

Dios, uno quarto." The drone of the bagpipes was as nothing in comparison with the prolonged nasal sound upon the "uno quarto." I can recall it even yet, at a distance of many years. A "quarto" is a copper coin equivalent to our half-penny. It was after midnight ere I closed my eyes, and in my dreams the hideous sound struck on my ear as the groan of a disembodied spirit.

About two P.M. the following day, I embarked on board the steamer; but before getting on board, the crowd of passengers were delayed at the gangway by a French officer receiving and examining the passports of all and sundry;—and I was among the crowd. Every one was anxious to get on board, and consequently every one held out his passport to the officer. He took them as quickly as he could with one hand, while with the other, he opened them, cast a glance at them, and passed them to their owners. I saw him open mine, and scarcely had his eye lighted on the Royal Arms of England at its head, than he looked enquiringly around to discover the owner: observing it was mine, he raised his hat very politely, and made way for me on board. To the owners of the other passports, natives, I presume, he was brusque and authoritative. So much, thought I, for being a British subject; and raising my hat, (not to be outdone in politeness by the militaire) I stepped on board. I heard the natives who had been eye-witnesses of the favor shown me, whisper "Ingles," one to the other, as if that were sufficient to account for it. One loses nothing for being known as an Englishman abroad, that's certain.

We were soon steaming up the Guadalquivir. There were several priests and friars on board. They are every where in Spain. Two or three of the latter were burly looking fellows; they reminded me of the stout Clerk of Copmanhurst in the celebrated historical novel of Ivanhoe. They did not look as though they mortified the flesh much. They were unprepossessing in their appearance, dirty in habiliments, and gross and sensual in person. The morality of the mendicant orders is not considered very pure,—and they are not held in much respect even in Spain, where the Church then ruled every thing. I remarked that the padres indulged in the cigar quite as much as the laity. In fact, tobacco is the great luxury in the Peninsula, with every class. Every one smokes; king, grandee, hidalgo, commoner and beggar;—even ladies like it. I saw a woman on board the steamer pulling away at a cigar. I must however say I did not see any ladies smoking, during my séjour in Spain; but, in Spanish America it is quite a common sight.

The weather was exceedingly hot. Every one

sought the awning's shade. Frequent were the ejaculations about the heat. One lady, fat, brown and forty, was quite *au desespoir* about it. "¡Díesus! mucho calor," she exclaimed every now and then, seemingly quite exhausted. There was very little ceremony among the passengers. Many respectable-looking men took off their coats and sat among the respectable looking signoras, in shirt-sleeves, as if it were all *selon les règles*. One very gentlemanly person, in particular, promenaded the deck, sans habit, in company with a most interesting and lady-like girl, his daughter. The heat there was no resisting. About four P.M. the captain spread matting on the floor of the after cabin for the ladies to take their afternoon nap, and drew a curtain across that they might slumber undisturbed. This afternoon's nap is almost universal in Spain, and is a fashion peculiarly Peninsular. It is called "la siesta."

A wretched looking female, having a child with her of appearance quite as wretched, sat beneath the awning on the quarter-deck, near a party of ladies of evident high respectability, without any perceptible repugnance in their manner, at her near proximity. On the contrary, they conversed freely with her, evidently compassionating greatly her *triste* condition. They were affable, and not condescending, as we English would call similar behaviour. I saw in this a proof additional of what I had previously, and have, since, frequently observed, that there is far less distance of manner between the rich and the poor, or, in other words, much more affability between them, all over the continent, than in our "tight little island." Lady Morgan has said as much in one of her latest works, and the fact is indisputable, whatever those who are neither close observers nor deep thinkers, may choose to say to the contrary. There is more polar dignity and reserve to be seen in one day in Great Britain, than in France, Germany, the Peninsula, Italy, Norway, Sweden, or Russia, in a twelvemonth. In no country under heaven is the despotism of social rank one half so severely felt as in Great Britain. In a country so eminently commercial, it is a singular fact. A "noli me tangere" atmosphere surrounds the highly respectable British, at all times, and in all seasons, travelling or at home. A Prussian nobleman, Prince Puckler Muskau, who travelled much in Great Britain some years since, and who published a few volumes about English manners, customs and institutions, has expressed astonishment at the prevalence, in so free a country, of so odious a thralldom. We are all, however, as blind as bats to its existence, simply because we are familiar with it, and it strikes us not; but a *foreigner* perceives it so soon as he sets foot on English ground.