

Henry Hug and Ann Muller Hug John and Olina Hoth Hug

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On October 20, 1829 I was born in the village of Weiningen. My parents had two children before me, the older named Rachel, and the younger Jacob. On the 25th of the same month I was baptized and received the name Henry. The home of my parents was the third of a very large house in Outer town. In Weiningen my parents were considered neither rich nor poor, but well respected people. Father had always lived in and been a citizen of Weiningen, and for 10 years was the clerk or recorder of the district. When he was 30 years old he married mother, and the celebration lasted for three days, during which time all kinds of enjoyments were indulged in, as was the custom of that day. This all happened while my father was still living with my grandparents, where he continued to live for some time afterwards, in fact until after my older sister and brother were born.



Henry Hug and Ann Muller Hug

A house in Outer town also belonged to my grandparents and in dividing up the estate, father received this home, where I was born. Father's brother received the old place. My grandfather, whom I remember quite well, was a very good natured man who was well thought of. He was an officer that looked after the affairs of the community, something like our county commissioners, and he died at a ripe old age. Grandmother was cranky and not so peaceful. She lived to be pretty old too.

Most all that I know of my life up to the time I was five or six years old is what my mother told me. She told me that I was born in an eventful time, as it was during wine harvest, and my birth delayed the whole thing. That fall the cold

weather came gradually, but early and increasingly, until by and by it became so severe that icicles formed on the grapes; an unusually unpleasant fall when one is accustomed to such pleasant weather during grape harvest that it permeates the whole atmosphere with a feeling of joy and good will.

As mother sat at her spinning wheel she told anecdotes as her wheel whirled busily; how this was the coldest winter that anyone could remember. It is a wonder that we still exist, as the cold came before they could get their winter wood in. How can one keep a room warm when one has nothing to warm with? It was just like the forsaken places in Russia.

In my sixth year I started to go to school, but it was not an agreeable occupation to me. The sitting still on the chair was not to my liking. A second cause for dislike was that the whole thing did not progress satisfactorily, because I could not whisper. If a fellow did not abide by the rules the schoolmaster soon gave him the rod, from which he unmistakably suffered. The school house was too small to hold all of the children, and the castle was built over for a school room. In this castle I spent the rest of my school days. In going to school I never took very much pleasure, excepting in a few subjects, for instance singing, drawing, geography and in history. In the first I was one of the best, as I was also in drawing, the reason being that I liked them.

Instead of leaving Switzerland for Utah in 1854, with the other members of the Hug family, Henry was asked by the Mormon authorities to stay for a time as a missionary. He kept a quite detailed diary of his experiences in missionary work. After five years of work for the Church and preparing groups to come to Utah, Henry was finally chosen to lead a group. He quotes from his journal.

- August 9, 1859: It was a beautiful day as we departed from the depot in Zurich at 1:30 in the afternoon. Father and many friends bid us goodbye. We and other groups of emigrants stayed in the White Cross Hotel in Bassel.
- August 10: It was another nice day as we rode the train from Bassel to Mannheim.
- August 11: We rode a steam boat from Mannheim to Colon.

- August 12: We rode a train to Rotterdam where we stopped in two hotels.
- August 13: We went on a steam boat to Hull; picked up 18 more emigrants.
- August 14: Continued to Liverpool; lodged in Paradise Hotel and got ready for the voyage which would start on the 16th.
- August 19: Struck into the open sea. Did not know the sea could be so calm, but it did not last.
- “We often had song services. . . the other passengers liked to listen. We received favors from the captain, and were allowed to go all over the ship. . . we stood good with the cook, too. . . the captain and doctor said we were the most orderly passengers. Two children were born on the ship. A woman and a child died.”

They arrived in New York in September and continued their journey west. Soon after reaching Salt Lake, his wife, Maria Wampfler Hug died with Mountain Fever and he was desperately ill. His mother was there to take care of him and had become acquainted with a Swiss girl, Anna Muller.

Anna Muller Hug

I was born in the city of Bern, Switzerland, in 1836 about June 20th. Marie Muller died when I was three and my father, Samuel Muller, who was a baker by trade, died when I was seven. I lived with an older sister until I could earn my living, which was at a rather early age.

When about 16 years old I worked for a French speaking couple who forced me to learn French by speaking only that language to me. The man was a watchmaker in the city of Bern. He had many other men working for him, making watches and parts of watches. It was my duty to carry them from place to place. They put the watches in cartons of about a dozen, and I would take an arm load of these cartons and deliver them to the workmen whose names were written on the boxes. At first I had some trouble tramping over the cobblestone streets and finding these men, as they were in buildings four and five stories high. The boss would only tell me to go on up more stairs until I came to the right place. This man was a very good watchmaker, and always

had a sale for his watches. He had the whole top of a big counter full of them, and they would run together to a minute.

I would make deliveries to the exporter, and when he gave me the money it would be in silver. I could hardly carry the money received for an armful of watches. Had it been generally known that I was carrying so much money, I would have been robbed. After returning with the money I would distribute it to the workmen. They would usually give me a tip. The boss was always interested in, and tickled over the amount of tips that I received. They were about all the wages that I did get. After I worked at this place for a year I spoke French very well, and liked the language even better than German.

I worked many places for my board, which was often very poor at the best. Young girls had to work hard those days. I have had to do such things as wash cabbage at the fountain in the freezing weather of winter time. Such things caused me to long to go to America.

Two young couples in the neighborhood were going to America with the Mormons, and they persuaded me to go with them. As I had no money, some men loaned me the transportation until I reached my destination in Salt Lake. I told my husband before we were married that I owed this debt. He said, "Oh that doesn't matter," and went straight and paid it."

"Our company went on train and boat to Liverpool, where we embarked for the journey across the Atlantic. We crossed the ocean on a German sail boat, the "Thomsgott". It was so stormy that it would spill all of the water out of the pots that we were trying to cook with in the kitchen. I constantly thought that we were going down, and I said that if I ever got out of that ship alive, I would never go on the ocean again, and I never did.

It took six weeks to cross the Atlantic in this little sail boat, and we were most of the time being churned about by the stormy seas. We landed at Castle Gardens, New York City, where we transferred to a train. The rail journey was long and tedious. The track was rough and the train bounced and bucked along quite differently from the modern trains. Omaha was the end of the railroad, and from here the trip was by wagon.

At Omaha we bought wagons and cattle and outfitted for the trip across the plains. A few had no money at all, and the rest bought push carts and provisions. Six or eight of these were fitted up and started out about two weeks ahead of the wagons. Thus they started the long journey through the wild lands and pulling by hand all of their provisions and camp equipment in a light, high two-wheeled cart. They kept us informed as to what was happening to them by writing on the rocks and cliffs where we could see it as we came along.

I had no money, but another girl and I agreed to bake the bread for the wagon train for the privilege of walking along with them. We usually were obliged to gather buffalo chips in our aprons, for fuel for our fire in the treeless regions. Each night we would cook until about 11 o'clock to make bread enough to last the next day. We used a Dutch oven to bake in.

We were constantly afraid of Indians. One time we saw a big band of Indians high on a hill above us. We had heard of Indians stealing young girls. Six of us girls were ahead of the train when we saw them. We immediately stopped until the rest caught up. Later the Indians came into camp one night and ate up our provisions and took what they wanted. We could not talk to them, and were too scared to resist. They followed along the next day. An air of anxiety was over us all day. That night we stole away while they were asleep.

In traveling, the girls had to help, and it was not uncommon for them to lead the oxen around by the horns. Of course the oxen were very gentle, and tired from their hard work. Grass was scarce and the oxen were compelled to go without enough to eat. One by one they died, and at last it became necessary for us to reduce our loads. Boxes of clothing were thrown away. Dishes and stoves were buried with the idea that later some one would return for them. The ground was hard, and some times the supplies could not be completely covered. However, no one ever came back to look for anything after we once reached Salt Lake.

Days when one felt ill, the wagon train could not stop. Impure water some times caused dysentery. Alkali water led to similar disturbances. Afflicted

people, with a sense of modesty, trailed behind the train. Some of my friends lay in shallow graves, because they were too sick to t\walk behind the train.

Before we reached our destination it was late in the year, and we encountered snow storms. The three pairs of heavy shoes that I had on the start of the trek were worn out and I was bare foot. With the exception of some flour, our food was all gone. All we had to eat was bread made by mixing flour and water. This "hardtack" was so hard that we had to boil it in water to eat it. As we neared Salt Lake we came to some farm houses where we bought some milk. Were we glad! These people asked me to stay with them, but I did not want to leave my friends who were with the train.

When we reached Salt Lake I had no place to go. However I met a Swiss-speaking lady who was there to be married in the Temple to a man named Nail, who lived at Levi, Utah. They offered to take me home with them. I asked if they had enough for me to eat. They laughed and assured me they did. I went with them in their covered wagon. The man had two other wives on a farm across the river. These folks liked me and told me to help myself to anything that I wanted out of their big store that they owned. However, I did not feel like doing this. They asked me to go with them to a dance, but I told them that I could not because I had no shoes. They fitted me up with a good pair from the store, and I went. I danced well and they always insisted that I go with them. (Afterward, when living at Santa Clara, Aunt Ann waltzed with a full glass of water balanced on her head, without spilling it, for the amusement of her friends.) One time they had ladies' choice, and I danced with a stranger, rather than with Mr. Nail. When questioned about it, I said that I thought he had enough women. It soon developed that he wanted to marry me, and I left for Salt Lake.

Here I met Grandma Hug (Rachel) who had room for me to stay with her. Her son Henry, who lived next door, was recovering from Mountain Fever. Grandma Hug took a liking for me, and bragged to her son what a nice girl I was. The outcome was we were later married.

JOHN AND OLINA HOTH HUG.

The Hug family from Weiningen, Zurich, Switzerland, was one of the strongest families to join the Church in all of Switzerland. Three Hug sons, Jacob, 27, Henry, 25, David, 20, and their sister Regula, 30, were all baptized in the Limmat River on 31 January 1854 and confirmed the same day by Elder George Mayer, the outstanding missionary who had been sent from Germany to Switzerland to open the Swiss-Italian Mission to the German speaking Saints. Their mother, Regula, was baptized and confirmed on 22 March 1854 by Mayer. Another brother, Rudolph was baptized and confirmed by Mayer on 29 April of that year, and their father Hans Jacob, 61, was baptized and confirmed, again by Mayer, four months later on 20 August 1854. On 9 September 1854, John, 21, was the last to be baptized and confirmed by Mayer.



John and Olena Hoth Hug

When the majority of the Hugs came to America in 1855 on the Juventa, Hans Jacob was 62 and did not wish to leave his home land. Those on the Juventa were Regula (Rachel), 30, Jacob (Jr.), 27, John, 22, David, 21, and Rudolph, 18. Although not listed as being on the Juventa, the Hugs mother, Rachel, must have been on this vessel as she was with them when they came west. Happily, the English elder who baptized the Hugs, George Mayer, came on this vessel as well and was placed in charge of the Swiss Saints.

Henry was planning on coming with his family but Mayer persuaded him to stay behind as he was the premier baptizing elder in the entire mission and had, or would later have baptized over 138 of the 1,500 who were baptized during the first ten years of the mission.

On the ship Mayer was placed in charge of the Tenth Ward which was made up of Swiss passengers. William Glover who was in charge of all the Saints, (537), related two incidents of healing power. "Elder Thomas Hunt, while attending to his cooking in the galley, was seriously scalded by the passenger's steward throwing a potful of boiling pork in his face, thus endangering his

eyesight. He was led down to his berth in extreme agony, and continued so until evening, when he was administered to, and the pain left him, and from that hour he began to mend. Another is the case of a child of Sister Elizabeth Davis, whom the doctor despaired of, as being incurable, it being to all appearance lifeless. When we administered the ordinance to it, it instantly was restored, and it gained strength from that time.”

This sailing vessel left Liverpool, England, on 31 March 1855 and after a 35-day journey arrived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on 5 May 1855.⁶ The passengers were met by Mormon Apostle John Taylor, who aided them on their rail passage to Pittsburgh. Here, two steamboats were chartered to take them down the Ohio River to St. Louis. Chartering the same boat, the Equinox which had taken them to St. Louis they journeyed up the Mississippi to Atchison, Kansas. There they obtained wagons and went the additional five miles to Mormon Grove, the outfitting post for that year. Joining the Richard Ballantyne Wagon Train, they began their journey across the plains.

The Ballantyne train arrived in Great Salt Lake City after a fifty-five day journey on 25 September 1855. In the City of the Saints the Hugs immediately searched for and found work and began to settle down. Poverty abounded in all of the new settlements causing Jacob, David, and Rudolph to seek another area where they could farm and make a living more comfortably. Portions of Cache Valley had been settled in 1856 and Logan was established in 1859. Providence, three miles south of Logan, was settled in April of 1859 and a large number of Swiss Saints moved there including Jacob, David, and Rudolph and their wives who moved there in March of 1860. Here there was virgin land available for homesteading, a good water supply, and room to farm. The Hug brothers, with their wives, began the difficult task of digging irrigation ditches, clearing trees and shrubs, and planting gardens and farm crops as well as fruit trees and vineyards. John and his mother, Regula or Rachel, were the only ones to remain in Great Salt Lake City.

John married Olena Hoth in 1856. Olena, of German descent but from Schleswick, Denmark, had come with her parents and siblings to America on the sailing vessel Jesse Munn which left Liverpool on 3 January 1854 and

arrived in New Orleans on 20 February. They crossed the plains in the Thomas S. Williams Freight Train leaving on 7 July and arriving in Great Salt Lake City on 23 October. John and Olena's courtship is described in One Hundred Years of Hugs: "Uncle John, who was quite bashful in those days, was working in Salt Lake. He occasionally ate at a restaurant where a young girl by the name of Olena Hoth worked. Olena took a fancy to the young man who came in to eat. Knowing that he and his mother were poor, she sometimes put leftover food in the bashful young man's coat pocket. John appreciated this kindness, but his bashfulness caused him to refrain from comment.

However some of his young friends made a plan to aid Cupid. "One day John was home in his ragged work clothes when Olena came toward the house. He was badly frustrated and was advised to crawl under the bed until she left. This he did. The other young people visited with Olena, and led her to admit that she loved John, and that she would marry him if he would ask her. Hearing this conversation was too much for John. He crawled from under the bed and said, 'Come Olena, let's get married,' and they immediately left the house and did that very thing." Together John and Olena would have eight children: John H., 1857; Henry H. 1859; David Alva, 1861 (died in infancy); Clara Olena, 1862; Amelia Johanna, 1864; August F., 1867; Lydia Matilda, 1871; and Benjamin F., 1874. The first three of these children were born in Great Salt Lake City and the last five after their move to Santa Clara. Their first son, John H. or Henry, would marry Anna Barbara Graf in the St. George Temple on 27 February 1878. Together they would have two children, John J., born on 9 October 1878 that died two days later and a daughter, Johnetta, born on 27 October 1879. Unfortunately John H. would die on 21 September 1879, five weeks before the birth of Johnetta. Both John H. and his son John J. are buried in the Santa Clara Cemetery. After moving to Oregon, these two would be a constant reminder of John and Olena of their days in Santa Clara. Anna Barbara, following the death of John Henry would marry Alden Gray and together they would have eight children.

John, a shoemaker, and Olena with two children, John H. and Henry H. lived Salt Lake City 1860, and were joined by their brother, Henry, that fall after he completed his journey across the plains. Their mother, Regula or Rachel would

die that year shortly after Henry arrived. At the October conference of 1861, John and Olena and John's brother Henry and wife Ann were called to the Southern Utah Mission.

Arriving there on 28 November one can only imagine their reaction. Instead of the lush green valleys of Switzerland with its many majestic mountains they were greeted with red hills to the north and to the northeast the purple Pine Valley Mountain. This was desert country with trees growing only along the Santa Clara and Virgin Rivers. Sagebrush, rabbit brush, and creosote were everywhere. The soil instead of dark and loamy was red and sandy and in many places was encrusted with a white substance identified as alkali which interfered greatly with the growing of crops. The heat, unaccustomed as they were to it, was another formidable obstacle. When bouts of malaria, caused by the bites of the Anopheles mosquitoes which inhabited a stagnant swamp, were added, the obstacles seemed almost insurmountable. In spite of their negative impressions and feelings the Hugs received their land for a home and for farming and vineyards in a drawing presided over by Daniel Bonelli. Moving on to their new lots they built temporary dugouts and constructed rudimentary furniture from cottonwood logs and willows. They built a dam, constructed irrigation canals, and planted gardens and farm crops.

When the great flood of January 1862, destroyed irrigation ditches and caused great damage they were able to survive and began the rebuilding process. For the first few years, Olena served as the village school teacher and John continued his trade as a shoemaker.

With the lack of ready cash most of the Swiss could not afford to buy shoes and many of the children went barefooted. John was forced to farm in order to make a living. He obtained additional land at "Three Mile Place" and while working there Indians captured him, tied him to a stake, gathered wood and were about to light a fire when a horseman came riding up, yelling all the way. He turned out to be an Indian Chief whom John had befriended. He cut the ropes that bound John and told the other Indians that he was a friend to the Indians and gave John his freedom.

Over the years the vineyards in Santa Clara had begun to produce more grapes than could be consumed or bartered in the north. Seeking further use of the grapes it was only natural that John would join two of his friends to operate a distillery in Santa Clara. At the September 1866 term of the Court in St. George, John and his friends, George Staheli and Conrad Hafen, were granted a license to distill at Santa Clara. There is no further information available on this operation and it is not known if the distillery was a success. It is possible that they produced wine to be used in the Sacrament Services of the Church as it was used in these services until abolished by the Stake High Council on 9 July 1892.

A pleasant surprise for Olena was in 1874 when her brother, Charles Hoth, and wife, Anna Barbara Berger Hoth, moved to Santa Clara from Providence with their two daughters Emma and Olena. How nice it was for Henry's wife, Olena, to have a family member living with her in Santa Clara.

With Brigham Young's death in 1877, the Hug family, some of whom had lived under the perceived view of Young as an autocratic leader and with growing discontent, began to make plans to leave Utah. Another factor in their leaving was the scarcity of land for their children to farm. Many of the Swiss were barely able to eke out a subsistence type living on the farm land they owned. Paradoxically they wanted to go to a place where they would have less oppression in their worship and where there would be better opportunities for their children. Some would leave, not because of dissatisfaction but to keep their family bonds and ties intact.

John's brother, Henry and wife Anna, were "cut off" from the Church in Santa Clara in September of 1877. Three years later, John's wife, Olena, on 12 October 1880 was disfellowshipped. Meanwhile in Providence, Jacob and David, the latter having withdrawn from the Church before leaving, left with their families for the Northwest. Going through Boise, Idaho, they were tempted to remain there but journeyed on to Pumpkin Ridge, Union County, Oregon, where they settled in 1878. There they were joined by Henry in 1879, John in 1880 and finally Rudolph in 1881. Following Frederick Roulet's death in 1885, Rachel, the Hug brother's sister, joined her family the following year. In

Pumpkin Ridge and Cricket Flat the Hug family joined many other families of Swiss descent. In this section of Oregon a "Little Switzerland" began to grow and flourish. Former Mormons and Swiss of other faiths all blended together in happy and harmonious communities.

Accustomed to pioneering they again built log cabins, cleared land, and planted crops. In time as they prospered substantial homes were built and they and their children had the opportunities for growth and development that they were seeking. It is of interest to note that in 1959, at a family reunion, there were 822 Hug descendants with 393 living in Oregon, and 153 in Union County. Of the six siblings only Regula with 45, and David with four, had descendants living in Utah.

It was in Union County that Olena Hoth Hug, 72, would pass away in 1904 and her husband John, 74, would follow her in death three years later in 1907.

Taken from "Oh, These Red Hills, This Roily Water" Life Sketches of the Original Swiss Settlers of Santa Clara, Utah Third Edition by Waldo C. Perkins, MD