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Biographical Sketch

of

Rose Hannah Francis Grant

by Dorothy Rose Grant Wright, her granddaughter

Pioneer Year 1871

Sailed on the Minnesota

Born 13 December, 1859 in Wednesbury, Staffordshire, England

Married in 1875 to William Grant

Rose Hannah Francis Grant was born at No. 12 Queen Street, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, England, on December 13, 1859. She as the ninth child descending from a sturdy English family by the name of Francis. Her great-grandparents were: James Bowen Francis and Elizabeth Francis; her parents, John Francis and Rose Hannah Titley Francis.

During Rose's early childhood, the Francis family cast its lot with a group of people known as "Mormons". Although they were derided and scorned, yet they were faithful and opened the doors of their home for religious gatherings. Rose was hardly eight years of age but she helped to scrub the house and brought in many a scuttle of coal to keep the fire burning brightly for the meetings. Here, under the roof of the Francis home, the saints enjoyed the spirit of the Lord. Word came from that the church officials were going to join Wednesbury, the home and birthplace of Rose, Darlison and Willenhall, two small adjoining towns, into one ward. Since the saints at Wednesbury had kept free from debt and their joining the Willenhall branch meant that they must share the financial responsibilities, many of the people were loath to support such a move. Loyalty won the cause and every Sunday thereafter the saints at Wednesbury would walk to Darlison and thence to Willenhall a distance of three miles.

Rose's eighth birthday was very memorable. Since she was eight years of age, it was time for her to be baptized. A family by the name of Kendricks lived in Willenhall. Each day at noon the wife would walk to Wednesbury in the afternoon; then return with her the following afternoon when she brought her son's dinner. The neighbors were bitter against the Mormons and sought to interrupt many of their baptisms; consequently, it was necessary that the services be performed at night. It was Rose's first night away from home and everything and everybody about her was strange and new. A man and woman with their daughter were to be baptized at the same time. The four undressed at Sister Kendrick's home and walked barefoot down to the pond where Brother William Kendricks performed the baptism (1868). Rose was the first to be baptized and after her baptism, walked in her wet clothes into the living room of

the Kendrick's home where a brisk fire was burning. Sister Kendricks assisted Rose to dress and then tucked her into bed. She slept well the whole night through a thing she marveled over later in life because it was the first time she had slept away from her family. When Rose awoke the next morning, she felt as though she were walking on air. Her heart was full of happiness and her throat seemed ready to burst into song. The following Sunday she was confirmed by Elder Jacobs, a Utah missionary and a grandson of President Brigham Young. The longing to embark in a ship and to sail to America ran with fever heat among the saints. If there was not enough money for the entire family to go to Zion, the people were advised to send their older children and then to work and save until they could follow. In accordance with this advice, John and Mary Ann Francis left Wednesbury, England, for America. They crossed the waters of the Atlantic in safety but as they began the long trek westward, John was taken ill. He died leaving his homesick and lonely sister to travel as best she could. As the party Mary Ann was travelling with neared the Rocky Mountains, they were met by a supply train, which had been sent by Brigham Young. Among the teamsters was a man by the name of Charles Greene. He was especially kind to Mary Ann and was always thinking of her comfort. When the train arrived in Salt Lake City, Mary Ann was at a loss to know what she should do. She knew only those she had traveled with and realized that they would have all they could do to manage their own households without an added member. Charles Greene was traveling on to Sanpete where he had a room. Since Mary Ann had no place to go, he suggested that she ride down to Sanpete with him. He knew that Mrs. Brown had an extra room and would be glad to have her. Mary Ann accepted gratefully. Mrs. Brown was very kind and hospitable, allowing Mary Ann to work for her keep. Charles Greene and Mary Ann Francis continued their friendship and it was soon known to their friends that they would soon become Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greene.

The following year two more children were sent: Sam and Lizzie; and on the 26<sup>th</sup> of August, 1869, the remainder of the family, including Rose Hannah, set sail from England on the steamer, "The Minnesota".

The ship docked at Castle Gardens on Sept. 6, 1869. They remained there for one day and one night passing examinations by custom and other government officials. When the family at last set foot on ground they realized how strange and new everything was going to be. A man who introduced himself as a Mr. Elkington was most kind to them in aiding them to find lodging. Mr. Elkington explained to the Francis family that in England he was known as Mr. Jones and was familiar with some of their folks in England. He promised to correspond with a Mr. Rigby who, he believed, would be able to find some work for Mr. Francis in Pittsburg.

The new home of the Francis family consisted of three small rooms in a large tenement house. A large hall ran straight through the house. The rooms were arranged on each side of the halls, both upstairs and downstairs. The rooms occupied by the Francis family soon sheltered friends. Brother Crowsaw, his wife and two brothers shared the meager home. They were indeed "strangers in a strange land" and their common lot bound them together. The furnishings were few and consisted of a stove, a table, a few chairs and two beds. The men built partitions to separate the bedrooms so they could enjoy some little privacy. Beds were scarce so Joe, Rose and Sarah slept on the floor.

When the families were established, both men sought to find work. Mrs. Crowsaw was expecting to become a mother within a short period of time so Mr. Crowsaw was especially anxious to find work. The funds of both families were steadily decreasing, still no work seemed available. As her time neared Mrs. Crowsaw asked Mrs. Francis to inquire concerning the custom of the country. Sister Francis learned from a neighbor that the doctors were twenty dollars if engaged three months ahead of time and twenty-five if not. When she conveyed this information to Mrs. Crowsaw, the good lady was at a loss. She asked Sister Francis if she had ever cared for women in confinement. Sister Francis explained that she had assisted doctors but had never been left alone; nevertheless, if she had faith enough, they could manage. It wasn't long before a baby girl was welcomed to the household. This experience opened the way for Sister Francis

to render a great service to the saints and at the same time earn enough money to pay her emigration to Utah.

True to his promise, Mr. Elkington wrote to Mr. Rigby, who had been a neighbor to the Francis, in England. Mrs. Francis had been a "cooper" (one who makes barrels) in England but Mr. Rigby sent for his old neighbor and promised to find some sort of work for him in the iron mills. Joe, Rose's brother, worked in a tin factory in New York. He was paid seven dollars every two weeks. The amount he faithfully deposited in the bank so he, too, could go to Utah. Sarah "lived out" so she was at least keeping herself. When the baby girl was about two months old, Rose and Mrs. Francis cared for her while Mrs. Crowsaw worked in the silk factory. Rose was happy with her new responsibility and felt that she was doing her bit to help the cause along. At last, through thrift and good management, Sister Francis acquired enough money to take her little family and two other sisters to Zion. The two women who accompanied her were Louise Berg, a dressmaker; and Rosena, a young girl.

The women folk arrived in 1871 but not until the fall of 1872 was Mr. Francis able to follow them. During this time Sister Francis and her family lived with Charles Green and Mary Ann. They enjoyed their hospitality until Brother Francis arrived and build a home for his family.

When Rose was twelve years old, she was "let out" for her board and a small wage of 50 cents a week. She made her first home with a family by the name of Murphy. The next year she lived with Brother James Clark's family. She was always a willing worker and her amiable disposition made her "easy to get along with". It was while she was a member of the Clark household that she was courted by William Grant to whom she was to be married.

At this time the government had set forth the Edmond Tucker law, which made polygamy unlawful. Brother Grant and Rose were set on carrying out the principle of living that had been set forth by church leaders. Rose and her mother left for Salt Lake on a Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Grant followed on the Sunday night train. In this way they sought to avoid trouble with the deputies. Monday at the

Salt Lake Endowment House, in the year 1875, Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Harriet Grant stood as witnesses while William Grant and Rose Hannah Francis were united in marriage.

Rose lived with Harriet and her family until her eldest son, John, was over a year old. At that time she requested Brother Grant to fix her a room or two so she could be by herself. The furnishings of her new home were meager, yet she was happy and enjoyed the privacy and love of being with her own family.

The succeeding years were to bring the joys and sorrows of raising a large family. Such an experience can best be described in her own words: "I am glad of my family. Of course we have troubles and joys in raising them, but I am thankful that the Lord was on my side. I never had a problem in my life that I did not ask the Lord for wisdom and strength to do right and this has been a great help to me. It was always a pleasure to hear them say their prayers and to put them in bed. As my family got older I enjoyed getting them ready for Sunday School, Primary and then Mutual.

"I lived by and nursed and cared for my father and mother 'till they passed away. I was having babies, then, but I am thankful I was able to do this for them. I had a baby girl born six weeks after mother died. I felt the loss of mother for she had been my mid-wife and nurse for six of my children."

The years from 1885 to 1895 were ten years of trials and tribulations. Sister Grant says: "We had a great deal of trouble with the deputies. The week my son, Albert, was born they were here and arrested several of our brethren and sent them to the Penitentiary. On account of this, I was taken to a friend of mine, a little out of town, where my baby, Albert, was born. I stayed there 'til he was seven days old then they moved me three miles away from my family. I stayed there a week and not being safe was moved again for a month. I then went to my brothers, Samuel and Joseph. They were getting ready to go to the dedication of the Manti temple when we arrived so we all got into the covered wagon and attended the dedication, which was wonderful. I was so happy. My brothers came home while I stayed three weeks in Manti, to visit with my sister, Elizabeth

Brethwait. While I was there the deputies came and arrested my brother-in-law for having another wife. She and her son brought me to Nephi where I stayed to visit with the Lunt sisters, Priscilla and Ann. They were very kind to me. After a little while I went to Mona and visited with a very dear friend of my husband, Joseph Fones and his wife. They were getting old but were quite interested in our baby. He was such a fine, healthy boy.

When I had been there two weeks, my husband sent word that they had arrested him and for me to come home and take what comfort I could, as he would soon have to leave. My oldest son and myself were to be held as witnesses against him. My husband was on trial for adultery. I was up for fornication. Brothers John Devey and Roberts were kind enough to go a \$600 bond so I could attend to my family. The trial was held and my husband was sentenced to twenty months in the "pen". During all the excitement, Sam fell and broke his arm so that trouble seemed to be coming from every side. This seemed a long time to be left without a father to work for us, but we had the store and his good wife and her children did the best they could.

It was during this period of time that Laurena was born. Nell Pulley came and nursed sister Grant and was as loyal and true a friend as one could ask for.

It seemed that the persecution would never cease. To avoid legal difficulties Sister Grant left for Star Valley, Wyoming. While there she resided with Mark Hurd and his two wives. It was while at a fast meeting in Afton that Sister Grant met Bishop Farrel's wife who, to Sister Grant's delight, proved to be the little girl she had cared for while the Francis family lived at Brooklyn.

In a little log cabin on Friday, 21<sup>st</sup> of August, 1891, James Mark Grant was born making the tenth addition to the already large family.

After things had quieted down considerably, Rose and her family moved to Lehi. It was more convenient for Brother Grant to visit and to bring supplies to his family. While at Lehi, she was comforted and helped by a dear friend, Martha Featherstone. The

following experience took place at this time. John, the oldest son, had cut his leg with a knife. The blood spurted across the floor. Will Jeff, a near friend, had bled to death from a bullet wound in his hand. Knowing this, Sister Grant's anxiety was increased. She told "Rean" to run quick to Brother Sharp and tell him to come. By this time nausea had overtaken Sister Grant so that she was unable to render any assistance. Brother Sharp came immediately and rendered sufficient aid to stop the flow of blood.

Martha Featherstone was ever kind and helpful. Sister Grant was taken ill in the morning. Brother Featherstone went to go out of the door to convey this information to Brother Grant. At the door he turned and said, "The Lord bless you, Sister Grant, and bless you with strength to go through what you have before you." The words comforted Rose and seemed to give her strength. That evening Brother Grant was on the five o'clock train, making his weekly visit to his family. As the train entered the city the whistle blew. At the same moment Charles, an eleven and one-half pound baby boy was born. It was friends like these that Sister Grant appreciated and loved all her life.

From this time on little of much consequence occurred. The Grant families were industrious and worked hard to pay off what debts they owed. With the death of Sister Harriet, Brother Grant made his home with Sister Rose and her family. The next year of importance seems to be 1906.

At this time, Brother and Sister Grant made a trip to Canada. While there, they enjoyed the hospitality of many old friends and relatives. They visited Mrs. Joseph Alston, a daughter and her family, Brother Charles McArthie, Peter Clark and Wilford Grant, a son. They had a very enjoyable time and were back home in time for election.

In 1916 Brother William Grant died of pneumonia. He suffered only a week. His passing left a great responsibility with Sister Grant. A piece of land on the bench was sold and the money apportioned to the children of Harriet was promised to leave all property, etc., to the family of Sister Grant if they would assume all debts and other



financial responsibilities. From that time on Sister Grant, with the aid of her family, made her living from the store known as Grant's Emporium. As time advanced and the children married, the business was given up.

With the completion of the Cardston Temple, many of the saints in Utah planned to be at the dedication. Among those planning to go were Sister Grant and her niece, Lydia Otteson. In the midst of their planning, Sister Grant met with an accident. While washing, she caught her hand in the wringer. Her hand was seriously hurt and she was afraid her trip would have to be postponed. With the encouragement of her children and the consent of the doctor, she finally agreed to take the trip. At Salt Lake City, the church officials boarded the train. It was quite an excursion and many of the saints were on their way to the dedication exercises. As the leaders of the church passed through the cars, they shook hands with each and every one. Patriarch Smith shook hands with Sister Grant and paused long enough to inquire as to the condition of her hand. After Sister Grant had told him how she had met with the accident, he touched the bandaged hand with his finger tips and said, "May the Lord bless your hand so it will heal and you will feel no ill effects". Although it was only said in a conversational tone, Sister Grant felt it was a blessing.

Further along the journey, the train stopped for the church leaders to attend the laying of the corner stone for one of the L.D.S. chapels. All those who wished to attend the services were permitted to do so. In order to leave the train Lydia and Sister Rose had to go through the private car of the Church officials. As they passed through they met Sister Sharp and Sister Andrew Jensen. Sister Grant had previously met Sister Sharp at the Salt Lake temple, consequently had a slight acquaintance with her. Sister Sharp inquired about the injured hand. She insisted on Sister Grant unwrapping the hand so she could see it. When she saw the wound, she took from her grip a bottle containing a white powder. After mixing the powder with some boiling water she obtained from the porter, Sister Sharp bathed the hand. Sister Grant's niece then bound the wound and Sisters Sharp and Jensen gave her a blessing.

Arriving at Cardston, they enjoyed the hospitality of Liza Hurd and her family. The dedication proved to be a real treat and an experience that was to be remembered. At Magrath they visited Louise Alston and her daughter, Margaret Fletcher.

When they returned to American Fork, everyone seemed anxious to know how the injured hand was. The doctor said he didn't think she would be able to use it for at least a year. While in Canada, a stranger had told Sister Grant of a case where the woman had been in bed for five weeks, unable to move from her bed, her hand being kept in a fluid all the time. It was therefore quite a remarkable recovery when within six months time; Sister Grant was about doing her own work. Her hand was stiff but nevertheless she could manage.

Throughout her life Sister Rose has always rendered service to the sick. While raising her family, she would often drop her work to go nurse the children of Sister Harriet. After her own children were grown, she went about nursing the sick and helped to bring more than one weak, small child into this world. Throughout this nursing experience she always seemed to have the power of discernment and brought a great deal of relief through simple home remedies.

Of her Relief Society experience, we can relate the years of her work by a short poem written by one of the sisters and the release of Sister Grant from this work:

When the Relief Society needed help  
In nineteen hundred two  
Someone in whom to put their trust  
No other ones would do

But Rose H. Grant, a trusted soul  
And two other faithful ones  
As trustees of the wheat and clothes  
And other Relief Society funds

Again in nineteen hundred five  
She was the officer's choice

To act as assistant secretary  
With accorded voice

When our beautiful Relief Society room was built  
And furniture and fixtures were needed  
Rosa Grant, Nell Pulley, Maggie Robinson and other  
As a committee worked hard and pleaded

Until our carpets, curtains, blinds and chairs  
Were bought and honestly paid of  
And we met together and thanked the Lord  
That He'd given us the things we'd prayed for.

On the amusement committee in nineteen ten  
With Sisters Robinson, Chadwick, McCarty and Rowley  
Rosa worked with heart and soul  
And gave her time up wholly

As second counselor in nineteen ten  
To our beloved Charlotte Greenwood  
Then in nineteen eleven, advanced again  
And as her first counselor, she stood

Her worth was known in homes and wards  
Her advancement higher grew  
Until by authority from the Lord  
She became our "mother" true

On February eighteenth-nineteen nineteen  
Our president she became  
And for many acts of kindness done  
There are hundreds bless her name

Her home was always open  
Her arms were open too  
And for every sorrow, need or pain  
Some healing balm she knew.

Not only her children honor her now  
And cherish her acts of grace  
And love to hear her gentle voice  
And see her smiling face

But we as a band of sisters  
Rejoice that she is here  
And join to wish her health and peace  
Throughout the coming years.

In the very early Spring of 1933, Sister Grant accompanied her brother, Joseph Francis, and his wife to California. The visit was especially planned to celebrate the birthday of Syrus Gardner, brother of Sister Francis. While in California, Sister Grant was privileged to visit with John Francis (her nephew), and Pearl Ball (her daughter). As a Mother's Day gift John Francis presented Sister Grant with enough money to pay for her train fare. Sister Rose felt that everything had been gained and nothing lost by her trip.

During the twilight hours of her life, Sister Grant lived a peaceful, quiet life doing embroidery work, crocheting, and making rugs. Although not always in good health, she managed to do her own housework most of the time. She was always thrifty and was loath to throw away anything that might be of some possible use. She died as she had lived, a busy active spirit. The day before her death she had been busy all day putting up chili sauce for the winter. In the afternoon, she walked over to the tabernacle to a meeting that was being held by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. That evening she retired to her bed for the last time. A beautiful harvest moon lighted the world with a radiance of ethereal beauty. She was very tired – it seemed so good to rest. “What is more beautiful than to go to sleep and wake up with your God?”

Sister Grant's work is done. Possibly the most remarkable thing of her life was the fact that she was the mother of eighteen children, nine of who survived her; they are: John, Wilford, Sam, Charles, Clarence, Francis, Melvin, Mrs. Pearl Ball, and Mrs. Lillie Webb. She

is the grandmother of 48, the great-grandmother of 13. Today, she had 72 living descendants. She has been a good wife and mother, has been loyal and true to those who have befriended her, and has always been humble and obedient to the commandments of the Lord. She has lived her dreams and has tasted of the bitterness and the sweetness of life. Instead of bitterness because of her hardships, she has only a quiet peace, which regards all those who have faced life courageously. Hers is a life rich in experience, a life blessed with the spirit of God. What more could one ask of life?