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Biographical Sketch

of

Eugene A. Henriod

by Himself

Pioneer Year 1853

Sailed on the Ellen Maria

Born: 9 Mar 1833, Havre de Grace, France

Having been requested by dear Sister Melissa Boley to write a history of my life, I briefly proceed as follows:

I was born at Havre de Grace, France, March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1833. My father, Louis H. Henriod, a Swiss, married my mother, who was born in Brittany, France. Her name was Domitile de Ligne, she was brought up a Catholic, my father being a Protestant of the Calvinistia faith. I was educated at one of our best public schools, and in my studies received many prizes from my teacher and trustees.

When fifteen years old, my father placed me in a Commercial House where I remained until I was seventeen, when Apostle John Taylor opened up the French Mission. Having heard the wonderful message of the Restoration of the Gospel, through Elder Curtis E. Bolton, I was convinced of its truth and was baptized in my seventeenth year by the said Elder, and confirmed by Elders Taylor, John Pack, Phillip de La Mare, and Elder Bolton.

I was the first, in my native town to join the Church, and was soon followed by my mother and brothers and sister, my Father retaining his convictions. Soon after a branch of the church was established in Havre, and Elder Taylor ordained me an Elder, and appointed me President of said Branch where I officiated until Jan. 31<sup>st</sup>, 1853, where in company with my younger brother Gustave, I left my native land for Liverpool, England to join the saints bound for Utah. It was at that place (Liverpool) that Apostle Taylor gave me charge of seven sisters, all members of the French Mission and all single. You may readily believe, dear sister, how this unforeseen change affected me! I tried to unload this burden on some one else, but Elder Taylor only replied, Eugene, do as you are told, and everything will come out all right - and it did. Thus I learned one of my first lessons in obedience to those placed over me.

We shipped in the fine sailing vessels "Ellen Maria" on Jan 31<sup>st</sup>, 1853, in company with over 350 Saints, mostly British, presided over by Brother Jos. W. Young, a nephew of President Young, and son of Lorenzo Young, with Jonathan Midgley one of his counselors. The forepart of our sea voyage was very rough, and the ploughing and heaving of the vessel so awful as to mix us up badly with our trunks,

cooking utensil, and other baggage, some of the people sliding up and down the ship on upset molasses cans; while many lay in their bunks, paying the usual toll to sea-sickness. In the midst of all this confusion, small pox broke out in our midst and the hospital on deck was crowded with many people, no one offering to help the unfortunates, all being afraid to catch the disease. I obtained permission from Captain Owen to go in and help those sick folks, and obtaining consent from my seven brave girls, I ministered to the sick and brought them such comforts as I could, and had the satisfaction of seeing them recover, all but one, the wife of Bro. \_\_\_, who died and who we committed to the waves wrapped in a sheet. This Bro. lived and afterward became Counselor to President Jos. F. Smith. Soon, however, the weather improved and in five weeks, brought us before the Island of Cuba, where the wind failed us and we remained a week becalmed, and a week after entered the port of New Orleans, and took steamer for Keokuk, Iowa, where we stayed six weeks, preparing for our overland journey to the Valley. Before starting, myself and the sisters – Mallet one of which became my wife – crossed the Mississippi over to Nauvoo. While there we visited Joseph's wife, Emma, and his mother, and sister Lucy, also seeing the town. From here we went to Carthage, the scene of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum, and saw their room as it was left in the same condition existing at the time of their death.

Returning, we left Iowa, and started our company of fifty wagons towards our new home, on an eleven hundred miles journey, full of hope and faith in that God who had preserved us so far. Now commenced the mixed up scenes of pleasures and trials experienced by the Saints on such journeys. With a long whip in my hands, and two yokes of cattle (one yoke wild as a deer, the other, two young heifers giving mild) none of them broken. I succeeded in nearly breaking myself, in trying to break them in; however, in time we got along alright, until we reached Laramie, where the event took place, which I related before the "Daughters of the Pioneers," some weeks too long and too varied to recount we entered the valley, through the blessings of God, on Oct. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1853, glad to mix with the saints in our new home. The Captain of our company was Cyrus H. Wheelcock,

assisted by several returning Elders, among which were Jacob Gates, Isaac Haight, Vincent Shirliff and others.

Shortly after my arrival, I obtained work on the Salt Lake Temple foundation, with Bro. Binns, the head stone cutter there, who taught me to cut that hard granite stone of which the foundation and the Temple itself is built. Our pay was \$1.50 a day, in tithing office script. This Bro Binns is the great grandfather of the Binns family in our town. Early in 1854 President Young obtained employment for me in the old Deseret Store, as clerk until Captain Hooper, and Tom. Williams, with Bro. Wm. Claytern as Cashier, John and James Needham in the dry good dept., Wm. Godbe in hardware dept., and others. At this job I received \$80 a month. The first customer and oldest acquaintance I had in Utah, was my old friend and Colonel Washburn Chipman, who bought a hat from me.

Soon after late in 1854, President Young induced me to form a partnership with a Bro. Loba, a Swiss Chemist of prominence, who claimed the making of gun powder, also of gas. The President gave us the premises known as the "Old Pottery" owned by the church, situated where now is Fort Douglass, to operate in. The church to furnish the means, Horace Eldredge, Bros. Ellerbeck and Wm. Staines, partners and myself as traveling prospector. Having heard that Salt Peter was obtainable along the shore of Great Salt Lake, President Young furnished me a horse and offered me his boat at the lake to explore. On meeting Bro. Snedackes (the pioneer salt man in Utah) at the lake, he told me that what was through to be salt peter there, was nothing but glauber salts, which were there in abundance. Retracing my steps, the President told me to prospect the Bingham hills, which was told contained salt peter. I spent nearly a week over those hills, finding none, unaware of the precious metals over which I travelled. On returning, I found some salt peter, in a large cave near E.T. settlement, but not enough for commercial purposes.

Our chemist, the great Loba, and myself, then dug a large cellar, some 75 by 30 feet and after filling same with buffalo and cattle bones, straw, blood from the slaughter house and other material, and covering same, we began the manufacture of gun powder. The salt Peter grew all right all over the cellar, but in the meantime Bro Jules

head of the sugar works brought in by President John Taylor, from France, came in and told Bro. Loba of some hundreds of barrels of sour molasses on his hands, asking him if he could devise some means of purifying them. On being told to send a barrel as a sample, Loba constructed a copper worm and distilled the stuff, and made whisky. That caused the ruin of our hopes and of the salt peter. Loba drank day and night, neglecting the cellar and the salt peter died. He left for the states, leaving the church a loss of several thousand dollars, and myself bereft of all my savings.

With a wife and a baby lately born, I came to American Fork, and put in 11 acres of wheat on land obtained from Bro. Nicholes. The grain grew well, some ten inches high, when the whole was taken by the grass hoppers, mine being the first crop taken by them. I plowed the same, the second time, and planted with corn, which grew well, when the second batch of hoppers took that also. Being left penniless, I turned to making adobies, working the while on roots dug in the bottoms with an occasional barley mixture, which laid me in bed for a while, flour being \$16. per hundred and unobtainable at that.

In the mean time we built an adobie house for Bishop Harrington, by contribution in which I furnished 2500 adobies. In the fall and following year, what little grain was raised was thrashed by Washburn Chipman, and I attending the fanning mill, which enabled us to eat good white bread once more.

The next year, I cured the trouble with the Indian "Squash Head" which I related in our meeting with yourself and the pioneer ladies and in the fall of 1859, I was asked to take a mission to France, which I accepted, and in April, next left my family, selling my team and wagon, and buying two cows for my family, leaving my wife and four younger children to care for.

Now let me describe how our missionaries went on their missions: We furnished our own eatables, bed, and clothing, mine consisting of a new buffalo robe, purchased of Bro. McKenzie for \$20. Under the leadership of Bro. Jos. W. Young, we each drove a team of 5 yokes of oxen, loaded with flour for the hand cart companies,

expected that season, and crossed the Laramie river, with much ice nearly up to our chins, without a single accident. Arriving at the Missouri river, in good time and spirits, we were met by my old employer, Cat. Hooper, then our delegate to Washington, who seeing me with my old straw hat without a crown, and my pants six or eight inches short, kept us in good humor with his jokes, and took some of us in that plight. He introduced us to a friend of his, a Mr. Hughes, a banker, as missionaries, going to preach the gospel without purse and scrip, and asking him what he thought we ought to do. Mr. Hughes laughed and gave us ten dollars each with which, we bought new hats and shoes, and bidding us God speed, sent us on our journey East, which we performed on foot as far as Pittsburg, Penn., where we found a branch of the church.

Bro. Serge L. Ballif who became President of the Swiss and German Missions was my travelling mate, and on entering the house of the Branch President, on seeing us, he exclaimed, "Brethren I know you are, you are Elder of the Church of J.C. of Latter Day Saints. I saw you in a dream, last night, with your bed clothes strapped on your back. Come in, God bless you." After a bath and a good sleep, we met next day with the saints, who paid our fare to New York, and where the saints, there, paid our passage to Liverpool, England, where Bro. Cannon fitted us with proper clothing and sent us to our fields of labor. From that time until I returned home, I have never missed a meal, or lacked a six pence, and found my family, all well and smiling.

Upon my return home I had to start again at the bottom of the ladder, and soon found employment in American Fork Canyon, with Bro. Cutler in his saw mill, where for a time I learned to saw lumber, and afterward took up teaching a private school. I taught for several years before Bishop Harrington led the way for the establishment of our Public School System under which I became the first and pioneer Teacher of that system, in which I remained for several years, and which I left to fill three terms as city recorder, with 27 years as notary public followed by surveying in which I became deputy county surveyor and afterward county surveyor, for one term. There are

many other events which have formed the bulk of my life, and but which I have omitted fearing to weary you with too many details.

I will now close, expressing to you and your gifted daughter, the high consideration and esteem I feel in the renewal of our acquaintance, and the many kindnesses bestowed on me by both yourself and her.

Sincerely, your friend, and wishing you much joy in the long management of your busy life with the young, I remain as ever, your friend and brother,  
Henriod.

Eugene A.