



MR. PETER RYAN

and his ingenious invention for securing good and honest municipal government. Mr. R. may be seen at the Reform Club, where he will be glad to explain the working of the machine at any length to all interested.

# A RHYME OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

BY OUR OWN ANTIQUARIAN.

No doubt a very clever man was celebrated Homer—  
Yet there were many lands in which he had not been a  
roamer.  
The Egyptians and Phœnicians (of whom old writers  
speak)  
All know far more of Geography than this sagacious  
Greek.  
The Greeks, before his time, believed (for they were such  
barbarians)  
That people lived beyond the Sun—their titles were  
"Cimmerians."  
The names of all their dark abodes, to know, is not for  
us—  
The Grecians guessed—"The Euxine"—and near "Thra-  
cian Bosphorus."  
"Hyperboreans"—in the North—(this meaning, "Beyond  
Boreas")—  
"Ethiopiæ" (sunburnt) in the South—and last—was  
not this glorious?  
Believing their respective climes were joined far south by  
land—  
They thought the Ethiopiæ to the Indians near at  
hand!  
Virgil and Lucan, on these grounds, imagined all this  
while  
That India's frontiers owned the sources of the River  
Nile.

What Fables too old Homer and Hesiod interlarded  
With their wisdom! Thus—"Gryphons"—who precious  
metals guarded  
Of the Riphean Mountains. "Aramaspi" saw but with  
one eye,  
"Macrobians," too, these fablers said, would almost  
never die;  
Then "Elysiûm," an enchanting and truly happy land;  
But "Colchis"—filled with monsters—a horrid, magic  
band!

Theopompus, Plato, too, (most worthy this of note is,)  
Fictionized the Fortunate Isles, Atlantis and Meropia.  
And who the Fable could forget, Herodotus oft told—  
Of Ants as big as Foxes, which made huge heaps of gold?

And then the shapes this Earth assumed! But yet so  
the tale is—  
It is a *Sphere*, prepared to swear that clever sage, old  
Thales.  
A *Cylinder*, asserted then his pupil Anaximander,  
But Heraclides and Leucippus soon proved this was a  
slander.  
The first declared it was a *Boat*, the other said, a *Drum*.  
So thus they floundered on and on till things looked very  
glum.

Lands, of which Herodotus knew nothing save their  
name,  
Already boasted, ere his time, considerable fame.  
Of "Massilia" (Marseilles) founded by the very clever  
Phœceans,  
And Rome too, he, apparently, had not the faintest no-  
tions.  
Magna Græcia, Southern Italy, and Africa he knew;  
But we must own these countries seem comparatively  
few.

Of Africa the Greeks knew naught of any of its west—  
Though Carthaginian Hanno had tried his level best  
To make a coasting voyage—and it may be good for us  
To know that this same sailing round was called "Peri-  
plus."  
It certainly is very clear bold Hanno was no niunny,  
For he passed Gibraltar's Straits, and got as far as  
Guinea.  
Some say, however, "To the mouth of River Senegal,"  
Gosselin vows, "Capo Nun," but they didn't know at all.

Four hundred thousand "stadia" (six hundred feet,  
Greek measure)  
Comprised, said Aristotle, (in learning, such a treasure!)  
The Earth's circumference! and it's like to make us  
shiver  
To read his limits of the World: "Tartessus," "Guadal-  
quivir."  
"Albion" "Ireland," "Riphean Mountains," "Libya,"  
and the "Indus"—  
Really, naming all these points is quite enough to wind  
us.  
And then, to show how giddily his mighty brain whirled  
round,  
The River *Niger* with the *Nile*, he did utterly confound!

In the reign of Alexander, whom writers dub, The Great,  
A feat by Nearchus was achieved, in those times, with-  
out mate.  
The Indus was explored, and thus Geography improved.  
Then the Empire was dismembered and A. the Great  
removed.  
And so again King Geography became a wretched blank,  
While into ancient ignorance the poor Historians sank.

To the rescue Eratosthenes, King Geography to nourish,  
A treatise he compiled, (long may his memory flourish!)—  
Of the Alexandrian Library he was the trusty keeper,  
And in learning of all sorts few sages could go deeper.  
Unlike wise Aristotle, to whom I have made reference,  
With *Sundials* he discovered the mighty Earth's circum-  
ference.

It is true he made a blunder of the Tropic known as  
*Cancer*,  
But then he was a *man*, and not a necromancer.  
He thought that *Alexandria* and *Syene* dwelt together  
On the same meridian, but there must be some end to  
his tother.

We can forgive for learning's sake, this venerable sage,  
Who was, perhaps, the greatest man who flourished in  
that age.  
He lost his sight, and this to him affliction was so weigh-  
ty,  
That he starved himself to death, though but a youth of  
*eighty*.

Claims our humble reverence next Astronomer Hippar-  
chus.  
To know him not—ourselves unknown—assuredly would  
mark us.  
He catalogued the stars and taught the sphere's pro-  
jection—  
Thus helping on poor Geography with this—his kind  
protection.

The Alexandrian Library the fame of which so wide is,  
Had for its learned President the great Agatharchides,  
Who wrote a book relating to the Red Sea's navigation.  
Its commerce, too—thus adding to the general informa-  
tion.

In searching out these ancient facts it very much pro-  
vokes us  
To think we find so little of the doings of Eudoxus.  
He was of Cyzicus and went—in Ptolemy Physcon's  
reign—  
To India—Egypt—and we read that he got back again!  
The world, at least, must pay to him this tributary com-  
pliment.  
The circumnavigation of the vast African continent.

Sage Strabo seems to be of brave Eudoxus somewhat  
jealous  
For he tried to cast discredit on the acts of one so zeal-  
ous.  
Bold Hanno too and Pytheas—they shared Eudoxus'  
fate  
Old Strabo would have none of them of Geography to  
prate.  
Yet Pytheas found Great Britain—which assuredly was  
more  
Than Strabo did—in fact, I think him very much a bore,  
And believe that e'en Columbus would have roused his  
jealous speech  
Because this grand America he cleverly did reach.

And now I feel I've chatted till you all cry, "Hold—  
enough!"  
About this interesting and highly ancient stuff.  
Be certain you remember well the names of all my sages,  
I only wish that I had thought of stating all their ages!  
If they lived now, I wonder much what they would say  
about us!  
But you don't care? No. *Nor do I—*  
Your ancient, SEARCHEMOUTUS.

I love to hear a minister make secular an-  
nouncements from the pulpit. When I go to  
church I don't go to take part in church ser-  
vice, but to have hand-bills shoved under my  
nose, as it were. There is something that  
soothes the bald spot on my head in an earnest  
exhortation to depart from evil, followed by a  
reminder that the Ladies' Aid are going to  
hold a tea-meeting at Mrs. Smythe's residence  
on next Tuesday evening. Tickets 25 cents.  
All cordially invited. When the preacher has  
beautifully elaborated the text, "In my  
Father's house are many mansions," the an-  
nouncement that the stewards of the church  
will meet on Friday afternoon to consider the  
best means of paying off the mortgage on the  
parsonage, is in no way an interruption to the  
pleasant flow of one's thoughts. Presently, at  
the rate at which we are going, we will be  
having funeral circulars, concert announce-  
ments, and social mentions, interspersed with  
auction sale-bills, birth notices and circus  
posters, as part of the exercises of the sanctu-  
ary. Then there will be no excuse for any-  
body to absent himself from church.