The War of 1812 proved to the rest of the world that we would fight to keep our rights and freedoms. It served to unify the American people and created a true sense of national pride.

**Reading and Assignments**

Based on your student's age and ability, the reading in this unit may be read aloud to the student and journaling and notebook pages may be completed orally. Likewise, other assignments can be done with an appropriate combination of independent and guided study.

In this unit, students will:

- Complete one lesson in which they will learn about the War of 1812.
- Read selected chapters from *The Stout-Hearted Seven: Orphaned on the Oregon Trail*.
- Use the flow chart they created to write the steps in their How-To Article.
- Continue working on their Final Grammar Project.
- Visit [www.ArtiosHCS.com](http://www.ArtiosHCS.com) for additional resources.

**Key People and Events**

- Napoleon
- John C. Calhoun
- Andrew Jackson
- Henry Clay
- James Madison
- War of 1812

**Leading Ideas**

**History is HIS Story.**

God’s story of love, mercy, and redemption through Christ.

*He made known to us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure, which he purposed in Christ, to be put into effect when the times reach their fulfillment—to bring unity to all things in heaven and on earth under Christ.*

— Ephesians 1:9-10

God’s providential hand governs and times all events and provides for his Creation according to His plan and purposes.

*The God who made the world and everything in it is the Lord of heaven and earth and does not live in temples built by human hands. And he is not served by human hands, as if he*
needed anything. Rather, he himself gives everyone life and breath and everything else. From one man he made all the nations, that they should inhabit the whole earth; and he marked out their appointed times in history and the boundaries of their lands. God did this so that they would seek him and perhaps reach out for him and find him, though he is not far from any one of us.
— Acts 17:24-27

Godly leadership and servanthood are necessary for one to be a true reforming influence.
Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant, and whoever wants to be first must be your slave—just as the Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.
— Matthew 20:26-28

God raises up and removes leaders.
He changes times and seasons; he deposes kings and raises up others. He gives wisdom to the wise and knowledge to the discerning.
— Daniel 2:21

Literature, Composition, and Grammar

The Stout-Hearted Seven: Orphaned on the Oregon Trail
by Neta Lohnes Frazier
Literature for Units 24 - 28

Unit 25 - Assignments

Literature and Composition
- Read Chapters 5 - 8 in The Stout-Hearted Seven.
- Now you will use your flow chart to write the steps in your How-To Article.
  - Each section of your flow chart should become a full paragraph, written in complete sentences.
  - You will want to write with as much detail as possible and include examples where appropriate.
  - Come back to your writing several times, close your eyes, and try to imagine the steps that you have described.
    Are you missing any important steps?
    Are there any details that you could add to make your article clearer?

You will find a sample How-To Article within the Formats and Models section of the website.

Grammar
- Continue working on your Final Grammar Project.
Lesson One

History Overview and Assignments

Old Hickory’s Christmas

The War of 1812 proved to the rest of the world that we would fight to keep our rights and freedoms. It served to unify the American people and created a true sense of national pride.

Reading and Assignments

- Read the article: Old Hickory’s Christmas, pages 4-10.
- After reading the article, summarize the story you read by either:
  - Retelling it out loud to your teacher or parent.
  - OR
  - Completing an appropriate notebook page.
  Either way, be sure to include the answers to the discussion questions and an overview of key people, dates, and events in your summary.
- Be sure to visit www.ArtiosHCS.com for additional resources.

Key People and Events

Napoleon        Henry Clay        John C. Calhoun
James Madison   Andrew Jackson    War of 1812

Discussion Questions

1. Why were both England and France so jealous of us a century ago?
2. What did England and France do to our merchantmen?
3. Why did we not declare war on Great Britain before 1812?
4. How did our navy compare with England’s in 1812?
5. What was England’s plan in 1814?
At the beginning of the last century, England was fighting for her very life against the mighty Napoleon. We remained neutral, but our ships were doing a fine business in carrying supplies to the two nations.

England, however, looked at us with a jealous eye and was determined to prevent our trade with France. On the other hand, Napoleon was eager to shut us out from England.

Thus trouble arose. Both nations began to meddle with our commerce, and to capture and plunder our ships. What did they care for the rights of a feeble nation so long as each could cut off the other’s supplies?

Great Britain, moreover, could not man her enormous navy. To get sailors, she overhauled our merchantmen on the high seas and carried men away to supply her war ships. In 1807, nearly two hundred of our merchantmen had been taken by the British, and fully as many more by the French. The time had come when we must either fight or give up our trade.

It was hard to know what was best to do. Some were for fighting both England and France at the same time.

Thomas Jefferson, who was president at this time, and James Madison, who followed him in 1809, were men of peace, and believed that the nation should keep out of war.
In 1811, however, the pent-up wrath of the people, roused by even greater insults, found relief in electing a “war” Congress. Then, through men like Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, President Madison yielded to popular feeling, and in June, 1812, war was declared with Great Britain.

It was a bold thing to do. England had thousands of well-seasoned troops, commanded by officers who had been trained by Wellington. Our regular army had less than seven thousand men, and our main dependence was upon the militia, who proved of little service. To meet England on the water, we had only six frigates and a dozen or more little craft. England had more than two hundred war ships larger than any of ours.

The war began, and was carried on, in a haphazard sort of way. Most of our land battles were inglorious enough; but the story of our naval battles is another thing. England, the “mistress of the seas,” met with some unpleasant surprises. Out of fifteen naval contests, with equal forces, we won twelve. Never before had the British navy met with such defeats.

Early in the year 1814, Napoleon was driven into exile at Elba, and Europe was for a time free from war. England was now able to send larger fleets and more troops to our shores, and planned to capture New Orleans, the gateway to the commerce of the Mississippi. The hour of trial had indeed come for the fair Creole city.

New Orleans was foreign in character, having been joined to our republic by purchase, with little in common with our people except a bitter hatred for England.

In the last week of November, a great fleet with ten thousand veterans sailed across the Gulf of Mexico, in the direction of New Orleans. The troops, most of whom had just served in Spain, under the “Iron Duke,” were held to be the best fighting men in the world.

The voyage seems to have been a kind of gala trip. The wives of many of the officers sailed with their husbands; and the time was spent in dancing, in musical and theatrical performances, and in other festivities.

So sure were the proud Britons of taking the Creole city that they brought officers to govern it.

On December 9, in the midst of a storm, the ships anchored off the delta of the Mississippi.

The British, having planned to approach New Orleans from the east, sent the lighter craft to cross Lake Borgne, some fifteen miles from the city.

Five American gunboats, commanded by a young officer named Jones, with less than two hundred men, were guarding the lake. The British landed twelve hundred marines. There was a sharp hand to hand fight for an hour, in which over three hundred of the British were killed or wounded. But it was twelve hundred against two hundred. Young Jones was severely wounded, and his gunboats were captured.

It was now two days before Christmas. In a little dwelling house in Royal Street all was hurry and bustle. This was General Jackson’s headquarters. Early in the afternoon, a young French officer, Major Villeré, had galloped to the door, with the word that an outpost on his father’s plantation, twelve miles below New Orleans, had been surprised that morning by the British.

“The Redcoats are marching in full
force straight for the city,” he said; “and if they keep on, they will reach here this very night.”

“By the Eternal!” exclaimed Jackson. His eyes flashed, his reddish gray hair began to bristle, and he brought his fist down upon the table. “They shall not sleep upon our soil this night.”

“Gentlemen,” he continued to his officers and to the citizens round him, “the British are below; we must fight them tonight.”

The great bell on the old cathedral of St. Louis begins to ring, cannon are fired three times to signify danger, and messengers ride to and fro in hot haste, with orders for the troops to take up their line of march.

The people of New Orleans had heard how the rough Britons dealt with the cities of Spain, and they knew well enough that the hated Redcoats would treat their own loved city in like manner.

Jackson put every able-bodied man at work. It was a motley crowd. Creoles, Frenchmen, Spaniards, prison convicts, Africans, and even Lafitte, the far-famed “Pirate of the Gulf,” and his crew of buccaneers, answered Jackson’s call. The people cheerfully submitted to martial law. The streets resounded with “Yankee Doodle” and with “The Marseillaise” sung in English, French, and Spanish.

The backwoodsmen once more came to the front, as they had done at King’s Mountain, thirty-five years before. The stern features of “Old Hickory” relaxed a bit at the sight of Colonel Carroll and his riflemen from Nashville. They arrived in flatboats on the same day that the British vanguard reached the river. Clad in coonskin caps and fringed leggin’s, and with their long rifles on their shoulders, these rough pioneers came tramping into the city. They were tall, gaunt fellows, with powder horns over their buckskin shirts, and with hunting knives in their belts.

Colonel Coffee, too, had come with his regiment of mounted riflemen, and was encamped five miles below the city.

Now Jackson knew that if he did not have time to throw up some earthworks, the city was likely to fall. In his usual fiery way, he made up his mind to attack the enemy that very night.

Meanwhile the British had built their camp fires along the levee, and were eating their supper. Not once did they think themselves in danger.

Soon after dark, a strange vessel, dropping quietly down the river, anchored within musket shot. Some of the Redcoats thought it best to stir up the stranger, and so fired several times at her.

Suddenly a hoarse voice was heard,
“Now give it to them, boys, for the honor of America!”

It was the Carolina, an American war schooner.

At once shot and shell rained on the British camp, killing or wounding at least a hundred men in ten minutes. The Redcoats trampled out their camp fires, and fled behind the levee for shelter.

This was a rather warm reception, but it became a great deal warmer when Jackson charged into their camp. For two hours in the dark was fought a series of deadly hand to hand fights. The British used their bayonets, the riflemen their hunting knives.

At last, a thick fog from the river made it impossible to tell friend from foe. The Redcoats retreated and found shelter behind the levee. The Americans fell back about three miles and camped.

This bold night attack cost the British five hundred in killed and wounded, and saved New Orleans from capture. Jackson had gained his point. He had dealt the enemy a sudden, stinging blow.

Christmas opened drearily enough for the invaders, but before night, to their great joy, Sir Edward Pakenham arrived from England, and took command. The British had now about ten thousand men, led by three veterans. Surely, it would be nothing but boy’s play for the great Sir Edward to defeat the “backwoods general” and his motley army. On his return home, his reward was to be a peerage.

Pakenham went to work bright and early the next morning. Within two days, eleven cannon and a mortar were brought from the fleet, and mounted in a redoubt on the bank of the river. The battery at once began to throw red-hot shells at the two war vessels in the river. The little Carolina soon blew up, while the Louisiana was towed out of range and escaped.

The next morning, Sir Edward thought that by marching out his army he might get a look at the enemy. He was not disappointed, for after advancing nearly three miles, he stumbled on the Americans in good earnest.

No sooner were the British columns in sight than they were driven back by a brisk fire of shot and shell. Then followed a furious artillery duel. In vain the British pounded away with field pieces, rocket guns, and mortars; they were forced back by the cannon of the Americans.

The British commander now saw that he must lay regular siege to the American position.

Shortly after midnight, on New Year’s morning, his men silently advanced to within three hundred yards of Jackson’s first entrenchments, which were made of cotton bales, and threw up a redoubt of mud and hogsheads of sugar. When the fog lifted at ten o’clock, the Americans were surprised to see the British cannon frowning upon them.
The artillery began to roar. Jackson’s cotton bales were soon burning. On the other hand, the Louisiana and a water battery did fine work with their raking fire, and soon blew the sugar barrels into thousands of pieces. The British guns were quickly silenced, and only the gallantry of the sailors from the war ships saved them from capture.

Sir Edward had boasted that he should pass this New Year’s night in New Orleans; but his reception had been so warm that he was now forced to withdraw. Jackson had made it so lively for the invaders that they had been without sleep and food for nearly sixty hours.

The British admiral tried a grim joke by sending word to Sir Edward that, if he did not hurry and capture the city, he should land his marines and do up the job himself.

The British now decided to carry by storm the American lines on both sides of the river, and chose Sunday morning, January 8, for the attack.

Jackson gave himself and his men no rest, night or day. He had redoubts thrown up even to the city itself.

The main line of defense, over which not a single British soldier passed, except as prisoner, was a mud bank about a mile and a half long. In front of it was a ditch, or half choked canal, which ran from the river to an impassable cypress swamp on the left wing.

All Saturday night, January 7, was heard in the British camp the sound of pickax and shovel, the rumble of artillery, and the muffled tread of the regiments, as they marched to their several positions in the line of battle.

After a day of great fatigue, Jackson lay down upon a sofa to rest. At midnight, he looked at his watch and spoke to his aides. “Gentlemen,” he said, “we have slept long enough. The enemy will be upon us in a few moments.”

Long before daylight, “Old Hickory” saw to it that every man was at his post. Leaning on their rifles, or grouped about the great guns, the men in silence saluted their beloved general, as he rode from post to post, in the thick fog of that long, wakeful night.

The lifting of the fog in the early light revealed the long scarlet lines of British veterans, in battle array. Surely it was only something to whet their appetites for breakfast, for such well-trained fighters to carry that low, mud earthwork.

The bugle sounded, and the Redcoated grenadiers and the kilted Highlanders moved steadily forward in columns. Not a rifle cracked, but the cannon from the mud earthwork thundered furiously. Grape and solid shot tore long lanes through the advancing battalions.

General Gibbs led the attack on the left, which a deserter had told Pakenham was the weakest part of the earthwork. So it was; but on the day before the battle, Jackson had stationed there his Tennessee riflemen.

Nearer come the British regulars on the double-quick. The four lines of sturdy riflemen wait until three fourths of the distance is covered.

Suddenly the clear voice of General Carroll rings out, “Fire!”

A sheet of flame bursts from the earthwork. The advancing columns falter, stop, break, and run. Not a man reaches the redoubt.

It was said that an old thirty-two-pounder had been loaded to the muzzle
with musket balls, the first volley of which killed or wounded two hundred of the enemy.

“Here comes the Ninety-Third! Rally on the Ninety-Third!” shouts Pakenham, as this splendid regiment of eight hundred kilted Highlanders advances amid the confusion.

The brave men now rally for another desperate charge.

“Hurrah, boys! The day is ours!” shouts Colonel Rennie, as he leads the attack on the right flank.

But the day is not theirs. A few officers and men actually get across the ditch, but every one of them is shot dead the moment his head shows over the earthwork. The wavering columns stagger and give way.

Sir Edward leaves General Lambert in command of the reserve, and, with generals Gibbs and Keane, now leads the assault. The mud earthwork again belches its sheets of flame, as the backwoods riflemen fire their death-dealing volleys. Again the proud columns give way.

“Forward, men, forward!” cries Pakenham, ordering the bugler to sound the charge.

A rifle ball carries away the bugle before a note is sounded.

“Order up the reserve!” shouts the British commander, and leads his men to another deadly charge.

A rifle bullet shatters his right leg, another kills his horse, and finally a third, fired by an African-American man instantly kills him. Gibbs and Keane are both severely wounded. The officers in the brilliant uniforms are easy targets for the sharpshooters.

It is what Bunker Hill might have been if the patriots had had stronger breastworks and plenty of ammunition.

The eight hundred Highlanders, with pale faces but firm step, advance to the ditch, and, too proud to run, stand the fire until few more than a hundred are left. These slowly retire with their faces still toward the Americans.

The battle lasted only twenty-five minutes. During this time the American flag was kept flying near the middle of the line. A military band roused the troops. Just after the fight, Jackson and his staff in full uniform rode slowly along the lines. The wild uproar of that motley army was echoed by thousands of spectators, who with fear and trembling had watched the issue of the contest.

In the final and decisive action on that Sunday morning, the British had about six thousand men, while Jackson had less than three thousand. Of the British, seven hundred were killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred taken prisoners. The Americans had only eight killed and fourteen wounded!

It was the most astonishing battle ever fought on this continent. There had never been a defeat so crushing, with a loss so
small.

For a week or more, the British kept sullenly within their lines. Jackson clung to his entrenchments. He was a fearless fighter, but was unwilling to risk a battle with well-tried veterans in an open field. He kept up, however, a continual pounding with his big guns, and his mounted riflemen gave the Redcoats no rest.

In about three weeks, General Lambert skillfully retreated to the ships, and, soon afterwards, the entire army sailed for England.

Such was the glorious but dreadful Battle of New Orleans, the anniversary of which is still celebrated.

Honors fell thick and fast upon “Old Hickory.” Fourteen years later, he became the seventh president of the United States.

The sad part of this astounding victory is that peace had been declared about two weeks before the battle was fought. A “cablegram,” or even an ocean greyhound, could have saved the lives of many brave men.

When peace was made, nothing was said about impressing our sailors, or about the rights of our merchantmen. From that day to this, however, no American citizen has been forced to serve on a British war ship, and no American vessel has ever been searched on the high seas.

The war of 1812 was not fought in vain. The nations of the world saw that we would fight to maintain our rights. Best of all, perhaps, this war served to strengthen the feeling of nationality among our own people.