

There is not a boat on the lake, and, in all probability, never has been. The eldest Arabs have no recollection of ever having seen a boat there. Pliny speaks of cane rafts which the Arabs used to gather the bitumen; but for three centuries, the fact of no boat being on the lake, has been alluded to by travellers. Ali Bey alone, a few years ago, describing the Dead Sea from the summit of a mountain four-and-twenty miles distant, declares that he distinctly saw the vessels on the lake so agitated by the motion of the waters, that he considers the name of Dead Sea as inappropriately applied. The telescope of this traveller must have been furnished with a very *magnifying lens*.

The most extraordinary circumstance, perhaps, to be remarked is, that there is no visible outlet to the lake, notwithstanding that the Jordan is continually flowing into it. Dr. Shaw calculates that the Jordan daily sends into the Dead Sea, six millions and ninety thousand tons of water, and yet there is never any visible increase or diminution in the height of the water, though Chateaubriand erroneously states that it varies at different periods. Its greatest breadth does not exceed ten miles, and its extreme length about seventy.

(From Madden's Travels in Turkey.)

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.

A correspondent of the Bengal Hurkaru says, that, being on a visit at the quarantine station at Edmonstone Island, he was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Saugor Island. I was requested (says he) being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparation for a regular set-to. A stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, I there, in company with the resident at the Point, took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheeroot had not been quite burnt out, when a noise from the jungle in the rear warned us of an approach. From the noise I thought it was an elephant. Our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense; however, in a very few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend. His approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move. The second volley (for we were well armed, having two double barrels each) disturbed him; he turned sharp round, and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were, at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide; but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank. We had another beautiful view of him, and again fired together as before, when, I am sorry to say, the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home; and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an animal in our neighbourhood was no joke. My friend took a cutlass, and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree, and made good our retreat.

A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner. The artillery of the station (two six-pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach. Every thing was got in readiness. The moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree in the evening. The first start which we made was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A long tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree all night, but we could not get a shot at him.—Another night passed in like manner, but the third night at ten o'clock, our old friend

once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements, and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance : but when he did come, I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire, he charged full at me : but he was too late, the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable, it gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion, a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fell to rise no more. Many of the shot had taken effect. One (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and the hind quarter. His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference. Altogether he is a perfect monster. On opening him, one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him, &c. Five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the Point in distress.

(Alexander's East India Magazine.)

(SELECTED.)

AN AFFECTING STORY.

'Have the goodness to buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!' said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the Haymarket: I turned, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus—her neck, without covering, was of the purest white—and her features, though not perfectly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion—her dark and intelligent eyes were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, which shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket of roses,—the other was stretched towards me with a bud. I drew from my pocket some money: 'Take this, sweet innocent,' said I, putting it into her hand, 'and may thy existence and thy virtues be long preserved!' I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears. Her look touched my soul. I was melted by the gratitude of this poor girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to console her, when she added as follows,—'Your's, Sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth!—A sob interrupted her discourse.—'Oh, Sir,' she continued, 'I have no father—no mother—no relation: alas! I have no friend in the world!' She was silent for a moment before she could proceed:—'my only friend is God! on him, therefore, will I rely—O, may I support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience,—and may that God ever protect you.' She dropped a courtesy, full of humility and native grace—I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave thee, poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on—'Can I leave thee for ever—without emotion? What have I done that can entitle me to thy prayers? Preserved thee, for a few days, from death—that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair blossom, to see thee no more? Leave thee to be destroyed by the rude blast of adversity;—to be cropped by some cruel spoiler;—to drop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow?—No! thou hast budded under the sweet sunshine of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom.' I returned to her,—my heart beating with its newly-formed purpose. The beautiful flower girl was again before me—I took her by the hand—the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips,—'Come, lovely forlorn! come, and add one more to that happy group that call me—father. Their home shall be thine—thou shalt share their comforts—thou shalt be taught with them, that virtue alone constitutes true happiness.' Her eyes flashed with frantic joy—she flung herself upon her knees before me, and burst into rapturous tears—I raised her in my arms—I hushed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of peace and tranquility. She loves my children—she loves their father—and the orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my son.

THE

ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

MARCH.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1836.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS ARMITT, C. S. OF THE ORDER.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

I WAS born in Rushton Spencer, in Staffordshire, in the month of August, 1774. My father dying when I was in my ninth year, and my mother, being left with a large family, prevented me from receiving that education I should otherwise have done, had he been spared, and for the same reason, in the tenth year of my age, I was put to service to the farming and gardening business. At twenty I married, and my wife bringing me a son or a daughter every year, I found my wages did not increase with my family, and, as I had saved a little from my former earnings, I commenced the business of an earthenware dealer; this brought me into this part of the country, (Lancashire) and finally to settle in Salford. I have brought up a large family, (though not without my trials and difficulties,) I trust, with that degree of credit which has justly entitled me to the confidence of my neighbours and acquaintances.

In 1812 I was made a member of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, Manchester: though I was a silent observer of their manners and customs some years, yet I was, at that time, deeply considering the utility of such an Order, and viewing its progress.—In 1814 I, together with many others, saw the necessity of establishing a Funeral Fund, on a basis capable of sustaining its own weight; this was accomplished with much personal labour, and some considerable individual expence. After a labour of about two years,—and each member paying one shilling each, and sixpence added to the making-money,—the Funeral Fund took its rise, and has since that time been improving both in funds (now amounting to £1106. 12s. 2d.) and in its laws and regulations. I name this, because it has always been the bulwark of the Manchester District, and principally to this we owe our present respectability in the scale of society: indeed, I may safely say, that this Fund has been the City of Refuge to all the Lodges both in town and country, who have joined it.

At this time a Fund for the relief of travellers at Manchester was established, and a slow but gradual improvement took place in the laws and regulations of the Order.—This was met by some little bickering from the ambitious and interested, but was soon overcome by patience and perseverance.

In 1819 I lost my wife, after living together twenty-five years, who left me with a numerous family. In 1820 I married a second time, and I must say, met not only a frugal industrious wife, but a kind mother to my former children.

In 1821 I was appointed D. G. M.; and, at a Committee, it was agreed, that a letter should be printed and sent to Pimlico, London, and such other Lodges as was thought necessary, explaining our views on the necessity of establishing a head of the Order, as I thought that if we must have a Unity it must have a centre somewhere; therefore, we were willing that it should be established where it was likely to promise