

Livingston Family Descendents

Neil Livingston (born 1792 on Isle of Jura, Scotland)

Janet McNair (b 1794 in Glassary, Scotland)

Sarah Livingston (b 1814 Lochgilphead, Scotland—married John McKellar)

Mary Livingston (b 1815 Lochgilphead—m John McFarlane)

[Margaret Livingston \(b 1818 Lochgilphead—m Archibald Gardner\)](#) — see article at next page

Janet Livingston (b 1820 Quebec—m William Gardner)

Duncan Livingston (b 1822 Aldborough, Ontario—m Mary McFarlane)

Neil Livingston (b 1825 Aldborough—m Kate McLaughlin)

John Livingston (b 1827 Aldborough—m Sarah Campbell)*

Dougald (Dan) Livingston (b 1829 Mosa Twsp—died at age 23)

***John Livingston** (b 1827 Aldborough)

***Sarah Campbell** (b 1837 Glassary, Scotland)

Neil Livingston (b 1863 Mosa—m Christine Clark)†

Janet Livingston (b 1864 Mosa—unmarried?)

Isabelle Livingston (b 1866 Mosa—m Peter Duffy)

Margaret Livingston (b 1868 Mosa—m Duncan MacKellar)††

Jane Livingston (b 1869 Mosa—m William Lundy)

John Livingston (b 1871 Alvinston—died at age 2)

Flora Livingston (b 1872 Mosa—m John Groundwater)

Euphemia Livingston (b 1874 Alvinston—died at age 21)

Sarah Livingston (b 1876 Alvinston—m James W. McCrie)**

Mary Livingston (b 1877 Alvinston—died at age 2)

****James Wellington McCrie** (b 1878 Grand Haven, Mich)

****Sarah Campbell Livingston** (b 1876 Alvinston)

William McCrie (b 1914 Detroit—m Margaret "Greta" Maxwell)

Margaret McCrie (b 1915 Detroit—m Maxwell Mead)

Jean Campbell McCrie (b 1917 Detroit—m Leonard Schutze)

†Father of Jessie Livingston (b 1908 Mosa Township, Ontario)

††Mother of Catherine "Katie" MacKellar (b 1889 Mosa Township, Ontario)

Livingston Family History

Information on Neil Livingston's and Janet McNair's family is presented in the book, *The Life of Archibald Gardner*, written by Delila Gardner Hughes, 1939, published by The Archibald Gardner Family Genealogical Association, available for viewing at the Family Search website,

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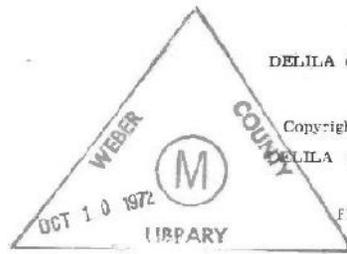
Extracts from that book, including three letters from Duncan Livingston, are presented on the following pages.

The Livingston Family Descendents and this extract were prepared by James "Jamie" Schutze, Sierra Vista, AZ, Nov 2012

THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD GARDNER

Written by
DELILA GARDNER HUGHES

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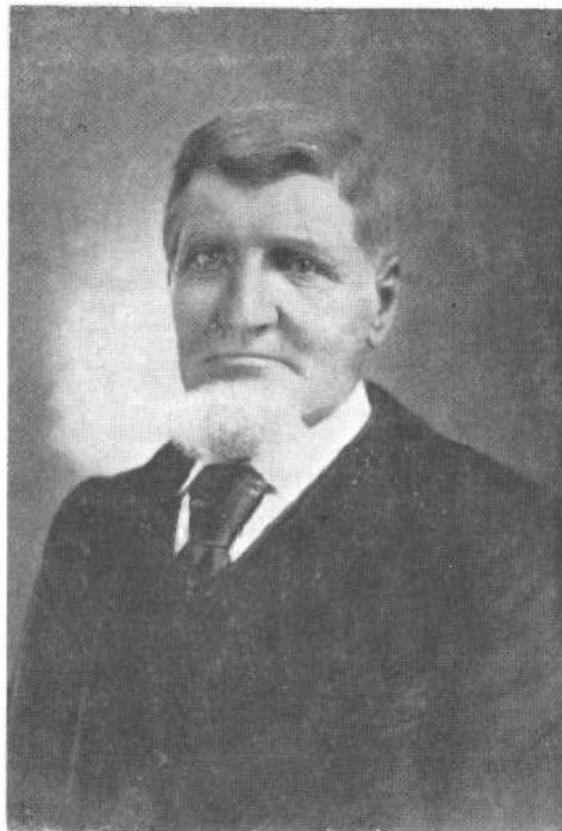
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ARCHIBALD GARDNER

MARGARET LIVINGSTON



Neil
Sarah G. Haun
Rachel M. G. Irving
Margaret G. Smith
Mary Ellen Gardner
Margaret Livingston, Mother
Delila Gardner

Among the Scotch emigrants who flocked to America in the first quarter of the nineteenth century were Neil Livingston, his wife, Janet McNair, and three little girls, Sarah, Mary, and Margaret. The latter had been born two years before among the Highlands of Scotland—at Loch Gilphead in Argyllshire—October 12, 1818. Overseas they came in a sailing vessel and landed at Quebec, November 20, 1820.

They made haste to a hotel, secured quarters, and there during the night a fourth girl, Janet, was born. When the mother was strong enough, the family moved into a log cabin in the backwoods of Canada where later four boys, Neil, John, Duncan, and Dougal were added to the family.

The father had cut down trees, hewed logs, and built their first home there with his own hands. He struggled for a few years tilling the soil, but it was a poor living he eked out and thinking to improve their condition, he left to find work. He was never heard of again.

With the breadwinner gone, life was indeed hard for the Livingston family. As soon as the girls were old enough to help, they went to Detroit, Michigan, to seek employment. Sarah, the oldest, obtained work as a dressmaker and Mary, as serving maid. All the money possible was saved for the support of the family. Even the visits home were made on foot, the price of fare going to mother. As soon as Margaret and Janet were able to get work, they hired out—Margaret as a lady's maid and Janet, as helper in the kitchen. Their meager earnings were added to the family coffers.

Sarah married John McKellar and Mary, John McFarlane, both of Detroit.

Sometime in the year 1836, Archibald Gardner, a young Scotchman, built a grist mill at Brooke. While cutting a road through the timber to a saw mill which he built later, he met Margaret, and it was a case of love at first sight. He always said that something whispered to his understanding that she should be his wife. Accordingly, when he got his mill started, he sent to Detroit for her, a distance of a hundred miles, and they were married February 19, 1839, in Brooke Township, Canada.

Here they made their first home near the Brooke mill. Life held promise. They were prosperous and happy. This humble domicile was in a lovely grove of maples on top of the hill overlooking the dale through which ran Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham River. In this home her oldest son, Robert, was born, February 1, 1840.

A little later a larger and better house was built on the hillside across the road from the mill. A depression indicating a cellar and a rock foundation are there to this day. The race, which crosses the road from the site of Archie's first grist mill, is also still plainly discernible. Here her children Neil, Archibald, and Janet were born, and here little Archibald died, October 10, 1844, aged eighteen months, of bowel trouble.

When the Gospel was brought to Canada by John Borrowman, the Gardner brothers, together with their wives, mother, and sister accepted it. Margaret and Janet were the only ones of the Livingston family ever to join the Church.

They left Canada, twenty-four of them, in 1846. They spent the winter in Winter Quarters where much sickness overtook them. Margaret was ill about three weeks, her son Robert about the same length of time, and then the baby Janet was stricken. She died at the same age, and of the same complaint as her little brother Archie had succumbed to two years previously. She lies buried at Winter Quarters.

In June, 1847, they began the long, tedious journey across the plains. Day after day, week after week, they moved slowly along, often enveloped in clouds of choking, stinging alkali dust. Margaret, with high courage and sustaining faith that God our Father was with them, held reins in hand and drove bravely on across the swollen creeks and raging rivers. Often the way led over high and steep mountain passes, then up and down through narrow sheer-walled, rock-strewn gorges to the monotonous tune of "gee, haw" of the ox team drivers. She drove a span of mares all the way, even over Big Mountain. They arrived in the valley on October 1, 1847, camped in the Old Fort and here her daughter Margaret was born in the early hours of the morning of October 6, 1847. A wagon box which had been lifted off the running gears and made secure nearer the ground served as her hospital.

In the spring of 1848 they moved to Mill Creek where the rest of her family were born; namely, Sarah, Mary Ellen, Rachael Maria, and Delila.

It was here she passed through the great trial of her faith. Her husband contemplated plural marriage. Her soul revolted at the idea. She felt she could not stand to live in it. She even moved to her sister

Janet's, determined to give up her husband rather than adopt a life intolerable to her. No persuasion on his part could dissuade her.

A conference was held in a cottonwood grove in Mill Creek about this time, and President Young was in attendance. At Archibald's request he conferred with Margaret. "There was a feast of reason and a flow of soul." In a long conversation the President explained the principle of plural marriage and the necessity of the Saints' accepting it at that time. She was converted. He blessed her, and through prayer she was comforted. Ever afterward she was mother to his large family. She was respected, honored, and loved by his other wives and by all of his children.

[Some paragraphs are omitted here–Jamie]

It was in 1883 that dread paralysis first touched her. Gradually it tightened its grip. She became unable to walk, was deprived of her speech, and during the last years of her life was entirely helpless. Kind hands and loving hearts cared for her and did what they could to comfort her in her dire affliction'. She died at her home in West Jordan September 21, 1893. Death came as a happy release and ended a beautiful life of devotion and self-sacrifice. She was buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery among her loved ones.

1849 Letter from Duncan Livingston

The family ties were very strong in the Livingston household. Valiantly the sisters, Sarah, Mary, Margaret, and Janet, the older members of the group, had toiled and saved to help their widowed mother provide for and educate the younger brothers, Neil, John, Duncan, and Dougal. And now here was a letter from dear Duncan with all the news from home. Written before the days of envelopes, it was folded in such a manner that the letter itself served for one and was sealed with wax.



Mosa, 6th of August, 1849.

Dear Brother,

I take the long wished for pleasure of writing to you to inform you that we are all in good health at present, thank God. Hope this will find you enjoying the same blessing. We received your long looked for letter of the 9th of April on the 29th of July. It gave us great consolation and pleasure to think that you, your brothers and families, are in a state of health, well situated and contented with your station in life.

Dougal has been unwell for two years but is now on the road to recovery. Your mother-in-law enjoys very good health. So do the rest of us. John McKellar (Sarah's husband) started off from home about the first of May. We got a letter from him. He is well and working on a canal in Indiana. He always talks of taking a trip to the Pacific. His wife and family are well. They have had a son and daughter since you left these parts. John, my brother, has taken McKellar's place on shares for three years. John McFarlane (married Mary Livingston) and family are well. They have two daughters.

I was married in April after you left here to Mary McFarlane of Ekfred—daughter of D. McFarlane. We have two boys: Neil, the oldest (two years last March) and Donald nine months old.

Bear Creek has flourished greatly since you left it, but all the people of that place would be glad to see you back in your old mill again. Branan has done no good whatever with it. Hardly any one goes there now. He speaks of getting a run of burr stones in this fall but it is a great chance if he does. It has, may I say, gone to rack entirely.

There have been a good many of your old customers gone to their long resting places since you left here; namely, John McTavish Sr., Donald Ferguson, Archibald McKellar of Ardare, Nancy McKellar of Gore and some others.

There is a minister stationed here these two years back of the Free Church by the name of Sutherland who has effected quite a change in this place since he came with regard to drink and etc." (In this neighborhood whiskey was nearly as common as water at all public places when the Gardners were there.)

Mr. Davenport of Port Sarnia, the man whom you empowered to collect the notes off McPherson, buyer of your mill in Enniskillen, went to law with McPherson the fall you left. Davenport gained the suit so McPherson cashed the money right down \$1050.00. There are several claims charged against you but Davenport will not pay a cent without your order. So the money lays there waiting your call, so I understand.

Duncan McKellar intends writing to you I suppose to see if he gets an order to raise some of the money for charges he says he has against you in the stave business. They tried to raise it before but Davenport would not pay them anything without your consent. Duncan and company or the Great West Company as they were termed, went all to rack. Their store was taken from them, their securities lost, most of their farms and stock gone, Duncan and Sam Cirk were nearly a year in jail. Duncan McKellar made out to keep his farm some way or other. But he was obliged to take the plow in hand and work it for a living. Anderson in Wardsville failed likewise. He ran away to the states, his securities lost. He came back later to Wardsville and is there now keeping a grocery store.

I hope you will receipt this letter as soon as you get it. You have been very negligent in writing to us. Although you are far from us we think of you daily. I think it is a great chance if you ever see any of us in your great valley. We hope in the day of judgment which none can escape, Mormon, Presbyterian or any other denomination, we will receive our reward.

You will please state the distance you are from us, what sort of a road there is and which way to go. Gold is not so plentiful here as it is there but we make out. If 'money is the root of all evil' we should not wish so much for it. I will add no more for the present but my wife's mother, her brother and sisters join me in sending our compliments to you, your wife and family, to William's wife and family and to your father and mother if they are still living.

Duncan Livingston.

1851 Letter from Duncan Livingston

In a letter from Mosa, dated April 16, 1851, Duncan Livingston gives news of the family in Canada and voices his interest in the West.

Mother enjoys very good health. John and Neil are well. Dougal is a great deal better. He is at work pretty much every day. John McKellar's family is now enjoying good health. His wife was very ill but has recovered.

You wanted us to sell out here and join you. We have a good place and no chance of disposing of our property to advantage. By the way, there is a railroad to pass within three miles of us which will increase the value of our holdings. It is called the Great Western and will run from Hamilton to Windsor and is supposed to be completed in two years. It was commenced last December.

I should like you to let me know who it is that sells the land there, the cost per acre, and what chance to pay, or if the land is a free grant to settlers. Tell us more particularly about the country. Then if we are satisfied we will expect to pay you a visit, one and all of us.

Tell us how you take care of your milk. What crops did you raise last summer, wheat, corn, rye, peas, buckwheat, oats, potatoes? And what was your average yield per acre? Was the season as dry as usual? How long will it take to water an acre of land? How do you do it? What sort of machine have you for the purpose? How often do you have to irrigate during the season? I suppose you have to leave vacant strips in time of sowing, to give the water a chance to reach the grain." (He hadn't any idea of how irrigating was done.)

You will please write per receipt of this letter and let me know how long it takes to get to Utah, the best road to come on and the distance and difficulties to be encountered. How much do you think it would cost a family of eight or nine to make the trip? We have heard great talk of people dying for want of water, etc., crossing the sandy plains. Let us know if that be true.

I have always heard it said that the handsomest feathers were on birds that were far away. Fact is, I believe you make the feathers rather too handsome but I expect you will be coming after your money which I believe is still laying in Port Sarnia for you. If you do, you will certainly pay us a visit and we can discuss matters then more definitely.

John McKellar started for California in November, 1849. We have heard nothing from him as yet. We did hear that he was at your place. So if you saw him or know anything about him you will let us know in your first letter.

Mr. Branen has spent double the cost of your old grist mill in repairing it and the dam. Recently he put the mill in first class order, two run of stones. He can grind from fifteen to twenty bushel per hour. The dam he filled up with clay out of the bank opposite the mill. He has done nothing with the saw mill since you left. He is going to get it in shipshape this coming summer.

All of your friends join me with kind compliments to one and all of you.

Your affectionate Brother,

Duncan Livingston

1854 Letter from Duncan Livingston

In a lengthy letter from Mosa, begun August 4, 1854, and completed August 31, same year, Duncan Livingston touches on various subjects, among them the death of Robert, Dougal, and Margaret's mother. It begins thus:

Mr. Gardner

Dear Sir:

Your letter dated March the 27th came duly to hand with the melancholy news of your beloved son Robert's death. We all sympathize with you and his bereaved mother. But it was the Lord's will to take His own and it is hoped that you and his mother will say as Job did, 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

We have bereavements here as well as you have there.

Our much respected and beloved brother Dougal went to the lake in hopes of improving his health. At Chicago, May 16th, A. D. 1854, he ate his supper. About ten o'clock he took with severe cramps and at one o'clock the next morning, gave up his spirit to Him who gave it. Alexander McColl from Mosa along with other friends conveyed his corpse in a hearse to his grave and interred the remains with all decency.

On Friday, June 30th, our dearly beloved mother arose at daybreak, walked out of the door, came in, sat on a chair, called twice to Neil, fainted and fell to the floor. Immediately he came to her assistance and lifted her into bed. She complained of her head and asked for a drink of water. Neil got it and sent immediately for us and sister Sarah and the nearby neighbors. A doctor was summoned who arrived without delay. He bled her. The blood ran freely but he gave very little hopes of her recovery. About 6 o'clock Saturday morning, July 1, A. D. 1854, be it forever recorded in our memories, our dearly beloved mother breathed her last. The next day, the Sabbath, with sobriety and heart break her remains were buried in the cemetery opposite the Scotch Free Church, Mosa Townline, in the presence of a great concourse of respectable relatives, friends and neighbors.

We now have the Great Western Railway from the Falls of Niagara with single track to Windsor, a distance of two hundred twenty-nine miles. It steams past Hamilton, through London, Sobo, Carrador, Ekfrid, Mosa, etc. The cars commenced running last January. The average number of passengers since that time—nearly one thousand per day. How hard it was to believe when you left here that such concourses of people would be popping through the woods of Ekfrid and Mosa at the rapid rate of forty to fifty miles per hour.

How grand it will be and what pleasure we will have flying about in our wagons and buggies. What a contrast to when you were here dragged through the mud with oxen and muddy sleighs.

*Farewell to muddy roads,
Farewell to stages,
Farewell to saucy drivers,
Of the past ages.*

As for John McKellar we have received no word of, or about him since he left. But his wife and family are well and doing well.

The Lord be forever praised. We are blessed with three sons—Neil, Donald and Duncan and one daughter Flora. Our beloved brothers here are still single. Neil has a good house on his place. Both he and John board with us since mother's death. Both of them together with sister Sarah (Mrs. McKellar) send their kind compliments to you and sister Margaret and family, and to William and sister Janet and her family.

*Loving sisters, we are sorry
That you are far away from Mosa,
But this world will soon be over;
Have your treasures in Jehovah.*

We would be sorry, very sorry indeed to hurt your feelings or those of any other near and dear relative who believes he is a true follower of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, even though the foolish men of this wicked world blame him for being under delusion. But you have made bold to say, or did you say that Mormonism is truth from God and will prevail although all earth and hell should oppose it? You say, 'He has declared it and is able to do what He undertakes.' All Christians agree that God is able to do what He undertakes. But to say that Mormonism is truth from God is absurd to all that hold to the sacred writings that Christ and his Apostles left to the world. Because the word Mormon or Mormonism is not to be found in the Old or New Testament, etc., etc. Oh, what delusion is on earth! So let us pray that if we are right the Lord may keep us right and if we are not right—the Lord will make us right and keep us right.

As we have come to a conclusion, please accept our respects as follows:

*Love from our hearts to Baldy Mor
And to his household top and toe.
O Lord of Lords in love look down
And do not on the Mormons frown.
Convert them to your holy ways
And may the Lord have all the praise.
By Duncan and Mary Livingston.*

P. S. If you do respect this letter or rather them that have sent it, we hope you will be so kind as to receipt it at your earliest convenience and by so doing you will confer a great favor.

D. and M. L.

Mosa, the 31st of August, 1845