A SERIES OF REMARKABLE ADVENTURES.

BY JOHN QUILL.

It was my great-grandfather, Abijah Quill, mariner, who related the extraordinary story one evening to a circle of his friends in the barroom of the Eagle Hotel, Darby.

Abijah Quill, my great-grandfather, was a man of honor, and there can be no doubt that his statements are strictly true.

My great-grandfather had a white oak leg, recollect that.

"You understand," said he, "that about fifty years ago, I was a sailor on board of the bark 'Silly Straddles,' which was cruising around in the Indian Ocean trying to find her way back to the United States of America. Well, you know, we kept feeling around and going nowhere in particular for three or four weeks, sometimes taking a harbor, and sometimes a dead calm, for a change, and nothing happening to make things lively. One day, however, while the captain was sitting in his cabin eighering out the exact extent of his individual capacity as a whisky absorber, all of a sudden he heard a thundering knock on the bottom of the ship."

"Come in," says he.

But nobody appeared; so, after waiting a bit, he makes an observation of the skylight through the bottom of his tumbler, and says:

"All right; stay out then."

This skipper, you understand, was a man who was easily satisfied. You couldn't bother him much.

But in about twenty minutes in comes the mate and makes the remark that the captain had better come down in the hold, as there was something very queer sticking up through the planks. So the captain and he went down, and there was left the bill of a sword-fish, about four feet long, fast in the planks.

Nobody knew what it was, and the captain said:

"Very singular; who rammed this thing in here?"

"What's the good of it, anyway?" asks the mate.

"Shiver my timbers if I know," says the captain.

"It might do to open oysters on," suggested the mate.

"Jest so," says the captain; "we'll go fishing for oysters to open on it to-morrow."

With that the captain walked off, and nobody said any more attention to it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate went to the captain, and says he:

"Cap., don't you notice that the water's nearly up to our bulwarks?"

"Yes," says the captain, "I wonder what's the reason."

"Perhaps there's an extra high tide to-day," suggests the mate.

"Or maybe there's been a freshet somewhere," said the captain.

"It may be that the ship's leaking," put in the mate.

"So it may. I never thought of that," said the captain.

Sure enough that ship had been leaking at the rate of a barrel a minute ever since the sword-fish struck her, and the captain hadn't more than got the water out of the mouth before she foundered, and went down with every soul on board but me, who just had time to jump into the jolly boat and row off.

And so there I was on the raging ocean in an open boat, and didn't know which way to go. But I didn't care a cent, and I just hoisted the sail, and laid down and went to sleep, determined to let her rip which ever way she pleased.

I was waked by the shock made by the boat striking against something. I got up and looked over, and there was a sand bank just three feet long and two and a-half feet wide. I disembarked immediately, and made myself as much at home as if I hadn't been in a strange land.

After thinking awhile I made up my mind that I had got to live there, and I might as well be comfortable. So I just took my hatchet and knocked the boat to pieces. Then I built a first-rate house out of the planks, and fitted as snug as you please.

My residence here had some disadvantages. In the first place, there was not much room to take a stroll, and then there didn't seem much chance to go anywhere else, even if any great extent. However, there I was, and so I didn't grumble about the inconveniences. I determined to sit the island out to the United States of America the very first chance I got, so I whittled it, and drew out a map of it with all the physical peculiarities of the place marked upon it.

And then I got up a government of my own, and when election day came around I went and voted like a good citizen, and was never challenged once. Occasionally I would hold a mammoth mass-meeting of all the parties on the island, and once I fried my affined best to get up a political riot, but it proved a failure. I did, however, make a speech to the class speeches, in which I alluded to the threatened destruction of our free institutions, and called upon the whole population to rally to the defence of their liberties.

And then I always rallied to the defence of my liberties.

I declared war once, but it didn't seem to take.

But one day, while in the midst of making a fervid oration on the tyranny, a waterspout happened to come along, and the first thing I knew I was in its grip, whirling and tossing about one hundred feet in the air. I must have traveled an immense distance, for when I began to come down I saw I was right over a splendid, fertile country.

I fell.

Right underneath me were a parcel of Hindoos, dressed in half a yard of muslin apiece, all standing around a chief, who was letting himself out in a war dance. I so got astonished that I tumbled right on top of the old boy's skull, dashed his brains out, and rendered him an inanimate clod in less than a minute.

All the other heathens they thought I was one of their gods, because I apparently came out of the sky, and so they all stood around in a ring, and began bowing to me.

"Good morning," said I, thinking they only meant to be polite.

Still they nodded.

"Yes, it is pleasant weather," I said, not understanding them.

Then they nodded harder.

"Thank you for the compliment; how are you?"

And their heads bowed more than ever.

"Excuse me, did you speak?" I said to one gamy-haired old cuss in a purple petticoat and shiner and wristbands.

No one. They kept on bowing. Then I began to understand that they were worshiping me, so I put on a few airs that I thought might be becoming to a god, and went and strutting about, I bitted three or four of them over the frontispiece with a club. They seemed to enjoy it.

So I went up to the sacred dwelling-house, and made myself a good deal at home for about six months.

You've no idea what a first-class Brahma I make when I start out to try.

After a while the priests came, and wanted to know if I wouldn't go out and take a ride on the holy swing, just to oblige the people.

"Ah you're just the ones," said they, "to run a cast iron back look through the cast of your back, and swing around as comfortable as you please."

"Can't see it," said I. "It always make me dizzy to swing."

"Well, then, let us take you down, and smother you nicely and religiously in the consecrated meal at the Gazoo."

"I believe I won't indulge," says I; "I never care for these little punctilios."

"Well, at least you will lay down and let the car of Juggernaut run over you, and mash you up into a jelly, won't you?" urged the priests.

"I think not this morning. The noble pagan god feels as if it wouldn't agree with him."

"Our gracious!" said they, "you must be something or other. Well, then, spose you just stand on one leg for twenty years, or clench your hand until your finger-nails grow through the back of it."

"If I do, hang me. You must think I'm a jackass, don't you?" said I, for I felt mad.

"This will never do," said the priests, "let us seize him and throw him into the river, so as the sacred alligator can chaw him up."

So they grabbed me, and took me down to the river, and heaved me overboard. But I kicked so that the sacred crocodile got scared, and never touched me. So I just swam ashore and seized a boat, and sailed out to sea, determined to leave that benighted heathen land forever.

All went well enough for several months, during which time I lived on fish and drank rain water, until one day, when just within sight of land, I was lying down in the thwart of the boat dabbling my toes in the water. The first thing I knew a shark shot up, clapped his jaws onto my wooden leg, and bolted me out of the boat into the ocean before I had time to think. I soon found that the fish had jammed his teeth into the wooden leg so tight that he couldn't get them out again.

So I had that old shark all right, of course.

He pulled one way and I pulled the other, but I was the stronger, and in a short time I had him high and dry on the beach.

While I was busy unhinging his jaws, who should come along but a squatty little man with a big head.

"Trifumpdg dggrupp tamb."

"Yes, I am rather wet," says I, thinking I might venture almost any remark on an observation like that.

"Gwilingg dillingg whmt," he said, with a serene smile.

"I believe not," says I, "I am rather too tired for that."

"Bligenghw mlly nmptgo durrggp ll," was what this man said.

"Abijah Quill's my name, America's my nation," I remarked, "if that's what you want to know."

"Kwmpggll Ondrrglhwmd ptfdlrlwmg," says this man.

"Well," says I, "I don't care if I do, as long as you insist on it. I'll take rum and sugar with the chill off."

Then the man in dogskin pulls a school atlas out of his vest pocket, and points to the name of Great Britain. I understood it right away. I was in Wales, and that was the reason he never used any vowels in his conversation.

And this fellow, you know, treated me all right, and sent me to Liverpool, where I got on board a ship and came home, and here I am.

"And now," says my great-grandfather, "what'll you take?"

"BUFFALO BILL."

How He was Killed.

(From the White Pine News.)

Levi Maize was buried at Eureka, Wednesday afternoon. The particulars of his death, given in the Ness yesterday morning, were incorrect in some respects, and the story of the tragedy partakes of the comic. It seems that Buffalo Bill (although his own name was Levi) "had a partner." This partner (whose name we have been unable to learn) and Bill had followed the Flying Dutchman from the termination of the trial for the right of possession of the wagon on Tuesday morning until the shooting took place in the afternoon. In the afternoon the Dutchman drove up in front of a saloon in which Bill and his partner were drinking, when the pair came out and demanded a mule from his team. The demand was refused when Bill's partner drew a six-shooter and "weft" for the Dutchman, who took to his heels, he a pistol being inside the wagon, near the back end. Pursued and pursuer dashed around the wagon a few times, when the Dutchman ran the track and ran into a saloon. Bill and his partner, having now a clear field, went to work and scattered by premises fate of Cyrus Cadwallider, who happened to be passing the saloon, and was hit by the bullet, which lodged in his left side. Being the same respiro which Charles N. Cadwallader and Lizzie Snow, of Philadelphia, died of, he, Cyrus Cadwallader, died in the office of Dr. Stokes, in the city and county of Philadelphia, in bed book 1, R. B., page 1, on the 1st day of January, 1870, at 2 o'clock, P. Squire, in fee.

Bill was then subject to the payment of a certain mortgage, and of judgment.

JOSEPH MEGARY, Clerk O. C.
JAS. B. SMITH, Administrator.
M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 2 26 mh 12 12 and 14 South Fourth street.

Works Attributed to Wycliffe.

A London paper says: In the valuable, and important library of Mr. James Dix, of Bristol, comprising an extraordinary collection of rare English Bibles and early Testaments, &c., which was sold on Friday and Saturday last, among other rarities were the following:

Wycliffe's Consolations for Troubled Conscience, 2 10mo., blue morocco, gilt edge, n., but printed by Robert Redman, circa 1527; exceedingly rare, and unknown to any one else; no other copy can be traced in any public or private library—£100.

Wycliffe's Crede, Pater Noster and Ave Maria, with explanations; black letter, fine copy, 10mo., in blue morocco, extremely rare, if not unique; "Imprynted at London, in Flete street, next to Saynte Dunstone's Churche, at the sygne of the George, by Robert Redman, n. d., but circa 1527;" of this work no other copy is known—£100.

"Small Pagines to the Common People;" Wycliffe's version, black letter, 16mo; fine copy in blue morocco, extra; exceedingly rare, if not unique; "Printed by me, Robert Redman, n. d., circa 1532;" this work, in a MS., formerly belonging to Archbishop Tenison, is ascribed to Wycliffe, but if we are to believe Foxe (Book of Martyrs, first edition, 1563, p. 435), was drawn up by Gatrick for Archbishop Thorisby. His words are: "Also, Sir William Thorisby (a mistake for Sir John Thoresby), Archbishop of Yorke, didde draw a treatise in englishe by a woodcliffe clerke, whose name was Gatrike, in the which were contained the articles of belyeve, the VII. deadlye sinnes, the VII. workes of mercy, the X. commandements, and sent them in small pagines to the common people to learne it and to know it. No other copy is known—£100.

"Testament of Moses, with prayers of holy fathers, patriarches, prophetes, judges, kynges, men and women of holy conversacyon, of the Apostles, also of Cyphir Testament;" black letter, 16mo, fine copy, in blue morocco, extra gilt edge, exceedingly rare, if not unique; "Printed by me, Robert Redman, n. d., circa 1532." This is the only portion of the Holy Scriptures translated by Wycliffe's version, printed for the use of the people. It seems to have been totally unknown to Lea Wilson, Dr. Cotton and all other Biblical collectors. No mention of it is made in Johnson's list of books printed by Redman. The Bodleian and other public libraries have been searched in vain for a copy, and it is, therefore, presumed to be unique—£200.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

ORPHANS' COURT PEREMPTORY Sale—Estate of John W. Grigg, dec'd.—Thomas & Sons, Auctioneers.—Handsome modern three-story brick residence, No. 1524 Mount Vernon street, above Broad street. Pursuant to an alias Order of the Orphans' Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property of John W. Grigg, deceased: No. 1.—All that lot of ground, situate on the west side of Fourth street, 16 feet 6 inches; and extending in depth westwardly, 50 feet 6 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Nineteenth street, to Twenty-first street. Subject to the yearly ground rent of $18, payable in ancient money, charged upon the premises by the will of said deceased. No. 2.—All that lot of ground, situate on the west side of Fourth street, 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth westwardly, 50 feet 6 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Nineteenth street, to Twenty-first street. Subject to the yearly ground rent of $18, payable in ancient money, charged upon the premises by the will of said deceased. Terms—$100 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and two thirds of the purchase money remain on mortgage.

JOSEPH MEGARY, Clerk O. C.
CHARLES B. DUSK,
GEORGE W. RIDDLE,
Executors.
M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 22 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE—ESTATE of Thomas Bond, Deceased.—Thomas & Sons, Auctioneers.—Handsome modern three-story brick residence, with two-story back building, situate on the south side of Spruce street, above Market street. Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at public sale, without reserve, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property of Thomas Bond, late of Mount Holly, in the County of Burlington, deceased: No. 1.—All that three-story brick messuage and lot of ground, situate on the south side of Spruce street, at the distance of 54 feet 11 inches eastward from Twenty-first street, containing in front or breadth on said Spruce street 16 feet 2 inches, and extending in depth southwardly 70 feet 2 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, leading from Spruce street into Sansom street, 20 feet 3 inches to the middle of a 6 feet wide alley, extending from Twenty-first street into the said 3 feet wide alley, 16 feet 6 inches; thence out 3 feet 9 inches; thence south 6 feet 7 inches; thence running parallel with the first mentioned line of building, 20 feet 3 inches; thence upon the last mentioned line of building, 70 feet, and thence to the place of beginning. Subject to the payment of a certain mortgage.

No. 2.—All that lot of ground situate on the west side of Twenty-first street, at the distance of 54 feet 11 inches southward from Spruce street, containing in front or breadth on said Twenty-first street 16 feet 2 inches, and in depth westwardly 70 feet 2 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Nineteenth street, to Twenty-first street. Subject to the payment of a certain mortgage.

Terms—$100 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and two thirds of the purchase money remain on mortgage.

JOSEPH MEGARY, Clerk O. C.
By the Court.
CHARLES B. DUSK,
Executors.
M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 22 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE—ESTATE of Thomas Bond, Deceased.—Thomas & Sons, Auctioneers.—Pursuant to an alias order of the Orphans' Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15th, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property of Thomas Bond, late of Mount Holly, in the County of Burlington, deceased: No. 1.—Valuable Business Stand, Lombard street.—All that three-story brick messuage and lot of ground, situate on the south side of Lombard street, at the distance of 80 feet eastward from Twenty-second street, containing in front or breadth on said Lombard street 16 feet 6 inches, and in length or depth southwardly 60 feet, to a 3 feet wide alley, leading into Sansom street. Subject to a yearly ground rent of $18.

No. 2.—All that irredeemable yearly ground rent of $18, payable in ancient money, charged by the will of said deceased, upon all that three-story brick messuage, situate on the west side of Ninth street, 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth 60 feet 6 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, leading into Sansom street. Subject to a yearly ground rent of $18.

Terms—$100 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and two thirds of the purchase money remain on mortgage.

JOSEPH MEGARY, Clerk O. C.
By the Court.
CHARLES B. DUSK,
GEORGE W. RIDDLE,
Executors.
M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 22 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE—ESTATE of Thomas Bond, Deceased.—Thomas & Sons, Auctioneers.—Handsome modern three-story brick residence, with two-story back building, situate on the south side of Spruce street, above Market street. Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, will be sold at public sale, without reserve, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property of Thomas Bond, late of Mount Holly, in the County of Burlington, deceased: No. 1.—All that lot of ground, situate on the south side of Spruce street, at the distance of 54 feet 11 inches eastward from Twenty-first street, containing in front or breadth on said Spruce street 16 feet 2 inches, and extending in depth southwardly 70 feet 2 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Nineteenth street, to Twenty-first street. Subject to the payment of a certain mortgage.

No. 2.—All that lot of ground, situate on the west side of Twenty-first street, at the distance of 54 feet 11 inches southward from Spruce street, containing in front or breadth on said Twenty-first street 16 feet 2 inches, and in depth westwardly 70 feet 2 inches, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Nineteenth street, to Twenty-first street. Subject to the payment of said alley. The house has the gas introduced, &c.

Terms—$100 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and two thirds of the purchase money remain on mortgage.

JOSEPH MEGARY, Clerk O. C.
By the Court.
CHARLES B. DUSK,
GEORGE W. RIDDLE,
Executors.
M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
mh 5 12 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

REAL ESTATE—THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.—Valuable Business Location.—Three-story building, No. 324 Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth streets.—Will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15th, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property, viz.: No. 1.—All that three-story brick building, with the lot of ground, situate on the south side of Walnut street, at the distance of 120 feet 3 inches eastward from Fifth street, containing in front or breadth 16 feet 6 inches, and in length or depth 60 feet, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Sixth street to Fifth street. Subject to the payment of a ground rent of $125 per annum.

Terms—$500 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and the remainder may remain on mortgage.

M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 2 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

REAL ESTATE—THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.—Valuable Business Location.—Three-story brick building, No. 22 North Fifth street, above Jefferson street.—Will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property, viz.: No. 1.—All that three-story brick messuage, with the lot of ground, situate on the west side of Fifth street, at the distance of 96 feet 6 inches northward from Jefferson street, containing in front or breadth 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth 60 feet, to a 3 feet wide alley, leading from Sixth street to Fifth street. Subject to the payment of a ground rent of $125 per annum.

Terms—$500 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, and the remainder may remain on mortgage.

M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 2 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

REAL ESTATE—THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.—Valuable Business Location.—Three-story brick residence, with two-story back building; the property adjoining the Post Office, on the south side of Chestnut street, above Second street. Will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property, viz.: No. 1.—Valuable Business Stand.—All that lot of ground, with the three-story brick messuage thereon erected, situate on the south side of Chestnut street, at the distance of 120 feet 3 inches eastward from Fifth street, containing in front or breadth on said Chestnut street 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth 60 feet, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Sixth street to Fifth street. Subject to a yearly ground rent of $125.

Terms—$500 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, the same may remain on mortgage.

The premises No. 1 and 2, together with the property on the north side of the 3 feet wide alley, extending from Fifth street, 60 feet, which will be sold on Monday, March 14, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold in one lot, if the purchaser of the property on the north side of the alley shall so elect.

M. THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.
fs 2 26 mh 12 Store, 422 Walnut street.

REAL ESTATE—THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.—Valuable Business Location.—Three-story brick residence, with two-story back building; the property adjoining the Post Office, on the south side of Chestnut street, above Second street. Will be sold at public sale, on Tuesday, March 15, 1870, at 12 o'clock, noon, will be sold at public sale, the following described property, viz.: No. 1.—Valuable Business Stand.—All that lot of ground, with the three-story brick messuage thereon erected, situate on the south side of Chestnut street, at the distance of 120 feet 3 inches eastward from Fifth street, containing in front or breadth on said Chestnut street 16 feet 6 inches, and extending in depth 60 feet, to a 3 feet wide alley, extending from Sixth street to Fifth street. Subject to a yearly ground rent of $125.

**Terms—$500 will be required to be paid on each of the above lots at the time of the sale, the same may remain on mortgage