

The most singular variety of bull-fighting which it has been my lot to witness was at Puerto Real, in Andalucía. There being no regular circus, a temporary plaza was made in the Calle Ancha, where it is crossed by several streets, called *boca-calles*, or mouth-streets, like the Seven Dials, in London. This space was enclosed with high boards, and three bulls were regularly fought and killed within, the spectators thronging the adjoining houses, swarming on the roofs, and piled on platforms in the cross-streets.

The worst feature of these spectacles is not so much the blood that is shed in them, as the tremendous excitement in which they hold the passions. You enter the bull-ring at Seville and see a new world. The aspect of the place and people, the costume of the majos with their round velvet hats, bedizened jackets, red *fujas* or waist-scarfs, and sticks six feet long in hand, the Señoritas with their arch looks and golden-pinned mantillas worn with grace inimitable; the ancient splendour of the picador's attire; the slashed and satined finery of the clean-limbed toreadors on foot; the sultry air; the diamond-rayed sun; the flashing eyes and darkling faces; are all as different from anything European as the costumes of Ispahan. Here, too, revolutionary violence displays itself at times, and the first Corrida of the present year has been marked by serious disturbances.

The bull-circus, like the Roman amphitheatre of old, with all the glory of opening to the magnificent skies of the south, has likewise its disadvantages. The part of the circle exposed to the sun is like a blazing furnace, and natives even sometimes with difficulty

withstand the glare. None, indeed, but the very poorest classes ever think of going to any part but the *sombra* or shady side, where the prices are double. A three hours' roasting opposite is like the stewing of a fried *meleta*. Our cloudier clime and milder skies are not without their advantages. Again, in October, when the rain begins to fall, and when casual showers in *Andalucía* are like a deluge, the performance in the open arena, either of bulls, horsemanship, or rope-dancing, has often to be postponed, owing to the state of the weather, and sometimes even till the ensuing year.

The Plaza de los Toros, at Seville, is not always held sacred to bulls, but is sometimes opened with rope-dancing, tumbling, and feats of agility and strength. Here may be seen tall Moors revisiting the scene of their ancient splendour in the unworthy character of clowns, and contorting their powerful frames to divert their conquerors; posturing for money, by the side of the despoiled *Alcazar*, with the cream of the *Koran* indelibly engraven on its walls, and in the long shade of the tall *Moresque Gualda*, which has been made the minaret of a Christian temple. But the Saracen of Barbary is at this day so degraded that, except in his efforts to withstand the French, he presents no relic of his former greatness,—no ashes of his olden fires. It comes to him but as a dream, at times, that these magnificent tracts were once the dwelling of his fathers, that Seville, Tarifa, Granada, Almeria, Córdoba, the Pillars of Hercules, were the guerdon of his conquering sword, his heritage, his hearth, and his home. Out from the ring, degenerate, where

your conquerors make sport of your contortions, as of the roarings and stampings of their baited bulls! They were once, too, your fathers' Matadors!

The only answer is the laugh resounding brutally at the grotesque dancing of some distorted Moorish children, chosen for this very distortion, and called "Los Niños Dislocados"—trading on the horrid ridicule produced by their infirmities!

Bloody spectacles are familiar in Spain. Few others are popular on the stage, and in real life the stain of murder is on a hundred public acts. The crucifix on every altar has painted blood trickling on it from head to foot; the images of martyred saints are clotted with mimic gore. The common class of church and convent paintings is ensanguined in every portion of the canvas, bespattered with crimson gout. The familiar horrors of civil war, the severity of judicial, still more of political, sentences, and the recent remembrance of the atrocities of the inquisition, make the taking of human life not much more seriously regarded than that of the domestic animals bred for food. The torchbearer laughs as he accompanies the funeral procession, and the priest grins in the churchyard within a minute of performing the obsequies. The citizen, when politics run high, is tried by court-martial, and the soldier is shot for asking a lawful question. General O'Donnel, last year, in Havana, with true Spanish instinct, gratified this passion of his countrymen for the public effusion of blood. A criminal cut his throat to escape the indignity of being shot next day. But the General had him shot notwithstanding. His cold and lifeless

body was tied to a stake, with his head drooping over the further shoulder, to expose to the public gaze the red and yawning gash. When his soul had passed its account before another dread tribunal, human justice was wreaked upon a corpse — for criminal law is here a bloody revenge. Remorseless hatred triumphed over clay inanimate. A party of musketeers was drawn up, and twenty bullets were driven through an unbeating heart!

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE NAVY OF SPAIN.

THE Spanish Navy, which little more than two centuries since was the most powerful in Europe, and which, even after the defeat of their grand attack on Gibraltar in 1782, still comprised seventy sail of the line and frigates, and forty vessels of smaller size, is now reduced to a single ship of the line at sea, two more, dismantled and needing extensive repairs, four armed frigates, two more disarmed, two corvettes, nine brigs, three very middling war-steamers, three of still slighter dimensions, fifteen schooners, many of them dismantled, and nine other vessels of smaller size.

The entire of these small craft scarcely merit the name of ships of war, and are only useful as packets, or in the preventive service. The Spanish colonies are not very considerable; but such as they are, there is no fleet to guard them: they are at the mercy of surrounding nations, or rather they are protected by the jealousies of rival powers. The latest report of the Minister of Marine announces that even these few vessels are all undermanned, and that the excellent natural qualities of the seamen are exposed to the imminent danger of extinction, through being ill-clad, ill-paid, ill-disciplined, and "groaning under

the weight of misery." To this sad picture I must add, on the same authority, that the *matériel* is in a very decayed condition, and the forests of valuable timber in the Asturias and elsewhere extremely ill managed; that for nine years past no uniforms have been made for the service, and that to every member of it, without exception, eighty-six months' pay is due. To remedy this shameful neglect of successive governments, Narvaez and Bravo conferred the portfolio of marine upon a *colonel in the army*.

The adhesion of the Spanish navy to the movement against the Regent, last summer, appears to have given to that institution the last touch of demoralization. In the crumbling decay and prevalent ruin of Spain, there are no more melancholy fragments than those which may be seen, or scarcely seen for their rarity, in the glorious ancient ports, from whence went forth the Conquistadores in one century, and the Armada, deemed invincible, in the next; and into which, for three hundred years, flowed, in lordly galleons, the freighted wealth of both the Indies. The Armada has left no remnant behind; a ship of the line, a few frigates, corvettes, and brigs, are all that remain of the proud navies of Spain! The merchant-service, which once extended through the world, has sunk into a handful of generally inferior vessels, and a great part of the passenger and carrying trade is transferred to the ships of England and America. "How are the mighty fallen!" Is there here a requital for the cruelties of Mexico and Peru? The only recent honour achieved by the Armada Nacional, is the accession to it, in the rank of lieute-

nant, of the Infante Don Enrique, first-cousin to Queen Isabel.

Nothing more contributed to the surprise of Europe, throughout the late proceedings, than the announcement that the Spanish fleet had emulated the improprieties of the army, and had its own little *Pronunciamento*! Since the mutinies of the British fleet at Spithead and at Sheerness, just forty-six years before, no wavering of this arm in its loyalty had been heard of, but in one other wreck of empire—Turkey; and the straightforward honesty and single-heartedness of sailors, were proverbial in every European country. Those outbreaks in the fleet of England were well redeemed by the great success of Duncan in the same year, and the still greater action of the Nile the year following; and it is curious that they should have succeeded by only three months the glorious victory gained over the Spanish fleet by Jervis off St. Vincent. From the effects of that decisive blow the naval power of Spain has never since recovered, and her proud declaration of war against Great Britain in the previous year, will not soon be repeated. Her retrocession since that period has been almost as notable as the advance of England; and weakened, ever since the foiled but unexampled effort to regain possession of Gibraltar, her fleet has shared in the general decadence.

The demoralization of the existing navy of Spain is as extensive as that of her army, and owing to similar causes. The most obvious of these is irregularity and utter failure of payments. How long would the military machinery of England and France

continue in their present perfection, were the wheels and springs not lubricated? They would feel too soon the force of the Spanish *refrain* :—

“ A tree that yields no fruit,  
Or a gun that fails to shoot,  
Or a friend that will not lend—  
To the deuce all these we send ! ”

Don José Rodriguez de Arias, commandant-general of the naval department of Cadiz, made a present of his arrears of pay the other day to the national treasury, up to the year 1840. These arrears amounted to 250,000 reals, or 2500*l.*, a pretty sum on paper, but not worth a mendicity ticket. He took care to reserve the last three years, for which alone there was any chance of payment; and for the rest he thought he might as well have the cheap *éclat* of presenting a sounding gift to Queen Isabel and the nation, on her thirteenth birth-day. Poor fellow! he got neither decoration nor advancement, but the royal thanks were published in the Gazette; and Dona Isabel thought him as great a patriot as Riego or Torrijos. Perhaps, as he munched this *migaja del Rey*, he consoled himself with the Castilian proverb: “ More worth is a king’s crumb than a golden gift ! ”

As money is the root of all prosperity in national establishments, it is worth inquiring to what extent this institution is fostered by the treasury. In the balance-sheet for the present year, the estimate for “ marine, commerce, and colonies,” is set down at 83 millions of reals, while that for the army is 381 millions. Setting apart the colonial expenditure and that which belongs to commerce, as the light-



houses of the kingdom and the hydrographical department, the item for the support of the navy comes down to about 40 millions of reals, or 400,000*l*. This would be very well indeed if it were paid. But the actual payments amount to little more than a tenth part of the sum. Everything is sacrificed to the army, the loyalty of whose steel is indispensable to ministerial existence; and while the naval arm is thus scurvily treated,—amputated, indeed, like a lopped old veteran's,—the military arm is pampered and shampooed with near four millions sterling per annum!

“— Poor, infirm, weak, and despised old ” navy ! You have fallen amongst thieves, with all your other afflictions. Stript Armada, you are stript the more for your desperate, tottering condition, and the robbery has been planned, the fleecing accomplished, by the minister entrusted with your charge ! Such is official life in Spain. Gonzalez Bravo's minister of marine, whose name, Portillo, deserves in one sense to be immortalised, on being dismissed from office the other day with his colleagues, left behind him the records of a strange transaction. The grand feature of his administration was negotiating a contract with Señor Buschenthal, by which two large steamers were to be built for the royal navy, and a loan of ten millions of reals was to be advanced in cash to the government. With this, if you credited Portillo's report, the crazy wheels of the venerable Armada were to be oiled, and it was again to be set a-going. But the moment his successor, Arnino, entered the office, he found that no cash whatever had been paid in, but

that bills at long dates had been substituted, with, doubtless, a fee for the juggle, which the modest man had penned a royal order to accomplish! When this fraud on the state was detected, Portillo levanted. Poor old navy of Spain,—poor old navy!

That any portion of the naval or military forces should have escaped demoralization appears humanly impossible. When the army last summer had “pronounced” in every direction, the fleet was next invited to “pronounce;” and how did their majesties the juntas proceed? They made every midshipman a lieutenant, and every lieutenant a captain—they, the rebel juntas, the tinkers, and tapemen, and snuff-sellers, who chose to constitute themselves into local supreme governments—and modestly issued their commissions to the naval service, superseding those of Queen Isabel. The *guardia marina* they promised to make an *alferez*, if he would “pronounce,” the *alferez* a lieutenant, and so on to the highest rank. The worthies “pronounced” accordingly, blockaded the coast, and completed Espartero’s moral discomfiture. All these absurd appointments by the slop-sellers of Algeciras and Malaga were subsequently recognised by the government of Lopez and Narvaez.

Though the Spanish navy is reduced to a shell, and though Cadiz is lowered from its lofty eminence by a system of closed ports and prohibitory tariffs, to a position which does not present even a shadow of its former greatness, with scarcely a vestige of ships or commerce, and with smugglers in the place of merchants, yet the pride of its olden days is far indeed from being extinguished, and the lack of solid strength

is supplied, as it best may, with an abundance of high-sounding titles. There is still a port admiral, who flourishes a grand cocked hat, a fine pair of epaulettes, and an enormous telescope.

There he is—Don José Maria Orozco, Knight Cross and Badge of the illustrious order of San Hermenegildo, Brigadier of the Armada Nacional, Commandant of Marine of the Plaza and Province of Cadiz, and Judge of the port-arrivals from all the Indies. Pity that the Indies do not remain together with the titles! The pompous little man, who sinks beneath such a weight of dignity, has rarely any more important duty to discharge than to look to the conservation and sale of whatever portions can be saved from any chance wreck flung on the shores of the Isla Gadi-tana. The other evening I saw him very busy near the noble castle of San Sebastian, superintending the salvage of the wreck of the *Goleta San José*, which was dashed to pieces in a heavy south-wester-upon the tremendous rocks extending far into the Atlantic at this part of the fortifications. Her cargo was scattered in every direction, consisting of such humble materials as staves, trunks, and planks of the walnut-tree, oak, and beech, which the rare growth of wood here makes valuable. A different waif this from the spices, silks, hard dollars, and ingots of gold and silver, which the rich galleons were accustomed of old to waft into this noble bay!

## CHAPTER VII.

THE INFANTE DON FRANCISCO DE PAULA.—GRANDES  
AND HIDALGOS.

SPAIN is perhaps unique in possessing journalists of royal rank. The Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the Queen's uncle, and his consort Doña Carlota, recently deceased, figured some time in this capacity, having purchased the *Eco del Comercio* (the leading journal of Spain) last summer. Their Royal Highnesses' Mayordomo, Count de Parsent, bought the newspaper upon their account for 300,000 reals, or 3000*l.*; and the public evidence of a contract which was very well known in private was the fact of the *Eco* immediately wheeling round to the formation and support of what was called the *Francisquista* party, and the advocacy of a marriage between Queen Isabel and their eldest son, Don Francisco de Assis.

After a series of disgraces and banishments, rarely exemplified in the history of modern Royalty, and after having been lately confined on parole in the Escorial, with the sympathy of no party, and the respect of few individuals, these personages subsided in the slough of bribery and corruption, having been won over by Narvaez and Bravo on the easy terms of conceding to their two sons a colonelcy of cavalry and a lieutenantcy in the Navy. In their intense gratitude for these miserable boons, the Royal pair,

by advertisement, published that they never had any connexion or understanding with the *Eco*! They pocketed their bribe, and were envied instead of despised, for the Palace of Buena Vista was placed at their disposal.

Don Francisco de Assis consoles himself as well as he can for the loss of Queen Isabel's hand, and the substantial rank of king, with the command of the sixth regiment of Castile. This promotion was the poor concession which spunged his royal parents' unprofitable connexion with the press, and their leading (marriage) articles in the *Eco* had positively the effect of frightening the diplomacy of Europe into the determination that, come what would, the Queen should not marry into such a set. The young man is harmless, but his mother was *mucho diabla*, and clutched at Isabel with such barefaced and trembling eagerness, making her son continually dance with the Queen in his handsome uniform, that his regiment and he had to be removed from Madrid. The diplomatists resolved that it should not be a match; and Carlota died in spite.

The Spanish nobility have almost entirely lost ground in modern Spain. Although retaining the forms of a monarchy, this country is perhaps the most perfect realisation of a republic in Europe. High birth is no longer respected, unless it have personal merits, and the sole recognised aristocracy is of genius. Even the Upper Chamber is subject by rotation to election; and the principle of royal nomination is but slightly in force. Where nobles retain their fortunes, have rich equipages and splen-

did palaces, they of course possess the inseparable *representation* of wealth; but even enormous riches command infinitely less consideration than in England; and respectable independence, even decent poverty, maintains a social standing. A nobleman, no matter how high his rank, is by no means entitled, as with us, to a vote in either Legislative Chamber; and a duke or marquis is no more thought of as a legislator than a shopman, unless he have useful abilities.

The consequence is, that *Titulos* and *Grandes*, Counts and Marquises, set up for the humbler offices of *Alcalde* in the Municipalities, and *Grand Juror* in the Provincial Deputations. A solitary one or two stray into the Chamber of Deputies, where the titled mass has neither ability nor intelligence to obtain a seat or a hearing. In the Senate there are of course a good number of titles to be found, but this is precisely because the debates are of very secondary importance; and even here men of the highest rank have no larger ambition or capacity than that which is suited to the post of one of the Secretaries to the Chamber. The Marquis of Peñaflores held this post throughout the greater part of last year, and was succeeded by Don Joaquin Aldamar; one of the five candidates, the Marquis of Falces, receiving only five votes. About the court there are a number of *Titulos* and *Grandes*, but filling no more intellectual offices than those of Chamberlain or Mayordomo.

The female nobility have indeed made their influence felt lately, but to the probable discomfiture of

their order; and the people may prove at last too strong for the Camarilla. The cause of the depression of the Spanish nobility is not more in the tendency of revolutionary times than in their own deficiency of personal merit. They despise learning, and are despised in turn. The education of the hidalgo class is of the most imperfect description; and from the enlightened lawyers of Spain almost all her statesmen spring. The titled men who take a part in politics are almost invariably found on the Moderado side. Several of the Grandes are Carlists, and abstain from all contact with the constitutional system.

The rage of the Spanish nobility for high-sounding titles is very remarkable; this trait in the national character is universally apparent; and even hidalgua is nothing without its accompanying grandiloquence. The ducal families of Medina Sidonia and Medina Coeli would seem, but for their antiquity, to have chosen their names, like actors or romance-writers, for effect. Amongst the present great officers of state there are likewise many cases in point, as the Duke of Castroterreno, President of the Grandeza\* of Spain; the Conde de Espeleta, Vice-President of the Senate, or Upper Legislative Chamber; the Marquis of Peñaflores; the Marquis of Sanfelices, and Don M. Golfanguer, Secretaries to the Senate; the Marquis of Santa Coloma, the Queen's Mayor-domo Mayor, or Grand Chamberlain; the Marquises of St. Adrian, Malpica, and Polacios, &c., &c. It must be confessed that there is a magnificence in the

\* The body of Grandes (Grandeess).

language itself, which naturally tends to the production of sounding names; and yet some that one meets daily are as uncouth as a Cockney patronymic. Take the following list of odd names, grouped together in a memoir of notabilities of the Cadiz College of Medicine:—"Our super-salient accoucheur, Don Miguel Arriacruz; our admirable oculist, Don Antonio Rancez; our experienced chemist, Don Francisco Jaen; our profound anatomist, Don Nicholas Farto; our European celebrities, Don Antonio Puga, Don Francisco Lasso, Don Serifin Sola, and divers others."

The origin of the term Hidalgo is most remarkable, and well illustrates the peculiar love of Spaniards for proverbial wit and sarcasm. I have not seen this derivation anywhere, and am not aware that it has ever before been made public. The original phrase is Fijodalgo, which, in old Spanish, signifies "the son of somebody," *fijo d'algo*. There is a charming air of popular gaiety about this, for which we might vainly trace a parallel in other nations. It far outstrips the old French *prud'homme* (prudent man), who was the prototype of the modern Deputy. It likewise quite eclipses our Saxon "Witten." This curious origin of the word Hidalgo is illustrated by the familiar Spanish proverbs: *Algo es algo*, "Somebody is somebody!" applied in ridicule of fine airs; and *Es hijo de La Nada*, "He is the son of Lady Nobody!" The least consideration of the humour of their proverbs and sayings must dispel the prevalent illusions about Spanish gravity. Wherever it exists, as amongst the Grandes, it is assumed.



Perhaps the gayest, liveliest, most mocking and mirthful people of Europe, are the people of Spain.

The oldest families, in their parchment *cartas* or patents adhere to the ancient orthography, which throws a venerable light over their houses, and differs materially from that now in use. Thus, instead of the modern word, they figure as *Hijodalgos*, *Fidalgos*, and *Fijadalgos*, titles which retreat into the mist of Gothic antiquity. Amongst the various descriptions of *Hidalguia*, recorded in the rich proverbial and colloquial language of Spain, are the *Hidalgo de devengar quinientos sueldos*, or noble who has earned his royal pension, signifying one of a well-known and meritorious race; a list of these having formally been annexed with an annual pension to the Royal household; the *Hidalgo de ejecutoria*, whose letters of nobility have been verified juridically; the *Hidalgo de privilegio*, whom the Crown has ennobled for some service rendered; and amongst terms of opprobrium, the *Hidalgo de braqueta*, or noble of the breeches-tie, intimating that the patent was obtained by unworthy means; the *Hidalgo de gatera*, or gutter-nobleman, who is reckoned noble by himself, but a plebeian by the rest of the world; and the *Hidalguillo*, or *Hidalguejo*, a little squireling of doubtful extraction, who gives himself the airs of a gentleman. The epithet "Hidalgo" generally answers rather to our term "gentleman" than "nobleman;" and though it may likewise include the latter, by no means necessarily implies it.

The mystification of Englishmen with regard to foreign titles is proverbial; and the Cockney vena-

tion for an animal with the showy handle of "Count" affixed to his patronymic, provided he wear sufficiently *farouche* moustaches, is only reduced by the unpleasant suspicion, of late becoming every day more prevalent, that foreign Counts and swindlers may be found in the same category. I may observe that the real Spanish Count or Conde is a rare zoological specimen, rarer perhaps than in any other European country, new creations being extremely unfrequent, and confined for the most part to the rank of Baron. Peninsular Barons abound, and too often they are equivocal adventurers.

The title is, however, not so disreputably diffused in Spain as in Portugal. But above all things let not young ladies be imposed upon by the "Don." There are some unwarrantable assumptions of high title in London, and some ludicrous mistakes. Thus the Brazilian Envoy is called uniformly in the Court Circular, "Marquis Lisboa," he being in fact as much a Marquis as my grandmother. His genuine address is plain "Senhor José Marques Lisboa;" the "Marques" is a common family name, but the mistake is in this instance collusively encouraged. If the Brazilian diplomatist were really a Marquis, his title would be written "Marquez."

If natives of the Peninsula flash with their insignificant non-hereditary title of Baron in England, and especially whisk it, like the tail of one of those kites with which they are familiar, upon our Stock Exchange, their obscurer countrymen at home are sometimes found to emulate their bright example. At a fête last year in Barcelona, at which I was

present, two showily-dressed men made themselves conspicuous by the impudence with which they ogled several ladies, audibly commenting to each other upon their charms respectively, and one continually addressing the other with great emphasis as "Baron." They were very hirsute fops, with ponderous whiskers, moustaches, curls, pommade, and perfumery. A young and spirited Hidalgo, thoroughly high-bred, and of "*sangre azul*," became much excited on their eyeing a very beautiful lady of his acquaintance (the charming Doña Eugenia Maria de L——) with more than common effrontery, and was on the point of making a savage demonstration, when mastering his excitement he approached the sham Grandes with a smile. The pair bowed to the ground; and the "Baron," in a tone of profound veneration, inquired "How is your Excellency's most important health, and his Excellency, your noble father? I do not see him here."—"Pardiez he couldn't come. *You didn't send home the new wig!*" The exquisites were hairdressers of the town, and "Baron" was a surname.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## GRANDES, HIDALGOS, AND TITLES OF NOBILITY.

*(Continued.)*

ALTHOUGH social distinctions have to a considerable extent been obliterated in Spain, it would be ridiculous to suppose that in a country where pride, both national and personal, forms so distinguishing a characteristic of the inhabitants, the pride of birth should ever lose much of its force. It depends on the nobility of Spain themselves whether they may not yet re-ascend to a very high position. But their new power must be derived from knowledge. If they would sway their countrymen, they must, besides displaying the most illustrious escutcheons, form the most enlightened class of the community. They must give to the youth of their families the best and most careful education which it is possible to obtain, must rub and brighten them by foreign travel, and imitate the wise discretion which has preserved to the British peerage its undisputed ascendancy. The recent abolition of entails in Spain has done much to complete the ruin of this class.

But if the Moderados manage to retain their position at the head of affairs, there will undoubtedly be a bill brought in for the formation of majorats of some 500*l.* or 600*l.* a-year, which in Spain will be sufficient as a foundation to secure *representacion*

to the head of a family. Whether to this be added, or not, a re-admixture of the hereditary principle, in the case of high titles, with the constitution of the senate; at all events the legal annexation of property to primogeniture, will enable families once ennobled to maintain a position, if not of splendour, at least of becoming dignity. It rests entirely with them whether they are to have the popular contempt for ignorant and powerless rank, or the influence and esteem which belongs to superior enlightenment and honour. It is, indeed, a miserable ambition which is satisfied with hanging on by the skirts of a Camarilla, and leaves the proud work of government and parliamentary leadership to clever plebeians. The Grandes should either become statesmen, or should make the statesmen Grandes.

The Spanish Hidalgo is not necessarily, according to English views, a nobleman. He may or he may not be; but to be a true Hidalgo, he must be indubitably sprung from a noble stock. Although there should not have been a title in his family for centuries, he must be able to trace his pedigree in the line male to one who obtained a patent of nobility or of knighthood from his sovereign. The proudest Hidalgo is the *Hidalgo de quatro costados*, the purity of whose blood is attested by four quarterings of nobility.

In conversation the Hidalgo is not entitled to anything more than the ordinary *Usted*, which, except in the case of domestic servants and familiar acquaintance, is equally used in addressing the humblest member of society. An analysis of the word *Usted*,