

time, is now discredited. Therefore the following is probably bad science, but is possibly still good poetry:

What childhood memories can persevere
Through all the generation of the body's change
From cell to cell transmitted in the brain
Unaltered?

What process beyond the will,
What sea-change in the mind so warps
The image of a long-lost time
That every rod and cone of the mind's eye can cry
"I have you not but yet I see you still
Unaltered"?

What insubstantial blade can kill
More surely than this slow distortion of the past?
We are not what we were:
Not even recollections last
Unaltered.

RESTORING ROCQUE

January 24, 2000

Keith Stewart

Part I: Map

The whole story, like Tristram Shandy's, begins long ago; my own small part begins in the late nineteen fifties. My wife and I were in England for the year, living in Kensington while I worked at the then Library of the British Museum. The dollar was strong, the pound was weak, prices seemed relatively modest, and even though we had three very small children with us, we lived on a grant approximately the equivalent of my instructor's salary at least as well as we have since on a professorial one. On weekdays I remained generally faithful to my trade, but on evenings and weekends we regaled ourselves with the kinds of riches

which the great city and its country had to offer. It was a wonderful year.

I had got into the unsurprising habit of wandering about during my pub lunch breaks, looking especially into used bookshops, of which there seem to have been more forty years ago than there are now. I am interested in the eighteenth century, I had developed an affection for London, and among other things, I was likely to ask for eighteenth-century books or maps of the 18th-century city. I had some luck, of course, but the map which gives my paper its title was one that turned up in Oxford. I had gone there for a week to check on some material in the Bodleian Library, and to see Oxford in April.

After several days my wife joined me, and on our last afternoon we happened upon Saunders' bookshop (which I believe no longer exists), where I asked my usual questions. Did the bookseller have any eighteenth-century maps of London? Well, yes-hesitantly. There was one from an estate near Oxford, but it was "rather large." It was in the back storage room. Yes, I could see it. So back we went, and large it was indeed. Now that I have been over every one of its thousands of square inches, I know. But I am getting ahead of myself. It was thirteen feet wide, good heavy paper mounted on what looked like, and probably is, coarsely woven linen, and rolled upon a wooden roller with raw ends where there presumably had been finials. He unrolled its six-and-a-half-foot depth, and there it was-not in perfect shape, but a big, highly detailed contemporary map of what had been mid-eighteenth-century London-that is, London from approximately Hyde Park and what was then Tiburn Lane on the west, to Lime-Kiln Yard on the east, the empty fields approaching Islington on the north and a parallel of latitude running about through Lambeth Palace on the south.

Well, it was beautiful-handsomely engraved, a classically designed border around its edges, and florid baroque cartouches identifying its maker, and so forth. Only a more seriously acquisitive collector than I would ever need another such map. But how much was it? Now it is true that the pound bought more in

the Spring of 1958 than it does now, and so did the dollar. Reconstructing the transaction I recalled that the bookseller said five pounds. It remains a surprising amount, even though the dust suggested that he had the thing around for a while and might want to be rid of it. But I had misremembered. Checking in a journey which I kept of that notable year, I found that on April 25, I paid two guineas-that is, two pounds two shillings. A recent check in American Book Prices Current lists another copy which sold in 1991 for one thousand times that amount. Perhaps it was in better shape.

In any case, we bought it. But what to do with it? How get it back to London? How to the United States? And what in the world to do then except dog-ear it further by unrolling it to take an occasional fascinated look? It was a bit like falling in love with an elephant, which with the reassertion of practical realities became rather quickly transformed into an albatross which was to hang about our closets for nearly forty years. We were more ignorant then, and what we did, because we had to have it and carry it about, was what I'm reasonably certain I would not do now: We cut it in half. Thinking back in an attempt at self-exculpation, it was likely to have been the bookseller's suggestion (perhaps he was no more conservator than I at the time and in any case was pleased to find a way), for he produced a pair of good sharp scissors and what was perhaps a pruning saw; and my wife and I sat on the open stairs leading up to a loft above the back room of the shop and got to work. Actually, in the forty years between our purchase and the restoration of the map, it was perhaps the most careful thing we did with it. It had been printed on large folio sheets of the size sometimes called "imperial" - eight across and three down - and, as I said, mounted on heavy cloth. So carefully we scissored our way up between the two center sheets of each row (they had, after all, been printed separately and can occasionally be found bound as separate leaves, though the cutting still embarrasses me). We appear to have lost little or no paper in the process, and when we got to the top we cut away the narrow margin which had been attached to the rod many years before with heavy tacks by then badly rusted. And then we sawed

the rod in half with the pruning saw and rolled the whole about its two pieces. Guarding it with our lives, we rode with it in the baggage car of the London train that afternoon and treated it to a cab ride home. It came back with us to Cincinnati that August on the then Holland-American Statendam (some things were easier then), and thenceforth lived for nearly forty years in one closet or another in the two houses in Clifton which we subsequently occupied. One trouble with houses, at least of the age and size that we owned, is that their walls are likely to be broken by windows and doors, neither of which one would happily do without, but which make difficult the hanging of an eighty-four-square-foot map. And it was not until we moved several years ago into a condominium - a move about which I have written earlier - that we had a wall that could tempt us into the process of restoring our aged purchase.

Part II: History

The process of restoration itself interests me, and I shall come to that; but first I should like to consider what we had purchased and subsequently restored. The map of which we had become the pleased but somewhat puzzled owners is known formally as A Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster and Borough of Southwark, with the Contiguous Buildings, from an actual Survey taken by John Rocque, Land-Surveyor, and Engraved by John Pine. . . . John Rocque, the surveyor of the project, was, according to the Dictionary of National Biography ("Missing Persons," 1993), born in France, one of the four children of a Huguenot family which subsequently settled in Geneva and then moved to England perhaps around 1709. His known career as a publisher began in the 1730's with the appearance of plans and views of gardens, mostly around London; and from the late 1730's he developed his career as a cartographer, doing estate surveys, country maps, and town plans. Besides that of London, he published large-scale plans of Bristol, Exeter, Dublin and other cities. From 1751 he styled himself topographer or chorographer to the Prince of Wales, and from 1760 to the King. Cartographic projects were always chancy,

however, and he evidently lived on a modest scale. He died in 1762, after which his widow carried on his print-selling business.

A word about maps in general, and city maps in particular, is in order here. Their values are often complex and well beyond their practical functions of showing us where someplace is, or where we are, or how to get most directly or indirectly where we want to go by land or by sea. I understand that in Asia they are used for purposes of geomancy, that process of divination which depends upon configurations of earth. From early on maps have had their religious and political implications, as is suggested by those ancient world maps which show Jerusalem as their center. And placing a national flag upon a hitherto unknown spot of land which will thenceforth be entered upon a map, extends the political power of a country. More narrowly the elegantly engraved names of the altermen of the city of London who supported John Rocque's project - all enclosed in one of the engraver's elegant cartouches - suggest their political commitment to their communities. Self-aggrandizement must also offer a partial motive for the early maps of great estates, often with a handsomely drawn elevation of the family seat oriented amidst the careful outlines of the owner's holdings. And from early on they must have satisfied certain aesthetic demands with the beauty of early colored maps, on their handsomely designed borders and titles, and the charming, occasionally grotesque, figures which populated unknown shores and oceans in medieval maps.

Whatever their various purposes, city maps in general are very old. The earliest extant is, I understand, a town plan in a wall painting of about 6200 BC in central Turkey. There are simple plans on Mesopotamian clay tablets. And although there are apparently none from ancient Greece, surviving fragments of Roman plans suggest that those dealers in straight roads and right angles maintained a well-developed system of land surveying which was lost in Europe after the end of the western empire. In China, on the other hand, "a tradition of surveying and urban mapping continued from at least the third century B.C." into the 14th century A.D.¹

By the twelfth century in Europe the Roman tradition of measured surveying evidently reasserted itself, and by the early sixteenth century the advent of projective geometry resulted in elaborate views of western European cities. By the eighteenth century there were also several basic methods which maps of cities could follow. There is what has been called the "map-view," or "plan view," or sometimes "bird's flight view" in which some or all of the buildings are shown in elevation. On the wall of my study I have, for instance, a small (i.e., approximately 10" x 16") 1761 pocket map of London (complete with a listing of current fares for hackney coaches and ferries) which includes in its otherwise conventional map form an elevation of the Bank of England. Perhaps it is an early example of a bank's advertising by useful means. Then there is what is called the "bird's eye view" which depicts the entire landscape as seen from a high oblique angle - as one might see the city of Cincinnati from the top of the Carew Tower. There is a well-known and beautiful such map of Paris published in 1739 by Louis Bretez. But as my authority points out, the bird's-eye view relies upon perspective, so, handsome as it may be, "the scale is distorted." Finally, there is the "plan," which was what John Rocque's map of London was called. Technically an "ichnographical" plan, it shows a landscape or cityscape directly from above, with an attempt to provide correct spatial relationships among streets and buildings and to maintain a uniform scale throughout.

If John Rocque's map was hardly something entirely new, it represented the first thoroughgoing survey of London since one issued by William Morgan around 1682, with later editions into the 18th century. During the approximately fifty-six years between Morgan and Rocque, both the population and the development of real estate by enthusiastic London landowners had expanded. It is of the nature of maps to be superseded, and forty years later Rocque's would be, by a still larger map of the area by one Richard Horwood. That was published in 1799 and - like Rocque's - revised and republished, plagiarized, and reproduced in various sizes in the years that followed. Horwood's map - described as perhaps the largest ever produced in Britain - was made up of 32 engraved large folio sheets (compared with

John Rocque's 24). Rocque's map had attempted to name all existing streets, yards, and other areas, and had distinguished built-up and empty spaces, as well as showing the outlines of certain large buildings - such as St. James' Palace, the Tower, and St. Paul's. Horwood went beyond this and attempted to indicate the street numbers of individual dwellings and shops - something which the well-known Ordinance Survey maps were not to do until after the Second World War. ²

Part III: Map

Now I want to return to John Rocque's map and to the problems and process of its restoration. The map itself was, again, printed on 24 so-called imperial sheets, each approximately 27" x 19", on a scale of 26" to the mile. It thus encompasses an area of slightly more than 11,656 acres on paper approximately 13' by 6 1/2'.³ Its borders and the designs of its cartouches have been said to "owe much" to the bird's-eye view map of Paris which had been published eight years earlier by Louis Bretez. Its title appears in a large and exuberantly baroque cartouche in the bottom center. The scale of the map appears in another smaller cartouche at the bottom left with a list of abbreviations of words identifying kinds of places, such as "A." for "alley" and "Ch." for "chapel." Above that are figures of the winds and what must be a well-trained putto holding drafting instruments. At the bottom right in still another cartouche is the dedication to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen surrounded by "putti symbolizing commerce, liberty," and other characteristics of the growing metropolis, with the Aldermen keyed to their parishes by numbers which are rather difficult to find if one is looking for them amidst the maze of streets and buildings on

the map itself. Place names themselves are admirably clear throughout the map.

The title announces that the survey was begun in March of 1737 and published in October of 1746, though in fact it was not advertised for sale until June of 1747, and 1746 is perhaps when proofs were presented to the Court of Aldermen of London, who had agreed to support the project and in 1746 ordered a gift of £50 made to the mapmakers. According to the major bibliography of maps of London, a second draft edition of Rocque's plan was published in 1761. Our own copy is not dated, but it looks to be an earlier one of what are at least two states of the map published sometime between 1746 and 1761. The aforementioned bibliography hazards "ca. 1749," and this is probably about right. How does one know? Primarily because our undated map shows a new great house built for Lord Chesterfield which is known to have been completed in 1749 in an area being developed between Hyde Park and Berkeley Square and which does not appear in the first edition of 1746. But ours does not show the names of nearby streets which do appear in at least one other undated - and presumably later - copy which I have seen. All these details are, of course, included on the dated second edition of 1761. Again, it is the nature of a map to be superseded.

Rocque and his engraver John Pyne enrolled subscribers for one guinea, and two more guineas to be paid on delivery of the map. When they issued their proposals, in 1739 or 1740, sensibly they had already obtained the verbal support of the Corporation of London. The stated intention was to finish the survey by September of 1740, "immediately after which [their proposal states] the Engraving will be put in Hand, and finished with all possible Expedition" (Hyde, iv). As it turned out, the printed map was not available until nearly seven years later.

Rocque's Proposals called for "A New, Accurate, and Comprehensive Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster, and Borough of Southwark." But how does an eighteenth-century mapmaker proceed to survey the more than 11,000 acres of the largest city in the country? As the original Proposals claimed.

The Method follow'd in making this Survey has been, by ascertaining the Position and Bearings of the churches and other remarkable Buildings, by Trigonometrical and other Observations from the Tops of Steeples, Towers, and other Places, whence such Buildings are visible; by taking the Angles at the Corners of Streets, &c. with proper Instruments, and measuring the Distances by the Chain: And by comparing, from Time to Time, the Position of Places, found by this last Method, with the general Observations before-mentioned, so as to correct the one by the other.

We know that Rocque took bearings with a theodolite provided by a "a noted instrument maker," and one presumes that the "chain" with which streets were measured was the 66-foot-long surveyor's chain (or Gunter's chain). And we know that two Fellows of the Royal Society on at least one occasion accompanied the surveyors and declared themselves sufficiently satisfied to recommend the forthcoming map "as a Work of great Use, likely to be performed with Judgement and Exactness, and well deserving encouragement" (Hyde, p. vi). When a second set of Proposals was printed several months before the map appeared, proofs were hung up in the proprietors' print shops where "the Curious" were invited to point out any evident errors so that corrections could be made. And as a final step "'proper persons' were sent to every corner of London carrying sheets of the map and making sure that the topography depicted. . . corresponded with reality" (Hyde, p. vii). It looks as though John Rocque and company had tried their best to provide what would be for some fifty years the most exact map available of the great city.

So this was what my wife and I found ourselves pleasantly if so far pretty uselessly encumbered with. That we have put it into aesthetically and geographically useful shape is mainly the result of three initially unrelated occurrences. First we moved and finally had a windowless, doorless wall large enough to take the thing. Then several years ago I took a course in book conservation offered by the Library Guild - now called the Friends of the University of Cincinnati Libraries - with instruction

from the expert but now retired (and unhappily not replaced) University Conservator, Virginia Wisniewski. During ten weeks our small class (of which the late Sam Pogue was also a member) learned the rudiments of putting damaged or severely fatigued books into usable shape. I like books, I liked the materials, and I have long enjoyed doing something with my hands which I might in the end look upon as having been well done. So I have stayed on at the University as a volunteer doing what in a large collection is an endless task. By this time I have become sufficiently experienced to work a good deal with volummes from Special Collections - generally books printed any time from the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries. Our map is not a book (though some copies of it have been bound as books), but it is made of paper, and what I knew about cleaning and patching and pasting eighteenth-century paper emboldened me to think that my wife and I might tackle the project ourselves. Finally, a third occurrence pushed us into action. Sometime in the fall of 1995 a friend of my wife who had seen the map and knew of our interest in hanging it up on our newly-acquired wall, asked how the restoration was coming along. My wife had to confess that we had done nothing whatsoever. "Well," said our friend, "you'll never do it." Any redblooded American, would pick up that gauntlet. And so we turned to.

But that sounds too easy. Whatever red blood we might be willing to expend in the project, it is no doubt that we had not got down to the business simply because it was too damned big. To what does one turn when one turns to the needs of eighty-four and a half square feet of dusty, grimy, at times downright dirty, eighteenth-century paper, so severely torn at spots as to need substantial repair? How does one restore it to some semblance of its original handsome state? And even if we were to go at it, where would we start? And where, in our roomy but still limited apartment could we work? Happily enough, because of our earlier disregard for historical objects, we needed to work on only half the map at a time, and the realistic friend who stopped our shilly-shallying had a collapsible eight-foot table to loan us. That removed one convenient obstacle, though the table disappeared for her observance of family holidays. Even more

fortunately, we had the guidance of the Conservator of the University Libraries, who led us to the Paper Conservator at the Cincinnati Art Museum, who consulted with other painting and paper conservators in private practice and the textile technician at the Art Museum. She also led us to the young man who was then Preparator for exhibitions and who helped particularly with the problem of mounting the map. So we had a team of generously helpful people. We paid some of them for their time and for materials, but what really counted was their interest, their willingness, and their competence. But before we could even begin, we needed to consider what we wanted and how we might best accomplish it. With a book in the University Library, one can assume that the end is a volume in sound enough shape to be used by students and scholars, though the question of how to attain that is not always easily answered. Here, we could only hope to hang the map somewhat as had been originally intended, even though the original roller and its finials were gone.

In the end, having rejected a single frame with plastic or glass cover as being too heavy or too costly, we opted for two large stretchers of the kind that painters mount their canvasses on, each covered with muslin and backed with acid-free board. Upon these, once the map was repaired, the Preparator laid a light frame which runs around three sides of each half of the map, leaving the center down which we had cut forty years before open so that the two halves could be abutted as closely as possible. The surface of the map remains uncovered, as it had been, but the air in our flat is filtered, the humidity is controlled, daylight and incandescent bulbs are distant or controllable. Surprisingly, now that it is in place, visiting small grandchildren simply disregard the large flat object on the wall, and its greatest danger so far as been from adult Anglophiles who are inclined to use jabbing fingers to follow streets to locations that they know. That has resulted in a pair of unsociable "Please Do Not Touch" signs on ribbons hung from the top.

But long before the two surprisingly elephantine stretchers were temporarily propped against our wall awaiting the finished product - and we had had no clear idea of how big the whole thing would look to be - we

had first to clean and mend the map. There were extended conferences about all this with the two conservators. I have had experience with two much-used methods of cleaning books - washing and dry cleaning. Some papers will submit to only one, some to neither. Fortunately the map had been printed on heavy rag paper. Much of the surface turned out to be beautifully clean under a light layer of dust, but especially around the edges it was defaced by years of accumulated grime. Washing, which I have occasionally used for the leaves of entire books, would have involved submerging the whole in neutral water long enough to float off the dirt and separate the sheets from their original cloth backing. That very likely would have produced a cleaner, smoother result than we ended with, but we were ill-equipped to submerge an elephant, and in any case the entire map and its backing would have ended up in pieces. So we "dry cleaned it," which is not at all like sending your trousers to Widmer's.

The heavy cloth backing we simply vacuumed gently. Dry cleaning in book conservation means rubbing dirt off with erasers, but an old paper one is likely to use gratings of a rather firm but still sufficiently soft eraser (in our case of German manufacture called "Magic Rub"), which one sprinkles on the paper surface and rubs about gently. When the crumbs turn black with grime, one replaces them until the dirt disappears, being careful to stop before the paper disappears too. In the fall of 1995 my wife and I demolished a good many erasers and a great deal of time, but no perceivable paper, in that ordinarily tedious way. Tedium is likely to disappear, however, when the results are worth it, and I also discovered a good many interim pleasures. There is nothing like carefully rubbing grated eraser over somewhat more than 12,000 square inches one at a time to urge upon you the details that are appearing. Perhaps ultimately I would have run into such place names as Artichoke Court, and Cucumber Ally; Dunghill Mews, Hairbrain Court, Kidney Stairs, Bandyleg Walk, and Naked Boy Yard in Deadman's Place. American city folk whose streets bear the names of rigidly ordered (and dully clear) numbers or perhaps the local flora, or those who live in suburbs characterized by the sentimental or aggrandizing street

names lit upon by developers, may be struck by the active, occasionally dangerous, life reflected in these names as well as by their imaginative variety. But even the large open spaces about the periphery of London in the 18th century are not empty on Rocque's map. He was careful to indicate by small hatchings differences between cultivated and uncultivated land, and to indicate extensive garden plots planted in rows running one way or another. His method of showing differences in grade was not as fully developed as what cartographers now call hachuring - that is the use of short parallel lines of varying heaviness and closeness - but he did use such lines around rises, with the higher elevation left clear. The representation of trees is wonderful. There are a good many of them, looking like minute black rain clouds atop slim short sticks. So remarkably similar are they that one might assume that they were made with a punch, but a close look with a magnifying glass suggests that each was drawn independently. However individual, each of the hundreds of trees comes with its crown clearly lit from the West and its shadow falling to the East. I understand that this shading, which became a convention, can be observed in a late sixteenth-century map of the county of Kent.⁴ It has been suggested to be the result of draftsmen habitually working with the light coming over their left shoulders. Perhaps so. Whether it follows that a left-handed draftsman with a window to his right would shade his trees in the opposite direction, I cannot say. Finally, there are the ships on the Thames, where a handsomely drawn three-inch arrow points the direction of the flow. There are many boats - smaller ones above London Bridge, larger ones below - all again apparently individually drawn and of many kinds no doubt identifiable to a more nautically informed eye than mine.

Once the surface was at least cleaner than it had been, mending came next - and that was largely up to me wit my amateur's experience in the University library. If there is a well-feathered tear in which the edges are to some degree overlapping, one can join the parts by touching them with adhesive and putting them under wax paper and a weight. More often one must use Japanese paper - there are many varieties, it is long-

fibered and strong, and applied with varying consistencies of wheat paste, joins well with other paper. One called Kizukishi serves for most real tears and is so thin that it virtually disappears; another, Okawara, is heavy enough to correspond well with the paper on which the map was printed and served occasionally to fill in especially the outer edges which had been torn out. With these I worked over the map a few inches at a time, sandwiching a repaired space between wax paper on thin sheets of a polyester fabric called Reemay to prevent sticking, then a layer of blotter, all weighted down to dry with a piece of rigid plastic and a brick or two. This took more weeks than I care to count. A section approximately eight inches deep across the top of the map was detached from the backing and badly torn. When I had completely mended that, the Paper Conservator helped me lay it down with very thin wheat paste, and again I weighted down the six-foot mend, this time for a good twenty-four hours. It might appear to have been easier to clean the entire surface after it had been put back together, but the moisture from the paste would have set the dirt and made cleaning more difficult, if not impossible. Finally, with a warm iron I attached a still heavier Japanese paper called Hosokawa Ohban around the entire edge with strips of a heavy heat-sensitive plastic. That wider edging would fold around the sides of the stretchers.

With that our job was pretty well done, and we turned the whole thing over to the Paper Conservator and the Preparator, who attached the map (still with the heat sensitive film) to the stretchers, installed a sheet of acid-free paper board on the back of the whole for stability, and hung it on the wall. So there it was - the entire job, admitting time off for a normal life, took from mid-October of 1995 until June of 1996.

It is now occasionally a source of confusion to unwary visitors who come in and after a quick glance at what is obviously a map of a large city cut through by an apparently familiar curving river, ask, "Where did you get such an old map of Cincinnati?" But the map has more positive values than playing jokes on visitors provides. A geographer colleague has told me that it suggests a good deal about urban land use - the

locations and numbers of churches, for instance, the identification of spaces with other contemporary activities such as rope making, ship building, bowling, gardening, and so on. I have suggested something of its significance in the history of cartography and printing. Then for someone interested in eighteenth-century literature, it is a Garden of Delights. The pleasures of the familiar from the lives and works of authors abound, of course: "That's where Johnson's Club met," or "That's where Goldsmith lived." Reading Jonathan Swift's poem, "Description of a City Shower," one so inclined can follow the route of garbage washed by a thunderstorm down the streets of the old City: ". . . as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force/From Smithfield, or St. Pulchre's shape their Course,/And in huge Confluent join at Snow-Hill Ridge,/Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn-Bridge./ Sweepings from Butchers stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,/Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,/Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down the Flood." It is a result of Daniel Defoe's genius that one doesn't require a map to read his A Journal of the Plague Year, but Rocque can enable us to follow the movement of that earlier national disaster from one dreadful point in the City to another. And looking at Rocque, we see the physical distance from the polite West End to the old commercial City and may be further aware of the social distance when the noble Lord Orville asks Fanny Burney's modest heroine Evelina where he might call on her and she drops her maidenly eyes and in complete embarrassment at the dreadfully commercial relatives with whom she is staying, must answer: "My lord, I am in Holborn."

In short, as any object from the past may, it has its associative pleasures. But its restoration, of which I have tried to give you some notion, was satisfying in itself. And then my wife and I have preserved it and hung it upon our wall for the same reason that we bought it over forty years ago: We like it.

¹ This information, like much of what immediately follows, is from the leaflet by James Elliot written to accompany an exhibition at the British Library, "The

City in Maps: Urban Mapping to 1900," 4 June 1986 to 31 December 1987, and published by the British Library, 1986.

² Much of the above information is drawn from the Introduction by Paul Laxton to the facsimile of Horwood's map, printed as The A to Z of Regency London, Lympne Castle, Kent (1985).

³ Much of the historical information in this and the immediately following four paragraphs is drawn from the Introduction by Ralph Hyde to The A to Z of Georgian London, Lympne Castle, Kent (1981) and relevant entries in the important bibliography by James Howgego, Printed Maps of London, ca. 1553-1850, 2nd ed., Hamden, CT: Shoe String Press, 1978.

⁴ See Edward Lynam, British Maps and Map-Makers, London: Collins, 1947, p. 12.

BUDGET

January 31, 2000

- 1 - Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?. . . John W. Vester
- 2 - Bruschetta. Frederick J. McGavran
- 3 - Movement on the Outer Banks. . . Alan R. Vogeler

1

Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" was a question by the Roman poet Juvenal in his Satire #6 in the first century AD in an entirely different context from this