any other witnesses?

Dr Boissarie.—This child lives at Bouille, in the Department of the Vienne. The inhabitants of her village are for the most part Protestants. All of them can bear witness to her illness and to her cure. A grotto on the model of that of Lourdes has been constructed there. During her journey to Lourdes, the ladies who accompanied her in the train saw the sore, and the directress of the hospital ward under whose care the child had been placed can describe to you what it was like before the cure, and her foot after immersion in the pool. Moreover, the ladies presiding at the pool told us how the bandages and lint fell to the bottom of the water, and how the cure was effected before their eyes.

M. Zola.—But I should want an official inquiry and a photograph of the heel on the arrival of the patient.

Dr. Boissarie.—A photograph is a bad criterion. It does not give the tints and does not penetrate into the tissues. And after all what guarantee would the Commissary's scarf or the Gendarme's cocked hat give us? But this cure is not new, and I should like to be able to show you a cure just effected.

It so happened, said Dr Boissarie, that the second person who presented herself while M. Zola was in his cabinet was Marie Lebranchu, living at 172, Rue Championnet, Paris. She had been suffering from consumption, had long been a patient of the Hotel Dieu, and had just left the Franco-Dutch Hospital. Dr Marquez stated in his certificate that she was suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, in which there were cavities. Moreover, at the Hotel Dieu Koch's bacilli had been detected in her expectorations. She had been bed-ridden for several months, and had lost forty-eight pounds in weight. After her first immersion, she went to Dr Boissarie's cabinet to have her cure officially noted. The most careful auscultation

by the doctors of that cabinet failed to detect any of the symptoms of tuberculosis. An instantaneous and complete modification of the lungs had taken place. M. Zola expressed considerable incredulity with regard to this case, which was presented to him. He found the lady's eyes particularly bright. But Dr Boissarie says that the cure of a consumptive patient can be supported with almost the same evidence as the cure of an outward wound. M. Zola was also present in the medical cabinet when two other striking cases of cure were verified. They were those of a deaf and dumb person, who afterwards heard and spoke, and that of a person suffering from neurosis;

"HE WANTED TO SEE THE WHEELS GO ROUND."

THERE was once a bright baby boy who loved to examine the internal structure of his uncle's watch in order, as he remarked, that he might "see the wheels go round." Smart and inquiring fellow! Some day he may make a watch that will keep better time than those which are made to sell and can with difficulty keep up with the days of the week, to say nothing of hours and minutes.

But for a hundred persons who know how a watch is constructed how many know what kind of "works" are inside their own bodies? Not one. Now the heart is the human pendulum. Sometimes it beats too fast and sometimes too slow. What makes it act in that way? Can you tell? Probably not. When its irregularity frightens you, you see "a doctor." Why don't you study up the subject yourself and learn as much about it as any locomotive driver is bound to know about his engine? Can't? Yes you can.

Look here, for instance. A man writes thus: "My heart would throb and beat as if it might jump out of its place." The "wheels" were going much too rapidly within his body. He was "gaining time" at a fearful rate, and when that happens a man nears his death faster than it is pleasant to think of. What was wrong with the machinery? Suppose we look into it and try to find out.

He says that up to April, 1890, he had always enjoyed good health. At that date he had an attack of influenza or the "grip." This left him in a weak condition as it commonly does. One morning, in the following July, he found a great patch of eruption, resembling ringworm, covering his thighs, which gradually spread until it covered the abdomen and all the lower part of his body. After this his appetite failed, and the natural and necessary act of eating caused him great pain in the chest. He adds: "The wind rolled around my chest and drove all the blood into my head."

No doubt he describes the sensation correctly, but the fact probably was that there was too little blood in his head rather than too much, and the wind had nothing to do with it. His system was underfed through the disease, and his bodily machine was running too fast from very weakness, not from surplus power; just as a ship rolls and tumbles about on the sea from lack of ballast. "I would go into a great heat," he says, "and the pain and dizziness were so bad that I feared I should fall down in a fit. At one time my hands and feet were cold and clammy, and at other times they would burn as if stung with nettles. For over three months I continued like this, getting weaker and weaker every day."

Certainly, what else could be expected? "Feeling now very anxious," he proceeds to say, "I saw a doctor, who gave me medicines and embrocations, but they were of no use, and I got worse. In August, 1890, it was I read in the *Freeman's Journal* about Mother Seigel's Syrup, and thought it might possibly help me. I procured a bottle from the Medical Hall, Ballinamore, and to my surprise after taking it I was much better. Further use of the Syrup caused the eruption, or rash, to disappear, and my food began to relish. I could soon eat anything. I was completely cured and was able to work again. I thank God that Seigel's Syrup was made known to me, and I am wishful to inform the public of its excellence so other poor sufferers may try it."

(Signed) William O'Hara, Lannanariugh, Bawnboy, Curlough, County Cavan, Ireland. June 5th, 1891.

Mr O'Hara is a farmer, and is well known and respected in his district. The ailment he describes was indigestion and dyspepsia, which produced the palpitation of the heart by the pressure against it of the stomach; the latter being inflated with gas generated by the fermented food. The poison from the same source also entered the blood and threw the brain and nervous system into disorder, thus assisting the general collapse. When Seigel's Syrup had expelled the poison, and set the digestive machinery once more in motion, strength returned as a matter of course, and the heart did its duty regularly and with its natural power. Had Mr O'Hara understood that all his various aches and pain had one and the same origin he would have been less disconcerted.

The inference seem to be that there is nothing like Mother Seigel's Syrup to make the human clock keep time and to repair it when out of order.

A Chinaman having to give evidence at Bow street, was asked how he preferred to be sworn. "Ob," said the Celestial, "kill 'im cock, break 'im plate, smell 'im book, all samey." There is nothing like an Oriental for really broad views in religious matters.

The death is announced of Baron de Habert, a convert from Judaism to Catholicity, as well as his wife, Mme Beer, niece of the celebrated composer, Meyerbeer. He had been decorated by the French Government in recompense for his efforts, in conjunction with M. Poyet Quartier, to make the payments at Frankfort of the war ransom which brought about the liberation of the territory. He obtained his naturalisation as a French citizen at the same epoch.—R.I.P.