Who ever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
And love's a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster that were grown
Faced like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileness, the application,
The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free,
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature, use, the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they are not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be, and find one, wise and good?
May barren angels love so. But if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she,
As beauty's not, nor wealth. He that strays thus
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there.
He's an infernal god and under ground
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
Men to such gods, their sacrificing coals
Did not in altars lay, but pits and holes.
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words and heart
And virtues; but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they stray, that set out at the face!
The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles;
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwrecks us again;
Smooth, 'tis a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.
The nose like to the first meridian runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere

On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
(Not faint Canary, but ambrosial)
Her swelling lips; to which when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all: there sirens' songs, and there
Wise Delphic oracles do fill the ear;
There in a creek where chosen pearls do swell,
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These, and the glorious promontory, her chin
O'erpast; and the straight Hellespont between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers, but two loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scattered there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay;
Though thence the current be thy pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embayed,
Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwreck and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chase
Misspent by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below, practise my art,
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.
Civility, we see, refined the kiss
Which at the face begun, transplanted is
Since to the hand, since to the imperial knee,
Now at the papal foot delights to be.

If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too;
For as free spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
If at beauty's elements he stay.
Rich nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid;
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks, must go.

He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by clyster gave the stomach meat.
What is the Ordnance Survey? how and when did it originate? what are the objects it
subserves? by whom and in what manner is it executed? and who pays for it? By many it may
be thought that to ask such questions at such a time as this in the history and progress of the
National Survey of the United Kingdom is to imply a want of knowledge of what is going on
around us altogether exceptional, and derogatory to the intelligence, or, let us say, to the most
ordinary powers of observation, of the average reader. For, undoubtedly, there must be few
among those resident in our islands, whether dwellers in town or country, to whom the sight
of the ubiquitous Survey sapper and his belongings has not long ceased to be novelty. His
station-piles have been visible for years past on all the principal mountain-summits and hill-
ranges throughout the country. Scarcely a rustic bumpkin but has gazed, and then speedily
forgotten his astonishment, at the network of cross-headed poles which have sprung up in
every locality, on ridges and knolls, downs and uplands, river-banks and sea-beaches,
marking in succession the advance of the Ordnance Survey. The Government camping-tents
and observatories have been pitched, here in a valley alongside some sheltered farmstead,
there far away in the mist surmounting a rugged peak, or tied down with stays and guy-ropes
to some scanty ledge hard by. The traveller along our highways must perforce, if he were not
purlblind, have constantly set eyes upon our altitude-marks, graven as they are along the
roadsides on walls, buildings, bridges, gate-pillars, and even on the milestones. In the towns
and villages the State theodolite, encased with scaffolding, has been seen perched upon the
pinnacles of church steeples, on towers, domes, and monuments; or, again, in flat wooded
districts oftentimes mounted on lofty portable stages to overtop the foliage. In a very short
time the measuring chain will have been dragged through every county, parish, township,
hamlet, and demesne throughout the land, and all the topographical features of the country,
as well natural as artificial—hill and vale, river and rivulet, roads, railways, plantations, fences,
buildings of every sort or size, and the like, down to such minutiae as wells, pumps, and
isolated trees in fields or hedgerows, or in towns even to the pillar post-boxes and lampposts
along the streets—will, in exhaustive detail and with extraordinary accuracy, have been
searched out and represented on the national maps.

Nevertheless, if we except certain among professional men, as civil engineers, architects,
surveyors, and others, more immediately concerned with these maps, it is the fact that to the
public generally their uses and value are not at all adequately known. Nay, it must be
questioned if the class of gentlemen just named are those most likely to appreciate the
collateral merits of our various Ordnance publications. The popular and utilitarian idea of a
Government map may no doubt be a fairly correct one, as far as it goes. It will be something
with which to find one’s way about, or it will help us to lay out a project for a road, railway, or
manufactory, gas, drainage, and water mains, telegraph lines, and so forth. But it would be
altogether a mistake to suppose that these objects exhaust the information to be derived from
the cartographic prints of the Cadastral Survey. The geographer, the orologist, and even the
student in geology, will find in them much to instruct and interest. To the archæologist and
the researcher in topographic philology, they are indispensable records, as being in a measure
epithomes of the past history of the entire country, not an ancient place-name or object of
antiquity escaping them. While, as for geodesy, the votaries of that science must ever
acknowledge with gratitude their abiding obligations for that great completed work, the
Principal Triangulation of the United Kingdom—the magnificent basis upon which the
accuracy of the whole Survey rests—which has been worked out with marvellous toil, skill,
and assiduity for the best part of a century past; which has involved problems of the nicest calculation, both mathematical and astronomical; has enabled us to measure with extreme exactitude meridional and longitudinal arcs, whereby approximately to ascertain the true figure of the earth; which has linked the entire series of surveyed areas covering our islands into one homogeneous piece of mensuration, fixing in true relative position points over a hundred miles apart equally as the four corners of a house or any other object represented on the map, and at the same time, by a chain of triangles carried across the English Channel, connecting British with Continental geography in a scientific manner that will defy criticism to all time.

Nor can it be said that much has been contributed to current literature respecting the National Survey. I know only of two notices which have appeared in the periodicals of the day; one in a well-known quarterly, some three-and-twenty years ago—the other an excellent account, as far as it goes, by an ex-Survey officer, reprinted in 1873. There is, to be sure, the Director-General's annual report to Parliament, in the form of a blue-book, giving a résumé of the progress of our work from year to year; but this necessarily deals mainly with statistical information. The Department has also published several important volumes treating in detail of the various technical methods and processes adopted in its operations. And there are a large number of reports of parliamentary committees, minutes of evidence, &c., bearing upon matters connected with the Survey, which have been debated from time to time. But obviously, for the most part, these official treatises are not accessible to the general public, nor, if they were, could they be digested without a formidable amount of labour that no ordinary reader could be expected to undertake.

I propose, then, to attempt in these pages a brief sketch, with the object of bringing to light a few of the more salient points touching the early history, organisation, work, and gradual development of the Ordnance Survey, an institution embodying what is undeniably the most perfect and elaborate mapping machinery in the world, and which has evoked from foreign experts the unique encomium—"L'Ordnance Survey, œuvre sans précédent et qui devrait servir de modèle à toutes les nations civilisées."1

Document C
James Walker Tucker, *Hiking*, 1936
Tempera on wood, 51.2 x 60.3 cm
Laing Art Gallery