THE BALLOON ERA

Rénald Fortier
Curator, Aviation History
Canada Aviation Museum

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Just over two centuries ago, in 1783, one of the first piloted flying machines left the ground. This balloon flight had an impact that is difficult for us to comprehend today. The first flight to the moon — its thirty-fifth anniversary was commemorated in 2004 — doubtless comes close; however, significant as it was, the moon flight differs from the first balloon flight in that it was carefully planned, awaited, and publicized. But in 1783, who could have expected to see people up there, in the sky? The unexpectedness accounts for the impact, the shock, that this flight produced in France and then Europe. For the average person, it was utterly amazing.

A bold claim, perhaps, but quite defensible. As evidence, we have the paper on aerial navigation delivered in 1780 to the Académie des Sciences de Paris by the celebrated engineer and physicist Charles Augustin de Coulomb and supported by two illustrious mathematicians, Gaspard Monge and the Marquis de Condorcet, the permanent secretary of the Académie des Sciences. Coulomb was categorical when he said “that no endeavour by man to rise into the air can succeed, and only fools would attempt it.”

Although no one noted Coulomb’s initial reaction to the events of 1783, the number and extent of the accounts that have come down to us reveal the sense of wonder that took hold in France, Europe, and even North America.
Our story begins in the fourteenth century, at the height of the Middle Ages, when the first of a long line of Montgolfiers in France went into paper manufacturing.

In the mid-1770s, the business was run by a talented administrator, Jacques Étienne Montgolfier, fifteenth of the sixteen children of Pierre Montgolfier. The technical operations were near Annonay in Vivarais, a lush region about seventy-five kilometres south of Lyon, the second largest city in France. These operations had recently been taken over by Jacques's brother Joseph Michel, the twelfth child, a skilled technician with a keen mind but who was more intuitive and timid than his younger brother. Their very differences made the two men an uncommonly successful team.
Even today and after much study, no one knows the details of how the two brothers came to invent their balloon, or “aerostatic globe.” The mystery has inspired a number of anecdotes, including one involving an undergarment belonging to Madame Montgolfier. After washing the elegant article, she hung it up by its lacing over a small stove. It filled with hot air and rose to the ceiling of the room, where it remained until Monsieur Montgolfier, called to the rescue by his astonished wife, climbed onto a table and freed the captive garment. The intrigued Montgolfier then set about conceiving and inventing the hot-air balloon. A charming story, to be sure, but entirely untrue.

Nonetheless, after much reading and thinking, the Montgolfier brothers were conducting a few experiments in private as early as 1782. Encouraged by the results, they invited the whole of Annonay to an official demonstration. This first public balloon flight took place Wednesday, 4 June 1783. The balloon, made of panels of cotton packing cloth lined with paper and buttoned together, rose as expected, to the exclamations of the crowd. It floated gently back down nine-and-a-half minutes later after a flight of nearly two-and-a-half kilometres, coming to rest on a low stone wall near a vineyard at Pourrat, in the parish of Davézieux. There, it was destroyed by sparks from its fire. Peasants who witnessed the landing were so surprised, or frightened, that they did nothing to put out the flames.

Members of the Assemblée des États du Vivarais who had attended the event quickly wrote an account of the experiment and sent it to the Académie des Sciences de Paris. The news caused a stir in the capital’s scientific circles. Fully aware of the potential significance of the balloon’s invention, the Montgolfier family held a meeting to urge Étienne to go to Paris to organize a public flight.

Knowing nothing of this plan, Barthélémy Faujas de Saint-Fond, a volcano specialist at the Jardin du Roi (today’s Jardin des Plantes) started a fund drive to pay for work to begin immediately on a balloon. The elite of Paris contributed. Faujas de Saint-Fond, who was to become one of the leading chroniclers of the great adventure of ballooning, raised a sizable sum in a few days. Jacques Alexandre César Charles, Paris’s most popular lecturer and physicist and a man full of spirit and enthusiasm, was to oversee the project.
The small team soon encountered a problem. Nothing in the accounts from Annonay mentioned what kind of gas the Montgolfier brothers had used to fill their balloon. Charles was not particularly concerned. He decided to fill his balloon with "inflammable air," a gas he had used more than once in his physics presentations. This lighter-than-air gas had been discovered in 1766 by a wealthy British chemist and physicist, the brilliant and eccentric Henry Cavendish. The great French chemist Antoine-Laurent de Lavoisier gave the gas its present name, hydrogen, in 1790.

Anne-Jean and Marie-Noël Robert, skilled manufacturers of physics instruments with whom Charles had dealt for some time, worked closely with him on this project. The equipment they developed was the first capable of producing a substantial volume of hydrogen. Their gas balloon quickly drew attention. A huge crowd soon gathered outside the Robert brothers’ workshops. In the early morning of Wednesday, 27 August 1783, the balloon, a globe of sturdy, rubberized silk taffeta, arrived at the demonstration site, the Champ-de-Mars, not far from where the Eiffel Tower now stands.
The first spectators began to appear in the early afternoon. People were everywhere in the area, lining both banks of the Seine and even the road to Versailles. Only ticket holders were allowed into the temporary enclosure around the balloon. The crowd was huge and rather impatient, and cries of discontent were soon heard. Finally, at about five in the afternoon, the balloon was released from its moorings and rose into the sky at a dizzying rate.

The crowd was stunned. Overcome with emotion and enthusiasm, many spectators embraced each other, while others burst into tears. All eyes were fixed on the same point in the sky. Even a fierce downpour could not break the spell. Imagine, a flying machine made by human hands was traveling through the skies!

But the story does not end there. The balloon had been fully inflated before its ascent, and the pressure of the hydrogen against its walls increased as the balloon gained altitude. The upper part of the envelope finally gave way, allowing much of the gas to escape. Forty-five minutes after leaving the Champ-de-Mars, the balloon fell into the midst of a group of peasants from the village of Gonesse (about twenty kilometres north of Paris).

The peasants were stricken with terror, their first thought being that some foul-smelling monster had fallen on them. Confused, then furious, the group attacked, and in just a few minutes the balloon’s envelope had been torn to shreds. The remnants were tied to the tail of a horse and dragged across the field to the village. As a result of this attack,
the government published a public notice stating that balloons were perfectly harmless. The notice was distributed throughout France in the latter months of 1783.

In the meantime, Étienne Montgolfier had been busy at work. A committee of the Académie des Sciences de Paris had promised to underwrite the cost of making a balloon, leaving him free of financial worry. Given the scope of the project, the ministry of finance was quick to assume control of the financing for the venture. Shortly thereafter, the general comptroller introduced Montgolfier to the upper echelons of the Court.

A demonstration was organized before the royal family at Versailles. King Louis XVI, who was very interested in things mechanical and technical, gave his consent to a flight that would take place 19 September 1783. The choice of date was no accident. It was to be an opportunity for the many diplomats who had come to Versailles to sign the peace treaty between England and its former American colonies to admire this latest product of French ingenuity.

A first balloon, made in the workshops of the famous French wallpaper manufacturer Jean-Baptiste Réveillon, a longtime friend of Étienne Montgolfier, was destroyed by rain during ground tests on 12 September. Pressed for time, Montgolfier, Réveillon, and several friends worked day and night to construct another balloon of varnished taffeta. They completed the envelope, which was painted blue and ornamented in gold with the intertwined initials of King Louis XVI and classical symbols of Apollo, on the morning of 18 September.

The next day, Friday, 19 September 1783, the magnificent balloon arrived at the great courtyard of the Château de Versailles. It was set up on a huge wooden dais covered with canvas made especially for the occasion. For this flight, Montgolfier and his friends decided
to take a great leap forward—the balloon would carry the very first aeronauts: a sheep, a duck, and a rooster.

By ten that morning, the road from Paris to Versailles was jammed with carriages and with people arriving on foot. The crowd swarmed over the great courtyard, the Place d’Armes, and the surrounding avenues. Some even climbed onto the rooftops. The king himself descended with his family to the dais, where Montgolfier answered their many questions.

The process of inflating the envelope began at about one in the afternoon, and then things started happening quickly. The balloon took shape, the lines holding it were cut, and it immediately rose, lifting skyward the wicker cage containing the three animals. The astounded crowd roared.

Shortly after lifting off from the dais, the balloon was caught by a gust of wind. The aerostat listed far to one side, allowing some of the hot air to escape. This, coupled with a tear, shortened the flight to just ten minutes. The machine landed three kilometres from Versailles, in the Vaucresson wood, its passengers safe and sound. Reports that the sheep, on the verge of panic, had broken the rooster’s right wing,
appear to have been unfounded. No one knows exactly what became of the three illustrious travellers. Some say they were killed so that an autopsy could be performed. Others believe the sheep lived out its days in the royal menagerie.

Whatever the case, among the first to reach the landing site was the director and founder of a Paris museum devoted to popular science. Patronized by the king's brother, the Comte de Provence, and his wife, the museum was the first establishment to have received the approval of the king's council. This young physicist, bold, charming, ambitious, and among the most prominent men in Paris, was Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier.

Delighted by what he had seen, Pilâtre de Rozier wanted the privilege of being the first human to fly in a balloon. His wish came true. On 15, 17, and 19 October 1783, he took part in a series of captive test flights. Although the lack of publicity allowed the team to work undisturbed on Wednesday, 15 October, such was not the case on 17 October. A huge crowd gathered at the Réveillon workshops. The assembling throng soon made all of the neighbouring streets impassable. Two days later, the balloon reached an altitude of nearly 100 metres, where it could be seen by all of Paris.

Thus, in the eyes of the public, Pilâtre de Rozier was the first man to fly. However, closer investigation indicates that Étienne Montgolfier had made at least one captive balloon flight before mid-October. His elder brother then became concerned and ordered him not to do it again.

For several of his flights Pilâtre de Rozier was not alone. During the fourth and final flight on 19 October, for example, he was accompanied by François Laurent, the Marquis d’Arlandes, who was not only an infantry major but also a regular visitor at court and a friend of the Duc d’Orléans, a cousin of the king. Thrilled with the results, the two men urged Étienne Montgolfier to undertake a public flight before Charles and the Robert brothers, with whom they had a friendly rivalry, could do so. Montgolfier was reluctant. The idea seemed risky. As well, his fame weighed on him; he was approached wherever he went and could no longer go about his business. His brother Joseph dreamed only of flying, and their paper manufacturing concern was neglected.

Montgolfier’s indecision did not lift until November. He had to fly. Accepting the offer of the governess of the royal children, the highly influential Duchesse de Polignac, Montgolfier and his team set up their balloon on a wooden dais erected in the park of the little Château de La Muette in Passy in the Bois de Boulogne. The château was home to the court of the king’s son, the two-and-a-half-year-old crown prince Louis. The
frequent comings and goings and the construction of the dais soon drew attention. The secret, which Montgolfier had wanted to keep as long as possible, was out.

The big demonstration was scheduled for 20 November but was cancelled because of bad weather. The crowd that had gathered near the château was disappointed, but returned the following day, Friday, 21 November 1783. Clouds loomed on the horizon, and the wind blew in gusts, but Montgolfier decided to risk an ascent. He took advantage of a calm spell and lit the fire; the envelope inflated. Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d’Arlandes immediately took their places in the circular basketwork gallery around the lower part of the balloon, still held by its lines. A gust of wind pushed the balloon to the ground, and only the quick intervention of a few spectators saved it. A number of onlookers began to hurl taunts and threats, but the gentry reacted quite differently. Several great ladies even helped repair the tears in the envelope.

The balloon was ready an hour and a half later. The wind had died down. Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d’Arlandes climbed on board once again. The lines were cut, and the balloon rose. It was 1:55 p.m., a historic moment, but the petrified crowd did not react. In the words of one witness, a solicitor named Thilorier, “Never a deeper silence reigned on earth: admiration, terror, and pity could be read on all faces.” Disconcerted, the Marquis d’Arlandes saluted the crowd and waved his handkerchief. The throng exploded. Cheers burst forth. It was at this moment that Benjamin Franklin, scientist, inventor, and the American government’s representative in France, uttered an oft-repeated witticism. When someone nearby asked what was the use of the new invention, Franklin retorted, “What is the use of a newborn child?”

Meanwhile, the balloon was making its way over Paris. As news of the flight spread, Parisians rushed into the streets and alleyways to watch. Some curious onlookers climbed to the tops of the towers of Notre-Dame Cathedral. As the balloon crossed the Seine, its shadow even eclipsed the sun for a few moments. Pilâtre de Rozier and d’Arlandes were carried along by the breeze, keeping the fire going by stoking it regularly with straw. Once beyond the walls of the city, the two men decided to end this first free flight. They still had lots of straw on board but were concerned about the condition of the envelope. They landed on the Butte-aux-Cailles, having crossed a distance of ten kilometres. Some of the peasants and labourers who rushed to the site grabbed...
Pilâtre de Rozier’s topcoat and tore it into pieces for souvenirs or, one might say, relics. The flight had lasted scarcely more than twenty minutes.

Two days earlier, on 19 November, Anne-Jean and Marie-Noël Robert had announced the ascent of a hydrogen balloon in the prestigious *Journal de Paris*, the only French daily of the time. They also started a fund drive, meeting their target in a few days. Better yet, the two brothers asked for and received permission to display the balloon they would use at the Palais des Tuileries, the Paris residence of King Louis XVI, in an area open to the public. Initially scheduled for 29 November, the attempt was officially cancelled by order of the king. Charles, on the brink of despair, nonetheless decided to go ahead with the preparations and set his sights on being ready to leave Monday, 1 December 1783.

According to some historians, the crowd that gathered outside the Palais des Tuileries, along both banks of the Seine, and on balconies and rooftops was the largest to date. Half the population of Paris was there, four hundred thousand people in all. The ticket holders stood in the courtyard and
gardens of the Tuileries. For this flight, Charles and the Robert brothers had made a larger balloon of rubberized silk panels painted alternately in yellow and red. Its blue and gold rococo gondola looked rather like a carriage. This magnificent balloon was the direct forerunner of all gas balloons constructed thereafter.

At 1:30 p.m., ignoring the king’s decree, Charles and Marie-Noël Robert took their places in the basket. Charles, in a show of bravado, opened one of the bottles of champagne stowed on board. The two men toasted the crowd and emptied their glasses. Charles then gave the signal, the lines were released, and the balloon rose. From their basket, Charles and Robert waved two flags. Once again, the throng was so stunned that it failed to react.

Only after a few moments did the cheering, applause, and tears begin. The soldiers and officers drawn up around the compound saluted the intrepid passengers. One elderly spectator, the wife of the Maréchal de Villeroi, could not believe her eyes. With a mixture of rapture and regret, she cried, “They will eventually find the secret of eternal life. And by then I will be dead.”

Charles and Robert travelled a distance of some thirty-five kilometres in just over two hours, coming to rest in the meadow at Nesle-la-Vallée. Nearby peasants held onto the basket to keep the balloon down. Charles, practical as always, immediately prepared a brief account and had it signed by witnesses, including the Duc de Chartres and the Duc de Fitz-James, great-grandson of King James II of England who had died in Canada.
The Ducs de Chartres and de Fitz-James sign the brief account of the flight. La Navigation aérienne; Histoire documentaire et anecdotique, p. 48

Charles decided to return aloft on his own to conduct a few physics experiments at a higher altitude.

exile in France. The two men had followed the balloon at a gallop from the capital.

This task completed, Charles decided to return aloft on his own to conduct a few physics experiments at a higher altitude. Robert climbed out, the balloon was again released, and Charles rose rapidly to an altitude of almost 3,300 metres. Deciding that he had done enough for one day, Charles landed again after a solo flight of just over half an hour, in open country near La Tour de Leys, five kilometres from his first landing site.

The details of this double flight caused a stir in Paris. The next day, 2 December, a huge crowd assembled outside Charles’s home before his return. When he arrived, he was greeted with an ovation. A visit to the Palais-Royal, where Charles thanked the Duc de Chartres, ended with another ovation. The crowd then carried him aloft in triumph from the steps to his carriage. The balloon was given similar treatment; its return to Paris was greeted with an amazing display of public celebration.

The rewards were not long in coming. The Académie des Sciences de Paris, for example, awarded the title of supernumerary associate to the four aeronauts: Pilâtre de Rozier, the Marquis d’Arlandes, Charles, and Robert. Joseph and Étienne Montgolfier became corresponding members of the illustrious institution, having been named by acclamation—a first. Their elderly father received letters patent of nobility, his sons thus becoming Joseph and Étienne de Montgolfier. Years later, the Air Command of the Canadian Forces would adopt the family motto, “Sic itur ad astra,” meaning roughly, “Such is the pathway to the stars.”

Thus ended the first six months in the history of ballooning, an exhilarating period during which Paris was the Cape Canaveral of the eighteenth century.
Looking back two centuries, it is difficult to imagine the impact of these first flights in 1783. Overnight, a veritable “balloonmania” began to rage in France. This passion, if not madness, for things of the air gripped everyone everywhere. Rich and poor, nobleperson and commoner, courtier and countryperson, all were equally fascinated by these balloons that soared heavenward.

Balloonmania was manifested in a thousand and one ways. It swept through arts and literature, even everyday life. One had merely to claim that an object was “au ballon” (in the balloon style) for sales to increase. Ceramics are a perfect example. Often inexpensive, plates and teapots enabled people of all classes to own a tangible souvenir of the great invention; such ceramics could be found widely distributed throughout the countryside, where it seems to have been more for display than for use.

Rather curiously, these ceramics and a good many balloon objects dating from this time had as their motif the gas balloon, known as the charlière, or the robertine, aboard which Charles and Robert had made their famous flight of 1 December 1783. Objects depicting the hot-air balloon were much rarer.

Many earthenware factories, for example in Strasbourg, Moustiers, Lyon, Rouen, Lille, Marseille, and especially Nevers, produced a wide and varied range of objects. There were bowls and pots decorated with the balloon motif, plates and pitchers, and even shaving mugs. The captions they bore were not always very imaginative: “Au revoir,” “Adieu,” and “Bon voyage.” Some, however, were a little more sophisticated, if not outright bombastic or sarcastic: “Sic itur ad astra,” “To immortality,” “The folly of the century,” and “To the folly of the day.”

Quite often earthenware au ballon was produced to commemorate a specific ascent. In more than one case, the compositions were copies of engravings of the time, while others quite simply exploited the fashion of the day, showing just a globe and a gondola and no background. For a more affluent public, the factories of Sèvres, Saint-Cloud, Paris, and Limoges also produced porcelain in the balloon style, though in rather smaller quantities. Everything was available, from cups to full sets of china. These pieces, handpainted in great detail, were often magnificent.
Copper cake tins and urns were also designed au ballon, but the theme was not limited to tableware. The balloon was a simple subject to illustrate and took little research. It was easy to design for almost any surface. What more could one ask?

Many pieces of clothing, especially for the rich, had balloon touches. There were beautiful dresses with puffed sleeves that were, naturally, au ballon. The fan, light and often inexpensive, was a perfect prop favoured by elegant ladies. No one knows just how many were made showing a balloon. Some, made of painted or printed silk, were magnificent. Others, more crudely made, were of paper. Very often, if the front bore the picture of an ascent, the back tended to be humorous. Indeed, some bore satirical songs. Au ballon hats were a huge success with the great ladies of the Court, who also dressed their hair in this latest style. The epithets for their coiffures were evocative: “à la montgolfier,” “à la Blanchard,” “au globe volant,” “au demi-ballon,” or “à l’air inflammable.”
This fashion was not the province of women alone. Gentlemen were also keen. Many wore elegant waistcoats embroidered with ballooning scenes. Depicted on their gloves were scenes of this or that flight. A balloon-hilted sword or globe-knobbed walking stick rounded out their toilette.

In upper-class dining rooms, guests might take a liqueur au ballon, such as a crème aérienne or crème aérostatique. If so inclined, they could use balloon-style playing cards or play games of trictrac, a game known in England as backgammon, with ivory tokens in the balloon motif. Later in the evening, dancers who were up on the fashion would do a Gonesse quadrille. Some hosts even served their guests a filet à la Montgolfier.

In the streets, those with the means could purchase miniature balloons about twenty centimetres in diameter and inflated with hydrogen. The first toy balloon seems to have taken to the air 10 September 1783, just two weeks after the first Paris flight of the unpiloted hydrogen-filled balloon of Charles and the Robert brothers. More enterprising manufacturers produced miniature balloons in the shape of nympha or animals. A new industry was born.

The American government representative in France, Benjamin Franklin, bought one of these small balloons for his grandson and secretary, William. Some of the nobility were so taken with them, they offered miniature balloons as gifts at their functions. Unfortunately, a number of people were injured following attempts to produce hydrogen at home, and the government was forced to ban the practice.

Knick-knacks and trinkets did not escape balloonmania. Its circular shape made the balloon a popular motif with makers of pocket watches, doorknobs, and small boxes of tortoiseshell, ivory, or gold used as snuff boxes and candy dishes (indeed, there is no better place for candies au ballon); such objects are still highly valued. Even small objects seemingly difficult to decorate were quickly swept along on the wave, such as the many buttons of burnished steel or the sets of silverware with graceful engraved handles that were produced. Even
more luxurious were rings, lockets, and bracelets in the balloon style.

No doubt the most refined expression of this craze was glass beadwork embroidery involving incredible precision. These magnificent miniature scenes, often copies of period engravings, were made using minuscule beads of coloured glass. In some cases, one square centimetre contained close to two hundred beads. This beadwork embroidery provided wonderful adornment for a variety of luxury items: perfume bottles, small boxes, pocketbooks, writing cases, and hand screens.

As might be expected, furniture and home accessories quickly adopted the style of the day. People murmured sweetly to their pet birds held captive in balloon-style cages. They bought barometers, wall calendars, and even wall clocks in the balloon style. Queen Marie-Antoinette, the wife of King Louis XVI, ordered such a clock for the Château du Petit Trianon, where she spent much of her time. The balloon craze also extended to furniture, with armchairs, beds, or worktables showing inlaid or carved balloons. Round-backed montgolfière chairs were all the rage in the haut-monde.

Nor were the walls of grand residences overlooked. Balloon madness was imprinted on wallpaper and toile de Jouy, printed fabric made in the Oberkampf factory near Versailles in the little town of Jouy-en-Josas. Many craftsmen produced gilt wooden frames au ballon, in which they placed mirrors or works of art, such as paintings or engravings.

These last deserve closer study. The number of engravings, serious and less serious, depicting balloon flight is astounding. Portraits of the principal aeronauts (a word invented in 1784), were also numerous. The beginnings of ballooning were a literal gold mine for engravers. One print cost the average Parisian a day’s wages, so the ordinary folk had to make do with less expensive woodcuts. Thousands of works have survived until the present, and their number alone is an indication of the incredible popularity of prints au ballon.

The actual information value all of these works should, however, be assessed with some caution. A number of engravers produced their image of a flight before it had even taken place. This ploy, clearly aimed at profiting as much as possible from the...
impact of a flight, could prove costly and rather embarrassing if the balloon crashed or the flight were cancelled. Such mishaps often prompted engravers to produce quite vicious satirical works.

So widespread was the craze that bookbinders joined in, and not only where works about ballooning were concerned. Almanacs were embossed in the balloon style. The library of none other than Queen Marie-Antoinette included a magnificently ornate copy of a type of religious book known as a *Lecture du Matin*.

No doubt poets and chroniclers saw this conquest of the sky as glittering evidence of France’s great genius. In the view of one politician and friend of the philosophers, Chrétien Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the conquest of the sky was far more important than victory at sea. France had got the better of England without spilling a single drop of blood. Despite this official rhetoric, the French people’s remarkable gift for not taking themselves too seriously survived even balloonmania.

The following anonymous text by an author who envisioned an eventual Channel crossing is revealing:

If such a reckless venture fails, it may at least serve to depict the genius of the Nation. The exuberant, daring and carefree Frenchman, giving his imagination free rein, would want to soar at will in the sky, while the deeply pensive, thoughtful, methodical Englishman would walk gravely on the bottom of the sea.

This text might well have inspired the following quatrain:

*The English, a Nation too proud, Lay claim to the Empire of the Seas,*  
*The French, a Nation lighthearted, Lay hold of that of the Skies.*

Interestingly, some believe the author of this text was English.

This patriotic viewpoint was not the only one to inspire poets. The sense of wonder also inspired many authors who too often had more enthusiasm than talent. The following couplet is a patent example:

*Cook walks to the ends of the oceans.*  
*Montgolfier flies to the heavens; Open the gates of Hell to me, I will put out the fires!*

James Cook, an English navigator killed by Hawaiians a few years earlier, was known throughout Europe for his journeys of exploration in the Pacific Ocean.

The history of ballooning could almost be told using only these works, poems and songs. German author Christian Wieland was so taken with the wonder and excitement they expressed that he coined a new word: “aéropétomanie.” Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, this word has passed into oblivion.

As might be expected, the English language contains terms still in use today that date from that time: “aerostation,” “aerostat,” “aeronaut” and “aerial navigation.” Those who favoured the hydrogen balloon became known as “charlistes,” while those who favoured the hot-air balloon were known as “montgolfistes.” When the rivalry between these two groups heated up, they called each other “gazistes” and “pailleux” (for the gas and straw each used for flight).

The enthusiasm for flight boosted an already considerable interest in science, primarily physics. Among the wealthy, science was the passion of the day. Science meant power. For many philosophers, and for those who read them, it was through scientific knowledge that humanity would finally tame nature. According to some writers, the ruling class could even use this knowledge
to hold onto its power by showing the masses just how ignorant they were.

Science could also raise humanity to the level of divinity, or so wrote one Joseph Vasselier, main correspondent of the writer and philosopher François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire in Lyon and member of the Académie des Sciences de Lyon. In a poem that accompanies an engraving of the flight of the hot-air balloon Flesselles, the largest balloon of its time, Vasselier wrote,

*Infinite space separated us from the Heavens; But, thanks to the Montgolfier, inspired by genius, The eagle of Jupiter has lost its Empire, And the weak mortal can draw nearer to the gods.*

This balloon, christened the *Flesselles* by the wife of the intendant of Lyon, Jacques de Flesselles, made the third air voyage in history on 19 January 1784.

The religious notion of the balloon ascending to Heaven and then returning the humans to the Earth lay beneath the reactions of many groups of peasants seeing the balloon for the first time. They believed the aeronauts to be sorcerers or angels, or messengers of the Lord. They would often tear off the clothing of the men who descended from "Heaven" and venerate the pieces as relics. In one case reported by Jean-Pierre Blanchard, doubtless the greatest aeronaut of the time, the smallest bit of food found in the basket was divided amongst the relic-hunters.

Obviously, the philosophers and scholars saw things from a more scientific viewpoint. Some thought that science was opening
limitless avenues of progress. Denis Diderot, one of the chief compilers of the famous Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts et des métiers, said he was convinced that one day humankind would walk on the moon. There was no doubt that major technological change was on its way. Was this not true for society as a whole? For others, the idea was disquieting. A number of authors argued that the balloon was contrary to nature. It allowed humankind to reach a domain, the sky, where it had no business being:

Let us leave to each its domain,  
God made the skies for the birds;  
To the fishes, He gave the waters.  
And to the humans, the Earth.  
Let us cultivate it, my dear friends.

One evocative example of this idea is an electrifying event described in a supplement to the Mercure de France, Le Journal politique de Bruxelles. On 19 January 1784, as the Flesselles was lifting off with Pilâtre de Rozier and Joseph Montgolfier, as well as four young noblemen on board, a young Lyonnaise colleague of Montgolfier’s named Fontaine jumped into the basket without warning. To all these distinguished people the young man said, “On Earth I respected you, but here we are equals.”

To the ordinary person, the philosophical discussions were of secondary importance. What people wanted most was to laugh and enjoy themselves. Each flight was a celebration, if not a symbol of escape. Admission charge or not, no one could stop the poorest Parisian from admiring a balloon in full flight. It is not surprising, then, that the lighter-than-air machine made its way into theatre. Several playwrights began writing on the theme. One among them, Jean-François Cailhava d’Estendoux, clearly hoped that this balloon craze would boost his waning career as a writer of comedies.

Recognizing the extent of the public’s passion for each flight, he reworked several of his plays. One of them was staged by the Comédie italienne on 19 October 1783, the very day of the captive balloon flight by Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d’Arlandes. A triumphant success at its premiere in 1770, Le Cabriolet volant, ou Arlequin-Mahomet, drame philosophi-comi-tragi-extravagant en quatre actes et en prose was a flop in 1783.

The story opens in Paris where an inventor, Musco, gives his good friend Arlequin a marvellous flying machine, the flying cabriolet of the title. Pursued by his creditors, Arlequin flees on board his machine to the eastern kingdom of King Bahaman. On arriving, he learns that a prince is preparing to lay siege to a tower in which a princess had recently shut herself away so that she would not have to marry him. Arlequin decides to use his machine to enter the tower. Passing himself off as the prophet Mohammed, he is worshipped by the besieged. In the final act, Arlequin manages to defeat the prince by smashing him on the head with a cooking pot.

According to the critics, the comic actor Corali, in the leading role of Arlequin, simply did not measure up to the part. Despite every effort, he did not have the talent of the late Carlin Bertinazzi, the play’s inimitable Arlequin of the 1770 production. Moreover, the very basis of Cailhava d’Estendoux’s parody was out of date. Le Cabriolet volant was originally conceived as a wicked satire — of the maudlin playwrights of the time as well as of those madmen who wanted to fly in machines that never got off the ground — but by 1783 it had been overtaken by circumstance. Human flight was no longer a dream to be mocked; it was a reality.

As early as 1784, several theatrical companies offered the people of Paris entirely novel plays that detailed the amorous and aerial adventures of fictitious aeronauts.
These now-forgotten comedies included *L’Amour physicien, ou l’origine des ballons*; *Le Ballon, ou la Physico-manie*; *La Carlo-Robertiade, ou Épître badine des chevaux, ânes et mulets de ce bas monde, au sujet des ballons*; *Le Siècle des Ballons*; and *Le globe d’amour, ou La nouvelle Didon*. In this last comedy, the playwright describes how the hero and his female companion become masters of an African island thanks to a balloon; the arrival of the couple seemingly from the heavens led the islanders to believe the pair were gods.

As remarkable as it may seem, balloonmania lasted a mere two years. Having attracted considerable attention when it began in 1783, it began to wane in 1785. The balloon was no longer an inspiration for fashion, art, or decoration. Its rapid decline may have been owing to the fact that many flights in the provinces, perhaps up to sixty percent, ended in failure. In Bordeaux, the centre of ballooning in France after Paris, barely one-third of balloons managed to leave the ground. It seems the enthusiasm of provincial aeronauts often far exceeded their abilities.

The failures sometimes caused crowds to turn hostile, and a number of riots broke out. During one in Bordeaux, two men were killed. The authorities acted swiftly. Two men were hanged and seven others sent to the galleys. It is not surprising that municipal, provincial, and royal authorities, which already disliked such gatherings as they were difficult for even the army to control, soon took a dim view of all ballooning ventures. In addition to the problems of crowd control was the serious risk of fire. Hot-air balloons caught fire too easily, and the cities of that time had no real means of fighting the blaze.

The city of Lyon issued an ordinance prohibiting hot-air balloon flights as of April 1784, and on 23 April the Paris police began grounding any balloon carrying a burner or fireworks. These were the first pieces of aeronautical legislation. The Paris police also prohibited anyone without experience from piloting a balloon. Two days later, the central government informed the provinces that an official permit was needed to fly. Not surprisingly, more and more would-be aeronauts were denied a licence. The declining number of flights were attended by fewer people, who bought fewer products. Balloonmania was coming to an end.

The balloonmania of 1783–85 was unique and occurred exclusively in France. It was not until the early nineteenth century that balloonmania spread beyond France’s borders. In the countries of western Europe, the public’s passion finally caught up with the aeronauts who by 1800 had been flying for nearly twenty years.
The Balloon Outside Paris and Beyond France

As might be expected, the flight in Annonay in June 1783 aroused real interest. In late August, the intendant of Lyon, Jacques de Flesselles, managed to persuade Joseph Montgolfier to do a free flight there in a small balloon. Witnesses to this flight were so delighted that they started up a fund drive to pay for the construction of a large balloon. In the fall, news of the first piloted flights reached Lyon. As a result, Montgolfier found himself obliged to make the balloon larger to accommodate passengers. Pilâtre de Rozier, who had hurried to the site, proposed changes. Deadlines were extended, the four noblemen to whom Montgolfier had promised places on board grew restless, and skeptics became increasingly vociferous.

The envelope was assembled in January 1784 and was first inflated on a wooden dais erected near the city of Lyon, at the site known as Les Brotteaux. Montgolfier's worries were not over. The balloon was damaged during another inflation attempt, and then a snowfall soaked the envelope and one section caught fire during an attempt to dry it out. The local population was annoyed by these setbacks. On Monday, 19 January 1784, it was finally decided to risk an ascent. Spectators and friends of the passengers became worried and attempted to have this madness called off.

The four noble passengers—Prince Charles d’Aremberg (eldest son of the Prince de Ligne) and the Comtes de Laurencin, de Dampierre and de la Porte d’Anglefort—would hear nothing of it. They boarded the circular gallery around the base of the balloon, threatening to run through anyone who attempted to dislodge them. Pilâtre de Rozier suggested drawing the names of three individuals who would then take part in the flight. The four young men stood their ground and ordered the lines to be cut. Pilâtre de Rozier, who despite his fears did not wish to be left behind, got on board, followed by Montgolfier. It was then that, seizing the opportunity, Montgolfier's young colleague Fontaine climbed in after him, becoming the first stowaway in aviation history.

Its load far too heavy, the balloon (christened the Flesselles by the intendant's wife) failed to rise, though Pilâtre de Rozier dumped ballast and three-quarters of the wood intended to fuel the fire. Pushed by the breeze and still held by two lines, the balloon dropped off the dais and drifted toward the crowd of nearly 100,000 people. Panic nearly broke out. Finally the lines were cut, and the Flesselles lifted off. The spectators gave vent to their joy: hats were flung into the air; women wept or fainted.

Just minutes later, the envelope tore near the top. Pilâtre de Rozier fed as much wood as he could into the burner, but the damage was too great. The Flesselles plummeted and crashed into the muddy ground near its starting point, slightly injuring two passengers. The flight had lasted just eighteen minutes. It would be the first and last flight for Joseph Montgolfier. The crowd's enthusiasm was, however, undampened. That same evening, at the Lyon opera house, the aeronauts were recognized and the audience gave them a lengthy ovation. In Paris, a rather vicious and highly popular quatrain mocked their attempt:

You come from Lyon? Tell us plainly: Did the globe depart? Is it certain? – I saw it. – Tell us, did it travel full tilt? – Did it go! ... Oh! Sir, it went flat out!

Certainly not all maiden flights of the era were as eventful. But one thing is true: Ballooning was in its infancy, and balloons were not very safe. But the potential risks did not deter the pioneers.

The balloon also began to gain popularity outside France. In February 1784, for example, a hot-air balloon flew close to Milan, now a major city in northern Italy and then still ruled by the Hapsburgs. On board were Chevalier Paulo Andreani and the two brothers, Agostino and Carlo Gerli, who had made the craft.

Many women also succumbed to the flying craze. Initially, they had to be content with watching the scenery, as the piloting was reserved for men. On 20 May 1784, for example, the Marquise de Montalembert and three other ladies were the first women to take part in a captive flight over Paris on board a hot-air balloon.

The first woman to make a free flight took to the air in rather unusual circumstances. To mark the anniversary of the very first flight at Annonay, a group of merchants in Lyon financed the construction of a hot-air balloon, called the Gustave in honour of Sweden's King Gustave III who was visiting the region at the time. A young opera singer, Elisabeth Thible, née Estrieux, managed to persuade one of the balloon's designers, the Comte de Laurencin, who had been a passenger on the Flesselles, to give her his place on board.
On 4 June 1784, Thible and the balloon’s other designer, a painter named Fleurant, lifted off from the same site used by the unlucky Flesselles. Thrilled by the experience, the two aeronauts burst into song. They landed after a flight of forty-five minutes on the Belmont rise, about four kilometres from their starting point.

Contrary to popular belief, Thible was not a mere coquette. Dressed in men’s attire, she was as energetic as her companion in feeding straw into the fire that kept the balloon aloft. Thible was the first woman to fly in a free balloon and the second to be received into the Académie des Sciences de Lyon.

The history of ballooning in North America began soon after the flights by the Montgolfier brothers and their rivals, Charles and the Robert brothers, were reported in the newspapers. A small hot-air balloon of paper, made by a Quaker physician, Dr John Foulke, took flight 10 May 1784 in Philadelphia, the capital of the young American republic. Three other balloons made brief flights in the days that followed.

Further south, Peter Carnes, a lawyer and tavern owner in Bladensburg, a small town in Maryland, became fascinated with lighter-than-air craft. He made small balloons out of paper and silk, and his demonstrations drew hundreds of spectators. Bolstered by these successes, Carnes announced in The Maryland Journal of 15 June 1784 that he would exhibit and fly a hot-air balloon in a field near Baltimore on Thursday, 24 June.

On the appointed day, much of the city’s population headed north to the chosen site, Howard Park. In the morning, the silk balloon made a number of captive flights, but with no passengers aboard. Carnes seems to have realized that his excessive weight would pre-
vent the balloon lifting off. If the crowd was disappointed, it showed no sign. By all accounts, the spectators were delighted.

In the afternoon, as the inventor was preparing for a final flight, a thirteen-year-old boy from Baltimore, Edward Warren, volunteered to go up. Taken aback, but thrilled, Carnes allowed him to get in. The young fellow was carried aloft to the exclamations of the crowd. After several minutes, he came back down. Spectators who had been impressed by his courage offered him a reward, which he gladly accepted before leaving. Thus, scarcely eight months after the first captive flight made in France, a human being had left the soil of the American continent.

Always thinking of publicity, Carnes decided to attempt a free flight from the large yard of the Philadelphia prison, using the same balloon with a few minor changes. This site would allow for crowd control and ensure that only ticket holders could attend the liftoff. The flight, set for the 4 July national holiday, had to be postponed. On 19 July, during takeoff, a gust of wind thrust the balloon into a wall, and Carnes was tossed to the ground. Free of his weight, the balloon quickly rose to a great height, and then burst into flames and crashed. Despite denials, many spectators firmly believed the aeronaut had perished. The inventor, shaken but unhurt, decided against a second attempt.

British North America, far less settled, was untouched by the fever for flight until the 1830s, and it was 1840 before an aeronaut made the first piloted flight. On 10 August 1840, an American aeronaut born in Guadeloupe, Louis Anselm Lauriat, lifted off from Saint John, New Brunswick. At age fifty-four, Lauriat was among the most widely known aeronauts in the northeastern United States. His hydrogen balloon, the Star of the East, landed just under thirty-five kilometres from the city. This was the first piloted flight in what would later become part of Canada.

In England, opinion was divided over ballooning. The Royal Society of London feigned indifference, but in fact many researchers were extremely disappointed to see France conquer the sky before la blanche Albion. The eighteenth-century writer HoraceWalpole considered the balloon a mere toy, the same as a kite. Similarly, some newspapers, such as The Morning Herald of 27 December 1783, urged “all men to laugh this new folly out of practice as soon as possible.”

In London, a young employee of the embassy of the kingdom of Naples announced his intention to take to the air in England. On 4 November 1783, without any prior publicity, Count Francesco Zambecari, an Italian sailor and adventurer, sent a small hydrogen balloon into the sky with the help of Michael Biaggini, an artificial flower maker. Three weeks later, a somewhat larger craft flew from the training field of an artillery unit at Moorfields, north of London. A large crowd witnessed the event. The balloon landed on a farm in Sussex, and the shrewd owner put the craft on display in his barn and charged a fee to those interested in seeing it.

This mixed reaction of disappointment and pique largely explains why foreigners were the first to take to the air in England. On 4 November 1783, without any prior publicity, Count Francesco Zambecari, an Italian sailor and adventurer, sent a small hydrogen balloon into the sky with the help of Michael Biaggini, an artificial flower maker. Three weeks later, a somewhat larger craft flew from the training field of an artillery unit at Moorfields, north of London. A large crowd witnessed the event. The balloon landed on a farm in Sussex, and the shrewd owner put the craft on display in his barn and charged a fee to those interested in seeing it.
manufacture got off to a slow start, and in the middle of the project, on 7 August 1784, Lunardi was denied permission to use the property of the Chelsea hospital.

Such caution was understandable. Three days earlier, on 4 August, the supposed attempt of a French crook calling himself the “Chevalier de Moret” had caused a riot. With the failure of a second attempt, this one legitimate, by a renowned but eccentric anatomist named Dr John Sheldon, all of London was becoming openly cynical. Both the administration of the Chelsea hospital and the authorities feared that a further failure would rouse the anger of the spectators, who might become destructive. Lunardi had to use all his charm to win over the commander of an artillery unit who in turn, after a heated discussion, convinced the authorities to lease Lunardi his unit’s training grounds at Moorfields.

Lunardi had barely recovered from this setback when another danger loomed. The owner of the Lyceum, where his red-and-white silk hydrogen balloon was on display, took possession of it to encourage Lunardi to pay him a percentage of the funds raised for the venture. The aeronaut eventually had to call in the police to effect the return of his property. The balloon reached Moorfields under guard in the afternoon of 14 September; Lunardi was exhausted.

The next morning, 15 September 1784, the sun shone brightly. A crowd of nearly 150 000 people gathered around the enclosure guarded by soldiers. A series of incidents kept the tension high. By 1:30 p.m., the balloon was only half-inflated and the skeptical crowd grew restless. It would take little to spark a riot.
Biggin and Lunardi held a war council and decided that Lunardi would fly solo.

Lunardi boarded just before 2 p.m. with a dog and a cat. The lines were untied, and the balloon rose. One of the two oars Lunardi intended to use to control his flight dropped to the ground. Following the example of the Prince of Wales, members of Parliament who had come to witness the liftoff (William Pitt and Edmund Burke among them) doffed their hats, fearing that they would never see poor Lunardi again.

The aeronaut, however, had little concern for what was going on below. Ecstatic with the flight, he had a bit to eat and drink and allowed the balloon to drift. After a while, Lunardi began to row with the remaining oar, with little success. He touched down at 3:30 p.m. in South Mimms, where he dumped
the cat and the rest of his ballast. Lunardi rose back into the air almost immediately and resumed rowing. At 3:55 p.m. he touched down a second time, at a farm near Ware, in Hertfordshire.

A nearby group of men fled in panic when Lunardi asked them for help, but a woman by the name of Elizabeth Brett, fascinated by the sight, went immediately to his aid. The men, feeling sheepish, turned back and went to lend a hand, and Lunardi was able to climb out of the basket. He had covered a total distance of nearly forty kilometres, completing the first air voyage in the British Isles and the first air voyage of any great distance.

Overnight, Lunardi became the darling of London. The newspapers trumpeted his name. Songs extolled his courage. Huge crowds went to see his balloon on display at the Pantheon. Encouraged by his first flight, Lunardi repeated the experience on 13 May 1785. On 29 June his backer, George Biggin, flew with the first female English aeronaut.
Letitia Anne Sage. Also in 1785, Lunardi flew at Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

On 23 August 1786, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Lunardi’s balloon escaped from the ground crew, taking with it a young man named Ralph Heron whose arm had become caught in the anchor rope. He fell as the horrified crowd looked on and died from his injuries a few minutes later. Lunardi was forced to flee the menacing crowd. His name ruined, he left England soon after. Though deeply affected by the young man’s death, Lunardi continued to fly in the Italian peninsula and then in Spain and Portugal, where he again found the adulation he so enjoyed. In about 1792, after a flight in Spain, peasants thought he must be a saint from Heaven and hoisted him onto their shoulders in triumph. Even so, Lunardi died poor and forgotten in a convent near Lisbon, Portugal, in 1806.

Noting the passion of the crowds, a number of individuals soon realized that ballooning could prove profitable. The first professional aeronauts started to appear. Lunardi was among this early group of great barnstormers.
The very first, a brave Frenchman, Jean-Pierre Blanchard, was without a doubt the most famous and most gifted. He also adopted as his motto “Sic itur ad astra.”

Blanchard first lifted off 2 March 1784 on board a balloon fitted with flapping vanes. The departure itself was not without mishap. An excited young man to whom Blanchard had refused a place on board drew his sword. He slashed the ropes and damaged one of the balloon’s oars. Contrary to the story that circulated for some years, the fellow was not the young Napoleon Bonaparte. Upset by such slander, Napoleon attempted to set things straight in his memoirs. The guilty party was in fact a chum of his from the École militaire de Brienne, named Dupont de Chambon.
Blanchard, his hand slightly injured, had to leave behind his passenger, a monk named Pesch. The monk was especially disappointed as he was there in defiance of a formal instruction from his order forbidding travel on this invention of the Devil that was eroding people's belief in miracles. Moreover, the good brother had just escaped from a prison where he had been held by the heads of his order. His disobedience was to cost him dearly; his order banished him to its remotest monastery.

In any event, once the damage had been repaired, Blanchard lifted off from the Champ-de-Mars in Paris. As planned, he attempted to row northeast, to La Villette, but the heedless wind carried him in the opposite direction, to Billancourt. Just the same, the aeronaut claimed he had been able to control his flight. All of Paris had a good chuckle at his expense. The following quatrain was highly popular:

From the Champ-de-Mars he flew;  
In a nearby field he landed;  
A lot of money he accrued.  
Gentlemen, sic itur ad astra.

Having neither the financial means nor the connections of Charles and the Montgolfier brothers, Blanchard soon learned to generate his own publicity. Instead of flying in France, where he was just one of many aeronauts, Blanchard decided to seek his fortune where there was less competition. The French aeronaut arrived in London in August 1784 and quickly became the focus of a group of ballooning enthusiasts that included two physicians—John Sheldon, the would-be aeronaut, and John Jeffries, a wealthy American with Loyalist tendencies.
of a pair of flapping vanes and a windmill that looked like an Archimedes’ screw. Neither method proved effective. Sheldon descended at Sunbury, and Blanchard returned aloft alone. He made a second landing in Romsey, more than 115 kilometres from London.

It was with his other backer, Dr John Jeffries, that the French aeronaut made his second flight in England, on 30 November 1784. Once again, a cargo of scientific equipment meant that the balloon was unable to clear the surrounding trees and buildings. This time, though, Jeffries was able to control Blanchard, and all the instruments remained on board. The flight lasted two hours, and the two men touched down in Kent, near Ingress.

Encouraged by their success, Blanchard and Jeffries immediately began dreaming of an even greater flight: the crossing of the Channel. Jeffries agreed to pay all of the project’s costs provided Blanchard did him the honour of taking him along. The glory-seeking Blanchard tried everything to prevent his patron from accompanying him. Once the balloon and its equipment were at the departure site, Dover Castle, Blanchard flatly refused to allow Jeffries in the castle. The situation became so tense that the castle governor finally had to intervene. Blanchard even went so far as to line his
jacket with lead in the hopes that, during the weighing operation, Jeffries would feel that he had to let the Frenchman leave alone. The ploy was soon discovered.

As remarkable as it may seem, Jeffries appears not to have been offended by the scheming of the French pilot. Preparations continued, and at 1 p.m. on 7 January 1785, the hydrogen balloon, fitted with oars and a propeller and with the two men on board, left the ground and began to make its way over the white cliffs of Dover. Jeffries was enchanted by the sight. Unfortunately, the balloon began to lose altitude, and they had to start dumping ballast.
Two-thirds of the way across, not a grain of sand remained on board, so Blanchard ordered that all non-essentials be cast over. Ornamentation, the propeller, the oars, the anchors—everything went. The pilot even removed his waistcoat and breeches. His astonished companion tossed his own waistcoat into the air. The lightened balloon rose back up. At 3 p.m., Blanchard and Jeffries, numb and delirious with joy, flew over the French coast. At about 3:30 p.m., they landed near Guînes, in a clearing of the Felmores forest, about twenty kilometres inland. They had conquered the Channel; England was no longer an island.

Blanchard and Jeffries, once found and more suitably dressed, were taken to Calais by horse-drawn carriage. They made a triumphant entrance. The two aeronauts then travelled to Paris where King Louis XVI gave his subject, Blanchard, a pension and a hefty reward. Jeffries had to make do with the unbounded admiration of the great ladies and gentlemen of Paris.

Though Pilâtre de Rozier congratulated the two men, he was deeply disappointed. He had been working for weeks on a state-funded project for a crossing of the Channel from France to England (against the prevailing westerly winds). Quite likely, his interest was owing largely to the huge reward the French government was offering to the first person to accomplish the feat. Pilâtre de Rozier was sponsored by the Comte de Provence, brother of King Louis XVI and a patron of the museum he had established in Paris.

The aerostat developed by Pilâtre de Rozier was a strange hybrid that combined a spherical hydrogen balloon with a cylindrical hot-air balloon suspended below. The first section of this "aéro-montgolfière," built by a chemist and skilled craftsman, Pierre-Ange Romain, was to provide the lift for the whole craft; the second was to enable the pilot to control its altitude. The combination was a novelty, but some, including Charles, considered it dangerous.

On 4 January 1785, barely three days before the triumphant crossing of Blanchard and Jeffries, Pilâtre de Rozier and Romain set up at Wimereux, near Boulogne-sur-Mer. They were ready, but the wind stubbornly blew in the wrong direction. The weeks and months passed. Many songs and quatrains openly made fun of the setbacks of the two aeronauts. The press became increasingly nasty. Pilâtre de Rozier made the best of the long delay to travel to Paris and London. Finally, in June, the wind co-operated; it was now or never.

On 15 June 1785, Pilâtre de Rozier and Romain filled the top portion of their aerostat with hydrogen. They then lit the burner of the lower part. When the two sections of the vehicle had been attached together, the two men climbed aboard the circular gallery. The aéro-montgolfière took off just after seven in the morning and rose rapidly.
The wind, at first favourable, soon pushed them back toward France.

About twelve minutes after takeoff, the spectators, among them Pilâtre de Rozier’s fiancée, a young Englishwoman named Susan Dyer, saw the burner of the hot-air balloon drop a little. Then a flame shot from the top of the hydrogen balloon. Horrified and helpless, the onlookers watched as the craft plunged. There was a terrible crash, and Pilâtre de Rozier was killed on impact.

Romain died in the arms of the first arrivals on the scene of the disaster. Dyer, overcome with grief, died shortly afterward. The conquest of the sky, which almost miraculously had thus far been without serious injury, had just claimed two victims.

Touched as he was by the death of his rival, Blanchard continued to fly, becoming the first aeronaut to tour several regions of Europe. In 1785, for example, the French aeronaut made flights from Frankfurt am
Main, a free city of the Holy Roman Empire; from the Hague, in the United Provinces; and from Ghent, in the Austrian Netherlands.

In August 1785, Blanchard and a companion and journalist, the Chevalier de l’Espinard, lifted off at Lille and travelled a distance of nearly 500 kilometres. That year, Blanchard could boast of being the most famous and experienced aeronaut in the world. Jean-Baptiste Guillaume Curtius, a predecessor of the renowned Madame Tussaud, added the aeronaut to the gallery of wax personages on display at Paris fairs.

In 1788, Blanchard stunned crowds in Basel, a major city in the Swiss Confederation, when, to lighten his underinflated balloon, he simply untied the basket and headed skyward dangling from four ropes. The next year, the French aeronaut went to Warsaw, Poland, and to Prague, Bohemia, a territory under Hapsburg rule. The French Revolution began while Blanchard was still in these regions. The Austrian authorities, convinced he was engaged in revolutionary propaganda, placed him behind bars in Kufstein, Tyrol. Blanchard soon managed to escape and decided to try his luck on the other side of the Atlantic.

A flight made in Nuremberg by Blanchard in November 1787. Aeronautical Prints & Drawings, plate 62.
Not long after arriving in North America, Blanchard announced in a Philadelphia newspaper the first public flight in North America in nine years. Tickets went on sale for two and five dollars. On the appointed day, Wednesday, 9 January 1793, a fair-sized throng gathered at the chosen site, the yard of the city prison. Among the few privileged spectators who could afford the price of a ticket were George Washington and four future presidents of the United States: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. Blanchard, sharply dressed as usual, wore a beautiful blue suit that nicely matched the blue of the basket. At 10:10 a.m. he lifted off. His hydrogen balloon travelled about twenty-five kilometres in forty-five minutes.

When he landed in New Jersey, Blanchard showed his laissez-passer signed by Washington. But the farmer he happened to encounter was illiterate and became suspicious. Not knowing what to do, Blanchard, who spoke no English, uncorked a bottle of wine. The farmer smiled. Successful as it had been, this maiden flight in America did not begin to pay for itself. Blanchard was only too familiar with this problem. Pursued by bad luck and constantly short of funds, he left the United States in 1797.

Back in Europe, Blanchard continued to fly, but financial success still eluded him. In 1808, while in full flight, he suffered a heart attack. His long career as an aeronaut was well and truly over. Blanchard died in Paris in March 1809, at the dawn of a new era in ballooning.

After 1810, the occupation of pilot became somewhat more profitable. There was even more to be made if the pilot was a woman.
The first professional female pilot—and the first female parachutist—appears to have been a Frenchwoman, Jeanne Labrosse, a pupil and the future wife of André Jacques Garnerin.

This man, the first person to attempt a parachute drop from a free balloon, accomplished the feat in Paris on 22 October 1797.

Eventually very popular in France, Garnerin suffered the wrath of Napoleon Bonaparte following an unpiloted flight he had organized on 16 December 1804 to commemorate the crowning of the French emperor by Pope Pius VII. By an almost incredible chance, the balloon arrived in Rome the next morning and grazed St Peter’s cathedral. Part of a gilded crown attached below the envelope fell on the tomb of the Roman emperor Nero, a half-mad despot. Superstitious, like many authoritarian heads of state, Napoleon was not amused by this strange affair. Poor Garnerin soon fell into disfavour.

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The balloon launched on 16 December 1804 to celebrate Napoleon’s coronation.

La Navigation aérienne; Histoire documentaire et anecdotique, p. 89
Another person who continued to benefit from the public’s interest in ballooning was Blanchard’s wife, Madeleine-Sophie. The unusual couple is credited with the first honeymoon voyage in a balloon. A slender and rather timid woman on firm ground, Madeleine-Sophie Blanchard showed invincible courage in a balloon. In April 1810, she took to the air to celebrate the marriage of the French emperor Napoleon I to Marie-Louise of Hapsburg. Forgetting her imperial loyalty, Madame Blanchard flew four years later during celebrations marking the return of the monarchy, in the person of King Louis XVIII, formerly the Comte de Provence and patron of Pilâtre de Rozier.

The flight Mrs. Blanchard made when Louis XVIII entered Paris, May 1814.
La Navigation aérienne; Histoire documentaire et anecdotique, p. 93

The flight made by Madame Blanchard to celebrate Napoleon’s wedding, April 1810.
Histoire des ballons et des aéronautes célèbres
Madame Blanchard especially enjoyed evening flights, when the air was calmer. Moreover, the darkened sky considerably enhanced the effect produced by her great specialty, the lighting of fireworks under the basket. On the evening of 7 July 1819, during a routine flight in the Jardin Tivoli, a favourite leisure spot of Parisians, a hydrogen fire broke out. Thinking it was an added dimension of the show, the onlookers burst into applause. They soon realized their mistake. As they watched in horror, the balloon fell onto a rooftop.

Madeleine-Sophie Blanchard’s death did not diminish the public’s interest in, if not passion for, balloons and aeronauts. On the contrary, ballooning, utilitarian or otherwise, increasingly became a part of daily life.

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