

DUP AF Book 2  
Biographical Sketch  
of  
Harriet Foster Grant

by Louisa Grant Alston, daughter

Pioneer Year 1866  
Sailed on the John Bright  
Captain White Company

Born 19 Jan 1842 in Willenhall, Staffordshire, England  
Married William Grant at St. Peters Church, Wolverhampton,  
England, 25 Dec 1859  
Died 6 May 1897

Harriett Foster Grant was born January 19, 1842, in Willenhall, Staffordshire, England. She was the daughter of George and Sarah Foster. She was the third child and the second daughter in the family of seven. Her father was an undertaker and rutner [sic]. She was a happy in her childhood days as she lived near her relatives and had many friends. Her people were humble and respectable. She was quiet and unassuming and very ladylike in her manner and kind and loving to her neighbors especially Wm. Grant who became very much attached to her through these good qualities. He began to pay his attentions to her on her seventeenth year. They became quite friendly and learned to love each other and became engaged.

When she expressed her love for William Grant, a Mormon Boy, and her intentions to marry him, she was driven away from home. She then went to live with an uncle and aunt who kept a public market. She worked for them until she was married. They were married at St. Peters Church, Wolverhampton, the 25th day of December 1859. She and her husband lived in Willenhall from that time until 1866 when they migrated to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Her first child only lived a few weeks and was buried in the Willenhall Cemetery. Her husband worked as a locksmith, but was very much interested in music. He was a member of many musical organizations such as brass bands, string bands, choral societies, choirs, opera companies and etc. which took a great deal of his time away from home. He was a devout Latter-day Saint. She did not belong to the Latter-day Saint Church at this time. On the 15th of October 1861 her second daughter was born and shortly afterwards they moved to another part of the town and began to make new friends. Among them was the family of John Pitt. She became very friendly with this family, especially their daughter Priscilla, she being the same age and a devout Latter-day Saint. They formed a loving friendship for each other and she soon became a member of the Church in 1862. Up to this time she was strongly opposed to this unpopular religion. But when she saw the light she was firm and true. On October 25th, 1863, another daughter was born. On August

29th, 1865, a son was born which made her and her husband very happy.

In the early spring of 1866 commenced preparations for the wonderful trip when on May 1st they set sail on the good ship John Bright. Having but little means they suffered many hardships. She was sick the entire voyage and it was a great task for her husband had to care for her and her three children all the way. It was a very welcome sound to her ears when they told her land was in sight, having been five weeks and a half on the ship. She soon recovered and was able to do her part in carrying her share of the burden. As they had to transfer their bundle and children from Castle Garden through the town of New York at 11 o'clock at night, her she became very worried as they had more than they could pack. A friend carried the baby and they were soon lost in the crowd, and they traveled so slow with Louisa walking and crying all the way that they got lost on the streets of New York. But a kindly policeman showed them the way and they were happy indeed when they saw the steamer all lighted up and waiting to take them down the Hudson River to New Haven, then a long train ride in which many experiences and disappointments were met with but the scenery was most delightful and interesting which she very much enjoyed, past the Great Lakes through Illinois and Missouri and arriving at Sait [sic] Joe where a steamer was waiting to take them down the Mississippi River to a place called Wyoming. After ten days from New York they reached this frontier town and there had to wait three weeks without shelter, for the teams to take them to their destined home, "Fair Utah". They got willows and with sheets and quilts made a tent. Here they made many friends and endured many hardships. A storm came up which made them move and all got wet and her husband was very sick for three days, but with her tender care he got better and was able to go on the journey. At this place there were hundreds of others no better off than they were. They held meetings and amusements and made their stay as cheerful as they could. It was a joyful day to them when the teams arrived and they were once more on their journey.

The wagon was half loaded with freight and another family, a Welsh family, but they had a very good man by the name of Joseph

Tattersol as driver. Their train was a mule train and they moved much faster than their friends who came after with ox train. She, with the children riding and her husband, walking. But sometimes she would persuade him to ride while she walked. Many interesting things happened on the way, such as Indians in sight, large herds of buffalo, many streams of water to cross a prairie everywhere.

She had a very hard sorrow to bear, as she had to lay her third daughter, Lizzie by the wayside. After being five weeks out on the journey at a place called Silver Creek, her darling little daughter died. In two or three minutes after they stopped for the night. She had to wash and lay her out herself in a nice clean nightgown. Her husband guarded the body under the wagon during the night. They buried her the next morning in a soapbox in a grave dug on the beautiful spot on the side of a hill, just five miles east of the North Platt Bridge and then started off, never to see that face or form or spot again. They traveled on with troubles and joys. Sometimes short of feed, and then again plenty, until they reached Bear River. Then they saw the teams and men coming to meet the emigrants. Then the settlements and the beautiful canyons were in view and finally the glorious Salt Lake Valley was in sight. Here they met by many of their old country friends who took them and kindly treated them until they could get located. They stayed in Salt Lake several weeks, with her husband working at first one thing, then another, and looking for a pleasant location.

They finally decided to go to American Fork. There they met new acquaintances and many new friends, and after much hard work and struggle together they soon got themselves a home and success crowned their efforts. She was willing to work in the house where she was neat, or out in the fields if she was needed. She was a very good seamstress and did all of her sewing by hand, embroidered and braided on her children's clothes for she loved the beautiful. Also did lots of this work for her friends and neighbors. She was industrious all of her life and did not spend her time in idle daydreams. For a few months lived with friends in their homes and oh, how happy she was when she got her first home with her little family.

Her amiable and lovable disposition and ladylike manners brought the young people to her home. The rooms though small, always held the crowd. Sometimes just one couple and then two to six couples came at once. They were always welcome. It was always a joy to her when a child was born and a great sorrow when one died. On September 26, 1867 a daughter was born and they named her Sarah Foster. She lived just one year and one day. After a few days sickness she died on September 27, 1868. This was a great sorrow to her at this time as her acquaintances and friends were few. How happy she was when they began to get them a home of their own even helping to carry adobes and mud to assist her husband who was working so hard to establish himself. She was certainly a helpmate indeed.

When they were so abundantly blessed she was always desirous of helping others who were no so fortunate as she was, often sending baskets of nice clean food to the sick and poor.

Her husband Wm. Grant, being a musician was advised by Bishop Harrington to sell the new home shortly after moving into it and build a larger place on State Road and go into the music business which he did and for years they were building, building, building, until they had the large palatial home called Grants Music Emporium. Here she presided with dignity and grace entertaining people from all over the state. For years the stagecoach stopped at their door. Covered wagons from the Dixie country unloaded their women and children where room was made for them, also supper and breakfast as they wended their way to and fro from conference in Salt Lake City. She always gave them the glad hand and welcome smile.

In this home was a large room called the music room in which many, many parties were held, missionary farewell parties, the seventies quorum parties, wedding parties and all kinds of social parties, band parties and the Old Folks parties were held in this room and she always took charge for she was a hostess in every deed.

In 1886 she was appointed chairman of the old Folks Committee which position she held the rest of her life. This year was

a great trial to her as the church was suffering persecution and some of the best men in the church were brought to trial for living with more than one wife. Her husband was one of these. William was arrested, tried and imprisoned. This was a great trial to her and heartache. It made it that she had to assume the responsibility of their large and growing business, but with the help of their children she got through with this great trial. Still doing her church duties and entertaining at the same time. Her husband served two terms in the penitentiary for this offence. During all this time she worked hard to keep things going and it was a happy day for her when he was released and the laws became modified and they could once more take up their lives in peace. Quoting from a letter in Father's own handwriting to his daughter, Hattie, in answer to a question asked concerning something that had been said in regard to her attitude towards polygamous relations, he replied, "No woman ever endured this ordeal more courageously, patiently, uncomplaining or bravely than your angel mother did."

Things went on as usual, they working side by side, church going and doing duties, entertaining, and etc. until the year 1897, May 6th, when she quietly passed away. Her husband writes, "May, the month of flowers and joy is in the world, but a month of sorrow to me and my family for we needed a mother. Her husband held many responsible positions both in the church and state and much respect was shown to the family at this time. Resolutions of respect, letters of sympathy and condolence were received from prominent friends all over the state.

She had entertained at her home such eminent woman such as Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Emaline B. Wells and other prominent women in the church. She was a loving and faithful wife, a kind and affectionate mother. In an account of her death in the Deseret News it says she has done more perhaps for the social welfare of this place than any other one person. She has entertained many large assemblages of people in her home much to the pleasure of her guests. She was a prominent member of the Relief Society and officer in the Primary Association and Chairman of the Old Folks Committee.

She was the mother of thirteen children, five of whom preceded her to the great beyond. Eight are living to mourn her loss, viz. Louisa Alston, Eliza Jackson, Hattie Hendrickson, and three girls and two boys are still at home. One of the largest concourses of citizens that have assembled here of late was in attendance at Mrs. Harriett Foster Grant's funeral Saturday, showing that the lady was held in high esteem by the people of the town. Her husband writes he received letter of condolence and sympathy from hundreds of friends which helped to comfort, but we shall miss her for years, her memory will ever be cherished, while immortality endures. May God enable us to meet her in eternity never to part no more.

*Written by her daughter, Louisa Grant Alston  
December 4, 1931.*

*At the request of her daughter, Harriet Foster Grant Hendrickson.  
Read at Camp 2, DUP  
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