

# A NEW YEAR RECEPTION TO THE BRITISH



## WHEN GENERAL JACKSON HELD OPEN HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS

I have heard my grandfather tell time and time again of the reception which Gen. Jackson gave to the British on New Year's day in the year of grace 1815, and believe I can write it down exactly as he repeated it to me, for he was there, taking a very active part in the ceremonies, if the reports of his superior officers are entitled to credit—as of course they are.

You must know first of the situation at New Orleans on the dawning of this New Year's day, and that can be told in few words.

General Jackson had on Christmas day 4,000 men, 20 pieces of artillery, and two armed schooners with which to defend the city; and the defense of New Orleans meant the defense of the state of Louisiana and the entire Mississippi valley. The whole British army consisted of 7,000 land troops, with a fleet numbering more than 50 vessels of all sizes and rigs, not a few of which were well armed.

Two days after Christmas the enemy had succeeded in destroying one of Gen. Jackson's vessels, the schooner Caroline, thus leaving him only the schooner Louisiana, and 24 hours later a battle was fought in which the Americans gained a slight advantage.

Our people had thrown up a breast-work three feet in height along the entire front of the army, and now the British built three "half moon" batteries, at equal distances apart, about 600 yards from Jackson's line, arming them with 30 heavy guns, which had been brought up from the fleet. These batteries were formed of earth, hogheads of sugar, and, in fact, of everything which it was supposed would offer resistance to the missiles of the Americans.

Then came New Year's morning, when both armies were hidden under a dense fog which did not lift until nearly eight o'clock; but as soon as it was possible to see surrounding objects the British opened fire from their batteries, and it seemed much as if every gunner aimed at the house in which was Gen. Jackson's headquarters. In less than ten minutes the building had been struck by more than a hundred shot and shell, and the commander-in-chief, with his staff, was forced to seek some other place from which to direct the troops in the battle then just beginning.

**American Fire Effective.**

As a matter of course, the American guns had not been silent while the enemy was pouring into the city such a shower of iron. The 20 cannon, which had been mounted at different points along the line of breastworks, were opened on the British batteries on the levee, and those in front of our position, until the enemy began to understand that hogheads of sugar offered a poor resistance to a solid shot, for immediately one was knocked into splinters its contents ran out, thereby making big breaches in the works.

When this battle of the guns had continued for an hour or more, with the American lines comparatively unharmed and the enemy's batteries showing here and there great gaps which told that they would be speedily demolished unless there was a change in the method of fighting, the British made a determined attack on the left of Gen. Jackson's line, which extended into the swamp, and my grandfather was among those sent forward to meet it.

And now to tell the story from my grandfather's own lips, as it were:

"When Coffee's Tennessee regiment, of which I was a member, gained that portion of our line which the British were threatening, they were advancing on the charge, most likely thinking to frighten us by that long line of glistening steel bayonets; but we had gone there for just such kind of work, and I venture to say that never one of us showed the white feather.

"We poured into their ranks a shower of lead which cut many a wide gap, but the Britishers only closed up the line, coming forward like a machine, and showing us that Americans were not the only ones who knew how to die at such a time.

"Well, for a few moments they actually overran us with that line of steel points, and, having once discharged our weapons, we had no chance to reload. The only thing for us, who did not intend to be put out of the fight until it couldn't be helped, was to grapple with that red coated machine, for we couldn't get near enough, owing to the bayonets, to strike a decent blow with our clubbed muskets.

"It was as rough-and-tumble a fight as I ever saw, even when the combatants were unarmed, and the fact that we clung to them like cats was what knocked the Britisher's out of

### Mrs. Bluebeard.

#### The Story of a New Year's Resolution.

BY IZOLA FORESTER.

"Is it antique?" Suzanne trailed her fingers idly over the piano keys in a little impromptu prelude of troublous chords before she answered the query.

"I suppose it is," she said, crossly. "I'm sure I can't tell whether it's real antique or not. It looks old and dusty and is all covered with heavy carving, if you mean that sort of thing. Why, Bess," she turned to the questioner with sudden energy, "I wouldn't have thought a thing about it if he had shown it to me or even mentioned it. He told me about everything else in the house, and I'd never have known a thing about this if I hadn't told Nora to clean out that 'catch all,' as she calls it, at the turn of the garret stairs. There is a large windowless space over the dining-room wing, and it was in there."

"And locked," concluded Bess, positively.

"Every drawer. I asked Nora how long it had been there, and she said it had come with Bob's trunks from home, while we were on our honeymoon. I'm not a bit curious—" She paused.

"Of course not," assented Bess warmly, "or suspicious."

"Only interested."

Bess nodded her head wisely over the interested sigh.

"It is kind of mysterious, Bob's not telling you a word about it, and hiding it in there out of sight, and then the fact of its being locked shows that someone didn't want it opened."

As she gave her conclusive point of logic Bess arose. She was pretty and petite, with a decisive tilt to her chin, and the confidence of 18 in her blue eyes.

"Of course, you'll do as you please, Sue. You always did. But if I had only been married a month and had



It Was Bob.

found a locked desk in my house that I knew nothing of, I know what I'd do."

Young Mrs. Sheldon left the piano with an impatient movement. She was tall and slender beside her sister, and the indefinable charm of a bride was visible in her dainty negligee toilette of white crepon.

"I believe absolutely in Bob," she declared.

Bess raised her eyebrows and smiled mischievously.

"Of course you do. It may be only some old love letters or souvenirs that he doesn't care to part with. Do you remember Adelaide Gifford?"

"That was two years ago."

Bess laughed.

"Good-by, sis. Believe in Bob all you want to. He is a dear, and if it were I, I'd hunt a locksmith, all the same."

Mrs. Sheldon stood at the window and watched the small girlish figure as it vanished down the street among the fluttering snowflakes. It was dusk. The room was unlighted as yet, and a sudden sense of loneliness stole over her in the semi-gloom, the first she had experienced since the joyous wedding of a month ago. If the affinity of moods and colors were true, she was in harmony with the soft velvet gray of the twilight tone that was stealing over the world.

New Year's eve, and Bob away. The tears blinded her eyes. Of course, it was business, merely a flying trip to New York for the firm, made all the more imperative by his neglect of business during the honeymoon, but she felt a vague rebellion in her heart against even the separation of a few days.

And there was the locked desk.

Bess' words and arguments ran swiftly through her mind. Come to think, Bob had told her not to tire herself by rummaging while he was away. Rummaging! That meant hunting in the garret and running the risk of discovering the desk.

And Bess had spoken of Adelaide Gifford. There had been talk of a summer engagement, she remembered. Adelaide was older than Bob. Some way she had always blamed her for the romance, and had looked upon Bob as an impressionable youngster. But if he had cherished her letters and keepsakes, then he must have loved her. Adelaide was engaged to old Mr. Thurston now—Copper Thurston, the boys called him. Perhaps, after all,

Bob had been jealous of the copper-made millions, and had married her in a fit of pique.

She turned from the window with sudden determination. It lacked half an hour of dinner time. A lonely dinner for a bride, she thought, as she went upstairs, her first New Year's eve. Perhaps by the time the midnight bells rang out she might be making a few strange resolutions for the coming year.

It was dark on the garret stairs. She stopped at the door of Bob's dressing-room and took a candlestick from the mantel. It was a wedding gift—a Japanese bronze griffin, with outspread wings and spiral, sinuous tail.

As she held it to the gas jet to light the candle something fell on the rug at her feet and she picked it up. It was a small, old-fashioned ordinary brass key. She looked at it hesitatingly. It had never been on Bob's ring, she knew. The space between the wings of the bronze griffin was a clever idea of concealment.

She set her lips closely and went up the garret stairs with candlestick in one hand and the key in the other. Half way there was a turn at a small landing, and it was at the angle made by this that she had found the little bow door leading to the "catch all." She opened it now and entered, half closing the door after her.

The desk was pushed to one side with some trunks and boxes. It was a quaint, antique affair of mahogany, severely colonial in style. The main body was crescent-shaped, supported on hand-carved legs. There were four drawers, two on each side, and a small, low cabinet of pigeon-holes on top.

Suzanne stood motionless before it for several minutes, trying to make up her mind to insert the key. When she did so, in the lock of the nearest top drawer, her hand trembled slightly and she held her breath. The key turned easily and the draw was ready for inspection, but she did not open it. Thoughts whirled like the fluttering snowflakes through her mind, and she stood again irresolute.

She had told Bess that she believed absolutely in Bob. Higher than her love for him had been her unflinching belief and confidence in him. It was the very keystone of her marriage faith, and yet, at the first blow of suspicion, it gave way.

Bess was a child, with the impulsive judgment of a child. She had been wrong to even tell her of the desk, wrong to discuss Bob or his motives with her at all, or to listen for an instant to any doubt of him, even in jest. She must have faith, and wait. He had probably locked the desk against the curiosity of the servants and had forgotten it in the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She must believe in him. The mere fact that they were married did not give her a coroner's right to hold a post-mortem over his dead past.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and she unlocked the drawer quickly.

"I'll be down in a moment, Nora," she called. "You may serve dinner."

The voice that answered was familiar and masculine. She nearly let the candle fall in her surprised recognition of it.

"It's only I, Sue. What on earth are you doing in there?"

She stood mute and motionless as he bent his head and entered the low door. It was Bob, and he was smiling and happy, his clear eyes seeking for the glad welcome he expected.

"I only ran down for to-night," he added. "I couldn't let you face the first New Year alone, sweetheart."

His arms reached for her, but she shook her head and handed him the key.

"I haven't used it," she said, brokenly. "But, oh, Bob, I came so near it. You don't have to tell me what's in the old thing. I'll believe in you just the same, and I don't want to know."

"Know what?" he demanded. "Don't cry, Sue." He drew her to him tenderly. "What's up, anyhow?"

"That desk," she sobbed. "It's locked."

"Is it?" He stared at the desk in bewilderment. "Well, the key was on my mantel, dear. You found it all right, didn't you? Couldn't you unlock it?"

"I could, but—but I don't want to know your private affairs." She tried to draw herself away, but he took her hands and held them from her tear-wet face so that he could see her eyes.

"Sue, darling," he said. "You blessed little Mrs. Bluebeard, that desk is a wedding present to you from Grandmother Hadeleigh. It's been in the family since the year one, I guess, and there isn't a single thing in those drawers. It came the last minute the day we were married, and was so heavy and unwieldy I told father to send it along with my things and have it put away somewhere until we came home. And I laid the key in the griffin for safe-keeping. What did you think was in it?"

But Suzanne silenced further questioning in her own effectual way. The keystone of her happiness was firm and immovable. But as they went downstairs to dinner she registered one New Year's vow in her heart. In the future she would let love laugh at locksmiths.

## A Toast For The New Year

Henry M. Hyde

TO THE True Pioneers of Progress—to the men with chain and sextant, drill and shield, hoist and riveter—burrowing through mountains, spinning, spiderlike, across dizzy chasms—making the world smaller and Man larger—  
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Gentleman Adventurers—to the men who tempt the vengeance of the upper air, dare the sunless dangers of deep seas, track to their secret lairs the wild beasts of disease and pestilence—risking their own lives that the life of Man may be made safe—  
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Poets and dreamers of the Present—to the men who harness the tides, bridle the west wind, put a yoke about the neck of the glaciers, drive the sun and moon tandem—making the forces of nature toil that Man may enjoy—  
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

TO THE Masters of the Future—to the men who know, to the men in earnest—rejoicing in their knowledge and their strength, looking with clear eyes, unafraid, into the face of fate—crowned with the high happiness of work well done—  
A Happy New Year and Many of 'Em!

—Technical World.

## New Year Gleanings.

Interesting Bits Appropriate to the Day Gathered from Everywhere.

### New Year's Is a Candy Day in France.

Boxes of Sweets Are Favorite Gifts with all Classes in Paris.

Once used to be very popular to give New Year's presents; but now so much more attention is paid to Christmas, and every one receives so many lovely things then, that our American boys and girls cannot complain if they do not get presents a week later, as did their mothers and fathers.

However, if they lived in France, New Year's day would be a great occasion, especially for girls, for there every man or boy gives some gift, no matter how small, to his friends. No one paying a call would think of going empty-handed, and little French girls at school on the 2d of January count up how many presents they received, just as our girls do after Valentine's day.

A favorite gift is candy. Sometimes this candy is made into temples, churches or playhouses; or all sorts of queer forms like bundles of carpets, boots and shoes, musical instruments, gridrions, saucepans, lobsters, crabs, books and hats are made of colored sugar, hollowed out and filled inside with chocolates, mints and other bonbons that can be eaten.

Don't you think the little French children must feel pretty sick the next day, after so much sweet stuff? For, of course, they would have to sample each kind; that is, if they are like American boys and girls in their fondness for candy.

### The Origin of New Year's Calls.

Like Many Others of Our Customs, They Were Imported from China.

The custom of making New Year's calls, which had a long run in America, and is still extant, came originally from China, where such calls are one of the main features of the brilliant and lengthy New Year's celebration.

Every Chinaman pays a visit to each of his superiors, and receives one from each of his inferiors. Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds to the emperor and that apparently much-maligned sovereign, the empress dowager, with congratulatory addresses. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered, and are heavy with gold. The younger people call upon the elder.

Children call upon their parents. Pupils pay their respects to their teachers. A light collation is offered every visitor, but it is to be noted, no wine is served. Tea takes the place of any stronger drink. In China gentlemen never call upon the ladies, but upon each other, and the women also make social visits among themselves. Nor is one obliged, happily, to make all his calls in one day, for all calls made before the 15th of the month are considered correct. These calling customs have obtained in China from earliest ages.

### No Changes Needed in the Brown Family.

Proposed Resolutions Brought Emphatic Objections from Both Sides of House.

"This is the new year," said Mrs. Brown, as she and Brown sat down to dinner, "and perhaps we ought to make some little changes for 1907."

"I am willing," he replied. "Yes, I have been thinking that I would make a few changes."

"That is nice of you. You know that you swear and that I don't like it at all. It will be so sweet and kind and considerate to give it up for my sake."

"Give up swearing! Not on your life!"

"What, then, did you mean by change?"

"Why, I have been allowing you five dollars per week as pin money, and I know that you simply fool most of it away. One of the changes contemplated was to cut the sum in half."

"Samuel Brown!" exclaimed the wife, as she knocked on her plate with her fork to emphasize her words, "don't make any mistake on your wife, May. You will continue to swear as hard as you wish, and as often as you wish, and my five dollars pin money comes to me every Saturday night, or there won't be any glass left in the front windows to last over Sunday!"

### A June New Year's on the Nile Banks.

The Ancient Egyptians Started the Year with the Raise of the River.

In all ages and all lands much importance has been attached to New Year's day. In Egypt the new year fell between the 17th and the 20th of June, and was called the "night of the drop." The sacred Nile was thought to flow down from heaven, and at its lowest ebb—about the middle of June—a tear from Isis fell into the stream and caused it to rise.

Consequently at this season the priests and people kept a sleepless vigil at the river's shore, watching for the miraculous rise which should bring such riches to the whole land. When the "night of the drop" came, the priests cleared the altars of old ashes and lighted the sacred fires for the new year.

Every one of the faithful carried a coal from the altar to light the fire at his own hearth, and from end to end the land was ablaze with light. The people put off their old garments and arrayed themselves in white, anointing their heads with sacred oil, crowning themselves with flowers, and bearing palms in their hands, white chants and songs and fasting and processions filled the homes.

### Passing Humor of the New Year.

Would You Blame Him?

Mina—Did your husband, at New Year's, swear off?  
Lena—Yes, off and on—whenever a bill came in.—Town Topics.



Appropriate.  
Coal Dealer—We will start 1907 with a clean slate.  
Consumer—I think you might leave a little coal in it!—Town Topics.