



ROUND THE WORLD.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE sensation of the month has been the death of President McKinley at the hands of the Anarchist assassin, Czolgosz, who was easily captured, and awaits sentence. This deplorable event will, it is to be hoped, open the eyes of those in power to the fact that their country is overrun with this dangerous organization, which, unlike the Boxers, does not commit wholesale murder, but awaits a chance, and picks off only the great ones of the earth. Czolgosz himself declared that the headquarters of anarchism were in Chicago, Alleghany, Patterson, St. Louis, Cleveland or Buffalo. Whether his declaration could be taken for gospel or no, there is no doubt it is a feature which will have to be reckoned with promptly and sharply. It is only doubtless their difficulty in finding fitting tools who will consent to sacrifice themselves for their cause that prevents them from laying low more of the high and mighty ones of the earth. Events like this only show how trumpery are the most elaborate precautions which can be taken to guard the persons of royalty. The President is dead. Long live the President! Colonel Roosevelt, late vice-President, who takes poor McKinley's place until the end of his term, is a man who has already made a name for himself. On his ranch he built himself up from a delicate boy to a hardy-constituted hunter, who gained the hearts of the cowboys. In Tammany ridden New York, when appointed President of Police, he ruled with a hand of iron, and the numberless abuses of a rotten system, hitherto considered practically incurable, melted away before his determined assault.

It will be long before Roosevelt's Rough Riders cease to sing the praises of the man who led them on to victory in the late war with Spain. It yet remains to be seen how the gallant colonel will fill the new position, but at all events his past career, including his extensive political experience, gives a very fair promise for the future. His political opinions coincide practically in every respect with those of his late leader.

CHINA.

EARLY in the month the peace protocol was signed in Peking, and the Forbidden City has again been handed over to the possession of the Chinese, and taken over with many mysterious ceremonies. Numbers of those supposed to be implicated in the Boxer massacres have been executed, and matters are gradually assuming much the same conditions as those ruling before the trouble began. Whether the Celestials will profit by the lesson sought to be taught them or no, remains to be proved, or whether they will risk a second time the danger which they have narrowly escaped of the partition of their country amongst the powers. Prince Chun's expiatory mission was one which, to the ordinary individual, would have been inexpressibly galling, but the Celestial mind, which has a happy knack well worth acquiring, of interpreting everything to its own advantage, exaggerated the scant honours done him, and took what were meant for rebuffs to have an altogether opposite significance to that intended. It was perhaps as well. The intelligence which can see delicately complimentary