

BODY IN A RUM BARREL

Written by R. S. Thompson
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English General Buried Twelve Miles From Blackstock - Killed at New Orleans - Body Gets to Blackstock in Barrel of Rum From England.

About 12 miles from Blackstock, S. C., on the plantation of D. S. Austin, may be seen two rough stones that mark to the future generations the last rest-place of the illustrious Irishman, Sir Edward Pakenham, who fell at the head of the English troops, while storming the fortifications of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

Why should this brave and gallant commander, who enjoyed the respect of the English people from his entrance into military life until he was killed on the field of defeat, be buried there in that forgotten place so far from where he lost his life and so far from his native Erin? Ah! his lone resting-place has, like that of the brave Ney, and the noble LaFayette, been lost to the historic world.

Soon after the battle of New Orleans, the body of General Pakenham was conveyed to Villeres, near New Orleans City and the viscera removed and the body sent in a cask of rum to England for interment. The cask landed safely in England, but by some mishap it was not identified, and the next year it found its way back to Charleston, South Carolina, in a lot of rum that had been consigned to a liquor dealer.

The Christmas following many were the orders that were sent to Charleston for liquors. Among these was one from the citizens of Blackstock neighborhood for a cask of rum. Christmas came and with it the

cask of rum. All the men assembled to drink the rum and enjoy the festivities of Christmas. The cask was tapped and as drink after drink was "tapped off," story after story was told of the war. Those who were present at New Orleans told how General Pakenham with his British Regulars drawn up in battle array stormed the cotton bale fortifications of General Jackson, and how file after file of these well-drilled, disciplined soldiers was hewn down before the sure aim of the Southern riflemen; how the one that took the place of his fallen comrade would meet the same fate as soon as the brawny arm of the patriot had rammed home the leaden messenger of death and had brought his long rifle to his shoulder; how as night drew its shades over the field of death, Pakenham ordered a retreat, and how on the morrow he, at the head of his Waterloo veterans, stormed again the impassible walls of cotton bales and fell from his horse mortally wounded, having been pierced by a ball from some unknown rifle, and how his body was sent to England in a cask of rum.

When the last drop had been drained from the cask and when the crowd was feeling as if there was no sorrow in this world, but that all was happiness and enjoyment, some one picked up an axe and broke the cask open that had held and preserved the old rum. As the cask fell apart the crowd was horror-stricken at the sight that met their eyes. There was the body of a man well-preserved, and the old soldiers who had seen him as he rode at the head of his troops at New Orleans, at once recognized it as being that of General Pakenham, he whom they thought buried in England, or Ireland, his birth-place.

After due ceremonies his body was interred by unknown hands and in an unknown place. This obscure grave which is pointed out to me, by the farmers, is where they laid him. There the soldier rests, his warfare o'er.