

He and his crew should have sustained some
falls
Down the precipitous and jagged rocks
Outside the rim of earth, where Chaos mocks
The puny progeny of earth; and then,
Just like the rebel angels thrust from heaven,
Who fell nine days, so Anson and his men,
Unwept, un'honored, and, alas! unshriven,
Would, too, have fallen, with an awful yell,
Way down to Nowhere in the Unknowable!
And this demonstrates that the earth is flat,
Or, rather, like a salad dish enormous:
Some laugh at this, but we don't care for that,
No, not when, armed with school-books, block-
heads storm us.
We go on, like the sun upon its way,
Which speeds three hundred million miles a day,
Or near six thousand miles in every minute —
Who wages war with us shall find but little in it.