A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

October, 1710.

CAREFUL Observers may foretell the Hour (Show'r: (By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er Her Frolics, 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, (Wine. You'll spend in Coach-hire more than save in A coming
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A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage,
Old Ache-throb, your hollow Tooth will rage.
Sauntring in Coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the Climate, and complains of Spleen.

Wings,

MEAN while the South rising with dabbled
A Sable Cloud a-thawrt the Welkin slings,
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,

Quean

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 singling, still whirls on her Mop.
Not yet, the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life;

D d 4  And
And wafted with its Foe by violent Gust,

'Twas doubtful which was Rain, 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.

Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes
Threat'ning with Deluge this Devoted Town.
To Shops in Clouds the dagged Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.

The Templar spruce, while ev'ry Spout's a-
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a Coach.

The tuck'd-up Sempstress walks with hasty
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's

Here
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Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
Box’d in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
While Spouts run clattering 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.

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
What Street they sail’d from, by their Sight and

(flow,

(Smell.

They,)
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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, Dung, Guts)

(And Blood, in Mud,
Drown'd Puppies, stinging Sprats, all drench'd)

(down the Flood, Dead Cats and Turnip-Tops come tumbling)