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A ROAD THAT LEADS TO ROME

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UNKNOWN SURREY BY DONALD MAXWELL

Being a series of unmethodical Explorations of the
County illustrated in line and colour by the Author



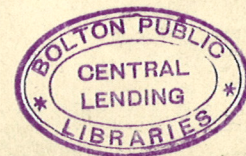
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PREFACE

TO Men of Surrey who know their County well I must apologize for thrusting before them as "unknown" places and histories which they will find familiar enough. Lest, therefore, I should seem, as a Man of Kent, to have taken too readily the task of expounding Surrey, I might mention as an extenuating circumstance that I, too, am a Man of Surrey. I am qualified to be a Man of Kent by length of residence, and by the fact that my father, although a Scot, was born in Kent, but I am qualified to be a Man of Surrey also, because I myself was born in Surrey.

Like my other rambles after the unknown, there is neither rhyme nor reason in the arrangement of this book. To those who do not know Surrey I hope my perigrinations with a sketch book will serve as a good introduction to delightful country: to those who do, I shall be happy if I have captured for them fleeting sunsets and changing lights upon woodland and pine-clad heath, and thus added substance to their store of Surrey memories.

All the line sketches I have made rapidly and on the spot. I do not think I have sat down to any of them. The colour

notes, too, have been arrived at much in the same way, but in all cases I think it better to reproduce them without "working them up" too much. It is a story of quick travelling. He who runs may sketch.

My thanks are due to Mr. F. B. Palmer for kind permission to use some sketches of Rotherhithe that appeared in the *Treasury*; also to the Editors of *Country Life*, *The Bermondsey Book*, and the *Graphic* for similar favours.

DONALD MAXWELL.

THE BEACON,
BORSTAL,
ROCHESTER.
March 29, 1924.

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IV

A PASTORAL OF POWDER-MILLS

This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful providence as one of the choicest retreats of man, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been by ungrateful man so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes, in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the minds of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of *gunpowder* and of bank notes!—COBBETT.



THOMAS RAYNOR

THE VALLEY OF THE TILLINGBOURNE.

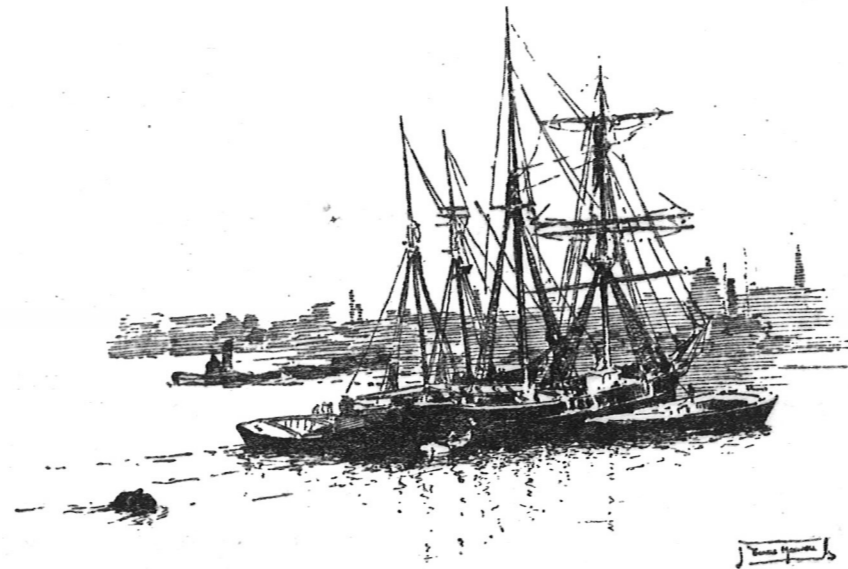
A PASTORAL OF POWDER-MILLS

NOT many days had we sojourned in Guildford when Brown, ever ready to make suggestions for my sketch-book wanderings in Surrey, propounded an entirely new plan of attack.

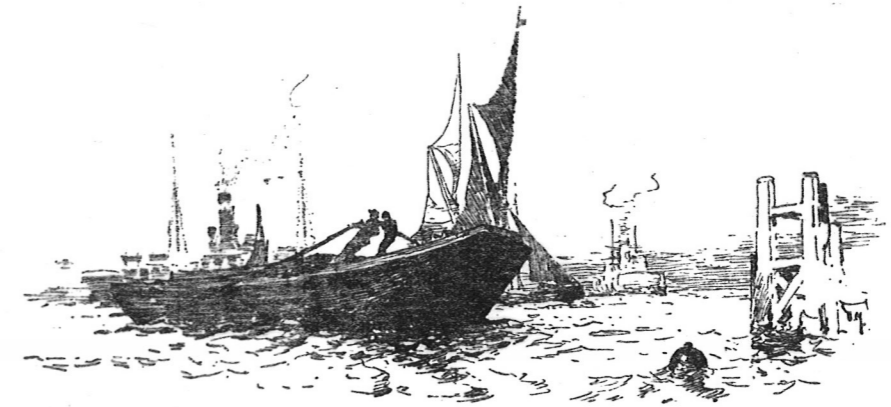
“I have thought out,” he said, “a side of English history which has been entirely neglected. Carlyle maintained that modern civilization was based upon three things—Printing, Protestantism, and Powder, the three P’s. I forget whether he put it quite like that. If he lived now and wrote week

by week for a Sunday paper he would certainly have done so. However, gunpowder is one of the three things. Now, as far as the study of Surrey goes, both Protestantism and Printing are matters which Surrey always shared with other parts of England, but the manufacture of gunpowder was for a long time exclusively hers.

"You will remember how the subject of ironworks of the Weald was one which loomed large in the history of Sussex. That was all very well, but ordnance without ammunition would not have been much use. To Sussex, as well as in a lesser degree to Kent and Surrey, the British



BELOW THE POOL OF LONDON



OFF ROTHERHITHE.

Navy looked for guns, but *it was to Surrey that she looked for gunpowder.*

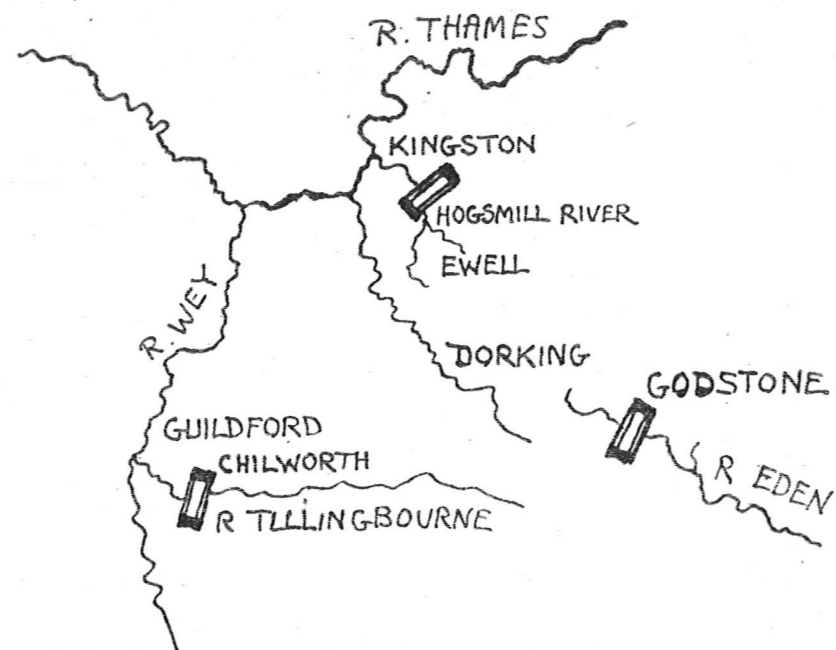
"Up till the time when Henry Reve established a mill in 1554 at Rotherhithe, mark you, in *Surrey*, all our gunpowder came from abroad. It is said that had the Spaniards known of the extraordinary shortness of our supply of gunpowder and consequently employed different tactics in sending to our shores the great Armada, they might have walked over us.

"Learning a lesson from this narrow escape, Parliament began to turn its attention towards ensuring an adequate supply of powder for both Army and Navy.

"To further this cause one George Evelyn (the grandfather of the literary John Evelyn of Wotton) was licensed

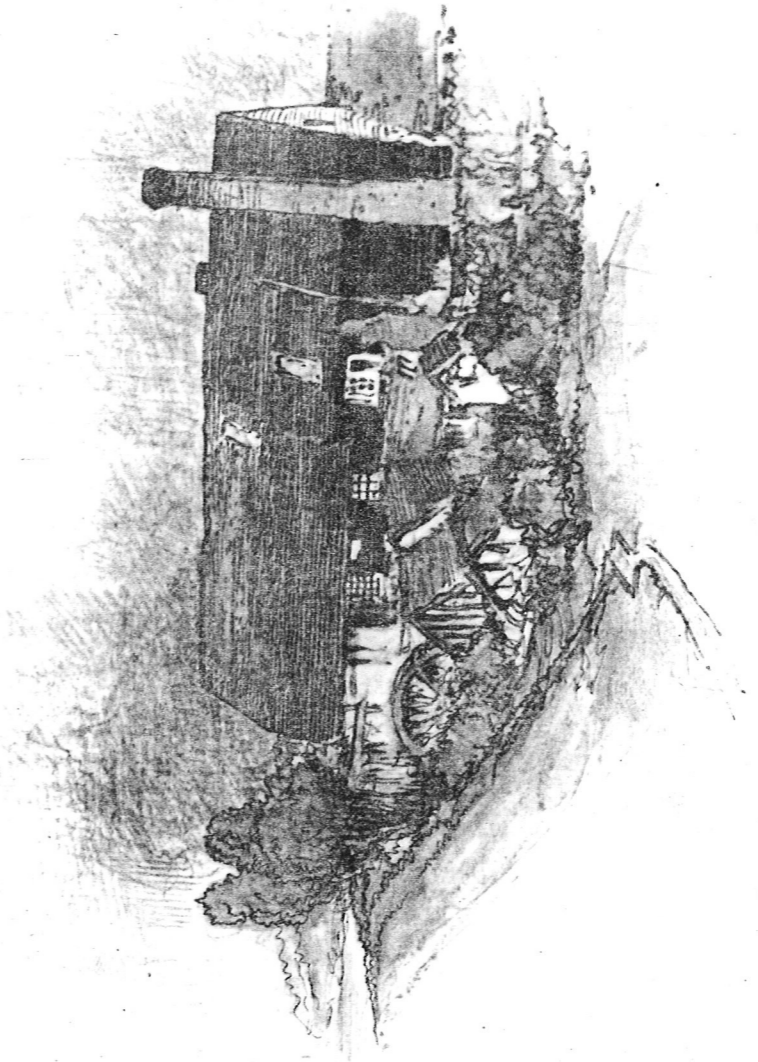
UNKNOWN SURREY.

to dig saltpetre in Great Britain and Ireland. Near Kingston, he built powder-mills on the Hogsmill River, and from this time onwards the history of England pivoted upon Surrey, for it was always in Surrey that the successors of these



POWDER-MILLS IN SURREY.

works flourished. At Godstone and at Chilworth almost all the gunpowder in England was turned out, and it was the control of these powder-mills by the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War that did more than anything



A WOODLAND WATERMILL NEAR GODSTONE

else to turn the tide of battle against the Royalist armies."

I did not have time or energy to cross-examine Brown's reading of the history of England or of Surrey powder-mills, but fell in readily enough with his scheme of visiting those



TRACES OF MEDIEVAL WORK IN A RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE,
ROTHERHITHE.

peaceful haunts of Godstone and Chilworth that had become thus associated with war. Chilworth remained, until the year following the last war, a manufactory of explosives, for I believe cordite was turned out there in large quantities.

The water-mills at Chilworth were also famous for the

making of paper for banknotes, a fact which so enraged Cobbett that for some pages his *Rural Rides* becomes nearly as explosive as the accursed gunpowder. He writes :

"This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful providence as one of the choicest retreats of man's, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable inventions of the devil! namely, the making of *gunpowder* and of *bank-*



FIGURES ON A SCHOOLHOUSE, ROTHERHITHE.



OLD WOODEN HOUSES, ROTHERHITHE.

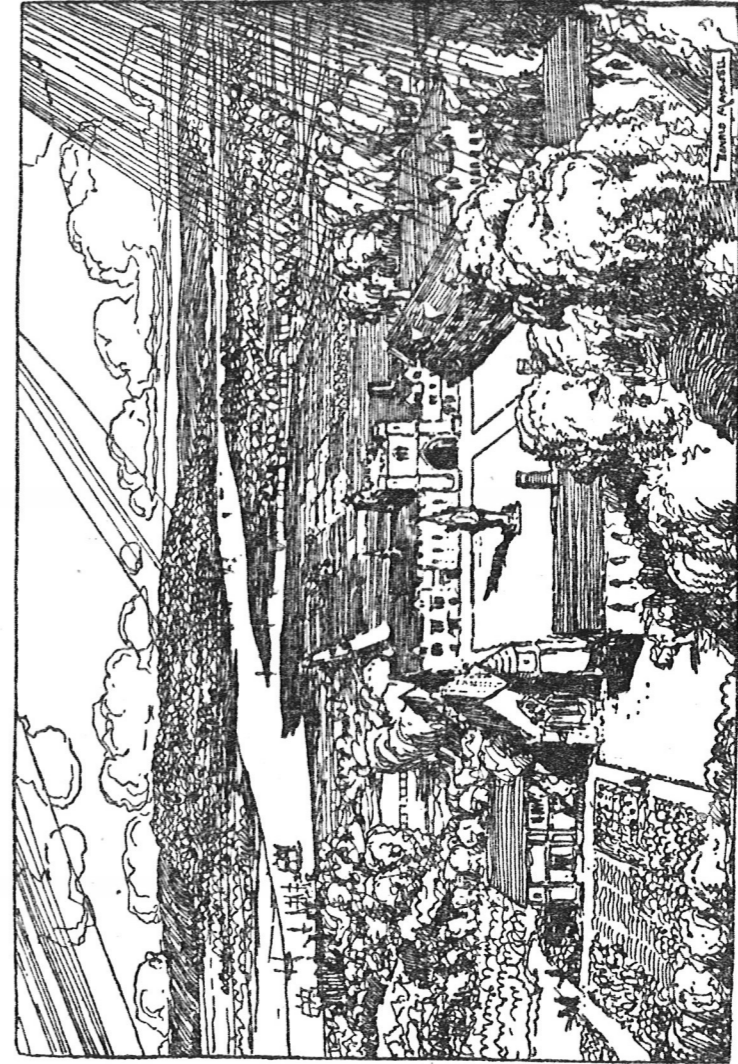
notes! Here in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England; where the first bursting of the bud is seen in spring, where no rigour of seasons can be felt; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; a perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him aid, but lends it cheerfully. As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases it may be innocently and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously employed.



still, in a more melancholy mood than I had been for a long while, I rode on with my friend towards Albury up the valley."

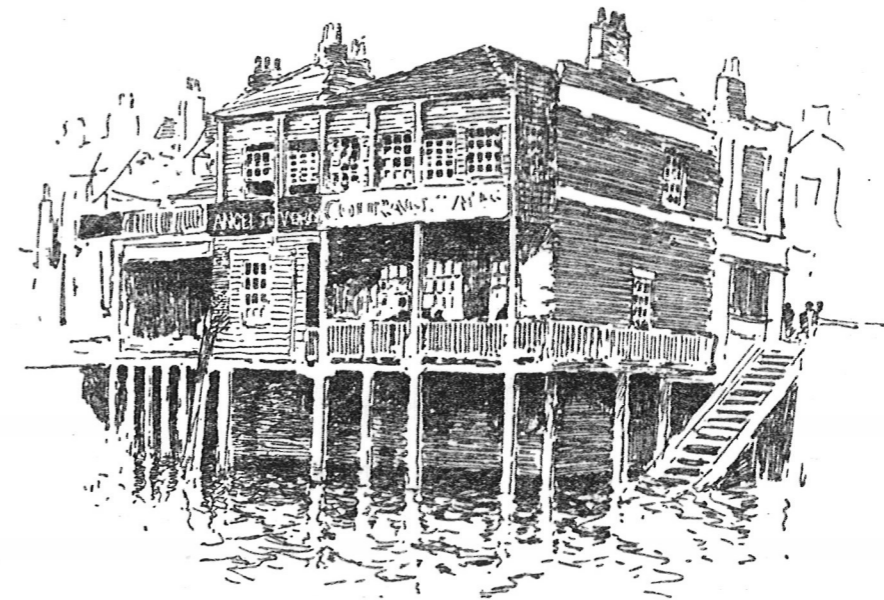
Taking these in their chronological order we search Rotherhithe in vain for the first powder-mills. There is one building, however, on the riverside which is partly mediæval with later editions. I have sketched this on page 59. The old-time buildings of Rotherhithe, however, belong to a much later date, and, like the church, are

The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of this valley; but the *Bank-notes!* To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of the happy hills for the comfort and the delight of man; to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation, and that, too, under the base and hypocritical pretence of promoting its *credit* and maintaining its *honour* and its *faith!* There was one circumstance, indeed, that served to mitigate the melancholy excited by these reflections; namely, that a part of these springs have, at times, assisted in turning rags into Registers! Somewhat cheered by the thought of this, but,



BERMONDSEY ABBEY.

comfortably Queen Anne or Georgian. There are some fine old doorways. One can picture the time when sea captains and wealthy merchant venturers lived in Rotherhithe, but this order has passed away and their houses have fallen



THE ANGEL, ROTHERHITHE.

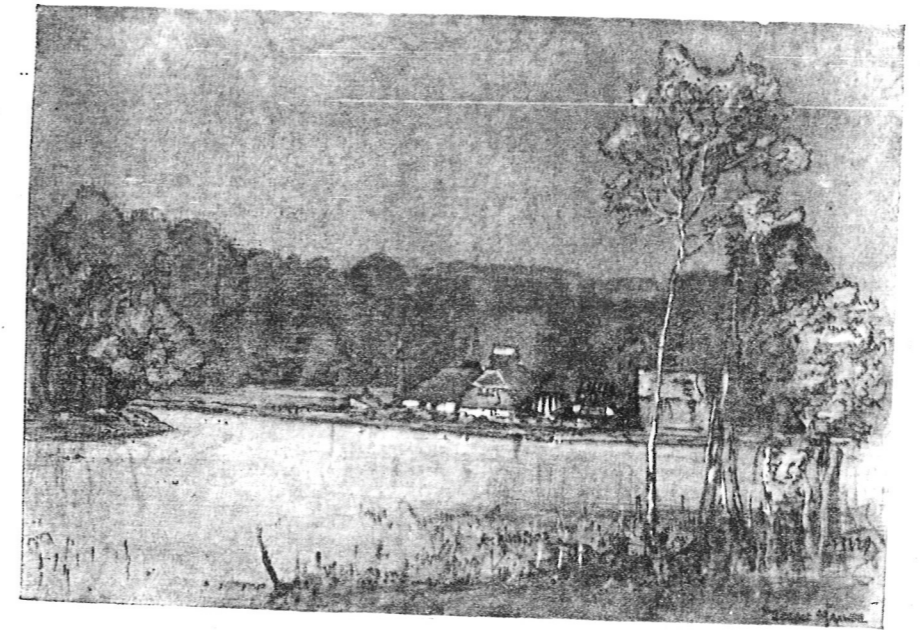
upon evil days. The balconied *Angel* still stands, half in the water at high tide, a vantage point from which to view the life of the busy river. There are some quaint, painted wooden figures outside the school house well worth seeing,

and some of the wooden buildings in the streets of Rotherhithe still retain their picturesque lines in spite of being much toned down by London's smoke.

We could not find out anything about Henry Reve in this part of the world, so pursued our inquiries in the region of Hogsmill River. Ewell was our first objective, because we did not know quite whereabouts on this stream the mills stood, and as the very beginning of Hogsmill River is a spring in Ewell, and as the infant watercourse flows merrily by the roadside of that town, we felt we should not miss much by starting at the source.

Curiously enough a friend of mine who lived near Ewell had once told me of a very old map which he had found with "site of powder-mills" marked upon it at this place. I believe this spot has long ago been built over, however, and we could find no clue to Henry Reve's once-removed factory.

The name of the stream is taken from *some* mill, however, and I should like to know who was the Hog who built a mill thereon. An antiquary of Kingston told me that the name came from Og, the Saxon. I had always thought the water-mill came with the Normans, and that it was not until after the Conquest that water-mills were set up in England. If I had been left to give a wild guess, all by myself, I should have plumped for Hogge and linked it up with the maker of the first bombs. Ralf Hogge cast the first cannon in Buxted in Sussex, and together with William Bawd, a Frenchman, invented the explosive projectile "which

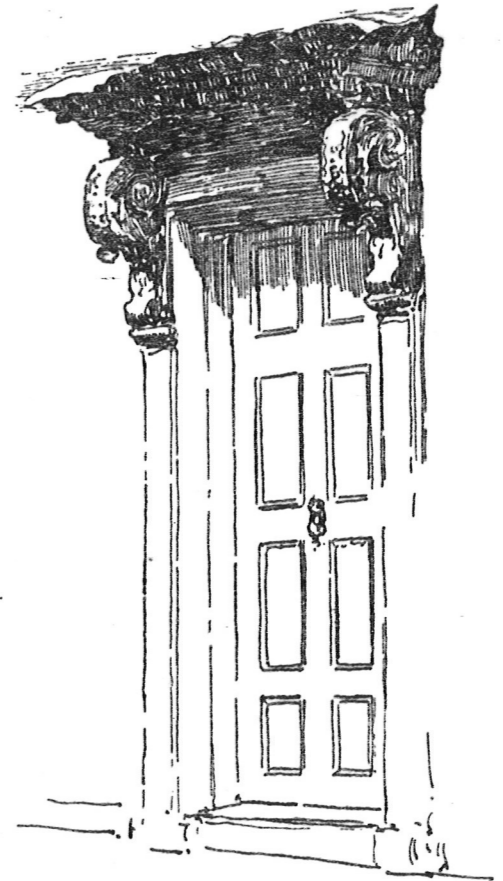


A BURN MILL AT GOSSTONE.

would kill or spoil a man" who was unfortunate enough to be hit by it. His family had extensive ordnance works, and it would seem a likely thing that some lucrative branch of the ordnance business and a logical sequence to it would be the making of gunpowder. This is the most baseless guesswork, and I have no evidence whatever that Hogsmill River was ever so-called because of Hogge's Mill for the making of explosives.

In the course of our detective-like inquiries concerning powder-mills, we found much to delight us in the neighbourhood of Ewell.

The most interesting bit of all in some ways, although it is nothing to look at, is a fragment of the banqueting-hall of the Great Palace that Henry VIII. began to build in 1538. It was intended to be the most wonderful



AN OLD DOORWAY IN ROTHERHITHE.

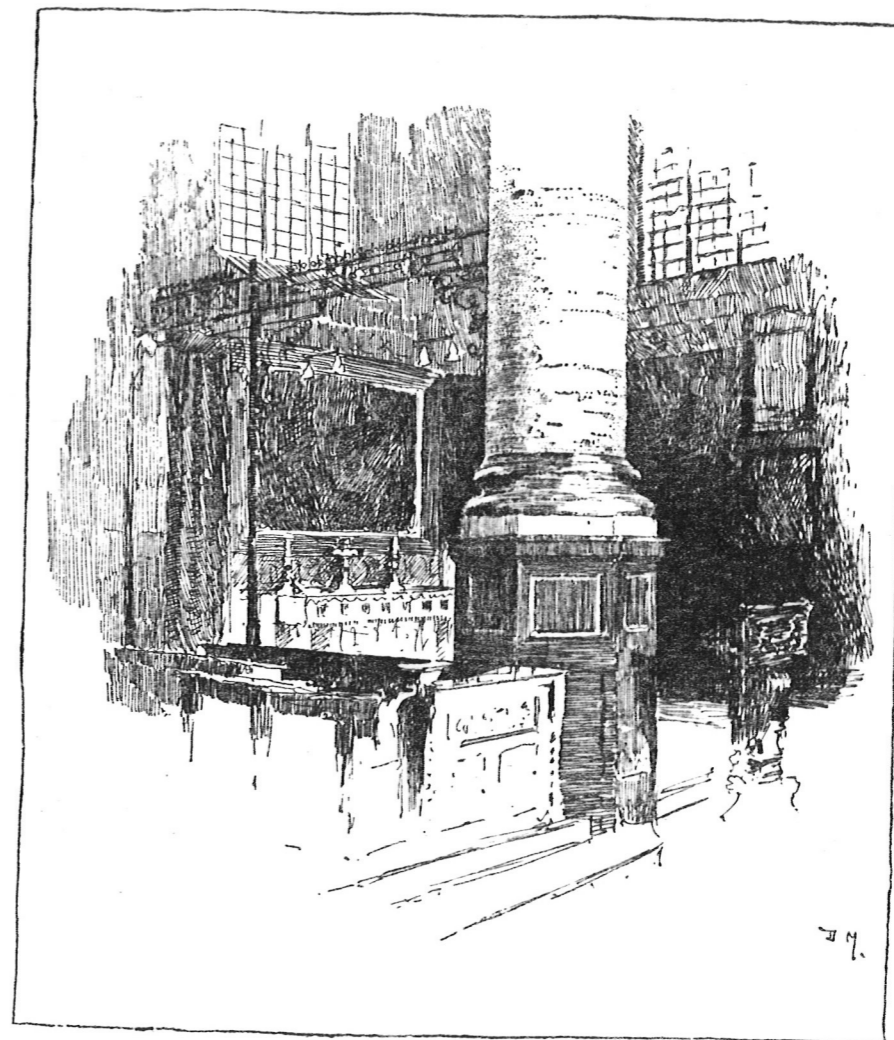
palace in the world, and was consequently named Nonsuch Palace. Henry died before it was finished, but Mary sold it to the Earl of Arundel, who completed the work. Queen Elizabeth acquired it later, and it became a Royal Palace again, and in the reign of Charles II. became the Exchequer after the Fire of London.

Pepys describes it in his diary :

"A very noble house and a delicate park about it where just now there was a doe killed for the King, to carry up to the Court."

Another picture of this place in 1666 is given by John Evelyn.

"January. I supp'd in None-such House, whither the office of the Exchequer was transferr'd during the plague, at my good friend Mr. Packer's, and took an exact view of the plaster statues and bass relievos inserted 'twixt the timbers and punchions of the outside walles of the Court; which must needs have ben the work of some celebrated Italian. I much admir'd how it had lasted so well and entire since the time of Hen. VIII. expos'd as they are to the aire; and pittty it is they are not taken out and preserv'd in some drie place; a gallerie would become them. There are some mezzo-relievos as big as life, the storie is of the Heathen Gods, emblems, compartments, etc. The Palace consists of two courts, of which the first is of stone, castle-like, by the Lo Lumlies (of whom 'twas purchas'd), the other of timber, a Gothic fabric, but these walls incomparably beautiful. I observ'd that the appearing timber, punchions, entrelices, etc.,



IN ST. MARY'S,
ROTHERHITHE.

were all so cover'd with scales of slate, that it seem'd carv'd in the wood and painted, the slate fastened on the timber in pretty figures, that has, like a coate of armour, preserv'd it from rotting. There stands in the garden two handsome stone pyramids, and the avenue planted with rows of faire elmes, but the rest of these goodly trees, both of this and of Worcester Park adjoining, were fell'd by those destructive and avaricious rebels in the late warr which defac'd one of the stateliest seates his Majesty had."

At Old Malden there is a claimant to the honour of being an old powder-mill, but the last mill on the river, the big wooden structure not half a mile from the mouth of the Hogsmill River, where it flows into the Thames at Kingston, seemed to be the most likely.

Below this mill is a water-splash, and then comes a picturesque jumble of houses by the old bridge. The sight of this bridge, by the King's Stone, does not at once disclose the fact that it is old. From the road it appears to be modern. It is, however, a good three hundred years old, and my sketch, made from a boat in the stream below, shows more of the structure than can be seen from anywhere else.

I proposed, when I started sketching in Surrey, to include no subjects from the London area of that county. However, you will know by this time that I am always thoroughly inconsistent, and therefore at once break this resolve when it suits me. And, indeed, it were absurd to talk about Rotherhithe and show nothing pictorial. In

my search for any traces of Henry Reve's original powder-mill—and I have found nothing connected even traditionally with this—I have made many notes of old Rotherhithe. The traces of mediæval work in one of the riverside works probably have nothing to do with it, but I give them as the only traces at all, so far as I know, of any building that can have been there in the time of this first gunpowder factory.

The old doorways and quaint corners are worth recording, and the solid and "comfortable" interior of St. Mary's Church is a cameo of Rotherhithe in days gone by.

At Godstone, under the enthusiastic dictatorship of Brown, I found much to employ my sketch-book. The old White Hart alone is worth a visit. This ancient inn, built in the reign of Richard II., is still in its prime, and the green with its pond lies in front of it. We sought out the oldest inhabitants of the village in the public bar, and Brown tried to interest them in the subject of the history of gunpowder manufacture.

"These old chaps will know all the old traditions and stories about the days of George Evelyn," he said with confidence, "and then we can go—or you can—and sketch the remains of the works."

I fear that Brown was a little optimistic, however. They had never heard of any mills making gunpowder, but they could tell us all they knew about the mills around Godstone. This took a long time, and led to the consumption of prodigious quantities of beer, and ended in producing



Thomas Maxwell

THE OLD BRIDGE
OVER HOGSMILL RIVER,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

an extraordinarily small amount of information on the subject of mills. However, we started off on the clues supplied and determined to follow them up.

The first mill on the list had been burnt down. I have sketched the site (facing page 66) and the old mill-house below the dam, a very pleasant spot, but we could deduce no evidence of gunpowder. This mill was, nevertheless, upon the site of an older one which may have been one of the original mills of George Evelyn. We had only three possible mills or sites of mills upon our list. It is possible, therefore, that *all* of them were upon the sites of the old powder-mills. Returning by another path across the fields, we arrived back in the village again, and in making further inquiries at the White Hart, came across something else which, although nothing to do with gunpowder, proved to be exceedingly interesting. This was no less than a copy of a newspaper of 1752, *The General Evening Post*. No rivalry to Karlsbad or Harrogate is conjured up now by the name of *Godstone*, yet in those days of the mid-eighteenth century important claims were made for the medicinal waters of Godstone, as the following extract will show.

“IRON PEAR-TREE WATER.

“The Proprietors of this New Well having lately been called upon in an extraordinary Manner, they could not, in Justice to the Public and themselves, any longer refrain vindicating their Property, and make known to the World

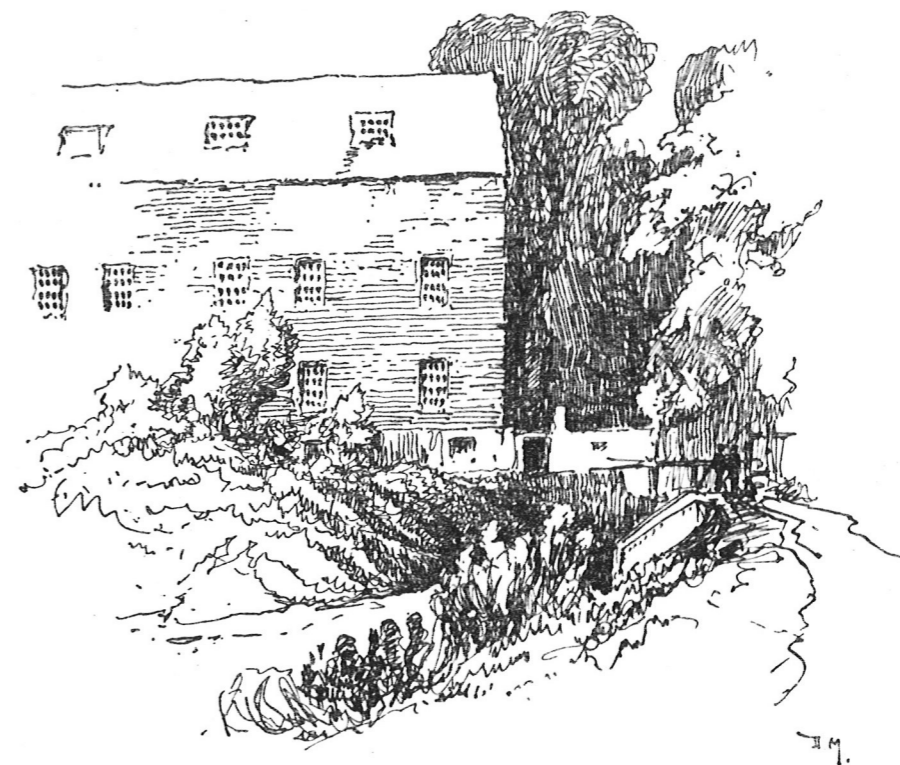
the superior Qualities of this, the genuine Medicinal Water, rising from their New Well, from the groundless Insinuations of a puffing Proprietor of another Well, set forth in a Parade of Queries published in certain Daily Papers.

"The Proprietor of the New Well, after they had suffered great Injuries from the Pretenders to the only true Spring, have at length effectually repelled the Attacks of their Envy against this New Well, which by its Situation, and the Methods lately taken, they have defended from any impure Mixture.

"For as they have employed the same Person to dig this New Well who dug that called the *Old Well*, and having taken indefatigable Pains to trace the Stream of Medicinal Waters, they find it not only to come Northward, but that they have hit upon the Bed or *Stratum* where the Spring is in more strong and powerful Manner impregnated with all the salutary Properties which have render'd the *Iron Pear-Tree Water* so eminent."

Then follows further proofs of the fact that this is the *one and only* well, and advice not to be put off with any inferior substitute.

"Therefore, that the Public may be faithfully supplied with the very best Iron Pear-tree New Well Water, so vastly superior to all others of its Nature, the same will come fresh three Times a Week in two and three Gallon Stone Bottles, to Mr. Davis's, Perveyor of Water to his Majesty in *St. Albans Street*, near *St. James's Square*; at Mr. *Eyre's*



OLD MILL,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Mineral Water Warehouse at *Temple Bar*; at Mr. *Cartwright's*, Engraver, behind the *Royal Exchange*; at the *George Inn* in the Borough of Southwark, at Two Shillings per Gallon, Bottles excepted.

"And for the better accommodating Gentlemen and others who shall chuse to drink the said Waters at the Well, where Attendance will be given by William Halcomb, or at the *White Hart Inn* at *Godstone* in *Surrey*, where it will be brought fresh every Day by Henry Baldwin who may be supplied at any Time with any Quantity at Half Price, that is, 12*d.* per Gallon; the Bottles, if taken away, to be paid for at the Rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* for the three Gallon Bottle, and 2*s.* for the two Gallon Bottle; and upon the Bottle being returned the *Price* shall be repaid; And to prevent Impositions, the Bottles will be marked and sealed with this Inscription—

(HALCOMB AND BALDWIN'S IRON PEAR-TREE WATER,
THE NEW WELL).

"N.B.—The Poor in general, who bring any Gentleman's Recommendation as being real *Objects*, shall have whatever they will drink at the Well, as often as they please, *gratis*."

There is no doubt, to-day, of the iron quality of the water of these streams. You can see it in deep rusty scars in some parts of their banks and beds. Felbridge Water, Lingfield, and Crowhurst are names historically associated with the iron-smelting industry, now extinct. In the second of these



A RELIC OF POWDER WORKS.

not tell us anything about gunpowder, but he put us on to a clue which we followed up. This was the name of two cottages lower down the valley—Bone Mill Cottages.

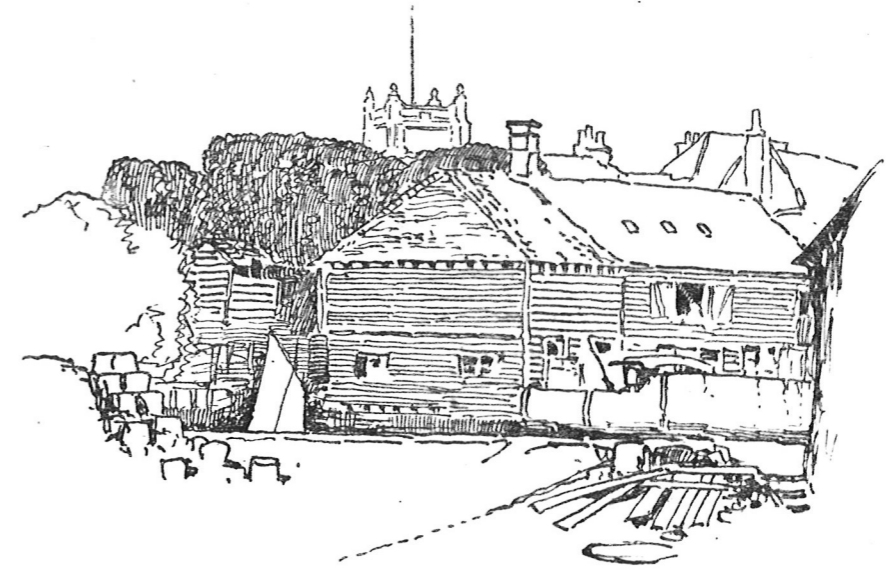
The water has now been turned into a new channel, and there is little to suggest that this was the site of a mill, but the miller assured us that tradition makes this the place of some of the old powder works. This discovery, if such guessing can be

mills of Godstone, a delightful site under the wooded hill, and reminiscent of the Black Forest, there is a little ravine below the pond, showing by its colouring the presence of the iron ore.

The mill at this part of the Eden system (sketched in these pages) is still working. The jolly miller could



HOGSMILL RIVER.

BY THE SIDE OF HOGSMILL RIVER,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

called a discovery, ended our studies of gunpowder at Godstone.

I have looked up a note here from Cobbett to see if the Godstone of to-day and of a century ago are very different, and it seems that there is still a good family likeness. This passage is from *Rural Rides*, January 8, 1822.

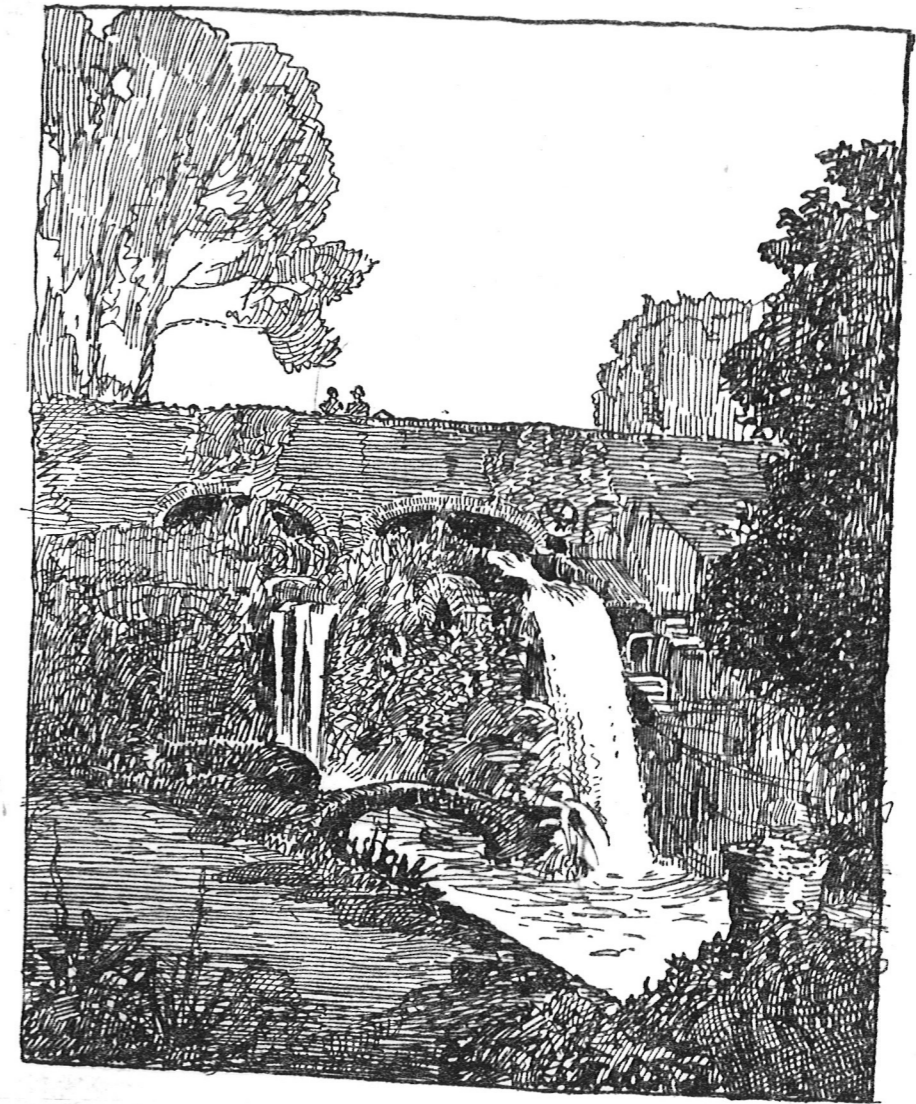
"Godstone, which is in Surrey also, is a beautiful village, chiefly of one street with a fine large green before it, and with a pond in the green. A little way to the right (going from London) lies the vile rotten Borough of *Bletchingly*; but happily for Godstone out of sight. At and near Godstone the gardens are very neat, and at the Inn there is a nice garden well stocked with beautiful flowers in the season. I here saw, last summer, some double violets as large as small pinks, and the lady of the house was kind enough to give me some of the roots. From Godstone you go up a long hill of clay and sand, and then descend into a level country of stiff loam at top, clay at bottom, cornfields, pastures, broad hedge-rows, coppices, and oak woods, which country continues till you quit Surrey about two miles before you reach East Grinstead. The woods and coppices are very fine here. It is the genuine *oak-soil*; a bottom of yellow clay to any depth, I dare say, that man can go. No moss on the oaks. No dead tops. Straight as larches. The bark of the young trees with dark spots in it; sure sign of free growth and great depth of clay beneath."

On the way to Chilworth, which was the next place on our list, Brown kept me up to the scratch by reading out

extracts from various works on gunpowder. He only informed me to the extent of claiming the Chinese as the inventors of gunpowder an immense time ago. A German monk, Berthold Schwartz, and Roger Bacon are also credited by various writers with its discovery. The first production of gunpowder in England was about the middle of the twelfth century, and according to one writer, although this statement runs counter to Brown's assertion that gunpowder was made only in Surrey, works on a large scale were started at Faversham in the reign of Elizabeth.

The following is from *The New Gresham Encyclopedia*, and gives in a compact form an excellent account of the nature of gunpowder and the requirements in its manufacture.

"The constituents of the 'gunpowder' explosives are generally not explosive alone, but only when mixed. A 'gunpowder' mixture contains carbon or carbonaceous matter like wood-meal, hydrocarbonates, starches, and sugars, etc., which burn owing to the presence of highly oxygenated substances like peroxides, chlorates and perchlorates, nitrates, permanganates, chromates and dichromates, all of which convey the necessary oxygen. In addition, there usually is present some very easily ignited substance like sulphur or sulphides, or phosphorus or phosphides, etc. As compared with other explosives, gunpowder or blackpowder has certain advantages. It is cheap, easily ignited, insensitive to shock, and stable at moderately high temperatures; it burns regularly, and its residue is non-corrosive. But it is weak in power and produces much smoke. It is excellent for



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF A
WATERMILL AT CHILWORTH.

armour-piercing shell and for rings of time-fuses. Gunpowder made in different countries varies in composition, but for rifle, cannon, and sporting powders it usually contains 74 to 75 parts of saltpetre, 9 to 14 parts of sulphur, 12 to 16 parts of charcoal. For blasting powders less saltpetre and more charcoal is used. Charcoal is made by the carbonization of wood. In England dogwood, alder, and willow woods are used; in Germany alder and willow are used; in France, black alder and also white alder, poplar, aspen, birch, and hazel; in Switzerland, hazel wood; in Spain, oleander, yew, willow, hemp stems, and vine; in Italy, hemp stems. The wood is generally carbonized in iron retorts. The product is allowed to cool out of contact with air, else it may inflame. Wood burnt for ordnance powders gives a yield of 20 to 30 per cent. charcoal; that for small arms gives a yield of 40 per cent. The charcoal contains from 68 to 85 per cent. carbon, from 2.8 to 3.7 per cent. hydrogen, from 12 to 27 per cent. oxygen, and may have up to 5 per cent. ash. The saltpetre is found naturally in Chile, India, and in other countries, and is refined by crystallization from water. It is a colourless, crystalline solid. Sulphur, a pale yellow solid, melting-point 113°C ., boiling-point, 444.5°C ., is found in nature and is refined to a purity of 99.5 per cent. and over. It has a low ignition temperature of 261°C ., and makes the powder burn more readily. Under the pressure of the press and the incorporating mill it flows and cements the minute particles of charcoal and saltpetre together. The three ingredients are ground, mixed, sieved, incorporated or mixed in drums or mills,

broken down, and then pressed, corned or granulated, and glazed. Cannon powders receive an addition of graphite to reduce the rate of burning. The powder is then dried in a store, finished in a reel to get rid of the last traces of dust, and blended."

After this and much more that Brown had supplied, we were evidently equipped with nearly sufficient knowledge to set up a powder works. It is interesting to note that the



COTTAGES, GODSTONE.



HEDGE COURT LAKE, FROM THE LOWER END.

wood for charcoal, principally willow and alder, must always have been present in unlimited quantities along the meadows that skirt the river-banks in the neighbourhood of these mills.

The valley of the Tillingbourne, of which I have scribbled a sketch at the heading of this chapter, is a very delightful bit of country. I have already given a picture of it according to Cobbett, and now seek out the spot to study it as it is to-day. Time brings many changes, and the shade of this old political controversialist, if it haunts these rural spots, must now be contented and at rest, for mills neither manufacturing

gunpowder nor bank-note paper now disturb the happy valley. The cordite factory, worked until after the war, has become half a chicken farm and half a ruin. The paper-mill, which turned out, according to Cobbett, the means of lowering the honour and credit of England, is now, all that is left of it, a picturesque waterfall in a delightful garden. The general effect of this I have shown on page 85. It does not do justice to the really beautiful effect, partly because the colouring is so telling, where the old red brick is festooned with climbing weeds, and partly because (between you and me and the gate post) it is a rotten sketch. However, this is a busy day, and I have not time to think it all out again; and there is always the danger of doing a still worse one, so this will have to do. Besides, an artist's life is always full of the unexpected. I once did a drawing that I thought so thoroughly bad in every way that I was hesitating whether to destroy it or not, when a friend came in. He began by making what he really thought was a compliment, but which was rather a backhanded one at the best.

"I say, Maxwell," he said, "I like prowling round your studio. I don't know anything about art and always choose the worst things, and I suppose my taste is hopelessly bad, *but I do like your pictures!*"

He then went on to say that he considered this particular sketch the finest example of my work, which he rated far above Turner, Giorgione, and Velasquez, and promptly offered to *buy it* at any price I liked to name. I should like to be able to say that I struck an attitude similar to that of Ajax

defying the lightning, tore the sketch into shreds, and rebuked him for his execrable taste. As a matter of fact, I fell. I let the wretched man buy what he thought was a great masterpiece (he probably thinks so still, or will think so till he reads this) and pocketed the money. So you see what a mercenary lot we artists are, when you get a little below the surface.

The fortunes of war and the advent of a friend in a car took us from Chilworth to East Grinstead, which, as you know, is just over the border of Sussex. However, Brown was very anxious to explore the region around Felbridge Water on account of the lost ironworks of that place. He had a particular interest in Felbridge, because probably here was made the very last attempt at keeping going the southern iron industry. When the coal of the Midlands and the North took the industry away, this ironmaster continued to run his mills on imported coal. To this day there is plenty of iron in the neighbourhood, the question of profit is simply one of fuel.

We found Felbridge Water on the map, and there was another lake on the other side (west) of the road from East Grinstead to Lingfield. "That," said Brown, indicating the ponds and stream of the infant Eden on the map, "is as plain as a pikestaff. The upper water, Hedgecourt Lake, is evidently the power for the furnace, and the lower one, Felbridge Water, is the power for the forge."

To bear this out, we found that at the outfall of Hedgecourt Lake was a ruined mill, but we could find no evidence

from local hearsay as to what this mill had been used for. At the outfall of the lower lake stands Wire Mill, a place definitely known to have been used for ironworks. It is now making electric light with a turbine, and tradition asserts that this mill turned out nails for use in building St. Paul's Cathedral. This is interesting, and links it with Lamberhurst, where the iron balustrade round the cathedral was cast. Woodcock Hill is known on the lake-side as Woodcock Hammer, bearing out that this lower water was once a hammer pond, and there is a Furnace Wood near the upper end of the waters of Hedgecourt Lake.



HEDGE COURT LAKE.