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FAMOUS PISTOLS THESE

NOTE—In line with giving visitors definite information regarding the State of North Carolina, the editor has secured several stories of which this is the seventh to appear.

The articles already printed include the following: Dec. 29, Industries; Jan. 5, Educational Equipment; Jan. 12, Hall of History, State Museum; Jan. 19, The State Museum; Feb. 2, The Theodosia Burr Alston Portrait; Feb. 9, Famous Fort Fisher.



QUAINT pair of pistols, made in 1740, and of exquisite workmanship, with butts richly worked in silver, each bearing the head of a grinning

Blackmoor, and with what is known as cannon barrels, tapering from breech to muzzle and re-inforced in the style of the old guns, rest in a case at the Hall of History at the State Museum, Raleigh, the centre of much attention because of their remarkable history.

The first important event in the "life" of these weapons was when they were carried by their owner, Capt. Hugh Waddell, a member of a very noted family of eastern North Carolina, on the expedition against the French which resulted in the capture of Fort du Quesne, and the ending forever of any French domination on this continent. In May, 1771, Capt. Waddell again carried these pistols, this time in the little army commanded by Governor Tryon, which marched against the Regulators in the middle counties of this state. A third time he bore them, five years later, when the colony had flamed out against King George and all things English.

A long rest followed before they were taken from their case again and for a very sad purpose indeed. Capt. Waddell had now become General Waddell, and another gallant spirit of the Revolution was General Benjamin Smith, who was the owner of the great estate near the South Carolina line and on the coast, the town of Smithville being named in his honor.

Old Fort Johnston, built in 1728 as a defense against the Spaniards and the pirates, who made incursions into those waters and who were twice whipped by the North Carolinians was at Smithville, where its ruins yet remain, the officers' quarters alone being intact.

Some personal matters resulted in a quarrel between the two generals, and the meeting on the South Carolina line was decided upon, those being the days when the duel was regarded as the only way of settling such quarrels as these. The gentlemen met, with their seconds and surgeons, a few friends of each also being present. At the first fire General Smith was hit in the leg, the bullet lodging, but not making a serious wound. He demanded another exchange of shots and was again hit, this time in the shoulder, the bullet again remaining in his body. After this fire the seconds and other gentlemen present succeeded in effecting a reconciliation and the old friendship, so rudely broken, was renewed.

Reverses came to General Smith and death followed. So abjectly poor was he that bailiffs hovered about, ready to pounce on his body and hold it for ransom, so to speak, in the rude custom of those days, but the commandant of Fort Johnston, himself a gallant veteran of the Revolution, was determined that no such indignity should be put upon General Smith, who had also been the governor of this state, and so he sent a detachment of men to guard the house and stand off the bailiffs, while a working party of soldiers slipped in the back door, took the poor body, carried it some hundred yards away and buried it in a thick grove of stately live oaks, concealing the burial-place.

Years passed and relatives of General Smith decided to exhume the remains and re-inter them in the stately old church yard at Brunswick, on the Cape Fear river mid-way between Smithville and the city of Wilmington. The question was how to find the grave and to identify the body. One of the residents of the town of Smithville, a Mrs. Stewart, said that if they would give her a sifter she would guarantee to identify the remains. So a party went to the place of burial, one grave was opened, the sifted used and nothing found, but when the second grave was opened two bullets were found which were the exact size and weight of those which had been shot into General Smith by General Waddell, from the pistols of which this is the story.

The proof was conclusive and the body was buried with due military honors, and now lies under a stately slab of white marble, very near the ruined walls of the old church, which was built in 1730, and which is one of the most picturesque ruins in America. The place was during the Civil War Fort Anderson and the enormous earthworks which the Confederates built there are yet almost intact. Across the Cape Fear river, several miles wide at this point, looms the vast sand bank, which is all that now remains of famous Fort Fisher, described in last week's OUTLOOK.

The descendants of General Waddell are notable people, one of them, Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, having been in the Confederate army, afterwards serving in Congress at Washington and having for a number of years been mayor of Wilmington, he having been also the leader of the great body of citizens, more than 2,000 in number, which rose against negro rule at Wilmington in November, 1898, and ended it forever, this uprising being always locally spoken of as "the Revolution."

FRED A. OLDS.



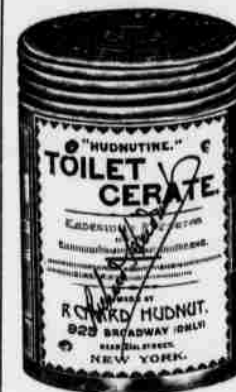
Crazy Pool at The Inn.

"Crazy pool" is interesting devotees of the game at The Inn. Numbers are drawn corresponding with the numbers on the balls, and the object of the game is to get the ball matching the number on the "pill."

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