ARSENICAL WALL-PAPER.

To the Editor of THE LANCET.

SIR,—A bedroom in my house was recently repapered with a light, but certainly not a bright, green paper. On the very first night on which the room was used the occupant complained of pain in the throat and of mineral taste in the mouth; and fortunately the room was not used again until the paper had been removed. An analysis of the paper by Mr. Vivian Lewes, late demonstrator of chemistry at Wellington College, showed that the paper contained a large quantity of arsenic, whilst its unglazed condition rendered it most dangerous. A second analysis which I obtained was equally unfavourable.

Three letters addressed by me to the makers of the paper, representing to them the above circumstances, have not elicited a single word of reply; and no doubt they continue to supply this poisonous paper to their customers.

I have thought it well to call the attention of the Home Secretary to the present state of the law, which enables paper-makers thus to distribute arsenic in large quantities to the unsuspecting public.

Perhaps my experience may lead others to eschew all green papers not expressly guaranteed to be free from arsenic.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Tottenham, August 17th, 1876.

LEWIN HILL.

HOMBURG.

(From our Roaming Correspondent.)

HOMBURG VON-DER HOHE—for that is its proper name—the most fashionable watering-place in Germany, or perhaps in the world—is just now full to overflowing; and it cannot be uninteresting or unimportant to the readers of THE LANCET to have put before them the impressions left on the mind of a physician after a ten days' sojourn among its woods, its gaities, and its "Cure-guests."

Highly favoured by nature and marvellously improved by art has been this most popular of health resorts; and if at one time its gambling-table was among the chief of the world's scandals, a portion of its revenues has been so judiciously and lavishly expended for the comfort and amusement of those who come here, that one is almost content to take facts as they are, without thinking of the means by which these facts have been perfected.

The town stands on a plain elevated some six or seven hundred feet above the sea-level, and at the foot of the Taunus range of hills, whose pine-clad slopes form a natural amphitheatre at a distance of from two to three miles. From these hills breezes of refreshing coolness find their way into the town, and thus temper the heat of the sun, which otherwise might be unbearable. The open situation of Homburg, and its convenient distance from the hills, prevent the occurrence of those frightfully scorching days which are too common in many picturesque districts, and which prove terribly trying to delicate invalids. The soil is mixed, and is composed of slate, clay, granite, and sand; that in the town being almost entirely formed of sand and granitic detritus; and, as a result, it is very porous, and drains marvellously quickly. The water-supply is ample and excellent, and is derived from a reservoir which is fed from springs on the Taunus hills. The drainage is fairly good, and there is a singular lack of smells in the streets and houses.

Exact meteorological information is not to be got, although there are capital instruments in the Kur-garten. This is to be regretted, as it is manifestly of great importance in selecting a residence for an invalid to have exact data to go upon, instead of the often too favourable or too unfavourable impressions given by the residents or acquired by relatives of visitors. During the ten days of my residence here there has not been a drop of rain, and although the temperature has been high (it stood at 92° in the shade yesterday), the heat has not been oppressive because of the almost continual light breezes. It is said that the nights

are often cold, and that the daily range of temperature is apt to be great. This is very likely to be the case, and we have had a few slight experiences of rapid change, but nothing remarkable. Visitors, however, should always be provided with warm wraps, in case of necessity, towards nightfall.

The streets and gardens of Homburg itself are well watered, and the dust is kept under, but out of the town the dust on the high road is something terrible, and when one sees a white cloud moving in any direction one has to infer that probably inside of it is a diligence or a carriage. This is a drawback to making country excursions, which is much to be regretted, since the environs are interesting and picturesque. Once in the pine woods, however, there is ample shade, the refreshing smell of the pine, and no dust, so that it is always worth while to make an effort to cross the dusty space between Homburg and its forest. Patients indeed are wisely recommended to seek these forests, and to spend as much time as possible in them.

What are the amusements of Homburg, and shall I be bored when I get there? is the question which every intending visitor is sure to ask, and it is so necessary to be able to reply to this question that I shall try to give an accurate account of Homburg life.

There are watering-places, and many, in which a man may be cured of his ills, but runs the risk of dying of the "blues." Such are but too common in England; and more is the pity, for assuredly healthy occupation or amusement for the mind is as essential a part of treatment as drugs, water, food, or climate. Homburg is, before all things, not a "slow" place, and there is just sufficient variety in the "daily treadmill" to prevent its rotations becoming irksome. Up at six in the morning, dressed (and very smartly, too, if ladies are concerned) and at the springs by seven. Then begins the morning promenade and the drinking of water to the strains of an excellent band. The Elizabethanquelle is the rallying point for the Homburg invalids. The health-giving fountain is prettily built into a sunken basin surrounded by an ornamental railing, round which the drinkers stand and receive the glasses of water from the hands of the attendants. From the fountain diverge avenues in all directions (one being covered, for wet weather), and in these avenues the guests leisurely saunter and chat, and listen to the band, whose kiosk is hard by. Nothing can be prettier or more healthful than this morning walk. The ladies dressed in their most becoming costumes, the sunlight penetrating the shady branches of the avenue and dancing on the gravelled walk, the band playing the pleasantest strains of Mendelssohn, Mozart, or Wagner (and shall we add Strauss and Offenbach?), to which the hum of conversation, and the flutter of the morning breeze as it gently stirs the foliage, serve as a low-toned accompaniment. And what is the matter with these 2000 or 3000 persons who walk here, and apparently with so much enjoyment? This is the question which the physician would put to himself, and the answer we should feel inclined to give would be something of this kind—Not very much is the matter; they are for the most part persons who are suffering from what might be called the "evils of society," late hours, artificially heated rooms, the tension of civilised life, and last, but by no means least, excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table. Yes, assuredly Homburg is the happy garden of the Plethorides, and here it is that those who are burdened with an excess of adipose matter repair "to do Banting" in the most approved manner, and in the politest of polite society. In this parade one recognises old friends innumerable. Sir John Falstaff, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Squire Western, Prince Grogenuff, and the Gräfin von Güzlemoch are all here in the flesh, and every shade of plethora presents itself as a clinical study to the eye. This fair impassive blonde, with chins in series, with many a dimple in her cheek, and many convex curves of beauty in her figure, has been, we take it, by the leisurely, stately manner of her walk, luxurious and lazy rather than gluttonous; but the gentleman close to her, whose complexion is "totalgules, with eyes like carbuncles," has been a winebibber of an active and aggressive character. Here is one of those whose lot it is to "laugh and grow fat," and who merely comes because his wife insists; but there is another, with heading brow and fair round belly, whose dull face and short breathing seem to speak of downright physical annoyance. One or two limp a little or walk with a