

THE AIR BALLOON.

No more of Phaeton let poets tell,
I care not where he drove nor where he fell ;
No more I'll wish for fam'd Aurora's car,
To drive me forth, high as the morning star ;
In Air Balloon to distant realms I go,
" And leave the gazing multitude below."

No more I'll hear of Venus and her doves,
Nor Cupid flying with the little loves ;
Nor would I now in Juno's chariot ride
In princely pomp, with peacock by my side ;
In higher state, in Air Balloon I go,
I'd have the gods and goddesses to know.

No more in oriental language fair
I'll read of Genii wafting through the air ;

Nor

Nor longer will I seek (by Persian wrought)
A carpet, to transport me by a thought ;
Enough for me in Air Balloon to go,
And leave th' enquiring multitude below.

No more of Pegasus (unruly steed)
To reach Parnassus' Mount, shall I have need ;
Nor will I now the Muses favour court,
To shew me Pindus' Hill, their chief resort ;
To these fair realms in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the grov'ling multitude below.

No more shall Fancy now (betwitching fair !)
Erect me castles, floating in the air ;
Such vague, such feeble structures I despise,
I'll kick them down as I ascend the skies ;
For higher far in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the wond'ring multitude below.

No longer, now, at distance need I try
To trace each planet with perspective eye ;

Nor

Nor longer wish, with fairies from afar,
To slide me gently down on falling star;
For up or down with equal ease I steer,
And view with naked eye the splendid sphere.

Alas poor Newton ! late for learning fam'd,
No more shall thy researches e'er be nam'd ;
For greater Newtons now each day shall soar,
High up to Heaven, and new worlds explore ;
Since swift, in Air Balloons, aloft we go,
And leave the stupid multitude below.

No more the terrors of the deep I fear ;
Alike to me, if friend be far or near ;
This sea-girt isle I distant leave behind,
Visit each kingdom and survey mankind ;
For now with ease in Air Balloon I ride,
No more compell'd to wait for wind or tide.

Hail, happy lovers ! late by distance curst,
(Of all the worldly tortures sure the worst)

No more condemn'd an absence to deplore,
And, sighing, breathe your vows from shore to shore;
For through the air, swift in Balloons ye roll,
“ And waft yourselves from India to the pole.”

In vain may party rage assail mine ear;
If war or peace, alike I'm free from care;
Should plague or pestilence infect the land,
The purest regions are at my command;
Where safe from harm, in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the sickly multitude below.

No more of judge or jury will I hear,
The laws of land extend not to the air;
Nor bailiff now my spirits can affright,
For up I mount, and soon am out of sight;
Thus, screen'd from justice, in Balloon I go,
And leave th' insolvent multitude below.

How few the worldly evils now I dread,
No more confin'd this narrow earth to tread;

Should

Should fire, or water, spread destruction drear,
Or earthquake shake this sublunary sphere,
In Air Balloon to distant realms I fly,
And leave the creeping world to sink and die.

W. F. M.