

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest :
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ? 685
 Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast :
 Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;
 The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more ; 690
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
 London ! right well thou know'st the day of prayer :
 Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan, 695
 And snug apprentice gulp their weekly air :
 Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
 And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl ;
 To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair ;
 Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl, 700
 Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,
 Others along the safer turnpike fly ;
 Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
 And many to the steep of Highgate hie 705
 Ask ye, Bœotian shades ! the reason why ?
 'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
 Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,
 In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
 And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn. 710

686-692. A SOLEMN FEAST, ironically applied to a Sunday bull fight, fully described in stanzas lxxli.—xxix.—FOREST-MONARCH, hardly applicable to the bull, is often applied to the wild boar.

695, 696. SPRUCE, a colloquialism meaning conventional trimness without elegance.—SMUG, a variation of the same. observe the irony of the word *gulp* for breathe.

697. COACH OF HACKNEY. The terms "hackney coach" and "hack" are said to have originated in the London custom of driving to this village, begun about 1634; but *coche-a-lacquer* was a term used in France about 1600.

—WHISKEY, a light one-horse carriage, also called a *tim-whiskey*.

698-705. The various places here named are favorite holiday resorts of the inhabitants of London.

706. ASK YE, BŒOTIAN SHADES ! This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved—BYRON.