



An exact representation of Mr. Sadler's Balloon, in which he ascended from Manchester, on Thursday the 19th of May, at forty minutes past eleven o'clock, after a rapid progress of upwards of fifty miles, he descended near the same minutes before one o'clock.

IN Manchester town a fine Air Balloon,
 They say it went off about noon;
 It flew in the air, and hundreds were there,
 To see this fine Air Balloon.
 Tho' Miracles cease, yet wonders increase,
 Mr. Sadler plays up a new tune;
 Our old gallic-neighbours scientific labours,
 Have invented the Air Balloon.
 This noble machine, most people have seen,
 And perhaps as a very boon;
 Our wide gaping idle fir, may expect in a while, fir,
 The French in an Air Balloon.
 It will mount up on high, almost to the sky,
 You may peep if you please in the moon;
 All mathematicians, and deep politicians,
 Admire the Air Balloon.
 A man and a hog, a sheep and a dog,
 It will carry aloft very soon;

You may view all the nations particular stations,
 If you ride in the Air Balloon.
 Should war again break out as it is not a doubt,
 With some it may happen soon;
 The French all invade us, their troops all parade us,
 Brought o'er in the Air Balloon.
 Then ships will appear, not in water but air,
 And come in a twinkling down;
 From Calais to Dover, and all the world over,
 Blown up in the Air Balloon.
 O then reply'd Pat, but I can't believe that,
 It's the tale of some humbugging loon;
 So I say botheration to the frog-eating nation,
 Success to the Air Balloon.
 The balloon flew away, 'twould no longer stay,
 Leaving poor Sadler behind;
 The loss it is great, and will make his heart ach,
 For sake of his Air Balloon.