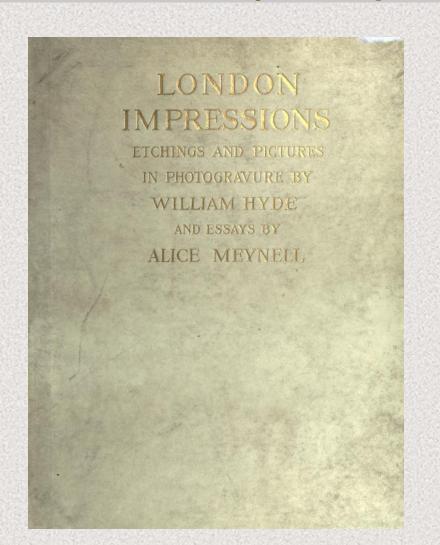
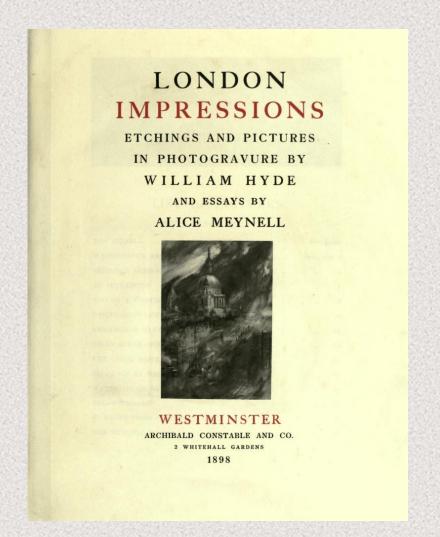




London Impressions (Constable, 1898)

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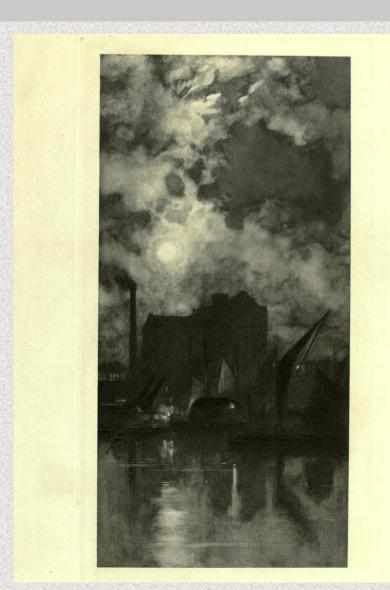




London Impressions 'Waterloo Bridge' (facing p. 20)

'Below Bridge' (facing p. 22)





Alice Meynell and William Hyde London Impressions (Constable, 1898) 'Terrible London' (facing p. 4)



Ford Madox Ford and William Hyde *The Cinque Ports,* 'Rye: Historic' (facing p. 92)

Swan Electric Engraving Company



HASTINGS AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Pevensey by a precarious path on the slope of the railway embankment. Just before again reaching a hard road, one comes upon a pleasant solitary congregation of huts and cottages at the sluice into which drains Pevensey Marsh. The cottages stand mostly on the shingle at the bottom of a little bay. They are protected from the southern gales by a sandbank out in the open. The remains of a submerged forest, too, act in some



sort as a breakwater. Thus the waves add to the beach immediately in front of the cottages. A few yards farther on, outside the shelter

PEVENSEY VILLAG

of the bank, the process is just the opposite. Whilst the other day I was sheltering from the sun in a smacksman's cottage, I heard from the fisherman's wife the stirring tale of damages done by the last storm. An inhabited martello tower and an inhabited cottage were clean washed away, she said.

"Th' owd chap as wer' in the tower wou'd na coom eawt twell hoo wer' welly drooned."

She spoke good broad Lancashire, very refreshing to hear. She had married the Pevensey man, her husband, and had come to this desolate

no vivi Daliscent





ST CLEMENT'S, SANDWICH.

CHAPTER XIV.

SANDWICH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Sandwich is richer in early historical associations than any of the Cinque Ports—richer even than Dover, though the rôle it played in the development of the nation was not so large. It was not so national a port, had not so national a history; but such as it is, its history seems more personal, quainter, more pathetic. Winchelsea is perhaps the more desirable place to-day—is the more sympathetic; but its sudden flare of glory, its arrogance, its swift decay make it less pleasant, historically speaking. But, save for these two, the Ports can show nothing to compare with the silent town among the sand-dunes. Its history, too, is clearer, sharper cut, than that of any of the others. There is little doubt about its origins, its vicissitudes, its growths, and its decays. It stands out clearly—distant enough, minute enough, but very clear.

To begin with, there is no doubt whatever that the Romans never were in Sandwich. That perhaps accounts for its pleasantness. It was a place that meant nothing to that gross horde of materialists. Cæsar, we are told, landed within its liberties. I have already touched upon



"It was to be a piece of literature pure and simple, an attempt, by means of suggestion, to interpret to the passing years the inward message of the Five Ports" (v-vi)

Aiming "not at accuracy but at suggestiveness" (vi)

Rescuing "impressions [that] are beginning to grow a bit dim" (Memories and Impressions: A Study in Atmospheres, 1911, xii)

Comparing them with his "impressions of the world as it is at the present day"

"This book, in short, is full of inaccuracies as to facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute" (xviii)

"As it is, we have to be thankful to them for making us what we are, for making us not cosmopolitan, but nothing better and nothing worse than good Englishmen" (20)

"I have attempted as carefully to trace the decline of the Ports as to declare how, again and again, in the days of their flourishing they saved England, served England, suffered for England" (viii)



"for an invader to be successful it has always been essential that he should hold this tract of land in the south-eastern corner of England" (2)

Rosenquist, Rod. "A Transatlantic 'Field of stars': Redrawing the borders of English literature in the late nineteenth century". *Critical Survey* 27:3 (2015): 110.

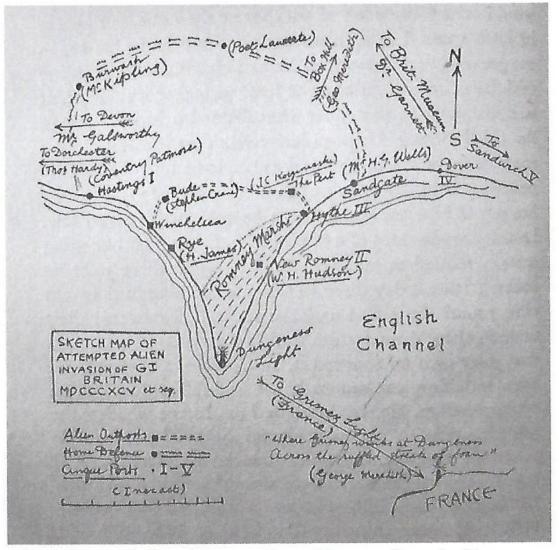


Figure 1 Ford's Hand-Drawn Map of Romney from the First Edition of Return to Yesterday (London: Gollancz, 1931)

"What glory [Hastings] had in times before us the sea gave; what the sea gave the sea took away. There seems to have been, at different times, three towns of Hastings—four perhaps, if we include the modern line of bricks. The sea little by little ate away the front lines of each town, the houses, as it were, falling in behind the new front." (22)

"[Seaford] had, like all the other ports, to undergo the assaults of the French and the sea, and has finally become a watering-place." (33)

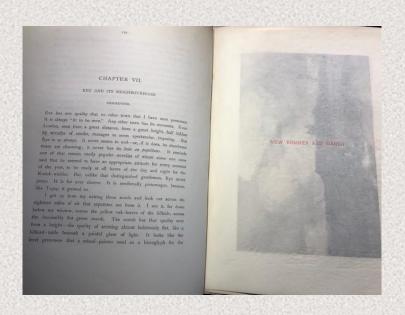
'Rye' (facing p. 92)



"I have attempted, as it were, to wade at each step a little deeper into the sea" (ix)

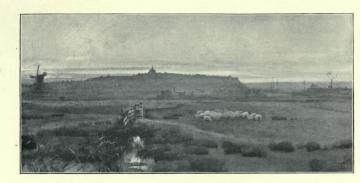
"On the full flood of that tide they made, as it were, a splash whose incidental ripples, ringing now very remote from the original disturbance, are still faintly discernible to those that seek them" (ix)

"the sea's recessional was the death-hymn of [Winchelsea's] the town's greatness" (87)





"I get up from my writing these words and look out across the eighteen miles of air that separate me from [Rye]" (110)



RYE FROM THE MARSHES.

"Impressionism exists to render those queer effects of real life that are like so many views seen through bright glass – through glass so bright that whilst you perceive through it a landscape or a backyard, you are aware that, on its surface, it reflects the face of a person behind you" ("On Impressionism", 1914)

"But all these things are behind us. Of the things that remain it suffices to say that these too shall pass away and be reckoned." (59)

"The main road [from Bexhill] to Pevensey ran along the sea-shore; but a summer storm, a few days before the moment of writing, entirely washed away all traces of some miles of that highway. Thus the unwary, wandering, unprepared traveller finds himself suddenly confronted by the territory of the sea itself." (48)

'Rye' upside-down (facing p. 92)



'Dymchurch and Sea-Wall' (facing p. 180)

Between the sea and the « lotus-eating land » (88)



DYMCHURCH AND SEA-WALL.

'Romney Marsh near Lympne' (facing p. 123)



Alice Meynell and William Hyde London Impressions (1898), 'Terrible London' (facing p. 4)



London Impressions 'The Nerves of London' (6)

THE EFFECT OF LONDON

It is no wonder if the painters of London are somewhat eager for the help of smoke. A simple glance at the streets—and the glance that would appreciate so mingled a sight as that of London must be simple—shows you that the detail of our streets is



The Nerves of London.

the closest detail in the world. Nowhere else do the houses, the carriages, and the people, all alike, wear the minute spots of hard colour that make a London street by bright daylight look so sharp and small. In cities abroad, for instance, you find some blank spaces of wall on the fronts of the houses, narrow spaces in the north, but wider and wider as you go south. In other cities is here and there a closing of the eyelids with a smoothing of the faces of the streets; here alone the unshuttered windows are set close together; the street glances and chatters with the false vivacity of these perpetual windows. Shops and windows run into rows all but touching one another, or what interval there might have been betwixt is, by the care of architects, in some manner harassed and beset.

Add to this the black garments of the crowd, which make every man conspicuous in the light, and the abrupt and minute patches of white—exceedingly pure white of sharp shapes and angles—scattered throughout the drifting and intercrossing multitude. The white of a footman's shirt, the white of the collars of innumerable men, the white letters of advertisements, the white of the label at the back of cabs and hansoms, and many and many another little square, triangle, and line of white, are visible to the utmost distances. They have an emphasis that is never softened; nothing,

"a picture must come out of its frame and seize the spectator" ("On Impressionism", 1914)

thank you!