



Botetourt Co., VA

Veterans of 1812 published in 1 Oct 1899

one action of Assault & Battery—& received the sum of fifteen shillings, for business that I had done twelve months ago—Query—Can one support himself by such patronage? B. L. S.*****
January 15th 1824.

VETERANS OF 1812

But we have already devoted too much time to courts and lawyers. Let

us glance at some other matters of interest pertaining to the period of which we speak.

During the war of 1812, Botetourt County was well represented in the army. A few aged pensioners, survivors of a noble band—yet tarry with us. A little time more and they too will have gone to join their comrades in the skies. Let us honor their memory; and on our memorial day, when we scatter flowers over the graves of the Confederate dead, let us not pass unnoticed the ivy-covered mounds of earth, here in our cemetery, where rest the bones of such veterans as Col. Wm. Anderson, Captain Andrew Hamilton, Adjutant Gartner, Isaac and John Carper, Edward Haney, Miles Tinney and Morris Hickok and a score of other soldiers of the war of 1812.

Col WILLIAM ANDERSON, commanded a regiment of infantry during the war, and was prominently identified with the history of the county for many years thereafter. Of noble impulses and strict integrity, he was held in high esteem by his contemporaries. In 1823 he received from the Legislature of Virginia an appointment as Commissioner of the Kanawha Road and Navigation. How well he discharged the onerous duties of this office, is a matter of public record. In the *Fincastle Mirror* of January 21, 1824, I find a full report of his operations on the Kanawha river. This report is written by himself and addressed "To the honorable Speakers and Members of both Houses of the General Assembly of Virginia." It is written in a clear and forcible style, and abounds in suggestions, which subsequent events prove to have been wise and practicable. Were the old gentleman living to-day he would have just cause to be proud of his three sons, Joseph R., John T. and Frank T. Anderson; the first representing the soul and brains of the great Tredegar Iron Works; the second reposing upon the laurels of a useful public life; and the third filling the highest judicial position in the State.

ISAAC AND JOHN CARPER, whose names are found on the muster rolls of 1812 were full consins, they being respectively the sons of Jacob and Nicholas Carper, two brothers who came to this county from Pennsylvania, in the latter part of the last century; industrious, thrif-

and won his bride, and to commemorate so felicitous an event, as well as to provide ample accommodations for the numerous results, he has recently erected on the very ground an appropriate monument, in the form of a handsome edifice! "Long may he live!"

The earth that covers the body of *Morris Hickok*, is too fresh to be disturbed.

Of the survivors of the war of 1812, only two live in Fincastle, viz., *John Anderson*, who despite his age can still quote from memory chapter after chapter of the Bible; and *Jacob Fleager*, one of the oldest men in Botetourt. Speaking of John Anderson, I am reminded of an anecdote related of his father, John Anderson, Sr.: the founder of this branch of the Anderson family in Botetourt. The old gentleman carried on the business of a lock-smith in the house formerly occupied by Green James, Esq. He was a man of immense powers, almost equal in personal strength to Peter Francisco of Buckingham. One day while his wife was visiting the house owned by Rev. G. Gray before the fire, a neighbor rushed into the room where she was sitting and excitedly informed her that two men were beating her husband on Main St. "La," said the old lady quietly, "You needn't be flustered. They can't hurt my Johnny." And so indeed the result proved.

THE FASHIONS AND GAYETIES.

I am reminded that a portion of my audience expect, as a matter of course, some allusion to the gayeties and fashions of these by-gone years.

Go back then with me, my young miss, say forty years, and take a sly peep into the ball-room at Backus Hotel, on Roanoke St. in the house where Dr. Carper lived, (for I assure you, that was then a famous place for balls and parties.) The ladies are dressed in elegant velvets and brocade silks, with costly but not gaudy trimmings. Your grandmothers did not despise finery, whatever economical papa may say to the contrary. Her party dress, it must be confessed, looks a little queer to modern eyes. The waist is very short, the skirt of moderate length, while the upper section of the sleeve is stuffed with a cushion, or a bundle of old newspapers, causing it to puff out on every side like a full charged balloon. *En passant*, said cushion has gradually been working down and around until now, in our day, it may be found in the shape of a *bustle*, or *camel lump* on the back; a (bundle of old papers still answering the purpose.) But now, stand on tip-toe and peep if you can at the head of our lady of 1830, for that is a head, & no mistake, The hair

—what words of tenderness on that walk home in the arms of some of you, who are young men, may imagine. It may be that things were not impossible.

The whispered words
The soft white hair
Within the strong;
While lips sweet in

Twenty years earlier than somewhat different. I submitted within the last a dress, said to have been worn by General James Breckinridge, sixty-five years of age. The husband was in Congress. The dress was of white material, elaborately trimmed with white silk. The waist was short, the neck low, the skirt about 24 yards long, full of ruffles, puff or trail, and richly embroidered. The back was closed behind with a drawstring. The dress was with a costly white silk. So much for the fashion. But there were other fashions. sides balls and parties. In 1823, the Fincastle *Mirror* was publishing weekly theatricals in the hall; rendering in general belief the ancient fashions. ted from, such common. "She Stoops to Conquer" takes of a Night."

The race-course for we learn from the *Valley Jockey* Spring & Fall race

More intellectual these were finished the *Fincastle Del* according to the fashions of grave institutions, such for instance of suffrage to be or, "Ought the Union the Navy?" Miscellaneous reading matter in the *castle Library* T. Logan, Esq., librarian. In 18 books of this County the Law office of Fourth of July champagne. — sparkled, were jovial old ancestors of the ever-reckless of July 9th, 18 toasts drunk at reunions. Frolect the follow