

mere act of courtesy and compliment which has no relation whatever to international diplomacy. For the rulers of Protestant States to be plotting together, as Bismarck's circular suggests they should, to put their man on the Papal Throne, as ward politicians plot to get in their pet alderman, is a disgrace to any nation enjoying, or aspiring to possess, civil and religious liberty. It is, too, so futile, so certain to defeat its own aim—for the least sign of coercion must tend to drive the Electorate in such a case to the extreme point of hostility to such influence. Imagine a Pope elected favorable to the Falk laws! In manœuvring to fill the Papal Chair with "the right man," Bismarck has overshoot his mark. His "vaulting ambition" has sent him over the saddle to the ground "o' the other side." The next Pope, whoever he be, will be too shrewd to bring the Catholic Church into contempt by any sudden reversion of the policy or actions of his predecessor. We await his advent without anxiety and without hope. He will add no new shadow nor new light to the world, nor new joy nor consolation, though if he did lighten the world's sorrowload, few would question his title as a divine vicegerent.

So the Bourbons are back again to the Escorial, and Spaniards are happy because a boy of seventeen has consented to govern their nation. It seems almost a fulfilled prophecy for a child to lead them, while the lions of the Republic lie down with Monarchical asses, who fancy

peace, plenty, prosperity, stability, are ensured by a Bourbon restoration. But that prophecy is of a millennium, and Spain will be wearied out too soon for the years of such a period to be fulfilled. Alfonso seems what might irreverently be termed a decent sort of lad; would make a promising office-hand, a good junior clerk; but as King of Spain—it is, indeed, a mad world for such a thing to be, and "not o'ercome us as a summer cloud without our special wonder." Poor Spain has a hard century's work or more before her to get abreast of a country like Canada in civilization. Witness her bull fights, her universal ignorance, her school-less condition, the vileness of speech, rank with indecencies, which shock not her people's ears of any class; her systematized frauds on the public revenue, too common for even a joke. Witness her brigandage, a form of civil war no government yet has suppressed; witness, too, her religious intolerance, probably at the root of all the rest. He has a wonderful gift of hope who expects Spain to be anything but a shame to modern national life for several generations, even under the best conditions. But a country like that in the hands of a boy, and he a Bourbon, and bred by such a mother as Isabella! The vision of his reign is like a nightmare: it will end in blood, and not unlikely the Peninsula will see again on its soil the contending armies of foreign nations assisting in a dynastic war. Spain needs a ruler of supreme genius; but such men are the gift of God, not of dynasties or international wire-pullers.

Notice.

KING KALAKAUA.

King David Kalakaua, whose portrait we give in this number, was recently elected to the Throne of the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, and is now visiting the United States, is thirty-eight years old, about five feet eleven inches in height, and something darker than a Chinaman in

color. He has a good education, and is possessed of a vigorous will, and is determined to preserve the independence of the islands which form his kingdom. He expects to visit the principal points of interest in the United States, after which it is probable he will go to Europe. He expresses his intention to visit America again during the Centennial Exhibition.