

# A PIONEER LOVE STORY

*Summarized by Kaye Starr Thompson Heninger*

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived a flaxen-haired little Scottish girl with big blue eyes. She had a sweet and quiet disposition, and her name was Eliza Lowe. Our pioneer love story begins when she was just five years old. The old Samuel Curling ship had set sail for America from Liverpool, England, which found Eliza, her parents and two brothers and a sister, aboard that ship, seeking Zion, along with many other humble followers of the true gospel of Jesus Christ.



Unbeknownst to them at that time was another family that had set sail for America from Liverpool just four days after the Samuel Curling ship had departed. This family, the Hulls, also destined for Zion, sailed on the William Statson and arrived in Philadelphia at the very same time the Lowe family did. There was an immediate friendship forged between the two families, in this, the year of 1855, and now our story can begin.

The rough and rugged thirteen-year-old William Gibson Hull took a special liking to five-year-old Eliza. William G. would carry her all around on his back, and they enjoyed dipping into the cool waters of the Delaware Bay and the Susquehanna River. One day, little Eliza ventured out a little farther than she should. She almost drowned, but William saved her life, and a special friendship was started that later blossomed into a sweet romance. In their childish way, they pledged to keep in contact and maybe someday marry. Later, they were able to keep in touch even though their families were living in different towns in Illinois. Both families were

working and struggling to earn enough for provisions to go west to Zion.

Our story continues as Little Eliza's family struggled with poverty and sadness. Eliza's new baby sister died when the Lowe family arrived in Philadelphia. Her little brother, Peter, also died, which revealed some of the hardship this family endured following their trip across the Atlantic Ocean. Within the next two years, two more brothers were born and Eliza had the privilege of attending school full time. She learned how to read and write and do her arithmetic, which would serve her well her entire lifetime. During this time, her father, Thomas Lowe II, would leave the family and work in a neighboring town to generate enough funds, then would retrieve his family that he had left behind. That's how they got to Illinois.

It was the practice in those days that new converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints would make immediate plans to join the saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. In 1859, many hundreds of saints met in Illinois to make preparations for the trip westward across the plains. Eliza's family were there, but were not prepared to leave at that time. Many of her relatives did go, though, and arrived in Franklin, Idaho, in 1860.

Betsy, Eliza's baby sister, was born in Illinois, also in 1860. One year later, the Lowe family began their westward trek, and finally reached Omaha, Nebraska, where they obtained a yoke of oxen and a wagon, which they filled with their belongings. Poor Eliza's mother, being pregnant again, and with six living children to care for, faced the western plains which stretched before them. Her determination, with her husband, to reach Zion was uppermost in her mind, which enabled them to begin their trek.

The Lowe family traveled alone from then on. With eight persons to accompany the wagon, they followed the Mormon Trail. They were resourceful and totally depended on their own abilities and their faith to complete this epic trip. This obedient family was miraculously blessed in having no illness. However, one of their oxen became very sick on their journey.

This was the time that Eliza's faith was expressed, and her suggestion for the animal was later recorded in history.

Eliza, then but an eleven year old girl, said, "Let us pray for the ox to get better." The family took her humble recommendation and went a short distance from the wagon and knelt down. They prayed that the ox would not die, that they could go on to Salt Lake City. After a short while, a stranger passing inquired of their obvious problem. He then treated the animal with bacon fat after boring a hole into the horn of the animal. He cut a slit in the oxen's back from the front of the hips to the tail and laid bits of bacon in the cut, then he told them to let the oxen rest over night. This strange remedy apparently did the trick and they continued on the next day. The story of the healing of the ox has been handed down from generation to generation, and the folks today believe that the rare cure was a miracle resulting from the faith of Eliza.

Lone travelers, Eliza's family endured five or six months of trial, terrible weather conditions, and hard travel. The heat and rain slowed them down, but the thrill of going west to Zion remained top priority. By the fall of 1861 they arrived in Hoytsville, Utah----- Zion at last!

This young but large family established their residence in a small and drippy-wet dugout in that new settlement. Little Margaret was born two months later. The following ten years brought many changes and seven more children. This totaled 15 younger brothers and sisters for Eliza to help care for. We know that through their faith, this family was able to carry on.

Two years after arriving in Hoytsville, something very wonderful happened that greatly improved the circumstances for the Lowe family. It also greatly changed Eliza's life, and made it possible for all of us, who call her our grandmother, to be here. That something wonderful occurred when the Lowe family relatives, who were living up in Franklin, Idaho, found out where the Thomas Lowe family was living, and sent for them to homestead in Franklin. This called for a season of celebration because it united all

the Lowe families again after three years of separation!



Lowe Family

Another miracle occurred just prior to the Lowe family's departure from Hoytsville. It was the spring of 1863 and a young man came passing through that little town. His name was William Gibson Hull, who had just been called by Brigham Young to work as a "Provisioner" for the incoming saints on the plains. He was also to continue his work as an interpreter, like his father, Thomas Hull II. He and Mary Benson, William G.'s parents, along with some of the Lowe families, were among the first six families to settle Franklin, Idaho in 1860. While going on his mission, William G. discovered that the Thomas Low family lived there in Hoytsville, Utah! He was twenty-two at the time, and Eliza was fifteen. What a happy reunion they had to see each other again after being separated for four years!

At the end of his mission, William G. learned that the Lowe family had moved to Franklin. He and Eliza again became very close friends. However, there was no talk of marriage because of Eliza's young age. But an interesting turn of events took place that soon changed their minds!

Thomas Lowe II, Eliza's father, who was then First Counselor to Bishop Lorenzo Hatch, was approached by the Bishop. It was the good bishop's desire to take Eliza as his third wife. Thomas was much disturbed at this request. No way was Thomas Lowe going to have anyone else marry Eliza except William Gibson Hull! He then approached William on the matter. It was then decided that William would marry Eliza!



*Eliza and William*

William and Eliza were married on December 27, 1864, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. They had 13 sons, six of whom lived to adulthood. In 1868, many of the Hulls and Lowes took advantage of the opportunity to homestead large allotments of land that became available when the new railroad came through by the Weber River near Ogden, Utah. This untamed area was later named Hooper, after Captain William Hooper. Thomas Hull and William G. moved their families, and became two of the first twenty families to settle there. William G. persevered and built deep canals by horse and plow and shovel. Those canals are still in use today.



Eliza Lowe

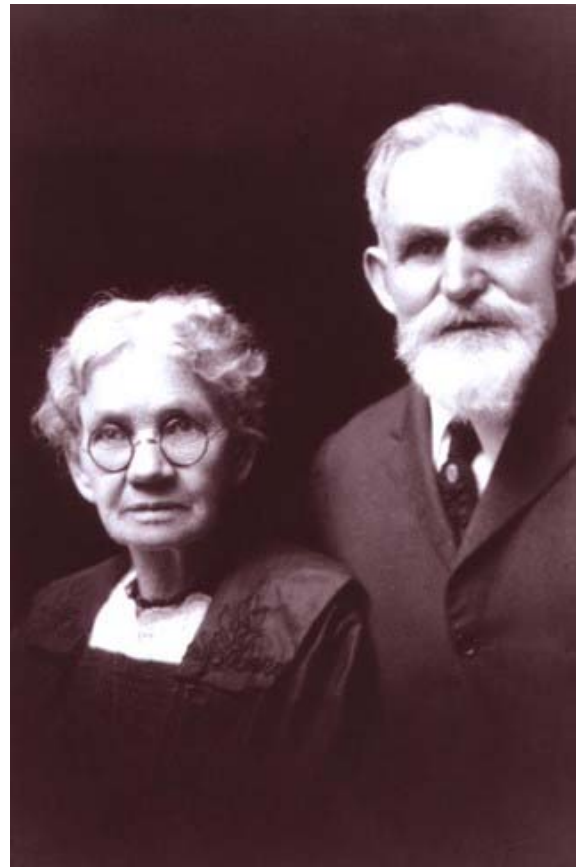
If this was a real Cinderella story, it would end with “...and they lived happily ever after.” But it is better than a fairytale, because the eighth son of William and Eliza was John Henry Hull, a most talented sharpshooter, worker and musician, who carried a dream in his heart for his whole family. Through him came Alta, Glen, Clyde, LoReen, LaVon, Fay, Lindy, Maudie Mae, and Clara. The lives of those families have brought rich blessings, lasting traditions, hard times, and great fulfillment for all their children and children’s children. Many of them have kept the same faith that Eliza worked so hard to obtain.



Five Generations

Hopefully, Eliza's wonderful romance, faith and obedience will remind us all that the price she paid to practice her faith put us all here in Zion. May we not forget this legacy we have—from a real pioneer, our great grandmother!

Thank-you Eliza and William Gibson Hull!



Eliza and William Gibson Hull on their 60th Wedding Anniversary.