FLUSHING TRADITIONS.

TALES OF THE QUAKERS AND THEIR EARLY HARDSHIPS—CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL—BURIED TREASURE AND A GHOST STORY.

Long before the village of Flushing became a part of greater New-York the Quaker quaintness of its early days had all but faded away. The act of incorporation which made the village lose its official identity nearly completed the wiping out process. Yet the fact that Quakerism obtained its first foothold among the English refugees who came from Holland to found the place touches the earlier traditions of Flushing with primness.

The old Quaker meeting house still stands in Broadway, and is much the same as it was when built, early in 1700. Meetings are still held there, and the service differs only slightly from that which comforted the early Quakers when they met at night in the Long Island forest or gathered by stealth in the house of a Friend. All these precautions were necessary, that the news of their "doings" might not reach the cruel Dutch Governor of New-Amsterdam.

Slowly but surely the Quaker element is falling behind, and the few that remain are rapidly losing their distinctiveness by adopting the manners and dress of to-day. Still, it is possible to find genuine oldtime Friends in Flushing. If one can break through the barriers of dignity and reserve with which these few have surrounded themselves the result is well worth while. To be received by one of these old families, to converse with them, to break bread at their plain tables, is like being translated bodily into another age and generation. They are living in the past and of the past. They treasure the traditions and manners of that bygone age with the greatest care, and they sorrow at the curse of frivolity which has overcome so many who once believed as they do.

The Quaker to whom the legend hunter had a letter was not at home, having gone to the "wicked city on affairs of grave importance."

"Thou art welcome to come in and warm thyself," said his wife, in soft voice, as she opened the door of the old home still wider. "If there is anything I can tell thee which will serve thy need thou hast but to command me."

The sitting room into which the visitor was shown was dull and colorless, even to the "rag carpet" which covered the floor. The furniture was old and in keeping with the age of the whole establishment. The absence of books and newspapers was striking. Here was a house at last into which the irrepressible historical novel had never pushed itself. A large Bible, sadly worn, showed what they read.

A girl of eighteen or twenty sat by the fire in a low chair and sewed on some garment which she was making out of gray cloth—the gray which the Quakers love. She did not look up, though she was a woman, and must have been curious about the man who came in with her mother.

"This is our daughter, Priscilla," said she, in that same quiet tone. "A stranger to see thy father," she continued, turning to the girl. "Thou may greet him."

Priscilla raised her head, which was greeting enough for a king, for she was of uncommon beauty. Then she arose and bowed primly, saying, "Thou art welcome," and the visitor had a suspicion that she wanted to smile, which would have been a sad crime against the faith.

"We know nothing of newspapers," the mother said when the visitor had explained the object of his visit. "Our fathers did not have them, and we cannot countenance new fangles. I can tell you some true stories of the days when Flushing was young, but legends—are legends always true?"

"It hardly matters whether they are true or not," said the visitor.

"And thou would print an untruth in thy paper!" she exclaimed, holding up her little white hands in a gesture of horror.

"I'm afraid we have to sometimes," said the man, "but untrue legends have the dignity of antiquity as their excuse."

"Nothing can dignify an untruth," she said positively. "What I tell you will be absolutely true."

"Thou hast never heard, I suppose, of the trials of John Bowne, one of the first Flushing Quakers, and one of the most persecuted. He joined our society when the meetings were held at night in the green wood and when it was a continual trial to be a professed Quaker. His wife, as fine a woman as ever lived, brought him to the faith, and as soon as he was converted he offered his house as a meeting place. The house still stands to-day, having been preserved by the mercy of God, on account of the good which was accomplished by its builder.

"The Dutch liked not the Friends, though we minded our own business then as we do now and were quiet and unoffensive. Governor Stuyvesant heard that meetings were being held in Brother Bowne's house and summoned him to New-York. They fined him a large sum of money, which Bowne refused to pay, and for that they thrust him into a vile prison.

"'Give up this Quaker folly and I will release you,' said the Governor. 'If you persist in it, I'll exile you from the colony, send you to Holland on the first ship that sails.'

"Bowne was strongly grounded in the faith and would not give in. They tore him away from his beloved wife and children and shipped him to Holland on the ship Gilded Fox. They said it was for the welfare of the community, and to crush as far as possible our sect because we would not submit to their political magistrates and ministers. He manifested his case before the officers of the West Indian Company with great skill, and they approved not of the Governor's action. Bowne brought back a rebuke for Stuyvesant, the wicked Governor, and after that the Quakers dwelled in peace."

She hunted through an old portfolio for a few minutes and found a paper wrinkled and yellow from age.

"I will read thee what they wrote to him for arresting and punishing this good man: 'Although it is our desire that similar and other sectarians be not found there, yet as the contrary seems to be the fact, we doubt very much whether rigorous proceedings against them ought not to be discontinued; unless, indeed, you intend to check and destroy your population, which, in the youth of your existence, ought rather to be encouraged by every possible means. Wherefore it is our opinion that some connivance is useful, and that at least the consciences of men ought to remain free and unshackled. Let every one remain free as long as he is modest, moderate in his political conduct, and as long as he does not offend others and oppose the government. The maxim of moderation has always been the guide of our magistrates in this city, and the consequence has been that people have flocked from every land to this asylum. Tread thus in our steps and we doubt not that you will be blessed.'

"After that we ventured to build a meeting house, and, by the grace of the Divine One, we have never been molested. The venerable George Fox, the father of our faith, came to Flushing in 1672 and preached under two spreading oak trees opposite the Bowne house. This grounded the faith of our believers more firmly, and some of us have not wavered to this day."

The Quaker mother arose, adjusted her drab shawl carefully about her shoulders, and left the room, saying that there were some duties to which she must attend. The daughter put aside her work and put on a smile. It was always hard for Quaker maidens to be true to every restriction of the sect, and to-day, when there are so few of them, and other girls are so happily different, it is all but impossible.

"You are smiling," remarked the visitor.

"So art thou," she said. "Why should I not smile? Mother has gone, and there is no longer need to keep a sober face."

"Can't you tell me a Quaker romance?" she was asked.

"Tell thee a Quaker romance! I did not know we were allowed to have romances." And she put on an air of mock gravity. Then she smiled and continued: "I do remember one that happened a long time ago. Shall I tell it to thee?"

"That will be just the thing."

"I found it the other day in the strangest sort of place. Where dost thou think? In the records of the Quaker Church. It happened before the Revolution, and no one would have remembered it had it not been written down in the old book. There was a girl named Mary Hait, a pretty girl, I am sure, for once before the elders had scolded her for wearing ribbon and being present where fiddles played and people danced. Dost thou not think her awful? Well, she loved a man. How silly that sounds! Of course she loved a man. His name was Ford—William Ford—and he loved her. But their fathers did not like each other, and both said that the young folks should not marry. They tried to get a Quaker minister to unite them, but, of course, he refused, for marriage without the consent of one's parents is a grievous sin.

"The girl was willing to do anything to get her husband, and she did not care if they called her before the meeting. The young man appealed to his cousin, William Thorne, to find a way by which they might marry.

"'We will go over to New-Rochelle, where the English parson will marry you,' said Thorne, whose faith was not firmly grounded.

"He rowed them in a small boat to New-Rochelle, and they were married. The elders threw them out of the meeting, but they did not care, and, embracing the new religion, lived in happiness ever afterward. Poor Thorne was the one who had to suffer. They threatened to expel him from the meeting, and he had to 'condemn' his action publicly and confess his sin before the whole congregation. I don't believe thou could do that. It is very hard."

All of the early settlers of Flushing were not Quakers, and in consequence there are traditions of other sorts. There was Captain John Underhill, the Indian fighter, for instance. There are legends in many towns which cluster around his strenuous figure. At Pelham they tell of his love for Anne Hutchinson, in Connecticut of his Indian fights, and in Flushing there is the story of how he learned to love his wife.

He married a daughter of Robert Field, and tradition says that for a time he did not treat her as good husbands treat their wives. It was said that he was interested in other women, and he paid little attention to his wife's requests that he be more faithful. The story goes that he was about to start out one day on an expedition against the Block Islanders. His wife helped him clean and polish his weapons, and as he was ready to depart brought out a helmet.

"John, I feel that something is going to happen to you," she said, determinedly, "and I want you to wear this helmet. It may save your life."

John laughed at her fears and said that he feared no Indian alive. He did not want to be bothered with the helmet, but she insisted so strongly that he was finally persuaded to wear it. In the fight which followed he received an arrow through his coat and another struck his helmet, making a great dent. It would surely have entered his skull had he worn his usual headgear.

When he got home he addressed to his neighbors this interesting bit of advice, which has been handed down by several generations of Flushing wives for the benefit of their husbands:

"Let no man despise the advice and counsel of his wife, though she be a woman. It were strange to nature to think a man should be bound to fulfil the humors of a woman, what arms he should carry; but you know God will have it so, that a woman should overcome a man. What with Delilah's flattery, and with her mournful tears, they must and will have their desire."

Almost every one in Flushing has heard that Captain Kidd, the bold, bad pirate, buried great treasure near St. Ronan's Well, which is just across the causeway at Bridge-st. Not so many have heard how near a party of superstitious negroes came to securing this wealth many years ago.

An old negro dreamed about the treasure three nights in succession, and taking several friends into his confidence they planned to get the treasure.

The spirit which came to the old man in his dream told him all the precautions which must be taken in order to secure the treasure, which was guarded, as usual, by the ghost of a pirate sailor, murdered and buried on the spot. This spirit at night took the form of a crow, and always sat on a certain limb of a particular tree which stood near the well. On approaching the spot one of them must locate this limb, and gaze at it steadily all the time the others were digging. Although they would only be able to make out the outline of the black crow in the darkness, the one appointed to watch must not lose sight of it for an instant or the treasure would disappear. More than this, not a word must be spoken until the treasure was secured and divided.

The negroes learned these and other details by heart and proceeded to the spot. The one who was to watch located the shadow of the crow and not once did he take his eyes away. The others dug a large hole in the sand and were rewarded at last when the spade of one of them struck the buried treasure chest. It gave out a ghostly, hollow sound which was too much for one of the negroes.

"Oh, good Lord, save us, save us!" he shouted.

Then the devil came and struck them on their heads with a heavy club. They fell insensible and when they awoke the hole had filled itself up and the treasure was just as much buried as ever. The negro who had shouted at once fell into disfavor, for the other negroes believed that his carelessness had lost them the fortune.

Flushing's haunted house is in the outskirts of the town near Ireland Mill, and the spook which haunts the place is that of a murdered wife. Many years ago the house was occupied by Captain Tuxido, a retired ship master, who came to Flushing with a pretty young wife. He was madly jealous of her, and she teased him by flirting with the young men of the village. One night she teased him beyond endurance, and he killed her. He seized the body by the feet and dragged it down the long flight of stairs which led from the second story. He put it in his buggy and drove away. According to tradition neither the man nor the woman was ever seen again.

Many persons who have passed the house at night have told about the ghost. They say they can hear the head of the murdered woman thumping from step to step. Then all is quiet until the noise of a buggy driving away is heard. The spook has never been seen, but the noises are said to be frightful enough to make superstitious persons follow other roads.

TYPICAL GROUP OF CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.

Taking the air at 20 degrees below zero on an Adirondack porch.

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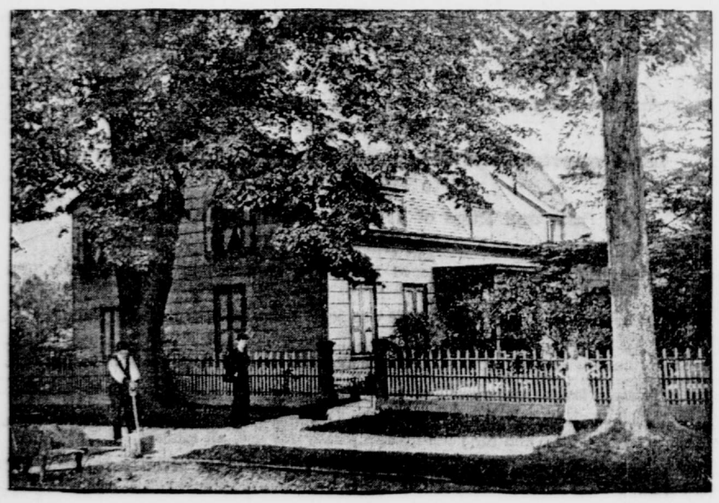
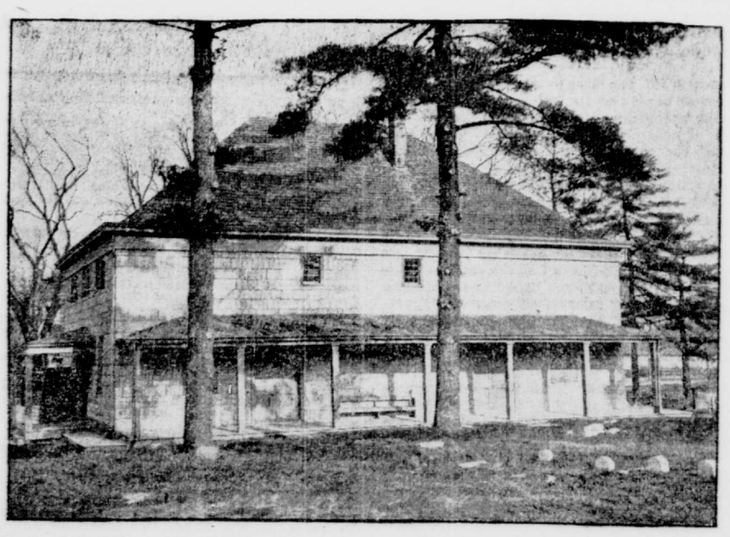
A PATIENT WHO SEEMS ON THE SURE ROAD TO RECOVERY.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN FLUSHING.

Built in 1661 by John Bourne, the Quaker hero, exiled by Governor Stuyvesant for his belief.



FIRST FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE ERECTED NEAR NEW-YORK.

Built in Flushing, Long Island, more than two hundred years ago, and during the Revolution used as a British hospital.

MUST FIRST SHOULDER A RIFLE.

CIVILIANS CAN NO LONGER OBTAIN A COMMISSION IN THE TWELFTH REGIMENT.

Colonel Dyer of the 12th Regiment has decided that in the future no one from civil life can obtain a commission in the regiment without first enlisting and shouldering a rifle as a private. Colonel Dyer is of the opinion that this will greatly help the officers in a more practical administration of company affairs after receiving a commission. Numerous applications for commissions from society men have been received, and those who care to begin at the bottom rung of the ladder and work their way up will be given the preference.

Adjutant General Henry will review the regiment on Thursday evening, January 16. Company D has filed a protest against the awarding of the cup to Company F for making the greater number of points at the recent athletic games, and feeling runs high. It is declared that one member of Company F was ineligible to compete, and that the cup has been unfairly awarded. Company K has organized a glee club, with Lieutenant Daniels in charge, and it is proposed to give several entertainments. The club is composed of Sergeant C. McGuire, Sergeant C. Osborn, Sergeant J. King, Sergeant B. Reynolds, Privates J. McGuire, H. Fitzgerald and J. Nelson. Company F will hold a "stag" party at the armory on February 15. These promotions have been made in Company F: Corporals Dougherty and Hoffman to be sergeants, and Private Bender to be corporal. In Company B, Private B. Greir has been promoted to corporal. In Company D, Privates Hart and Brennan have enlisted in the army for service in the Philippines.

CONSUMPTIVES' ELDORADO.

MANY FIND IT IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, WHERE THE PURE AIR HEALS AND RESTORES.

"You are sick. To tell you the truth frankly, you have consumption. Just the first stage of it, but nevertheless consumption." This is what many a man who has been struggling along under business cares in the vain endeavor to throw off a cough which, as the weather grows colder, racks him the more violently, hears from his physician, whom he has at last consulted.

The question then is where to go. The sick man must get away from the damp air of the city, and, as is the case with many, decides suddenly to go to Colorado or California, and makes his preparations for a long journey, which in many cases precipitates death. But of recent years the high, dry air of the Adirondacks has come to be considered just as efficacious for patients suffering with incipient tuberculosis as that of the Rockies, and stories of wonderful cures have been brought back from these northern woods. Sanatoriums founded on private endowments and often supported by charity have been built in various parts of the Adirondack district, and now the State has decided to build a public sanatorium at Raybrook, which will be for the treatment of incipient tuberculosis.

Because of the overcrowding of the sanatoriums, which are able to accommodate only a small fraction of the applicants for treatment, a great multitude of those suffering from this disease have sought accommodations in hotels and boarding houses, and many others who have means have built homes of their own. Hundreds go up to the woods who are so far broken down by the cough that they are compelled for a year or more to sleep out in tents, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a visitor to this district out hunting in the woods to run across a tent almost enveloped in a snowbank, with its solitary tenant seated in the doorway breathing in the air which he hopes will rebuild his wasted lungs. For the last few years so many invalids have gone to Saranac Lake, a village on a branch of the New-York Central, and about ten hours' ride from this city, that from a little hamlet of a few scattered houses it has grown to a town of more than four thousand inhabitants, of whom more than one-half have or have had consumption.

It is an ordinary sight at the station of Saranac Lake to see a patient carried from the train on a stretcher, and subsequent inquiry will in the majority of cases find the patient improved and on the fair road to recovery. Such a patient might have died before reaching the Rockies. One who visits the village for the first time will be struck by the fact that he is, as it were, in a great hospital. The whole village is a kind of open air sanatorium. The first effect on one's spirits is depressing. As a traveller said who happened into town for a few days on his way to New-York from Canada:

I had no sooner left the train than half a dozen drummers from as many hotels surrounded me. Each sought to pull me into the sleigh of his particular hotel, and as I was about to follow one of the drummers, he stopped and suddenly began to cough. Just then the others coughed. My driver coughed so frequently on the way to the hotel that I said finally:

"You ought to do something for your cold, and not ride around in such a snowstorm as this."

"Do something?" was the answer. "I've done all I can. I have broken up my home in New-York, left my family there and come up here. Been up here now a year, and, as far as I can see, will have to stay another."

"Have you consumption?" I asked, before I realized that such a question was unnecessary, as well as indelicate.

"That's it. That's what we've all got up here. We're all lungers up here."

"Lungers!" I said, with some surprise, at the apparent unconcern with which the sick man spoke of his disease.

"Yes, lungers," he replied, "and you will find that we've all either had the 'con' and now have to stay up here so it will not come back on us, or we are trying to throw it off for the first time."

By this time we had reached the hotel, and as I stopped at the desk to register, the clerk was shaken by a paroxysm of coughing.

"He's a lunger, too," whispered the driver, as he laid down my baggage. "Been up here only six months. He stays indoors too much. He'll never get well if he don't take the air, the same as that crowd is doing out there." With this the driver pointed to a group of twenty or more people out on the porch and huddled up against the weather boards in a long line. The temperature was 20 below zero, and the fine flakes of a snowstorm swept over the group so that their furs were as white as the fur of polar bears. Some were reclining at full length in steamer chairs, and the driver told me that they had just come to the woods. "That end fellow was brought up to the hotel on a stretcher," he added. I looked at the man closely, and saw that he was scarcely twenty years old, and apparently in the best of health, as judged from the bright color of his cheeks. "That color is the worst sign," said the driver, when I called his attention to it. "That's a sign of fever, and shows that the fellow has hemorrhages."

All the "lungers" who were thus "taking the air" were heavily dressed in furs, with their feet and legs wrapped in thick woollen blankets. One of the group happened to leave his seat at this moment, and I saw him take up three hot water bottles. One he had had for his feet, another for his hands and the third had been bolstered behind his back.

As the patient came into the hotel with the three water bags, he said to the clerk at the desk: "Well, I've been out six hours to-day, so that I've got two more for this evening."

"They stay out eight hours a day," said the driver. "It's the air that does the work—air and food and sleep."

I was in the town two days, and I do not think that I saw more than a dozen people that were not coughing. The grocer coughed, the barber coughed, at the eminent risk of cutting my face, the druggist coughed as he made up a prescription, and when I addressed the sole policeman of the town, to find out if he ever made any arrests, he answered me with a cough.

Many visitors to the Adirondacks in the winter time, when those who have come up there for recreation have for the most part returned to the city, wonder, as the traveller told of above, that there can be any chance of recovery, in a community apparently so impregnated with the germs of the disease. Physicians, however, say that, with the proper care, there is no danger of contagion. Because of this fact the village of Saranac Lake has passed the most stringent sanitary laws, which provide a severe fine for spitting on the sidewalks or the floors of homes or public places.

Patients who have just arrived in the Adirondacks are so invigorated by the dry mountain air that they think they must take all the exercise possible. The almost certain result is a hemorrhage.

That cases of incipient tuberculosis can be cured by a winter in the Adirondacks is now conceded by the most prominent physicians. A patient, however, cannot expect to regain complete health in a few months. Often two or three years are necessary, and hundreds are never able to leave the mountains for a home near the seashore. Many who otherwise might have lived to old age have thought themselves well enough to return to their homes in this city only to be carried back to the woods a second time to die.

NATIONAL GUARD REVIEWS.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR WOODRUFF TO INSPECT THE WORK OF THE NINTH REGIMENT.

There will be three prominent military reviews in this city this present week which will excite considerable interest among the members of the Guard and their friends. The first review is that of the 69th Regiment, to be held at its armory to-morrow night by Adjutant General Henry. This will be General Henry's first review, and there will be presentations during the evening of long service medals and the Adjutant General's Trophy, won by the 69th in shooting at Creedmoor last fall from Company G of the 7th Regiment. The latter command will be present during the review as the guests of the 69th.

The second review will be that of the 1st Battery, Captain Wendel, at its armory next Wednesday night by Brigadier General George Moore Smith. This review attracts a large number of military men from the different organizations. There will be a number of presentations during the evening, and the military ceremonies will be followed by a ball. The third review will be held in the 9th Regiment armory next Saturday evening, when Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff will review. A dance will follow the military ceremonies.

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Foreign Resorts.

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