life. Her husband died shortly after the birth of her second child; she lived in a state of virtuous widowhood, and it was *many* years after the death of her husband that she so generously submitted herself to the Bofaireira, and nursed the infant in question.

Consul-General Rendall, of the Cape de Verds, informs me that a lady, a native of Boa Vista, now residing at San Antonio, and the wife of one of the foreign consuls, had a daughter in 1843. "Having very little milk," says Mr. Consul Rendall, "she caused an old female servant to be prepared with the bofaireira, and to act as wet-nurse, which she did in the most satisfactory manner, having plenty of good milk, although she had not had a child for ten years previously. The child is now (March, 1847) a healthy one, and well grown. In short," continues Mr. Rendall, "women who use the Bofaireira are in two or three days in order sufficient to nurse the child of a queen."

I have not been able to ascertain, from personal observation, or from any very accurate information, what effect the Bofaireira has upon virgins, or upon those who, although they have not borne children, are nevertheless not virgins. As regards the latter class, however, an intelligent native midwife assured my most able and observant friend, Mr. George Miller, of San Nicolao, that the effect of the administration of the Bofaireira is much the same upon them as upon child-bearing women.

In some cases, but rarely, the decoction of the Bofaireira is taken internally, with the view of assisting the action of its external application.

I regret not having been informed of the alleged difference in the action of the white and red Bofaireiras, while I was at the Cape de Verds, that I might have examined the latter plant upon the spot.

The seeds of each plant were, however, kindly forwarded to me by Mr. George Miller, and Sir William Hooker most readily and obligingly examined them. Sir William, in a note to me, says, "What you mark as red Bofaireira, and as white Bofaireira, are both, not only of the genus '*Ricinus*,' but also of one and the same species—viz., *Ricinis communis*, the common palma Christi, or castor-oil plant. In our gardens, as well as abroad, the plants vary, and your two plants vary a little in the form and size of the seed, and especially in the colour, but they are one and the same species."

It is thus evident that the white and red Bofaireiras, if they differ at all, can only be varieties of the same species. It is known, however, that certain varieties of other plants, as thyme, mint, &c., do yield different properties, and such may be the case with the Bofaireiras.

I have thus stated all the facts that have come to my knowledge regarding this galactagogue of the Cape de Verds, which I consider to be well worthy of a fair trial in this country. Should its action in our more temperate regions be similar to that which it exerts within the tropics, an interesting field of inquiry will be opened, as regards its hygienic, medicinal, medico-legal, and other relations.

These, however, are points, the consideration of which had better be reserved until it has been determined, by experiment, how far the Bofaireira can be successfully introduced into the practice of this country.

Trinity-square, Tower-hill, Sept. 4, 1850.

[*Note*.—Dr. Tyler Smith, to whom I showed my paper before my visit to Edinburgh, has written to inform me that he has in several cases tried the Bofaireira in the manner described by me; and he assures me that the effects of the plant grown in this country fully bear out the facts I have detailed respecting the use of this plant in the Cape de Verd Islands.]

ON THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF THE CLIMATE OF DARTMOOR IN CONSUMPTIVE CASES.

By W. C. RADLEY, M.D., M.R.C.S., Newton-Abbots.

A QUARTER of a century has elapsed since my attention was first called to the consideration of the influence of the climate of "the Moor," as that tract of high land is emphatically called by Devonians, when speaking of Dartmoor. It is not "a wilderness of shade," but one vast upheaving of sublime granitic tors, deep valleys, and dry, sunny hills, or rather mountainous, wide-spreading, mossy downs, where the united power of the solar ray and a pure atmosphere, with limpid water, promote the rapid restoration of those labouring under debility and pulmonary disease.

All the dearest associations, the most cherished feelings,

and the habits of our isles, lead us to the briny waters that surround the shores of Britain, and dull must be the heart which does not throb at the consideration of the mighty achievements of Englishmen on their favourite element; hence, as a solace and place of change, the pulmonic invalid is too often directed there.

This is the age of experiment, and my remarks at the present moment being more particularly addressed to my medical brethren, I shall endeavour to direct attention to a few points for observation and experiment, and blend them with the results of experience guided by philosophy, in obedience to Nature's unalterable laws.

The first experiment I would propose is to ascertain the quantity of the chloride of sodium and of other marine salts that are contained in every cubic foot of atmosphere within a certain range of the sea-shore. I am fully aware of the great advantages to be derived in dyspepsia by the old, the care-worn constitutions, and the decrepid, who can scarce move a limb without pain—let these resort to the humid sea-shore as they can; but to those who, to do well, must inhale the pabulum of life—pure oxygenated air, are residences on the margin of the sea fit places for them?

A residence of thirty years among the hills of south-east Devon, much practice there, and a ten years' acquirement of the rudiments of my knowledge of the profession in the large seaport of that county, enables me to draw the line of experience between the advantages of the one locality, and the utter unfitness of the other, as the residence of consumptive patients.

It is true, and shame on the practice, I have seen salt-and-water applied by rude hands to the raw back and the lacerated muscles of a brave and manly sailor, but I can never think that inhaling the vapours of common salt in solution is a fit agent to come in contact with the delicate investing membrane of the air-cells in the lungs.

I put the matter seriously in vivid imagery, and with feelings scarcely to be controlled, that I have so long, and with such an accumulated mass of evidence before me, suffered myself to be deterred by harassing duties from presenting the details for consideration. Visiting a patient in London has afforded me a leisure morning to address my brethren, and to present an illustrative case.

I was many years since desired to visit a farmer's wife near the sea coast. Shown into the parlour, my attention was directed to a white powder, which had its place of rest in the angles of the window-frames, at the foot of every pane of glass. On examining this powder, I found it to be the finest sort of basket-salt. A considerable quantity could have been gathered. The case was one of chronic sore throat, with slight cough and wasting of the body. The patient was a delicate woman, but not of consumptive parents, and the disease came on shortly after she came to reside by the sea from a more inland situation. It appeared proper for me to point out the cause—inhalation of a saline atmosphere, the stimulus of which had affected her with membranous inflammation, and as a continued irritant had kept up that action so prejudicial to her health. As a proof that sea water, in vapour, entered her house, and became mixed up with the air she breathed, I pointed to the salt in the window-frame, and felt very glad, through this evidence being found, that the servant had not been too careful in "cleaning out the corners." She removed to another farm more inland, and recovered her health, which she could never enjoy in her former situation, though aided by the prescriptions of various medical men whom she had consulted.

Whoever has read a work on "climate" will observe that, in pulmonic disorder, one general aim of the author is, to recommend mild, warm, and sheltered sites for the residence of those who tend to consumption. I shall endeavour to prove that an elevated open region is more congenial to their health than a low and sheltered situation; that the interior of a country is infinitely better than the vicinage of the sea-shore; and that the restoration of our pulmonic patients to health is more certainly insured by their inhaling an atmosphere in its purity, than by any other remedial means.

In reference to this subject, a philosopher, speaking of regions says, "elevation is everything;" but, aware of the hostility that is too prone to be raised against him who differs from preconceived opinions, it is with reluctance I advert to a host of medical publications, of which almost every watering place has its oracle in that way, endeavouring to prove that that place alone can cure. If we were to believe the tenour of these interested publications, we should infer that disease would be banished by a residence there; that it is only to repose in such and such a shade, under the balmy halcyon

wing of the sea-blown breeze, to receive health and cure. But it is not so; Nature revolts at it; Science and Philosophy deride such notions; and experience, both of families in losing their cherished children, and medical men their patients, proves the fallacy of such ill-founded hopes and expectations.

Leaving these haunts of the pestilent gases—carbon and hydrogen, with all the host of malarious agents, the spontaneous effluvia of low, confined, and “sheltered” situations, where pure air has a difficulty to find its way, and the suffering patient finds more impediments to prevent its inhalation, let me lead to such a region of health as Hebe or Hygeia herself would choose: that region is Dartmoor.

Let me speak of its topographical situation. The people of London, in speaking of Sussex, call it the southern coast of England. Look at the charts of our coast, and you will find the Bill of Portland runs out nearer to the south by some three leagues or more than Beachy Head,* and proceeding westward to the Start point near Dartmouth, that the Start is ten miles farther south than the Bill of Portland; in fact, this is the point of land more south than any other of England, the Lizard excepted. The South Hams of Devon and its coast is the south of England; and all this error has accumulated by opinion for ages—that Brighton is the south of England, when it is not. It is south from London, certainly, but not the south of England.

Premising all this, you will see my drift westward to the coast of Devon is to get as near the sun's meridian splendour as possible, that under his vivifying beams the patient may enjoy life, and warmth, and comfort.

Having premised thus much to prove that the Devon coast is the south of England, and the vicinity of Dartmouth the most south part of it, we naturally turn round and look at that majestic elevation of land from which its name is derived—Dartmoor—and the romantic river Dart which rises in and flows from it. The mean elevation of the Moor is nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea; and High-Tor, to which I shall more particularly invite attention, is 1700 feet above the sea shore. From that “sublime and majestic tor” the distant sea is spread afar; while Torbay, where navies ride on a fair day, is like a polished mirror at its base. The country far and wide, its multitudinous hill tops, its foliage, and its waters, form a scene that defies description; and the whole an unassisted eye commands.

It was in attendance on the men who worked at the granite quarries at and near High-Tor, (and of which granite one side of London Bridge is formed,) it was there my knowledge of the effects of Dartmoor air over the phenomena of certain forms of debility and pulmonary disorders was gained. That attendance was long and arduous, and the labour great; but it amply repaid me by the amount of information received, from the inquiries instituted, and the experience gained. The result I now communicate.

When fogs and mists and vapours obscure the low lands at his feet, High-Tor is cheered by the first rays of a rising sun. Its altitude is the first to receive, as it is the last to lose, in even-time, the benison of sunshine. The day is longer by half an hour there, than many a spot shaded beneath masses of trees in the lowly dell. Light and heat linger there at evening, long after the grey mist creeps up the valleys, and in consequence affords an atmosphere of purity—fit for an invalid to respire; and in the morning, when he rises, and looks out, with surprise and delight, he sees it is all bright and clear around him, while lower lands still wear the grey mantle of mist and fog. The invalid here has the most light and air to breathe in uncontaminated purity.

It is objected that Dartmoor has its fogs, and is very wet, cold, and bleak: we shall examine the objections.

The Fogs.—Electricity appears to be the agent most powerful in its effects on life, of any that affects our system. Let galvanism prove this, while our nerves respond to the great truth, how the very fogs of Dartmoor and of all high lands are loaded with electricity. They are charged with electric matter. I appeal to Mr. Crosse, and all electricians for the truth of my assertion. Hence the flying evanescent fogs of *The Moor* carry the principle of life and health with them; and are not like the fog of the marsh, the river, or the morass, which poison the breeze. They must not be for a moment confounded. The former gives life, and health, and vigour; the latter is the bane of health, the emanation of mud and filth, and the public carrier of miasms, endemics, and pestilence.

* Nautical men were wont to sail in error up Channel, frequently getting on the coast of France instead of bearing away to the north on rounding Beachy Head, and it is only within few years this error has been fully known and acted upon.

It is very wet.—*Certes*, more rain falls upon Dartmoor than lower lands, and at the statistical tables that have tired my old eyes to see, how many cubic inches fall at this and that place, at such and such seasons. Such tables are good as far as they lead,—no farther. They are of little good where the nature of the soil is not taken into account; where rain falls upon long grass, and there is held, to be slowly evaporated into steam-like vapour, to pass into air-tubes, having their tissues over-relaxed already. When it rains on the Moor it comes down upon a sod of soft nard grass, and through its sandy soil, formed from the debris of granite, percolates away as quick as it comes down; and is no more seen above ground to annoy the footsteps of the pedestrian who can sally out on a clean siliceous road, where he will not soil a slipper.

Rain indeed it does; and rapidly down it comes, upon as rapid a descent, and off go all things offensive with it, leaving nothing but salubrity behind.

Cold and bleak! So it is, at times, but how bracing that cold! To youth, sprightly youth, for whose sake I am ardently writing; what is cold to them? When wet, the Dartmoor peat makes a fire of a nature peculiarly fit for their organs of respiration, whence sulphurous fumes rise not, and from which naphtha, that spirit-giving product, is freely evolved. Here is one great cause why health is in the in-door inhalation, as well as the out-door breeze, where the patient, lying in bed, or sitting up, has his room perfumed by the aroma of peat, instead of coal-gas, or the deadly fumes of arsenical pyrites in pit-coal.

Cold, it is well known, exerts a tonic power, and dry cold is always healthful. Moreover, invalids are not necessarily exposed, like men who labour, to its influence; and, therefore, may choose their time to walk out, or stay in, as they think proper.

The water is also pure. It flows from the rock, or its natural basin, and will bear the most severe analysis.

Some persons may have seen that noble picture expressing Beauty, Health, and Strength—Hebe, pouring water for her eagle to drink: on a sublime mountain side, where clouds and lightnings play beneath his feet. And what a soil there for the foot to rest on! A soft sod, with naphthous vapours arising through it in their purity, that first allays irritation, and then gives strength to him who, wearied, reposes on that ground, until, Antæus-like upspringing, he feels new strength, to pursue the journey of life unwearied.

The soil of Dartmoor is pure silex, with felspar and peat. All true peat soils are salubrious, says a distinguished writer, lately descanting on such soils and climates. Here is no chalk or limestone to discharge its carbon into the atmosphere, and poison it. The oxides of silica and that pure family triumph here. Not a tree, nor shrub, except stunted furze, eliminates gases to be breathed here, like those in a warm humid spot, surrounded by trees throwing out carbon at every point where the sun shines not upon their foliage. Trees, masses of foliage, vegetation! they are the bane of health. “As vegetation flourishes, man declines,” says the philosopher. Let the physician ponder the axiom well, before he sends his patient to breathe hydrogen and its offspring in warm and sheltered situations.

To the reader who feels interest in his patient—in the prolongation of that life which is the dearest gem and the greatest treasure to a fond parent, this paper will not appear tiresome or long; and I do conjure such to send their youthful sufferers to the sunny sides of Dartmoor, to High-Tor, as the place for their restoration. But do not be deceived, by sending merely into Devon. It must be *upon the Moor*, within the range of the great wall that surrounds Dartmoor; and though the accommodation may be poor or mean, do not despise any hovel, because the common air is as good in that place as it would be in a modern Palmyra. No adequate language that I can employ can convey the strong feeling of truth that impels me to describe the advantages to be derived by a residence on the Moor, by all those who fear consumption, by all those whose appetites are depraved, and who would enjoy quietude, and breathe air in its uncontaminated purity.

I have no selfish aim in view; I am getting old, and indifferent to everything but quietude, therefore I call on my medical brethren of Tavistock, of Okehampton, of Ivybridge, of Moreton Hampstead, of Torrington, and of North Tawton, to add their testimony to mine in behalf of this sublime region of health; and at the same time I assure them of the most triumphant issue of their side of the argument in favour of the superiority of the air of Dartmoor, in consumptive cases, over every other climate in these British Isles

Newton-Abbott, Devonshire, 1850.