

## The Principal Navigations

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION. By RICHARD HAKLUYT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927, 1928. 10 vols. \$30.

RICHARD HAKLUYT AND THE ENGLISH VOYAGES. By GEORGE BRUNER PARKS. Edited by JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. New York: The American Geographical Society. 1928. \$5.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

IT is curious that the incidence of a serious illness, now happily at an end, should have brought these two books together upon my desk for comment or review. Comment it must be, for it would be as much an impertinence on my part to review Professor Park's book as to criticize the work of the great Elizabethan. I can conceive no better exercise in appreciation of patient Hakluyt than the reading of his expounder's scholarly biography; indeed, my task as a commentator on this new publication of "The Principal Navigations" is made difficult by the very excellence of Special Publication No. 10 of the American Geographical Society. There is little to be said concerning Hakluyt and his great epic of sea warfare, commerce, and seafaring that is not exhaustively dealt with in Professor Park's book.

Hakluyt issued his great work, "The Principal Navigations," in one quarto volume in 1589. In it, he subscribes himself a Master of Artes, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. He would be about thirty-six years of age at the time of publication. He is not known ever to have been at sea and his primary interest in the seafaring of the Elizabethans was that of a scholar keenly concerned with geography, the précis of navigation, and the advancement of English ventures oversea. Ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England about 1583, he could not have devoted himself seriously to the professions of the clergy although he did hold office as Chaplain of the English Embassy in France, an occupation that gave him opportunity to examine the records of continental seafarers. As lecturer on Geography at Christ Church in Oxford, he made his mission clear.

... my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant, either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this Art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the Chiefest Captains at sea, the greatest Merchants, and the best Mariners of our nation.

A larger edition of his "Principal Navigations" was published, 1598-1600, in three volumes. The title-page of the first volume of this edition was altered in later copies, as the account given in it of the expedition to Cadiz was suppressed. Of modern date, the best edition is that of Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, 1903, in twelve volumes, but that issue is not now easily obtainable. Messrs. Dutton, therefore, are doing public service in placing this attractive edition at a moderate price upon the bookseller's shelves, particularly so as the text used is that of the Scottish edition, competently edited by Mr. S. Douglas Jackson. John Masefield's Introduction, as in the Everyman Library edition—of which this present issue is a reprint—deals with Elizabethan ships and seamen and depicts the stage upon which the gallant venturers played manly parts.

Among the many papers that litter my desk, the postal flotsam of some months, lies the Objects and Constitution of the British Empire League. I note the names and titles of Patron and President, of Chairman and Chancellor, but I would propose a Patron Saint for the Organization and he, St. Richard Hakluyt, Preacher—as so humbly he describes himself—for he, of all men, saw Empire clearly, not as the vainglorious crown of conquest, but as a mission of commerce and exchange and friendship. While toll of sea battles are necessarily patent in the pages of "The Principal Navigations," he is more seriously concerned with the merchantman's voyages and the fruits thereof, not alone in monetary reward but rather in the advancement of commerce through peaceful navigations. He saw not

only the waving banners of sea-warriors and the glory of their martial encounters, but lauded less spectacular victory in far voyages, in the opening to commerce of distant lands, in the wisdom and hardihood of the Merchant Venturers. He realized the value to the nation of sterling seamen, not only to fight battles on the sea in defence of their flag, but as skilful navigators to further trade and intercourse and establish "lawful occasions" on the deep. He writes of it,

... that ships are to little purpose without skilful seamen and since seamen are not bred up to perfection of skill in much lesse time than in the time of two prentiships; and since no kinde of man of any profession in the commonwealth passe their yerres in so great and continuall hazard of life; and since of so many, so few grow to grey heires; how needfull it is that . . . these ought to have a better education than hitherto they have had.

His matchless patience and care and exactitude were only equalled by his pride in the doings of the seamen and the merchants. With a joyful humility, he exults in the hoisting of English banners in the Caspian Sea, not as robber marauders, but as peaceful traders under licence and ambassage; at the station of an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople; at the establishment of consulates at Tripolis and Aleppo, in Babylon and Balsara—"and which is more, at English Shippers coming to anker in the mighty river of Plate." In script and tabulation, he glories in the tale of the ships, and sets out the names and stations of humble supercargoes with the same meticulous care as that with which he records the rank and titles of the Captain-Generall of Spain's armada. Of voyages and expeditions and discoveries there are volumes enough, but few writers have concerned themselves with such intimate records as "the Oathe ministered to the servants of the Muscovie Company" or with the minutiae of the instructions given by the Merchant Adventurers unto Richard Gibbs, William Biggatt, and John Backhouse, masters of their ships, before these gallant seamen weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

Professor George Bruner Park's book, "Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages," is based upon a course of lectures delivered by him at Amherst College in 1919. I know of no other biography of the industrious "preacher" comprised in one volume and this new publication is warmly welcomed by one who confesses himself somewhat bewildered concerning the chronology and activities of the great Imperialist, notwithstanding the many admirable publications of the Hakluyt Society. The style of the book, not unduly professorial, is of all things lucid, and one is made familiar with Hakluyt's life work and that of his cousin and elder, Richard Hakluyt of the Middle Temple, whose enthusiasm for England's foreign trade set a course for the younger man to follow. Hakluyt of the voyages writes of that lead:

I do remember that being a youth, and one of Her Majesty's scholars at Westminster that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of M. Richard Hakluyt my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, . . . at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map; he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance, by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter and better distribution, into more: he pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities and particular wants, which by the benefit of traffic, and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied.

The author of "Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages" stresses this influence and he is doubtless right in his estimation of its importance.

In his Introduction to this fine book, Dr. James A. Williamson presents a view of the Elizabethan age that is not generally maintained, but one that is understandable in the light of Hakluyt's writings.

The Elizabethan age was not spacious, as we are sometimes told, but narrow and needy. It was a time of industrious study of man and nature as well as of books, and its adventures were undertaken not from swashbuckling zest but because good men found their country in a tight place and staked their lives and fortunes to redeem it. It was a time of more loss than profit, of more misery than glory. Drake's record has deceived many; he was an exception, not a type. He was supremely fortunate, but few of those who followed him came home rich; most of them left their bones in the tropics. . . . If we probe beneath the incidents and seek out the motives we find no absent-minded empire building but a reasoned coöperative effort which left no means untried to attain a definite goal. The way of these men was hard, and their reward small. Posterity can see that they were successful beyond their dreams, but they themselves closed

their eyes on failure; the success revealed itself slowly after they were dead. Richard Hakluyt's epic is no paean of victory, but a tribute to service and suffering; his heroes are not "glorious" but "worthy." That is the best word he can bestow upon them.

"Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages" is very well illustrated, the thirty-two plates including reproductions of the Title-pages of the First and of the Third and last volume of the Voyages. "The Principal Navigations," in addition to many reproductions from contemporary portraits, engravings, etc., contains sixty-four drawings by T. Derrick.

## Centuries of Epigrams

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Selected and translated by SHANE LESLIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. \$4.

OTHERS ABIDE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. \$1.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER  
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THE earliest poems in the Greek Anthology are from the great age of lyric poetry in the fifth century B. C.; the last edition of the MS. was in the fourteenth century A. D. Yet there is little evidence of historical development, aside from such obvious epochs as the dominance of the Roman Empire and the rise of Christianity. Except for the fact that all the epigrams are in Greek there is no common denominator. Almost every emotion or situation which could conceivably be compressed into epigrammatic form is represented, always with neatness, sometimes with real poetic power. The whole work forms an unparalleled commentary on Greek civilization from its noblest aspects to its basest. Mr. Leslie has selected about a third—some one thousand three hundred—and translated them into graceful English prose. An introduction, containing a synopsis of the whole Anthology, further assists to an understanding of its scope. The translation, like the original, is emphatically a book to browse in rather than to attempt to read through. Epigrams in quantity are impossible.

That is one advantage of Mr. Wolfe's volume, which contains less than 200 selections—one is not surfeited. Another and much greater advantage is that the Greek verse is translated into English verse by a man whose gift for poetic epigram gives him a rank equal to the most skilful of his originals. It is seldom in the annals of translation that the translator's ability has so closely matched that of his model. Mr. Wolfe is not so moving as Simonides, nor, perhaps, so graceful as Meleager, but he is as witty as the best, and a better poet than the majority.

The prose and verse renderings of the following poem will well illustrate the virtues of each of these books.

### ZENOPHILA'S FLORAL

Already flowereth the white violet and flowereth the rain-loving narcissus and the lilies of the mountain. But Lover's lover, Persuasion's sweet rose and the flower of the spring flowerage, Zenophila, has already bloomed. Ye meadows, all the laughing splendor of your foliage is in vain. Better than all sweet-scented wreaths is the girl.

Now the white violet, narcissus now  
bloom, and the lilies on each mountain-brow.  
Yes; and Zenophila, surpassing those  
see! where—love's flower of flowers—shines the rose.  
But you outperfume, as you dim more fair,  
the fields—bright braggards with their petalled hair.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for Technical Editor at \$3,500 a year. Applications must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than July 31. The examination is to fill a vacancy in the Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and vacancies occurring in positions requiring similar qualifications. The entrance salary is \$3,500 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion. The duties will include the critical review of scientific and technical manuscripts on all subjects investigated by the Bureau of Mines, involving principles of engineering, physics, chemistry, mathematics, health, safety, and economics, with a view to securing correct and adequate presentation. The appointee will be required to pass on the authors' statements of fact and conclusions with respect to accuracy and Bureau policy; to determine the suitability of material for publication and the medium of publication to be employed; to advise superior officers regarding the merits of manuscripts, and manner in which printing funds can be expended most efficiently; to keep records of printing costs, and so on.



## The BOWLING GREEN

**C**ARRYING out our ancient principle of always trying to give our patrons the first freedom of tidings that really matter, we have surreptitiously obtained a copy of a document that may eventually be historical. We understand that it has been submitted to the League of Nations for ratification, and we wait with eagerness that body's action. Follows the text of the manifesto, here printed for the first time:

### BILL OF SUPPLICATION, AND Declaration of Independency

**Whereas** the Hoboken Free State is situated in the riparian Rhineland of New Jersey, at the Western docking of the Lackawanna Ferries and just beyond the genial humidity of the Hudson Tubes, and also (for carriage trade) hard by the occidental issue of the Holland Tunnel, and is otherwise known as New York's Nearest Neighbor or Germania Irredenta,

**And whereas** the said Hoboken Free State or Last Seacoast of Bohemia (Letzte Böhmisches Meeresküste) together with its affiliated theatrical, social, and artistic enterprises, including the Three Hours for Lunch Club, is now particularly concentrated and domiciled in that ancient castle and fortress of THE FOUNDRY,

**And whereas** the said Hoboken Free State, though not explicitly recognized as a separate political autonomy, has by long tradition and habit and in all matters of fact and spirit existed as an independent state of mind and manners, regardless of the opinions and prejudices of other bodies politic,

**And whereas** in this present era, surrounded by great powerful neighboring commonwealths and condensation of an adjacent insular metropolis, the desire is to make others as we are; and levied upon and dishonored herein the said Hoboken Free State has no recourse but suffers inequitable penalty of soul and pocket for the unmannerly conduct of aliens who show themselves imperfect carriers of fermentation,

**Now therefore we,** citizens of the Hoboken Free State, do make appeal to the conscience and liberality of joint mankind, more particularly as represented in the LEAGUE OF NATIONS and its Committee for the Safeguard of the Rights of Lesser Nationalities, representing it as our inalienable privilege and right in jure gentium to regulate our Manners, Morals, and Gastronomies as seems fitting our condition.

**And in especial** we appeal to the League of Nations to grant us an œcumenical charter and permissive feudal tenure, duly fortified by international sanctions, to continue and perpetuate the old native Hoboken custom of eating and drinking on the sidewalks, pavements or trottoirs as was the habit of Hoboken civilians since unremembered time, thus to celebrate the evening repast and the twilight relaxation of the waistband with due ease and plenitude of spirit, this dignity of a Shirtsleeve Civilization and Bürgerschaft having been abandoned in latter years by reason of a general and deplorable growth of intrusive bureaucracy, officialism, gendarmerie, Gesindelordnung and Polizeigeschäftigkeit.

**And in particular,** Exceptis Excipiendis, we desire to make manifest to the world at large, urbi et orbi, that in a vast herd-minded confederation of states and statutes whose singular desire seems to be to reduce all men soever to one dead level of uniformity and dullness, the Hoboken Free State considers itself Lex Sibi or Law Unto Itself and from these its headquarters in the Old Iron Works or Foundry at 110 River Street, Hoboken, issues this fiat of gentlemanly independence, not prejudicing the laws and judgments of surrounding powers but in full aspiration to control, Deo Volente, its private and perfect destiny.

**Sub Sigillo Nostro** subscripsimus, etc.  
July 11, 1929.

Speaking of international matters, there was a paragraph in *The Commonwealth* some weeks ago that struck me as highly interesting. It was in Gouverneur Paulding's description of the funeral procession in honor of Marshal Foch:

The French troops marched by very well. The Coldstream Guards with rifles reversed passed with a dignity that silenced a silent crowd. If a Communist machine gun had been turned on them, this British would have died without breaking step, without looking to see where the gun was. The crowd knew it. Later on we compared them to other troops. Germans would not have broken a step which may seem stiff to us, but their police along the lines would have silenced the gun. The French would have broken step: they would have taken cover: and by a violent military improvisation of prudence, experience and daring, they would have killed the machine-gun crew and restored whatever their temper chose to call order. It is a quality that puzzles the British as not being fair play—an aptitude that astounds the Germans because it can never be taught. By it the French have saved their country a hundred times.

Having alluded to Burg Finstergruen, near Ramingstein in Austria, where the astringent Dr. Henry Seidel Canby has been en repos and much envied by his associates, I cannot resist illustrating the Bowling Green with a photo of it. H. S. C. calls it "an Austrian paradise twixt Styria and Carinthia and a poem in itself." Well, look at it.



Alfred Goldsmith, the cheerful bookseller of Lexington Avenue, kindly sent me some vivacious doggerels written many years ago by Bloodgood H. Cutter, "The Long Island Farmer." (H., one supposes, stood for Hay.) Mr. Cutter lived in Little Neck, L. I., and was always prompt in coming out with a broadside ballad on any events of the day. His chief claim to our recollections seems to have been that he was a fellow passenger with Mark Twain on the famous voyage that produced "Innocents Abroad." (Does Mark refer to him in that narrative? I don't remember.) One of the Long Island Farmer's pamphlets was a "Poetical Lecture After Seeing the Model of Solomon's Temple." It was printed in Flushing, 1860. This is a specimen of Brother Cutter's prosody:

Gentlemen and ladies of this city great,  
Before proceeding I will to you state,  
That I am a plain Long Island farmer,  
And do not understand the rules of grammar.

Nor do I understand poetic rules,  
Not having had much privilege in the schools;  
Nor do I have sufficient length of time  
To write or compose a smooth rhyme.

Being so occupied with agricultural affairs,  
Debars me of the privilege of literary cares;  
So what simple lines I do compose and write,  
Is generally done quite late at night.

The Long Island Farmer possessed at least one quality in common with poets of all ranks. He did not know when to stop, when he had an audience at his mercy. Fifteen or twenty stanzas such as the above would have been highly agreeable, but he went on to nearly 200.

Our old and greatly admired friend Captain Felix Riesenbergh, writing in the *Nautical Gazette*, takes a moment in his busy life to meditate on having finished seven years of weekly columning in his Rough Log department of that magazine, still published at the memorable address 20 Vesey Street.

One may well congratulate with him on the anniversary. Trade papers are free of many of the hypocrite inhibitions of daily journalism, and it is possible in their columns to speak with some of the candor that men relish in daily life. Captain Riesenbergh's deliciously humorous and straightforward annotations of life do not perhaps reach a very large public, but what is more important they reach a body of readers who are mature, cosmopolitan, and can call spades and double them.

Therefore it is specially interesting to hear Riesenbergh saying:

I had come to be somewhat pessimistic about things in the last part of this seven-year watch, with the moralists and behaviorists and the multitude of various *ishionists* springing up. A thing that has given me, and I suppose many thousands of others, a feeling of hope is the tremendous reception being accorded the story of Erich Maria Remarque, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Therefore, we are on the surface of a planet not entirely covered with stupid people, for no one who can spell out simple words will remain unmoved once he has read this document.

To that comment I can add one of my own: that I found two firemen in the engine-house of the Hoboken Fire Department taking turns with a library copy of "All Quiet." When a book, within a few weeks of publication, gets into circulation so far from professedly "literary" circles, it is no longer just print but an engine of public health.

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The discussion as to the expurgation of the American edition of "All Quiet on the Western Front" is both of great importance and of very little importance. The urgent thing is that the book should be read, and the omission of certain phrases in order to allow the book to be published in a prurient commonwealth, and to circulate in a red-taped nation, was perhaps a politic precaution. The merit of the book is far too stunning to rely merely on the jargon of the latrine. The omission of an episode of great human beauty, tenderness, and comedy, is another affair altogether. It came to me as a complete surprise, for I had had a letter from the publisher specifically stating "We may decide to avoid the use of two particular words; beyond this there will be no expurgating."

I had thought of reprinting here the episode I refer to; to serve perhaps as a test case; but that also would not be satisfactory for such deliberate attention called to it would put it in wholly a false perspective and ruin its casual perfection.

Perhaps I should put into the record a note I have had from Arthur Wheen, the translator of the book. He says:

I am sorry the old women went on with the mutilation of the text as it stood. The same was suggested here and even by Remarque himself, who seemed astonishingly accommodating and indifferent about the fate of the "derbe" (coarse) passages. I suppose he is uncertain as to the relative importance of the book on the one hand as a work of art and on the other as a piece of propaganda, and so is prepared to suffer diminution of the former in the interests of the latter. It is a pity, for I think that is always a mistake. But even supposing that to be so, which explains the suppression of the Lewandowski incident, surely the interests of propaganda would require that other details and phrases profoundly shocking to the glory-boys be left intact with all their sins upon them.

But the book would take a lot of ruining so perhaps it doesn't matter much, except in principle. Anyway I hope it doesn't. Still I am glad that your opinion is what it is.

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The discussion is a healthy one, for it may serve yet once more to call attention to the childish condition of our legislations on all matters of decorum. There is room, as we have often suggested, for a new Arcopagitica on this subject; I wish Arthur Wheen might tackle it. But oh the lovely, the perfect irony of the matter. Here is a book that tells what modern War is really like, and the only thing in it that we boggle at are the things that made even War seem momentarily human and tender.

Individuals are frequently intelligent and compassionate; but any form of organization, from a publishing house to a federal government, is handicapped by the human frailty of having to be stupid and literal.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Professor Hans G. L. Delbrueck, who died recently at the age of eighty, was for many years professor of history in the University of Berlin, the editor of the well-known political review, *Preussische Jahrbücher*, and an influential exponent of the views prevailing among the conservative ruling classes of modern Germany.

For the greater part of his lifetime he had held distinguished positions. At one time he was a member of the Prussian Diet. He served as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War. He was famous as an author and lecturer and his courses on military strategy were among the most popular in the university.

M. Venizelos has contributed 5,000 drachmas towards the erection of a monument over the grave of Rupert Brooke in the island of Skyros.