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Contributors

Crespi, Alfred John Henry.
Royal College of Surgeons of England

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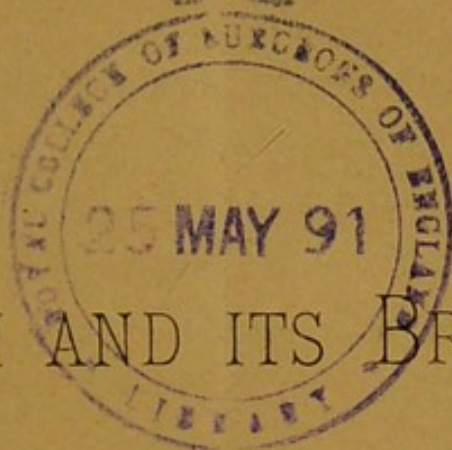
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183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
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DROITWICH AND ITS BRINE BATHS.



MEDICAL fashions are eternally changing. When I was a child there was nothing like Torquay, Ventnor or Penzance for consumptive invalids who could not get to Nice, Mentone, or still better, to Madeira. Now all that is changed. Instead of advising patients to fly to a mild but somewhat humid atmosphere, we send them, or rather the almost incalculably small number who can afford such an expensive journey, to the sunny Uplands of Colorado, or to the bracing Highlands of Minnesota with their intense winter frost, or to the snow-clad heights and valleys of Davos and the Engadine, and in those much-frequented Swiss valleys they seem, from some accounts, to find an earthly Paradise—snow so dry that it does not take the polish off the boots, constant sunshine, and a motionless atmosphere, so that, with twenty degrees of frost, heavy, clothing is hardly called for, and exercise is practicable and pleasant five days out of seven. Unfortunately, even Davos is falling into disrepute, and people are beginning to shake their heads and to complain that consumption, for which the climate was said to be an antidote, flourishes there as well as elsewhere. In Colorado and Kansas, however, Mr. William Saunders, M.P., in his charming work, "Through the Light Continent," tells us that, in the dry and motionless air, people sit out wearing no

great coat, with the thermometer marking thirty-one degrees Fah. He continues, "If in Europe you ascend 6000 feet you have to beg, borrow or steal every imaginable wrapper, but here you do not want an over-coat. I enjoyed the open window, although the temperature at 6.30 a.m. was only thirty-two degrees Fah. With this temperature in Europe I could not have endured the rush of outer air which would have entered the room, but in Colorado it was balmy and pleasant. As I have said, I could get no explanation that cold and heat seemed alike unable to produce any unpleasant effect." But extreme cold has occasional undoubted disadvantages, nor is there always sunshine anywhere, as the following passage from Isabella L. Bird's "A Lady's Life among the Rocky Mountains" will show :—"One day of snow, mist and darkness was rather depressing, and yesterday a hurricane began at five in the morning, and the whole of Estes Park was one swirl of drifting snow like stinging wood smoke ; my bed and room were white, and the frost was so intense that water brought in a kettle, hot from the fire, froze as I poured it into the basin ; this was on November 30th, 1873, at Estes Park, Colorado." But such is the force of fashion that, had we in England lofty table-lands or sheltered valleys, 5,000 feet above sea level, they would soon be frequented by crowds of invalids. Imagination, that potent factor in the cure of disease, has much to do with successful medical treatment. Who has not smiled at the sufferer for whom his physician prescribed without benefit *Nitrate of Potash*, and who, some time later, having dismissed his medical adviser, met him, and with smiling countenance announced himself cured. "What cured you?" inquired the physician. "Why," rejoined the quondam patient, "I hardly like to tell you, it is so ridiculously simple ; but some saltpetre to be sure, which a friend, who had had rheumatism badly and had tried it and knew its value, urged me to take regularly for three months." The very remedy prescribed by his physician, but

taken with greater faith and under a different name, had cured him. Change of air, comprising as it does change of food and water, and complete rest, fresh faces and modified habits, is invaluable. Who, in the full vigour of health, has not noticed that a fresh church, unfamiliar streets, and unaccustomed voices, even a strange doctor into whose sympathetic ear to pour one's complaints, were powerful factors in making change of air beneficial; and the invalid feels this with double force. Davos, Colorado Springs, Cartago and Buena Vista in Costa Rica, and Orotave will have their day, as Florida, Falmouth, Malta, Malaga, and sea voyages have had theirs. We shall then send patients to still more unfamiliar surroundings—for instance, to pass a few weeks in Tierra del Fuego, or for a trip to Mount Erebus, or a journey across Siberia in January, or a residence in a tent in the Sahara in July. The fashionable physician will never be at a loss for places with manifold and untried virtues to which to dispatch opulent clients.

Droitwich has of late years been coming prominently into public notice. It has no pathless forests near, no dazzling Russian or Spanish sky, no mild humidity, and no furnace-like heat and dryness to recommend it. Its sole claim to the attention of invalids rests upon its Brine Baths, and their long-tried efficacy, proved by thousands of patients in gout, chronic rheumatism, and loss of tone. For eighteen hundred years brine has been pumped up in enormous quantities and evaporated into salt of most excellent quality. The prevailing geological formation of the district in which Droitwich is situated is the Upper and Lower New Red Sandstone. That formation stretches for many miles round the famous and remarkable Dudley Coal basin, and some kinds of fruit grow abundantly and luxuriantly upon it, more particularly damsons. The economic value of the Upper Division of the New Red Sandstone is not much inferior to that of the Coal Measures, and it is in this Upper Division that the vast deposit of household

salt is found which enables us to keep up our fisheries, meat-curing establishments, and many of our manufactures. No geological formation is, on the whole, of greater importance to the welfare of the nation; and, strange though it may appear, it is literally true that Droitwich, from having the greatest possible advantage of position for salt making, is consequently one of the most important towns in the United Kingdom. We could better do without many articles of apparently far greater importance than without salt. At Droitwich there were salt works in the days of the Romans, and remains of Roman tessellated pavements have been found in the neighbourhood of late years, though no traces are to be seen of their occupation of the place. From the days of the Romans to the present time salt works have been carried on, and in the time of the Heptarchy, Kenulph, Kinglet of Mercia, tried to propitiate Heaven for putting out the eyes and chopping off the hands of Egbert, Kinglet of Kent, by giving ten salt furnaces at Droitwich to the church at Worcester. Heaven, in the person of the priests, was graciously pleased to pardon the graceless Monarch. Two centuries later Heaven was more difficult to please, and refused to sanction the marriage of poor Edwy, Overlord of All England, with his Second Cousin, the unfortunate Elgiva, although the king gave five salt furnaces at Droitwich to the Church. The brine still wells up, and the supply is inexhaustible. A single powerful spring will keep an engine hard at work, night and day, pumping up brine enough to make 1,000 tons of salt a week. "In 1779," wrote Nash, in his delightful "History of Worcestershire," "the net salt duties of the Empire amounted to £260,000, and of that sum the salt works at Droitwich contributed £75,000." Among the many hard problems offered by geology one of the hardest is the source of the salt found at Droitwich and in Cheshire. Where does that salt come from? At Stoke Prior, three miles east of Droitwich, a shaft, 460 feet deep, has been driven into the Upper Red Sandstone,

and four beds of rock salt have been pierced, whose total thickness amounts to 85 feet. In Cheshire beds of still greater thickness have been found—one bed of 78, and another of 120 feet having been reached—while in Spain and in Poland the thickness of the salt beds is even more extraordinary. Many explanations have been attempted, but none satisfactory. Some authorities regard salt as a volcanic product, emitted from underneath; others look upon it as the precipitate of a deep ocean, surcharged with salt matters; others, again, have supposed it to be a deposit from saline lakes cut off from the main sea, like certain tropical salt lagoons of the present day, which are separated by spits or bars from the mass of water, and which are evaporated by the sun. None of these theories will for a moment bear investigation. Volcanoes sometimes, it is true, deposit a thin crust of salt on the rocks in their neighbourhood, but more than this they do not do, and vast quantities of salt are nowhere thrown up by any known active volcano. As for the open sea theory, that, too, will not bear examination. How could any part of the sea become so overcharged with salt as to deposit enormous quantities, which would in time have a thickness of hundreds of feet? What would the currents, the winds, and the tides be doing all the while? The lagoon theory is the most plausible, but even it is open to objection; a few inches, or at most a few feet, of salt might under favourable conditions accumulate, but not salt beds six hundred feet in depth. Dr. Friedrich Parrot, a distinguished Russian traveller, has given an interesting narrative in his "Journey to Ararat," in 1836, of the Salt Lakes of Central Asia. "At the western extremity of the expansion of the River Manech, on its northern shore, are a number of salt lakes, the largest of which, there called Griesnoe Azore, is five miles long and two-thirds of a mile wide. These lakes have the property, during the hottest season of the year, of having their surfaces covered with a crust of salt an inch thick, which is collected with shovels into boats

and taken away. These lakes are so shallow that the little boats in which the salt is stored are generally trailing on the bottom, and leave a long furrow behind them, so that the lake may be regarded as a salt pan of enormous superficial extent, in which the brine can easily reach the degree of concentration required, while, on the other hand, if the summer prove cold or rainy, the superfluous water necessarily militates against the crystallization of the salt, or even prevents it altogether." The closing passage is curious and shows the impossibility in any conditions now existing of the *continuous* deposit of salt which would in time have a depth of several hundreds of feet.

Certain curious sinkings of the land, most interesting to the visitor, but not cheering to the local householder and landowner, have been the result of this ceaseless pumping. The brine springs of Droitwich are interesting for their purity and extraordinary strength, containing nearly, if not quite, 50 per cent. of salt and 18 per cent. of solid constituents. Fifty years have passed since attention was first directed to the medicinal value of hot brine baths, and the late Mr. William Bainbrigge, an excellent and experienced surgeon, some years ago did much to push the place. The pioneer in such an undertaking is rarely adequately rewarded, and Mr. Bainbrigge went his way to join the majority, having done less good to himself than to suffering humanity. He was induced to settle at Droitwich by the late Lord Hampton, whose beautiful seat, Westwood Park, is near the town. Mr. Bainbrigge literally threw away enormous sums of money, in most energetically pushing the place, writing some excellent books and pamphlets, and making for himself a great reputation as a skilful and accomplished practitioner—or, rather, adding to the distinction he had in earlier life achieved at Liverpool. But in vain ; he spent his money and died enormously in debt—a sacrifice to duty and a victim to untoward circumstances. His son, Dr. William Parker Bainbrigge, is following in his father's steps,

as far as his means will permit, and giving particular attention to the properties of the baths and to those complaints in which they are most efficacious. It is his opinion—one confirmed by patients whom I carefully examined and questioned—that a course of these baths is invaluable in many of those forms of gout and rheumatism unfortunately so common, and certain always to be common in England, more particularly among the elderly poor, who have had years of exposure to the weather, and among the rich, who, inheriting a tendency to gout, have led a sedentary and luxurious life. From the great strength of the brine it must be diluted with an equal amount of hot water. After a time the swollen and tender joints become less sensitive, and return more or less completely to their natural size, whilst the skin of the whole body gets soft and velvety. Dr. Bainbrigge assured me that the water in which gouty patients had bathed was found to contain a large amount of Urate of Soda, which he believed was dissolved *out* of the tissues by the solvent properties of the brine; perhaps, though I do not feel competent to express an opinion, and *he* may be right, it was only washed off the skin. The latter seems to me most likely to be the physiological explanation. The fact remains, that the baths get rid of a great deal of gouty matter, though none the less should they be taken under competent medical supervision, as they do not suit all constitutions. Some of the cases reported quite taxed my faith in Dr. Bainbrigge's veracity; I heard of patients helpless as so many infants being carried from their cab to their room, and of serious trouble in carrying out the baths in consequence of the dreadful state of the sufferer, and a few weeks later, the same people were walking about, actively and painlessly, practically well.

Admirable accommodation, on a large and luxurious scale, has been provided for the increasingly large numbers of sufferers flocking there. There are also several private boarding-houses,

which provide, at very moderate charges, every convenience and attention, and two large hotels—The Raven, kept by Mr. George Buddle, an extensive and imposing building, with charming grounds, exquisitely neat comfortable rooms, a capital billiard room and cheerful surroundings. I went over the drawing room and ground floor, and was delighted with the beauty of the rooms and the admirable management. The Raven is a most picturesque building, and stands close to the New Baths; it is a house of great antiquity, and was, at one time, the Manor House of the ancient borough of Wich. It is undergoing extensive alterations, and a splendid dining hall is being added, with several noble bedrooms above it, and the drawing room is also being enlarged. This activity shows that the demand for accommodation is rapidly becoming larger, and should matters continue as they promise to do, who knows! another hotel may be called for, or, still better, a large hydropathic establishment under medical supervision. Some additional first class boarding houses, on a large scale, are likely before long to be required—indeed, in spite of depression of trade and land subsidences, Droitwich is growing fast, and there is the frame-work, if one may so speak, of quite a large town, which only needs filling up to become of great importance. The other hotel, the Royal, managed by Miss Coghlan, I have not had an opportunity of going over, though the accounts I have received of its internal arrangements were very satisfactory and left nothing to desire. Mr. John Corbett, the M.P. for the division, commonly known as the Salt King, a wise and enlightened benefactor of the town, has done much for Droitwich, developing the salt industries and building St. Andrew's Baths, which have been fitted with the latest and most luxurious appliances for treatment and comfort. When I was at Droitwich, at the end of last September, I was charmed with Mr. Corbett's arrangements, and the accommodation seemed extensive enough for years, but I soon heard, I must confess with surprise, though on good authority, that the new

baths were no longer large enough to accommodate the visitors, whom the growing fame of the town was attracting, and it was rumoured that before long considerable additions to them would be made. To prevent disappointment, I must add that the St. Andrew's Brine Baths are not an hotel, so that patients must stay elsewhere, going to the Baths once or twice a day. Droitwich is, however, so small that there is no difficulty in doing that. The original Brine Baths were built, or, at any rate re-modelled by the late Mr. Bainbrigge; they are now under different management altogether. The *St. Andrew's Baths*, as I have said above, were designed and built by Mr. Corbett, and are managed by Mr. John Green, his Agent, with the aid of Mr. Taylor as Secretary. Last summer the baths had only nine bathing places, admirably fitted up and indeed most luxurious. There was also a large swimming bath, reserved at certain times for ladies, at other times open to gentlemen. But these Baths, so recently thought large enough to satisfy the wants of invalids, are already outgrown, and two magnificent wings have been added, each containing seven bathing places, while a second swimming bath of noble proportions is now being added. In future one swimming bath will be kept for ladies, the other for gentlemen, while the bathing places, now increased to twentyfour, will surely be numerous enough to meet the requirements of visitors for many years. The management of these baths is excellent, the bathing places tempting and clean, and the receptacle for the water is of wood, which has advantages over stone or metal. The charge for tickets is reasonable.

As for the composition of the water, as it is never taken internally, it would not interest readers to say more than that it is similar to, though purer than sea water. It contains Chloride of Sodium, Chloride of Magnesium, Sulphate of Lime, Sulphate of Alumina, Sulphate of Soda and Iodide of Sodium. It makes table salt with little trouble and the refuse is small. It differs

from the purest sea water in being many times as strong. As the beds from which the brine is pumped up are only 200 feet below the surface, the water is unmistakably cold, with a temperature of about fifty-two degrees Fah., which would be the temperature at that depth in the latitude of mid Worcestershire ; its specific gravity is so great that, like Dead Sea water, it can support a human body on the surface, and some little trouble is needed to sink in it, indeed elaborate contrivances would be required. Mr. James Lardner Green, an excellent Salisbury Surgeon, was at Droitwich eight years ago : and was much amused to see new laid eggs floating in the water like empty walnut shells. Mr. Green tells me he was delighted with the town, the country and the baths.

To get the full benefit of the treatment patients must of course stay some time. It is getting too much the fashion for invalids to rush from place to place, stopping here for a week and somewhere else for three days. This is not expedient in chronic gout, and in those cases of thickening of the joints, which perplex the doctor and annoy the sufferer more than he likes to confess. Like all other medical men, I am accustomed to the caprices of patients, though my experience of the fabulous fees which some physicians are reported to get is wholly derived from novels ; my clients seldom rating my services more highly than I should those of a skilled mechanic. Still, let that pass. I was, however, rather startled on talking with a civil engineer, whose joints showed that he was not cured, though he thankfully admitted that his brief stay had done him great good, to hear that he proposed the following day going to St. Leonard's, and a few days later setting off for Vienna, returning in a few weeks by the Rhine. Such imprudence neither does the patient good nor his physician justice.

Many persons who have tried Droitwich have got so much good, that they have returned again and again, and though it

seldom happens that these baths, or indeed any others, can eradicate the tendency to disease, and while curing the patient, make him proof against relapse, there is a remarkable agreement that with few exceptions distinct benefit is derived. Probably careful attention to diet and leaving off spices, alcoholic stimulants and meat, would hold the old enemy at bay. But people seldom care to keep themselves well, though anxious to be cured.

A patient of mine, an intemperate man, fell from a high tree three years ago, and injured his shoulder. He was then 50 or more, and thirty years earlier had had rheumatism severely, going ultimately to the Mineral Waters Hospital, at Bath, for treatment. He was completely cured and had no return of his enemy till after the fall from the tree; then chronic and severe inflammation of the right shoulder set in, and there was a prospect of his being permanently disabled. At the end of six months I decided to send him to Droitwich, and commenced a correspondence with Dr. Bainbrigge, who, up to that time, was only known to me by name. That gentleman most generously and courteously replied to my letters; nay, he did more, he defrayed the expense of the poor fellow's lengthened residence at Droitwich. The man returned home well, with his shoulder painless and of natural appearance and size, and since then when the more pressing claims of Mead—the favourite Dorset beverage—have left him leisure, he has worked like a Trojan, and he assures me that his shoulder does not trouble him at all. This is my solitary experience of the benefit of the baths to a patient of mine, though an old friend used to derive marked good from visits to Droitwich.

Droitwich is fairly attractive, and the country in its immediate neighbourhood is sufficiently pretty and fertile. The town lies rather low and is flat, but the climate is healthy and the air bracing. There is no doubt more frost than on the South Coast, but the absence of wind—that bane of the South Coast—is a great comfort. March 27th of this year was not warm, and

people were complaining of cold, but the air was absolutely motionless at Droitwich, so that I enjoyed a ramble round the town and a walk in the evening as I had not done outdoor exercise at home for a long time. In my own neighbourhood, I subsequently learnt that the wind was blowing keenly all day, and that outdoor exercise was disagreeable. At Droitwich a drive in an open carriage was pleasant enough. Few places are more completely sheltered, and its distance from the sea makes rapid movement of the air rare. In summer a little movement of the air is not unpleasant, or rather attracts no attention; but as the thermometer falls, any movement becomes increasingly annoying, and I don't think that the hardest frosts in the Midland counties ever convey that feeling of bitter cold often experienced on the South Coast for days at a time in Spring, when the thermometer may stand at fifty-two degrees, or even at fifty-eight degrees. I ought to add that, in the garden of the Raven, gooseberry bushes were on the point of bursting into leaf, and a single warm week would have covered them with delicate spring foliage: in South Dorset the bushes were not nearly so forward. Some years ago a friend going in early summer from the neighbourhood of Bournemouth to Hereford, was startled to find many plants more forward than in his own garden, and some actually in flower, which in his parish were still in bud. To the invalid a keen wind is peculiarly disagreeable; and I am not sure that the calmer atmosphere of Worcestershire may not fairly make up for the far larger amount of bright sunshine experienced in the extreme south—at any rate, January is pleasanter in Worcestershire than in some places in higher esteem for their mild climate. The neighbourhood of Droitwich abounds in places of interest. Worcester, with its majestic cathedral, is only six miles off, and the trains cover the distance in a quarter of an hour; nor is there any difficulty in getting to Tewkesbury and visiting its superb and carefully-kept Abbey, or in passing a few hours at

Cheltenham, or going over Gloucester Cathedral and having a glance at the dilapidated remains of the Second Llanthony Priory, near the Docks. Malvern, too, with its charming hills and prettily laid-out and smiling streets, is only 14 miles away, and the luxuriant district of which Ledbury is the centre is 20 miles off. Still further off, but within very easy reach by train, is Hereford with its beautiful river and curious cathedral, rather small and not improved by Wyatt's restoration, but withal interesting and noteworthy on account of its famous Map of the World and its fine open-work central tower. Brecon, and Ludlow moreover, are not difficult to reach from Hereford. While few would choose Droitwich as a permanent residence, it is not worse than many other manufacturing towns, and decidedly superior to some. My opinion is, perhaps, hardly impartial enough, as I have seen so many of the loveliest places and towns in the kingdom, that I am very hard to satisfy. Londoners are said to be charmed with the country near, and often express a wish to remain; but the absence of large, commodious houses is an obstacle that has not been got over. Some of the great houses near Droitwich are most interesting and beautiful. Hadzor, the residence of Captain Galton, a member of the famous family of that name, is charmingly situated; so are Westwood, the residence of Mr. J. Spiller, Hanbury Hall, the seat of Sir H. F. Vernon, Ombersley Hall, that of Lord Sandys, Mere Hall, that of Major Bearcroft, Hindlip, the seat of Lord Hindlip, Witley Court, Lord Dudley's, and last but not least, Impney, that of Mr. John Corbett. The last is close to the town, and is approached by a long and tastefully laid-out drive. The house stands imposingly on high ground, and its entourage shows great judgment and originality. It is of vast size and extraordinary elevation, the pitch of the roof being astonishing, and to that peculiarity the house owes much of its noble architectural character. The interior of the mansion is not less remarkable than its exterior, and reflects great credit on its

distinguished owner, who had the place designed and built a few years ago. This most interesting mansion is open to any respectable visitor on presenting his card, and rumour says that Mr. Corbett has been known to leave his important duties and take spectators round, and, like Dean Stanley, give them much delightful information. Mr. Corbett is one of those generous, upright, and enlightened men, who are the glory of modern England—the architect of his own fortune, he has, while raising himself to dignity and affluence, helped thousands to earn an honest livelihood. Great commercial magnates have the unmixed satisfaction of knowing that, while heaping up riches for themselves, they enrich the community. The greater Mr. Corbett's commercial operations, the better for the country. Such men reflect greater honour on the House of Commons than it confers on them—the ripe wisdom, the knowledge of affairs, the insight into motives and conduct, and the generous sacrifice of valuable time make them ornaments of the House. Mr. Corbett's courteous manners, keen observation, and indomitable energy make his company charming. He well deserves to be called the Salt King.

The small size of Droitwich—its population is officially given as 4,000, though rapidly increasing—enables the visitor to run off into the open country at once. A quarter of an hour is enough to get into the fields and lanes, while a few minutes in the train will take him into the loveliest parts of Worcestershire or to Wyre Forest with all its beauties. After all, though, the first consideration is to get well : the satisfaction of feeling that good is being got would reconcile one to longer journeys and less attractive places. Near the town there is some very fine timber : the Lickeys can be reached in half-an-hour, and some of the drives are lovely, and leave those who can afford them nothing to desire. Mr. Corbett has some capital building sites beyond St. Andrew's Baths on the Worcester Road,

which can hardly fail to be used for handsome villas before long ; and rumour says that there is a chance of an orchard, near the Heriots—a large house in the middle of the town—being converted into Public Gardens. Whether the latter be so or not, ornamental Gardens would add to the attractions of the little town, and would be much appreciated by invalids, who feel the need of an open space to wander about in on fine days.

Before Droitwich there undoubtedly lies a great future as a health resort ; a more brilliant future before its staple industry there could hardly be. It is a question whether, as far as its baths are concerned, it ranks as high as it ought. Hereford and Birmingham send contingents of patients, who usually return home greatly benefited, while London is beginning to learn that it is not necessary to wander off to Germany, with Droitwich so much nearer and so easy of access. I cannot speak positively as to the expense of residence at Droitwich, but do not fancy that it is heavy ; and there is no reason to imagine that those who are most deeply interested in the prosperity of the ancient town of Wich will follow the evil example of some other health resorts and frighten visitors away by exorbitant charges. The tariff at the Raven, by the way, is £3 10s. per week in summer, and £3 in winter, which no one can complain of as exorbitant. The air of the hotel is good, and no nobleman need ask for better accommodation.

In conclusion : the salt works are well worth visiting, and though the process of evaporation is simple enough, it is interesting. The brine is received in large reservoirs, from which it is transferred to pans, some large and open, others circular on a new and better principle. In these pans it is exposed to heat, which sets up rapid evaporation. It is, by the way, from the surface of these hot pans that those clouds of steam rise, which convey the erroneous impression to strangers flying through the station that the town is enveloped in a dense canopy of smoke. The

steam condenses and falls on the foliage near, keeping it fresh and green in the driest season. When the hot water in the pans is surcharged with salt, crystals float on the surface, and large quantities fall to the bottom, and are transferred by means of large wooden shovels, into huge moulds. The latter are carried into drying rooms kept at a high temperature, and after a time the contents of the moulds solidify and dry. They are then turned out and stored in warehouses ready for distribution to the ends of the earth. The healthy and contented appearance of the salt workers delighted me, and showed that their work though looking unhealthy and unpleasant, was in reality wholesome and agreeable. Salt is produced to the extent of 200,000 tons a-year, and though the widespread commercial depression has affected Droitwich in common with other manufacturing centres, its salt is of too remarkable a quality ever to become a drug in the market. Mr. John Corbett has proved himself a keen and successful salt manufacturer, and on this account, too, he is a great benefactor to Droitwich. He has extensive works at Stoke, which I have not yet had the pleasure of visiting, though I hope to do so some day. The smoke and steam from them look as though business was brisk enough in quantity; unfortunately, the profits of the trade have not been as large as formerly, and it must be most wearing to the masters to work hard and have such an inadequate return for all their capital, anxiety, and labour.





