

A Little History of the Halls
By
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Christopher Hall was born in Cantell, Cambridge, Mass. as far as we know. He married Mary Homer of the same place, I think, February 15, don't know the year, but can't find out for sure either if she was born there but they married there and his son Caleb was born there in the year of 1700 (there was another son, Joshua) so Christopher must have been about 21 years so he would have been born about 1679. Caleb was born [s.b. "married" - flw] in Attleboro, Mass. 9 November, 1721. Their children were – Christopher, Caleb, John, John (two brothers named John, just a year between) then Reuben, Eve, Laban, Dan, Adam and Hannah.

Christopher (Junior) was born about 1723, April 17, at Rochester, NY. Don't know of any of their family except Laban Hall, born September 1755 at Peekskill, Westchester Co, NY. Don't know anything more of his family only his son Joseph Hall born 11 September 1782 at Connecticut. Married to Geoanna Chellus 5 July 1812. He died 28 October 1864. His wife was born 3 April 1797, at Goshen, Orange Co, NY. Died 8 May 1896, at Ogden, Utah.

Joshua Chellus Hall, son of Joseph was born 11 June 1814, Mentz, Caugo Co, NY. He is our grandfather Hall and grandmother Hall, Sally Ann Bybee, was born 22 Dec 1815, at Boulder Green, Barne Co, Kentucky. She died 31 October 1894 at Dry Fork (Mtn. Dell) Utah. Grandfather Hall died at Beaver, 30 November 1880, also was buried there. Most of the Halls of early days lived in New York and Massachusetts.

I have heard father tell of some of our people coming from England. He said Lyman Hall, that signed the Declaration of Independence was a brother of his great-grandfather Laban, was a little Englishman weighing only 90 pounds. His cane in late years was a flag staff from a flag used in the Revolutionary war, where he fought under General Washington and General Gates. So they must have come from England for most all lived close to New York, and near the East Coast. So we are some English. Grandfather lived and owned a fine ranch in Kaysville, Iowa. It was well stalked [sic] with fine blooded horses, cows and sheep. He was half owner of a grist mill there too, his brother owned the other half.

When he joined the church he was soon advanced in the Priesthood and was the first of his family to go through the Temple so he is heir to our Hall genealogy work. He was bishop of Kaysville for several years some time before coming west. I don't know for sure where Uncle Marvin was born but I think it was in Iowa. Also Uncle Lee – March 16, 1837. Uncle Iowa Hall was born on the Little Pigeon River in a wagon for then grandfather moved to the Big Pigeon River where he built a nice big house where father, Joshua Chellus Hall and Uncle Mark were born in Pottawatmie County, where the rest were born (except Orson, born in Weber Co, Utah). Uncle Marvin was born at Clay County, Indiana, Dec 18, 1835 and died at Dry Fork March 9, 1913 at his brother Chellus' home.

Grandfather Hall and family came west in the year of 1852. When my father was 3 years old and Uncle Iowa 5 years. On the way across the plains they suffered lots of hardships. He left his fine home, gristmill, cattle, horses and all but a few head of sheep, with his brother, but he never sent him hardly a cent for it all. He also let Ezra T Benson have a fine blooded mare to work across the plains but he never received a thing for her. He brought some of the first sheep (7 head, I think) to Salt Lake City.

On their way here they were camped on a river bank where father and Uncle Iowa were playing back in the sandy bank, when a herd of buffalo came up the country and jumped down over the bank and over the boys, not harming them. On coming west he sacrificed everything he had to come to the Valleys of

the Mountains with the Saints where he could live in a peace without mobs like they had back in the east. He moved first to South Weber Fork, five miles south of Ogden and later to Ogden and Huntsville. Then in 1858 he was one of the families that went with what they called the move to St George for a while then on to Beaver, where he lived until he died in 1880, at Beaver, Nov 30. He was also buried there.

He was a very kind and pleasant man, very good natured and jolly. He was mostly called Uncle Josh. He was quite a heavy man, not so very tall, and a very charitable man. He was always well respected and loved by all who knew him. His son James Hall and wife Emma Jane Hall were buried in Beaver City cemetery. I think we have been helped to live better lives by the good lives of our parents and grandparents.

Grandmother Hall – Sally Ann Bybee Hall was a very dear, kind and patient woman – not so very big either, but no-one was more particular about themselves or work than she. She had a place for everything and everything was always in its place, she would never run after the boys if they were unruly (of which she raised only one girl and the rest boys). She always kept a quilt hanging on her rocking chair and they got what she promised them if she had to sit till they were in bed. She'd just hold the blanket around them and give it to them. She always kept her word with them.

She was very ambitious, piecing every little scrap of new cloth of which she in early days, made herself, and made little pants, shirts, aprons, dresses and everything by hand as there were no sewing machines then. In later years she thought, and said, you could not piece blocks for a quilt as nice with a machine as she could by hand. Every seam had to be opened and pressed flat before sewing it to a quilt top. She was always piecing quilts and had a nice top pieced for each one of her sons when she died. She was a very good and neat hand with a needle. She was a patient, kind and loving wife and mother. To know her was to love her. Her shoes were always cleaned at night and set under her bed. She knitted long strips about one inch wide and wrapped around her leg, just below the knee to hold up her long black stockings, as that is the kind she always wore.

She would never take ashes out on New Years day. She said that if you did that or swept the floors you'd be wasteful through the year. She taught us not to complain if we didn't have nice pretty clothes and nice food. She would say, "Be thankful for what you have and never wish for more than you can afford, my child". She smoked a pipe until she died at father's house.

Uncle Marvin died there too and both were buried there in the Dry Fork cemetery with Uncle Lee's and Uncle Ott's wives, also the two children of Uncle Ott, three of Uncle Lee's and their brothers Marvin and Mark, Uncle Mark's girl child, Chloe. Uncle Lee also made three trips back along the old pioneer trail to meet the Saints and help them to the valley of the mountains, going with grandfather's teams and wagons when he was 19 years old. Uncle Iowa and Aunt Elizabeth (or Aunt Lizzy as we called her) went through the endowment house when they were young.