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EDITED BY G. W. PROTHERO, LITT.D.

HONORARY FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

MODERN SPAIN

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MODERN SPAIN

1815—1898

BY

H. BUTLER CLARKE, M.A.

late Fereday Fellow of St John's College, and sometime Taylorian Teacher of Spanish, in the University of Oxford

WITH A MEMOIR BY

the Rev. W. H. HUTTON, B.D.

Fellow and Tutor of St John's College, Oxford; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester

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GENERAL PREFACE.

The aim of this series is to sketch the history of Modern Europe, with that of its chief colonies and conquests, from about the end of the fifteenth century down to the present time. In one or two cases the story commences at an earlier date: in the case of the colonies it generally begins later. The histories of the different countries are described, as a rule, separately; for it is believed that, except in epochs like that of the French Revolution and Napoleon I, the connection of events will thus be better understood and the continuity of historical development more clearly displayed.

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Considerable attention is paid to political geography, and each volume is furnished with such maps and plans as may be requisite for the illustration of the text.

G. W. PROTHERO.

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MAP.

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MEMOIR.

WHEN this book, to which the author had devoted several years of study and of revision, was completed, and there remained nothing else to write but the preface, it seemed that there were many years of life and work before him. But this was not to be; and the sad task is left to me of introducing the work by a few words in memory of one of the truest of friends and the best of men.

Henry Butler Clarke was born at Marchington, Staffordshire, of which parish his father was at that time incumbent, on November 9, 1863. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Henry Clarke and Helen his wife, daughter of John Leech of Etwall, near Derby. Much of his boyhood was spent in the beautiful parish of Rokeby, by the Greta and the Tees, where his father was for some years rector. He delighted in the country and the people, and would often talk of them with intimate knowledge in later years. It was there too that he made what was to be the chief friendship of his life, with Mr E. N. Bennett, now Fellow of Hertford College at Oxford and M.P. for Mid-Oxon, who was a boy of his own age.

Though he was always fond of out-of-door life, and became an active sportsman in later years, a fair shot, a keen fisherman, a zealous ornithologist—with an unusual knowledge of the bird-life of many lands—and a botanist too, he was always of delicate health and of a temperament which could never bear a strain. He was educated privately, and was much abroad as a boy, living for some time at St Jean de Luz,

where his father became chaplain and where he was later to make his home. There he was for a time taught by the Rev. Wentworth Webster, the eminent Spanish scholar, who became his life-long friend; and there too he made the acquaintance of Mr Lilburn, to whose wife, a Spanish lady, he expressed his indebtedness when he wrote his history of Spanish literature. He began to know things Spanish as quite a young man, was often resident in Madrid, where he came to be well known in the best society of the capital, travelled all over the country, and was as familiar with the peasants as with the old noble class. He spent some time also in Germany.

As he grew stronger, he determined to go to Oxford. "In 1885 (says Mr Bennett) we went up to Wadham, and became firm friends at once. His linguistic ability was astonishing. When he matriculated at Wadham he knew very little of Greek beyond the alphabet; yet in the Honour Moderations list of 1887 he secured one of the best seconds, gaining six 'firsts' on his papers. After Moderations he became deeply interested in the philosophical work for Literae Humaniores, and he would have almost certainly been placed in the First Class had he not been compelled to relinquish the hard work of the Final Schools by one of those terrible attacks of neurasthenia which marred the happiness of his life. Such attacks came upon him at considerable intervals and, in most cases, without any warning: he might spend a pleasant evening with a few friends and be in full health and good spirits when we parted, yet on the following day his whole nervous system would be shattered and reduced to utter prostration. On such occasions he would come round to me, and tell me of the frightful suffering he experienced."

This terrible illness, which was to be the cause of his early death, obliged him to give up the Honours course. He was for some time absent from Oxford, but he took an ordinary Pass degree at the end of 1889, when I first made his acquaintance by being one of his examiners, an experience over

which we often laughed when we became friends. He had kept up his Spanish studies, and in 1888 he won the Taylorian Scholarship in that language. Mrs Humphry Ward, who was one of the examiners on that occasion, wrote sixteen years later: "I well remember the impression made upon Señor Lucena [then Taylorian Teacher of Spanish] and myself by Mr Clarke's work. The field that year, though small, was a very good one, much better than on a previous occasion when I was also examiner. But Mr Clarke's work stood out from the rest as already scholarly and mature, and showing a wonderfully all-round knowledge of his subject." It was this interest in Spanish literature which gained him the acquaintance, through his old friend Mr H. W. Greene, Fellow of Magdalen, of Mr A. E. Cowley, now Fellow of Magdalen and Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, who returned to Oxford in 1890.

From that time onward a triple friendship formed one of the chief pleasures of Butler Clarke's life. Bennett, Cowley and he formed a sort of private club, dining together once a week during his residence and spending a week or more together out of Oxford each year, generally just before the beginning of the October term. "He would sit and talk," says one of the survivors, "till any hour, and would talk his best. Even when the other two talked of fishing and shooting I was interested in listening. I often think of those long evenings, when the conversation ranged with absolutely no restraint over everything in heaven and earth. It was never frivolous. It was generally very much in earnest but full of humour, and always illuminated by his unusual powers of observation and his wide reading and clear thinking. He had, of course, seen a good deal, known many cities and ways of men; but what made his experiences so much more interesting than those of the ordinary man was that he seemed to have got to the bottom of things, and it was of no use to question his judgment—and there was generally some half-humorous quotation from Juvenal or Homer, his two favourite

classical authors, to illustrate it. It was when we strayed into theological or philosophical topics, as we always did sooner or later, that his peculiar acuteness of mind struck one most. Though he had read a good deal of philosophy, he never expressed himself, except with an apology, in the ordinary formulae. It was as if he had a first-hand acquaintance with truth and reality."

His subsequent life seemed to fall into four divisions—the times he spent with his own family, at Oxford, at St Jean de Luz, and in travel. I must be content to give a few words to each. Of the first, I will only say that he had a devoted father and returned his affection to the full. He always stayed some part of the year at Torquay, where his father lived from 1894, or travelled with him abroad or in England, or they stayed together at St Jean de Luz. With his brother too he often stayed, and frequently went on shooting or fishing expeditions to Scotland or elsewhere. One of his chief inducements to visit India in 1900 was to see his sister, Mrs Angus Macdonald, who then lived at Alwar.

At Oxford, though he stayed there little in later years, he achieved a reputation that was in its way unique. In 1890, having, I think, previously refused the post, he was chosen Taylorian Teacher of Spanish. He held the office only a short time, as it interfered with his residence at St Jean de Luz, to which he was becoming more and more attached. He was elected in 1894, after an examination for which many able men entered, to a Fereday Fellowship at St John's, and from that time spent some weeks each year in the College. He was not a man who made many friends; but, as one who first knew him at this time wrote after his death, "every one who knew him must really have loved him."

If he did not care to make many friends, he was extraordinarily generous to those whom he did make. He was beloved by them, and they touched his interests on many sides, linguistic, philosophic, and historical. He was one of

those whom Mr E. A. Freeman found most congenial. The Fellows of his old College were always his friends: Mr Alfred Stowe, with whom he had Spanish interests in common; Mr Herbert Richards, with whom he had studied philosophy; Mr Joseph Wells, also his tutor and friend; and the present Warden, whose companionship on the voyage to India in 1900 added much to his pleasure. During his residence in Oxford, which was not seldom interrupted by illness, he would study and write, walk for exercise, and spend as much time as possible with his intimates. After he gave up his post as Taylorian Teacher, he now and then lectured or read papers to societies in Oxford. In 1898 he delivered the annual Taylorian Lecture, choosing for subject the Spanish Rogue-Story (*Novela de Pícaros*), and showing not only an intimate acquaintance with a wide and curious literature, but also a style which reflected the charm of his personality. In later years he read, at St John's, papers of much interest on Spanish life.

But he was never really at home in Oxford. The climate and the life of hurried strain always told on him after a few weeks; and he returned to the place that he best loved. He had bought a small property at St Jean de Luz, and built on it a house overlooking the bay, which he called "Aice-Errota"—Basque for the windmill that formerly stood there. He bought land round it, so that he might always have space, and in the last year added to the house so that he might be able to entertain a guest or two. A faithful Basque servant waited on him, and an old woman came in daily to cook. He spent much of his time in his garden, the progress of which he would watch and report with zest; and he was a constant visitor at the house of the friends of his childhood. His illness seemed to pass away from him when he was at home. "My much-loved solitude," he wrote to me, "is the only cure in which I have any faith."

"He loved St Jean de Luz very dearly," writes Mr Bennett. "There, in the little villa he had built on the hill of Aice-

Errota, he spent much of his happy and contented life; and he always returned to his French home with unfeigned delight after his visits to Oxford or our journeys together in foreign countries. How often have I sat with him on his cool verandah! The blue waters of the curving bay met our eyes in front; on our left the mighty mass of La Rune raised itself towards the sky; and, behind us, the peaks of the Pyrenean mountains stretched far away to the East. Butler had bought a plot of ground next to that on which Aice-Errota was built, and he hoped that when we grew old together, I should also build a little house next door, so that we might see each other continually and preserve our mutual affection to the close. We always quoted Horace's words of this delectable home on the hill above the sea—

> ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
> angulus ridet."

It was at St Jean de Luz that most of his literary work was done. He devoted himself seriously to the study of Spanish literature and history. He was for some time a contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* on these subjects. He published, as Taylorian Teacher, a Spanish Reader in 1891, a Spanish Grammar in 1892, and a History of Spanish Literature in 1893. He was never satisfied with the Grammar, which had to conform to a plan of the publishers of which he did not wholly approve; but his History of Spanish Literature was a remarkable book, not only from the intimate knowledge it showed of so large a field, but from its power and originality in criticism and appreciation. In 1897 he published a Life of the Cid Campeador (Heroes of the Nations Series), which was his first purely historical study. It was based on a thorough investigation of all the original sources, Spanish, Latin, and Arabic, and showed that he had the making of an accurate and sympathetic historian. In the same year he issued a scholarly reprint in Spanish, *Lazarillo de Tormes conforme á*

la Edición de 1554, from the unique copy at Chatsworth. Later, he contributed a chapter to the first volume of the Cambridge Modern History on "The Catholic Kings" of Spain (Ferdinand and Isabella), in which he was the first to make English readers acquainted with the results of modern Spanish research. For all these he studied closely, and took extraordinary pains. He learned Arabic, and spent at least two years working at it alone, till he became—in the judgment of an expert—"thoroughly master of it." He collected a large library of books, many of them very rare, which he selected with great care for the purpose of future study.

For a time he turned away from the investigation of medieval history to write the volume which is now published. The bibliography which is given shows how thoroughly he worked up the authorities of his subject; and almost all the books mentioned were in his own library; but he had also an intimate knowledge, almost unique for a foreigner who was not a professional diplomatist, of modern Spanish politics, and he was personally acquainted with not a few of the men who were prominent in the years of revolution from the times of Isabella to those of the regent Cristina. Cánovas de Castillo, of whom he has so much to say in his book, proposed him for the high distinction of corresponding membership of the Royal Academy of History, which he greatly valued. He was also elected a member of the Royal Economic Society of Madrid; and his work became well known among Spanish scholars, who spoke of the notable position he had won amongst writers on Spanish history and literary criticism, of his erudition and zeal for learning, of his knowledge of Spanish MSS., and his "perfect mastery"—as that distinguished scholar, the Marquis de Laurencin, wrote—"of the structure, inflection, and orthography of our ancient Spanish language, which indeed cannot be attained without long and diligent study of our national literature and our classics." English scholars, as well as Spaniards and Frenchmen, recognised the excellence of his

work. I have before me letters of Mr James Bryce, Professor Bury, and Mr Edward Armstrong, which show how warmly his work was praised by those who knew it.

On the book which is now published he had bestowed very special pains. "Five minutes ago," he wrote to me, on May 3, 1904, "I finished the last chapter of my miserable little History. I laugh when I consider the work it has cost me." Though he undervalued his work, he could not really be forgetful at times of its excellence: "I think my present book will be good, but nobody but you and one or two others will know it." When it was finished, he turned to what he intended to be the great work of his life. After completing an edition of the *Spanish Gypsy* of Middleton (not yet published), on which he had spent much time and which had interested him greatly, for a series edited by Professor Gayley of the University of California, he refused several offers for other work on Spanish subjects, especially a new translation of *Don Quijóte* and other books of Cervantes, and determined to devote himself to a study of Spanish civilisation between the fall of the Roman Empire and the establishment of Spanish power in America. He intended to study widely and deeply, and take a long time—perhaps twenty years—over the work; but he approached it with enthusiasm and determination. "I am full of enjoyment in my new book: it really will allow me to write about the subjects on which I have read," was his modest way of putting it.

He set seriously to work. I have some note-books in which he had begun to take extracts from Arabic, Latin, and early Spanish writers; and the kindness of his family has allowed me to present to St John's College Library a large number of rare and valuable books which he had bought for the purpose of his work. He had begun to study with minute care the difficult problems of early racial and constitutional history; and he neglected no light which social, ecclesiastical, or economic history could throw on his main subject. He

had the continued assistance of his learned friend, Mr Wentworth Webster, who took the keenest interest in his work, and whom, as his neighbour at Sare—only a few miles from St Jean de Luz—he was able frequently to consult. But it was not from books and scholars only that he learned. He turned his Arabic to practical use, and could talk to the Syrians in their tongue when he was in the East, and to the Jews of Asia Minor and Palestine in their own sacred Andalusian dialect. Mr Webster says that Clarke, addressing them thus in Spanish, was more than once asked if he were a Jew. And I remember that on our way to India, at Aden, he had interesting conversations with Spanish Jews.

This kind of first-hand knowledge was to be used for his great study of Spanish civilisation. Mr Webster says: "His knowledge of Spain and of things Spanish was far wider than that of most of those who write about the subject. Some of his most intimate friends were Spaniards. He was welcome in Madrid society; but he did not make the mistake of taking Madrid for Spain. He had travelled through many of the provinces; he had friends in almost all. Except for a few miles on the border of Catalonia, he knew the Spanish slopes of the Pyrenees from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. He journeyed on foot, or on mule; at one time with *contrabandistas*, at another with shepherds, or with *carabineros*; and this, not for the romance of the thing, but to know the people thoroughly, to get at the real facts of the political and administrative corruption of Spain. Knowing this, his sympathy could go out not only to the *contrabandistas*, and to the peasantry, but even to the *carabineros*, whom necessity forced to the oppression they often loathed. Thus equipped, and with the materials which he had collected for further study, the result would have been of rare value."

In one at least of his journeys about Spain, that in which he visited the scenes connected with the life of the Cid, where "in the Sierra Nevada the rich, warm valleys nestle unsuspected

beneath the snowy peaks," he had the company of the distinguished Spanish artist, Don Santiago Arcos, whose drawings enriched his biography of the national hero. Other journeys were made with his intimate friends. Mr Cowley says: "Two trips I particularly remember. One to the south of France, when we stayed with him for a week at St Jean de Luz and sat every evening in the verandah overlooking the bay in the moonlight. Then we went on for a week to Cambo and played like children on the river. The other trip he and I took alone; and it was the last. We went up the Moselle, and I don't care to talk of it even now. We had made another plan which fell through, and I feel sure he proposed this so as not to disappoint me. That was the sort of thing that was typical of him. He loved nothing so much as doing little kindnesses—or great ones—to his friends chiefly, but also to all sorts of uninteresting people. He would take infinite trouble about such things."

Mr Bennett, his oldest friend, writes as follows: "We journeyed together to Palestine in 1898—an experience full of happiness to us both—and to the Lofoden Islands, and repeatedly to the south of France and his beloved Pyrenees. In the Lofodens we lived together in a small wooden house in the midst of the mountains, and in the last letter he ever wrote to me—two days before his death—he begged me to take the lease of the island (Langö) again, as he wished to revisit it with me in 1905. Clarke was delighted with our open-air life amid the exquisite scenery of the Lofodens—I never saw him enjoy life more thoroughly. He was an excellent fisherman and cast a beautiful line: he would sally out after breakfast and fish all day, while I either joined him at the lake or went ryper-shooting. He was a fair shot, but, on humanitarian grounds, as the years went on, he grew more and more to dislike shooting.

"One year we went together high up the Pyrenees after the izard—the Pyrenean chamois—and slept at night on beds of dry leaves in a small shepherd's hut, from which we were

ultimately driven down to the plains by a heavy fall of snow. During this expedition we were on one occasion exposed to the full fury of a thunderstorm; and Butler Clarke was partially stunned by the close proximity of a lightning flash. On several occasions we stayed at Cambo, of which place he was exceedingly fond; and he and I drove over the mountains to the Monastery of Roncevalles. He delighted in these Pyrenean forests, and sometimes set off with a muleteer as his sole companion for a three weeks' ride along the slopes of the mountains."

It was as a reminiscence of this and other journeys that he wrote the two extremely interesting and vivid papers on Andorra which I induced him to publish in the *Guardian* (July 23 and 30, 1902). They show a remarkable descriptive power, as well as an intimate and minute knowledge of districts which are very little known to any except those who dwell in them. He had planned many other journeys with Mr Bennett, especially two—a visit to Abyssinia and another journey down the Jordan valley.

I find a letter of his, very characteristic, written to me in the last year of his life, which says, "Bennett wants me to go with him at Christmas to the forests behind Mogador. I know he will be knocked on the head some day, and I wish if possible not to be present. Still it is tempting." In another, written after a short visit to Italy, he says, "I will not write to you about Italy. If I did, the letter would be intolerably long—an unskilful analysis of my own moods. I meditate more journeys before I get too old. I wonder if you will ever set out with me again. Where should we go? Tunis and Morocco? But you hate heathens and I hate towns. Still I would attempt to acquire some degree of 'urbanity' if you would compromise with 'heathenesse.'" A delightful letter, too, I have from Norway, written just a year before his death, telling of the happy open-air life he was living and of his health and enjoyment.

It was with me that he made what I suppose was the longest journey of his life. We went together to India, starting in December, 1900, and returning in the following March. In the previous winter he had had a serious return of his illness, but now he was very well and very happy. He enjoyed the long journeys and the wonderful sights of places so different as Budh-Gaya, Agra, Ahmedabad, Delhi, Gwalior, the ancient Portuguese city of Goa, and the country life of Rajputana, where he went for a few days into camp with his brother-in-law, Mr Angus Macdonald. Greatly though he enjoyed the native life and character that he saw in the great centres of Hindu and Muhammadan civilisation, he was certainly happiest at Darjiling. He fled from Calcutta to stay there a few days before I went; and, when I joined him, he showed me how much he had learnt in the short time, the talks he had had with men of different race, the valuable curios he had picked up—he had a wonderful eye for rare objects of art—and the out-of-the-way knowledge he had acquired. Then we took together the romantic walk to Tiger Hill, in a vain hope to see Mount Everest, and watched at dawn the sun colour the eternal snows of Kinchinjunga. Of the happiness of those days, of the voyage, the travel, the sights which we enjoyed together, the long talks, I cannot speak. He was, as every one knew who travelled with him, unselfish, generous, always keen to enjoy and to share others' enjoyment. He certainly enjoyed India to the full, and looked back on it with delight, as when he wrote to me of "Kim"—of which we afterwards often talked together—"It is wonderful how vividly it brings up before one's mind half-forgotten glimpses of roadside and bazaar scenes," and wondered what it meant for "those who have never seen Indian ce-rows and te-rains."

But he did not neglect his own country. He was familiar with many parts of the kingdom, from Devonshire and Cornwall to Skye, where his last journey was taken with his brother, only a month before his death. Sometimes his interest in

these home journeys was fishing, sometimes natural history, especially ornithology, sometimes sketching, of which he became very fond and for which he showed considerable ability, sometimes the sight of unfamiliar districts, but always most of all the companionship of his friends. Side by side with the interest in places and people grew the interest in sides of literature that were new to him. He began when he was with me to read two authors of whom I was always talking—Peacock and Meredith—and we delighted to talk of them together. English literature widened his knowledge of England. In the last years of his life he came to be greatly interested in the Cotswolds. He stayed many times with me at Burford, and we often wandered together on foot or bicycle over the unfrequented ways.

Our last journey together, in July, 1904, was over the confines of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire and ended at Malvern. He had come, ill and over-worked, from the book he had finished and the new study he had begun; but he seemed entirely to recover in the bracing air, and he was never more full of interest in men and things and books. We parted with many plans of soon meeting again; and, on August 6, 1904, he wrote in a book of mine lines he was fond of quoting from the *Poema de Roncesvalles*, and applying to my house:

> Porta patet omnibus, sacris et profanis,
> Non solum Catholicis, verum et paganis,
> Judaeis, haereticis, otiosis, vanis.

In the bitter August of that year, and at Skye in the worst of weather, his health failed again. He went to Torquay, hoping soon to go back to France and recover. But the terrible illness which had dogged his life returned upon him. He struggled against it, and concealed from his family, in his intense desire to save others pain, how much he suffered. He had during the last year known several instances of mental decay among those with whom he was acquainted, and had indeed helped the sufferers with extraordinary self-denial and

sympathy. But the experience had afflicted him with a terrible dread of a similar fate. At last and very suddenly his brain gave way, and he died by his own hand on September 10, 1904. Three days later his body was laid to rest, and one whose greatest happiness had been in his friendship read the last words over his grave.

His personality was an extremely striking one. I shall always remember how Professor York Powell, who had a very high opinion of his ability and his wide knowledge, and with whom he often had long talks far into the night, whenever he spoke of him to me—and that always with admiration—would add, "and such a handsome fellow too!" He was of moderate height and well built, with an air of distinction that no one could help noticing, a striking face, fine eyes, and a mass of thick dark hair, which made him look very unlike an ordinary Englishman. A sketch of him as a young man, which used to hang in his rooms at Wadham and which he afterwards gave to me, made by Mrs Lilburn, with a few touches from Henri de Neuville, shows something of what he was. His face was certainly one that could not be forgotten.

His work, not great in bulk, but rich both in achievement and promise, yet does not give a full picture of the richness of his mental endowments, the charm of his personality, or the beauty and depth of his character. Of him it might indeed truly be said that he had a genius for friendship. To knowledge and taste and sympathy he added a boyish love of fun and a delightful "humanity"; but in the deepest things he thought and felt most deeply. If he would not have expressed himself in such things in a conventional or orthodox way, the oldest of his friends, Mr Wentworth Webster, said with perfect truth, "he was a truly religious man, and thought deeply and earnestly on religion; and of late years," he added, "I enjoyed our conversations on it, more almost than on literature and Spanish. But the reticence which he observed on this point should, I think, follow him in death." His deepest thoughts were

well known to those who knew him best, and, with the charm of his society, his beautiful mind, his lovingkindness and his generosity, will never be forgotten by those whose chief happiness in life it was to be his friends. There are many who will echo the words of one very near to him: "He was the best man I have ever known, or ever shall know."

W. H. HUTTON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Shortly before his death Mr Butler Clarke sent to the Editor the complete manuscript of this book, including the bibliography, which he had deliberately confined to books whose value, entirely apart from their reputation, he was himself ready to attest. The manuscript was left ready for the press; but it is hardly necessary to say that an author's revision of a work in proof is really indispensable. It is almost inevitable that mistakes, printers' errors and other, will have crept into the text or been allowed to stand, which the author's eye would have detected had he been spared to complete his work. His friends have done the best they could.

Mr W. H. Hutton has read the book in manuscript and in proof, and corrected one or two obvious slips. Another of the author's friends, Señor Don F. de Arteaga y Pereira, Taylorian Teacher of Spanish in the University of Oxford, has read and corrected all the proofs. Mr James Fitzmaurice-Kelly has also kindly read the proofs, and supplied foot-notes on some passages containing statements or expressing views which appeared to be disputable. In deference to his criticism as to matters of fact, one short sentence has been omitted, and

two or three others slightly corrected. The same distinguished scholar has added a few items to the bibliography; and the Editor has inserted a few more. Otherwise the book remains practically as it was written. To the three gentlemen above-mentioned the Editor desires to return his hearty thanks.

September, 1906.