

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—“THE RIVER RAISIN.”

(By A. C. Quisenberry.)

On June 18, 1812, the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain. Although it had been known for nearly a year before that date that the war was inevitable, yet there had been but very little preparation for it. For a long time after the war began it was for the most part carried on by inexperienced men, both in the council and the field; and at the end of the year 1812 the American army had accomplished practically nothing of which it had reason to be proud.

At the very beginning of the war General William Hull had been given command of the Army of the Northwest; and after a bluff at invading Canada, he had, within a few weeks, surrendered the whole of the army under his command, with headquarters at Detroit, to the British forces under General Brock, together with all of the Territory of Michigan. This left our entire northwestern frontier unprotected, and exposed to the attacks of the British regulars, Canadian militia and Indians, commanded by General Brock, with headquarters at Malden, Canada,

no great distance from Detroit. Hull had no Kentuckians under his command, but at the time of his surrender five regiments of Kentucky troops had been raised, some of them before and some immediately after the declaration of war, and these had just reached Cincinnati, on their way to join Hull at Detroit, when the news of his disgraceful surrender reached them.

General William Henry Harrison, “the hero of Tippecanoe,” was then placed in command of the Army of the Northwest, and the plan of his campaign was to retake Detroit and the whole of Michigan and then to invade Canada, and destroy the British army there. It was late in the season when he assumed command (September 24, 1812), and conditions were such that it was several months before he could assume the aggressive policy upon which he had determined. On January 1, 1813, he was occupying a defensive position among the snows of the wilderness, on the banks of the Maumee River, in Ohio, near where that river discharges into Lake Erie, just south

of the Michigan boundary line. He then had under his command seven thousand Kentuckians, together with some militia from Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The Kentuckians were commanded by Brigadier General James Winchester, of the regular army, who had been an officer in the Revolutionary War, and was at that time a citizen of Tennessee. These Kentuckians composed the left wing of Harrison's Army of the Northwest, with headquarters at Fort Winchester, which was on the site of the present city of Defiance, Ohio, at the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee Rivers. On December 25, 1812, General Harrison's headquarters were at Fort Stephenson, then occupying the site where the city of Fremont, Ohio, now stands.

On December 30, 1813, General Winchester left Fort Winchester, and set out with his troops to march to the Rapids of the Maumee, and he despatched Leslie Combs, of Clark County, Kentucky (then a boy eighteen years old) with a single guide, to convey intelligence of the movement to General Harrison; and young Combs traversed the trackless wilderness for at least a hundred miles, enduring privations which almost destroyed him, but delivering his message safely, and receiving the praise of his General. Winchester reached the Rapids on January 16, 1813; and here messengers reached him from the village of Frenchtown, on the River Raisin (now Monroe, Michigan), bearing the news that a body of Indians were

on the warpath for the purpose of destroying the people of Frenchtown and its vicinity, and urgently pleading for assistance. General Harrison, the commander-in-chief, was at Fort Stephenson, sixty miles away, and could not be consulted upon the matter; so a majority of Winchester's officers, in council assembled, advised an immediate march to Frenchtown, which was nearly forty miles away, and this he decided to do.

On the morning of January 17, 1813, General Winchester detailed Colonel William Lewis's regiment of 550 Kentucky militiamen, and Colonel John Allen, with 110 men from his regiment of Kentucky Riflemen, to march to the relief of Frenchtown. Lewis's instructions were "to attack the enemy, beat them, and take possession of Frenchtown, and hold it."

Frenchtown was so named because of the fact that its inhabitants (about two hundred in number at that time) were of French nationality. They were very loyal to the American Government, under which they had been living for years. On account of the great abundance of grapes which grew along the banks of the stream upon which the town was situated, they called that stream "La Riviere aux Raisins," or the River Raisin. Two days after the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, Frenchtown was taken possession of by Colonel Elliott, of the British army, and had had more or less of a British garrison ever since; but the inhabitants had not been given the protection they had been promised.

On January 18, 1813, the village was garrisoned by 200 Canadian militia, under Major Reynolds, and about 400 Indians under Chiefs Round-Head and Walk-in-the-Water; and they had a howitzer in position. Colonel Lewis's force consisted, as already stated, of 660 Kentuckians, without artillery.

Early on the morning of January 18 the Kentuckians crossed Maumee Bay at the Western extremity of Lake Erie, upon the solidly frozen ice, and advanced rapidly upon Frenchtown in three lines; the right composed of the companies of Captains McCracken, Bledsoe and Matson, commanded by Colonel Allen; the center composed of the companies of Captains Hightower, Collier and Sebree, under Major Madison; the left composed of the companies of Captains Hamilton, Kelly and Williams, commanded by Major Green, and an advance guard was thrown forward composed of the companies of Captains Hickman, Graves and James, led by Captain Ballard as acting Major. Arriving at Frenchtown, these troops formed in line of battle on the south side of the river, which they crossed on the solidly frozen ice, in the face of a murderous fire of musketry, charged gallantly up the river bank, leaped the pickets, dislodged the enemy, and drove them back in disastrous defeat to the surrounding forests. The Kentuckians pursued the enemy into the forest, where the fighting was very hot from 3 o'clock until dark.

The result of this day's battle was a complete victory for the

Kentuckians—who, as General Harrison stated in his official report, "amply supported the double character of Kentuckians and Americans." Their loss in the engagement was twelve killed and fifty-five wounded, among the latter being Captains Bland W. Ballard, Paschal Hickman and Richard Matson. The enemy retreated precipitately to Malden, Canada, eighteen miles distant, and their loss is not known. They left fifteen dead in the open field, (while the hottest fighting was in the forest), and carried away their wounded.

The Kentuckians returned to the village in the evening and encamped for the night on the ground which the enemy had occupied within the picketed gardens, the officers occupying the same buildings in which the British officers had been quartered. That same night Colonel Lewis despatched a messenger to General Winchester, with a report of the victory, who immediately sent an express to General Harrison with the news. Winchester's troops were in a ferment of excitement, demanding to be led at once to Frenchtown, the place of the first land victory of the war. It was believed by all that this victory was the harbinger of a series of successes that would succeed each other until Detroit should be regained and the enemy's headquarters at Malden taken, and the disgrace of Hull's surrender thus wiped out. But it was clear that Colonel Lewis's position at Frenchtown was a precarious and

dangerous one, for no one could doubt that the British would at once put forth every possible effort to regain what had been lost, and to bar the further progress of the Americans toward Detroit.

On January 19 General Winchester, accompanied by Colonel Samuel Wells, of the 17th United States Infantry (a regiment of "regulars" which had been recruited entirely in Kentucky), and about three hundred men, marched from his position on the Maumee, and arrived at Frenchtown in the afternoon of the next day. Here he crossed the River Raisin, and encamped the troops in an open field on the right of Colonel Lewis's forces. He disregarded Lewis's advice that the troops be encamped within the picketed enclosure, on the ground that these were "regulars," and therefore entitled to the post of honor on the right of the position. General Winchester then recrossed the river, and established his headquarters at a house more than a mile and a half from the American lines. Colonel Wells was left in command of the reinforcements, which consisted of three companies of the 17th and one company of the 19th Infantry; and next day he was permitted to return to the camp on the Maumee on personal business.

Colonel Henry Proctor, the Commander of the British forces in that section, was at Malden, Canada, when the British and Indians who were defeated at Frenchtown on January 18 fell back to that place; and he made immediate preparations to retrieve the disaster. He

assembled a force of about five hundred British regulars and Canadian militia with six pieces of artillery, and six hundred Indians under Round-Head and Walk-in-the-Water. With these he advanced to within twelve miles of Frenchtown on January 21, and that night marched to the immediate vicinity of the town. Owing to General Winchester's lack of vigilance, Proctor's troops and artillery were ready for the assault the next morning before their presence was known to the Americans.

Late in the afternoon of the 21st, rumors reached General Winchester that the British and Indians were approaching from Malden in great numbers, but it seems that he gave no credence to the news. He did not exercise much vigilance; and, although the camp sentinels were well posted, the roads leading into the town were left unpicketed, owing to the bitterly cold weather.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock the next morning (January 22, 1813), while it was still dark, and just as the reveille was beaten, a furious assault was made upon the camp by an unknown force of British troops and yelling savages, who showered bombshells and canister upon the startled Americans. Well's regulars in the open field were driven in toward Lewis's picketed camp. General Winchester arrived in great haste upon the field, and vainly endeavored to rally the demoralized regular troops, who, upon being flanked by a large body of Indians, fled in confusion across

the river, carrying with them one hundred men of Lewis's regiment who had been sent to their support. Colonels Lewis and Allen joined General Winchester in the attempt to rally the men behind the houses and fences on the south side of the River Raisin, leaving the camp in the picketed gardens on the north side of the river in charge of Majors Graves and Madison. But all efforts to stop the flight of the troops on the south side of the river were in vain. The Indians had gained their flank, and swarmed in the woods along their line of retreat to the Maumee, and shot down and scalped the Americans by scores, so that but few escaped. Within the space of one hundred yards, near Mill Creek, nearly one hundred Kentuckians were killed and scalped. Even surrender did not always save the fugitives from assassination. No rule of civilized warfare was observed. Blood and scalps were the chief objects for which the Indians fought, and they were not disposed to take any prisoners. Scalps had a market value in Malden, where British agents paid a stipulated price for every "scalp-lock" that was brought to them.

Colonel John Allen had been wounded in the thigh in the attempt to rally the troops. He had followed the men for two miles, pleading with them to rally and make another stand; and then, abandoning all hope, he was compelled by sheer exhaustion, while attempting to return to the camp, to sit down upon a log. Here he was found by an Indian chief, who, perceiving his

rank, promised him his protection if he would surrender without resistance, and he did so. About the same moment two other Indians approached, evidently with murderous intent, when, with a single blow of his sword, Allen laid one of them dead upon the ground. His companion instantly shot the Colonel dead. "He had the honor," says MacAfee, "of shooting one of the first and greatest citizens of Kentucky."

General Winchester and Colonel Lewis were made prisoners by the Indian Chief Round-Head, who stripped them of their clothing except shirts, trousers and boots. They were taken before the British commander, Colonel Proctor, who had great difficulty in restraining Round-Head from murdering them and in persuading him to give back to them the military suits he had stripped from them.

While the American troops under Winchester and Lewis, south of the River Raisin, were suffering destruction, those under Graves and Madison were nobly defending themselves in the picketed camp north of the river. Although fiercely assailed by artillery as well as with musketry, they repulsed every attack, and had not the remotest intention of surrendering their position. The formidable British battery was soon silenced by the Kentucky sharpshooters behind the pickets, who killed the horse and the driver of the sleigh that brought the ammunition for the guns, and then picked off thirteen of the sixteen artillerymen who were serving the battery. At

10 o'clock in the morning Proctor withdrew his forces to the woods, and the Kentuckians within the picketed inclosure quietly breakfasted. While they were breakfasting, a white flag approached from the British lines, which Major Madison supposed to be coming to ask for a truce for the burial of the dead. But the flag was borne by Major Samuel R. Overton, of General Winchester's staff, then a prisoner, who was accompanied by Colonel Proctor. The British commander had taken advantage of General Winchester's being his prisoner to extort from him an order to Major Madison to surrender at once. Proctor had assured Winchester that as soon as the Indians returned from the pursuit and massacre of that portion of his troops that had fled, they would easily capture the command of Madison, and that then "nothing would save the Americans from an indiscriminate massacre by the Indians." He carefully concealed from Winchester the fact that Madison had defeated the British and Indians, and had driven them back in confusion to the shelter of the woods. Being ignorant of this fact, and horrified by the butcheries he had just witnessed, General Winchester yielded, and sent Major Overton to Madison with orders to surrender.

Although this order came in writing from his commanding General, Madison refused to obey it except upon the condition that the safety and protection of all prisoners from violence by the Indians should be stipulated. Proctor stamped his

foot, and said in an insulting tone: "Sir, do *you* mean to dictate to *me*?" Madison replied: "I mean to dictate for myself. We prefer selling our lives as dearly as possible, rather than be massacred in cold blood." A surrender was finally arranged on the terms that all private property should be respected; that sleds should be sent the next morning to remove the sick and wounded to Amherstburg, Canada; that the disabled should be protected by a proper guard; and that the side-arms of the officers should be returned to them when they should reach Malden. Proctor pledged his honor as a soldier and a gentleman to observe these conditions, but refused to commit them to writing. He never had any intention of keeping the terms.

The surrender was not fairly completed before the Indians began to plunder, but Major Madison put a stop to that by ordering his men to resist it, even with ball and bayonet, as they had not yet surrendered their arms. Such of the officers and men as were unwounded, and all the wounded who were able to march, were sent off at once to Malden, and none of them were molested on the way. Alas, how different the fate of the poor wounded and sick Americans who were left at Frenchtown! They had been promised that conveyances would be sent to carry them to Malden the next day. But rumors had reached Proctor that General Harrison was rapidly advancing upon Frenchtown at the head of an American army, so, in order to assure his own safety, the British command-

er left at once with all his white troops, leaving the wounded Americans without the promised guard, and exposed to all the atrocities which the Indians might choose to perpetrate; and he refused to send the conveyances to remove them to safety. It was evident from the first that he intended to abandon them to their fate; and that he also intended to accelerate that fate seems assured from the fact that on that night he gave his Indian allies a "frolic" at Stony Creek, six miles from Frenchtown, on the road to Malden, where they were furnished plenty of liquor to get drunk on, and it was certain that they would return to Frenchtown to glut their appetite for blood and plunder.

The wounded were taken into the houses of the sympathizing villagers and cared for by Doctors Todd and Bowers, of Lewis's regiment, who had been left behind for that purpose. On the morning after the battle, instead of the promised sleds from Malden, some two hundred half-drunken Indians, their faces painted red and black in token of their hellish purposes, came whooping and yelling into Frenchtown. They held a short council and decided to kill and scalp all the wounded who were unable to travel; and they then proceeded at once to carry their ferocious purposes into execution. They first plundered the village; then broke into the houses where the wounded lay, stripped them of everything and tomahawked and scalped them. Two houses containing a large number of wounded men were set on fire, and the men were

burned alive. Those who attempted to escape through the doors and windows were tomahawked and scalped. Others, outside the building, were scalped alive and thrown into the flames.

Those of the prisoners who could walk were marched off toward Malden, and when any of them sank from exhaustion they were killed and scalped. Major Graves who had been wounded in battle the day before, was never heard of afterwards. Captain Hickman was murdered in one of the houses. Major Woolfolk, wounded, gave out in the march, and was murdered. Captain Nathaniel G. T. Hart, of Lexington, commander of the historic old Lexington Light Infantry company, and Inspector General of Harrison's Army, was removed from a burning house, as he was able to travel, although wounded. He paid a friendly Pottawattomie chief one hundred dollars to convey him in safety to Malden. The Indian placed Captain Hart upon a horse, and started, but while still in Frenchtown a Wyandot Indian claimed the prisoner as his own. A dispute between the two Indians arose over the matter, and they compromised by agreeing to kill Captain Hart and divide his money, and clothing between them. There is also a local tradition that the Pottawattomie attempted to defend the prisoner, when the Wyandot shot and scalped him. There are many other versions of the tragedy one of which is that Captain Hart's head was cut off and used by the Indians, to play football with. Captain Hart was buried near the place

of his murder, but the exact spot is not known. Captain Elliott, of the British army, was a personal friend of Captain Hart's. He (Elliott) had been in Lexington before the war, where he was very ill of fever for a long time in the house of Colonel Thomas Hart, the father of Captain Hart. During that illness he had received many attentions from the young gentleman whom he now basely deserted in his hour of greatest need. He had sacredly promised Captain Hart to send a sled to carry him to Malden; but when reminded of that promise coolly said: "Charity begins at home; my own wounded must be carried to Malden first." When asked for the aid of a surgeon for the American wounded, he said, "The Indians are most excellent surgeons."

A few days after the massacre at the River Raisin Proctor ordered all the inhabitants of the town to leave their homes and to move to Detroit. They did so, and for some time afterwards Frenchtown was a scene of desolation. The dead bodies of the Americans were left lying where they fell, but some of them were buried a month or two later by the men of Colonel Richard M. Johnson's Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, who passed hurriedly over the battlefield on a march to another point. But the remains of the most of the massacred Americans remained unburied until October 15, 1813, when the victorious Kentuckians, returning from the annihilation of Proctor's army at the battle of the Thames, in Canada (October 5, 1813), went

purposely to Frenchtown to bury the remains. They interred with military honors sixty-five skeletons (all they could find) of those heroes who had given their lives for their country, and whose bones had been bleaching in the wilderness, unsepulchered for nine months. The remains of those heroes were taken up on July 4, 1818, and reinterred in the cemetery of Monroe, Michigan, the town which stands on the site of the battle. In August of the same year they were again taken up and removed to Detroit, Michigan, and interred in the Protestant cemetery there. In 1834 they were again taken up and removed to the Clinton Street Cemetery, in Detroit; and in September of the same year (1834) they were once more, and for the last time exhumed and placed in boxes marked "Kentucky's Gallant Dead, January 18, 1813, River Raisin, Michigan," and at last and forever placed at rest in the State Cemetery, in Frankfort, Kentucky.

On February 25, 1871 while some excavations were being made in Monroe, Michigan, thirty human skulls and numerous human bones were exhumed—the remains of brave Kentuckians who were massacred there. These were probably the remains of the men who had been buried by Johnson's Regiment, within a month or two after the battle. They too should sleep in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, beneath the shadow of the Battle Monument, upon "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground."

Proctor reached Amherstburg, Canada, with his prisoners on Jan-

uary 23, 1813, and on the 26th proceeded to Sandwich and Detroit. Some of the prisoners were sent to Detroit, and others to Fort George, on the Niagara River, by way of the Thames. The latter suffered much from the severity of the weather and the bad treatment received from their guards. At Fort George they were mostly paroled on condition that they would not "bear arms against His Majesty or his allies during the war, or until exchanged." General Winchester, Colonel Lewis and Major Madison were sent to Quebec, and were confined at Beauport, near that city, until the spring of 1814, when they were released by a general exchange of prisoners which took place at that time.

Except one company of the 19th Infantry ("Regulars"), all of the troops who took part in the victory at Frenchtown on January 18, and in the defeat at the same place on January 22, 1813, were Kentuckians; and, altogether, there were nearly a thousand of them. Their losses in the defeat of January 22 were 290 killed and missing, and 644 made prisoners. Out of the whole army only thirty-three men escaped death or capture. Proctor reported his losses as 24 killed and 158 wounded; the loss of his Indian allies has never been known. He was made a Brigadier General on account of his victory at the River Raisin.

The tragedy of the River Raisin touched nearly every home in Kentucky; and the whole State was in mourning, for the efflorescence of its young manhood had been

stricken down upon that fatal field. It was a terrible blow, which was long remembered. The first shock of horror and grief was deadening; but this was quickly followed by a feeling of intense exasperation; and from that time on the battle-cry of the Kentucky soldiers was "Remember the River Raisin!" Nine months later (October 5, 1813), at the battle of the Thames, in Canada, they rushed impetuously into the conflict shouting "Remember the River Raisin!" and within an hour had destroyed Proctor's entire army; though he himself escaped by craven flight. He received his just deserts in the form of the censure of his superiors, the severe rebuke of his sovereign, and the scorn of all honorable men. He was court-martialed on account of his flight at the very beginning of the battle of the Thames, and was sentenced to be publicly reprimanded and suspended from rank and pay for six months; and the sentence was read at the head of every regiment in the British army. His Indian ally, Tecumseh, had told him to his face that he was a coward.

Among the heroes and martyrs of the River Raisin, sublimely glorious even in disaster, whom Kentucky has always been proud to honor, were the following:

Colonel John Allen, commander of the First Kentucky Rifle Regiment. Allen County, Kentucky, formed in 1815, was named in his honor. Allen County, Ohio, and Allen County, Indiana, were also named in his honor.

Captain Bland W. Ballard, of Allen's Rifle Regiment. Ballard County, Kentucky, formed in 1842, was named in his honor.

Captain John Edmonson, of Allen's Rifle Regiment. Edmondson County, formed in 1825, was named in his honor.

Major Benjamin Graves, of Lewis's Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. Graves County, Kentucky, formed in 1823, was named in his honor.

Captain Nathaniel G. T. Hart, of Lewis's Regiment. Hart County, Kentucky, formed in 1819, was named in his honor.

Captain Paschal Hickman, of Allen's Rifle Regiment. Hickman County, Kentucky, formed in 1821, was named in his honor.

Captain Virgil McCracken, of Allen's Rifle Regiment. McCracken County, Kentucky, formed in 1824, was named in his honor.

Captain Alney McLean, of the 17th United States Infantry. McLean County, Kentucky, formed in 1854, was named in his honor.

Major George Madison, of Allen's Rifle Regiment, was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1816, without opposition. There was already a county in Kentucky named Madison, in honor of President Madison.

Captain James Meade, of the 17th United States Infantry. Meade County, Kentucky, formed in 1823, was named in his honor.

Captain John Simpson, of Allen's Rifle Regiment. Simpson County, Kentucky, formed in 1819, was named in his honor. He was a member of Congress at the time of

his death; and so was serving his country both in the field and the forum.

All of the above-named officers except Major Madison and Captain McLean were either killed in battle at the River Raisin, or were assassinated by Indians after they had surrendered as prisoners of war.

COLONEL JOHN ALLEN.

Colonel John Allen, the most distinguished of the Kentuckians who fell at the River Raisin, was innately one of the greatest men who ever lived in the United States. Although only thirty-one years of age at the time of his tragic but heroic death, he had already attained the front rank of eminence in Kentucky, and that, too, at a time when the stalwart young Commonwealth was full to overflowing with brilliant and talented men, who then gave her a name which still clings to her in tradition. As a lawyer he had outstripped all competition, and in the Legislature, as well as at the bar, he was brought into forensic collision with Henry Clay, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, Felix Grundy, John Rowan, Jesse Bledsoe, Isham Talbott, John Boyle, Humphrey Marshall the elder, John Breckinridge, John Brown, John Pope, and the Hardins—any one of whom would have been recognized as a great man in any age and in any country. Among these able and brilliant men John Allen had but two rivals, Henry Clay and Joseph Hamilton Daviess. In the judgment of all who knew him, and were capa-



COLONEL JOHN ALLEN.

ble of judging, had he lived his reputation and fame would not have been dimmed even by those of Henry Clay. In 1808, at the age of twenty-seven years, he became a candidate for Governor of Kentucky against the veteran soldier, General Charles Scott, whose distinguished military record extended from Braddock's defeat, in 1755, all through the Revolutionary War, and down to Wayne's victory at the Fallen Timbers, Ohio, in 1794. At that time a man without a military record had small chance for election to any office in Kentucky, against a competitor who had such a record; and so John Allen was defeated by a small majority.

"When the War of 1812 commenced, all the surroundings of John Allen prompted him to yield to a spirit of patriotic elation which impelled him to the front. It was not for such as he to remain in inglorious safety in peaceful Kentucky while calls for help were borne on every breeze that swept from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois." The first regiment raised in the State for that war, the First Kentucky Rifle Regiment, was recruited before the war was declared, and John Allen was commissioned as its Colonel on June 5, 1812, or about two weeks before the declaration of war by Congress. "The hardships of the memorable campaign in the dead of the ensuing winter are pictured in his private letters to his wife. Those letters tell of the departure and results of the expedition against Mississinewa. Frequent mention is made in them of 'Little Bland' Ballard, son of the

old Indian fighter of the same name; and of the gallant Simpson, whom he had induced to study law, and in whose early distinction in that profession he had a pardonable pride. They give details concerning George Madison, the second Major of the command, afterwards Governor; of Martin D. Hardin, the first Major, who had married his wife's sister; and of her young brothers, Dr. Ben and Robert Logan. One of the letters informs Mrs. Allen of the death of Lawba, an Indian son of Chief Moluntha, who had been adopted and reared by Mrs. Allen's father, General Benjamin Logan, and who ever afterwards called himself 'Captain Logan.' In a letter written on January 21, 1813, the night before his death, he said: 'We meet the enemy tomorrow. I trust that we will render a good account of ourselves, or that I will never live to tell the tale of our disgrace.' "

He was not disappointed in the fate he craved in case of defeat. The manner of his death, after surrender, has already been related in this article. His body was never recovered, so far as is positively known; but it is probable that his remains were among those gathered up on October 15, 1813, and buried by the Kentucky troops on their way home from the victory at the battle of the Thames. If this is true (and let us hope that it is) the ashes of the brilliant and heroic Colonel John Allen now sleep the sleep that knows no waking in the beautiful State Cemetery at Frankfort.