

[Home](#) ~ [Our Ancestors](#) ~ [Contact us](#)

Isaiah HAMBLIN

HUSBAND:

[F116]. Isaiah HAMBLIN. [[PC T3](#)], [[CHART A1](#)].

Born 20 JUN 1790 at Falmouth, Barnstable County, Massachusetts; son of [Barnabus HAMBLIN \[F232\]](#) and [Mary BASSETT \[F233\]](#).

The family moved to Vermont when Isaiah was a child. His father died when he was nine years old.

He married (1) Daphne HAYNES [F117] on 30 NOV 1812 at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont. They resided on Grand Isle. His principal occupation was that of a farmer. He believed in the bible, but did not allow his children to attend church. He felt that they did not teach in accordance with the scriptures.

He was a soldier in the war of 1812. He served under General Dearborn. He was in the Battle of Plattsburg, New York in 1814. His hearing was damaged by being so close to the cannon.. His wife heard the guns of the battle, put her baby, some bandages and medicines into a boat and rowed a distance of twenty miles to the scene of the action, arriving in time to see the British flag go down.

They lived in North Hero for a while, but after the war Isaiah worked in lumbering on the St. Lawrence River in northern New York. He employed Canadian workmen. They lived in lumber camps which had crude bunks for sleeping, arranged around an open fireplace. The workmen often slept with their feet toward the fire to dry and keep them warm. For sport, the "Kanucks" had a trick of putting pitchwood splinters between the toes of the "Yankees" when they were asleep, then lighting the splinters and burning their feet. Some of the men were disabled in this way, and Isaiah was determined to put a stop to it. The "Kanucks" were in the habit of stripping naked to go to bed. When Isaiah seemed apparently asleep, a big "Kanuck" softly stole naked from his bunk to see what mischief he could do, whispering to his confederates "La Bushwa, La Bushwa" (The Boss). He prepared the splinters for the fun, but just as he stooped to set them on fire, Isaiah drew back his feet suddenly and kicked the fellow plump in the breast and landed him stark naked upon a bed of live coals in the fire. That raised an uproar and turned the entire camp into a turmoil. The man was rescued, but badly burned. Isaiah regretted the affair, but there were no more feet burned in that camp. However, this was not the last of the matter.

The following spring, while taking rafts of lumber down the river, he ran aground near a settlement, which proved to be the home of the man who was burned in the camp. While waiting, Isaiah went ashore, to get supplies, with his brother-in-law, William Haynes, and a man named Dodge. A crowd gathered around the place where they were trading, and as they came out of the store a big fellow grabbed Isaiah and another did the same to William, telling them in a boisterous way, that they better wrestle with them. Isaiah told Mr. Dodge to hasten with all speed to the raft with the supplies, while he and William stopped to settle with the mob. But some of the crowd, seeing the purpose, made for the raft and reached it before Dodge. Isaiah and William threw down their assailants and also ran for the raft. When they reached it, they found Dodge knocking the "Kanucks" right and left with a big heavy chain. They soon had the raft clear and were on their journey once more.

As early as 1819 Isiah and two of his brothers (one was Barnabus), with their families, moved to Ohio. They left their families in the town of Salem, Ashtabula County until they could explore the country. They located in the township of Munson, Geauga County on the Western Reserve, which was then a vast wilderness covered with a heavy growth of timber. His son Jacob said, "Thither my father removed his family. I was at this time three or four months old. My father now commenced clearing up a heavy timber on a farm. When he from hardships and exposure lost his health, and having a family of small children to maintain he failed paying for his land which kept him in limited circumstances." It took twenty days of hard work to clear one acre of land to be harrowed and planted with wheat. In about three years the stumps would rot and the soil could then be plowed. Isiah was over some grist mills there.

Isiah was a sheriff for a time. This has been said to be both at Salem and also at Munson, but I believe Munson is correct. He also had charge of Fowler's flour mills in Munson Township. His brother Barnabus remained at Fowler's Mills, and died there.

Isiah is said to have at one time lived at Bainbridge, Ross County, Ohio. I believe Bainbridge in Geauga County is correct, since it lies next to Munson. Ross county is considerably removed, and I doubt the family moved that far in Ohio.

In 1835, Isiah went to Wisconsin territory, and took his older children with him. He left his wife and younger children behind until they were settled. Edwin was then the youngest child.

In late 1836 Isiah and his son Jacob moved to Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, to make a new home for the family. They passed through Chicago, Illinois., on the way. It was then a small village.

Jacob said about Spring Prairie, "It was the most delightful country I had seen. It was beautiful with rolling prairies, groves of timber, numerous springs of pure water, and an occasional lake abounding with fish. My father and I each made a claim on 80 acres of government land which was expected soon to come into the market. I was not yet of age and my father, wishing to return to Ohio for his family, proffered to give me the remainder of my time during the summer if I would take care of the crop already sown."

According to records Isiah was the first settler of the town of LaFayette, Ohio. In the book "History of Walworth County", the chapter "First Settlers in Town of LaFayette" (page 921-22) it states, "Isiah Hamblin, first settler in the town, a native of the state of Ohio. He came to LaFayette, Ohio with his wife in the month of June, 1836, and settled on the southeast quarter of section twenty-five on July 18. The logs for his house being ready, the settlers from neighboring towns turned out to assist him in "raising" the first house in the town of LaFayette." Page 925 states: The first marriage in LaFayette was of Henry Johnson, son of Alpheus Johnson, to Miss Hamblin in 1837. Col. Terez Merreck of Spring Prairie solemnized the marriage. Hamblin genealogy states that Olive Hamblin married Henry Johnson, however the date we have is 27 Aug. 1838.

It isn't known just when the family moved to Wisconsin. Possibly the summer of 1837 was spent in Spring Prairie preparing soil and planting crops. They probably moved to Spring Prairie in 1838. A son, Francis Marion was born in Walmouth County, Wisconsin, 27 Nov 1838. Their youngest son, Frederick, was born in Spring Prairie 12 Feb. 1841. Daphney was then 43 years old, Frederick was their twelfth child. Their daughter Olive had died in 1839 in Ohio.

Jacob married Lucinda Taylor 30 April, 1839. While they were living in Wisconsin Jacob was

converted to the LDS, Mormon Church, and was baptized 3 March 1842 by Elder Lyman Stoddard. Jacob said, "When my father learned that I had joined the Mormon church he said he thought he had brought up his children so that none of them would be deceived by false teachers and he turned from my gate and refused to enter my house. Other relatives said that my father knew better than to be deceived as I had been. I answered by predicting that my father, much as he knew, would be baptized into the church before I was two years older.

Jacob's Journal continues, " In the autumn of 1842 Elder Stoddard returned to the country where I lived to labor in the ministry and ordained me an Elder. About the same time my wife was taken very sick. By her request I administered to her and she was immediately healed. I visited my father and told him that signs follow the believer as in the days of the apostles.; that I was a believer, and had been ordained an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and that signs followed my ministration.

"He ordered me out of his house for believing such nonsense. I went out reflecting as to whether or not I had done wrong in predicting that I would baptize him in less than two years. Some time after this he was taken sick, and I went to see him. My mother told me that he had the spotted fever, and that there was no hope of his recovery. She believed he was dying, and so it appeared to me, but I thought that God could and would save him if I prayed for him.

I retired to a private place, and prayed to the God of Abraham to have mercy on my father, and heal him that he might have an opportunity of obeying the gospel. It was a moonlight night, and when I returned to the house my mother stood at the door. She spoke to me and very kindly said: 'Jacob, the fever has left your father; he has spoken and want's to see you.' As I approached him he said, 'The fever has left me, and your mother says that you came to see me and went away again. What has made the sudden change? Do you know? I answered that I had prayed for him, that I was a believer in the gospel. 'Well', said he, 'If it is the gospel I would like to know it, but if it is priestcraft I want nothing to do with it.'

"Soon after the sickness of my father I sold my home and started for Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois. In passing my father's house I found him quite well, and he desired me to remain overnight. He showed much interest in the principles of the gospel, and when I left his house in the morning the spirit manifested to me that my father and his household would yet accept the truth."

Jacob continues, "The following winter I assisted in guarding the Saints in and around the city of Nauvoo. My brother Obed lived about 30 miles out in the country. He was taken sick, and sent for me to come and see him. On arriving at his house I found that he had been sick for nearly three months, and that doubts were entertained of his recovery. He was in very bad and dirty conditions being there alone and so ill. I anointed him with oil, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, layed on hands and prayed for him, and told him that he should recover, which he did immediately. The occurence had much influence on my parents."

They resided at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin until 1844.

"They both attended the following April 1845 conference in Nauvoo. At its close my father asked me if I did not wish to baptize him and my mother. As they were both desirous that I should do so, I baptized them in the Mississippi river on April 11, 1845."

"My father told me that it was not any mans preaching that had convinced him of the truth of the

gospel, but the Lord had shown it to him in night visions. Said he, 'It is your privilege to baptize your parents, for you have prayed for them in secret and in public; you never gave up on them up. You will be a Joseph to your fathers house.'

In 1845 Isaiah and Daphne moved in with Jacob and Lucinda for awhile. Melissa had married Issac Fullmer in 1833. They lived on a farm not too far from Nauvoo. Melissa became ill and died later that year.

Isaiah and Daphne didn't go back to Wisconsin. Alsen 17, and William 15 moved the rest of the family to Illinois. They lived for a time in Ellison, Illinois. Edwin was 10, Francis and Frederick were younger. This was a time of rejoicing as all but Emily had gathered to Illinois. She had married James Fullmer (Issac's brother) and had later died (4 July, 1845) in Wisconsin. Olive had died earlier in Ohio.

Isaiah and Jacob got occasional work. They also spent time working on the Nauvoo temple. Then it became necessary to help with preparations for the move from Nauvoo. Wagons had to be made, harnesses and oxen bought, and provisions gathered.

Daphne and Isaiah received their patriarchal blessings in Jan. 1846 by John Smith. Isaiah's lineage was given as Manassah; Daphne just as Abraham. They received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple Feb. 2, 1846, not long before leaving with the exiled saints. (The saints began leaving Feb. 4, but the Hamblins left a short time later.)

They left Illinois in 1846 and moved to Pottawattamie County, Iowa. They settled first in Sugar Creek, Iowa; the first stopping place for the saints. They later crossed Iowa, moving westward to Pottawattamie county 150 miles from Nauvoo. There a "welfare unit or camping place was set up named Garden Grove. Log houses were built, wells dug, crops planted. It became an "oasis in the desert" to thousands of exiled Mormons who stopped there to get more food before starting on west again. 75 miles further on another town was started, Mt. Pisgah, for the same purpose. It was larger than Garden Grove. Two other stopping places were Winter Quarters, Nebraska, now Florence and Kaneshville (Council Bluffs), Iowa.

As the Hamblin family began preparations to leave for Council Bluffs in 1847, Daphne became ill. They waited two days hoping she would become better but she died there early in 1847, and was buried along the trail, only a crude marker for her grave. Her youngest child, Frederick, was then about five or six, Francis about nine, and Edwin twelve. Several older sons were also with the family.

On April 11 1847 Jacob arrived at his fathers home in Iowa to find that four of his brothers had embraced the gospel. His mother had died not long before his arrival.

During the winter of 1846-47 the saints lived in crude homes and shelters. There was so much death and and sickness there was hardly anyone to bury the dead. There was no time to make coffins so many were wrapped in grave clothes and buried with split logs at the bottom of graves. Many graves were robbed by the wolves. During the first year at Winter Quarters over 600 saints died.

People in the companies going west were divided into orderly camps of hundreds, fifties, and tens with a captain over each camp. Feed for cattle was scarce as well as food for people. The faith of the saints was truly and severely tested, and the Hamblins were no exception. Obed died in 1848, Jacob's Lucinda had left him, and there were now two motherless families to care for. Jacob married Rachel

Judd in 1849.

The family, except for William who had already left, was ready to leave for Utah in 1850. They joined the Aaron Johnson company. The older boys drove cattle while the others came in two wagons.

In the spring of 1850, with some of his children, he started with an ox team on a long and difficult journey across the plains.

As they began the trip West cholera attacked the camp. Jacob got it. His father blessed him and he was healed. The next day Jacob's son Lyman became ill. Isaiah administered to him and as he did he rebuked the destroyer and commanded it to leave him, the family and the camp. There were no more cases of cholera after that.

One day Jacob's oldest son Duane took the reins to drive the team and he fell forward. Both iron wheels passed over him. They didn't think he would breath again. Isaiah stopped the team, knelt, and administered to him. Duane arose, brushed the dust from himself, and said he wasn't hurt. The rest of the trip, as far as we know, was quite uneventful except while crossing a river Jacob was thrown from the wagon or ferry, and nearly drowned.

The trip would have seen hot, dry, dusty and windy days, wet, muddydays, hunger, thirst, heat, and cold. They always camped on Sunday to rest and worship. At night, after supper, there was usually singing and dancing to help lift the spirits of the travel weary saints. After prayer night guards would be posted, men and older toys taking turns.

On 31 Aug., 1850, at mid day, they came out of the canyon and looked out over the Salt Lake valley at the farms, irrigation ditches, and houses of the city. It was a welcome sight; Isaiah wept aloud for joy. They had at last reached Zion. They had left behind them Mother Daphney, 1847, also Obed who died in 1848. Three daughters had also died before the family left Nauvoo: Olive, Emily, and Melissa.

They arrived in Salt Lake City the next day (That would be 1 SEP 1850. One source says they arrived on 27 SEP). They all knelt in Union Square in common prayer.

Quite a few business structures and homes had been built in Great Salt Lake City, even a few two story buildings. Trees had been Planted, lots had been fenced. There were many log and adobe houses. There were about 5,000 inhabitants there now. Many Saints had gone to settle in outling areas.

Isaiah's son William had come to Utah in 1848 driving a team for G. A. Smith. His daughter Adeline Amarilla Littlefield came to Utah also, but there was no mention of her coming with Isaiah and his family. She married again to John Ensign Riggs in 1851 at Tooele, Utah. She had married Lyman "C" Littlefield Jan 31, 1846 or 47.

Isaiah married (2) and was sealed to Lydia EMORY (EMERY) in 1850 or 1851. The Hamblins were called to settle in Tooele Valley early in 1851. Tooele had been settled in the fall of 1849. It about 35 miles South West of Salt Lake City, located on elevated land overlooking Tooele Valley and part of the Great Salt Lake. It is near the west base of the Oquirrh Mountains that seperate Tooele Valley from Salt Lake Valley.

Before the Hamblins arrived in Tooele Valley a water ditch had been made and some houses built

about a mile Southwest of where Tooele City now stands. The houses were built on the bank of a creek. They were built so close together that they were almost joined under one roof.

On April 24, 1850 the Saints in Tooele Valley, where the present town is, were organized into a branch of the church by Apostle Ezra T. Benson. The Saints who settled Tooele were loyal and willing people who rolled up their sleeves and went to work plowing, planting, fencing, digging ditches, making dams ,and building homes. Usually one of the first buildings was a public house where Church meetings, school, dances and socials were held.

In the 1851 Utah Census of Tooele, the following was listed for Isaiah Hamblin: Isaiah Hamblin 61 born Mass. Real estate \$100, farmer; William Hamblin 20 farmer born Ohio; Oscar 18 farmer born Ohio; Edward 16 born Ohio farmer; Francis 12 b. Wisc.; Frederick 10 born Wisc.; Lydia 51 born Main.

In 1852 they started having trouble with Indians. President Brigham Young encouraged the people to feed rather than fight the Indians. Jacob was given a special calling to work with the Indians as a peacemaker. It may be interesting to note that in Isaiah's Patriarchal Blessing his lineage is given as of Manassah.

They lived in Tooele Valley until 1855. They then moved to Washington County in southern Utah and settled on the Santa Clara River.

Jacob and his family were called to Southern Utah, Santa Clara, to help settle it and to work with the Indian people. Soon Oscar and family joined them. Isaiah refused to leave Tooele, "grasshoppers or no grasshoppers". Eventually the rest of Isaiah's family settled in Southern Utah, some going to Nevada and Arizona.

By mid 1855 Isaiah's sons were married except Francis and Frederick. Isaiah was helping his grandson, Duane run the farm. Jacob returned to Tooele in the spring of 1856 to get his father. He had been ill, but still didn't want to go with Jacob. Jacob persuaded his father to go with him. They left for Southern Utah in April. After leaving they got into a big spring snowstorm that dumped about 18 inches of snow.

After arriving in Santa Clara Isaiah stayed with Oscar and family. Jacob went to Pine Valley with his shepherd. Returning to Santa Clara in October, Jacob found his father quite ill. Quoting from Jacob's Journal he writes; "I stepped to the bed; he caught me by the hand and said 'Jacob, I am going to leave you, but I am not afraid to die.'

"I answered, 'I was in hopes you had got your health. You seemed so much better when I left.' He had suffered much. I laid my hands on him, and prayed for him; asking the Lord that he might be freed from pain and depart in peace.

"He slept comfortably that night and after giving much good advice and instructions the next day he died." He lived only a short time after this and died there on 7 OCT 1856, at Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah, and was buried there.

Now quoting from "Jacob Hamblin" by Paul Bailly: "The faithful and steadfast Isaiah was burried in the little graveyard on the hill above the fort. The few graves already there were mostly those of Indians who died in the faith. This thought brought a peculiar sensation to Jacob Hamblin as the crude

box, fashioned of the planking sawed out of Pine Valley, was lowered to the red earth of the Tonaquint. For in the begining it had been Jacob who had first heeded the new strange doctrin of the American prophet, Joseph Smith. Isaiah had resisted it mightily. only the tenacity of Jacob Hamblin and the religion's odd appeal had eventually brought the man to the water of its baptism. And now here was Isaiah Hamblin, a man who had endured much for his faith, burried among the Indians In the half-wild lands of Southern Utah--endless miles from the accepted Christian beliefs of his fathers, endless miles from the lands of his youth.

"But Isaiah, through good works, and the deeply spiritual nature underlying his brusque exterior, had assuredly magnified himself before man and God. Suffering had not made him bitter. Burial of Daphney Hamblin along the trail of the great migration had not lessened his belief in the rightness of the thing for which son Jacob had brought him out of Wisconsin. He had gone to his death with calm, and deep conviction.... Isaiah had endeared himself to the faithful brethren during his half-year sojurn at the fort."

Isaiah was very tall, being six feet six inches tall. He was patient, mild tempered, and a man of great faith. He was a Democrat and a freemason. Her became an a Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was also a Patriarch in the Church.

He and Daphney had twelve children and now countless posterity.

Nearly 100 years after Isaiah's death a special monument was placed on his grave in the Santa Clara graveyard. It was dedicated by a great grandson, Bishop James Edwin Hamblin. Quite a number of descendents were there for the dedication. A copy of the prayer will be found near the end of this history.

The following Obituary was found in the Deseret News. March 11, 1857, page 8: "In Fort Clara, Santa Clara, Sept. 7 , 1856, Isaiah Hamblin, aged 66 years. Elder Hamblin was born in Barnstable county, Mass.; fought as a volunteer under General Dearborn in the last war with Great Britain. At the battle of Plattsburg, had his hearing greatly impaired by the roar of the cannon; and at the close of the war was honorably discharged. Hearing of the Latter Day work he went Nauvoo in 1845 and was baptized; shared in the trouble of the Saints in Nauvoo, produced by the sons of those with whom he fought side-by-side for his countries liberty! --and had the mortification to see the government he had fought to establish and maintain, avow such acts! {S6}.

WIFE (1):

[F117]. Daphne HAYNES.

Born 29 AUG 1797 at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont; daughter of [William HAYNES \[F234\]](#) and [Polly STODDARD \[F235\]](#).

She married Isaiah HAMBLIN [F116] on 30 NOV 1812 at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont.

Her husband was a soldier in the war of 1812. He was wounded at Plattsburg, New York. When she heard the guns of the battle, she put her baby, some bandages and medicines into a boat and rowed a distance of twenty miles to the scene of the action, arriving in time to see the British flag go down.

As early as 1819 they moved to Ohio. They were at Salem and Geauga Counties, and at one time lived at Bainbridge, Ross County, Ohio.

In 1835, Isaiah went to Wisconsin territory, and took his older children with him. He left Daphne and the younger children behind. Edwin was then the youngest child. In 1837 they rejoined him in Wisconsin. They resided at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin until 1844. They moved from there to Ellison, Illinois. While in Illinois, they were baptized into the Mormon Church by their son Jacob Vernon Hamblin. They left Illinois in 1846 and moved to Pottawattamie County, Iowa. They lived there until 1847. She died early in 1847 in Potawattamie, Potawattamie County, Iowa and was buried there.

CHILDREN of Isaiah HAMBLIN [F116] and Daphne HAYNES [F117]:

- Melissa Daphne HAMBLIN. Born (1)(2-S6) FEB 1814 at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont. She married 14 SEP 1833 to Isaac FULLER. She died in 1845.
- Emily Haynes HAMBLIN. Born 31 OCT 1816-7 at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont. She married 3 JUN 1832 to James FULLER. She died 4 JUL 1841 or 1845.
- [\[F58\]. Jacob Vernon HAMBLIN](#). Born (2-S6)(26)(28-S7) APR 1819 at Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio. He died 31 AUG 1886 at Pleasanton, Catron County, New Mexico; and was buried there 2 SEP 1886.
- Olive Haynes HAMBLIN. Born (1)(7-S6) MAY 1821 at Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio. (S3,S6). She married Henry JOHNSON 27 AUG 1838 at LaFayette, Ohio. She died 9 JUL 1839.
- Adaline (Adeline) Amarilla HAMBLIN. Born 18 SEP 1823 at Fowler's Mills, Munson Township, Geauga County, Ohio.(S3,S6). She married Lyman O. LITTLEFIELD. She died 20 JUL 1895.
- Obed HAMBLIN. Born (25-S6)(26) FEB 1826 at Fowler's Mills, Munson Township, Geauga County, Ohio.(S3,S6). He died in 1848.
- Olsen (Alson, Alsen) Haynes HAMBLIN. Born 28 APR (1827-S6)(1828) at Fowler's Mills, Munson Township, Geauga County, Ohio.(S3,S6). He married in 1849 to Hester Ann STODDARD. He died 11 AUG 1862.
- William Haynes HAMBLIN. Born (12-S9)(28) OCT (1830-S9)(1831) (North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont-S2)(in Ohio-S3)(in Bainbridge, Ross County, Ohio-S9). He married (1) Mary Amelia LEAVITT on 24 AUG 1850 in Utah. He married (2) Betsy Jane Leavitt, daughter of Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Strudevant, 24 Aug 1854 in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah. He died on 8 MAY 1872 in Clover Valley, Lincoln County, Nevada.
- Oscar HAMBLIN. Born 4 APR 1833. Source 2) says at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont, but according to Source 3) this would have to be in Ohio. He married 18 FEB 1854 to Mary Ann CORBRIDGE. He died 8 NOV 1862.
- Edwin HAMBLIN. Born 20 MAY 1835. Source 2) says at North Hero, Grand Isle, Vermont, but according to Source 3) this would have to be in Ohio. He married 24 MAY 1855 to Hannah Marian COOK.
- Francis Marion HAMBLIN. Born 27 NOV 1839 at Spring Priarie in Franklin Township, Walworth County, Wisconsin. He married (1) on 16 APR 1859 to Arminda Exema CROW. He died 30 JUL 1891.
- Frederick HAMBLIN. Born 12 FEB 1841 at Spring Prairie in Franklin Township, Walworth County, Wisconsin. He married (1) on 29 MAY 1859 to Frances Jane PRUDUM. He died 8 NOV 1922. [see below].

WIFE (2):

Widow Loran.

They were married 23 JUN 1850 while crossing Iowa, by Capt. Hill.

WIFE (3):

Lydia EMORY (EMERY).

Born on 27 April 1800 in Osby, Strafford, New Hampshire. She and Isaiah were married in Salt Lake City in 1850 or 1851. Shortly afterwards they moved to Tooele, Utah.

SOURCES:

- [S1]. Glenn Russell Handy Family Records.
- [S2]. LDS Archives.
- [S3]. Isaiah Hamblin History. (author unknown). Received from Geraldine Nelson, JAN 1995. {G186}.
- [S4]. The Royal Ancestry of the Hamblin Family. Compiled for the Hamblin Family Association by George Merrill Roy, I.A.G. Received from Geraldine Tenney Nelson.
- [S5]. Autobiography of Jacob Hamblin. Preface by Lyman L. Hamblin. typescript. BYU-S.
- [S6]. http://users.lasvegas.net/~wmpl/H_Isaiah%20Hamblin.htm. Ouotes as sources: 1) THE HAMBLIN FAMILY by Franklin Andrews. 2) from the journal of Jacob Vernon Hamblin. 3) Jacob Hamblin Buckskin Apostle by Paul Baily.
- [S7]. Deseret News. Church News section. 7 NOV 1970., pg. 6.
- [S8]. <http://www.geocities.com/hamblinancestors/isaiahhamblin.html>.
- [S9]. Laffoon Homepage. Ancestry.com. <http://awt.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/igm.cgi?op=AHN&db=mad-god&id=I18637&ti=4300>.

RESEARCH: source: http://www.20typesofbeauty.com/fr_fred.html THE TRUE STORY OF FREDERICK HAMBLIN'S FIGHT WITH A BEAR An account written by his Daughter, Emily Jepson. (This story of Great-Grandfather's fight with the bear should be especially interesting to any one whose ancestors came from Alpine, Arizona. Uncle Fred was Jacob Hamblin's younger brother and, of course an Uncle to my Grandmother, Ella. All of us Tenney kids called him "Uncle Fred" and most everyone else. Over the years there have been many versions of this story, the details of what happened and the area where it happened. This account written by his daughter, Emily Jepson, I believe, accurately gives the details of the struggle, how it happened and when. She did not define the area location where it took place. Lloyd Hamblin, Uncle Fred's nephew and the son of Frank Hamblin who was the son who helped his Father into the house that night, said this fight took place beginning on Uncle Fred's land about four miles South and East of Alpine. This land which became his son Frank's land, lies South of the highway, about a 1/4 mile before you get to the road going to the Blue and/or the Alpine Country Club. This fight culminated in the mountains West of the Old Tenney Homestead. We should be aware that Jacob Hamblin, the great Missionary to the Lamanites, was not the only one of that Surname in early Arizona Church History. His brother Frederick Hamblin, also settled here. Tammy Van Cleve, of Gilbert 4th ward, Gilbert Val Vista Stake, provided us with the following record of an event in the life of her husband Jerry's Great Grandfather. L.N.T., Sr.) My Father, Frederick Hamblin, was the first Mormon settler in Alpine, Arizona. He was always a pioneer, first as a boy in Utah, and then in Arizona. He loved the freedom of the mountains and small towns. He loved to fish and hunt, that was his sport and recreation. In those days there was no restricion of game and fish, one could go at his will. As there was an abundance of both, Father went often and seldom returned empty handed. One fall, 1890 or 1891, the snow came early. The first week in November a heavy snow covered the ground to a depth of a foot and a half and deeper in the

mountains, making it ideal for hunting, as tracking or trailing could be done so easily. The morning was clear, so about noon, Father saddled his best horse, took his gun with a belt of bullets, and laughingly told the folks at home to have the grease hot and ready for a mess of fresh venison. Some five or six miles from home, Father came upon a deer track, which he began following. After following it for half a mile or so, he saw the track of a big bear, which had come from another direction and was also following the deer. He decided to follow on and perhaps get both, especially if the bear overtook the deer. He followed a long way, perhaps three or four miles, then he saw the bear had given up and turned into a thicket. The sun was now getting low and he was getting very tired from the continual climb uphill in deep snow, so he decided to rest a little, then start back to his horse, which he had left at the foot of the mountain some four or five miles away. Father sat down on a fallen tree to rest, but soon became uneasy and had the feeling of being watched. He looked carefully in every direction but could see nothing to justify the feeling, so he sat still, perhaps a minute longer. He still had the creepy feeling, so he arose and started down the mountain when he heard a noise and, turning, saw a huge grizzly bear coming out of the thicket towards him. He quickly leveled his gun and shot the bear, wounding it badly. The bear ran up the mountainside and Father followed thinking it would die soon, but it went on and on. He came to a place where the bear and the snow all around was soaked with blood, but the bear was nowhere in sight. Father was very tired now, and thought he would barely have time to reach his horse before dark, so he decided to give up the chase for that day. He would come back on the morrow and get the bear. In those days the gun only held one bullet at a time, and as the brush was so thick, Father took the bullet from the gun to be sure of no accident in going down the mountain. He had just emptied the gun and hadn't yet started back when he heard a terrible snarl, and the beast was upon him, striking him on the shoulder, its sharp claws tearing his clothes and also his flesh. Father used the gun as a club, striking the bear in the face with all his might, with little or no effect, with the bear striking the gun to ward off the blows. Father then took the gun in both hands, a hand at each end of the barrel, and when the bear would attack, strike it with all his strength in the mouth; this way he broke several of its front teeth out. He tried to turn the gun to get the end of the gun into the bear's mouth, thinking he might force it so far down its throat as to make it give up, but this he could not do. The angry bear kept trying to get its huge arms around him, which Father strove constantly to avert, as he knew one squeeze of those powerful arms would crush every bone in his chest. It is impossible to know how long this fierce struggle lasted but long enough that both man and beast were almost exhausted. I suppose everyone knows that bears cuff each other in their play, and use the same motions or means in their fighting, only of course, putting all the force they can muster into the blows when fighting. This grizzly, finding he was unable to get his arms around Father, drew back his huge paws and struck at Father's head with all his force, which Father dodged, but it hit the gun, knocking it several feet away, thus leaving him entirely without protection. Both man and beast were working to keep to the upper hillside, as that gave the advantage. The bear struck his right hand two or three times with its sharp claws, tearing his hand to shreds; it was now helpless. One of Father's heels caught and his strength seemed almost gone. He could feel the bear's hot breath on his face and decided he was lost. With his back downhill, and that fierce beast upon him, he was ready to give up. Just then it seemed an unseen power raised him up and gave him strength. As he righted himself, he caught the eyes of the bear in a close stare. Father was a large man standing six feet and three inches in his stocking feet. The bear was so tall his paws rested straight on Father's shoulders, and they were now in this position. The face of the bear was so near Father's face he could feel every breath. At the first stare, the bear stood still, then as Father continued to stare, he dropped down on all fours and started slowly away. Father stood and stared at the bear, which went a little way, stopped and looked back, then walked on. Father dropped down exhausted, but kept watching the bear until it was out of sight. Then taking the red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket, he wrapped his hand, which was bleeding profusely, and picked up the remains of his gun. He found the gun with the stock broken off, the sights knocked off, the hammer bent, and marks of the

bear's teeth all over the barrel. He knew the gun would never shoot again, but it had been the means of saving his life. He also picked up a claw that had been torn from the bear's foot, this measured three inches long. With these in hand, he started his weary way down the mountainside. Twice before he reached his horse he was overcome with exhaustion from the loss of blood and his trying experience, and lay down thinking he would die there, but after a little rest he would go on again. Darkness fell, as the trees were so thick they shut out the light sky that is directly above so it is a wonder he ever found his horse. His clothing being wet and cold from the snow and the cold night air, made so stiff and uncomfortable that he decided to make a fire and warm up before starting for home. However, his hand being so badly torn as to be rendered helpless, and all the wood being wet made this impossible. Wearily he dragged himself into the saddle and gave the horse the reign. It being gentle, took the trail homeward without urging or guiding, which was a great advantage for Father as he was practically unable to anything more than balance himself in the saddle. While Father was going through this terrible, and never-to-be-forgotten experience, his family was at their ranch homestead, happily doing their daily tasks, unmindful of the fierce struggle taking place in the lonely, snow-covered mountain ten miles away. The sun slipped behind the western mountains, the evening chores were done, and soon after dark, a nice hot supper was waiting until Father returned to his place at the head of the table. Still, we weren't really worried, as we expected him to come each minute. A pale cloud-streaked moon arose, giving very little light and an icy wind began blowing. By now we children could see that Mother was worried, But what could be done? We did not know just where Father intended to hunt, and if we had known, how far in another direction might he have gone. The two smaller children were put to bed. But Mother, my Brother, Frank, and myself could neither eat nor sleep. Two or three dreary hours passed by and still Father hadn't come, and the night was bitter cold. At last Frank, who was just a boy, yet knew the country well, said he would get a horse and go into town and get someone to help him look for Father. He had been gone from the house for about ten minutes when he met Father coming. When he got near him he called "Is that you, Pa?" There were no words spoken for some time, as he was too weak and overcome with exhaustion, Great was our joy when we heard the approaching horseman. Mother hurried about replenishing the fires and seeing that supper was warm again, never expecting things not to go right with Father. He did not come as we expected, and from the sound we knew that something was wrong. Mother opened the door and saw Frank, half carrying Father, whose face was a deathly white, and his clothes torn, bloodstained and frozen to him. It was a sight one could never forget. We got him into the house and seated him in a big chair before the open fire. The big handkerchief wrapped around his wounded hand was frozen stiff, but that had stopped the bleeding and perhaps saved his life. He was suffering from shock, exhaustion, hunger and cold, and could not speak. It was perhaps an hour before he could stand up to have any of his wet and bloody clothes removed. During that time Frank went to the kitchen to get a drink of water and I followed him and asked what had happened to Father. "I don't know," he said, "He couldn't tell me." Mother got him to drink a few swallows of hot soup, which revived him some. Then Mother asked, "What hurt you?" He only said "A bear." Mother dressed his hand with clean bandages, and finally got him into bed, although he didn't sleep that night. Days passed, still Father did not say a word of what had happened, and his eyes had a kind of dazed, far away look, which was of course shock. It was five or six days before he told us a thing that happened, then one evening he told us the story, which I have tried to tell as he did, but that was a long time ago, and I may have omitted some things. It may be at this period of history, germs hadn't reached this far west, for his hand healed nicely, as did the large gash in his shoulder. All of this without the aid of a doctor, for at that time there was no doctor in the country. Father polished the large claw that he picked up, and used it for years as a watch fob, afterwards giving it to his boyhood friend. The following spring a cowboy found the remains of the largest bear he had ever seen, and as several front teeth were broken off, and a claw was missing from one of its front toes, he knew it was the one Father had fought with. Father was modest and didn't tell this story often, and then only to ones he chose, not to everyone. Perhaps he

wouldn't approve of my telling it now. (We tell this story, not to aggrandize one man's memory, but to preserve a part of history, and to help us appreciate the trials and blessings our forefathers received in the early days. Incidentally, Sister Van Cleve informed us that several years ago the Mesa Public Library, when in its previous building, had a pioneer exhibit, which included Frederick Hamblin's gun as one of the items on display. The exhibit was burglarized, and the only thing taken was this gun.)