

A
DESCRIPTION
OF A
CITY SHOWER.

October, 1710.

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the Hour
(By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a
While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.

Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.

If you be wise, then go not far to Dine,

You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in
(Wine.
A coming

Description of a City Shower. 407

A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Achesthrob, your hollow Tooth will rage.
Sauntring in Coffee-house is *Dulman* seen ;
He damns the Climate, and complains of Spleen.

MEAN while the South rising with dabbled
A Sable Cloud a-thawrt the Welkin flings,
That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And like a Drunkard gives it up again.

Brisk *Susan* whips her Linen from the Rope,
While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope,

Such is that Sprinkling which some careless
Flirts on you from her Mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods ; then turning, stop
To rail ; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet, the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life ;

408 *Description of a City Shower.*

And wafted with its Foe by violent Gust,

'Twas doubtful which was Rain, ^{(was Dust.} and which
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade;
His only Coat, where Dust confus'd with Rain,
Roughen the Nap, and leave a mingled Stain.

^{(down,}
NOW in contiguous Drops the Flood comes
Threat'ning with Deluge this *Devoted* Town.
To Shops in Crouds the dagged Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.

^{(broach,}
The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's a-
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.

^{(Strides,}
The tuck'd-up Sempstrefs walks with hasty

^{(Sides.}
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's

Here

Description of a City Shower. 409

Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their Fewds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits;
And ever and anon with frightful Din
The Leather sounds, he trembles from within.
So when *Troy* Chair-men bore the Wooden Steed.
Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed.
(Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the *Moderns* do,
Instead of paying Chair-men, run them thro'.)
Laoco'n struck the Outside with his Spear,
And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

(flow,
NOW from all Parts the swelling Kennels
And bear their Trophies with them as they go :
Filth of all Hues and Odours seem to tell

(Smell.
What Street they sail'd from, by their Sight and
They,

410 Description of a City Shower.

They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force
From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's* shape their Course,
And in huge Confluent join at *Snow-Hill* Ridge,
Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holborn-Bridge*.

Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, ^{(and Blood,} *Dung, Guts,*
Drown'd Puppies, stinging Sprats, ^{(in Mud,} all drench'd
Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops ^{(down the Flood,} come tumbling,
