

CAPTAIN DAVID DODD

By CLAUDE H. MOORE, Turkey, N. C.

It has been said that David Dodd came to Duplin County (later Sampson) with the Holmeses, Kenans, Torransas, and other families about 1735 or 1736. He settled in what is now Turkey Township, on the old Fayetteville-New Bern stage road. His plantation joined the Kenan and Thomson plantations. Tradition says that the old stage coaches made it a custom to exchange horses at Captain Dodd's.

David Dodd married Elizabeth Boykin and had the following children:

1. Elizabeth Dodd, married a Mr. Spell (descendants unknown, if there were any).
2. Willie Dodd, married and had several children (descendants unknown).
3. Nancy Dodd, married John Treadwell and lived in Lisbon Township, Sampson County. Mrs. Carey Parker (nee Nettie Treadwell) of Clinton, and Mrs. Pearl Murphy Wright, wife of the late Dr. Wright (President of East Carolina Teachers' College) are great-granddaughters of this marriage.

In 1783, David Dodd sold his tract of two hundred acres on Six Runs to Phillip Ryland. He sold his tract of one hundred acres on Little Marsh Branch to Richard Clinton for the sum of thirty pounds. This was part of a patent granted to Gabriel Holmes in 1761 and was sold by him to David Dodd on November 7, 1767. In 1788, David Dodd sold his plantation in Turkey Township to George Morisey for five hundred pounds and moved to Lisbon Township. He became sheriff of Sampson County in 1788.

The *North Carolina Colonial Records* give the following facts concerning David Dodd.

Volume 15, page 728: David Dodd enlisted in Captain John Summer's Company, of the first North Carolina Battalion commanded by Colonel Thomas Clark, on March 4, 1776.

Volume 20, page 261: 1787—Military officers for the Fayette District, for Colonel of Cavalry; Thomas Overton and Richard Clinton; Captain, John Willis; First Major, David Dodd; Second Major, John Porterfield.

Volume 18, page 441: The House of Commons appointed David Dodd as a major for the District of Wilmington.

Volume 16, page 3: David Dodd was a member of the North Carolina Assembly for the year 1782.

Volume 14, page 227: David Dodd and Lewis Holmes represented Sampson County in the House of Commons in 1786, Page 9: David Dodd was appointed to the Committee of Claims of the House of Commons. Page 274: "Resolved, that the thanks of the House be extended to Major Richard McKenzie and Captain David Dodd for their upright, spirited and expeditious exertions in seizing and bringing to this Town in obedience to the said orders of the General Assembly divers persons charged with high crimes and misdemeanors against the Credit of the State."

Volume 20, page 265: John Hay and David Dodd were members of the General Assembly from Sampson County in 1785.

Volume 24, page 752: 1785—An Act was passed by the Assembly to establish an Academy in Duplin to be called Grove Academy, and David Dodd was appointed as one of the trustees for this institution. Page 776: Richard Clinton, David Dodd, Richard Herring, and Curtis Ivey were appointed to lay out a town on the property of Jesse Peacock to be called Lisburn (Lisbon).

Volume 22, page 3: David Dodd and several others represented Sampson County in Hillsboro Convention of 1788.

Mrs. R. H. Wright relates the following stories about Captain Dodd's war experiences that were told to her in early youth. On one occasion, while "Colonel" (he was known as Colonel Dodd but held military rank of Major) Dodd was at home, some British soldiers came and his wife hid him in a barrel of feathers until they had left. On another occasion, he escaped the British by riding his horse into a dense marshy swamp where the British did not dare go.

This incident was told to me by Mr. J. F. Faison. It was during the last years of the American Revolution and several companies of British soldiers were stationed in Sampson County and Duplin County. General Kenan heard about two British soldiers by the names of Joseph and Thomas Osborn who were about to desert the Army. General Kenan went to "Colonel" Dodd and told him to go to the Osborn boys and tell them that he would give them one hundred acres of land if they would withdraw from the British Army. "Colonel" Dodd saw the two soldiers and they accepted the proposition. The Osborns settled on their property which lay in Turkey

Township on the headwaters of David Thomson's Mill Branch. Joseph Osborn's daughter, Sarah, became the wife of Felix B. Milliard. The Osborn name has completely died out in this section of the State.

"Colonel" Dodd made his last will and testament on August 7, 1813. The bulk of his estate was willed to his wife during her lifetime, and other lands were to become the property of Willie Dodd. He gave to his grandchildren, John Bolen Dodd, Abner, and Eliza Dodd, one negro slave each.

"Colonel" Dodd's old plantation home is still standing in Turkey Township in a dilapidated condition. This historic structure is now being used as a barn. The walls have been greatly defaced, but the Southern Colonial architectural lines can still be seen.

"Colonel" Dodd died in 1813 and was probably buried in Lisbon Township.

[Editorial Note: The above article is very interesting and informing, but does not approach the question of whether David Dodd is the ancestor of Dr. W. E. Dodd, ambassador to Germany. As stated before in these columns, the father of Dr. Dodd, much of his life a plain tenant farmer, I believe, told me that the only tradition of his Revolutionary ancestor that had come down to him was that of his escaping pursuing British soldiers by leaping into the water and lying hidden with only his nostrils out. That tradition is readily identifiable with the escape into the marsh as told by Mrs. Wright. As further mentioned in the former comment, former Mayor Thomas Murphy of Greensboro, a brother of Mrs. R. H. Wright, mentioned above, told me that Dr. Dodd himself stated positively that he had traced the ancestry back to Col. David Dodd. The Ambassador further stated that David Dodd or his father first settled in the Scotland Neck, so named because of the number of Scotch who settled there, and that the floods of the Roanoke discouraged some of them, causing them, including the Dodd family, to move away—the latter to what is now Sampson, then Duplin county. If Dr. Dodd is correct, as he should be, being a historian, the German ambassador is not only a descendant of Col. Dodd, but a cousin of the Treadwells and Murphys, and other Sampson county families. It has been nearly two years since Tom Murphy told me what Dr. Dodd told him and my recollection may not be perfect. If not, Mr. Murphy will please set me straight.—Editor].

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS AND COMMENTS.

(Continued from Page Two)

out" himself. "It is hard to realize that our generation is getting old, and that we must accept the fact it is up to all of us to slow down and let the young men take up the job," says Will, who it is difficult to conceive of as doing anything of the kind.

I am really ashamed to find myself here hardly able to pull along on low gear while R. R. Clark, a dozen years older, is doing the best writing of his life; while Governor Doughton, who won that title away back before Will Vass attained his majority, is still going strong and his brother talking of running for governor. Recovery seems mighty slow, but I would be so ashamed to be put on the shelf or even die before I am seventy-five (it would be a slander upon the sturdiness of the stock, it seems to me) that I will hope that the body which seemed even so recently stringy that it would still stand the gait of a youngster will, like my old Ford, with a little patching, by careful diet and much sleep, recover some of its wonted toughness and pull through the ten years necessary to bring me up night the period when the forebears as a rule found it time to take out and quit. But it is hard to have to puddle along at a six-mile gait when one has been accustomed to travel at the full limit of speed allowed by the law, and sometime overdoing the speed limit, or at least the normal day's journey.

But the younger generation has already just about taken the field, with or without our consent. And some of the fellows who have hardly reached fifty begin to look as if they are of retiring age. But Will Bailey seems to be just getting into his full stride, and I believe he is a year older than Vass. George Paschal is doing as much work as any Kentucky mule should do, like me, thinking that he is made of whitleather. Those fellows who have not been driven by a nervousness that would allow no rest, even if necessity hadn't been also driving, should hold their wonted gait till nearer the end of the journey.

The mere facts of accumulating mile posts and steady approach to the end of the journey are of comparatively little concern, but I should not like to have to be "toted" over the last miles. But Will Vass, who brought the only surviving Raleigh bank through the troublesome period, deserves to take the next fifteen years as easy as he pleases and to enjoy his fill of "sunshine and terbacker."

"One Can Walk Further Than He Can Run."

The very next letter I pick up after that of Will Vass's is one from Rev. Geo. L. Merrell, who when Vass and I entered college was a senior and quite an elderly one at that, being over thirty years of age. He is now an octogenarian, living in retirement with his still charming wife at Gulf. Referring to my being ordered on low gear, Brother Merrell quotes President Charles E. Taylor of Wake Forest as stating for the benefit of those who were too eager to get to their goal that a man can walk further than he can run. Brother Merrell has had to take it slowly for quite a number of years because of deafness, but he is making a good, long "walk" of it.

I had occasion to quote one of Dr. Taylor's aphorisms sometime ago, and I am thinking that if we fellows could have had more of Dr. Taylor's own pithy philosophical deductions we should have been benefitted more than by the study of either of the four philosophical text books in his course.

It Almost Pays One to Be Sick In Order to Get Some Delightful Boquets.

Here is a card from one of my contemporaries in the school room. Forty-three years ago J. A. McArthur was teaching at Kenansville, I believe, Clifford at Warsaw, and I at Burgaw. Later over in Robeson I found J. A. teaching at Red Springs. I hadn't seen him since till the day of that protest tax meeting at Fayetteville four years ago. He was, and is, living with his brother a few miles from Fayetteville, still a bachelor. Here is part of his recent message: "You are working too hard. Have enjoyed your editorials. A prominent leader says you are the brightest writer in the state."—It's fine to hear such nice things, however bad the speaker's judgment be in the case at issue.

And here is a line or two from that great jurist and good friend, Justice Heriot Clarkson, who is so good as to say: "It would be a calamity if you could not continue *The State's Voice*. It represents the high and best ideals for North Carolina." And along with that cheering word came a check that sends the good Justice's subscription away ahead.

And my good friend former Lieutenant-Governor Elmer Long writes equally cheerfully and sends a three-year subscription. It has been such good words and the subscription money received that has helped to make it possible to get through cheerfully and without finding the larder becoming as lean as Mother Hubbard's cupboard during several weeks spent largely in bed, for the bed and the typewriter are mighty close neighbors, and the former is calling me now for its turn.

But not all the cheer has come from written missives—some of the finest ladies in the world have been charming callers. And I catch some interesting information from them. Here, only two hours ago, curiosity led me to ask Mrs. J. C. Jones what her maiden name was and I heard that she was a Warren county Macon. And, of course, my next word was: "Then you are some of Nat Macon's stock?" And she is—a great granddaughter of the great commoner's brother.

I believe I have already overrun my allotment of two pages for these chats about people, yet there are more notes here I should like to peep into before I quit, but mustn't. O it is not so bad being an invalid for a few weeks. Even the demonstration of the love and loyalty of one's own folk when you cannot help yourself is a revelation, even if you had less than no reason to doubt it before.

According to the best authorities, 36,000 deaths last year were directly traceable to liquor. This is an increase of 6,000 over the previous year. The property loss from wrecks and otherwise amounts to almost two billions of dollars, and yet people cry for more liquor. Liquor is responsible for fifty per cent or more of our accidents. The brewers of America have recently boasted that: "Working men and their families are the mainstay in expanding the consumption of liquor in America." Yet some people wish to put the bottle to the mouths of the working man to the degradation of his family and the destruction of his life.