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JOURNAL OF ALEXANDER MACAULAY.

Alexander Macaulay was a young Scotchman, who came to Virginia about the time of the Revolution, and conducted the business of merchandizing at Yorktown. He was born in Glasgow in November, 1754, and died in Yorktown July 17, 1798. He married Elizabeth Jerdone, daughter of Francis Jerdone, of Jerdone Hall, Louisa county, December 5, 1782, and had issue, Helen Maxwell, married first Peyton Southall, whom she survived, married secondly Robert Anderson; Alexander, born in Yorktown 20 February, 1787, died in South America, as a martyr for the independence of Colombia; Sarah, John, Francis, a graduate of William and Mary, died in 1811; (Dr.) Patrick, born in Yorktown on 27 April, 1795. Francis Jerdone, his father-in-law, was an eminent Scotch merchant, who settled at Yorktown, and afterwards retired to Louisa county. The letter and fragmentary diary which follows gives an account of a journey, not long after his marriage, from Louisa county to Yorktown. It is written in a serio-comic style, and his comments are made, perhaps, more satirical by his lack of sympathy with the American cause. Like most Scotch merchants, he thought the war of the Revolution a mistake. The name of the person, for whose benefit the letter and journal were written, is not given.

My Dear Sir:

I am happy to advise you we are thus far safe on our Journey, without any outward accident, which, when the badness of the roads is considered, is more than could have been expected; to be sure, we sometimes stuck fast. However, we rub'd throw, & we took it slow & easy, as you will perceive by the following Journal:

Wednesday 19th Feb'y in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and eighty three, set out from the Hospitable Mansion of Mrs Sarah Jerdone, of Louisa county, Virginia, commonly called Jerdone Hall, with my loving & much beloved Wife Elizabeth, attended By her Maid Annie, remarkable for an elegant shape, and a Black guard Boy Jack, who we hope will mend—sat about an Hour in the Carriage with heavy hearts which parting with our Friends generally occasions, enquired if my Dear Rib had anything to recruit our exhausted Spirits, as we seem'd to be rather flat; she opened her Budget & produc'd two large Cakes of Ginger Bread, some Biscuit & a parcel of apples which we finished & wanted only a Bottle of Cherry Brandy to have been tolerable happy. At one P. M. came to Mr Thomsons, where we met with a hospitable reception & had
the pleasure to meet with Miss Belsches & Miss T. wanted my old Woman to dance a Jig. But she positively refused; shew'd Miss B. a new step, which she promised to learn. At half after one P. M. arrived Miss Isabella Jerdone escorted By Doctor San grado, fresh as an old South & elegantly dressed in the fashion of Nova Zembla, Vizt. A Blanket Coat; he was ask'd to walk in. But in a firm manly, deliberate voice, declined it very politely, as there was a person just arrived from Georgia whom he must immediately see, they have already opened a communication from that Quarter with the Spaniards at New Orleans, had extirpated the Cherokees, Creeks, & regulators of North Carolina. The Soil is astonishingly rich & to be had for the moderate price of one penny ☞ Thousand Acres; The Government excellent, even exceeding the Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore, no Taxes & a perfect security for person & property, so much for Modern Guiana. Nancy gave us a good Dinner; Ham, Turkey &c &c; at 4 P. M. Isabella to the astonishment of every one was missing, enquiry was made up stairs & down to no purpose, at last we were in form'd she had rode of on Dapple in full Gallop; various were the conjectures on this occasion; the charitable said she had too much regard for us to bid us adieu; the uncharitable said she had none at all, I who am of neither party did not know, But she held in remembrance the old Woman on the Chaire.

"God bless you, Nancy; may you never want the good things of this Life, for you have a Soul to enjoy them with your Friends; Good By to you, Charles; Farewell, Polly; a good Husband to you," and soon "Fanny, take care of little Sally;" & off we went—for the retreat of Mr Braikenridge,* where we arrived just as Aurora div'd into the Western Ocean; it was well we did, otherwise the Gates would have been Barricadoed; Mr. B. re ceived us with true old English Hospitality, which By the By, is the best; Mrs B* good countenance, where good nature is strongly mark'd, left us no reason to doubt a hearty wellcome, little Georgee, you may be sure, was happy to see his reveren'd Uncle & Aunt & Sally was after some time reconciled to my smooth face. The evening was spent very agreeably without playing Blackie; By Nine Bettssey made a movement for Bed,

* Mr. George Braikenridge, who married Mrs. Macaulay's sister, Sarah Jerdone (see QUARTERLY, VI., p. 37).
like A complaisant Husband, & not being quite far enough from Louisa, I followed, tho I would rather have chatted with Mrs. B. an hour longer; To Bed we went, a charming clear, Heavenly, moonlight Scene; far more sweet in my opinion than even that of Romeo and Juliet; Bettesey thought so too; we arose in the morning with the rather disagreeable reflection, that we must then for a time bid adieu to well fill'd Beds. At Ten A. M. we got once more fairly under way, Bag and Baggage; “Hold fast Behind, Annie; Don’t tumble of your Horse, Jacke! Drive on, Solomon, & stop at Edmund Taylor’s, our Horses will require some refreshment, as we shall not stop again untill we reach the Capital.” “How do you do, Mr. Taylor, I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time; Pray have you any Oats; have you fodder; will be so good as give us a little Whiskey Grog; I presume you have no Brassey Madeira; will you keep the room clear of Tag Rag & Bobtail untill the Horses are fed; What do you think of a peace, we have seen happy Days, Mr Taylor, & I hope we shall soon see them again; this is the finest Country in the world & Hanover the very best County in the State. Virginia hospitality & politeness was formerly acknowledged all the World over; I fear the people are a little alter’d. I hope there are some good Men left; But are you sure they are in the Government; Old Tom Doswell is, I am told, gone to the world of Spirits; He was a very good Man; a reall lover of his Country. He had the good of posterity at Heart. He was a strictly honest Man, only he once rather imposed on Mr Simpson & myself in the sale of a parcell of Hogs—my conscience smote me I said to myself he is dead; Peace to His Manes; His Wifes alive; she follows the prudent footsteps of her honoured Husband & secures her money in a private place where thieves cannot break in and steal.

John Day, am told, sold his Tobacco for paper Currency, & keeps it to purchase Land up the Mohawk River; Ay, He’s a wise Man; he allways was an excellent hand at making a good bargain; “He is my Father,” says a Man who handed me the Grog; “You are a wise child—I know you very well, Sir; I have been many a time at your Store in Hanover Town formerly, you kept a good Shop; & pray, Sir, if I may beg leave to ask where have you been since?” “Been, Sir; why I have been all over the World; I have been in the American Army, Sir; I saw the Brit-
ish Die with heat & fatigue at Monmouth; I saw that Damn'd Rascal General Lee's retrograde menœuvre; & have seen many strange things." "Pray how long was you in the Service, Sir?"
"Twelve Months; I confess I was heartily tired in one. But shame prevented my return sooner." Our conversation was interrupted here to my great mortification by Solomon, "The Horses are ready." "What's to pay?" "2-5;" "there's your money. Come, my Dear, give me your hand. Dame Meriwether is the Word." Adieu—\textit{to be continued}. By Minnie.

I have taken measures to secure your Oysters; By Minnie shall advise concerning our departure as I expect to see a Man tomorrow who has a Cassell. Bettsey gives her best Compliments & postpones writing till next conveyance, when her friends may expect to hear from her fully, at present she thinks I have wrote nonsense enough for us both—she stands travelling very well—Our affectionate Compliments to Mrs. Jerdone, Mrs. Pottie,* Mr. Jerdone & the rest of the Family.

I am, my Dear Sir, Yours very sincerely,

ALEX. MACAULAY.

[There is a gap between the diary in the letter above and the diary as continued below.]

It threatened bad weather & we knew D. Cochrane kept a good Shop, and would give us a hearty welcome. We were not disappointed. Mr. Cochrane received us with a warmth of Heart, a cordial sincerity, that were I not a Scotchman, I would say was peculiarly the Characteristic of his Country—it is said they are only kind to one another. But I should imagine where people are friendly to their own Countrymen, they must have some degree of Benevolence for the rest of Mankind. Mrs Cochrane likewise with genuine (not depreciated) Virginia politeness treated Betsey with the Hospitality due to a Virginian, & your Hb* Servant with the attention due to the Countryman of Her Husband.

Saturday, 29th. Bad weather, good Quarters & cheerful Friends; spent our time very agreeably, had a visit from the amiable, accomplished, Delicate, genteel Mrs. Riddock, as neat, clean tug & handsome as ever; a good specimen of Scotch Ladies

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* George Pottie married Mrs. Macaulay's sister, Mary Jerdone.
in this Land. Why in the name of wonder do such go abroad? She is much better calculated for the meridian of the Mull of Cantire or the Esquimaux than the polished Circles of Virginia.

Sunday, 23d. Fine weather and intended to proceed. But Mr. & Mrs. Cochrane laid an absolute Embargo on us. We therefore agreed to leave the roads to dry for this Day & set out next morning.

Monday, 24th, at Ten A. M. Bid adieu to our worthy Friends at New Castle, Betsey wishing she could have the pleasure of such a neighbour as Mrs. Cochrane; she is indeed very good natured & agreeable, & they seemed mightily taken with each other, & were quite well acquainted in a few hours. I was very glad to see it, as you know my Wife is rather reserved; However, Better so than to be too familiar; Mrs. Cochranes affability would get the better of everything.

At two o’clock P. M. arrived safe at New Kent Court House, without anything extraordinary, the road very bad & in several places obliged to get out in order to lighten the Carriage. “Your servant, Mr. Warren, your Father formerly kept a good Shop here. I am happy to hear the Son has not degenerated. What can you give us for Dinner? Have you any Oysters? Have you any Fish?” “Neither, Sir.” “Then, give us anything you please.” Half an hour brought us a Roast Turkey, Ham, Eggs & Spinage & an elegant wild Duck nicely roasted, which my Dear Duck & I completely finished in Chaffing Dishes. As soon as our Aids had some Dinner, we started & without any sinister accident arrived a little in the night safe at Byrds Tavern, formerly Doncastles; we had a Dish of Tea, were happy to meet with a pretty good Bed and clean Sheets, no Company in the House excepting one Man, who was said to be a French Man, slept in the next room; next morning Monsieur came down Stairs & Breakfasted with us; he appeared to be a decent, well-behaved Man, about 40 years of Age, spoke pretty good broken English; We entered into conversation, in the course of which I took occasion to pay the French some compliments, on their politeness, Taste for the fine arts, Knowledge of War, Spirit of Colonization, & in short that refinement, that civilization, that liberality, which rendered them infinitely superior to all their European neighbors; I was surpriz’d to find no return made to all these
compliments, which from their natural vanity I expected would have been swallowed with avidity, and deserved some acknowledg- 

ement. "Sir," said he, "I suppose from your discourse you imagine I am a Frenchman. I am not, tho a near neighbour; I am a native of Geneva, a City once free. The seat of liberty & the Muses, the Asylum of the unhappy, when persecuted By the despotic Governments around them. Its Inhabitants easy & affluent in their circumstances; Luxury in extreme, or Poverty, was unknown among them; enjoying the Blessings of an excellent climate, good Government, Health, Peace, Constitutional Liberty, Learning & Commerce, they were the admiration of their neighbors, & might have been happy for ages, had it not been for the avidity, the insatiable Ambition, that Spirit of Do- 

inion, of those very people to whom you have paid so many compliments; you may say it is only the spirit of their Govern- 

ment. But it is also the Spirit of the people; I resided some years in France, & know them well; I have studied their national character. They have good qualities I allow. But they are much obscured By an intolerable share of vanity & self conceit.

I left Geneva five years ago, & have there my Wife & children, who I fear at this moment are groaning under the Iron hand of Military despotism."

I saw the tear in his Eye; I enquired what induced him to come to this Country. He said misrepresentation of Facts, that he brought out some property in expectation of making a Fortune, that he had trusted it on here, & had for years in vain been endeavoring to collect it; that now when he had every reason to suppose a French Garrison in Geneva, & his Family in want of His assistance he could not command a shilling to fly to their relief; He seem'd to be much affected. I wished to change the subject.

Tuesday, the 25th. At nine A. M. took our leave of the un- fortunate Genevese. He was certainly a man of sense and edu- 

cation, & from his manner & conversation appeared as far as I could judge, to have mov'd formerly in a superior style to his present, & probably worthy of a better Fate; But alas, the good Mans Lot is often in this world Gall & Bitterness while Heaven with anguish records a spotless heart; and oft associates virtue with despair. Avaunt melancholy! I beg pardon for this digres- 

sion. I forgot I was only writing a Journal for your amusement.
We said good By to Mr. & Mrs. Byrd, who seem to be, as the saying is, good sort of people, & reasonable in their charge; We step't into the Carriage, I sat some time without saying a word; I wish I had not seen that unfortunate Man, His candour in speaking His sentiments to a stranger, who might, for any thing he knew, have been one of the Council, His decent, firm, manly tone; in short, my compassion was awakened. I was interested in his favour, I could not get him out of my head; I endeavored to be amused by asking Bettsey a question, which she did not choose to answer; I therefor punished her by taking out my Watch & resolved to sit one hour without speaking a word; She kept prattling away, & made use of a thousand little arts to induce me to speak. But in vain; I was inflexible until the time expired; However, she paid me a pretty compliment, she said she was better amused by my silence than if I had spoke; pretty well. However, you know the Girl can be clever sometimes; I Believe she spoke truth, for she laughed at Her Dear dumb creature, as she call'd me all the time; she said she would be reveng'd on me in the same way; But alas, I knew it was impossible, there never was a Daughter of Eve sat one Hour at one time silent in this world; it was the same with poor Bettsey; she could not hold Ten minutes; tho indeed I played her some antic tricks.

Thus was our time spent until we opened the spires of Williamsburg, & could plainly discern the Geese walking on the top of the Capitol! Theres the Colledge, remarkable for the excellence of its Professors in all the different branches of Literature; Law, Physic, & Philosophy; Poetry, Painting, & Musick; all the liberal Arts are here cultivated in the greatest perfection; Theres the Capitol, in which the fate of Empires has been decided like that of ancient Rome. There the eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero, Mansfield, or Camden has been far outshone. Theres the Church fam'd for its noble Organ of one hundred tones, touch'd by the modern Orpheus—the inimitable Pelham. Theres the Prison, where there are none confined excepting those unfortunate people who have been guilty of Horse Stealing. On that spot where you see these ruins, formerly stood the Palace which far exceeded the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; or that of the Sun at Palmyra. Theres is the Raleigh Tavern, where more Business has been transacted than on the Exchange of London
or Amsterdam; in that Building formerly assembled the rich, wealthy merchants of all Countries from Indies to the pole, from the Tweed to the Orcades; here the Exchange of the world, the relative value of money in every Kingdom on Earth was settled; who has not heard of the fame of the Merch* of this ancient Dominion, your Hansons, Brisbanes, & etc.

There sits the Master of this extensive Building comparing past and present times; alas how changed! The seat of Empire removed, Commerce at an end By the fury of a civil War. He is grown grey in the service of his Country & watching the motions of a Hostile, inveterate enemy. By this time we found ourselves at M* Campbells, we alighted & walked in; the House had a cold, poverty struck appearance; a large cold room on the left hand, no white Person yet appeared; several negroes; "Pray does not M* Campbell live here?" "Yes." "Will you be so good as inform her We shall be happy to see her;" presently she came in. But as I did not approve of waiting for her in the passage, I had by this time led Bettsey into the cold parlour. Our Landladys looks were not more inviting than her House. Figure to yourself a little old Woman, about four feet high; & equally thick, a little turn up Pug nose, a mouth screw'd up to one side; in short, nothing in any part of her appearance in the least inviting; I wish'd we were out of the House, fairly out of the House; But we were in for it, and I was obliged to accost her, "A-Hem, Madam! Hem—Madam! I ought to make an apology for this liberty, being on way throw Williamsburg, Madam, & knowing you formerly kept a very genteel House, We could not resist the inclination we had to call and take a Familly Dinner with you, Madam; We hope we will be no inconvenience. We are not nice, Madam; anything you have provided for yourself, Madam, will do; a few Oysters will not be amiss; my Wife, here she stands, is fond of Oysters Cook'd any way; & in the meantime, Madam, will you be so good as order one of your Aids to make a little fire in this room;" By this time we had all the negro's in the House, about a dozen, around us. I thought I had made a Capital Speechification, & stopt to draw my breath & give her time to answer; with a very ill mannered tone, she replied, "I dont keep a house of entertainment, nor have not for some years;" Bettsey & I gap'd at one another; at last I recovered Spirits enough to say, "We have been misinform'd, Madam, I Beg par-
don for this intrusion, impute it to ignorance only; But as we are fairly landed here" (for By this time Solomon had taken out his Horses) "suppose for this one time you relent, Madam; it will be charity, Madam, and charity covers a multitude of Sins, Madam; Angels sometime travell in disguise to mark the Deeds of Mortals;" she look’d up at me with the same amiable simplicity, as much as to say, your face is not smooth enough, even for an angel in disguise; and again answered, "I have no entertainment." She was now joined By her elder Daughter Molly, a Maiden Lady of about 45. You know old Andrew Greenhow of your County; I thought it had been him in petticoats; it was indeed high time to take some measures for a retreat from these amiable personages; I therefor immediately directed Solomon to put his Horses to the Carriage, in an audible voice, as we had come to a Damn’d bad Shop. I handed Bettsey into the Carriage, and could scarce help blessing them for a couple of Hell Cats; Miss Molly followed us to the Door, and told us Mrs. Craig was the only Lady in Town who kept a publick House; I thank’d her for her information, & to reward her shall direct my Brother Peter to give her a call the first time he comes to Williamsburg. Perhaps he may be of some service to her. We drove to Mrs. Craigs, whose appearance prepossessed us in her favour as much as Mrs. Campbells had against her; We met here with a Col. Monroe, one of the Honorable Council, who appear’d to be a modest, well-behav’d Man, But Rather young for a Counsellor; The good Landlady was extremely kind, gave us a good Dinner, was at pains to send all over the Town untill she procured some Oysters for Bettsey, entertain’d us with a degree of good nature which is peculiar to Fat people; you probably know her, she is exactly shap’d like a Rum Hdd; she play’d a good knife & forke, & had no objection to a glass of genuine Port, which I assure you did not come amiss to some of the rest of the Company. At four o’clock we bid adieu to our good Landlady, after assuring her that should we come to Williamsburg again, we would most certainly have the pleasure of waiting on her. We arrived safe at this place with daylight, found everything ready for our reception, Sup’d heartily upon Oysters & went to Bed. Here the Journal ends, the Curtain drops, & now I am to answer your favour of the 24th Inst.

Monday, March 3d. 1783. I am indeed very sorry to hear, my
worthy Friend, that you have been unwell since our departure; I am clearly of Doct'. Honeymans opinion, that it may be improper for you to attempt the busy scenes of active Life, But I can By no means imagine it absolutely necessary that you should be buried in retirement, I apprehend one principal cause of your present situation, proceeds from the times, & your following the very Life the Doctor has so wisely prescribed, with want of exercise; now Sir I apprehend that if we once had a permanent proper security for a moderate Business, without being too extensive, by making you too anxious; I fancy your being a little employed would be rather an advantage, by preventing that lassitude, that imbecility of mind, which often accompanies an idle Life; either I am much mistaken, or your present disorder is as much on the Spirits or more than any other; I am well acquainted with your nice feelings; The precarious situation of your Fortune; The situation of your Friends; a total want of employment, has I fear injured your constitution By praying on your Spirits; But I think we may expect better Days, Peace may, & I trust will do something for us. I thank you, my good Sir, I have no doubt you will do anything in your power to save me; it would indeed give me more pleasure to see you & your Familly easy, & happy, I have my fears that your native air may be too penetrating for you, I think Bristol as being warmer & in the vicinity of Bath, where the Invalids of all kinds repair, would probably answer your constitution better, and where you may do a little Business, either in the consignment way, or some other, I think you had better consult our worthy Friend Mr. Braikenridge on this subject, as from all well known Characters in a Tobacco Country, I know of none more likely to get Consignment than you, & it is very probable Mr. Weare would be happy to join you in this Business, from this consideration. Mr. Weares Character in Business I am a stranger to, But he appears to be a clever, active man.

However nothing can be positively determin’d on until a Peace takes place, which a very short time must determine; in the mean time, my good Sir, keep ye your Spirits, & endeavor to amend your mind.

We are not yet provided with a vessell, I am ask’d £200 for a Trip to New York in a vessel of not more than 40 tons; I cannot think of giving so extravagant a price, anxious as I am to get
home I expected to have purchased the vessel for £250. But
the owner expects to make His Fortune By a voyage to the West
Indies, & the allmost certainty of peace, will not allow us to
purchase Her on a commercial Plan; (however) a few days will
I hope bring a confirmation of Peace; in this case there will
be no difficulty. I am clearly of Mrs. Jerdones opinion that the
danger is considerable in going to Sea in a small vessel, in the
stormy Month of March; it is better my Business shou'd suffer
a little longer, than worse. I have detained Henry these three
Days in hope the wind would abate that we might be able to
compleat his quantity of Oysters, But as the Moon chang'd this
morning, & the Weather still continues bad Mr. Mitchell is of
opinion it will last some time, & as he may be wanted at home,
have determined he shall proceed with what we have been able
to get with 6 Bushells which we think will keep better in the
shell, and 3 Gallons in a Cask, which will hold 12 Gallons,
Minny will proceed By the Forge, & there I hope Mr. Douglas
will compleat the Cask.

. . . . . . . (Obliterated.) James River; I have
wrote Mr. Douglas, perhaps some may be had.

Bettsey and I are quite hearty she plays away on the Oysters
at no allowance, I shall be under the necessity of desiring her
to be more moderate, the poor thing I cannot well refuse her
any thing she likes; If she was not my Wife, I would say she
rises more in my Esteem every Day; the good folks here are
very kind. & the few Inhabitants left in ruined York, are ex-
tremely attentive. We are more in Company than we wish; my
Dear Duck no longer whispers; we are more highly favored by
the Weather & etc. "Mr Brackenridge advises" . . . .
. . . (Obliterated.)

"I shall conclude with desiring you to present my very affec-
tionate Compliments to Mrs. Jerdone, Mrs. Pottie, Mr. Bell, Mrs.
Poll, Mr. Jerdone, little Georgie, Mr. Humphrey, Molly Harper,
Martha Budding, & all other Friends; & should Mr. Mitchell be
with you By March Court do not forget our compliments to him,
& desire Mr. M—— to send us a little Bit of the Bride Cake."

Yours sincerely,

ALEX. MACAULAY.

N. B. I wish, if a good safe conveyance offers, you would
return us the Oyster Keg, filled with Hash & Homony.

A. M., E. M.
Here follows some lines too obliterated to be made out entirely, but he speaks of his Journal "32 pages long." "Wrote for your perusal, & without any premeditation, in a hurry, Just as the ideas arose. A. M."

"Tell Mrs. Pottie to let me alone for ingenuity, God help me if I had not a little."

EARLY TOMBS IN WESTMORELAND, RICHMOND, AND NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTIES.

(Continued from page 130.)

BY REV. DR. G. W. BEALE.


In the yard of White Chapel Church, in Lancaster county, there are a group of heavy horizontal tombs, and several vertical slabs, commemorative of members of the Ball family and their wives. One of the massive tombs has this inscription:

Here lies Interred the
Body of Mr DAVID BALL*
a twin and seventh son of
Cap† WILLIAM BALL Gent.
Dece’d was born ye 26th of
Sep. 1686, and departed
this life ye 14th of December, 1732
in the 47th Year
of his Age.

A tomb near the one above bears these words:

Here lies the Body of
Mr JEDUTHAN BALL † son of Col°
JAMES BALL of Lancaster county.
Born the 9th Day of July, 1725,
and Died the 5th Day of March,
1749, in the 25th year of his Age.

* David Ball was the sixth son of Capt. William Ball, the second of the name in Lancaster. He was twice married, but left no issue.
† Jeduthan Ball was the fourth son of Col. James Ball and Mary Conway, and was brother to James and Jesse Ball, whose tombs are near his own. He married Elizabeth Fox, and was father of Col. Burges Ball, of the Revolution.