

It is believed that no case of it has been known in New England outside of Boston, which has had a few cases, or in the elevated districts of New York and Pennsylvania. Some neighbourhoods in Kentucky, not far from Cincinnati, were almost depopulated in 1850, and it is a rather remarkable fact that they were in a limestone region, where, the water being hard, cistern water was largely used for drinking and household purposes.

#### IN ARABIA, EGYPT AND THE EAST.

Since the cholera visitation of 1866 and 1867 the disease has not been seen in America. There has been scarcely a year, however, since, when cases of it have not been known in India and the far East. For the last five years it has appeared annually in Japan. Up to July 25, 1879, it had caused there 18,000 deaths, the fatality being the large proportion to the number attacked. For the last three years it has caused a large yearly mortality. In 1882 it decimated Manila. For two summers past it has appeared regularly in the principal ports of China. In 1882 the cholera appeared in Mecca during the annual pilgrimage. This holy city of the Mohammedan world is situated in the midst of a sandy plain or large valley, without a supply of running water, and with no water to drink but from brackish wells. Here the pilgrims gather and encamp in swarms innumerable, poorly fed and amid daily increasing accumulations of filth. The heat is great, there is no drainage, and among them the cholera, once implanted, revels in a congenial element. Last year the epidemic wrought terrible havoc in some of the towns of Lower Egypt, which had suffered from the war with Arabi. Some persons professed to think it must have originated there, the conditions being so favourable, but the supposition was entirely unnecessary considering the nearness of Arabi and the omnipresence of the Meccan pilgrims. Two other cities of Asia are considered holy, though they never attract pilgrims so numerous as Mecca; these are Meshed in Persia and and Bokhara in Turkistan. At these places similar conditions exist, and the cholera once planted finds easy means of conveyance to the distant oases of Central Asia. Almost everywhere in Asia, and especially in Persia, the water is bad, except in a few of the mountain chains, which aids in increasing the mortality when the epidemic is prevalent.

The whole world is at this moment interested in the question whether the cholera will remain at Toulon or be generally disseminated. Should it remain where it is it is believed that it will be the first time it has ever paused in its onward march after it had gained a foothold in Europe. — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

#### A BEETLE'S FOREST.

Have you ever paused for a moment to consider how much man loses for want of that microscopic eye upon whose absence complacent little Mr. Pope, after his optimistic fashion, was apparently inclined rather to congratulate his fellow-beings than otherwise? What a wonderful world we should all live in if we could only see it here as this little beetle sees it, half buried as he is in a mighty forest of luxuriant tall green moss! Just fancy how grand and straight and slender those majestic sprays must look to him with

their wavy feathery branches, spreading on every side a thousand times more gracefully than the long boughs of the lovely tropical palm-trees on some wild Jamaican hill-side. How quaint the tall capsules must appear in his eyes—great yellow seed-vessels nearly as big as himself, with a conical pink-edged burr which pops off suddenly with a bang, and showers down unnumbered nuts on his head when he passes beneath. Gaze closely into this moss forest as it grows here beside this smooth round stone, and imagine you can view it as the beetle views it. Put yourself in his place and look at it towering three hundred feet above your head, while you vainly strive to find your way among its matted underbrush and dense labyrinths of closely-grown trunks. Then just look at the mighty monsters that people it! The little red spider magnified to the size of a sheep, must be a gorgeous and strange-looking creature indeed, with his vivid crimson body and his mailed and jointed legs. Yonder neighbour beetle, regarded as an elephant, would seem a terrible wild beast in all seriousness with his bronze-burnished armour, his huge hook-ringed antennae, and his fearful branched horn, ten times more terrible than that of a ferocious rhinoceros charging madly through the African jungle. Why, if you will only throw yourself honestly into the situation, and realize that awful life-and-death struggle now going on between an ant and a May-fly before our very eyes, you will see that Livingstone, and Serpa Pinto, and Gordon Cumming are simply nowhere beside you; that even Jules Verne's wildest story is comparatively tame and commonplace in the light of that marvellous miniature forest. — *Grant Allen, in "Flowers and their Pedigrees."*

#### THE LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

It is a singular fact that with all the attention and care bestowed on the literature of art and science in modern times, so few attempts seem to have been made to explore musical literature, one of the most inviting corners of the world's knowledge and achievement.

Though the number of the admirers of the "divine art of music" is legion, the great majority, it is evident, feel only a faint interest in its early history and traditions. This is the more to be regretted because the subject is peculiarly rich in material, not only in modern books, but in those of antiquarian value. Men there are with all kinds of bibliographical specialties, but the musical bibliographer is only to be found at long intervals. Musical literature is very full in all departments of the art—theoretical, biographical, critical, æsthetic, and historical. Few frequenters of the opera, for instance, are aware what a wealth of information in printed form exists on their favourite diversion. Works abounding in sparkling anecdotes, pungent criticism, and lively reminiscences have been contributed by such men as Henry F. Chorley, George Hogarth, Sutherland Edwards, and Benjamin Lunley, some of them have known personally all the great operatic writers and famous prima donnas of the past and present generations. Musical biography also is especially copious and satisfactory in its chronicles of the lives and achievements of the great composers, no one of the masters being without his faithful and enthusiastic biographer. The Men-