

THE LIFE OF EDWARD HALL

Edward Hall was born 15 November 1813, at Waterbury, Conn., He was the son of Jacob Hall and his wife, Polly (Molly) Pritchard. He and his twin brother, Edwin, were the ninth and tenth of eleven children. Their father was a tailor and could not very well keep his children employed and so at the age of fifteen, Edward and Edwin started west to "seek their fortunes".

They stopped at Cleveland, Ohio, where they got a job chopping cord wood and splitting rails and doing any other odd jobs they could find. The brothers were inseparable and through their industry and economy, by 1841, they had acquired 1300 acres of land in Lee County, Iowa and had built a fine house. At this time, they learned of a farm for sale in Brown County, Illinois. The Hall brothers went there and purchased the land in December 1841. On the farm was a tenant, Thomas Ballinger, who had a large family of girls. After purchasing the farm, Edward and Edwin returned home. In January, 1842, they returned to the farm in Illinois and asked Mr. Ballinger's consent to wed two of his daughters and were given permission. Edward often told that he courted only long enough to whittle the rail in two on the fence on which they were sitting.

On the 2nd of February, 1842, Edward married Nancy Ballinger and Edwin married her sister, Scythia Jane. Three days later the Halls took their brides and started for their home in Iowa. In 1844, they sold out and moved into Mahaska County, Iowa. They settled in what was called the Skunk Bottoms. They stayed two years and then moved to Polk County, Iowa. Here they pre-empted 360 acres of land, part of which is the present location of the city of Des Moines- at the junction of the Racoon and the Des Moines rivers.

Built on it was the first fort in Des Moines. From 1843 to 1845, Captain B.F. Allen ordered the Indians removed to Kansas and then the fort was abolished. The fort's rows of well built huts were eagerly seized upon in 1846 by waiting settlers. In the list of those occupying huts in Des Moines row, the names of Edward and Edwin Hall are given.

On an early official plat of the city of Fort Des Moines, the portion north of Bird's Run is called Hall's Ridge. On a later (1854) lithographed map in the State Historical Library, the dam across the Des Moines River with Hall's mill on the west bank is shown. Also Edward's and Edwin's farm is shown, which now forms part of Capitol Hill, where is located a state capitol building. The early recorded deeds of Polk County show the vast holdings of the brothers. They put dams across the Des Moines River and built the first grist mill, and also a good brick house on the bluff above the mill.

Up until this time, neither Edward nor Edwin had heard much except an occasional rumor concerning the Mormons, but during the construction of this work (the dam) six Mormon ~~were~~ elders were employed, among them Lorenzo Johnson, who later married the eldest daughter of Edward- Mary Ann.

Having heard of the wonders of California, the brothers decided that they would like to secure some land in that region. So, in May 1850, Edward and his family started westward, leaving Edwin to follow later.

They traveled with a Mormon emigrant train for protection- the David Evans company, which arrived in Salt Lake City, 2 Sept, 1850. They stopped first at Mill Creek and then went on to Provo, Utah, about fifty miles south. Here they

rented one large room for the family which consisted of Edward and his wife Nancy and their three children: Mary Ann, born 20 Dec. 1842 at Montrose, Iowa; William Isaac also born at Montrose, 30 Sept. 1844; and Sarah Jane born 12 Oct. 1846 at Des Moines, Iowa. A fourth child, John Thomas, born 10 Dec 1848 at Des Moines, died 3 Aug. 1849. Their fifth child James Edward was born 10 Oct. 1850, soon after their arrival in Provo. They took up squatters claim to 40 acres on the north side of Spring Creek, 12 Sept. 1850, just six days ahead of the original pioneers of Springville, Utah. They put up wild hay. The winter was so mild that Edward walked back and forth from Provo to Springville to take care of his livestock.

On 10 Mar, 1851, he moved his family to Springville. Here six more children were born: Nephi Edwin, 29 July 1852, Joseph Smith, 12 Dec. 1854; Martha Eleanor 7 Apr. 1857; Harriet Elizabeth, 22 Apr. 1861; Julia Rozeltha, 12 June 1863; and Lydia Mariah, 26 Nov. 1865. The last two little girls died in infancy.

During theyear 1851, Edward went on to California, leaving his family on the homestead in Springville. In California, he purchased a Spanish Land Grant of 1000 acres where the city of San Bernardino now stands. He was wonderfully thrilled by that beautiful land. His wife had accepted the Gospel while crossing the plains and was baptized, but Edward did not. He had observed that the Mormons in the pioneer company were a very ordinary lot, full of faults and shortcomings and he was inclined to look for perfection in people who professed to be the Lord's chosen. Even the miraculous healing of his little daughter, Sarah who had a crippled hip, didn't change him. Now far away from home, he fell very ill, with some kind of a fever. In his hour of need his mind reverted to little Sarah and her healing. He probably also remembered his wife, Nancy and her strong testimony and her faith. He sent for the Mormon elders and received a healing at their hands. Immediately upon receiving baptism, he set about disposing of his land, finally accepting 100 Spanish ponies in exchange. With this bunch of horses he began his return trip home, arriving there with but sixteen of the original number of ponies. Indians and Spaniards managed to get the rest.

Edward became a sincere member of the church and hired Franklin D. Richards (the first president of the Genealogical Society and a member of the Quorum of the Twelve) to do research for him and when the St. George Temple was ready, he and Nancy and some others went there and did work for their dead.

At home from California, he moved his family to the southeast corner of the intersection of second east and second north streets. He took up a homestead of 360 acres along the east hills. Of this he gave land to his children for homes. He dug irrigation ditches and along the banks planted trees, mostly cottonwood.. Later many people came there for picnics. He was one of the first horticulturists in the area. He was a road builder and a timber man. He cut and hauled wood and fence posts. He and James B. Porter built the first grist mill in Springville. He also furnished red pine bark for the tannery.

In 1864, after Edwin's death, he returned to Iowa and settled his affairs there. Then he returned to Springville, bringing with him, three spans of horses, three light rigs, four stoves, four sets of dishes, four clocks and many other good things for himself and his three married children. Accompanying him home were two of Edwin's sons, George and Joseph and Mell McCornwell. George remained in Utah while the others returned to Iowa.

Edward was always an early riser and a man of temperance. He was a very quiet home man, ever willing for his wife to live her own public life, as he said she was gifted as a leader. His motto was "Better suffer wrong than to do wrong". He passed away at the age of seventy-three on Aug. 26, 1886. He is buried in the city cemetery in Springville, Utah. His wife Nancy Eleanor, and some of their children along with other loved ones are buried near him.

** He also brought back suspenders, or galluses as they called them then, for ~~him~~ his boys. They were the first to be seen in Springville, a buckskin string or belt being the usual means of anchoring their pants. Joseph threw his away because of the ridicule of the "string" brigade.

The Life Of Edward Hall.

Edward Hall was born the 15th of November 1813 at Waterbury, Conn. Edward a sturdy New Englander was a son of Jacob Hall and Polly Prichard Hall. His parents had eleven children. He and his twin brother Edwin, were the ninth and tenth. Their father was a tailor and he could not very well keep his children employed and so at the age of fifteen Edward and Edwin started west to seek their fortunes. They stopped at Cleveland, Ohio, where they got a job chopping cord wood and splitting rails and doing any jobs they could find to do. The brothers were inseparable and through their economy and industry by 1841 they had acquired 1300 acres of land in Lee County, Iowa and had built them a fine house. At this time they learned of a farm for sale in Brown County, Illinois. The Hall brothers went there and purchased the land in December 1841. On the farm there was a tenant, Thomas Ballinger, who had a large family of girls. After the purchasing of the farm Edwin and Edward returned home. In January 1842 they went again to the farm in Illinois to collect rent. They asked Mr. Ballinger's consent to wed two of his daughters and were given permission. Edward often told that they courted only long enough for him to whittle the rail fence in two on which they were sitting. On 2 February 1842 Edward married Nancy Eleanor Ballinger and Edwin married Synthia Jane Ballinger. Three days later the Halls took their brides and started for their home in Iowa. In 1844 they sold out and moved into Mahaska County, Iowa, where they settled in the Skunk River bottoms where they stayed two years and then moved to Polk County, Iowa where they preempted 360 acres of land, part of which is the present location of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, and is located at the junction of the Raccoon and Des Moines rivers. Built on it was the first fort in Des Moines but in 1843 to 1845 Capt. B.F. Allen ordered the Indians removed to Kansas and then the fort was abolished. Its rows of well built huts were eagerly seized upon in 1846 by waiting settlers. In the lists of those occupying huts in Des Moines Row, the name of Edward and Edwin Hall are given. On an early official plat of the city of Fort Des Moines, the portion north of Bird's Run is called Hall's Ridge. On a later (1854) lithographed map, in the state Historical library, the dam across the Des Moines river with Hall's mill on the west bank is shown. Also Edward and Edwin Hall's farm is shown, which now forms part of Capitol Hill where is located one state capitol building. The early recorded deeds of Polk Co. show the vast holdings of Edward and Edwin Hall. They put dams across the Des Moines river and built the first grist mill, and also built a good brick house on the bluff above their mill. Having heard of the wonders of California, in May 1850, Edward and his family started westward. Edwin and his family followed later. They traveled with mormon emigrants for protection, in the David Evans Company, which arrived at Salt Lake City, 2 Sept. 1850. They first stopped at Mill Creek, then went on to Provo Utah, where they rented one large room for the family which consisted of Edward, his wife Nancy and their three children Mary Ann, born 20 Dec. 1842 at Montrose, Iowa, William Isaac, also born in Montrose 30 Sept. 1844, Sarah Jane born 12 Oct. 1846 at Des Moines, Iowa. A fourth child John Thomas born 10 Dec. 1848 at Des Moines, died 3 Aug. 1849. Their fifth child James Edward was born 10 Oct. 1850, soon after their arrival in Provo. They took up the Squatter's Claim of 40 acres on the North side of Spring Creek, 12 Sept. 1850 just six days ahead of the original pioneers. They put up the wild hay. The winter of 1850 was so mild Edward walked backed and forth from Provo where his family stayed, to Springville to care for his livestock. On 10 March. 1851 he moved his family to Springville. He and James B. Porter built the first Grist-mill in Springville, Leaving his family here he moved down to California where he purchased 1000 acres of Spanish grant land where the city of San Bernardino now stands. He was wonderfully thrilled by that beautiful land, but became very ill. He was healed by the administration of Mormon elders and he was now assured of the truthfulness of the Gospel. He at once sold the land for 100 Mexican ponies and then returned to Springville, On his way he lost all but 16 of his ponies. At home again he moved his family to the south east corner of 2nd East and 2nd North Streets. He took up a homestead of 360 acres along the east hills, of this he gave land to his children for homes, He dug irrigation ditches, along banks he planted large cotton wood trees, where many people came for picnics He was among the first of horticulture men. He raised lots of wonderful fruit. He was a road builder and a timber man. He cut and hauled lots of wood and fence poles. He furnished red pine bark for the tannery. In 1864 with an ox team and heavy wagons he returned to Iowa and settled up his affairs there, then returned to Springville Valley with 3 spans of very poor

Synthia

EDWARD HALL

Edward Hall was born November 15, 1813 at Waterbury, Connecticut. He was a descendent of John Hall who came from Wales and settled in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1638. Edward, a sturdy New Englander, was the son of Jacob Hall and Polly Prichard Hall. His parents had eleven children. He and his twin brother Edwin were the ninth and tenth children. Their father was a taylor and could not keep the children very well employed, so at the age of 15, Edward and Edwin started west to seek their fortune, stopping at Cleveland, Ohio, chopping card wood, splitting rail and doing anything they could find to do.

The brothers were inseparable through their life. Through their industry and economy, they had in 1841, acquired 1,300 acres of land in Lee County, Iowa and had built them a fine house. At this time, they learned of a farm for sale in Brown County, Ill. So the Hall brothers, not having land enough, went down there and purchased the farm in December, 1841. There was a tenant on the farm by the name of Thomas Ballinger. Thomas had a large family of girls. After purchasing the farm, Edward and Edwin returned home. In January, 1842, they went again to the Ill. farm to collect rent. They asked Ballinger's consent to wed two of his daughters and were answered in the affirmative.

Edward often told that they only courted long enough for him to whittle a fence rail in two on which they were sitting.

On the second of February, 1842, Edward married Nancy Ballinger and Edwin married ~~Synthia~~ Jane Ballinger. Three days later, the Halls took their brides and started for their home in Iowa. In 1844, they sold out and moved into Mahaska County, Iowa and settled in the Skunk River Bottoms, stayed two years, then moved into Polk County, Iowa. Here they purchased 360 acres of land, part of which is the present city of Des Moines, Iowa, which is located at the junction of the Racoon and Des Moines rivers. It was first Fort Des Moines, but in 1843 to 1845, Captain B. Allen ordered the Indians be removed to Kansas and the Fort was abolished. F.

Its rows of well built huts were eagerly seized upon in 1846 by waiting settlers and in the lists of those occupying huts in "Des Moines Row" occurs the names of Edward and Edwin Hall, twin brothers of the early official Plot of the portion north of the city of Fort Des Moines, north of Birds Run is called Hall's Ridge.

In a later 1854 lithographed map in the state historical library, the dam across Des Moines river with Hall's mill on the westbank is shown. Also Edward and Edwin Hall's farm forming part of Capitol Hill there were located the first State Capitol buildings. The early recorded deed of Polk County shows the vast holdings of Edward and Edwin Hall. They put dams across the Des Moines River and built the first Grist Mill. They also built good brick houses on the bluff above their mill.

Having heard of the wonders of California in May, 1850, Edward and family started westward. Edwin and family were to follow later. They traveled for protection with Mormon Emigrants in David Evans company to Salt Lake City, Utah.

On September 2, 1850, they first stopped at Mill Creek then on to Provo where they rented one large room for the family. He arrived in Springville September 12, 1850, just 6 days ahead of the original pioneers. He took up "Squatters" claim of 40 acres north of Spring Creek and put up wild hay. The winter of 1850 was a mild one and they journeyed back and forth to Provo. On the 10th of March, 1851, he moved his family to Springville. He and James B. Porter built the first grist mill in Springville.

Leaving his family here, he moved on to California, purchased 1,000 acres of

Spanish Grant of land when the city of San Bernardine now stands. He was wonderfully thrilled by that beautiful land.

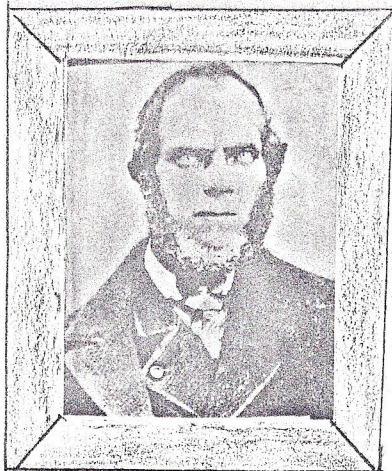
He became ill and was healed by administration by Mormon Elders. He was now assured of the truthfulness of the Gospel. He at once sold his 1,000 acres of land for 100 Mexican ponies and returned to Springville, Utah. He moved his family to 2nd East and 2nd North in Springville and took up a homestead of 360 acres along the east hill. Of this, he gave land for homes to his children. He dug irrigation ditches along the banks. ~~He~~ planted cotton wood trees, also planted cotton wood grove, where many picnics were enjoyed, by the people of Springville. He was a timber man, he cut and hauled lots of wood and fence poles. They furnished red pine bark for the tanery. In 1864 with ox teams and heavy wagons he again returned to Iowa, settled up his affairs there and returned to Springville with three pair of horses and light rigs, brought home four stoves, four sets of dishes, four clocks, dry goods and various things for himself and his married children.

Accompanying him home were two of Edwin's sons, George Hall and Joseph Ballinger Hall. George remained in Utah, the others returned to Iowa. He was always a very early riser, a man of temperance, a very quiet home man. He was ~~ever~~ ever willing for his wife to live her public life as he said she was gifted to be a leader. *ever*

His motto was "Better suffer a wrong than to do a wrong".

He passed away August 26, 1886 at Provo, Utah.

Copied from May Weight Johnson's
L.D.S. Family Record Book
Date: 6-12-54
Written by Myrtle Hall Harrison
Springville, Utah



EDWARD HALL

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER

Copied from a Sketch

Written by

JAMES E. HALL of Springville, Utah
Son of Edward & Nancy (Ballinger) Hall

MY FATHER, Edward Hall, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, November 15, 1813. He was a not far distant relative of Lyman Hall, one of those staunch, brave-hearted men who signed the Declaration of Independence. A more remote ancestor came to this continent in the Mayflower, seeking, with others, the religious freedom denied them in the world.

My mother, Nancy Eleanor Ballinger, was born in Russell County in Kentucky in October 23, 1827, and while her ancestors were not so prominent in public matters as those of my father, she often boasted, and justly, of a direct lineage of four generations of Americans.

As time passed, my father and his twin brother Edwin, both unmarried, drifted into Iowa, where in a few years time they acquired a great deal of land, holding, among other possessions, one hundred and seventy-five acres of land where the city of Des Moines now stands.

The Hall brothers, Edward and Edwin, erected the first grist mill in Des Moines, having first to place a large dam in the Des Moines river, to furnish power for their mill.

UP UNTIL THIS TIME neither my father nor Edwin had heard much except an occasional rumor concerning the Mormons, but during the construction of this work at Des Moines, six Mormon Elders were employed as laborers, among them Lorenzo Johnson (m. Mary Hall, eldest daughter of Edward Hall).

During the early part of 1842 the Hall brothers went on a trip to Illinois where they met and married the Ballinger sisters, Nancy Eleanor and Sytha Jane, on February 2, 1842. The marriage was arranged by parents - if young folks were all agreed. Boys journeyed to Illinois and were married next day. Have heard Mother say Father sparked just long enough to cut a rail in two.

When rumors of the wonders of California reached Iowa, the brothers decided they would like to secure some land in that region. It was decided that Edward, my father, should go to California and secure land for them both, while Edwin should remain in Iowa until he could dispose of their holdings in that place.

In the spring of 1850, the month of May, father and family started to California. My father's family at this time consisted of himself and wife and three children, the fourth having died some time previous.

For reasons of safety, my father joined a Mormon emigrant train. They had not been in the company of these people long until my mother was converted to the truth of the gospel and was baptized on the plains. Father, lacking to some extent his wife's clearer vision, did not accept the gospel during the journey.

The smallest child in father's family at this time was Sarah, a little girl four years of age. When two years old, having on new shoes, she had fallen on a freshly mopped floor and had dislocated her hip. Doctors had tried repeatedly to set it, without success, and for two years she had been unable to stand alone. Now at the age of four she was a constant care to Mother who was obliged to carry her about.

BROTHER ORSON HYDE had charge of this train and used a light conveyance and horses in going back and forth among the different companies, whose vehicles were for the most part drawn by slow going oxen and cows. One morning Bro. Hyde visited our company and Mother felt inspired to ask him to administer to Sarah. She asked my father to go over to Bro. Hyde, who was making hurried preparations to return to the advance company, and ask him to come over to our camp and administer to the little cripple. Father, not being converted, ridiculed the idea and refused to go. Whereupon Mother stood Sarah beside the wagon tongue, a favorite place of the child, and saying, "I am going to get a good man and ask him to bless you so God will make you well," hurried as fast as she could toward Bro. Hyde, but just before she reached him or could call out, he drove away.

Slowly she retraced the one hundred yards to her own camp, still so full of the great faith that had burned within her that she did not sense her disappointment. As she neared the wagon she heard a shrill little voice calling her, wildly, joyously, and to her astonishment her little crippled child came running toward her crying, "I can walk, Mamma, I can walk, I can walk!" My mother's faith had made her whole.

One would suppose that such a blessing received by a member of his own family would have served to open my father's eyes concerning the gospel, but it did not, for he had observed as they traveled along that these people were a very ordinary lot, full of faults and shortcomings, and he was inclined to look for perfection in people who professed to be the Lord's chosen.

THEY ARRIVED IN UTAH September 12, 1850, and on the 10th of October I was born, being the fifth child in the family, and the fourth living at this time. He left mother in a rented house in Provo, while he went himself to Springville and located a 40 acre piece where he began to cut hay from the Spring Creek Meadows for winter feed. He also began building a flour mill.

One of my earliest recollections is of sitting on a quilt spread on the bank of this same little creek and watching my mother, another white woman, and a young squaw bathing in it. The two women tried to duck the young squaw, but were each ducked in turn by her, much to their chagrin and the squaw's delight.

During the year of 1851, father went on to California. He was still very desirous of seeking that wonderful country and obtaining a generous slice of land for himself and brother. Mother, however, elected to remain with the Latter-day Saints in the land of Zion. Shortly after father left, another babe was born, a boy, Nephi Edwin.

When Father reached San Bernardino he purchased a Spanish land grant consisting of one thousand acres, much of it lying within what is now the city boundaries of San Bernardino. He was delighted with the country and would probably have remained there many years, but for an incident which brought about his conversion to the truth of the Gospel, and thereby his return to his family in Zion. While in Bernardino Father became dangerously ill of some sort of fever. In his hour of need his mind reverted to the healing of his own little crippled child, and sending for the Mormon Elders he received a miraculous healing at their hands. Immediately upon receiving baptism Father set about trying to dispose of his land, finally accepting 100 Spanish ponies in exchange. With this bunch of horses he began the return trip to Utah, arriving with but sixteen of the original one hundred ponies. The Spaniards and Indians had managed to get the rest.

IN THE SPRING of 1853 the citizens of Springville decided to build a fort.

A small one in the southwest part of town was first built. A larger one was later built near Utah lake, and later still, in 1855, this last fort was enclosed in a great wall, formed for the most part of clay and rocks. This was of sufficient width across the top that members of the martial band walked two abreast around the wall during the dedication. The soil for building this great wall had been taken from around the outside, especially at the corners where the greatest excavations were. Whenever people irrigated in that vicinity the water would run into these excavations, (skillfully guided, no doubt, by many small hands) and formed rather fine swimming pools where the youngsters might safely enjoy the water. On one occasion I saved the life of another boy who had gotten beyond his depth.

During all this time we were continually surrounded by friendly Indians. They built their tepees in the foothills and straggled through the little settlement, begging for whatever they happened to see and wanted. President Brigham Young had counseled the people to feed the Indians, and in this manner avoid fighting them. Added to this counsel was my mother's constant teaching to her children that these people were the remnant of God's chosen people and that they would some day return to His favor and become white and delightsome. Moreover she exhorted us to be always kind and friendly toward them, treating them honestly and fairly in every dealing.

I grew up having no fear of them, playing with the children and so accustomed to them that one eventful day when the Utes from the south, in full war paint, rode through our little village on their way to give battle to the Snakes from the north at Pleasant Grove, I was surprised and a little indignant when Mother hurried me in from the street. The place where that battle was fought is now known as Battle Creek. Yes, for the most part the Indians were friendly and still we know there were those among them who were treacherous, bloodthirsty and who sought continually to stir up strife. One incident will suffice to show you the uncertainty of our lives at this time.

DURING THE DAY the men, practically all of them, were away at work at their fields and farms leaving only women and children in the settlement. On such a day, Mother was busy sweeping and cleaning the small cabin and I, about two years old, had thrown myself on the floor just inside the open door and lay with both bare feet sticking out. Suddenly a stealthy brown hand reached around the casement, seized me by a great-toe, lifted me up by it

started off. Of course I screamed with all my might, both from fear and the agonizing pain - for he continued to carry me by one toe. Mother hurried to the rescue, beating and pounding him with the broom until he dropped me. Only a short time later, this same Indian, Squash-head, stole a little boy about my age, carried him to the lake, dismembered him, and burned him alive. His mother lost her reason and died within a short time. The Indians, although scantily clothed, were, speaking of them as a whole, cleanly in their habits and not given to immorality, but there were grave exceptions to this rule.

Once at a quilting, while the men were away, a big buck, a gun slung on an arm, came sneaking around. He met a young girl outside the door and in his broken English said something not exactly nice to her. The girl did not reply, but re-entered the house and shut the door. The enraged Indian deliberately raised his gun and shot through the door, but did not happen to injure any of the sixteen women present.

Still, in spite of these things, Mother taught us to treat the Red Men fairly.

ONCE DURING THIS DANGEROUS PERIOD, my brother William, then a boy of fourteen, was placed on a wild horse by an Indian. The horse, after plunging about, threw William off. He landed in a pile of rocks and boulders, and his neck was broken. I well remember how he looked. They carried him into the house. He was of course unconscious and his head hung limply to his body. Mother sent one of the boys in great haste for Bro. Gardner, who was known among the Saints as a man who led an exemplary life, and a man of great faith and power in healing. They returned with word that Bro. Gardner could not be located, in fact the only Elder they could find was a Bro. Cole. Our Mother instructed them to go for him at once, but the children demurred, because it was well known the man was dishonest, but Mother replied, "He holds the Priesthood, and it is the Priesthood I want."

Bro. Cole came and administered to William, who was instantly healed under his hands. Now I have never doubted for a minute that it was my mother's devout faith that made him well, for Bro. Cole was greatly surprised that such a marvelous healing had been consummated under his hands. He made the remark at that time that, "It took a miracle (his wife's healing) to get me to join your church, and it will take a miracle every day to keep me in it."

My mother was a practical nurse. There was no such thing here as a doctor. Our reliance was in such simple home remedies as mustard draughts and onion poultices - but more especially, olive oil, properly consecrated. This reliable first-aid we were never without no matter what else was needed. One other remedy Mother always had ready for emergencies was a can of sifted wood ashes, which, being alkaline, acted as a disinfectant, also as an aid in staunching the flow of blood. But the possession of oil was imperative and we children were taught to put absolute reliance in its healing virtue combined with earnest prayer.

We undoubtedly received greater blessings in those days, but our needs were greater, our faith was greater, and we were a more united and humble people. The spirit of unity and service was with us. During the grasshopper war, while we went without bread, sometimes for days together, other means

for sustaining life were provided. We used to dig a certain kind of thistle which had an edible root similar to a parsnip, and the sego bulbs were delicious and nourishing. An old man went down to dig them and I followed and picked them up. In those days they grew to a goodly size - perhaps six or eight times as large as they do at the present time. I do not attempt to account for this. Besides these we had wild game and plenty of fish. But what I wish to impress upon you is the spirit with which these trials were endured, a spirit of kindness, fairness and generosity. Everything was shared alike.

The making of bows and arrows was one of the most common diversions of the boys in those days. One afternoon I secured a particularly fine piece of oak and began working on it. I secured the two ends so it stood upright, then with Father's keen drawing knife began to shape it. I knelt on one knee, the other being directly under the knife as I drew it downward. Passing over a small knot I gave a tug at the knife. It slipped through the slight obstruction, and came with full force upon my right knee, cutting the kneecap in two, and allowing the joint water to escape. Then the blood came in dreadful profusion. I was carried into the house where Mother poured oil into the wound, then covered it perhaps two inches deep with the wood ashes. She then wrapped clean cloths around it, bound it securely to a board and I went on with my play, never losing an hour. I still bear a scar perhaps three inches long as a reminder of this wonderful healing.

When about fourteen years old I went once to the mountains with my Father for a load of red pine tan-bark. We used oxen for this work, which of necessity was slow and laborious. As a rule the oxen were very stupid, docile animals, but at this time we had one that was very unruly. One day he became unyoked and ran off down the mountain with me in close pursuit. Throwing and jumping over some boulders I stepped one foot in a crevice and fell forward, breaking my foot across the instep. Father released me from my painful position, gave me a blessing, and I went on with my work - healed.

Copied from a sketch
 Written by
 James E. Hall of Springfield, Mo.
 Son of Edward & Nancy (Ballinger) Hall

My father, Edward Hall, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, 15 November 1813. He was not an distant relative of Lyman Hall, one of those staunch, brave-hearted men who signed the Declaration of Independence. A more remote ancestor came to this continent in the Mayflower, seeking, with others, the religious freedom denied them in the world.

My mother, Nancy Eleanor Ballinger, was born in Russell County in Kentucky, 23 Oct 1827, and while her ancestors were not so prominent in public matters as those of my father, she often boasted, and justly, of a direct lineage of four generations of Americans. As time passed, my father and his twin brother Edwin, both unmarried, drifted into Iowa, where in a few years time they acquired a great deal of land, holding, among other possessions, one hundred and seventy-five acres of land where the city of Des Moines now stands.

The Hall brothers, Edward and Edwin, erected the first grist mill in Des Moines, having first to place a large dam in the Des Moines river, to furnish power for their mill.

Up until this time neither of my father nor Edwin had heard much except an occasional rumor concerning the Mormons, but during the construction of this work at Des Moines, six Mormon Elders were,

(^{continued} Mary Hall, eldest daughter of Edward Hall).

During the early part of 1842 the Hall brothers went on a trip to Illinois, where they met and married the Ballinger sisters, Nancy Eleanor and Cynthia Jane, on 2 February 1842. The marriage was arranged by parents - If young folks were all agreed. The boys journeyed to Illinois and were married the next day. Have heard mother say father spared just long enough to cut a rail in to.

When rumors of the wonders of California reached Iowa, the brothers decided they would go to secure some land in that region. It was decided that Edward, my father, should go to California and secure land for them both, while Edwin should remain in Iowa until he could dispose of their holding in that place.)

In the spring of 1850, the month of May, father and family started to California. My father's family at this time consisted of himself and wife and three children, the fourth having died some time previous.

For reasons of safety, my father joined a Mormon emigrant train. They had not been in the company of these people long until my mother was converted to the truth of the gospel and was baptized on the plains. Father, lacking to some extent his wife's clearer vision, did not accept the gospel during the journey.

The smallest child in father's family at this time was Sarah, a little girl four years of age. When two years old, having on new shoes, she had fallen on a freshly mowed floor and had dislocated her hip. Doctors had tried repeatedly, to set it, without success, and for two years she had been unable to stand.

alone. Now at the age of four she was a constant care to mother who was obliged to carry her about.

Brother Benson Hyde had charge of this train and used a light conveyance and horses in going back and forth among the different companies, whose vehicles were for the most part drawn by slow going open and cows. One morning Brother Hyde visited our company and mother felt inspired to ask him to administer to Jacob. She asked my father to go over to Brother Hyde, who was making hurried papers to return to the advance company, and ask him to come over to our camp and administer to the little cripple. Father, not being converted, ridiculed the idea and refused to go. Whereupon mother stood Jacob beside the wagon tongue, a favorite place of the child and saying, "I am going to get a good man and ask him to bless you so God will make you well," hurried as fast as she could toward Brother Hyde, but just before she reached him he could call out, "He drove away."

Shortly she retraced the one hundred yards to her own camp still so full of the great faith that had burned within her that she did not sense her disappointment. As she neared the wagon she heard a still little voice calling her, sweetly, joyously, and to her astonishment her little crippled child came running toward her crying, "I can walk, Mamma, I can walk, I can walk!" My mother's faith had made her whole.

One would suppose that such a blessing received by a member of his own family would have served to open my father's eyes concerning the gospel, but it did

these people were a very ordinary lot, full of faults and shortcomings, and he was inclined to look for perfection in people who professed to be the Lord's chosen.)

They arrived in Utah 12 September 1850, and on the 10 October I was born, being the fifth child in the family, and the fourth living at this time. He left mother in a rented house in Provo, while he went himself to Springville and bought a 40 acre piece where he began to cut hay from the same creek meadows for winter feed. He also began to a flour mill.

One of my earliest recollections is of sitting on a quilt spread on the bank of this same little creek and watching my mother, another white woman, and a young squaw bathing in it. The two women tried to duck the young young squaw, but were each ducked in turn by her, much to their chagrin and the squaw's delight.

During the year of 1851, father went ^{out} to California. He was still very desirous of seeing that wonderful country, and obtaining a generous slice of land for himself and brother. Mother, however, elected to remain with the Latter-day Saints in the land of Zion. Shortly after father left, another baby was born, a boy, Nephi Edwin.

When father reached San Bernardino he purchased a Spanish land grant consisting of one thousand acres, much of it lying within what is now the city boundaries of San Bernardino. He was delighted with the country and would probably have remained there many years, but for an incident which brought about his conversion to the truth of the Gospel, and thereby his

return to his family in Zion. While in San Bernardino father became dangerously ill of some sort of fever. In his hour of need his mind reverted to the healing of his own little crippled child, and sending for the Mormon Elders he received a miraculous healing at their hands. Immediately upon receiving Baptism father set about trying to dispose of this land, finally accepting 100 Spanish ponies in exchange. With this bunch of ponies he began the return trip to Utah, arriving with but sixteen of the original one hundred ponies. The Spaniards and Indians had managed to get the rest!

In the spring of 1853 the citizens of Springville decided to build a fort. A small one in the southwest part of town was first built. A larger one was later built near Utah Lake, and later still in 1855, this last fort was enclosed in a great wall, formed for the most part of clay and rocks. It was of sufficient width across the top that members of the martial band walked two abreast around the wall during the dedication. The soil for building this great wall had been taken from around the outside, especially at the corners where the greatest excavations were. Whenever people irrigated in that vicinity, the water would run into these excavations, (skillfully guided, no doubt, by many small hands) and formed rather fine swimming pools where the youngsters might safely enjoy the water. On one occasion I saved the life of another boy who had gotten beyond his depth.

During all this time we were continually surrounded by friendly Indians. They built their tipis in the
 1011
 ... through the little settlement

begging for whatever they happened to see and wanted. President Brigham Young had counseled the people to feed the Indians, and in this manner avoid ~~fight~~ fighting them. Added to this counsel was my mother's constant teaching to her children that these people were the remnant of God's chosen people and that they would some day return to his favor and become white and ~~delightful~~ ^{lovely}. Moreover she exhorted us to be always kind and friendly toward them, treating them honestly and fairly in every dealing.

I grew up having no fear of them, playing with the children and so accustomed to them that one eventful day when the Uttes from the south, in full war paint, rode through our little village on their way to give battle to the Snakes from the ~~west~~ north at Pleasant Grove, I was surprised and a little indignant when mother hurried me in down the street to the place where that battle was fought. It is now known as Battle Creek. Yes, for the most part the Indians were friendly, and still we know there were those among them who were treacherous, bloodthirsty, and who sought continually to stir up strife. One incident will suffice to show you the uncertainty of our lives at this time.

During the day the men, practically all of them, were away at work at their fields and farms leaving only women and children in the settlement. One such a day, mother was busy sweeping and cleaning the small cabin and I, about two years old, had thrown myself on the floor just inside the open door and lay with both feet sticking out. Suddenly a stealthy brown hand

lifted me up by it started off. Of course I screamed with all my might, both from fear and the agonizing pain - for he continued to carry me by one toe. Mother hurried to the rescue, beating and pounding him with the broom until he dropped me. Only a short time later, this same Indian, Squash-head, stole a little boy about my age, carried him to the lake, dismembered him, and burned him alive. His mother lost her reason and died within a short time. The Indians, although scantily clothed, were, speak of them as a whole class in their habits and mode of immorality, but there were grave ~~and~~ exceptions to this rule.

Once at a quilting, while the men were away, a big back, a gun slung on an arm, came sneaking around. He met a young girl outside the door and in his broken English, said something not exactly nice to her. The girl did not reply, he re-entered the house and shut the door. The enraged Indian deliberately raised his gun and shot through the door, but did not happen to injure any of the sixteen women present. Still, in spite of these things, mother taught us to treat the Red men fairly.

Once during this dangerous period, my brother William, then a boy of fourteen, was placed on a wild horse by an Indian. The horse, after plunging about, threw William off. He landed in a pile of rocks and boulders, and his neck was broken. I well remember how he looked. They carried him into the house. He was of course unconscious and his head hung limply to his body. Mother sent one of the boys in great haste for Brother Gardner, who was known among the Saints as a man who led an exemplary life, and a man of great faith and power in healing.

They returned with word that Brother Gardner could not be located, in fact the only Elder they could find was a Brother Cole. Our mother instructed them to go for him at once, but the children demurred, because it was well known the man was dishonest, but mother replied, "He holds the Priesthood, and it is the Priesthood I want."

Brother Cole came and administered to William, who was instantly healed under his hands. Now I have never ~~not~~ doubted for a minute that it was mother's devout faith that made him well. Brother Cole was greatly surprised that such a marvellous healing had been consummated under his hands. He made the remark at that time that, "it took a miracle (his wife's healing) to get me to join your church, and it will take a miracle every day to keep me in it."

My mother was a practical nurse; there was no such thing here as a doctor. Our reliance was on such simple home remedies as mustard draughts, and onion poultices - but more especially, olive oil, properly consecrated. This reliable first-aid we were never without no matter what else was needed. One other remedy mother always had ready for emergencies was a can of sifted wood ashes, which, being alkaline, acted as a disinfectant, also as an aid in staunching the flow of blood. But the possession of oil was imperative and we children were taught to put absolute reliance in its healing virtue combined with earnest prayer.

We undoubtedly received greater blessings in those days, but our needs were greater, our faith was greater, and we were a more united and humble people. The spirit of unity and service was with us.

gossamer ~~was~~ ^{was} while we went without bread, sometimes
 for days together, other means for sustaining life were
 provided. We used to dig a certain kind of thistle
 which had an edible root similar to a parsnip, and
 the root bulbs were delicious and nourishing. An old
 man went down to dig them and I followed and
 picked them up. In those days they grew to a
 goodly size - perhaps six or eight times as large as
 they do at the present time. I do not attempt to
 account for this. Besides we had wild game and
 fish. But what I wish to impress upon you is
 spirit with which these trials were endured, a spirit
 of kindness, fairness and generosity. Everything was
 shared alike.

The making of bows and arrows was one of
 the most common diversions of the boys in those days.
 One afternoon I secured a particularly fine piece
 of oak and began working on it. I secured the two
 ends so it stood upright, then with father's keen
 drawing knife began to shape it. I knelt on one knee,
 the other being directly under the knife as I drew it
 downward. Passing over a small knot I gave a
 tug at the knife. It slipped through the slight
 obstruction and came with full force upon my right
 knee, cutting the kneecap in ^{two} ~~two~~, and allowing the
 joint water to escape. Then the blood came in dreadful
 profusion. I was carried into the house where mother
 poured oil into the wound, then covered it perhaps two
 inches deep with the wood ashes. She then wrapped
 clean cloths around it, bound it securely to a
 board and I went on with my play, never being in
 pain. I still bear a scar perhaps three inches long
 as a reminder of this wonderful trial.

When about fourteen years old I went once to the mountains with my father for a load of good pine tar-bark. We used oxen for this work, which by necessity was slow and laborious. As a rule the oxen were very stupid, docile animals, but at this time we had one that was very unruly. One day he became unyoked and ran off down the mountain with me in close pursuit. In running and jumping over boulders I stepped one foot in a crevice and fell forward, breaking my foot across the instep. Father released me from my painful position, gave me a blessing, and I went on with my work - healed

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Name: Edward Hall**Birth Date:** 15 Nov 1813**Birth Place:** Waterbury, New Haven, Connecticut**Parents:** Jacob and Polly (Molly) Prichard Hall**Death Date:** 26 Aug 1886**Death Place:** Provo, Utah**Arrival:** 15 Sep 1850, David Evans Co.**Spouse:** Nancy Eleanor Ballinger**Marriage Date:** 01 Feb 1842**Marriage Place:** Brown County, Illinois**Spouse's Birth Date:** 23 Oct 1826**Spouse's Birth Place:** Jamestown, Russell, Kentucky**Spouse's Death Date:** 24 Jan 1890**Spouse's Death Place:** Springville, Utah

Edward had a twin brother, Edwin . Their father was a tailor and didn't have enough business to keep the twins employed, so when they were 15, they left home to make their own way. By 1841 they owned land and homes in Lee County, Iowa . When they had an opportunity to purchase more land, they met two of the owner's girls and married them. For eight years their families stayed together and built up land, including a grist mill. While in Des Moines, Iowa , they heard of California . It was decided that Edward and his family would go first. For protection they traveled with the David Evans Company of Mormon emigrants. Upon their arrival in the Valley, they moved on to Provo and then in the spring moved to Springville . When his family was settled, Edward went to California and bought a 1,000 acre farm where San Bernardino now stands. He became ill and some Mormon elders administered to him and he was healed. His wife had already joined the Church and after this he joined. He sold his land and returned to Springville and became a horticulturist. He remained active in the church and community all his life. Children: Mary Ann , b. 20 Dec 1842 . Md. 1st, 1 Mar 1857 , Lorenzo Johnson . Md. 2nd, 28 Oct 1880 , William Whiting . D. 17 Sep 1900 . William Isaac , b. 30 Sep 1844 . Md. 29 Dec 1865 , Lydia Sophronia Thorn . D. 17 Feb 1926 . Sarah Jane , b. 12 Oct 1846 . Md. 1st, 1 May 1864 , Philip Houtz . Md. 2nd, Marion Johnson . D. 8 May 1922 . John Thomas , b. 10 Dec 1848 . D. 3 Aug 1849 . Child. James Edward , b. 10 Oct 1850 , Provo, Utah . Md. 12 May 1873 , Mary Catherine Wiggins . D. 31 Mar 1928 . Nephi Edwin , b. 29 Jul 1852 , Springville, Utah . D. 27 Nov 1872 . Joseph Smith , b. 12 Dec 1854 , Springville, Utah . Md. 15 Nov 1878 , Sarah Sophronia Perry . D. 1 Oct 1916 . Martha Eleanor , b. 7 Apr 1857 , Springville, Utah . Md. 6 Dec 1874 , Richard Henry Thorn . D. 25 Oct 1936 . Harriet Elizabeth , b. 22 Apr 1861 , Springville, Utah . Md. 24 Jul 1878 , Robert Alexander Hutchinson . D. 9 Sep 1897 . Julia Rozeltha , b. 12 Jun 1863 , Springville, Utah . D. 27 Apr 1866 . Child. Lydia Moriah , b. 26 Nov 1865 , Springville, Utah . D. 30 Nov 1865 . Infant. Melza Gramoll