

Spiritual Experiences and Adventures of Jacob Hamblin

Compiled By Glen W. Chapman- March 2001

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Jacob believed the Bible but had given up all hope of finding a religion that he could believe was true. Then in 1842, the third year of his marriage, he became converted to Mormonism. These were the circumstances: Elder Lyman Stoddard, one of many Mormon missionaries then in the field, came to Spring Prairie. His presence was immediately known, and many went to hear him preach. Soon a neighbor was on his way to tell Jacob and his wife about the powerful sermon he had heard, and he described briefly to Jacob the missionary's message of the Restored Gospel. Lucinda was not interested, but Jacob decided to attend the next meeting. In this remote village the Mormon Church had been heard of, but only in a negative way. As the old proverb goes, "Lies can travel with seven-league boots before the truth can get his shoes on." Aware of this new religion's unpopularity, Jacob became fearful of the reaction it would have on his wife and his father and family. Nevertheless he attended the services, was converted, and seemed to have been "born again" like Paul of old, who saw the light and heard the voice of the Master.

In his own words he narrated the following: "In February, 1842, a neighbor called at my house and told me that he had heard a 'Mormon' Elder preach. He asserted that he preached more Bible doctrine than any other man he had ever listened to, and that he knew what he preached was true. He claimed that the Gospel had been restored to the earth, and that it was the privilege of all who heard it to know and understand it for themselves.

"What this neighbor told me so influenced my mind that I could scarcely attend to my ordinary business.

"The Elder had left an appointment to preach again at the same place, and I went to hear him.

"When I entered the house he had already commenced his discourse. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I saw his face and heard his voice. He preached that for which I had long been seeking. I felt that it was indeed the Gospel.

"The principles he taught appeared so plain and natural, that I thought it would be easy to convince anyone of their truth. In closing his remarks, the Elder bore testimony to the truth of the Gospel.

"The query came to my mind, how shall I know whether or not these things are so, and be satisfied? As if the spirit prompted him to answer my inquiry, he again arose to his feet and said: 'If there is anyone in the congregation who wishes to know how he can satisfy himself of the truth of these things, I can assure him that if he will be baptized, and have hands laid upon him for the gift of the Holy Ghost, he shall have an assurance of their truth.'

"This so fired up my mind, that I at once determined to be baptized, and that too, if necessary, at the sacrifice of the friendship of my kindred and of every earthly tie.

"I immediately went home and informed my wife of my intentions.

"She told me if I was baptized into the 'Mormon' Church, I need not expect her to live with me any more.

"The evening after the Elder had preached I went in search of him and found him quite late at night. I told him my purpose and requested him to give me a 'Mormon Bible.' He handed me an Old and New Testament.

"I said, 'I thought you had a new Bible.'" He then explained about the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and handed me a copy of it.

"The impression I received at the time cannot be forgotten. The spirit rested upon me and bore testimony of its truth, and I felt like opening my mouth and declaring it to be a revelation from God.

"On the 3rd of March, 1842, as soon as it was light in the morning, I started for a pool of water where I had arranged to meet the Elder, to attend to the ordinance of baptism. On the way, the thought of the sacrifice I was making of wife, of father, mother, brothers, sisters and numerous other connections, caused my resolution to waver.

"As my pace slackened, some person appeared to come from above, who I thought was my grandfather. He seemed to say to me, 'Go on, my son; your heart cannot deceive, neither has it entered into your mind to imagine the blessings that are in store for you, if you go on and continue in this work.' I lagged no more, but hurried to the pool where I was baptized by Elder Lyman Stoddard.

"It was said in my confirmation that the spirits in prison greatly rejoiced over what I had

done. I told Elder Stoddard my experience on my way to the water.

He then explained to me the work there was for me to do for my father, if I was faithful, all of which I believe and greatly rejoice in.

"On my way home, I called at the house of one of my neighbors. The family asked me if I had not been baptized by the 'Mormon' Elder; I replied that I had. They stated they believed what he preached to be the truth and hoped they might have the opportunity of being baptized.

"The following day Elder Stoddard came to my house, and told me that he had intended to leave the country, but could not go without coming to see me. For what purpose he had come, he knew not.

"I related to him what my neighbors had said. He held more meetings in the place and organized a branch before leaving."

* * *

A number of things contributed to Jacob's sudden conversion. He was naturally religious, and he had been a believer and a student of the Bible.

The preaching of Elder Stoddard had instantly appealed to him. It was different from any preaching he had ever heard. He had been impressed by the spirit and power of the message. It was preached as they said Jesus preached, "with authority and not as the Scribes." It was positive, clear, and convincing. It was the truth.

Just what the change was that had come over Jacob at this time would be difficult to appraise. However, the seed had been sown in fertile soil. In the next few weeks certain events would transpire which would bring into the open the true character of Jacob. Would he be able to stand the tests? How he met the test was related in his own narrative as follows:

"When my father learned that I had joined the 'Mormons' he said he thought he had brought up his children so that none of them would ever be deceived by false teachers; and the same time 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 them by predicting, that much as he knew, I would baptize him into the Church before I was two years older.

"All my relatives, except one brother, turned against me, and seemed to take pleasure in speaking all manner of evil against me. I felt that I was hated by all my former acquaintances. This was a great mystery to me.

"I prayed to the Lord and was comforted. I knew that I had found the valuable treasure spoken of by our Savior, and I was willing to sacrifice all things for it.

"My wife's father took great pains to abuse and insult me with his tongue. Without having any conception of how my prediction would be fulfilled, I said to him one day, 'You will not have the privilege of abusing me much more.' A few days after he was taken sick and died.

"Soon after the death of her father, my wife asked me, good-naturedly, why I did not pray in the house or with her. I replied that I felt better to pray by myself than I did before unbelievers. She said that she was a believer, that her father had appeared to her in a dream and told her not to oppose me any more as she had done, and that he was in trouble on account of the way he had used me. Soon after this she was baptized, which was a great comfort to me.

"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 request I administered to her, and she was immediately healed.

"I visited my father, and informed him that signs followed 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 the signs followed my administrations.

"He ordered me out of the 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 he had 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 very kindly and said: "'Jacob, the fever has left your father; he has spoken and wants to see you.'

"As I approached him he said, 'The fever has left me, and your mother says that you came to me and went away again. What has made such a sudden change? Do you know?'"

"I answered that I prayed for him, that I was a believer in the Gospel of the Son of God, and in the signs following those that believe.

"'Well,' said he, 'if it is the Gospel, I would like to know it, but if it's priest craft, I want nothing to do with it.'"

* * *

From March 3, 1842, the date of his baptism, to the autumn of the same year, Jacob had time to make future plans. Much time was spent in meditation and thoughtful study aside from the necessary work which the farm required. He had not missed the opportunity to explain the glad tidings to his father's family. He was not discouraged because they had failed immediately to understand it as he had done. His brothers seemed to be more skeptical than the rest. To Jacob, it was as much the truth as saying that candy was sweet; that hunger could be satisfied with food; or that rest came after a good night's sleep. Others, he thought, had received the Holy Spirit and had gone forth to preach; why shouldn't he do the same? He said, "The Spirit rested upon me and bore testimony of its truth, and I felt like opening my mouth and declaring it a revelation from God."

Although Lucinda, his wife, had joined the Church, she was not truly converted. Perhaps it was because of those ugly tales she had heard about the Church from its enemies. Her vacillating nature, like the weather, was not to be relied upon. Her feelings about religion were as different from Jacob's as daylight and dark. When her husband began talking about selling out, she became greatly alarmed. She would never be happy to move away from the town of her youth and leave her many friends. Daniel, her father, had been kind to them; he had helped Jacob to build their home. Sallie, her mother, had always been indulgent with her and perhaps had humored and spoiled her. They had been opposed to her joining the Mormons, and her father had ridiculed them, especially Jacob, because he had blamed him for this sudden change of affairs.

Jacob was adamant, and his wife, knowing how stubborn and determined he was, realized the futility of trying to stop him from selling. They all had remarked to each other about the great change that had come over him. They hoped that it wouldn't always last. She would appease him for the present, at least, and go with him, if necessary.

She didn't realize what might be in store for him—that this move was just the beginning, a prelude to a life of continual moves. Perhaps Jacob had inherited this restless spirit from his progenitors, back even seven generations to one James Hamblin, who had been a country squire in London, England, and who came to America in the year 1639 and settled on Cape Cod Bay, on an estate called Barnstable.⁸

Since his birth at Salem, Ohio, April 2, 1819,~ Jacob Hamblin had moved several times with his father, going farther west each time. His nature, the condition of the times, and everybody talking about going west had seemed to conspire against Lucinda and her hopes of ever remaining in one place for very long. She would never be a Ruth to her husband's people, nor was Daphne, her mother-in-law, a Naomi to her. Now it seemed, to make a bad situation worse, he had been contaminated with this Holy Spirit, as she called it.

Though Jacob liked to farm, he was destined never to make it his chief pursuit in life, but to keep it as a sideline to occupy him during his spare time. He had been drawn into a bigger orbit of activity. The Holy Spirit had become a constant companion; like Paul of old he had been reborn, and like this ancient Apostle, he was fore-ordained to take the bread of life to the heathen and the gentile.

Jacob, with his valise in his hand, walked up the road which led past his father's place. To be free for a while from being tied down with the family would do him good, he thought, as his pace quickened. He had calculated the time it would take him to get to Nauvoo, Illinois, from Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, and had imagined how the Prophet Joseph would look from a description given him by Elder Stoddard. The day he looked forward to would now soon be realized. He had made a fair bargain in the sale of his place. He had bade his wife and children good-bye at the home of her widowed mother where he had left them that morning. She had been cold and sullen and pressed him to set a date for his return. She chaffed at his prolonged explanations which were always contingent upon, "if this happens," or "if that should be the case." He had not given her a definite answer on what his plans would be as he hardly knew himself. He only knew that he must be on his way, and as a farewell greeting, kissed his three children and his wife with just a brush of his lips.

He hadn't intended to stay over night with his parents when he stopped to inquire of his father's health. He nevertheless accepted their invitation. Neither his father nor his mother had enjoyed good health. His mother was a frail woman; the years on the frontier had sapped her strength. Jacob felt that she was not long for this world. Too, he sensed the need of urging them again to be baptized. And maybe this would be the last chance he would have to visit them for a long time.

Early the next morning he was on his way, a little fatigued as he had sat up quiet late the night before discussing with his parents certain principles of the Gospel and telling them what he hoped to do. He asked them to visit his family often. He felt a favorable feeling in his heart-as he expressed it later, "The Spirit manifest to me that my father and his household would yet accept the Gospel."

He traveled westward about one hundred miles to the Mississippi River, where he took passage on a steamer to Nauvoo. He landed in the night. The next morning he asked a young man where the Prophet lived. His informant pointed out the way to the residence of Joseph Smith, Jr., and said, "If you are going to see the prophet, do not take any money with you. If you do, he will get it."

Jacob asked him whether he was a "Mormon." He replied that he was, and that his father was a High Priest. He thought it strange that the young man should talk as he did.

In his first conversation with the Prophet, Jacob did not seem at all affected by the strange incident pertaining to the subject of money. Concerning this experience, he stated the following words:

"As I passed along one of the streets of the town, I saw a tall, noble-looking man talking with another. An impression came over me that he was the person I was looking for. Inquiring of a bystander, I learned that my impression was correct.

"One of the company asked the Prophet for some money he had loaned him. He replied that he would try and get it during the day. I offered him the money, but he said: 'Keep your money. I will not borrow until I try to get what is owing me. If you have just come in and wish to pay your tithing, you can pay it to Brother Hyrum; he sees to that.' ~

Jacob was soon to learn to discriminate between the different kinds of people who had gathered at Nauvoo. Some were living the lives of Saints. Others were full of deceit and were stumbling blocks in the way of those who were striving to do right.

No doubt, the wide streets, the new brick buildings, the lawns, trees, and general prosperity which were in evidence, made a great impression on Jacob. The now four-year-old city was growing rapidly, and much work was being done. The sound of saws and hammers could be heard, and loads of new lumber attracted his gaze as they were hauled through the streets. Several large brick structures were being completed. On the highest point of elevation was rising out of a large hole in the ground the massive foundation of the new temple. Jacob decided that he was needed here, and he had many offers to go to work. The time passed rapidly, for there was much to be done and much to learn. He was happy at the chance to help build up Zion.

About May of the next year (1843; exact day and month unknown) he returned to Spring Prairie and brought his family to Illinois where they lived temporarily with his married sister, Melissa, who with her husband, Isaac Fuller Cooper, lived in Henderson County, Illinois. This county lay immediately to the north of Hancock County where Nauvoo was located, placing his family not more than forty miles away. There they remained until a place in crowded Nauvoo was available.

The home he was hopeful of building in Nauvoo was not yet started. During the following winter he spent much of his time chopping wood on an island in the Mississippi River twenty miles above Nauvoo.

Jacob, after a short time, noticed the friendly spirit of the city of Nauvoo. There was a feeling of oneness. Everybody seemed to take an interest in each other's welfare. This seemed strange in a city made up of people from the States, from Canada, Great Britain, and Wales, speaking a variety of dialects and having different customs and manners. Under ordinary circumstances there would have to be a segregation of the population according to nationality to insure any degree of peace. In Nauvoo this wasn't necessary. This city was to be different; there could be no enmity, jealousy, and back-biting in the City of Zion. Zion was where the pure in heart would dwell. Was this a laboratory to prove the theory of the brotherhood of men and its power to bring "peace on earth, good will to men"? Perhaps the Saints thought so, and if this

movement was the one to precede the Millennial Reign, it had made a good start. Apparently Jacob thought so, because now he had cast his lot wholeheartedly with these people. His feelings and thoughts were in perfect harmony; he would pledge his life, property, and talents for the building up of the Kingdom of God in these latter-days.

He missed very few meetings held at the bowery, near the temple on the hill. Of the many discourses he listened to, the ones delivered by the Prophet Joseph impressed him the most. He had explained the doctrine of "work for the dead" and had quoted the ancient Prophet Malachi concerning the hearts of the fathers being turned to their children and of the hearts of the children to their fathers. He had said that the saints must seek for the spirit of the latter-day work, and that they must pray for it until they received it.

Jacob at times felt very unworthy, possibly because of his relatively lowly station in life as compared with so many of the Church leaders. His only education was at his mother's knee, except for what he had learned in the school of hard knocks. To his friends, Jacob must have seemed a humble and rather retiring young man; yet the quiet confidence he exhibited commanded the respect of the brethren. No doubt, his earnestness and regularity at meeting drew the attention of the leaders, and probably by this time his name had been discussed and he had been considered worthy for a mission, though at the same time he had no aspiration to hold any office in the Church.

He was a meek person and seemed to have a continuous need for God's help. He had, on many occasions, enjoyed the peace and comfort which comes from the companionship of the Holy Spirit. He may, however, have been fearful of losing this feeling. For several days, during this time, he withdrew early in the morning to a private place to pray for the Lord's spirit and guidance; using his words:

"An influence came over me that made manifest to me my nothingness before the Lord. This so affected me for a time that I was almost led to wish that I had never been born. When thus humbled, it was shown to me how a man could obtain salvation, and what he might attain to. With this I felt satisfied. What was then shown me has been of great worth to me since. I then comprehended that the implicit obedience to the will of God was necessary in order to attain eternal life."¹¹

The "Restored Church" was to be primarily a missionary church proclaiming the new dispensation. When Jacob received his call as a missionary to Maryland, he was overjoyed.

It was an election year. Already sinister rumblings were heard among the enemies of the Church. The party favored by the Saints would be sure to win as they held the balance of voting power in the state of Illinois; thus the losing candidate would blame the Mormons. The Prophet Joseph had already been under pressure and indictment on old charges made by the state of Missouri. To meet this crisis the Church leaders decided to form an independent party of their own known as the "Reform Party" and nominated their own state and county candidates, the Prophet to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The state convention was held in Nauvoo, May 17, **1844.12**

No one supposed that such a party would win, but two facts were clear to the leaders: first, the Saints could vote with good conscience and without fear of reprisals; second, it would provide an opportunity to place before the country the views of the Prophet on current political issues.

The campaign began in February, 1844, when the Prophet Joseph published an address to the people of the United States on the powers and policy of the General Government, and offered himself as a candidate for President of the United States.

Jacob Hamblin prepared to leave with his companion, John Meyer, along with others who were assigned to go two by two so that every state of the Union would be visited. The call was made at the April conference. The official Church organ, *The Times and Seasons*, on April 1~1844, contained an account of the conference which included the names of those called, 'their destinations, statement of purpose, and general instructions. Among other things, the account said they were to preach the truth in righteousness, "and present before the people General Smith's views of the power and policy of the general government." At the time Joseph Smith was commander (Lt. General) of the Nauvoo Legion. They were instructed at the same time to "preach the Gospel in its simplicity and beauty, in all meekness, humility, long-suffering and prayerfulness.... Signed: Brigham Young, President of the Quorum of the Twelve."

It was the custom of Mormon missionaries to keep journals or diaries. This helped Jacob to recall years later some of his and his companion's experiences. They traveled on foot without

purse or scrip, as did the Apostles of old. They preached in the states of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. On June 27, 1844, the date of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum at Carthage, Illinois, they testified, as did others of the group, that they felt a spirit of gloom and great foreboding, and that later this feeling was confirmed by the news of the tragedy. This incident brought an end to their mission. Jacob Hamblin told the story as follows:

"We took passage on the steamer Osprey, in company with seven of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and of seventy of the Seventies. My companion and I went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and from there we traveled on foot with our valises, without purse or scrip, through the state of Pennsylvania.

"We were often hungry and weary and in some instances were accused of being beggars and deceivers. This coupled with our natural independence of character, seemed humiliating and made our travels anything but agreeable.

"We journeyed through Derrytown, Hagerstown, Sharps-burg, and Antietam, and preached in the states of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. We visited some places where branches of the Church had been previously organized.

"The way appeared to be opening up for a good work to be done in that country, when, about the 4th of July, news reached me that the Prophet, about whom I had preached so much, had been shot by a mob when confined in jail. I did not believe the report until I offered to preach to those who were gathered around me in the small town of Mechanicsburg. They manifested a spirit of exultation, and a feeling of deep gloom passed over me. I felt more like weeping than preaching.

"I concluded to hunt up my companion from whom I was then separated. For this purpose I started for Hagerstown, where I hoped to find him or learn of his whereabouts.

"I had traveled about a mile when I came to a crossroad, and the Spirit whispered to me, 'Stop here, and Brother Myers will soon be along.' I remained on the spot for ten minutes, when I saw him coming, with his hat in one hand and his valise in the other. He did not believe that the Prophet was killed.

"We journeyed together to Lightersburg. After meeting and passing many people, the Spirit indicated to us that a man on the opposite side of the street was an Elder in Israel. It proved to be a Latter-day Saint Elder, who had reliable information of the murder of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. He also informed us that Elders who were abroad were called home.

"On the 15th of July, 1844, when taking leave of a smaU branch of the Church of Lightersburg, one of the sisters offered me some money that she had earned in the harvest field. I took one dollar, and told her that I could get home with that.

"After starting, I began to reflect on my situation. I must travel on the river steamers from Pittsburgh to Nauvoo, via Cincinnati and St. Louis, and I had only two dollars in my pocket. I had often been surprised when traveling on foot at the pains people would take to invite me to ride or to step into a grocery and take lunch, and I had considerable faith that the Lord would soften the heart of someone to assist me, when I was in need.

"When I arrived in Pittsburgh, I had one dollar left. There were two steamers at the landing about to start for St. Louis. They offered to take passengers very cheap. I told the Captain of one of them, that I would give all the money I had for a passage to St. Louis. He took my money and gave me a ticket, but appeared rather cross.

"I was soon on my way down the river, but still a long way from home, and without money or anything to eat. I began to feel the want of food.

"Nothing special occurred to me until evening, when the lamps were lit in the passengers' cabins. I was then asked by a young married lady, if I was not a 'Mormon' Elder. I replied that I was, and she told me that her little child was dying with the scarlet fever, and she wished me to lay hands on it and heal it.

"I replied that I could administer to it, and I presumed that the Lord would heal it. I asked her if she believed in such things. She said that she did, and that she belonged to the Church, but her husband did not. I was puzzled in my mind to know what to do, for the boat was crowded with passengers, and all unbelievers excepting the mother of the sick child and myself. It seemed like a special providence that, just then, the lamp in the cabin should fall from its hangings, and leave us all in the dark. Before another lamp could be lit, I had administered to the child, and rebuked the fever in the name of the Lord Jesus, unobserved by those around. The Lord blessed the administration, and the child was healed.

"The mother called her husband, and said to him, 'Little Mary is healed, now do not say anything against Mormonism.' The man looked at his child, and said to me, 'I am not a believer in

any kind of religion, but I am on my way to Iowa, opposite to Nauvoo, where I presume you are going. You are welcome to board with me all the way, and if you want any money I will let you have it.'

"I arrived in Nauvoo on the 5th of August, 1844...."

Jacob's efforts were directed in assisting the other brethren in their labors on the temple and getting building material for his own home.

Isaiah Hamblin and his family sold their farm at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, and moved to a place called Ellison, Illinois, in 1844. During the winter the eighteen-year-old brother, Obed, became sick. For three months he failed to improve. The father, remembering how he was miraculously healed through prayer and the laying on of hands by Jacob, sent to Nauvoo for him.

When Jacob arrived, the parents had nearly given up hope for Obed's recovery. Of this occasion Jacob said: "I anointed him with holy oil in the name of the Lord Jesus, laid on hands and prayed for him, and told him that he should recover, which he did immediately."

Now, for the second time, Isaiah and his family had witnessed a miracle of healing which had a very great influence upon them. They attended April conference at Nauvoo, after which they requested that Jacob baptize them. He immersed them in the Mississippi River on April 11, 1845.

Isaiah was not converted to the Gospel by miracles or any man's preaching, as he said, no one had convinced him of the truth of the Gospel, but the Lord had shown it to him in night vision. Speaking to Jacob, he said further, "It is your privilege to baptize your parents, for you have prayed for them in secret and in public, you never gave them up; you will be a Joseph to your father's house."

It is quite probable that Jacob, by 1845, had finished building his home and had brought his family to Nauvoo and was enjoying the comforts and conveniences of life in a comparatively large city. He had worked long hours on the temple until the grain harvest, when he was called to assist in hauling grain from the farms to Nauvoo. Because of raids by anti-Mormons, strong guards had to accompany the wagons.

These afflictions, heaped upon the Saints by their enemies, when they were struggling to complete the temple in compliance with the word of the Lord, greatly added to their difficulties and labors.

When winter came, they were instructed to unite their efforts to manufacture wagons, and make preparations for a long journey. Jacob assisted in getting out timber for wagons.

During the Winter of 1845 and 1846, the temple had been completed to the extent that many of the Saints were able to have their endowments. By the first week in February, Jacob was among the first to ferry across the Mississippi to the Iowa side, happy in the thought that he had had a chance to have his endowments before leaving.

Jacob was selected as one of the vanguard company of men selected to precede the main pioneer companies. They were kept busy selecting suitable camp sites, building and repairing roads, choosing the most suitable places for cultivation, building bridges; also felling trees, building houses, fences, and doing many other necessary tasks which required superior physical strength and courage.

When Jacob felt that his job was completed, he returned to Nauvoo to re'nove his family. If Jacob had any scruples about leaving his home he never mentioned them. Wealth of a temporal nature was always secondary. He would never become a wealthy 'nan, so why should he fret over leaving his property behind?

Jacob moved his family out into Iowa two hundred miles to a little place called Bloomfield. Here he rented a house for his family. After instructing them as comfortably as possible, he returned one hundred twenty miles to settlements to obtain food and other necessities....'

Life on the frontier has always carried with it many hazards. Yet Lucinda must have felt much more secure now since they were settled at a safe distance from the roving mobs, which had filled their nights and days, while at Nauvoo, with dread and terror. Too, she would have her husband at home more; his presence was reassuring and afforded the protection the family had missed while he was away.

Lucinda had softened somewhat in her feeling toward her husband. Jacob's affiliation with the Church had improved him. The acquisition of new knowledge from considerable reading and study; his missionary experience and travel in the East, all contributed to raise his prestige.

However, her indifferent attitude remained unchanged toward the Church, which was later to break up the family.

Life in their new location settled down to a daily program of hard work. Word was received from time to time through travelers and irregular mail service regarding the progress of the Saints. Jacob regretted many times that he was not able to be with them.

By May of the next year, 1847, Jacob learned that the first pioneer company under Brigham Young had left for the Great Basin. By September of the same year word was received that the second pioneer company had left Winter Quarters, August 16. Perhaps he had failed to hear that President Young and party had returned to Winter Quarters after accompanying the first group of 143 men, three women and two children to Salt Lake Valley, and that on December 4, 1847, Brigham had been chosen and sustained by the Council to be the President, Prophet, Seer and Revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as first and second counselors.

Lucinda dreaded to have Jacob stirred up by these intermittent news reports as he would become depressed and melancholy because he could not leave to join the pioneers immediately. The time was not right; there was still much to be done—wagons to repair, another ox to be purchased, the heifer to come in, etc. There were the family's needs—clothes had to be made and food preserved. With the addition to their family of another baby boy born March 11, 1848, Jacob perhaps began to despair of ever getting started. They had named the baby Lyman Stoddard after the missionary who brought them the Gospel.

The three years' stay in Iowa was not without a few trials and reverses. It seemed as though the adversary took every opportunity to discourage Jacob ever trying to leave.

Their experiences during this period are not too well known except for a brief account given by Jacob many years later, when a few word pictures of their hardships and providential deliverance were recalled and written down. Hunger and sickness tried their faith. In the beginning, he said:

"I was taken sick and sent for my family to return to me. My wife and two children were taken sick the day after their arrival. We found shelter in a miserable hut, some distance from water.

"One day I made an effort to get some water for my suffering family, but failed through weakness. Night came on and my family were burning with fever and calling for water. These were trying circumstances which called up some bitter feelings toward me. It seemed as though in this, my terrible extremity, the Lord permitted the devil to try me, for just then a Methodist class leader came along and remarked that I was in a very bad situation. He assured me that he had a comfortable house that I could move into, and that he had plenty of everything, and would assist me if I would renounce 'Mormonism.' I refused, and he passed on.

"I afterwards knelt down and asked the Lord to pity us in our miserable condition, and to soften the heart of someone to administer to us in our affliction.

"About an hour after this, a man by the name of William Johnson came with a three gallon jug full of water, set it down and said, 'I came home this evening, weary, having been working with a threshing machine during the day, but when I lay down I could not sleep; something told me that you were suffering for water. I took this jug, went over to Custer's well and got this for you. I feel now as though I could go home and sleep. I have plenty of chickens and other things at my house that are good for sick people. When you need anything I will let you have it.' I knew this was from the Lord in answer to my prayer.

"The following day the quails came out of the thickets, and were so easily caught that I picked up what I needed without difficulty. I afterwards learned that the camps of the Saints had been supplied with food in the same way.

"The spring following these events my eldest brother came from Pottawattamie County, Iowa, with a team to take me home with him. While preparing to leave, the team became frightened, ran along a steep side hill, capsized the wagon, and I was thrown down the hill and the load came on top of me.

"The same Mr. Johnson who had before administered to my wants, took me into the house. This was in the morning and I knew nothing until ten o'clock in the evening.

"When I became conscious I was lying on a mattress covered with blood. I looked around the room, and asked what it all meant. The lady of the house informed me what had happened, and told me that Mr. Johnson did not expect me to live. She further stated that he had called in

some of the neighbors, that the doctor had been to see me and wished to bleed me, but I would not let him; that I told them that if they knew where there were any of the Elders of Israel, I wanted them sent for. She informed me that I said other things which displeased the doctor and the neighbors, and they went away.

"I assured the family that I was not responsible for what I had said or done, for I knew nothing about it. Mrs. Johnson said that she did not hear or see anything wrong, but the neighbors believed that I was trying to palm off some great 'Mormon' miracle on them.

"I denied trying to deceive anyone, but all to no purpose. The owner of the house I had rented hurried me out of it, saying I could not live in his house any longer. In the month of March I moved into the wagon with my wife and four children, the youngest not two weeks old.

"On the 11th of the following April, 1847, I arrived at my father's house in Western Iowa. I had previously baptized four of my brothers, and all my father's family had embraced the gospel."

On the aforementioned date of April 11, 1847, after being turned out of the home he had rented at Bloomfield, he arrived at his father's house at Pottawattamie County, Iowa, happy in the thought that now his father's family had joined the Church.

Jacob and his family remained in Pottawattamie County for nearly two years, part of the time with his father's family. Lucinda stoutly opposed the idea of the western journey to the Great Basin which Jacob was preparing to make. She had heard her husband discuss the plans to leave and perhaps was aware that he was getting his wagon repaired and was securing clothing and food for the journey.

Her opposition and anger mounted as the time for departure approached. Patience and persuasion failed to change her mind. How about the children? It was evident that they were very attached to their father and he to them. He was preparing to take them along. Maybe it was best that way as she could not support them if he left them. She finally made her decision: the children would go, but without her. It was, no doubt, a hard decision to make. There may have been other motives that prompted her decision, but, if so, they remained unexpressed. When the time came she made known her mind with resolute and spiteful finality.

It was on a cold, windy day in February (the fifth to be exact), 1849, when she bundled her infant son in his sweater coat and waited for Jacob and the other three children to return from a visit to his father's place.

She took her thirteen-month-old baby, Lyman Stoddard, in her arms and met Jacob and the children at the fence, shoved the baby under it, and yelled at him to take his "little Mormon brats." There was no need to plead or multiply words; too many angry words had already been uttered. Jacob, in his stoical way, was not surprised. His demeanor seemed unchanged, but his heart was heavy as the wagon rolled away toward his father's house with his four bewildered children.

However, he returned to his house once more to gather up a few of his personal belongings that he had missed, and found that his wife had already left. Later, just before Jacob and his family left Council Bluffs for the West, Lucinda, unexpectedly, came to visit her children. She brought a dress for Maryette and presents for the others. She took the baby in her arms, but the child, having forgotten his mother, pushed her away.

After her visit none of the family ever saw her again. There is no trace of her subsequent history, except that she returned to her old home in Illinois and later died somewhere in Kansas in the year 1858.

The Hamblins, with their loaded wagon and two cows trailing along, were at the junction of the road at Mt. Pisgah. Jacob walked at the side of the slow-moving yoke of oxen, guiding them with a leather quirt in his hand. His father, Isaiah, occupied the spring seat on the wagon, with the baby tied to the seat close by his side. From back of the seat the two girls, Martha and Maryette, peered out from the canvas that covered the wagon to gaze upon the few log cabins and wide stretches of waving grain enclosed by sturdy pole fences.

That morning their journey had been resumed after a two days' stop because of the passing of Mother Hamblin. She had been ailing for several months. They had postponed their journey for two weeks, hoping she would feel stronger. When she seemed to have improved they decided to leave, but later she had suffered a relapse and passed away suddenly during the night. They said her heart had worn out and stopped beating. Her long illness had softened the blow when it came; nevertheless, she would be greatly missed. Jacob had dedicated the plot of ground of her last resting place and then made a crude marker. Perhaps, at some future time, they could return and remove the remains to a more suitable place.

After several days of travel they were filled with a joyful expectancy by the sight of Council Bluffs in the distance. With the desertion of Lucinda followed by the death of Jacob's mother, his situation had become very precarious. His family needed a mother. His seventeen-month old baby had not been doing so well. The milk did not always agree with him, probably because the cows had been driven too constantly, and the feed had been scarce along the way. Jacob prayed many times for a solution to his problem, but not until the morning when he entered the settlement did he receive a complete answer. The feeling had been a peculiar one. He knew that soon there would be a mother for his children. Somewhere, not very far away, God would give him a companion and a partner whose value would be above rubies, a woman who would be ready when the time came.

Having entered the outskirts of the settlement, Jacob saw a large, well-built log cabin, neatly fenced, with a rock walk leading to the front door. They wondered why he stared in that direction. They noticed the color mount in Jacob's face as he continued to gaze toward the house. He hadn't mentioned the dream he had the night before about seeing a log cabin and a widow with two children living there who would become part of his family.

Inside the house was Rachel Judd, a widow and a native of Canada, and two children of her deceased husband by a former marriage, who had migrated to Nauvoo with her parents, who had been among the first to join the Church there. For several days, according to her telling of the story in later years, she had a peculiar feeling come over her. She had a conviction that a man would come to her door that day who would become her future husband. The thought had somewhat preyed upon her mind. She had seemed, by instinct, to determine how she would be able to take all her things with her. So sure was she that he would come that she had dressed in her Sunday best and packed her trunk.

The knock on the door didn't seem to surprise her. The first words she heard after she bade the stranger to enter were, "My name is Jacob Hamblin, I was impressed to come to your home and ask you to be my wife." Her reply was, "I am Rachel Judd, and am willing to marry you, but it will be impossible for us to have any children." Jacob, remembering his dream, replied, "My name is Jacob, yours is Rachel, we will have two sons and shall name them Joseph and Benjamin." This proved to be true. In addition, their home was blessed with three daughters, Lois, Rachel Tamar, and Ariminda.

Continuing, Jacob asked, "Are you ready?" She replied, "Yes; wait until I get my things." It was true love at first sight. They were married immediately by the justice of the peace and later at the Endowment house at Salt Lake City. This marriage without courtship was the subject of a play written and produced by his descendants, entitled "Peter Ibbetson."

They were married September 30, 1849, eight months after Lucinda and Jacob parted. Since the season was too far advanced for the long western trek, they decided to spend the winter at Council Bluffs. They all lived comfortably in Rachel's impressive log cabin until spring.

It was a warm spring day in June, 1850. Around the wharves on the east side of the Missouri River, opposite Winter Quarters, were loaded prairie schooners, cattle, and a conglomerate group of travelers dressed in their home-made clothes of blue jeans and calico, waiting their turns to be ferried over to begin their journey westward. Many of these travelers were non-Mormons hailing from Missouri and points farther east. The news of the gold strike in California had fired their minds with visions of quick wealth. Some were inadequately prepared in their haste to get started. All were impatient to be ferried across to continue their journey.

During the day an accident occurred in mid-stream. The river was running high because of the spring run-off, increased by a week of unusually warm weather. Jacob, with his two cows and two oxen, had taken passage on a boat loaded with cattle and a few people. The cattle, suddenly shying to one side, capsized the ferry boat. Some of the people on board saved themselves by getting on to the bottom of the boat, others by holding on to some floating planks. Jacob made an effort to swim to the landing, down the stream from which were some three miles of perpendicular river bank. The water along this bank was full of whirlpools and eddies. Despite his efforts, the current took him past the landing. He was almost carried under by a strong eddy, and he began to despair of saving himself. Fortunately, he discovered where a path had been cut through the bank to the water's edge. He succeeded in getting so near to the top of the bank that a woman who was near and had discovered his situation, managed to get hold of his hand, and with a great effort, saved him from the surging waters.

After this ordeal he recovered his cows and oxen, which had swum over with the others, and after drying his clothes he waited for the next ferryboat to bring his family and the wagon over.

Characteristically, he thought of his many blessings. He had entertained ideas of staying at Council Bluffs for another year because he felt too inadequately prepared to leave. On one occasion he had almost lost his animals which had added to his discouragement. He later said, "I had concluded to stay another year, when I dreamed, for three nights in succession, where my oxen were, and went and got them. I found my other animals in the same manner." Through these kind providences and with strict economy he was able to join with the company of Aaron Johnson to travel over a thousand miles of semi-desert country to Utah.

Since leaving Bloomfield, Jacob's family had increased to eleven which included two of his younger brothers, Frederick and Marion, who had arrived a few days before to join their company.⁵ The final check-up was made at a place called Cutler's Park, a few miles west of Winter Quarters. The leader called them together to give some general instructions to follow on this journey. They were not to stray away from the company as Indians might be lurking about. The regular hours for morning and evening prayer must be observed. All should have a spirit of mutual helpfulness, especially in times of danger, sickness, or accident. Strict obedience was enjoined upon them. Jacob was in high spirits. His dreams were at last beginning to materialize.

"The destroyer came into our company, and several persons died. I told my family that it was a plague from the Lord, that nothing but His power could save them from it, and that it would attack some of the family. My wife thought that I had done wrong asserting that it would attack our family, as the children would be afraid and be more likely to have it. I told her that it would come, but when it did we must depend entirely upon the Lord and all would be right.

"One evening as I returned to my wagon from assisting to bury a Sister Hunt, Sister Hamblin was taken violently with the cholera, and she exclaimed, 'O Lord, help, or I die!' I anointed her with consecrated oil in the name of the Lord Jesus, and she was instantly healed. The next day the cholera attacked me and I was healed under the hand of my father.

"I was advised to get into the wagon and ride the remainder of the day. As my eldest son, a small lad, took the whip to drive the team, he fell forward to the ground and both wheels on the left side of the wagon ran over his body. It appeared to me that he never could breathe again. My father took him out of the road, administered to him, and he arose to his feet and said that he was not hurt.

"My youngest son, Lyman, was taken with the cholera, and my father administered to him, rebuking the destroyer, and commanded him to depart from him, from the family and from the company. To my knowledge no more cases of the cholera occurred after that in the company."

When the company emerged from the mountains, the view that opened before them was glorious to behold. They had been swallowed up for days among mountain crags, canyons, and high peaks, with only the rumbling of the wagons over the rocky road and the shouts of the teamsters echoing through the passes to break the mountain silence. The broad expanse before them, with the saline inland sea shimmering in the distance under the heat of a September sun was a welcome sight. The broad valley, stretching to the north and south, was like the beckoning call of a mother's outstretched arms extending a welcome to homeless children, to come and live and be protected without fear or dread of the evil world which lay behind.

Off to the right, as they entered, was the spot where President Young first gazed on this scene three years before, and said, "It is enough, this is the right place; drive on." It was the right place, for hadn't he seen it in a vision? God had prepared it and had held it in reserve for just such a time as this.

As they neared the valley floor an exalted feeling swept over the company. It was like coming from darkness into light, from the shadows of the mountains to the brilliance of the valley. Their eyes were relaxed when they beheld the fields of new grain ripening in the sun and the scattered log houses and the fort that had been constructed for protection against the Indians. And there was the patch of corn, with ears almost ready to pluck. Jim Bridger was already under obligation to make good his promise to President Young that he would give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn.

As they neared the heart of the new settlement, named Great Salt Lake City, a group was on hand to welcome them. President Young appeared and extended an official welcome. And after Brigham Young had exchanged greetings, Jacob had become the recipient of the friendly smile and handshake from the great leader. This, to Jacob, was undoubtedly worth the trip, with all its hardships and worry, for he loved President Young.

It was the first of September when the company arrived, and on that same day they were directed to settle in Tooele, Utah, a place nearby, approximately thirty-five miles west of Salt

Lake City.

During this time, a number of incidents occurred which cast Jacob in the role that he was to play so ably on this new frontier, where he was destined to become an influential man. Most of these incidents happened in connection with the military expeditions against the Indians, but the first incident occurred while Jacob was on a trip to the canyon for fruit and wood. This and the other events are best related in his own words:

"At one time I took my wife three miles up a canyon, to gather wild fruit while I got down timber from the mountains. We had intended to remain over night, but while preparing a place to sleep, a feeling came over me that the Indians were watching with the intention of killing us during the night.

"I at once yoked my oxen, put my wife and her babe on the wagon, and went home in the evening. My wife expressed surprise at my movements, and I told her that the Indians were watching us. She wished to know how I knew this and asked if I had seen or heard them. I replied that I knew it on the same principle that I knew the Gospel was true.

"The following day I returned to the Canyon. Three Indians had come down on the road during the night and robbed a wagon of a gun, ammunition, and other valuables. One of them, from the size of the track, must have been an Indian known as "Old Big Foot." I thanked the Lord that had warned me in time to save my wife and child, as well as myself.

"The following winter I asked for a company of men to make another effort to hunt up the Indians. On this scout we traveled at night and watched during the day until we discovered the location of a band of them.

"One morning at daybreak we surrounded their camp before they were aware of our presence. The chief among them sprang to his feet, and stepping toward me said, "I never hurt you, and I do not want to. If you shoot, I will, if you do not, I will not." I was not familiar with his language, but I knew what he said. Such an influence came over me that I would not have killed one of them for all the cattle in Tooele Valley.

"The running of the women and the crying of the children aroused my sympathies, and I felt inspired to do my best to prevent the company from shooting any of them. Some shots were fired, but no one was injured, except that the legs and feet of some of the Indians were bruised by jumping among the rocks.

"In my subsequent reflections, it appeared evident to me that a special providence had been over us, in this and the two previous expeditions, to prevent us from shedding the blood of the Indians. The Holy Spirit forcibly impressed me that it was not my calling to shed the blood of the scattered remnant of Israel, but to be a messenger of peace for them. *It was also made manifest to me that if I would not thirst for their blood, I should never fall by their hands.* The most of the men who went on this last expedition, also received an impression that it was wrong to kill these Indians.

"On a fourth expedition against them, we again surprised their camp. When I saw the women and children fleeing for their lives, barefooted over the rocks and through the snow, leaving a trail of blood, I fully made up my mind, that if I had anything more to do with Indians it would be in a different way.

"I did not wish to injure these women and children, but learning that 'Old Big Foot' was there, and feeling that he deserved killing, I soon found his trail and followed it. There being snow on the ground, his trail was easily seen. It passed along the highest ridges. As I approached a cedar tree with low, thick foliage, a feeling came over me not to go near it. I passed it under the brow of a steep hill, when beyond it, I saw that no trail had passed on. I circled around in sight of the Indian, but he in some way slipped off unobserved.

"Afterwards, when trying to make peace with these Indians, 'Big Foot' told me that himself and party had laid their plans to kill me and my wife and child, the summer before when in Pine Canyon, had we remained there over night. During the same interview he said, placing his finger on his arrow, 'If, when you followed me in the cedar hill, you had come three steps nearer the tree where I was, I would have put an arrow into you up to the feather.'

"I thanked the Lord, as I often felt to do, for the revelations of His spirit.

"After returning home from the expedition, in which I had followed the trail of 'Old Big Foot,' I dreamed, three nights in succession, of being out west, alone, with the Indians that we had been trying about three years to destroy. I saw myself walk with them in a friendly manner, and, while doing so, picked up a lump of shining substance, some of which stuck to my fingers, and

the more I endeavored to brush it off the brighter it became.

This series of happenings had made a deep impression upon Jacob. The whispering of the "Spirit" came with such force that from that time forth he knew that he was not to shed the blood of the Indians; that he was to be a messenger of peace to them; that if he did not thirst for their blood, he would never fall by their hands. Here, also, was his answer to the problem of how to deal with the red men without destroying them. These principles became the basis of his success in handling many dangerous situations that later occurred. From that time forth, he seemed never to know fear.

Jacob had been taught by his new religion that every soul was precious in the sight of God. Was not even the Indian a son of God? Therefore, Jacob reasoned, that if all mankind were made in the image of God, then these red-skinned nomads were the same as his brothers.

Jacob had great respect for dreams. He believed, as did Joseph of old, that dreams were from the Lord for one's guidance. He might have been of the same lineage as Joseph, and likewise favored with unusual dreams. The dream he had had three nights in succession after following "Old Big Foot"-the bright substance that stuck to his fingers-what did it mean? We have Jacob's words of its fulfillment as follows:

"This dream made such an impression on my mind, that I took my blankets, gun, ammunition, and went alone into their country. I remained with them several days, hunting deer and ducks, occasionally loaning them my rifle, and assisting to bring in their game. I also did all I could to induce them to be at peace with us.

"One day, in my rambles, I came to a lodge where there was a squaw, and a boy about ten years old. As soon as I saw the boy, the Spirit said to me, 'Take that lad home with you, that is part of your mission here, and here is the bright substance which you dreamed of picking up.' I talked with him and asked if he would not go with me. He at once replied that he would.

"The mother, naturally enough, in a deprecating tone, asked me if I wanted to take her boy away from her. But after some further conversation she consented to the arrangement. At this time I had not learned much of the language of these Indians, but I seemed to have the gift of making myself understood.

"When I left, the boy took his bows and arrows and accompanied me. The woman appeared to feel so bad, and made so much ado, that I told him he had better go back to his mother, but he would not do so. We went to the side of a mountain where I agreed to meet the Indians. His mother, still anxious about her boy, came to our camp in the evening.

"The following morning, she told me that she heard I had a good heart, for the Indians told her that I had been true to what I said, and the boy could go with me if I would always be his father and own him as a son.

"This boy became very much attached to me, and was very particular to do what he was told. I asked him why he was so willing to come with me the first time we met. He replied that I was the first white man he ever saw; that he knew a man would come to his mother's lodge to see him, on the day of my arrival, for he was told so the night before, and that when the man came he must go with him, that he knew I was the man when he saw me a long way off, and built a smoke so that I could come there."

Jacob, with his family and friends, attended the semiannual conference in October, 1853. They enjoyed the music, and the several discourses dealing with practical affairs, such as techniques of planting crops on irrigated lands, methods of dealing with the Indians, reasons for building and owing one's home, and clearing more land. They also enjoyed several powerful sermons of a spiritual nature exhorting the Saints to live Christian lives and to keep the commandments.

Jacob sat with rapt attention and enjoyed all of the conference meetings. He listened closely to the temporal advice and felt a little guilty for not having cleared more land. He had sensed, however, that his sojourn in Tooele was only temporary. Anyway, he resolved to do better and heed all the advice given. He loved the Church leaders and regretted that it was then Sunday afternoon and conference would soon be over. Soon he would be bidding his friends good-bye and be on his way back to Tooele.

On the stand, in one end of the Bowery, President Young stood up with a paper in his hand. Every eye and ear was alert for what he might have to say. It was time for the closing exercises. For a moment he surveyed the audience with his eyes before speaking. He said, "Brethren and sisters, before we adjourn there is a matter we must attend to. It is necessary that we send approximately fifty families to strengthen the settlements in Southern Utah. Those who are to be

called are as follows: . . ." After President Young had carefully and distinctly read the names of the fifty men and families, he read a second list of twenty-three names. Jacob straightened with a start. His name had been read as one of the twenty-three men⁵ who were to go to Washington County, located three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City, to work as missionaries among the Lamanites. Now he knew what his future life was to be.

Jacob, however, was not altogether taken by surprise, for in his subconscious mind he had felt that something special might happen at this conference. Like the others, he had attended every meeting in order not to miss any important announcement. Any new decisions from the pulpit were always highlights of the conference and something the members remained to the end to hear. If the announcement concerned them, they wanted to be there to hear it.

As they left the Bowery, Jacob's friends congratulated him on his call. In the wagon, on the return to Tooele, the family held council and agreed that they would all cooperate to the best of their ability. Jacob offered up a silent prayer of gratitude to God for so splendid a wife and family.

Jacob's call placed a heavy responsibility upon Rachel, for she would have the task of running the affairs at home under many obstacles. Life in a pioneer community at best was most difficult. It was a relentless struggle to provide food and clothing for a large family. Besides the household tasks which included elementary schooling for the children, there was the farm on the outskirts of the community to work. The oldest boy, Duane, now in his fourteenth year, was doing almost a man's work. Isaiah, the grandfather, was sixty-three years old and still quite active for his age. He could milk the cows, cut the wood and do many chores around the place, but was unable to do heavy work on the farm. The girls would be able to help some. Martha Adeline, ten, and Maryette Magdaline, eight, were already doing many household tasks.

Rachel was hopeful that Jacob's brothers would remain with the family until his return as they afforded a measure of security. Rachel was a woman of indomitable courage and good faith. The Gospel meant as much to her as it did to Jacob. She considered his call a great honor, and with the Lord's help, she would manage all right in his absence.

After his missionary call, Jacob did not leave for Southern Utah at once. Time was required to make proper preparations; also, it was almost impossible to make the trip in the winter time. By April 7, 1854,⁶ the spring rains had stopped. Jacob and his friend and neighbor, Robert Ritchie, were on their way south. Their wagon contained their trunks, garden seed, and farming tools such as a plow, shovels, hoes, and a rake. Their grub box was up front under the spring seat. Some of Jacob's books were tucked away; his Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price, worn with much use, were handy and could be read each time they made camp. Along behind was tied one of Jacob's best much cows. Jacob and Robert agreed that both should take their turns at driving, as each had furnished a horse to make up the team.

When Jacob said good-by to Rachel and the children the day before, he had assured them that he would soon return for them. The travelers had been told that the climate of the southland during the summer was very hot and that perhaps they would be wise to return for their families during the fall season.

Jacob felt the spirit of his calling and began to acquaint himself with the Indian language. He expressed it in these words: " I made it my business to learn the Indian language and became familiar with its character"

Jacob was not a kindergarten student when it came to knowing the Indian and his language. His experience at Tooele had been his elementary training. Now he had been promoted to the secondary school, as it were. He had already acquired a limited vocabulary of the Paiute tongue.⁷ He was quicker to understand the language than he was to speak it.

The importance of the mission was emphasized when President Young, two weeks later, paid the southern colony a visit. He had brought with him Heber C. Kimball, his counselor, Parley P. Pratt of the Council of Twelve and twenty others, who were, perhaps, his escort of armed guards which he usually took along for protection against the Indians. He called a meeting to give some important instructions about conducting the mission and building up the settlements which had already been begun. He advised the Elders to associate with the Indians in their expeditions if they wanted to have influence with them.

Brother Kimball prophesied that if the brethren were united, they would be prospered and blessed, but if they permitted the spirit of strife and contention to come into their midst, the peace would come to an end in a scene of bloodshed.

President Young inquired of the settlers as to the possibility of making a wagon road around

or over the Black Ridge into the country south of Harmony. Those who had been over it spoke very discouragingly of such a project. Following his warning about trouble and bloodshed, Brother Kimball made a prophecy about the Black Ridge which has since been fulfilled. He said that "in time a road would be made from Harmony over the Black Ridge; and a temple would be built on the River Virgin, and the Lamanites would come from the east side of the Colorado River and get their endowments in it."

They followed the clear water Santa Clara Creek upstream about three miles from its junction with the Rio Virgin, here they came upon an Indian camp which contained about one-hundred and seventy-five men, many women, and just a few children. The raids already referred to accounted for the lack of children. The Indians were friendly, having heard from runners of the kindly approach of the newcomers.

These Indians were farming in a rude manner along the Santa Clara stream, having patches of wheat, corn, squash, and melons. Their chief farming implements were made of sticks of ash about three feet long and three or four inches wide toward the end, with the edges sharpened and running to a point. With these crude plows, they made furrows for planting by pushing the plows ahead while slowly crawling on their knees, throwing the soil right and left. It was found in a day or two, that there were more men belonging to this camp making a total of two hundred and fifty men. The missionaries began by explaining as best they could the principles of the Gospel and telling the Indians of the Book of Mormon as the record of their forefathers, and of the doings of the Lord with the inhabitants of this continent many, many moons ago. As the first fruits of their labor, eleven of the Indians were, at their own request, baptized and confirmed members of the Church.

The natives were also informed that the "Big Captain, Brigham Young, had sent these white men to teach the Gospel, the good word of the Lord, and also how to teach them to farm in a better manner; that they would be visited again, and that perhaps some of the visitors would live among them." This gave the natives evident satisfaction.

Most of the Indians camped along the watercourse during this time of year. Jacob and his companion soon found other groups as they made their way up the creek. On one occasion they witnessed the age-old, superstitious custom of a medicine man attempting to heal a sick person. As they approached a few lodges, they found in one a very sick woman. Jacob tells the story thus:

"The medicine man of the tribe was going through a round of ceremonies in order to cure her. He struck arrows in the ground at the entrance of the lodge, placed a medicine bow in a conspicuous place; adorned his head with eagle feathers, then walked back and forth in an austere manner, making strange gestures with his hands and hideous noises with his voice. He would then enter the lodge, and place his mouth to the woman's in order to drive away the evil spirits and charm away the pain.

"Someone told the sick woman that the Mormons believed in the 'Poogi' which, in their language means administering to the sick. She wished us to wait and if the Piute charm did not work for us to try if he couldn't do any good. The medicine man howled and kept up his performance most of the night.

"The sick woman's friends then carried her some distance away from the lodge and left her to die. Some of her relatives asked us to go and administer to her. We could not feel to refuse, so we laid our hands and prayed for her.

"When we returned to our camp, she arose and followed us, and said she was hungry. We sent her to her own lodge. Some of the inmates were frightened at seeing her, as they had considered her a dead woman."

The miraculous healing of this woman marked the beginning of the Indians' great faith in Jacob and the work of the missionaries. It would soon cause him much concern, because he was desirous of helping these Indians, inclined toward superstition, to understand this gift of healing in the true light. Before leaving he further ingratiated himself with them by helping the women cut the ripened wheat with his knife, and filling their baskets. They remarked to him that if they had a big knife they could soon gather their wheat.

"The weather had become very hot in the south and they agreed that those under the necessity of returning home should do so, and return when the weather was cooler. Jacob left with several others the next day, July 18, 1854, for his home in Tooele.

As he approached his home, Rachel, his wife and his daughters, Martha and Maryette, were

at the gate. News of his coming had spread rapidly through the settlement after he had stopped at the edge of the town to wait for Brother Hardy to unload his things. It had been a hard, long day for both of them. In their haste to get home they had started that morning two hours earlier than usual.

When he alighted from the wagon, Rachel noticed that his shoes were ragged and worn, his faded coat and trousers needed washing and mending, and his hair needed cutting. He was thinner than usual. As he stretched his legs and stood his full height of nearly six feet, he gathered his wife in his arms. Then his children had their turn. The younger ones, Lyman and Lois, seemed to receive the most prolonged and ardent demonstrations of affection. By this time most of the others were there; his father, brothers, and even Albert, the ten-year old Indian boy that he had adopted as one of his own. He had noticed that Duane, his oldest son, and Albert had become close companions. And later he was pleased to see that the farm and the livestock had been well taken care of.

He found his family all well, for which he felt to thank his Heavenly Father.² Late that night he advised them to get to bed, as there was much work to be done on the farm the next day. They lingered on, hoping to hear more of his experiences and further interesting things about the new region which he had visited. They all agreed that he should return soon to his field of labor. They were happy to hear him say he had had a prosperous journey home and that he had made the return trip in the same time as it took him to go, forty days to be exact, having arrived home August 26, 1854. He had been away nearly five months.

He spent most of his three weeks at home working about the place. The work had been carefully organized; everyone would continue to do his part. His brothers had assumed their share of the responsibilities very well.

The middle of September was a busy time. There was the grain to thresh, potatoes to dig, and the last crop of hay to get in. Jacob had long since given up the idea of taking his family south that year because there was no suitable place at the settlement to house his family adequately. Too, his wife Rachel was in a delicate condition and could not travel until after the birth of the baby.

Before leaving his family for the second time, he called them together. Telling of this occasion, he said:

"As I expected to leave my family some length of time, I felt a desire to call them together and bless them. The night before I left, my father came in. I asked him to bless me with a father's blessing."

As the prophets of ancient Israel blessed their children-as Jacob of old blessed his sons in Egypt-this new religion encouraged the Latter-day Saints to do the same. Among other things, Jacob Hamblin's father blessed him with wisdom, knowledge, and understanding. He would have power over the elements of nature and would be able to convert many people. Many would rise up and call him blessed.

One evening a runner came into camp bringing word that the wagon trains on the California Road were being molested by hostile Indians. Jacob was given permission to go. The others, considering the possible danger of being massacred, refused.

Jacob was in high spirits as he bade farewell to the brethren. He had a sturdy mount, and his blanket roll and saddle bags were filled with dried fruit, parched corn, and dry biscuits, with a small sack of flour tied on. Under his pack he had his rifle; it must not be conspicuous because the sight of it would arouse the suspicions of the Indians toward him and his peaceful mission. He felt that there was really no cause for taking it along, and yet he might need it if he happened to meet a difficult situation. At least its appearance might arrest any hostile act on his life. The only comment he made later concerning this occasion was this:

"In November, I was sent alone among the Indians on the Santa Clara, to use my influence to keep them from disturbing the travelers on the southern route to California."

The white settlers would be able to meet the Indian chiefs and teach them how to build houses, make dams, and farm their land. It would be necessary to solicit the aid of the Indians to help the newcomers with their projects. They must provide shelter for themselves and proper food to safeguard their health. The days would be warm and the nights cold in this semi-tropical country. Jacob's description of this settlement was as follows:

"On December tenth, I started for the Santa Clara. The second night after we started, we camped

near the river; found some Piedes hunting; they were much pleased to see us. I told them that we had come to stay with them now and teach them how to build houses and raise grain; this pleased them very much. They left their hunt and went home with us to their lodges or wickeups, as they called them. The chief was much pleased to see us; he wanted us to camp near his wickeup; we did so.

Upon arriving on the Santa Clara, this small party of men, in addition to their spiritual labors, built houses, cleared land, and began the construction of a dam to take out water for irrigation purposes. In this work they were assisted by the Indians, who at this time were estimated to number altogether about eight hundred under chief Tut-se-gab-it. Jacob had this to say:

"We cut logs for two cabins, the Indians carried them on to the ground. We then notched them, and they laid them up. I had many a good talk with Sanpitch. He had some correct ideas of the great Work in the Last Days among the Lamanites, and of the Son of God. He said the Son of God was not wise enough when he was here before to do what his Father wanted him to; and he would come again, and destroy everything that was not good upon the face of the whole earth.

The pioneering of Santa Clara was a difficult task. The hazards of illness and the lack of adequate food put the odds against the settlers. Speaking of the hardships he had endured from the time he first received his missionary call, Jacob said:

"I have suffered many privations since I started on this mission. Sometimes I have slept on the scorching sand of the desert, at other times on the snow capped mountains. Mother Earth my bed, the canopy of heaven my covering, except a few blankets. I have many times had my feelings hurt to see the cold indifference which they (the Indians) have been treated by some of the southern settlers, but I have been truly blest of the Lord; he has always heard my prayer in times of trouble and delivered me."

Jacob Hamblin at thirty-five was strong and active, but the heavy work of building log cabins and a dam to take the water out of the Santa Clara was too much. Hard labor and exposure brought on a severe attack of sickness. At the same time came a heavy fall of snow, an unusual occurrence, making it unpracticable to get assistance from the nearest settlement forty miles distant.

The Indians in the Santa Clara region were to predominate numerically for several years to come. Like the crickets in Salt Lake Valley that ate up the tender stocks of growing grain, the Indians swarmed about the settlements for food and other gifts; they were hungry and destitute. The vast, semi-arid region produced little vegetation and game; therefore, rodents, reptiles, and seeds often became the Indians' main diet. When the thrifty, industrious pioneers moved in with their livestock, and supplies of food, the natives stole what they could not get by begging. Many of them asserted that the land belonged to them and that these intruders were infringing on their hunting grounds. The white men's animals were eating the seed-bearing plants on which the Indians depended so much for food.

"We were invited to an Indian wedding. The intended bride left before the hour set for the ceremony. When a Piede squaw is old enough to marry, there are from six to twenty wanting her for a wife; so they get together and fight for her until they are all whipped but one; he takes the bride."

If a wedding aroused the primitive instinct to fight, and evoked such satanic savagery, how could these Indians make any success of a marriage based on the outcome of such a perverted custom? The status of the Indian women was much like that of the oriental women. At marriage she became the wife, but only in the same degree that an animal became the property of the man who acquired it. He could beat her, starve her, trade her, or sell her. She never dared to voice her opinion before her lord and master. She did all the work and rated no higher than a beast of burden. Indian girls had a high exchange value, and brought a good price in the slave traffic. They were the object of nocturnal raids by one tribe upon another. Weak tribes were forced to part with their daughters by threats of war. In this connection Jacob related the following:

"I visited eight or ten lodges. The chief of this small band had been forced to sell his only daughter a few days before by the Utes. When I entered his lodge he gave his hand and said,

"'I no talk, I am sick and sore, one of my daughters died last summer, and I had to sell the other to the Utes to keep them from fighting us.'

"I told him I would buy her and bring her to the Tonaquint, they would be very glad to see her once more."

It is not known whether or not Jacob was successful in restoring the old chief's daughter, but

Jacob was a man of his word so it may be assumed that he did.

The servile condition of the Indian women; the involuntary marriages based on force; the degenerate tribal customs, and the complete lack of any praiseworthy rules of conduct; appalled Jacob. The scenes he witnessed at the savage wedding rituals aroused his deep indignation. Surely these Indians were not entirely devoid of the human emotion of love. The men loved their daughters and grieved at their loss, and some evinced signs of affection for their squaws. However, if these people were to be regenerated by Christianity, such heathen practices must cease. If marriage and family life were to be civilized and made successful, someone must call the Indians to account for their conduct and teach them that marriage must be based on love and not violence.

The presence of the missionaries on Indian land had soon become common knowledge among all tribes living in that region. Almost every week would bring some new chief or group of leaders to talk to the newcomers. Feeling impressed, they would often remain to tell their legends, superstitions and philosophies.

To Jacob, the work of the missionaries showed little progress. He felt as though it were like hitting one's head against a stone wall, yet he knew that he must never entertain the least thought of giving up. He perhaps thought, if this is the work of God, it will and must go forward. Just how long the missionaries were to wait for success, no one could tell. It was true that they had baptized eleven Indians on their first visit the summer before, but since then no more had applied. Perhaps the missionaries had been too busy wasting their time over trifling infractions of the law among the Indians rather than putting it to better use. The ignorance and superstition hung over the tribesmen like a dark cloud. Would the sunlight of faith and intelligence ever penetrate it?

It was during January and February that Jacob detected some progress. He used all the Indian words that he had learned and preached to the assembled Indians from the roof of the log house. Later he remarked, "I began to gain influence among them. I felt to rejoice in the Son, my Father-in-Heaven, that his work had commenced amongst his people; that I was a useful instrument in his hands in gathering Israel."

His faith in the progress of the mission was strengthened when on February 1, he heard an Indian, called Dick, preach a good discourse to his brethren, the Lamanites. Jacob was pleased to hear repeated part of a sermon he had given to a group of Indians several days before. The Indian's words were, "It is not good for you to fight or become angry, or lie, or steal from the Mormons." The Indian further stated that Mr. Hamblin hated to see the Mormons or Piedes do any such things.

The Indians had built dams across the Santa Clara Creek, only to have them washed away when a cloudburst occurred. The more industrious tribesmen had succeeded in raising corn, melons, wheat and squash by irrigation, but only on a very small scale.

The missionaries realized that before they could improve the Indians' spiritual conditions they would have to provide the physical necessities of life. This new religion taught that one's physical well-being was just as important as his spiritual well-being. Actually they were to be considered together; they complemented each other. The soul of man was not just a man's spirit: it included both the body and the spirit. One could not be healthy in spirit when sick in the body and vice versa.

The missionaries put on their working clothes and began building a dam that would hold enough water to irrigate a hundred acres of land or more. On February 4, the six missionaries (Ira Hatch, A. Thornton, A. P. Hardy, Thales Haskell, Samuel Knight and Jacob Hamblin), with a group of Piedes, got a good start. The Piedes, it was hoped, would be able to raise their own bread and thus become better citizens.

Jacob had heard while at Cedar City that President Brigham Young would be there about the nineteenth of the month. He, with the other missionaries, planned to return to Cedar City for the meeting. To hear and talk to their leader was a great event in their lives. When the time arrived, Brothers Knight, Hardy, and Haskell accompanied Jacob on the return trip to Cedar City.

President Brigham Young had arrived on schedule the day before. A conference meeting had already been announced by the time Jacob and his companions arrived. The meeting was held at the bowery. The sermons, delivered by President Young, Heber C. Kimball, and George A. Smith, were on a variety of subjects. Jacob was very impressed by what President Young had to say, but had to ponder certain statements, especially when he said, "I believe the Saints eat too much to enjoy the Spirit. Probably the Saints have eaten more bread the past year than they will

for the year to come. Jacob felt that his own rations had been skimpy enough. As for the others, President Young's words might be true, since they all looked well fed.

The weather in the southland was getting warmer. Already, by the thirteenth of May, the heat at Santa Clara was too intense for one to be comfortable. Before leaving for home he waited for Brother Hardy to bring the horses from Santa Clara. The two men were to travel home together, each with his own wagon. Jacob did not intend to return without his family.

He had been away about nine and a half months. Except for the period of his sickness, the time had passed rapidly. He arrived home the twentieth of June, 1855, and found his wife well, with a baby boy eight months old, born October 6, 1854. They had named him Joseph. He was undoubtedly discouraged when he saw that their farm would produce very little that year. He felt that he should not think of taking his family south with little or nothing to go on. At the family council, therefore, they all agreed to continue on for another year. Their good milch cows and their beef steers would have to furnish most of their food. He expected to return to Santa Clara after reporting to Brigham Young and following a few weeks rest. It seemed that he had not been able to interview the President while at Cedar City.

Soon after his return to Tooele, having rested up a few days, he polished his leather boots, put on his best sack-coat and black trousers, and was on his way to Salt Lake City to see the President, who was now also the Governor of the Territory of Utah.

For this first visit and report, Jacob had carefully organized in his mind what he wanted to say and the items that he must take up in the order of their importance. He expected that if there were any time left, President Young would want to visit awhile and perhaps make inquiries about Jacob's personal affairs.

Soon he was in the large office of the Governor, seated comfortably in a large chair and giving his detailed report. Yes, the wagon trains had been getting through all right over the California Road. While some Indians had threatened them, none of the emigrants was molested except, perhaps, for the loss of a few head of stock. He agreed with the President's suggestion to be on hand in order to use his influence in preserving peace on the road, and to offer his services as a guide, if so needed. Jacob's report concerning the building of the dam, the number of acres brought under cultivation, the bounteous crops of squash, corn, melons, and potatoes-not forgetting to mention the small patch of cotton that was doing very well-was received with much satisfaction.

President Young had been anxious that the southern settlements succeed. Several families had been sent down during the previous year, and it was planned to send more in the near future. He himself had made trips south twice in the last two years. He must give this remote region as much of his personal attention as possible. The country lying south-west to the coast of California must be settled; also the route made safe for the ever increasing traffic headed in both directions.

When Jacob left President Young's office to return home, a new problem confronted him; the decision made in the recent family council must be reversed. The President had told him to take his family and go south and not to neglect his mission when he got there.

Late in September the Hamblins were on the move again. Five years was the longest they had yet stayed in one place. The neighbors bade them good-bye, and as they slowly moved along the dusty rutted road the villagers remarked to one another, "God bless them; we hate to see 'em go."

They were taking the best of their livestock, having traded or sold the others for whatever they could get. Besides Jacob and his family, there were Dudley Leavitt and his children, his brother Oscar and wife Mary Ann.² The three wagons were an interesting sight as they passed along the road out of town, with every bit of available space occupied, outside as well as in.

Jacob was leaving his home in the care of his father, Isaiah, and probably his sister, Adeline Amarilla, who had married John Ensign of Tooele in 1851. He hoped he would soon be able to return for his father. While at Tooele, as we have learned, his household had increased with the addition of two children, Lois and Joseph, and also Albert, the adopted Indian boy.

President Young advised the settlements in regions where the Indian population was high to build forts. Even though the Indians found in the Great Basin were naturally friendly, precautions must be taken to prepare for any emergency of an unforeseen nature. The future peace with the Indians was still very uncertain. The Indian warfare which was to follow would prove the value of such defenses.

During the first part of March, 1856, Jacob received word from President Young, through President Allen, to build a fort at Santa Clara. New conditions not then known might require such

a structure. There were the wives and families to be protected, especially when the men were away in the daytime working on their farms or doing missionary work. Too, some bold outlaws might develop among the Indians. Already, some of the Indians had become too friendly and familiar and had to be disciplined. Some means would have to be devised to curb the Indians from stealing and to punish those guilty of breaking the law.

The Santa Clara Fort, located in an alcove of hills about a quarter of a mile north of the present town of Santa Clara, faced south. The entrance was approximately twelve feet wide, with two large wooden doors on "home-made" hinges that could be securely bolted inside. A hundred yards from the entrance ran the Santa Clara Creek. The low red sandstone hills obstructed the view to the north or east. The road from Fort Harmony approached the Fort from the southeast as it skirted the hill. Within six years Jacob would build himself a large rock house well up away from the Creek on the slope of the high ridge.

Soon an incident occurred which proved the value of the fort. The men of the settlement were away one day working on the dam two miles up the creek. The women were warned to keep the gates closed until their return. Sister Judd recorded the following incident:

"One morning all the men started for the dam as usual, leaving only Sister Oscar Hamblin, myself and our children at the Fort. After starting, Jacob Hamblin turned to the house and came back. He said to us, 'You had better shut the Fort gates so that you are safe, for I feel that the Indians, when they see us go, will be sure to come back and scare you.' We did as directed. During the day we had an occasion to go to the creek for water. When returning to the Fort, we saw an old Indian Captain coming. We ran and tried to shut the gates, but they were large and heavy. We did not get them quite fastened when Agarapoots came and tried to push them open. He did not succeed but saw that we did not wish to let them in and he went off mad. Soon other Indians came and wished to be let in. We said nothing and they soon left again. About dark the men came home and were much pleased to find us safe. When all the men left again to work on the dam, we took our dinners and children and went with them. This was a task of which we soon tired. So we managed to keep the Fort closed when the men were away."

About fifty miles north of Santa Clara the settlers had discovered a small valley lying north of a high mountain. Up toward the summit of the mountain extended a canyon, down which rushed a large stream of clear, ice cold water which formed the headwaters of the Santa Clara. The canyon and mountain side were covered with native pine trees, many of them very large ones which would make good building lumber. They named the valley "Pine Valley" and the mountain "Pine Valley Mountain."

Nowhere in the surrounding area was there such an ideal place for a summer home away from the intense summer heat of Santa Clara. The bowl-like valley with its outlet to the northwest was lush with deep meadow grass. This valley was therefore designated for a settlement. Missionaries were sent to the nearby canyon to get timber, and the stream was diverted from its course for irrigation purposes.

Pine Valley appealed to Jacob as an excellent herdground. It was like Mountain Meadows. Jacob decided to obtain grazing privileges, if he could, at both places. Also, either of these two grazing areas, he thought, would make a much better place for a summer home for his family. He decided, therefore, to move his family as soon as it was convenient to Pine Valley.

After getting his family settled at Pine Valley, he went to Santa Clara to check on the progress of the crops on the new land below the dam. When he had left there several weeks before, the crops of squash, corn, wheat, melons and cotton were growing fast under warm, clear skies. It had looked as though there would be a bumper crop. But when he returned, a disappointing sight met his eyes. The young plants and blades were wilted and in some places were lying flat on the ground.

It was already known that in this Santa Clara country little rain fell from April to September, just the season when it was most needed to mature the crops. The settlers had built the dam to meet this problem, but it would be of little use if there were no water in the creek. Jacob had noticed the dry bed of the creek several miles before reaching the new settlement.

He recalled that the settlers above at Pine Valley had diverted much of the water on their land for irrigation purposes, leaving a stream too small to reach the settlement below. He was worried, and when he saw a group of Indians coming toward him he remembered what he had told them, that if they would help build the dam there would be enough water to mature the crops. He listened to their plea for him to do something. Jacob realized that his own reputation was at stake. If the crops dried up, his position and those of his companions would be greatly weakened,

and anything might happen. He decided that if the Gospel was true and his faith in a personal God was to be proved, now was the time. It was on June fifteenth that the following incident began:

"I went to Fort Clara. The water was nearly dried up. The chief of the Lamanites said, 'The Tonaquint (Santa Clara) is dead. You told us if we would hear your talk and plant corn the Lord would bless us. Now our corn is dying for water. On what shall I feed my children next winter? The Mormons are using the water in Pine Valley. You said they would not use it there, only for cutting pine logs. We once could feed our children on rabbits when they were hungry. Now there are no rabbits for us; what do you think about it?' I said I did not believe they would starve. It may be that the Lord will send us rain; so that we can water our crops. He said that he believed that the Lord would send rain if the Mormons would pray for it.

"I felt somewhat worked up in my feelings when I saw their childlike ways and the faith they had in us. I told my white brethren to let the red brethren have what water there was to water their corn, to which they readily consented.

"The next day I started back to my family in Pine Valley, as my wife was in a delicate situation and camped out, and I did not want to leave them long at a time."

But in the meantime, prior to leaving, Jacob made every effort to see if something could be done to get water for the suffering crops. Continuing he said:

"At the Santa Clara settlement we have thirty lodges occupied by Indians who had come to help construct the dam. They had come reluctantly, because they believed that the Tonaquint would dry up the coming season, as there was little snow in the mountains. With much hard labor we completed our dam and watered our crops in the spring of 1856 once. The water then failed, and our crops began to wither.

"The chief saw that I was troubled in my mind over the matter and said: 'We have one medicine man; I will send him to the mountain to make rain medicine, and you do the best you can, and maybe the rain will come, but it will take strong medicine, as I never knew it to rain this moon.'

"I went up the creek and found it dry for twelve miles.

"The following morning at daylight I saw the smoke of the medicine man, ascending from the side of the 'Big Mountain,' as the Indians called what is now known as the Pine Valley Mountain.

"Being among some Indians, I went aside by myself and prayed to the God of Abraham to forgive me if I had been unwise in promising the Indians water for their crops if they would plant; and that the heavens might give rain, that we might not lose the influence we had over them.

"It was a clear, cloudless morning, but while still on my knees, heavy drops of rain fell on my back for about three seconds. I knew it to be a sign that my prayers were answered. I told the Indians that the rain would come. When I returned to the settlement, I told the brethren that we would have all the water we wanted.

"The next morning a gentle rain commenced falling. The water arose to its ordinary stage in the creek, and what was unusual, it was clear. We watered our crops all that we wished, and both whites and Indians acknowledged the event to be a special providence.

"I think more corn and squash was grown that year, by us, than I ever saw before or since, on the same number of acres. The Indians gathered and stored up a large amount of corn, beans and dried squash.

"From that time they began to look upon us as having great influence with the clouds. They also believed that we could cause sickness to come upon them if we wished. We labored to have them understand these things in their true light, but this was difficult on account of their ignorance and superstition."

Following this apparent demonstration of divine intervention, the Indians began to look upon Jacob and his companions with added respect and awe. These men they believed had power over even the elements of nature. But the story of the rain coming in answer to prayer was ridiculed by Agarapoots who belonged to a small group of Indians living east of Santa Clara. He was stirring up trouble among the Indians in that vicinity. He had killed a steer belonging to the settlers to show the other Indians that he was not afraid of the white men. Also, his boy had died, and he blamed the missionaries for not saving his life. Jacob related the incident thus:

"About this time an Indian came in from another small band east of Santa Clara. The Indians who worked with us told him how matters were going with them.

"He ridiculed them for their faith in us and what we taught them, and told them that they were fools for living without meat, when there were plenty of cattle in sight. To more fully

exemplify his view and set an example of self-assurance, he killed one of our oxen.

"Four or five of the brethren went to him armed. I felt impressed that a peaceful policy would be best, and for that reason, I requested them to let me manage the matter. I went into his lodge, and sat down by him. I told him he had done a great wrong, for we were working to do the Indians good.

"He talked insultingly, and wanted to know if I wished to kill him, or if I could make medicine strong enough to kill him. I told him that he made his own medicine, and that some evil would befall him before he got home.

"About this time, the President of the mission received a letter from President Brigham Young, requiring us to say to the Indians that if they would live cleanly and observe certain things pertaining to the Gospel, they should grow and increase in the land. Also that we should require them to wash the sick before we administered to them.

"The Indian wished us to administer to his sick boy. We required him to wash his sick child; he refused to do so, and the boy died. The man burnt his lodge, went to the mountains, and called on others to follow him. Some did so, and before leaving, burned a log storehouse which they had filled with supplies.

"The angry man's name was Ag-ara-poots.

"The Chief of the band came to me and said, 'Old Ag-ara-poots will never be satisfied until he has killed you or someone who is with you. You know that he has killed two Piutes since you came here. The Piutes are all afraid of him. I am going away.'

"I asked him if he would not go to Ag-ara-poots with me.

"'No,' he replied, 'he thinks that you let his boy die, and he will never be satisfied until he has blood. There are many with him, and you must not go where he is.'

"As I felt like seeing him, I invited all the missionary brethren, one by one, to go with me, but they all refused except brother Thales Haskell. One of the brethren remarked that he would as soon go into a den of grizzly bears.

"When I went to the house of brother Haskell and opened the door, he said, 'I know what you want. You wish me to go with you to see Ag-ara-poots. I am just the man you want.'

"The difference between me and my brethren in this instance did not arise from superior personal courage in myself, but in the fact that as I have mentioned before, that I had received from the Lord an assurance that I should never fall by the hands of Indians, if I did not thirst for their blood. That assurance has been, and is still with me, in all my intercourse with them.

"Brother Haskell seemed inspired to go with me on this occasion. We started in the morning and followed the trail of Ag-ara-poots until afternoon, when we found him and his band.

"His face was blackened, and he sat with his head down, apparently in rather a surly mood. I told him I had heard that he intended to kill me the first opportunity.

"Said he: 'Who told you I wanted to kill you?'

"I answered that the Piutes had told me so.

"He declared it was a lie; but he had been mad and was mad then, because I let his boy die.

"I told him that he let his boy die because he did not think enough of him to wash him so that the Lord would heal him, and now he was mad at someone else.

"I told him we were hungry and were going to eat with a man who was not mad, and he had better go with us. As we left his lodge, he arose to go with us, but trembled, staggered and sat down in the sand.

"All the Indians but Ag-ara-poots gathered around us. We told them they had been foolish in burning up their food, going into the mountains, and leaving their friends; that the women and children had better go back to the settlements where there was something to eat, and let the men who wish to hunt, remain. The most of them started for the settlement the same night.

"The following day, Tut-se-gavite, (Tut-se-gavit, Tut-segabit), the chief, came to me and said,

"'The band have all come on to the Clara except Ag-ara-poots, and he came on to the bluff in sight of it, and his heart hardened. You cannot soften his heart again. He has gone off alone. You had better pray for him to die, then there will be no bloodshed. Do not tell him what I have said to you.'

"I did ask the Lord that, if it would be for the glory of his name, Ag-ara-poots might not have strength to shed the blood of any of us. In a few days the Piutes told me he was not able to walk, nor help himself to a drink of water. He lingered until spring and died."

The superstition of the Indians was now turned to good advantage by Jacob and his

companions. The natives had witnessed not only the missionaries' power over the elements of nature, but what appeared to be power over life and death.

Pinto Creek and Pinto Valley were located about nine miles north of Pine Valley. A few families had been sent there to settle. Soon after locating his family temporarily at Pinto Creek, Jacob went to Santa Clara where he spent much of his time getting a house ready for his family which he intended to move to that place in the fall.

Jacob noticed the harvest had been a bounteous one, and the storehouses were full. His family would have sufficient food here to meet their needs. He was happy with the thought of having his family with him, and he worked with vim to hurry the preparations. By moving to Santa Clara he would be near his father, Isaiah, who had remained at Santa Clara since arriving from Tooele.

On September 15th, Jacob went to Pinto Creek to bring his family to Santa Clara. He found his family in good health and spirits, except for the illness of an Indian girl whom he had purchased and adopted the previous winter.

On October 5th, while preparing to move his family to Fort Clara, he received word that his father was very sick. He later wrote:

"I started on horseback; arrived there the next day. When I came to the door of the house where he was, I heard him say, 'I am afraid Jacob will be too late getting here; I wanted to see him before I go.' I stepped to the bed; he caught me by the hand, and said: 'Jacob I'm going to leave you; but I'm not afraid to die. I never wronged a man in any way in my life. I once dreaded the grave. I now hail it with pleasure.'

"I answered, 'I was in hopes you would have got your health. You seemed to be so much better before I left.'

"He answered somewhat impatiently,

"Jacob, what is the use of my suffering in this old tabernacle any longer? I comprehend Mormonism. I know the worth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I now appoint you to act as patriarch over my family; you are older than your brothers. Counsel them in all important matters. Do as I tell you, and it will be of more worth to you than all the gold in California.'

"He had suffered much. I laid my hands on him, and prayed for him; asked the Lord that he might be freed from pain and depart in peace. He slept comfortably that night; and after giving up much good instruction the next day, he died."

At this time the whole frontier from Cedar City to Las Vegas was seething with trouble. But the work of Jacob and the missionaries among the Indians for the past three years had not been in vain. Their work had been like storing food against the time when a famine would come; their reservoir of goodwill must now be made use of. Jacob's appearance and influence among the Indians along this frontier region was like oil poured on troubled waters. However, he would no sooner have one trouble spot taken care of than another one would develop. It seemed that even the missionaries themselves needed a trouble shooter. When Jacob arrived at Las Vegas, he learned that Indians there expected that the company which Jacob escorted would be massacred at the Muddy Creek.

Thales Haskell accompanied Jacob on a trip to a lead mine, thirty-five miles west of Las Vegas, to get a load of lead ore

Jacob had some knowledge how to smelt the ore. They needed this metal for ammunition, especially if hostilities broke out

With the help of the Indians they built a crude smelter which proved to be a success. They made the furnace walls of adobe and placed a container made of tin on top, something like a molasses boiler. The hard mesquite wood made a fire hot enough to melt the lead, which ran through a pipe in the bottom into places hollowed out in the sand. For years the remains of this lead smelter stood there, near where the Portisee mine was later established.

Their trip to the lead mine, however, brought them misfortune. The evening after completing their load, Jacob started up the mountain on the side of which the mine was located, to look at the mine before leaving. He stepped back and called to Brother Leavitt that an Indian was watching their horses with the intention of stealing them, and that if he [Leavitt] did not bring them in and tie them up, they would be driven off as soon as it was dark.

Leavitt replied that he would see to it. Jacob, being strongly impressed with the danger of losing the horses, warned him the second time, to which Leavitt made an indifferent reply.

When Jacob had returned it was nearly dark, and Brother Leavitt had just started for the horses.

All they ever saw of them afterwards was their tracks and the trail of the Indian who had driven them off. The Indians in that section of the country did not keep horses, therefore were not accustomed to the use of them, but stole them for food.

Brother Leavitt returned to Las Vegas to get Oscar Hamblin, Jacob's brother, who was to bring his team and take the wagon load of lead home. Jacob became tired of waiting for their return and decided to go and meet them. Not meeting them the first day, he stopped in a small cave for the night. Of his experiences on the way he afterwards wrote:

"I had nothing to eat, and gathered some cactus leaves, or pods, to roast for supper. They were a new variety to me, and had scarlet spots on them. (I afterwards learned from the Indians that they were poisonous.)

"After cooking them in the embers, I ate a little, but they did not taste right. They produced a burning sensation in my stomach and pain in the glands of my mouth and throat. I soon became satisfied that I was poisoned.

"My misery increased, and I became dizzy-headed; with no help near, I felt that my earthly career was nearly terminated, unless the God of Israel saved me, as I knew He had done many times before. I knelt down, and earnestly asked Him to be merciful to me in my extremity, and save my life.

"I then became very sick at the stomach, and vomited freely. Great thirst succeeded, and I soon exhausted the small supply of water in my canteen. This I soon ejected, when I became easy and lay down and slept until morning.

"Not knowing whether my brother would come or not, I continued on my way to Las Vegas.

"I was lank and hungry, and if ever I felt the want of food it was then.

"About noon I saw my brother coming to my relief. It was a welcome sight."

Dudley Leavitt did not return to help with the load of lead. Perhaps Brother Leavitt and Jacob did not always agree on matters of policy. Jacob's advice and suggestions were often resented even by his brother Oscar. To Jacob, no job was completed until every possible avenue was explored to make it a success. When others who were with him got tired and felt that the job was completed, Jacob would find something else to do to prolong the task.

When the two brothers were ready to start for Las Vegas with the load of lead, Jacob suggested that they leave the lead where it was, go farther west, and get a load of scrap iron. Returning that way the year before, Jacob had seen the remains of wagons which had broken down and had been abandoned, from which he hoped to salvage useful pieces of metal.

They traveled this road, which had been seldom used, for thirty-five miles until they came to a spring. The amount of iron they found was less than they expected; nevertheless, they threw it in their wagon and were about to leave when Jacob changed his mind again. These were the circumstances:

When they had arrived at the spring that morning, Jacob had thought of his Indian boy, Albert, who had taken his team and wagon to accompany Brother Calvin Read to Lower California three months before. He now told Oscar, his brother, that during his morning prayer the Spirit had shown him a company of their people, a few miles still farther west on the byroad; that his team was with them, and that his Indian boy was herding the animals on one side of the wagon near the spring. He proposed that they unload the iron and drive in that direction.

Oscar objected and told Jacob that he had never heard of water in that direction short of twenty miles. It was very difficult to persuade Oscar to do this apparently foolish thing; nevertheless, they were soon on their way with an empty wagon. Oscar was disgusted with Jacob's dreams. He accused Jacob of being a visionary man, and of always seeing something.

After traveling about three miles they came in sight of the camp. Jacob described their meetings as follows: "I found my boy Albert watching the horses; there was a good spring of water and plenty of grass. Just beyond were the wagons. The brethren said they never rejoiced more to see anyone than they did us. They were unacquainted with the country and needed our help to get into Las Vegas."

Jacob accompanied the group from California on to Santa Clara, driving his own team with the help of Albert. No doubt, Oscar returned for the load of lead to haul it to their homemade smelter, where Jacob gave the missionaries brief instructions as to its operation before leaving for home.

During the return trip Jacob had an opportunity to visit with his Indian boy, Albert, and listened to the experiences of his journey to California and back. Jacob's wife Rachel had told him before leaving home that Albert had something serious to tell him. While Jacob had been piloting

Mssrs. Bell, Roy and Company on their way toward California, Albert had had a dream or vision. Therefore, one evening as they were camping, Jacob asked the boy what it was he had wanted to tell him. The vision or dream as he told it was as follows:

"As I was coming home with the sheep I saw a person standing by the side of the road a short distance ahead of me. This person was dressed in a white robe that shone so brilliant that I could not look at it long. I was afraid and stopped in the road. The person came to me and told me not to be afraid, but to be a good boy and there was many blessings for me.

"Presently the air came under me and I went up where there was beautiful buildings and the most beautiful that I ever saw. The person that I had seen was with me and told me to go into the largest, but I was afraid to, it looked so much like fire.

"I was then told that I must not stay long, but I could not bear the thought of leaving nor did I leave until I was led out. I was then taken to another department; here I saw my grandfather," (meaning Jacob's father who had been dead one year). "He was dressed in a long white robe which hung loose to his ankles. He looked younger and more handsome than he did when I saw him at home.

"I was now taken to another department and shown the situation of the Indians, or as they told me, 'My People.' This person told me that I must come back and some day bear witness to all the Indians on the earth and try and bring them to occupy the same sphere that this personage did which I was with."

"He described their clothing with more accuracy than I [Jacob] can after having been in the Temple."

This experience was a sign to Jacob that the boy Albert would not live long. The experience of the boy conformed to the Mormon doctrine that when people die, their spirits go to the Spirit World, and while there they have certain work to do. If they have never been converted to the Gospel while on earth, they will have a chance to hear it there. The ordinance work which they failed to do while they were in mortality may be done by their kinsmen in the temples where the work for the living and the dead may be performed...

Jacob spent the summer months looking after his livestock and attending to the affairs of the mission. Along the creek bed were many large cottonwood trees which the settlers used in building their homes and for other useful purposes.

One morning while he was cutting off some large branches of a cottonwood, Jacob fell twenty or thirty feet to the ground. He was badly bruised and was carried to his house for dead or nearly so. This unusual experience he later told:

"I came to my senses about 8 o'clock in the evening, and threw off from my stomach quite a quantity of blood. I requested the brethren who were standing around to administer to me, and they did so. From the time I fell from the tree until then was lost to me, so far as earthly matters were concerned.

"During the time my body lay in this condition, it seemed to me that my body went up from the earth and looked down upon it, and it appeared like a dark ball. The place where I was seemed very desirable to remain in. It was divided into compartments by walls from which appeared to grow out vines and flowers, displaying an endless variety of colors.

"I thought I saw my father there, but separated from me. I wished him to let me into his compartment, but he replied that it was not time for me to come to him.

"I then asked why I could not come.

"He answered, 'Your work is not yet done.'

"I attempted to speak to him again, but he motioned me away with his hand and in a moment I was back to this earth. I saw the brethren carrying my body along, and it was loathsome to me in appearance.

"A day or two after my fall from the tree, I was carried to Mountain Meadows, where I was fed on goat's milk and soon recovered.

The settlement of Santa Clara was the final stopping place for many of the pioneers from San Bernardino, California. The newcomers built several homes and assisted the settlers to build a schoolhouse outside the fort. The fort proved inadequate to house all the families

Before the schoolhouse was ready for occupancy, Jacob's wife Rachel held the first school in Utah's Dixie in a tent.

Early in the fall word was received from Brigham Young that an expedition was to be organized primarily to make a search for some children thought to be kidnapped by the Indians and taken across the Colorado River. Three years previous Jacob had attempted to visit the

Moquis but failed, apparently because of the lack of adequate preparation. Now he had the authority to do what he had dreamed of so long. To look for the children was not the only reason for going; there was a new route to be mapped going east by way of "The Crossing of Fathers"; new tribes of Indians more highly civilized to visit, and, not least, the Gospel to be taken to them. This trip would be a reward for the missionaries' faithful labors among the Piutes, a tribe considered very low in the scale of civilization.

Early, on the morning of October 28, 1858, after a brief farewell to loved ones, the expedition was on its way. The parting words were, "Take care of yourselves and God bless you." Anxiety showed in the faces of wives and children who were fully aware of the dangers that lay ahead. Thirteen men on horseback and three pack animals moved briskly along the road which led out of the settlement and on by a clump of cottonwood trees with their yellow leaves beginning to fall. Rounding the grey sandstone bluff, they were soon out of sight, leaving a dust cloud moving off over the sagebrush.

Jacob, astride a big bay horse, led the procession. Their course lay in a southeasterly direction. They followed the Santa Clara River to its junction with the Rio Virgin. About a mile above the junction, they crossed the shallow, muddy Rio Virgin and headed in the direction of some distant flat hills to the right. The morning rays of the sun cast a purple shadow over the hills to the east. The expedition weaved its way through this rough country of gulches, small canyons and intermittent flat areas, guided by an Indian trail quite indistinct in many places because of the shifting red sand. Such conditions became more frequent, and Naragut's skill was gratefully relied upon to see them safely through.

The country was new and none present, except the Indian guide, had ever been through it. After three days of traveling in a southeasterly direction, they arrived at an Indian watering place (later called "Pipe Springs") where a spring of cool water bubbled out at the foot of a large hill.

Buckskin Mountain part of the Kaibab Plateau. As the sun began to *lower* in the western skies, the missionaries became aware of the presence of Indians, some at a distance, others nearer by, all apparently going in the same direction. As the shadows lengthened, a curl of white smoke rose a relatively short distance ahead.

When they drew nearer to the smoke, an Indian came running to bring them a message of welcome. The friendly messenger, in the Piute tongue, told them that his chief and the tribesmen were gathering to honor the missionaries. Word had been received two days before that the expedition was on its way and that orders had been given to prepare a feast of roast rabbits when they arrived.

The travelers could smell the tang of sagebrush smoke brought to them on the evening air. This was a good omen, and an exultant feeling of gratitude surged up in their hearts as they realized they were in a country of friendly Indians. These Indians, for several years, had heard of the good work of the missionaries, and the name of Jacob Hamblin had become to them a symbol of fair dealing. When the group reached the camp, there were more Indians there than appeared to be the case at a distance. These Indians were of the region of the "Buckskin Mountains" and "Kaibab Forest."

As the missionaries dismounted one by one, they were greeted with smiles and friendly gestures. The Indian chief spoke a greeting in his native tongue: "harro, tica-boon immi piechi," (meaning, "Hello, glad to see you, you have come a long way"), and was pleased to hear Jacob answer him in a clear, distinct accent: "Nuni patutuai nepugi pacharui," ("We are glad to be here") which pleased the natives. Then could be heard Thales, Ira, Andrew, Dudley and Samuel greeting various Indians of the group: "Tuiwitchmai mobacurri," ("It's a long way out here"), followed by what seemed a babel of noises. The missionaries were put at ease by the friendliness of the Indians.

Soon after the preliminary greetings, the red men began to prepare the feast of roast rabbits. The Indians had just returned from a two-day hunt which yielded a plentiful supply. They put the rabbits on a huge bed of live coals and covered them over to roast until ready to serve.

"I noticed an Indian sitting moodily, alone, and eating nothing. I sat down by him and asked him what he was thinking about. Said he, 'I am thinking of my brother, whom you killed with bad medicine.'

"I told him that his brother had made his own medicine, that he came to Clara, killed an ox, and had brought a curse upon himself. I advised the Indian to eat with the company and not make any bad medicine and kill himself.

"This very prevalent idea of good and bad medicine, among the Indians, gives evidence of a very general belief in witchcraft.

"The Indian took a piece of bread, saying he did not wish to die. I was told by our guide that this Indian had said that in the night when I was asleep, he intended to chop an ax into my head, but being afraid it would be bad medicine for him, he did not do it."~

While among the Indians, danger was ever present, even though the red men might have the reputation of being friendly. Fortunately in the above incident, Jacob's alertness and friendliness saved him from death at the hand of the brother of the dead Indian who had succumbed near the spring.

After crossing the river the little band pursued their journey without stopping to rest or to explore the country. The country being new to them they traveled at night to avoid detection by the hostile Navajos as they were now in Navajo territory. The missionaries refrained from making fires which might attract unfriendly natives.

While traveling in the night, one of the animals that carried the provisions ran off.' Two men went in pursuit of it, while the company went on.

The third day after losing their provisions, and having had but little to eat, they came to a garden spot under a cliff. It was watered from a small spring and occupied five terraces walled upon three sides.

As they passed, they saw that onions, peppers, and other vegetables such as were raised in their gardens at home, had been grown there. They discovered squash, which had evidently been left when the crop had been gathered. Referring to this occasion Jacob said: "We appropriated it to our use. It tasted delicious, and we supposed it to be a better variety than we had before known, but we afterward found that hunger had made it taste sweet.'

Four miles further on they came to a high mesa which rose above the general level of the country and jutted out into the plain like a promontory into the sea. Its top was nearly flat and the sides perpendicular. They found an Indian village on top consisting of nearly three hundred dwellings. On closer examination, they discovered that this mass of elevated rock was narrow where it joined the tableland back of it. Across the narrow part, the houses were joined together. It was evident that this Indian village was well constructed for defense against marauding tribes.

The houses were approximately three high. The second and third stories were set back successively from the front story, the same width apart, giving the roofs the appearance of terraces. For security each story could be entered only by ascending to the roof, and then going down a ladder into the room below.

Soon the missionaries learned that there were six other similar mesa Indian villages all referred to as the "Oriba Villages." However, each one had a name of its ~

Before the missionaries arrived, word of their approach had reached the villages by Indian runners. Perhaps the reputation of Jacob Hamblin and the missionaries had something to do with the friendly way in which they were received. Jacob sent his interpreter ahead to announce their approach. Soon the interpreter returned with several Indians. The reception of the newcomers by the Moquis was described by Hamblin in some detail:

"We were kindly received. The leading men counseled together a few minutes, when we were separated and invited to dine with different families.

"A man beckoned me to follow him. After traversing several streets and climbing a ladder to the first story of a house, I was ushered into a room furnished with sheep skins, blankets, earthen cooking utensils, water urns and other useful articles.

"It seemed to me strangely furnished, yet it had an air of comfort; perhaps t~e more so, for the reason th~t the previous few days had been spent in very laborious traveling, on rather low diet.

"The hostess made a comfortable seat with blankets and motioned me to occupy it.

"A liberal repast was provided. It consisted of staved meat, beans, peaches, and a basket of corn bread which they called peke. It was about the thickness of brown paper, dry and crumbling, yet quite palatable.

"The hostess, apparently surmising that I would not know how to partake of the bean soup without a spoon, dexterously thrust her fingers, closed tight together, into the dish containing it, and with a very rapid motion carried the soup to her mouth. Then she motioned me to eat. Hunger was pressing, and a hint was sufficient.

"The day following, the two brethren we had left behind came in with the runaway mule, and a part of our supplies. We visited seven of these towns similarly located and constructed.

"The people generally used asses for packing all their supplies, except water, up the cliffs to their dwellings. The water was usually brought up by the women in jugs, fastened on one side to fit the neck and shoulders of the carrier, and the other side with a strap which passed around in front of the body.

"Most of the families owned a flock of sheep. These might be seen in all directions, going out in the morning to feed, and returning in the evening. They were driven into or near the towns at night, and corralled and guarded to keep them from being stolen by the thieving Navajos.

"We found a few persons in all the village who could speak the Ute language. They told us some of their traditions, which indicated that their fathers knew the Mexicans and something about the Montezumas.

"A very aged man said that when he was a young man his father told him that he would live to see white men come among them, who would bring them great blessings, such as their fathers had enjoyed, and that these men would come from the west. He believed that he had lived to see the prediction fulfilled in us.

"We thought it advisable for some of the brethren to remain with this people for a season, to study their language, get acquainted with them and as they are the blood of Israel, offer them the Gospel. Elders William N. Hamblin, Andrew Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt and Benjamin Knell were selected for this purpose."

Jacob felt that the tradition of these Indians concerning white men coming to them had a true basis, which found support in the Book of Mormon. He believed that this party of missionaries were those white men. They invited these Indians to visit the white settlements west of the Colorado, but the Moquis told them that they were to remain in their hill-top villages until three prophets from the east came to bring them great blessings.

The missionaries noticed that the Moquis were industrious and saving, owned a great many sheep, the most of them black with good wool. They were anxious for the missionaries to open trade with them.

The Moquis fulfilled Jacob's expectation. They were different in many ways as compared with the Piutes, especially in their facial features, manners and customs. They understood how to farm. They raised corn, beans and fruit (peaches) on the bench land without irrigation. Besides sheep, they had goats and asses. The asses were used to pack their firewood up the mountain to their cities. Rain water was caught in tanks made of rock.

During the short time Jacob remained there, he was kept very busy. The Indians recognized his position as chief and showed him due respect. Then too, Jacob appeared more like one of them. His quiet friendly manner, his voice so smooth and familiar, put them at ease. His self-assurance impressed them; The Americans who had visited them some time before had not been well received. They had acted suspiciously and cheated them when making exchanges with them for their blankets and pottery. Besides, they had attempted to seduce their maidens.

The Moquis said to Jacob, "You look like an American. Aren't you afraid we will kill you?"

He answered, "No, do you kill your friends?"

They replied, "No, we do not believe in killing."

His simple ways and manner carried a spirit of honesty and sincerity. The Indians became very solicitous of his well-being and were very zealous to serve him in any way they could.

Jacob was escorted by the leading Moquis to places of special interest. They showed him many of their buildings. He visited several towns, and in one town he visited every house. He found their homes were all very neat on the inside. The floors were made of cement. He noticed the Indians were well dressed in buckskin clothing and blankets of their own manufacture. Their habits and beliefs were of special interest. He observed that plural marriage was practiced, some of the men having more than one squaw.

They told Jacob that at one time they were very rich, but that the Navajos had robbed them of a great deal of property. They declared that they didn't allow Americans to enter their town. Regarding the "Mormons," they said they had heard of them from other Indians.

As the time drew near for the missionaries to leave, the Moquis held a big pow-wow of feasting and dancing as a manifestation of their good will and invited the missionaries to attend. Each of the natives brought to the entertainment some object to denote his occupation. Jacob was gratified at this expression of friendship and looked upon it as evidence of the hand of the Lord working toward the ultimate redemption of his people. He was now anxious to return home and

make a full report to Brigham Young.

They told the Indians they expected to return to them the following year and asked them what they would like the missionaries to bring them. The Indians replied, "Bring us wool cards, sheep shears, all kinds of coloring stuffs and other implements which are of home manufacture."

It was after the middle of November when the missionaries began what proved to be a hazardous return trip. Because of the lateness of the season they faced the danger of storms, biting cold in the mountains, and the lack of feed for their horses. Their rations were low and unless they could kill some game on the way they would suffer.

Of this experience Jacob told the following story:

"Bidding adieu to our Moqui friends, we started for home on the 18th of November with a scanty supply of provisions expecting antelope meat two days journey from the Oribies as we had left a Piute to hunt for us. We failed getting the meat.

We had nothing for our animals but the dry grass and they were somewhat jaded.

"The cold north wind blew in our faces, and we lit no fires at night, as that would have revealed our position to the roving Indians. We pushed on for home in hopes of crossing Deer Mountain²¹ before a snow storm. We crossed the mountains, snow knee-deep, the 27th.

"The 28th a snow storm set in upon us; we were unable to travel as we could not see our course. This storm lasted for two days and nights, some of the men were anxious to find their course home. Twenty of them started. I felt uneasy after they left. We packed up and pursued after them; followed their trail about two hours and overtook them in a cedar grove; their feet nearly frozen. The snow was knee-deep and the storm increasing; we stopped under those cedars which partly sheltered us from the storm. We had been five days rationed on less than a pint of beans a day to the man. The journey thus far had been very disagreeable; with provisions scarce having lost some of them by a runaway."

When they arrived at Pipe Springs the snow was falling fast. From that place they only made eight miles to Cedar Ridge the first day. Their provisions had given out. It was almost impossible to keep from freezing with a large fire and for the want of food. As night came on they counseled together over their situation. Speaking of this incident later, Jacob said: "Taking into consideration our empty stomachs and the difficulty of traveling in the snow, it appeared quite impossible to get home without killing one of our horses for food."

They pitched their tent and prepared to face another cold night without food. For two days Jacob had ridden almost in silence. Some of the men thought he was angry, but as a matter of fact, he was worried and almost ill from exposure. After huddling a while in the rude shelter Dudley Leavitt and Lucius Fuller went out and began saddling their horses. Jacob came' out and asked them what they were going to do.

"We are going home, or we are going to die in the attempt," they told him.

"The chances are you can't make it," Jacob told them. "Your horses are already jaded and in this storm it would be hard to find the road. If you did get through you could not get help back to us for a week, and we cannot go hungry that long. I see no way but to kill one of the horses for food."

Without a word, Dudley pulled the saddle from his four-year old mare, one of the fleshiest of their animals, and motioned for his companion to shoot it. Jacob turned and walked into the tent; tears running down his cheeks. He felt that he had got the group into this difficulty, and was afraid the men would complain or argue among themselves as to whose horse should be shot.

"Some of the men had steaks cut out of the hind quarters of that horse before it stopped kicking," Dudley Leavitt said years later, "and no meat since has tasted so good."

Speaking of this meal, Jacob said: "We boiled the flesh on the coals and ate it without salt and to me it was the sweetest meat I ever ate. I think there was not a man in camp that ate less than five pounds of that meat. We then lay down and slept soundly all night, in the morning the storm was abated and we felt strengthened and pursued our journey at a rapid rate. For two days we lived on this rather objectional kind of food." We arrived at the Cotton Farm on the Rio Virgin the 4th of December where the brethren blessed us with such good things as the Lord blessed them with." The cotton farm at Washington was a welcome sight. At the farm, the brethren and their wives prepared a feast for those nine hungry men that they never forgot. Then they hurried on to their loved ones in Santa Clara where they were joyously received.

The first expedition took them fifty-two days. Their return trip was longer than Jacob had hoped it would be. He appraised the trip in these words:

"This was an interesting but hard trip; we can shorten the journey four or five days and shun the worst of the road, building a flat boat to cross the river, which I intend to do next fall."

In his report to President Young about their visit to the Moquis, he was enthusiastic over the possibilities of future activities in that region east of the Colorado. His letter referred to the large number of sheep that could be bought for one dollar per head—silver coin; that in this new land there was in places no lack of the best grass for grazing.

He further reported that the mountains were composed of black rocks, and perfectly destitute of any vegetation. He estimated the distance to be 180 miles from the cotton farm at Washington, in a southeasterly direction. After reaching the Colorado he estimated the distance up the river to be 100 miles. Then after crossing, about that distance to the Moquis villages (Hopi).

Before the winter of 1858-1859 was over the four missionaries that remained with the Moquis returned home. They reported that a division arose among the people as to whether the missionaries were the men prophesied of by their fathers who would come among them with the knowledge that their fathers possessed. This dispute ran so high that the brethren felt that but little or no good could result from remaining longer. Besides, the chief men among the Moquis advised their return.

The brethren suffered much privation and hardship in this effort to preach the Gospel to this people. The Indians said they did not want to cross the Colorado River to live with the "Mormons"; for they had a tradition from their fathers that they must not cross the river until the three prophets who took them into the country they now occupied should visit them again.

Their chief men also prophesied that the white men would settle in the country south of them, and that their route of travel would be up the Little Colorado. Jacob, speaking of this later said: "This looked very improbable at the time, but all has since been fulfilled."...

The first two expeditions to the Moquis had failed to achieve the desired objectives. Like the Piutes, the Moquis stubbornly resisted change. Yet the living habits of the Moquis were far advanced over the Santa Clara Indians. Still the Moquis could stand many improvements. They were firm in their attitude that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. They had their language, and any attempt to teach them a new dialect, or to give them an alphabet, seemed unnecessary. Their objections to being changed were based on a tradition that they should remain unchanged until the fulfillment of certain prophecies. The missionaries would have to prove that they had, indeed, come to the Moquis in fulfillment of those prophecies.

What to do to bring about a change in the Moquis was uppermost in Jacob's mind. Maybe the visits to the Lamanites were of too short a duration. If the Moquis refused to come and live among the Mormons, why not go and live among them? The example of a higher way of life might be the method for achieving their objective. A whole year among these hilltop tribes, thought Jacob, ought to bring better results. Brigham Young had suggested such a course. A year's supply of food, clothing and other supplies *would* have to be taken along. It would require a tremendous effort to assemble such a stock and then transport it through the roughest kind of country.

Early in the summer of 1860, the pioneers at Santa Clara, Harmony and other settlements were united in their contributions of food, clothing, guns, ammunition and presents for the Indians. Committees in each place were diligent in their efforts to have the many tasks completed on time. The leaders of the missionary party met often to complete all arrangements for the trip and make assignments.

Despite all the activity, Jacob, for some reason, lacked enthusiasm. Perhaps so many trips had dulled his interest. It may have been that he did not relish the thought of having to be away from his family a whole year. Anyway, for some reason he did not feel right about this trip. He was low in spirit and seemed to sense some impending trouble. Just why he should feel this way he did not know.

His family and friends noticed the difference in his attitude and were deeply concerned. They knew that unforeseen dangers were ever present in the mountain fastness through which they had to travel. They had faith that the Lord would help them and to that end they offered up their prayers. They all wished that Jacob would be his old self again. But as his mood did not change, they too partook of his gloomy state of mind.

Jacob's feelings at this time may be gained from his own words:

"in speaking at a public meeting the day before leaving, I said I felt different from what I had ever previously done on *leaving* home. That something unusual would happen. What it was I did not know, but I knew we were to go among the Moquis and stay for one year and that I should

do so if I could get there."

Not all the group felt as Jacob did. Young George A. Smith, especially, was in high spirits, and thrilled to be going along. He boasted that he would be able to make the journey and to stay to the end. His self-assurance was typical of a fifteen-year old boy.

This expedition was by far the most important yet under taken. There were in the company Thales Haskell, George A. Smith, Jr., Jehiel McConnell, Ira Hatch, Isaac Riddle, Amos Thornton, Francis M. Hamblin, brother of Jacob; James Pierce, an Indian, called Enos who was a little Ute guide, and two Indian women. There were several pack animals carrying the heavy supplies, which included trinkets and other gifts for the Indians. There were guns and a good supply of ammunition. Each man carried a revolver, and a full cartridge belt strapped around his waist. Isaac Riddle had made a wooden river boat and loaded it on a wagon, to be used to facilitate their crossing of the Colorado River.

Young George A. Smith shared the general excitement of the company in anticipation of seeing new country and new people. He sang one of his favorite songs as he left, some of the words being: "I'll hang my harp on a willow tree and off to the wars again." The children liked this song and joined in singing the chorus. They later called it George A.'s song.

As the last sound of the wagon and the beat of horses' hoofs died out, some of the home folks, as they stood waving good-bye, had a feeling of uneasiness. Others remarked that there was really nothing to worry about. Many had seen the brethren leave twice before and return all right. In any event their faith and prayers would go with their loved ones. The departure of the expedition from Santa Clara the latter part of October climaxed days of strenuous work. Now that it was on its way, the little band of pioneers could relax and return to the normal routine of everyday life.

The route of the missionaries was the same as taken by the second expedition. The progress was slower due to the increased number making up the company. The wagon proved to be a bother, always requiring two to six men to help lift it over big rocks and pull it up steep grades. Several had remarked before they started that Brother Riddle would never make it to the river. There were too many narrow canyons, steep dugways and sharp turns in the road. There was no road at all for a distance of fifteen miles this side of the crossing.

As the days of travel wore on there was no change in Jacob's mood. He kept wondering why he felt as he did. The responsibility for the safety of the company pressed heavily upon him. He remembered that on the first two expeditions they had not met any Navaj Os. But sooner or later they were bound to meet up with them. The Moquis had told the missionaries that the Navajos were bitter enemies—that the Navajos had come in upon them and had stolen much of their livestock and goods, making them poor. Then, too, the presence of soldiers in the region had bothered Jacob. He remembered the attitude of the soldiers who were with the Ives' River Expedition three years before, and how they had tried to get the Indians to attack the Mormons. If the Navajos were against the Moquis, they would be against their friends, the Mormons. He was concerned also about the soldiers who had visited the Moquis and their advice to kill the Mormons if they returned. Consequently, Jacob's soul was filled with forebodings of impending disaster.

Two years gave the Navajos time to consider the Mormons. Reports had come in that white men were trespassing upon their territory, going to and from the Moquis, their old enemies. The Navaj Os had been visited by a company of soldiers, either from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, or from Camp Floyd, Cedar Valley, Utah, who did all they could to prejudice the Navajos against the Mormons.

The regularity of the Mormon expeditions was a means by which the Navajos could calculate the time and place when the next one would come along. Therefore, as the month of October drew to a close the Navajo nation was on the alert. Navajo braves armed themselves with bows and arrows, put on war paint and feathers, and occupied strategic places along the routes that had been taken by the Mormon expeditions.

The Mormon expedition was soon well past Buckskin Mountain with their pack animals still intact. Soon after leaving the Kaibab Plateau, difficult going was encountered. The sixteen foot boat soon became a hindrance, so was abandoned at the first sharp turn in the rock-walled passageway.

As they neared the Colorado River, the missionaries noticed how silent Jacob was, and that when he spoke his words sounded pessimistic. Thales and Ira who had been with him before knew that something was bothering him. Jacob later described his feelings:

"When we arrived at the crossing of the Colorado River, I again felt the same gloomy forebodings I spoke of before leaving home. On the morning before crossing, the brethren said I had spoken discouragingly several times, and they wished to know if there were anyone in the company that I did not wish to go on.

"I assured them that there was no one that I did not wish to go along, but I knew there would be something happen that would be very unpleasant, and that there would be some very hard times for some of us.

"Young George A. Smith said, 'You will see one thing, that is, I will stick to it to the last. That is what I came for.' We all crossed the Colorado River with a firm determination to do the best we could to fill our mission."

After crossing the river the trail lead between the high-walled canyons, up precipitous escarpments, and around and over jutting ledges with dark canyons peering up from below, warning the weary travelers that a misstep would plunge them to death. Along this route for more than a day's travel there was no intimation of an Indian attack. What the next few days would bring after reaching more open country, no one could tell.

During the first day, after leaving the river, their water supply ran out. On the second day they failed to find water as they had expected. About two o'clock in the afternoon four Navaj Os came to them and warned them that if they went on to the next watering place they would be killed.

The first meeting of the missionaries with the Navajos resulted in a friendly warning from older members of the tribe, who knew of the plot to attack the Mormons, and attempted to avert a disaster. This friendly gesture let Jacob know that there were a few friendly Navajos, and that they were not all bad. The four Navajos suggested that the missionaries go with them to Spaneshank's camp, where they assured them protection. Jacob was undecided what to do. "We counseled about the matter, and concluded that the animals were too nearly famished for want of water to reach Spaneshank's camp. As the water was but a short distance ahead on our route, we concluded to push on to it and risk the consequences."

The company knew Jacob could not be intimidated by threats. The missionaries knew that their leader was right when he explained that it was not their mission to run for cover when danger threatened. They could waste much time waiting for the danger to pass, and perhaps, conditions might get worse rather than better.

The company had made dry camp during the night of the second day's journey from the river. Soon after they started on the morning of Friday, November 1, they emerged from a region of sand dunes into open country. Here Ira Hatch and his Indian wife, Sarah, stopped to readjust their pack. They were just ready to mount their horses again, when a band of Navajo warriors swept out of a ravine, and with piercing war whoops, swooped down upon them. Sarah's horse in fright broke away from her, and by the time Ira could mount his horse, a plumed warrior had caught Sarah and was trying to lift her onto his horse. Ira galloped up and with his whip struck the Indian a stinging blow across his face. He dropped the woman and sped away after the war party. That was the beginning of the onslaught.

Jacob immediately called Thales Haskell to take the company and speed on ahead to a place where the nearby mountain had a narrow opening leading to water and to an adjacent table land with approximately forty acres of grass on it for grazing. He told Thales that if they could reach this place they could better defend themselves against an attack.

Thales knew exactly where the place was because he had told Jacob about it after his return from the Moquis the spring before. Jacob had great confidence in Thales' ability and courage to help out in such a critical situation. This was a time that would test the stoutest heart. Jacob had turned to Thales before when others with less courage refused to face what they thought was certain death. When the vote was taken the day before to decide whether to go on to the spring and chance being killed, or to take the other alternative of going to Spaneshank's camp for protection, Thales had supported Jacob's proposal to go on to the spring. Some of the company showed signs of fear and indecision. It was then that Jacob appreciated a man like Thales who spoke up and in strong words told the group that there would have to be united action and cooperation or they might all be killed.

Soon the Navajos were gathering around them from all directions, and the Indian interpreter informed Jacob that they were bent on mischief. Jacob had remained behind with the interpreter to learn what he could. A Navajo warrior rode up at their side and in words not understood by Jacob spoke to them excitedly. Jacob could tell by the expression on the face of Enos, the

interpreter, that he understood the brief message. As the Navajos galloped away, Enos told Jacob that the Indians were determined that the Mormons should not go on to the Moquis town; that they were undecided whether to kill the missionaries or let them return home.

Jacob later said they had taken the two Indian women with them, thinking that they might be a great help in introducing something like cleanliness in cooking among the people they were going to visit. The Navajos wanted the women. The details of what followed were told by Jacob as follows:

"The Navajos said we might go home if we would leave the women.

"I directed the interpreter to tell them that one of the women was Brother Hatch's wife, and the other was mine. They replied that they would not kill the men who had married them.

"Two of the Navajos then hurried on to our camp, which was by the narrow pass, on the table rock. There the Navajos made a treaty with us that if we would trade them the goods we had brought along, and especially the ammunition, we might go home.

"As it seemed impossible to fill our mission, we felt justified in concluding to return.

"The following morning we commenced to exchange or trade for blankets. While thus engaged, our animals were taken off the rock to water. When returning from the water, Brother George A. Smith's horse turned back on a trail, which, in a short distance, led over a hill and out of sight.

"As he started after it, I told him that he had better not go alone, to which he made an indifferent reply. Something else immediately attracted my attention, and he was forgotten until the Navajos in our camp suddenly left. When I learned that he was after his horse, alone out of sight, I sent two men after him.

"They went about a mile and found him lying by the trail with three bullet wounds through the lower part of his body and four arrow wounds between the shoulders.

"I mounted a horse and rode to the spot and learned that Brother George A. had found a mounted Indian leading off his horse, and that he took the Indian's horse by the bit, when the stolen horse was readily given up, with which the owner started for camp.

"The Indian who had taken the horse and a companion then rode a short distance together, when one came up by the side of Brother George A. and asked him for his revolver. Not suspecting any treachery, he passed it to the Indian, who handed it to his companion a little in the rear. The latter then fired three shots into him, with the revolver only a few feet from his body.

"Brother Smith was paralyzed and soon fell from his horse. The two Indians then dismounted, and one threw his buckskin shirt over his head, and the other shot the arrows between his shoulders.

"We took the dying man on a blanket near to the camp, when he earnestly requested us to lay him down and let him die in peace.

"During this time about forty Navajos had gathered at a difficult place on the trail leading to the Moquis towns, probably anticipating that we would make an effort to go in that direction.

"I sent our interpreter to ask them what they meant by shooting a man after they had agreed with us that if we would trade with them we might go in peace." "He returned with a message to the effect that three relatives of the Indians had been killed by pale faces like us, and, to avenge their death they had shot one of our men. They said, 'Tell Jacob that he need not bury him, for we will eat him, and the women and children will help do it. We want to kill two more, and if Jacob will give up or let us quietly kill them, the rest of the company may go in peace.'

"The question was asked me, 'What are we going to do?'

"Under the trying circumstances it was a serious question, and the query was an earnest one with us all, 'What can we do?' The heavens seemed like brass over our heads, and the earth as iron beneath our feet. It seemed utterly impossible to reach the Moquis towns, which were almost in sight, and like certain death to attempt to escape in the night with our jaded animals.

"Our interpreter thought it would be better for two of the company to die, than for all to be killed. I told him to go and tell the Navaj Os that there was only a few of us, but we were well armed, and would fight as long as there was one left.

"He turned to go, rather reluctantly, saying again that he thought it better for only two to die than all.

"I replied that I did not think so; that I would not give a cent to live after I had given up two men to be murdered; that I would rather die like a man than live like a dog.

"As the interpreter turned to go, the two Indian women we had brought with us wept aloud,

and accused me of bringing them along to be murdered. I went a little way off by myself, and asked the Lord to be merciful, and pity us in our miserable and apparently helpless condition, and to make known to me what to do and say to extricate us from our difficulties.

"I returned to camp and told the company that we would leave as soon as possible. Some thought it was certain death whether we went or remained where we were. I told them, however, that there would not be another one of us injured. Our four Navajo friends who had come to us the day before, had remained, and now helped to gather our animals and pack up. We were soon on our way.

"I told Brother George A. that we must return home to save our lives, for we could not go any farther, as the Navajos were guarding the pass. 'Well,' said he, 'leave me; it will make but very little difference with me; it may make much with you. You cannot go very *fast* if you take *me*.'

"We put him in a saddle upon a mule, with Brother Jehiel McConnell behind him, to hold him on. We left our camp kettles over the fire containing our breakfast, untouched, and All our camp outfit that we could possibly do without.

"The Navajos who had been guarding our trail beyond the camp, started after us, coming down like a whirlwind. Some of our party predicted that in ten minutes there would not be one of us left, but there was no flinching, no wilting in the emergency. I again predicted that there would not be one of us hurt, for so the Spirit whispered to me. The Navajo *s* came almost within range of our rifles, and then turned suddenly to the right. As they passed, the mule that carried our supplies went after them, but, to our surprise, it was brought back to us by a friendly Navajo.

"We traveled as fast as possible, while the four old gray-headed Navajo friends guarded our front and rear. They often asked us to leave the dying man, as he was no longer of any use; that the one who shot him would follow to obtain his scalp, and that if we stopped to bury him they would leave, for our enemies would have his scalp if they had to dig his body up. About sundown George A. asked me to stop, and said that everything looked dark to him and he was dying.

"Our Navajo friends again said if we stopped they would go on. I said to Brother George A., 'It will not do to stop now.'

"He asked, 'Why?'

"When I told him, he said, 'Oh, well, go on then, but I wish I could die in peace.' These were the last words that he said.

"A few minutes afterwards, the Navajo friends said, 'The man is dead. If you will leave him, we will take you to Spaneshank's camp, where you will have friends.'

"Our last ray of hope for getting the body of George A. where we could lay it safely away in the rocks was now gone. I said to the company, 'What shall we do?' The answer was, 'What can we do, only lay the body on the ground and leave it?'

"I replied that such was in my mind, for we would only risk our lives by making an effort to bury the dead, in which we would probably be unsuccessful.

"We wrapped the body in a blanket, and laid it in a hollow place by the side of the trail, and then rode on as fast as our jaded animals could well carry us, until late in the night.

"We halted on a patch of grass, held our animals by the lariats; and also put out a guard.

"I sat down and leaned over on my saddle, but could not sleep. The scenes of the past two days were before me in vivid reality. The thought of carrying the wounded man with his life's blood dripping out of him along the trail, without his having the privilege of dying in peace, combined with the leaving of his body to be devoured by wolves and vultures, seemed almost too much to bear.

"My imagination pictured another scene. South of us, in the distance we could see a large fire, around which we presumed the Navajos were having a war dance over the scalp of our brother.

"Then the thought of conveying the sad news to his father and mother and affectionate sister, all old and valued acquaintances of mine, pierced me like barbed arrows, and caused me the most bitter reflections that I have ever experienced in my life.

"At daydawn a Navajo came to us and asked me to give him something as a present. I did so, and as he turned away, I recognized Brother George A. Smith's revolver in his belt."

The missionaries were still in great danger, for the Indians wanted the supplies they had in their packs and followed close at their heels. In the distance they could see three mountain peaks

that marked the dividing line between the land belonging to these Indians and the tribe of Navajos whose chief was the friendly Spaneshaik. To reach those peaks was a very difficult proposition, for the Navajos were eager for the supplies they had, especially the rifles and ammunition. If the Navajos thought for sure that they could kill the missionaries without danger to themselves, they would have done so. A little accident was perhaps the only thing that saved the expedition.

On one of the mules Hamblin had a kettle filled with trinkets which he had intended to trade to the Indians. Something frightened this mule, and it began to kick and buck; the top of the kettle came loose; the mule ran away from them, and making a circle of about half a mile scattered the trinkets in the grass as it ran.

To the great relief and surprise of the missionaries the head Navajo, dressed in his breech cloth, paint and feathers, stopped his pony and watched the mule. This act was a signal for the others who followed to do the same. For a second, like a startled band of cattle, they took in the situation, then began to dismount to look for the shiny trinkets of broken glass, marbles and pieces of metal. Soon there was a score or more; as they ran along in a stooped position with their hands pawing the grass and their eyes beaming with delight each time they found a trinket, the missionaries quickened their pace and were soon out of danger.

Five days subsequently they arrived home on the Santa Clara, jaded and worn with hard travel and anxiety of mind.

The returning missionaries, their proposed mission of one year cut short, were greeted by their families and friends with little or no surprise at what had happened. Certain members of their families had had premonitions of disaster. They told the missionaries that they had been troubled in their minds during their absence. Some had unfavorable dreams, and they were filled with gloomy forebodings. A young lad, a nephew of Jacob's, told his mother that there was something the matter with Jacob, for he saw him walking along weeping bitterly.

He asked Jacob what was the matter, and Jacob replied: "Do not ask me, for it is too bad to tell."

When Jacob was told about this dream he said: "I know that some people do not believe in dreams and night visions. I do not believe in them when occasioned by a disordered stomach, the result of eating unwisely, but in those of a different nature I have often been forewarned of things about to come to pass, and I have also received much instruction."

Jacob immediately wrote a lengthy report to President George A. Smith, the father of the slain man. Soon after, President Smith made a personal visit to see Jacob at his home in Santa Clara. President Smith, after talking with Jacob, became reconciled to his son's death. He told Jacob in these words: "I was much shocked on hearing of the death of my boy, but upon reflection, we all in the historian's office came to the conclusion that the Lord wanted the young man just in the way He took him."

Jacob on arriving home learned of the death of his oldest son Duane. He was killed December 17, while working on a water-seat (dam or water-headgate) near the former site of Fort Clara. The banks caved in and completely buried him. His neck was thought to be broken. Brown Crow, who was working with him, narrowly escaped a similar fate. Jacob was grief-stricken over the loss of Duane. He had been a faithful boy and would be greatly missed.

Jacob remained at home most of the time for over a year before planning another expedition to the Moquis. The fateful winter of 1860-1861 was not to discourage the efforts of the missionaries. Perhaps the Navajos would become more friendly and the region east of the Colorado River would become a safer place for the missionaries.

The sixth expedition, now in the making, was scheduled to leave in March, earlier in the year than the previous missions. This would work a hardship on Jacob's family, as they had counted on him to remain at home to supervise the completion of the new two-story rock house. It was the time of year when the crops should be planted and their cattle rounded up and driven to the summer range.

Duane would be greatly missed, but there was Albert, the Indian, now in his twenties who had taken the lead in attending to affairs. He truly had been like a shining piece of precious metal that Jacob had dreamed about ten years before at Tooele. If anything should happen to Albert, who, then, would take his place to ease the burden placed on the rest of the family? Would Rachel and Priscilla be able to bear up under the added load very long? But despite all their perplexities, the "Kingdom of God" came first with them. He immediately made preparations to leave in March for "Moquis land." He knew this trip would be somewhat different as he was going to

explore the many canyons and fissures lining the river's edge. There might be some Indian camps hidden somewhere in the canyon fastnesses. There might also be another opening in the massive walls of the canyon for a wagon road, and a better ford.

Jacob assured his wife Rachel, when he left Wednesday morning, March 18, that he would be gone but a short time. He would soon return to catch up on many things he had left undone. At St. George he met his companions: Andrew S. Gibbons, John W. Freeman, Henigan Smith, and Llewellyn Harris, Spanish Interpreter, and his three Moquis friends. The company was soon on the move out of town with the several pack animals heavily loaded and their own mounts carrying extra packs.

As the company neared the crossing of the Rio Virgin, Jacob kept thinking of the talk he had with his Indian boy, Albert, the night before. Jacob had mentioned to him that the peach trees were beginning to bloom, and that the weather was getting much warmer.

The Indian replied, "Yes, and I shall bloom in another place before you get back. I shall be on my mission!" Jacob remembered the vision the Indian boy had had several years before concerning the preaching to a multitude of his people. Jacob answered, "What do you mean by that?" The Indian replied, "I shall be dead and buried when you get back."

"We arrived home in St. George on the 13th of May, 1863. We had been absent fifty-six days. We had explored a practicable, though difficult route, for a wagon from St. George to the Little Colorado, had visited the Moquis towns, and explored some of the country around the San Francisco Mountains.

"I found on my return home that my Indian boy, Albert, was dead and buried, as he had predicted he would be when I left home.

"I supposed his age to be about ten years when he came to live with me; he had been with me twelve years, making him twenty-two years old when he died. For a number of years he had charge of my sheep, horses and cattle, and they had increased and prospered in his hands.

"Some time before his death he had a vision, in which he saw himself preaching the Gospel to a multitude of his people. He believed that this vision would be realized in the world of spirits. He referred to this when he said that he would die before my return home, and be on his mission

"He was a faithful Latter-day Saint; believed he had a great work to do among his people; had many dreams and visions, and had received his blessings in the House of the Lord."

The day was quite warm when Jacob arrived home from his two-month "history making" exploration of the Colorado. He looked at his watch as he came through the village. It was 6:00 p.m., and the sun was nearing the western horizon. The vegetable gardens were grown, radishes, lettuce and green peas were ready for the table. His imposing house up near the hill facing south was a welcome sight. The young fruit trees in the front lot were doing very well. The green fruit showed promise of a bounteous crop.

As he came into the yard no one was there to meet him. The family had expected him home two weeks before, then stopped looking for him. He noticed the work yet to be done on the "lean-to" at the back of the house for their winter's supplies. This reminded him that he would have to get busy on the barn and corral for the stock.

The neighbors saw him dismount from his jaded bay mare. They thought how much he looked like one of the natives. His beard seemed longer, his hair had grown almost to his shoulders, Indian fashion. The moccasins he wore were ragged. His leather jacket as he untied it from his saddle pack, was worn and wrinkled. He took off his battered brown hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. His mat of brown hair had been parted in the middle, and scarcely resembled its former appearance. As he strode to the house with the gait of an Indian, the onlookers remarked that he not only looked but walked like one of the natives. He was used to the flatfooted Indian moccasins by now and knew the value of walking light-footed, especially when he was out where the ground was rocky and covered with prickly pears.

He had been anxious to return home sooner, especially by the last of April, and here it was the 15th of May. He had said nothing about Priscilla expecting a baby to any of his companions. As he opened the door to enter his home he heard the cry of an infant in the room to his left. The noise of the door latch brought Rachel from the other room to see who it was. The cry of the baby made Jacob almost forget to give Rachel the usual affectionate greeting.

Rachel told him that Priscilla's baby was born four days before, May 11, and both were doing well. Rachel had been assisted by the village midwife, and everything was normal. Jacob was, without further hesitation, by the side of Priscilla's bed. He beamed at the new baby as Priscilla informed him that the name was to be "Lucy." Jacob showed no partiality or favoritism,

but bestowed his affections impartially. Rachel left the room long enough to secure a change of clothing for the baby, then returned showing as much interest and joy as Jacob or Priscilla. Jacob was indeed blessed to have such a faithful and devoted pair. Rachel was truly filling the role of a mother to the new-born child as well as to Priscilla.

This was Priscilla's third child. Her first one was born October 15, 1858, and named Sarah Olive; the second one on April 25, 1861, and named Melissa. Jacob was now the proud father of twelve children plus three adopted Indian girls. His wives got scant attention from Jacob when his eight daughters were around. He was equally proud of his three boys Lyman, Joseph, and Benjamin. Albert and Duane had passed away.

Soon the older children arrived home from the field, some from the neighbors. There was a general commotion as Jacob caught Ariminda and Olive in his arms, then Benjamin and Rachel Tamar. Martha and Maryette waited until things quieted down before they gave Jacob the usual show of affection, a kiss on the cheek.

The children loved and adored their father and tried every way to please him. Ellen, and Fannie, the two adopted Indian girls, were respected by the family. Ellen was twelve years old when she came to live with the Hamblins. Many thought she was eighteen or nineteen as she was large for her age. The two Indian girls became expert at shearing sheep, carding the wool and weaving the yarn into cloth. Jacob had given Ellen to Priscilla and Fannie to Rachel for their personal maids.

Soon the large table was loaded with an over-abundance of food. Twelve could be seated comfortably. Following the usual family prayer with the chair backs to the table, the family arose from their knees and took their places with a minimum of noise. Jacob's straight-forward prayer gave thanks for their many blessings, and petitioned the Lord for the health and welfare of President Young, the Quorum of Twelve, and all the other brethren holding presiding positions in the Church. He remembered his red brethren; their welfare-that their understanding of the Gospel would increase-and that peace would prevail on the frontier.

Family prayer was a hallowed custom in the household, and Jacob considered it a great opportunity. After the family was seated, one of the children was asked to say grace on the food, as the other children waited impatiently to begin to eat.

The large fireplace built in the east wall of the room gave off considerable light to supplement the candlewicks. While the family ate, they listened to Jacob relate some of his experiences on the trip. During the meal, however, a certain sadness prevailed. Priscilla had already told about Albert's death. He was sick several days with a bad cold and passed away rather suddenly. The neighbors said it was pneumonia.

"Albert manifested a great love for the gospel and its teachings, had many dreams and visions but had also many trials and temptations. One day after having made some remark about his mission on the earth he was questioned by his father when he confessed to him that he had many times met with and received counsel from his "three friends" as he called them; he had been reticent about speaking of it to his father for fear of his displeasure, but when he found he was to receive only encouragement from him, his pleasure knew no bounds. He seemed imbued with the idea that he had a mission to perform among his race in the spirit world; he was ordained to the offices of the lower priesthood and when he had arrived at the age of manhood he told his father one day that the time had come for him to receive his endowments, for he was soon to go on his mission, and it was necessary that he should receive his blessings first. For some cause it was not convenient for him to go in the House of the Lord at that time; when his father told him he would have to wait awhile he said, "Then I shall have to suffer." Soon after he was stricken with erysipelas in his eyes and face and was not healed until his father started with him from Santa Clara, where he then left for Salt Lake City, where he received his endowments. "

(Juvenile Instructor, Vol. 22:332.)

Jacob Hamblin often Visited By the Three Nephites

"I had always heard of the peculiar ways of Jacob Hamblin . . . which gave me troublesome thoughts. It was that of laying his works suddenly whether in the field or at home, gathering anything edible he could find and throwing it into a flour sack and hasten away into the Indian country many miles away; and I heard he had never made a trip in vain. There was sure to be trouble brewing when he reached his destination. It seemed to me that Brother Hamblin's manner of missionary work was out of harmony with regulation of the church. I mentioned the fact to him

and asked him if his mission was not under the direction of the church. He answered me that his mission was an independent mission and yet under the authority and supervision of the church - that the Three Nephites mentioned in the Book of Mormon were his personal directors. When one appeared and told him he was needed for some distance or in some Indian territory it was his duty to lay everything aside and go out immediately on his mission."

Biographical Record of Martha Cragun Cox, pp.104 Unpublished manuscript

Amos Wright a Pony Express rider, settler of Bear Lake and Bishop tells of meeting with Jacob Hamblin

Amos recounted an episode which must have transpired shortly after he gave up riding as a mail courier for the Pony Express. He accompanied two friends about his own age to their homes in Kanab in the southern part of the state. Here he met the famed buckskin "Apostle to the Lamanites" Jacob Hamblin, who shared a most intriguing tale with Wright and a few other select men one night at the home of Ira Hatch.

Hamblin opened up the conversation by noting that people sometimes had questioned him on why he did so many things among the Lamanites without first consulting with the Church Authorities in Salt Lake City. His standard reply to them always was that while Church President Brigham Young had called and set him apart as a special Apostle to the Indians, he actually took his regular "marching orders" from the Three Nephites of The Book of Mormon fame.

Anyhow, Hamblin was visited upon one particular occasion by two of these Three Nephites. They invited him to accompany them into the great stretch of wilderness expanse directly south of Kanab.

The "buckskin apostle" alluded to the immediate area of their visit as being somewhere near the southern Utah and northern Arizona border "below Kanab a distance and in Indian country."

One of his hosts informed him that (at that time) no human had set foot on the ground which they were then standing for a number of centuries! He then stretched forth his hand in front of a large, natural rock wall facing them and an entry way became promptly apparent. (Whether a particular stone actually rolled aside for this purpose was never mentioned. As to exactly how this was done remains a mystery.)

The three of them went inside, one Nephite leading the way, Hamblin in the middle, and his companion bringing up the rear. The inside seemed to be rather high, wide, and deep. Hamblin used the word "cavern" several times to describe what the room resembled to him. Everything about it seemed to have been naturally formed instead of bearing man-made signs of expansion or finishing.

Sunlight from outside was swallowed up by a softer brilliance of illumination from within. But as to the source of the internal lightning, Hamblin was never told. His footsteps were directed towards the back part of one section of a limestone wall, against which were stacked numerous stone boxes of varying descriptions. In each of them, he was told by one of his hosts, were contained metallic plates representing the two great ancient cultures which inhabited the Americas several thousand years ago. Inscribed on them were the many histories, prophecies, wars, and general activities of the Jaredites (who came from the Tower of Babel) and their own people (the Nephites), who came from Jerusalem at the time of King Nebuchadnezzar's invasion and subsequent conquest of that city and adjacent land.

Hamblin remained still and said nothing, undoubtedly quite awestruck with what he saw. His informant said that these records had been gathered together in that particular spot over a period of time by divine means, from former places of secretion in other parts of the Americas (presumably from North, Central and South America). And that the time would come when they would be brought forth by designated servants of the Most High and eventually translated into English through the gift and power of God. These would then become the scriptures for all those

living during the Millennium, when Satan would be bound for a thousand years and there would be no more wickedness on earth during that time.

The first of those to be translated would be the Brass Plates (frequently mentioned in the Book of Mormon). They would give a true account of everything which happened from the very beginning of time down to the time of the prophet Jeremiah. What was contained on them would be a much more complete record than what is presently found in the Old Testament. Many of God's mysteries and workings would then become more abundantly manifested, including many things that happened before the Flood, as well as afterwards.

The entire genealogy and true origins of the Lamanites (or Native Americans) would also be provided. And with this valuable information, an even greater missionary work would then be done among the remnants of these people scattered over the Americas. Such would become the means of leading the more faithful among them into the Restored Gospel, thereby making them a great and powerful people!

Hamblin was promised that he would be an active participant in these events but not in his present flesh (presumably as a resurrected being). Other things were shown and told to him which he could not divulge. (From Hidden Treasures of Ancient American Cultures by John Heinerman, Bonr
But he closed his thrilling tale in the home of Ira Hatch

Jacob Hamblin Visits The Hopi Tribes Who Know the Three Nephites

President Brigham Young firmly believed in sending the Gospel to all the Lamanites, and sent a group of missionaries to the Hopi as well as to the other tribes. In 1859 he sent Jacob Hamblin with a company that consisted of Marion J. Shelton, Thales Haskell, Taylor Crosby, Benjamin Knell, Ira Hatch, and John Wm. Young.

They reached the Hopi villages November 6, talked with the Indians three days and then left the work of possible conversion on the shoulders of Shelton and Haskell, who returned to the Santa Clara the next spring.

The Indians were kind, but unbelieving and could make no move until the reappearance of the THREE PROPHETS who led their fathers to that land and told them to remain on these rocks until they should come again and tell them what to do."

The trust placed in Mormon visitors to the Hopi was shown by exhibition to them of a sacred stone. On one of the visits of Andrew S. Gibbons, accompanied by his sons, Wm. H. and Richard, the three were guests of old Chief Tuba in Oraibi.

Tuba told of this sacred stone and led his friends down into an underground kiva, from which Tuba's son was dispatched into a more remote chamber. He returned bringing the stone. Apparently it was of very fine-grained marble, about 15 x 18 inches in diameter and a few inches in thickness. Its surface was entirely covered with hieroglyphic markings, concerning which there was no attempt at translation at the time, though there were etched upon it clouds and stars. The Indians appeared to have no translation and only knew that it was very sacred. Tuba said that at one time the stone incautiously was exhibited to an army officer, who attempted to seize it, but the Indians saved the relic and hid it more securely.

The only official record available about the stone is found in the preface of Ethnological Report No. 4, as follows:

"Mr. G. K. Gilbert furnished some data relating to the sacred stone kept by the Indians of the village of Oraibi, on the Moki mesas. This stone was seen by Messers. John W. Young and Andrew S. Gibbons and the notes were made by Mr. Gilbert from those furnished him by Young. Few white men have had access to this sacred relic, and but few Indians have enjoyed the privilege. The stone is a red-clouded marble, entirely different from anything found in the region." ("Mormon Settlement in Arizona," McClintock, see pages 65 and 81.)

(Also found in book The Three Nephites pp. 47-48 By Ogden Kraut)

Summary of His Life and His Death

Jacob was ordained an Apostle to the Lamanites on Friday, Dec. 15, 1876, at St. George by

President Brigham Young. His direct experience with the native tribes of the West began in Tooele Valley in 1851, the valley then being sparsely settled by whites. It was in that valley during an engagement with some marauding Indians that one of the savages was entirely in Jacob's power, and with trusty rifle raised he was about to pull the trigger, when an inspiration came to [p.101] him: "If you do not shed the blood of an Indian, not one of them shall ever have power to shed yours." The rifle was immediately lowered and the astonished Lamanite was told to "go away." Jacob was a famous frontiersman, and under the "Mormon" rule assisted in locating and establishing settlements in Southern Utah, in Arizona and New Mexico. He enjoyed the confidence, friendship, esteem and trust of Brigham Young, as well as that of his entire acquaintance. His duties under the "Mormon" authorities required constant intercourse for many years with the wild Indians, and his life, on several occasions, was in imminent peril, but he possessed an abiding faith that he was in many instances protected from bodily harm from the wild Indians by special interposition of Divine providence. It can be said to his everlasting honor and wisdom that during all his business relations with them he never killed an Indian, and that they placed great confidence in him, saying that "Jacob never lied." Prof. H. A. Thompson, of the U. S. Geological Survey, said of him: "I would trust my money, my life and my honor in the keeping of Jacob Hamblin, knowing all would be safe." Bro. Hamblin removed from Kanab, Utah, to Arizona with part of his family in 1878; the rest of the family followed in 1881. He located in Amity and stayed there until the fall of 1882, when he moved to Pleasanton, New Mexico, where he died Aug. 31, 1886. As the settlement of Pleasanton was broken up, his brother, Frederick Hamblin, brought his remains to Alpine, Arizona, where several of his family resided. To the honor of the authorities of the Church, of which he had been a consistent and devout member for 44 years, five months and 28 days, we will state that a monument has been erected at his grave, bearing the following inscription: "In Memory of Jacob V. Hamblin, born April 2, 1819; died Aug. 31, 1886; Peace-maker in the Camp of the Lamanites; Herald of Truth to the House of Israel." Bro. Jacob was the husband of four wives and the honored father of twenty-four children. (Jenson, LDS Biographical Encyclopedia Volume 3)

