



THE
MESSENGER.

DISPATCH'D with glad tidings, East, West,
North, and South,

This Messenger runs with his horn at his mouth :
His cheeks, like a bladder distended with air,
Swell out, as he comes the good news to declare.
Tis Fortune's decrees he's now sent to convey;
Another rich Lott'ry, all drawn in One Day,
Is quickly approaching, improv'd in its plan !
Take time by the forelock, and buy while you can.
Who'd miss for a trifle, which many can spare,
The chance to arise from a Ticket or Share ?
Where Four Twenty Thousands, in front of a train
Of other large Prizes, ensure a great gain.
Tis prov'd by the Scheme, if your Number should
rise
First drawn any sum o'er a Fifteen Pound Prize,
One Hundred Whole Tickets, with all they produce,
Safe lodg'd in the Bank, all reserv'd for your use.
Tis thus, if you venture, you'll probably soon
Possess a vast treasure the Eighth of.

NEXT JUNE.