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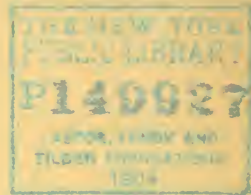


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W. J. Jenks

17th May



Captain  
John  
Hall

HIS ANCESTORS  
AND  
HIS DECENDANTS

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Hall

Hall, G



ADG





RECORDS OF  
Captain John Hall,

BORN MAY 27, 1723,  
DIED AUG. 6, 1777  
IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY.

With some Account of  
His Ancestors and  
Descendants.  

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Compiled by  
GILBERT EDGERTON HALL.

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1904.  
JOHN H. STINE'S PRINT.  
FREMONT, OHIO.



# Captain John Hall

## and Descendants.

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### CAPTAIN JOHN HALL AND JEMIMA (KINNEY) HALL.

Among the patriots of the Revolution none are more worthy of our admiration and respect than Capt. John Hall, and his equally patriotic wife, Jemima (Kinney) Hall. He died Aug. 6, 1777, one month after he was wounded at the Battle of Hubbardton. His wife, after having received many indignities at the hands of the British and Indians, and the loss of her property, lived to a good old age, and died Nov. 17, 1807.

John Hall was born at Plainfield, Conn., May 27, 1723. He was the son of Samuel Hall and Abigail Fellows. Samuel Hall, of Plainfield, was probably son of Samuel Hall of Stow, (born 1665), and he the son of Stephen Hall, of Stow, who was the son of Widow Mary Hall, the emigrant.

John Hall was married at Plainfield, on June 29, 1744, to Olive Spaulding. They had two children:

Olive, born May 22, 1745.

John, born July 3, 1747.

Olive the wife died Aug. 30, 1748. John then married his second wife, Mrs. Jemima (Kinney) Reed, as per the following record from the Town Clerk, of Plainfield:

2  
"To Mr. Ezekiel Pierce, Town Clerk of Plainfield,  
These may certify that on ye 6' day of June, Anno  
Domini 1749, Mr. John Hall, of Plainfield, and Mrs.  
Jemima Reed of Norwich, were joined together in mar-  
riage. Given in Newent in Norwich, this 6' day of  
June A. D. 1749'.

per Daniel Kirtland, Pastor."

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND JEMIMA HALL.

Silas, born May 19, 1750.

Asa, born Mar. 20, 1752.

Elias, born Oct. 2, 1754.

Alpheus, born Jan. 30, 1757.

Sylvina, born Nov. 15, 1759.

Dolly, born June 6, 1762.

*Ruena* → Ruena, born Mar. 30, 1765.

Lucy, born Sept. 8, 1767. *in York, Mass. 2-1768*

Daniel, born Dec. 30, 1769. Died Nov. 1, 1776.

Bela, (or Sela), born Feb. 3, 1772.

John Hall lived the early part of his life in Plain-  
field, where are recorded the births of his children Olive,  
John, Asa, Silas, Elias and Alpheus. Tradition says  
that he built the first saw-mill in Plainfield, hammering  
his saw out of a bar of iron. Some time after 1757 he  
moved to Windsor, Mass. where he was prominent in  
town affairs. He had a tavern, and was called Land-  
lord John Hall, and the town meetings were held at his  
house for a number of years. His name is frequently  
mentioned in the town records of Windsor as constable  
surveyor of "hieways", tythingman, etc. On the church  
records appears his name as member in 1773. Also the  
same year are recorded the baptisms of his children Dan-  
iel and Bela.

On page 16, Campaign of 1755, French and Indian  
War Rolls, appears the following: "John Hall, Private,

enlisted April 16, 1755, discharged Oct. 14, 1755, in Capt. Ezekiel Pierce's Co. (Capt. Pierce's residence Plainfield). This is believed to be our John Hall, who subsequently became Capt. John.

In 1775 he moved to Castleton, Vt. In "Miss Hemenway's Vt. Historical Gazeteer", Vol. 3, pages 507 and 511, is the following mention of him. "Castleton. Capt. John Hall came to Castleton in 1775, and settled on the East Hubbardton road, a mile and half north of the village. He lived but a short time, yet he was much respected, and gave promise of becoming a valuable citizen. He was chosen to represent the town in 1777 at Westminster, when the state was declared independent. This was the January previous to the skirmish at Castleton, preceding the Battle of Hubbardton, in which he was mortally wounded."

The following was taken from "Memorial Exercises held at Castleton, Vt., 1885", compiled by John M. Currie, M. D., Castleton, Vt. "Castleton, Village, Sunday, A. M. July 5, 1777. Capt. John Hall was mortally wounded in the same skirmish with Capt. Williams, where Fort Warren was afterwards built, and where John J. Langdon now resides. (1885) His remains were first buried in the graveyard on the east side of the road to East Hubbardton, about 40 rods north of Fort Warren, on a lot now owned by Mary Redfield. The east end of this lot, on the brow of the hill, was used as a cemetery by the early settlers in this portion of the town until the churchyard was opened in the village north of the new church. . . . Daniel Branch purchased this lot in 1835. A short time after he became deranged, and ordered all who had friends buried there to remove them; but only Elias Hall responded. He had the remains of his father and mother disinterred and

buried in the new church yard. . . . Lieut. Elias Hall and his brother Alpheus were taken prisoners at the skirmish in Castleton, taken to Ticonderoga, and shortly afterwards made their escape. Lieut. Elias Hall was in the battle of Stillwater and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. He died June 10, 1848, aged 94 years."

The following was compiled from epitaphs in the Castleton, Vt. churchyard: "John Hall, Captain of the Militia in Castleton, killed in an invasion by the British, July 6, 1777, in the 55th year of his age. Death did not take place till Aug. 6, 1777. He was killed by a scouting party of British soldiers and Indians, sent out by Col. Baum, about one half mile east of the village of Castleton, where the old stockade fort was afterwards built. He was born in Plainfield, Conn. and came to Vermont about 1775."

Captain Hall's family were all patriots, as his sons John, Silas, Asa, Elias and Alpheus, were all in the Continental army. They were in fact all the sons he had to give. They all survived the war, and became the heads of families, and have left a large number of descendants.

Jemima Hall was quite as remarkable as her husband. She comes of a distinguished ancestry, which is as follows:

I. Henry Kene, born about 1624, probably in Holland, died about 1712, in Salem, Mass. Some suppose that he was the son of Rev. John Canne, pastor of the church in Amsterdam. But this has not yet been proven.

II. Thomas Kinney, born Mar. 11, 1655, at Salem, married to Elizabeth Knight, daughter of John and Bathsheba (Ingersoll) Knight.

III. Joseph Kinney, born at Salem Sept. 7, 1680. Married Keziah, daughter of Jacob and Abigail (Towne) Peabody.

IV. Jemima Kinney, baptised July 31, 1730, probably only a few days old.

Jemima Kinney was married first to Silas Reed, of Norwich, Conn. May 15, 1746, by whom she had a daughter Ann. Of this daughter Ann we have been unable to learn anything further, whether she lived to grow up and marry or not.

Jemima (Kinney) Reed married second, John Hall, at Norwich, June 6, 1749. He died Aug. 6, 1777, and on Mar. 22, 1779 she was married to Hon. Samuel Coit, son of Rev. Joseph Coit. She died Nov. 17, 1807, and is buried by the side of her second husband, Capt. John Hall, in the old cemetery at Castleton, Vt.

She seems to have been a woman of much force of character, and many traditions are handed down concerning her. One says that after her husband's death the Indians drove off all their cattle and carried away their possessions, and tore her gold beads and ear-rings from her neck and ears. That she made a saddle of straw, and rode on horseback with her younger children to a place of safety. Another says that after the destruction of her home, she put in one end of a saddle bag the dictionary, which in her haste she mistook for the Family Bible, and in the other an iron kettle and some corn meal, to make hasty pudding on the journey, and taking one of the children in front and another behind, she rode many miles to a place of safety. The dictionary, "Jemima's Bible", is in the possession of Mr. Sidney Belcher, Newark Valley, N. Y., and the iron kettle in that of Mrs. S. B. Royce, Sheldon, Iowa, into whose possession it came after many vicissitudes, and being in the hands of many different owners.

Mrs. Caroline (Hall) Smith, youngest daughter of Alpheus Hall, the son of Capt. John, took a great deal of



interest in the family history, and made many records, which have been preserved to us, and are now in the hands of her great niece, Miss Charlotte Electa Hall, Milton, Vt.

Mrs. Hall seems to have been of a strongly religious nature, and among the letters preserved by Mrs. Smith is one describing her religious experience. This was written to her sister in Norwich, Conn., and reminds one of the famous sermon of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Jonathan Edwards preached for many years at Northampton and Stockbridge, Mass., both of which places were only a few miles from Windsor, and it is quite probable that she may have heard his preaching. At all events that was the style of the times, and the letter is interesting as showing the strenuous lives our ancestors lived. The letter is as follows:

LETTER OF JEMIMA (KINNEY) HALL, DESCRIBING HER CONVERSION.

GAGEBOROUGH, MASS., May 14, 1774.

Dear Brother and Sister:

Since you are desirous to have something from my own mouth, I take this opportunity to give you a few hints of the exercises of my mind of late. If I should write the whole it would fill a considerable volume. I had been under some degree of concern all winter, but not to that degree which some have been. Mr. Avery's prayers are these: He thanked God that he had mercy on whom he would have mercy, and whom He would He hardened. I underwent a great deal of bodily weakness, and cloaked my concern under that, so far as that my own family never mistrusted my concern till about a week before I met with my supposed change, which was on the 20th of March. I can say so far with Mr. Brainard, I was born on the Sabbath day and I think I have reason to hope I was newborn on the Sabbath day. But whether I shall die on a Sabbath day I know not.



Mr. Avery told me on Saturday evening that God and the devil had a great controversy which should have my heart forever, and it would most likely be determined some one way or the other, which gave me such a shock, I thought I would set about the work in earnest, and thought I would be more engaged than ever I had been before. When the family were all gone to bed, I sat up alone to read, meditate and pray. When I attempted to pray, I was seized with such guilt, horror and confusion, to think of coming before that Great and Holy God whom I had infinitely offended, that I could not open my mouth nor utter a single sentence. I was brought to such a strait I thought if I did not ask, I could not expect to receive. I continued in this posture about half an hour, when I had made my repeated attempts. My mouth was sealed up in silence, and I was awfully confounded before my Maker. I knew not what to ask for, or what I stood in need of, any more than a little child. I begged God to teach me and direct me how to pray and what to pray for. And all of a sudden those words came into my mind with great power, like thunder from Mount Sinai, "Commit thy way unto the Lord." These were sent home with such force and energy, as that they seized every limb and joint in my body, so that I fell instantly to the floor as weak as water. They filled me with such consternation and convulsions, I thought for some time I was dying. I knew not what it was to commit my ways unto the Lord, but I thought if it required some outward act, I could do it with all my heart. I soon saw it was not that which was herein required, but it must be the heart and nothing short of that. I then begged God that Satan might not have the possession of my heart any longer, but that he would take full possession of it himself, that he would bow my stubborn will and bring it in subjection to his will. It seems as though he gave me clearness of thought and freedom of speech and enabled me to ask for things I needed. I thought I could not give sleep to my eyes nor slumber to my eyelids until Christ should be formed in me. I thought I could never leave wrestling till I had obtained a blessing. I knew God was dealing with me. I begged that that might be the time of my conversion,

*hall*

if it was his will, and if he was otherwise determined I desired that I might see all his ways and dealings concerning me to be right. I felt willing to wait God's time, although I was so exercised in body and mind for near two hours as that I thought life was going, I was not afraid of death. I was calmed in a moment, and felt as serene as ever I did in my life. I wondered what was the matter. I thought I had not committed my ways unto the Lord. I did not know but my concern was about to leave me, but yet I was not distressed about the danger of my state. Those words of our Saviour which we have in Matt. 8-2-6 came to my mind: "Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm". It seems a little strange to me now, but so it was. I did not know that I had any love for God for a space of two days after this memorable night. I think I can say with safety and propriety, I have known what it is to be humbled before my Maker, and to be willing to be in subjection to his will and to be brought as low as he pleases to have me, and the lower the better. The first view I had of God's decrees concerning mankind, as set forth in the Scriptures, were most ravishing to my heart. They appeared so unalterably fixed and so perfectly right, that they gave me more joy and satisfaction than any earthly comfort ever did. Those words of Christ's, "Till Heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" so overcame me, it seemed as if nature could bear no more. I then believed the Bible was the word of God, and that not one word that he ever spoke should or could possibly fail. I was then led in a most affecting manner as I thought, to take a view of the eternal world, and saw how God had made mankind and placed them here upon the earth as probationers for eternity. It seemed as if he let them go on in their own ways, to see if any would serve Him. They appeared to me like the mote in the air, and which by one blast or puff of wind, are all blown out of sight. I saw that God upholds man by his Almighty power; and that if he should withdraw that power millions would sink into hell in a moment. The next day as I was reading the Scriptures, they appeared so beauti-

ful for a rule of life, to lead and guide into all truth, and shined with such a glorious light and lustre, that it gave me a new spring of action. I thought then that if I had been in ever so eager pursuit after any earthly gain, let it have been ever so large, and I had laid the best constructed plans I possibly could to obtain it, and had it been brought to pass exactly according to my highest wishes in every respect, it could not have given me the thousandth part of that satisfaction and comfort I then enjoyed. Things appear in a different light to me from what they used to. The Bible seems to be a new book. Sermons appear new, Psalms and hymns all new, a new beauty and glory shine out in all. The first sermon I ever heard with new ears, was from *Psa. 73, 25*, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and on earth there is none I desire beside thee". I can truly say this food was sweet to taste. I was stayed with flagons and comforted with apples, and my soul witnessed to every sentence. Very soon after this the meeting was held at Capt. Cady's, as it is every other Sabbath, and my indisposition of body was such I could not attend there; but still felt loath to be denied hearing, and an evening lecture was appointed at our house, when Mr. Avery preached from *Rev. 6-17*, "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand". I felt such guilt upon me to think that I had been about to mention God's name, when as I feared I knew nothing about him. I thought I had never heard such a sermon in all my life. I was searched so close as that I was afraid I should not be able to stand. I thought Satan would rejoice and God's enemies triumph. I was so grieved to think I had hereby dishonored God and brought reproach upon religion. I felt unworthy to be suffered to live upon God's earth, and it seemed as though I should never dare to see any person again as long as I lived. I think I passed through a fiery furnace and came out purified in some degree. I see that God knows how to deal with his creatures, to humble and discipline them in the best and wisest manner for his use and service. Oh it is truly blessed to be educated in the school of Christ. I have been more calm, settled and steadfast in my mind ever since. I have at sundry times

seen so much of the glory of the Lord in His wonderful works, as that I have been almost overcome and swallowed up in praising and adoring admiration. The tender spires of grass have served as so many fingers to direct me to God. The plan of divine government appears to be a most benevolent plan, and altogether right and just in everything. The ways of the Lord all appear to be equal. I can rejoice in God's government more than in all riches, and it gives me the most exalted pleasure and delight to see Him on the Throne. He is infinitely equal to the great work of governing the world himself. In this view of things I am willing to be sick or to be well, to live or to die, and death in the nearest views of it has appeared sweet to me. Thus I have given you a short sketch, and but a little more than hinted at things, when I might easily enlarge, were I to enjoy a personal interview with you. I have nothing whereof to glory. I am one of the chiefest of sinners and have richly merited everlasting burnings. If there is any alteration in my state for the better, it is wholly owing to free sovereign grace. I have infinite reason to be abased before God and to exalt His holy name forever. When you receive this letter, I beseech you give all the glory to God our Maker. He works wonders for His great name sake, and so hides pride from man. Oh how beautiful and excellent are all His ways. Praise Him, all ye His angels, bless Him and praise His name forever, all ye His saints! Oh how happy and blessed are all the inhabitants of the world of glory, whose work is praise. Oh how sweet the prospect of joining their number ere long, and singing Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb. O glorious King, us thither bring, to sing thy praise. Dear Brother and Sister, as you have been long in the school, I trust you have made great advances, and are daily going on from glory to glory. I trust I need not exhort you, as though you were ignorant of the hidden life, but let me entreat you to make thorough work of religion. Give yourselves wholly to it. Live fast and run sure. Let your eyes look right on and your eyelids straight before you. The good of God's kingdom is the one thing needful. O let an unbelieving world know that there is an everlasting

certainty in religion. Shine, shine as lights before a dark and benighted world. Be reconciled to the Cross, and never let us think of going to heaven in any other way, than that which the crucified Saviour has marked out. Please give my love to my dear relatives, and especially to your children, and tell them for me, my whole heart invites them to share a part with God's people. O entreat them not to delay repentance and not to treat a precious and altogether lovely Christ with ingratitude and abuse any longer. O that they may remember their Creator now in the days of their youth, before the evil days come on.

I long to see you and mingle souls with yours once more this side eternity. O the pleasing thought of spending or rather enjoying an eternity together. Let us wait with patience and endure as seeing him who is invisible, and then,

"We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice  
The trumps of God shall sound rejoice".

I will not interrupt you. I know you want to say Amen! Hallelujah! When you are upon the mount and near the Throne, forget not your poor and feeble, but very affectionate Sister,

Jemima Hall.

To  
Capt. Stephen Johnson  
and Mary his wife,  
of Norwich, Conn.

Below we give a letter of consolation written her by Rev. David Avery, on the death of her husband. This is also interesting as showing the religious thought of the times. It will be understood that Gageborough is the same as Windsor, both being names of the same place. This Rev. David Avery seems to have been quite a distinguished divine of the day, and his granddaughter, Mrs. Hannah C. Partridge, of Jewett City, Conn., is in possession of an oil painting of him, and of numerous papers that belonged to him.



LETTER OF REV. DAVID AVERY TO MRS. JEMIMA HALL.

PEEKS KILL, Oct. 4th, 1777.

My dear Afflicted Sister:

It is the gracious promise of our Lord, that as our day is, so shall our strength be. He will put underneath the Everlasting Arms. The farther we march in this world of sin and sorrow the more we shall experience the truth of the Divine promise. It is true my sister, that you are bereaved of the desire of your eyes, the dear partner of all your joys and sorrows. Methinks I hear you crying out in all the anguish of a deeply afflicted mourner, Pity me! Pity me! O my friend, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me. This mourning sorrow deeply prostrates my heart, and makes in me the most sensible sympathy and grief. Were I in your presence my dear sister, I would pour forth the genuine effusion of my heart, and mingle a shower of tears in your lap. Yes, on such occasion, tears of compassion cannot cease to flow. I have united with him in a brotherly covenant. We have walked to the house of God in company, and taken sweet counsel together. But madam, it is you, and your afflicted family who can make a full estimate of the loss you now sustain. O how complicated your sorrows. Deep calleth unto deep. Your furnace must be intense. Ah! so it needs must be. It is through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Flesh and flood can never reveal this fact to us, and though tedious to endure it is the only way to consummate bliss. Oh! how wondrous are God's judgments, and his ways past finding out. His righteousness is as the great mountain, and endureth to all generations. We must have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings as well as in His word and government; indeed; all our sufferings take place under the direction of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, and I hope that you see that the Judge of all the earth does right. Afflictions when sanctified, are blessings in disguise, and produce the favorable fruits of righteousness, and though they be light and last for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Remember,

that weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. O then wait on the Lord, and He shall keep your courage up, and establish all your goings. When the streams are dried up let us repair to the full fountain. Oh! the fullness of Divine Grace. How vast, how boundless, how infinite, the ocean of God's love. Let this be our delightful theme, and the refreshing of our souls. While we are marching and countermarching through the dry and thirsty wilderness and desert of this present world, let us never again set our affections on things of this world. When we seek after happiness in the creation, we shall find everything hidden, God himself declaring to us in loudest accents, "It is not in me", and all with united voice, and as so many faithful preachers direct us to look above. And Oh! what high attainments shall we arrive to, when we once shall be so wise as to go out of ourselves, and place our hope alone in God. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have passed through many trials, and have experienced much of the divine goodness. Upon a review of the way the Lord has led me, I must acknowledge His dealings all appear kind and good. I can now say I would not have any one thing altered on my account. Divine government is perfect. But I have been rebellious, my heart has been too much set on created good and therefore disappointment was necessary. Oh what sacrifices must be made to Jesus Christ, in order that He may reign exalted in our hearts. This is a state of discipline, and would we reign with Christ we must suffer with Him, and forsake all and follow Him. Let us not think our call singular. Truly God deals with us as with children. Let all our sorrows, pains and crosses, serve to wean us from the world, and excite us to long for that Rest which remains for the People of God, if we ever should be so happy as to obtain that glory. Oh! what a joy and praise. I sometimes long to begin the work. In that great assembly I hope to meet a few for whose salvation I have labored in dear Gageborough. Oh that I may have many from that place to be my joy and crown in the day of the Lord Jesus. Would to God that some of the prayers

which have been offered to Him on this head may find audience. Oh that there may yet be much fruit of the word of the kingdom sown there. I hope through marvelous grace that I shall be a sweet saviour unto Christ in some at least, who believe in Gageborough. Their greatest good lies near my heart, and I long exceedingly to see you all again. I hope my dear sister Lyon is strong in grace, that is in Christ Jesus. My dear sister Hopeall was undoubtedly in Christ before her, I am persuaded grows in grace. I expect that our dearly beloved sister Converse walks with God. I fear that dear disciple, sister Spaulding is again called to mourning. If so I hope she finds the consolations of God to be neither few nor small, and that the Angel of the Covenant is with her of a truth. Oh where is my dear sister Lydia, whose heart was so early opened that she really heard the word spoken by me. I greatly long to hear from you all, my much esteemed brothers and sisters in Christ. I hope they are all repining for a better world. Pray give my hearty love to them all. Much sympathizing love to all your dear family. May the Lord take them under His special care and be their God. To mercy I commend His you all.

David Avery

Capt. John Hall must have been a man of some means. Two of his sons; Alpheus and Elias, who served in the Patriot army, in their latter years, presented a petition to Congress asking for assistance and a restoration of some of their father's possessions which had been taken away and destroyed. This is interesting as showing what the household effects were, and indicated a considerable prosperity.

PETITION TO CONGRESS BY ELIAS AND ALPHEUS HALL.

To the Honorable, the Congress of the United States, to be convened in the City of Washington on the fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. We the subscribers, Elias Hall, of Castleton, in the County of Rutland and State of Yermont, and Alpheus Hall of Milton, in the County of Chittenden and State of



Vermont, beg leave to present our petition to your Honorable body in the words following: Being the youngest sons and legal heirs of Capt John Hall, formerly of Castleton aforesaid, who was mortally wounded in battle with the enemy, on the sixth day of July one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, and died of his wounds August the sixth of the same year. And we your petitioners, being in the same battle, were both made prisoners by the enemy, and were kept at hard labor until we made our escape, But when we returned home a new scene of distress awaited us. The family being obliged to make their escape, were in the midst of battle, and never returned home afterwards, gave the enemy a better chance for plunder, and they made up of it; for they carried away and destroyed all the property which our Father had at that time, which was as follows, as near as we can recollect, Viz: Two horses, two oxen, five cows, five yearlings, one yoke and two chains, one new cart, one sleigh and harness, fifty bushels of wheat in bin, four acres of wheat and two of rye on the ground, fifty hides of leather in the vats, one new desk, four feather beds and bedding, one large looking-glass cost at that time about seventeen dollars, one new saddle and bridle, one ladie's saddle and bridle, together with all the furniture and our wearing apparel, except what we had on our backs. Likewise all our father's papers were destroyed, and we were reduced in one hour from affluent circumstances to extreme poverty and distress. And we never have received one cent for the property thus destroyed, which we think would be valued at that time at fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars. And we your Petitioners, would farther represent to your Honorable body, and endeavor to show cause why we petition in our own names. We had three older brothers, which were settled with one hundred acres of land each, given to them by our Father. We your petitioners, being the youngest sons of our father, lived at home, expecting at some future day to receive the farm we lived on, containing about four hundred acres. But unfortunately our Father's papers being destroyed by the enemy, that when the estate was settled, the claims against the estate, which were allowed by the commissioners, cancelled the whole

of his farm, within nineteen shillings and six pence. Now we were once more left in an almost helpless condition, but enjoying good health and a wide world before us, we took courage and agreeing with the creditors to pay their demands at a given time, we took the farm into our possession. And by the blessing of a kind providence on our industry, we after a number of years of hard labor, had the happiness to say "The Farm is ours". Thus it will be seen that we have never received any of our father's property, and your petitioners would farther make known to your Honorable body some reasons why we have not made application before this late day, which is sixty years since. At that time all was confusion and dismay. The enemy coming in like a flood, our own army on the retreat before them, and nothing appeared but destruction and poverty. Property at that time was almost out of the question. It was Life and Liberty we were contending for. But a brighter day soon appeared. The decree had gone forth "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther". The enemy were captured and some property of our Father's was retaken by the American Army and one of your Petitioners made application to the Commanding Officer for the same, but could not obtain it. Thus our hopes were again frustrated, and we thought best to say no more. And our own government for a number of years was not in fact able to make restitution for property lost, and we had almost concluded to give this matter up and say no more. But with the advice of our friends, and our own necessity, we now pray for relief. We have borne a part of the burden and heat of the day, the family lost all their property, we have fought and bled, and our own Father lost his life in the defense of our country. And your petitioners have arrived to old age, one being eighty-three the other eighty, and unable to labor, and some relief from our Government would cheer our drooping spirits in the declining years of life. We have made a correct statement of facts as near as we can recollect. There being no living witnesses that can identify to the property loss, we have got the best that the nature of the case would admit of. We therefore, your humble Petitioners, request your Honorable Body to take our case under your

wise consideration and grant each of us such sums as you in your wisdom shall think proper. And we your Petitioners, in duty bound, will ever pray.

Elias Hall.

Alpheus Hall.

Capt. John Hall had twelve children, and their descendants must number into the thousands, and are scattered all over the country. They have made good substantial citizens, and have been eminently respectable. At least nine of them are known to have married and had families. As far as we have been able to learn the marriages of the children were as follows:

\* Olive the oldest daughter we have been unable to trace.

It is not known whether she lived to grow up or not.

John married Mary Stevens, and moved to Cambridge, N. Y. Was Orderly Sergeant in the Revolutionary War. About 1810 moved to Pittsford, Vt. thence to Chittenden, Vt. thence to Luzerne, N. Y. where he died about 1842. He had children, Elias, (married Sarah Buck.) John, Royal, Ira, Mary, Samuel, Harvey, Mercy and Olive.

Silas married Abigail \_\_\_\_\_, and had children, Electa, Silvina, Orvilla, Perley, Althina and Abigail. The family lived in the northern part of Vt.

Asa Hall was a private in the Revolutionary War, and lived in Windsor, Mass. Married Abigail Converse, and had children as follows:

Charlotte, married \_\_\_\_\_ Stone.

Phanele, married Wm. Prince.

Olive, married Wm. Clark.

Asa, 2nd, married Martha Ford.

Daniel, died at 3 months old.

Polly, died at 11 months:

Daniel 2nd, married 1st, Lydia Smith. married 2nd, Sally Smith.

\* MARRIED SAMUEL WHEELER, BORN 1733; (M) 1765

Clark, married Betsey Parker.

Abigail, (also called Nabby) married Festus Francis.

Alvah, married Nancy Bussey.

Elias, died at 23 years, unmarried.

Polly 2nd, died at 14 months.

Clarissa, married Chauncy Baldwin.

Elias married 1st Nancy , 2nd Mary He lived at Castleton, Vt., but we have been unable to get his family record. He at least had a son Harry. He was a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary War, and lived to be 94 years old, remarkably well preserved.

Alpheus married Mercy Blinn. Served honorably in the Revolutionary War. Lived in Castleton and South Hero, Vt., and died in Milton, Vt. Had children as follows:

Lucy, married Elijah Levings.

Daniel, unmarried, died at 29 years.

Jemima, married Oliver Janes.

Almira, unmarried, died at 38 years.

Lucina, unmarried, died at 29 years.

Alpheus, married Charlotte Pearl.

Lorenzo, married Marcia Phelps.

Clarissa, unmarried, died at 73 years.

Israel, unmarried, died at 21 years.

Celia, married Rev. James Doherty.

Caroline, married Henry Smith.

Sylvina married Elisha Safford, lived in Royalton, N. Y. and died in Elba N. Y. Had children as follows:

Elias, married Rebecca Shaw.

Roxy, married Abram Haskins.

Daniel, married Agnes Meacham.

Elisha, married Olive Tracy.

Sylvina, married Abel Cankins.

Jonas, married Martha Sage.

Darius, married 1st Betsey Hardy, 2nd Elisa Everts. Below is a copy of a letter written by Sylvina (Hall) Safford, from her home in western N. Y. to her brother Alpheus in Vt.

ROYALTON, N. Y., June 28, 1831.

Dear Brother:

Long has it been silent between us forty three years are nearly completed since I last saw you. God has seen fit to compass me about with many sorrows since that time, but I will not despise the chastening of the Almighty for He upholds with one hand while He casts down with the other. Seventy-two years of my life are nearly completed they are gone with the years before the flood. I am a feeble woman with many of the infirmities of age upon me. I often think in the morning when I arise that I have great reason to rejoice that I have one more opportunity to call upon God. I feel that the lamp of life will soon go out, blessed be the Lord who has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. My dear Brother I never expect to meet you again in this life but I have often thought that it would be a great pleasure to meet and converse with you, I hope that God by his grace will prepare us to meet in that world where sin and sorrow will find no admission but I can sing of mercy as well as judgment. The lives of my seven children have been spared as far as I know to this time. I am now living with my eldest son Elias ten miles from Lockport, three of my other sons, Daniel, Jonas and Darius, live in the west part of this state, Elisha in Pennsylvania. Roxy lives in Adams and is the only one left in Massachusetts. Sylvina lives in Otsego County about seventy miles from Albany, where I had lived for several years before I came to this country about eight years since. You have undoubtedly heard of the decease of brother Asa and his wife. Theodore Sprague has been dead about five years, Amy about three years. Your friend Mr. Campbell is bearer of this letter with whom my son is some acquainted will bring me a letter from you which I shall look for with great anxiety. Do write what may

be interesting to know of your family whether our dear brothers at Castleton are living and whether you know anything relative to brother Silas Safford, who when we last heard from him was very feeble, and all other subjects which you may think interesting. Remember me to all your family and except assurance of my best wishes for your present and future happiness.

Alpheus Hall.

Sylvinia Safford.

Honored Uncle:

I have written my mother's letter under her special directions, I was happy to find an opportunity by which she could have a communication with you and hope it will be to you a satisfaction. I am far advanced in life myself. Shall have but few opportunities of corresponding with my Uncle, which I have always done with pleasure. I am fifty five years old, have ten children living with and near me. Should any of your family come to this part of the country, I shall be happy to receive a visit from them.

Yours with affectionate regard,

Mr. Alpheus Hall.

Elias Safford.

On the outside it is addressed to

Col. Alpheus Hall,  
Grand Isle,  
Vermont.

Dolly died March 26, 1777. In some family records there is a statement "Dolly Hawkins died March 26, 1777, in her 15th year". This would indicate either that she had married a man by the name of Hawkins, or that she had a middle name, which the birth record did not give. We have been unable to learn anything further.

Ruamy married Isaac Coit, son of Benj. Coit, and grandson of Samuel Coit, whom her mother Jemima Hall had married for her third husband. She had children as follows, 15 in all:

William, married Huldah Watts.



Alethina, married Elisha Tinker.

Benjamin, died at 18 years.

Roger, married Hannah Herrick.

Mary, married Ephraim Tinker.

Harvy, married Nancy Stone.

Abby, married Matthew G. Wilbur.

John H., married Betsey Brewster.

Martha, married Nahum Gale.

Harte, married Clark Goss.

Billings, married Harriet Wright. WRIGHT

Gurdon C., married Sophronia Stone.

Benjamin 2d, married 1st, Alice Knight, married 2d,  
Emily Miller.

Alonzo. died at 25 years.

Samuel, died at 18 days.

Lucy married Joseph Belcher, and had children as follows:

Lydia, married Alexander Gaston.

Jonathan, married Betsey Bement.

Abigail, married Daniel Gilbert.

Lucy, married Johu W Bessac.

Joseph, married Wealthy Whiting.

Frederick, married Rebecca Brown.

Elijah, married Polly Waldo.

Maria, married J. Talcott Waldo.

Esther, died at 16 years old.

Betsey, married Orlando Edgar Warren.

Susan, died at 20 years.

Harriet, married Clark Waldo.

Daniel, died Nov. 1, 1776, aged 7 years.

Bela or Selah, usually called by the latter name, and sometimes Celia, married Rufus Hatch, and lived at Monroe Center, Ohio. Had children as follows :

Daniel, Harvey, Rufus, (married Fanny Hunt,) Lucy,  
(married Eaton.) Sophia, Sukey, Allethina, (married  
Sanborn,) Woodbury, Lydia, (married

Sanborn,) Alpheus, (married Eunice Frank,)  
 Abigail, (married Richardson.)

A letter written by Selah (Hall) Hatch has been preserved, and is given below. It is interesting as giving some account of her family.

MONROE, OHIO, Sept. 26, 1830.

Dear Brother and Sister:

We received your kind letter of the 9th inst. just yesterday, the same day that Mr. Landon was at our house. We were glad to hear from you and to learn that you enjoyed as good health as you do. We are all enjoying a good degree of health. We were glad to have a particular account of your family and their circumstances. To gratify your wishes we will endeavor to give you an account of ours. Daniel our oldest son is married and has four sons and one daughter, and has buried one son. Harvey our second is married and has five sons. Rufus our third is married and has four sons and one daughter. Woodbury our fourth is married and has one daughter. Lucy our oldest daughter is married and has two sons and two daughters and has buried one son. Allethina our second daughter is married and has one son and two daughters making in all 23 grand-children now living. They all live within a mile and a half of us and are in comfortable circumstances. Do not possess abundance of this world's goods, but have the necessaries of life. Lydia, Alpheus and Abigail live at home with us. Allethina and Woodbury are the only two of our children that have made a public profession of Religion. Allethina has joined the Freewill Baptist church and Woodbury the Christian connexion. We were gratified to learn that you ever indulged the thought of coming to this country. We wish you not to give over the idea. The coming would be but trifling if once undertaken. If you should come by water, which I think the most advisable, the nearest place of landing would be at Salem, mouth of Comeaut Creek, six miles from us. If you should take the steam boat at Buffalo you would probably land at Erie 30 or at Ashtabula, 15 miles from us. The distance from here to



Cincinnati, the place we understand by your letter your wife's connexions live is about three hundred miles, one hundred thirty by land to Pittsburg, one hundred seventy from that to Cincinnati, which will be by water. Elder Perley Hall spent three or four weeks with us last winter. He appeared to be a very fine man, and by what we can learn a man of respectability. We heard by him from his father's family also from Brother Elias, but as you probably hear from them much oftener than we do any particulars would be uninteresting.

We are pleasantly situated here and well pleased with the country, but we are informed there is a much better country to the far west. But having lived in different places and being satisfied there is not so much difference in countries as many imagine, I think we shall spend our few remaining days where we are, and if we never have the pleasure of meeting again in time may the tenor of our lives be such that when we return to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, may we have the consolatory hope that we may meet in that temple not made with hands eternal in the Heavens, is the prayer of your Brother and Sister.

Rufus Hatch

Selah Hatch.

Alpheus Hall.

Mercy Hall.

P. S. We wish you to write much oftener than you have done as we shall ever be glad to hear from you.

On the outside it is addressed

Mr. Alpheus Hall,

South Hero, Grand Isle Co., Vt.

Caroline Hall, daughter of Alpheus, who has been mentioned before, made a journey to visit her Aunt Selah and family, and wrote an account of it, which shows to some extent the impressions made on her young mind. This letter is as follows:

## LETTER OF CAROLINE HALL.

Monroe, Ohio, June 24, 1834.

Tuesday P. M.

Dear Sister:

After a week and one day's absence from home, I have found time at last to write. You will perhaps like to hear some account of our journey here. We left Burlington 9 o'clock Monday evening, and arrived at Whitehall Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. From thence we took the stage to Saratoga, (thinking it to be the more expeditious way). After we arrived there we visited the Springs and drank bountifully of its waters, but were not conscious of experiencing any material benefit or injury thereby. Saratoga is a most delightful village, some of the most beautiful buildings here I ever saw. We stopped at this place an hour or two, and then took passage in the steam cars for Schenectady. The railroad itself and cars are no great curiosity, but to see them in operation is quite curious. We traveled the distance of twenty-one miles in two hours, including stopping places. Our flight was so rapid that I was fearful it would affect our nerves and cause sickness, but it proved quite the reverse. Indeed if we had been unwell we could not have realized it. Imagine to your self a string of carriages or cars fifteen rods in length, moving with such velocity without any perceivable power, and you will have some idea of railroad cars. On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock went on board a canal boat, which we called home. We passed through many flourishing and handsome villages, some of them very romantic, the village of Little Falls, for instance, It is entirely surrounded by mountains, and contains three or four houses of public worship. Here the canal is cut through a solid rock upon one side for a mile and a half and the Mohawk River on the other. The canal is fifty or sixty feet higher than the river, and a wall is built upon the bank that height. It is a great curiosity. We were deprived of the privilege of seeing Utica, having passed it in the night. The country for sixty miles beyond Utica is unpleasant; being very low and marshy, and filled with swamps. Every six, eight or ten miles a little village has

sprung up within a few years. After passing Montezuma we entered a large marsh three miles in width, over which a bridge is erected for the horses to pass over. This place has the appearance of a pond or creek. The next large town we entered was Syracuse. Here was grandeur itself. It was just at sunset when we entered this place. The scenery was beautiful beyond description. Each side of the canal is lined with lofty buildings from three to four stories high. There the Oswego Canal intersects the Erie. One mile and a half north are the salt works of Salinas. Here the country begins to assume a handsome appearance. On Saturday morning we entered the city of Rochester. Spent the whole day and had an opportunity of walking about the streets and seeing a good part of the city. It is said to contain 15,000 inhabitants. It was certainly the largest city I ever was in. Here every stranger that arrives visits Genesee Falls. Of course I did. These falls are rendered doubly interesting from the fact that Sam Patch made his last leap here. I was shown the place from whence he jumped, and thought what a preposterous being was man. The water falls the distance of ninety feet perpendicular, and forms a most beautiful rainbow. The falls are of a circular form. The river is perhaps a hundred rods in width. There are eleven places of public worship, and another elegant building called 'The Arcade. We left Rochester 7 o'clock and Sunday night at the same hour entered Lockport. Here I suppose is one of the greatest works of art that perhaps is in the United States or in the world. Half a mile below the village the canal is dug between two high hills till we get to the locks. Here we rise sixty feet from one lock into another in the space of ten rods. We walked all over this place, for we were almost afraid of staying in the boat for fear of its being filled with water. But I suppose there was no danger, as the boat went through without any difficulty. Here the canal is cut through a solid rock for three miles, being just wide enough for boats to pass. The wall on each side is twenty or thirty feet high. I stood upon deck a good part of the time in going through this place, for I thought it a great curiosity and I was resolved to see all that was worth seeing. Monday morn-

ing at sunrise we found ourselves on the bank of Niagara River opposite Grand Island. In a short time we came to Black Rock, a pretty little village opposite Fort Erie in Canada. The river here has the appearance of a lake. Going three miles further we entered Buffalo, the great emporium of the west. We were glad to leave the canal, for it is a dirty place as I ever saw, but the accommodations are very good. We stopped in Buffalo about two hours, waiting for the steam boat. This place commands the handsomest prospect from the lake I ever beheld. At nine o'clock we left the harbor, and for the first time had a view of Lake Erie. It is the most beautiful expanse of water imaginable, of a palish green color, and as the sun shone on it gave it the appearance of so many rainbows. It was a perfect calm in the forenoon, and the scenery was almost enchanting. We went upon the upper deck where we could have a view of Canada, Niagara River and New York State on the south. The lake grows wider as we leave the harbor, and we had a full and perfect view of the whole city as far as the eye could reach. In ten and a half hours from the time we left Buffalo we landed at Conneaut in Ohio, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles at the rate of thirteen miles per hour. It was about dark when we got to land, so we put up to a tavern over night, and the next morning about six o'clock came to our Uncle's in Monroe. Found them all in good health and glad to see us. They have two children at home whom I like very much. Aunt appears and looks very much as I thought she did. I was apprehensive our journey would be too fatiguing for father and mother, but they endured it remarkably well. The first night we came on to the canal mother was some unwell, but since that time has not been troubled. Slept just as well as she ever did. Father is just the same. They are not willing to return till we have been to Cincinnati. Our expenses have been considerable, but hope we shall have sufficient to carry us through. I have not had a chance to see much of the country in Ohio. The greatest difference I know is that the sun rises in the South and sets in the North. We have wished a number of times that our whole family were with us, we should not return. We like the coun-

try much. If Alpheus or Lorenzo would take a journey into these parts of the world I think they would not repent it. For my part I don't value the expense though I should pay it myself. My own health has been excellent. The day we spent in Rochester I had a turn of the headache, though not severe. We were fearful of being seasick in crossing the lake but never felt better. We have had good company a greater part of the way, some going to Michligan, some to Cincinnati and to every other place. We shall return home probably by the first of August. We shall take the stage at this place for Pittsburgh, it being the cheapest and shortest route. We shall arrive in Cincinnati three days sooner than by going on the canal. Probably by the time you get this we shall be there. Hope you will not be uneasy about us. If any of us should be sick we shall write again.

Yours &c

Caroline Hall.

Miss Clarissa Hall,  
Milton,  
Chittenden Co.,  
Vermont.

There is extant a portion of a letter written by Caroline Hall to Byrant Hall, grandson of Silas Hall, which gives her authority for many of her records, which are in turn the basis of many of the records given in this.

LETTER OF CAROLINE (HALL) SMITH, DAUGHTER  
OF ALPHEUS HALL.

Milton, Vermont, April 5, 1883.

Mr. Byrant Hall:

Sir: Having received a communication of April 2d signed by your name, asking me to give you some information or what knowledge I may have of the Hall family, or rather descendants of Capt. John Hall, for it is only of his posterity that I claim to have any knowledge whatever, he being my grandfather and having lost his life in the defence of his country, I deem it no

more than justice to his memory that his posterity may know the origin from which they have sprung.

What little I know has been gathered mostly from manuscript papers belonging to my father, and from recollections of conversations between my father and mother in my early life. Being the youngest of a large family of children, and living at home with my parents till their decease, gave me an opportunity of learning more of our family history than I would have done under other circumstances. A few years previous to my father's death, we visited the old homestead in Castleton occupied by my uncle, Elias Hall, and from the old family Bible belonging to my grandmother I made copy of the record of Capt. John Hall's family which I have now in my possession, besides some others, and copies of letters written by my grandmother in 1774, and also of a letter of condolence written by Rev. David Avery on the untimely death of her husband. Judging from her correspondence I came to the conclusion that she was a woman of no ordinary talent and that my grandfather was a Christian man, and highly respected in the town in which he lived. For we find in history that he was chosen representative of the Legislature assembled at Windsor on the adoption of the state constitution. I have inferred from these little items of history that I have gathered that our ancestors were of gentle blood. In a communication like this I cannot go into details of their personal history, not knowing how much or how little you would be willing to read. But I have in the last few years written out as far as I know a short history of the family, partly for my own gratification, and partly for the descendants of the family, if they should ever chance to see them, and it has been a source of pleasure for me to do so. And I will as soon as convenient give you the records and tell you where many of them are settled, though I have never seen many of them myself. What I have written relates more to my father's life and would not be of interest to you perhaps. Your father Perley Hall, I think I have seen, that is if he ever went to Grand Isle, but I well remember your grandfather, Uncle Silas, for he came to visit my father once, and two daughters with him. One



of them married a Mr. Bolles, and lived in Cornwall, P. Q. and had a son that was a physician and lived in Lewiston, northern N. Y.

This little pamphlet makes no pretensions to being a genealogy of the family of Capt. John Hall. But it is desirable that these records of the family, and personal notes and incidents be preserved, and it is to be hoped that at some future time the records of the family may be collected in a complete form, and a genealogy worthy of the illustrious Captain be compiled. A quaint writer who was a genealogist many years ago, once wrote: "A desire to know the history and character of a worthy ancestry comes of that filial piety which responds to the divine precept—'Honor thy father and thy mother'." We would suggest that any members of the family who have family records, would send them either to Miss C. E. Hall, Milton Vt., Mr. H. Murray LaMont, 120 Broadway, N. Y., or to Gilbert Edgerton Hall, Fremont, Ohio, the compiler of this paper.







Lm.













