

Has long been well informed about the moon
 Did almost count the busy folk thereon—
 Describe their lives and general occupations,
 And when at war their posts and picket stations.

Yet more, we have opened up communication
 With furthest Limbo's dark and vast location,
 And with the inmost purgatorial station ;
 To hold a confab with old Roger Bacon,
 Or seek some mathematic explanation
 From him who taught the law of gravitation—
 Or, if all that's reported you rely on,
 Can have more polished stanzas from Lord Byron ;
 And darker tragedy from the same hand
 That gave us Macbeth and the witches' band.

Viewing all these achievements of man's wit
 And learning, does it not seem right and fit,
 That he should pause in scientific search,
 For fear said wit should leave him in the lurch ;
 Or else, that precious casket which contains,
 That highly prized material, his brains,
 Should as above described become o'er charged—
 Then break, or crack, instead of being enlarged.

Assume the loss above portrayed occur,
 What will kind nature on the race confer ?
 Is it not plain, of all sublunar things,
 That what man needs is just a pair of wings.
 Start not, dear reader, this is none of those
 Mere flights of fancy as you may suppose ;
 This gift, howe'er improbable it seem,
 On calm reflection may not prove a dream.
 Boynton has shown beyond all contraversion,
 That man may swim like halibut or sturgeon ;
 The case for argument, I here submit,
 Is apposite and for our purpose fit.
 To cross the Channel like a shark or porpoise,
 To man was once as foreign, strange and perverse
 As through the air and over it on high,
 In storm or calm, like wild seamew to fly ;
 As said before, the only things required,
 Are just the wings ; may not they be acquired ?
 Shall it be said in this inventive age,
 That no one can be found who will engage,
 So simple an appliance to supply—
 Enabling us to quit the earth and fly.
 Mark well what genius has already done,