

James Campbell Livingston

[Family tree ▼](#)

b. 12 Dec 1833 Sholts, Ironworks, Lanarkshire, Scotland

d. 17 Oct 1909 Fountain Green, San Pete, Utah, United States

Parents and Siblings

(edit (http://www.werelate.org/w/index.php?title=Family:Archibald_Livingston_and_Ellen_Conner_%281%29&action=edit))

F. Archibald Livingston 1809/25 - 1849

M. Ellen Muir Conner 1811 - 1837

m. 1827

1. **James Campbell Livingston** 1833 - 1909

2. Charles Livingston 1835 - 1908

3. Helen Livingston 1837 -

Spouse and Children

(edit (http://www.werelate.org/w/index.php?title=Family:James_Livingston_and_Agnes_Widdison_%281%29&action=edit))

H. **James Campbell Livingston** 1833 - 1909

w. Agnes Widdison 1830 - 1920/21

m. 7 Jun 1854

1. Janet Livingston (2)

2. James C. Livingston

3. Robert Livingston (2)

4. Helen Livingston (1)

5. Hannah Livingston (2)

6. Charles Campbell Livingston 1868 - 1955

Spouse and Children

(edit (http://www.werelate.org/w/index.php?title=Family:James_Campbell_Livingston_and_Hannah_Widdison_%281%29&action=edit))

H. **James Campbell Livingston** 1833 - 1909

w. Hannah Widdison

m. 1862

Spouse and Children

(edit (http://www.werelate.org/w/index.php?title=Family:James_Campbell_Livingston_and_Elizabeth_Muir_%281%29&action=edit))

H. **James Campbell Livingston** 1833 - 1909

w. Elizabeth Muir

m. 26 Jan 1873

Add another spouse & children (<http://www.werelate.org/w/index.php?title=Special:AddPage&namespace=Family&ht=James+Livingston+%281%29&hg=James&hs=Campbell+Livingston>)

Facts and Events

Name	James Campbell Livingston	
Gender	Male	
Birth [?]	12 Dec 1833	Sholts, Ironworks, Lanarkshire, Scotland
Baptism [?]	21 May 1849	Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints
Marriage	7 Jun 1854	to Agnes Widdison
LDS Event [?]	19 Mar 1857	endowment
Marriage	1862	to Hannah Widdison
Marriage	26 Jan 1873	to Elizabeth Muir
LDS Event [?]	16 Oct 1901	sealed to parents
Death [?]	17 Oct 1909	Fountain Green, San Pete, Utah, United States



THE LIVINGSTON FAMILY

Some miscellaneous items of information concerning James Campbell Livingston furnished by James A. Muir who was his brother-in-law and who enjoyed a long acquaintance with him. This has been compiled in the hope that it may be of interest to the posterity of that worthy man.

James Campbell Livingston was born December 2, 1833, at Shotts, Lanarkshire, Scotland. (It is presumed that the the family have the data of his parentage, wives, children, etc.) He came to Utah about the year 1855, having accepted the message of the restored gospel and became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His three brothers came at the same time. Charles being his full brother. Archibald and William were full brothers but half brothers to James C. and Charles. It is my understanding that the four young men came to Utah first and that the rest of the family came some three or four years later. These later arrivals included Grandmother Christina Livingston and her son James (unmarried) and daughter Ellen who became the wife of John Dobbie.

James C. Livingston early made the acquaintance of Bishop John Sharp and they were fast friends until the death of Bishop Sharp on December 23, 1891. They worked together in the quarries getting out stone for the tabernacle and other buildings. These two men together with Andrew Smith and other trusted and true men were body guards to President Brigham Young.

After the civil war came the period when the U.S. army under General P. E. Connor was stationed in Utah following the episode known as the "Echo Canyon War", and Camp Douglas on the bench east of Salt Lake City was established. As history informs us Gen. Connor maintained a very bitter and hostile attitude toward

the Mormons and especially toward their leaders. President Young, evidently fearing trouble with the soldiers, sent Livingston to learn the intentions of the General if possible. He took a yoke of oxen and wagon equipped as if going to the canyon for wood. He proceeded toward the fort but was intercepted by the soldiers on guard. Pretending to have lost his way and followed the wrong road and to be sociable he invited the guards to have a drink of liquor with him, and continuing to ply them with the drink he secured from them considerable information desired. Gen. Connor, evidently learning of the incident, sent officers after Livingston. I distinctly remember bringing the horse for him to ride so that he could get away and evade capture.

James C. Livingston became superintendent of the church quarries at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon from which the granite for the Salt Lake Temple was being quarried. This was about the year 1867. He continued to hold this position until the capstone of the temple was laid in the year 1890.

In the early 80s began the activities of the U. S. officers in the enforcement of the anti-polygamy laws, accompanied by the well remembered raids of the U. S. marshals in the arresting the men and women so involved. During these trying times it became necessary for many of the church authorities and leading brethren to remain in retirement or in hiding at all times, and the church quarry and vicinity often afforded a place of concealment for them. The home of James A. Muir at Wasatch was a resting place many times for those brethren who were brought there by Livingston for a night's repose. There was a bridge spanning Little Cottonwood creek from the boarding house to the south side where the summer sleeping quarters of the men were located. On the south side also was located the office of the superintendent of the quarry. Livingston seldom slept at night when any of the brethren were in the vicinity, particularly keeping watch at the bridge. No officer seemed inclined to make the effort to cross the bridge and it is said that he once forcibly ejected one who attempted it. Among the church leaders who were there from time to time were President John Taylor, President Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith, Wm. H. Preston and others. J. W. McHenry was the teamster for the President in those days with Richard James as assistant.

The following incident is reported to have taken place at the office building on the south side of the creek: President John Taylor and his counselor George Q. Cannon were in hiding at this time and their arrest was very much desired by the officials who were prosecuting the cases arising from plural marriage. These two men were on a certain day with Brother Livingston in the little two room office building before referred to. A horse and buggy appeared on the road leading to the boarding house situated on the north side of the creek. The buggy contained two deputy marshals who were as usual looking for the men in hiding. Brother Livingston recognized them, being well acquainted with them, and as they approached he invited them into the office to have a drink. In the meantime the two brethren mentioned just retired to the rear room. The deputies were treated courteously by Bro. Livingston in his hospitable Scotch manner, joining with him in a social glass. After a while they took their leave. The two men in the rear room whom the officers would have given a great deal to apprehend at that particular time, no doubt breathed a trifle easier owing to Livingston's quick initiative.

James C. Livingston once remarked that people say of me "That I know no fear; but I am afraid at times though when called upon to do things I will not shirk from my duty."

After the laying of the capstone of the temple and the consequent closing of the stone quarry, Livingston and I continued in a sort of a partnership in getting out rock for commercial jobs. We got out stone for the Pioneer monument which stands at the head of Main Street, Salt Lake City, and which was completed in July 1897. We furnished stone for other cemetery monuments and buildings in Salt Lake City.

Following this Bro. Livingston moved to Fountain Green, San Pete County, to live. To this town his family had previously been moved. The family of William Livingston also moved to this town about this time.

When James A. Livingston, son of James C. and Annie E. Muir died, my wife and I went to the funeral at Fountain Green. I and my sister's oldest son, John M. Livingston were at the bedside of his father, James C. who was at this time very ill. On this occasion he earnestly charged his son John M. to be sure to have the necessary temple work done for his deceased son James A. I understand that this was done according to his wishes.

While living in Fountain Green he was ordained to the office and calling of a Patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As is customary and as Patriarchs are instructed, it was his earnest desire to bless the members of his own family. To what extent he did this I have no knowledge. However I recall his saying to us: "I like to give Patriarchal blessings and especially to members of my own family."

In conversation with him at one time at Fountain Green he said that his old associates and friends like Presidents Young, Taylor, Woodruff, Snow and others had passed away, and that consequently he was now forgotten and overlooked by the younger generation of Church authorities with whom he was not or had not been on such intimate terms. This was not by way of complaint but just in the natural order of things as life goes.

James C. Livingston passed from this life on October 17, 1909. On the day of the funeral just before the hour for the services, his wife Agnes directed his son Thomas W. and I to go to the basement of the home and get the box containing the remains of his right arm. It will be remembered that he lost the arm by reason of a premature blast while working on the Union Pacific Rail Road in Echo Canyon. He had kept the box containing the arm in a box which was buried in the lot at his home in the 20th ward for many years, taking it to Fountain Green with him at the time of his removal there. I noted that it was at this time in a new box. At the conclusion of the services and when the body was laid in the grave the arm was placed at his right side where it belonged. The burial was in the Fountain Green cemetery. In the year 1910 the family erected a nice monument to his memory. It may there be seen at any time.

A few years ago there was a movement of foot to erect a suitable monument some where near the mouth of Little Cottonwood canyon to the memory of the men who worked at the quarries getting out the stone for the Salt Lake temple. There were women too who worked in the boarding house preparing the food. However the matter seemed to lag and was all but abandoned owing to the high cost of the estimate submitted for the quarrying of the suitable slab of granite. Late the matter was taken up again and I volunteered to give my labor free and would see that a slab of granite of suitable size was furnished if due credit would be given on the monument to John Sharp and James C. Livingston. The needed stone was duly provided by the Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association. A box containing the names of those who worked at the quarry as far as obtainable at this time with a brief history of its operations, was placed in a cavity within the monument.

This data was largely compiled by Wm. D. Kuhre. Sandy, Utah December 12, 1935

STATEMENT OF CHARLES CAMPBELL LIVINGSTON MADE AT SALT LAKE CITY,

UTAH, AUGUST, 1939.

Made to Daveda Lacy Livingston, his Daughter.

James C. Livingston, my father, was born December 12, 1833, in Shotts Parish, Lanarkshire, Scotland. He left Scotland in April, 1854, for Utah, traveling in a sailing vessel, and was on the ocean six weeks. For two weeks of that time there was no breeze and the ship never moved a bit.

Paul Gourley was captain of the company of saints. They reached Keokuk on the Mississippi River in July, and purchased a yoke of oxen and a wagon and crossed the plains, arriving in Salt lake City, Utah, the latter part of October, 1854.

Thomas Widdison and his wife, Janet Russell Widdison and family came in the same company and from the same place. They brought with them among other children, their first born daughter Agnes Widdison, born December 28, 1830.

Agnes Widdison married James C. Livingston in the old endowment house about 1857. From this union was born the following list of children: Janet, James C., Jr., Robert, Charles C., Hannah and Helen.

James Sellers came from Lanarkshire, Scotland, crossing the plains with an ox team about 1864. He met Christina Olson, who came from Denmark about 1867, and they were married in the old endowment house about 1867. From this union the following children were born: Julia Ann, Elizabeth, Christina, James, William, Nellie and a baby who died when quite young. Julia Ann was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 6th, 1868, and married Charles Campbell Livingston, who was born February 6th 1868. Their marriage took place in the Logan Temple on December 25, 1886, and from this union were born a number of children, your brothers and sisters.

James C. Livingston first went to the farm of Brigham Young. There he did odd chores around the garden, and while he was there, one day he saw a nice ripe tomato. He watched it and watched it and thought how nice it looked. Finally Brigham came out and said, "I see you are looking at that fine tomato. Would you like one?" Brigham Young picked one and gave it to him and he thought he was poisoned when he tasted it.

That shows the type of man Brigham Young was. He was very good to immigrants when they came in.

He worked for Brigham Young six months and went from there up into Immigration Canyon to work in the stone quarry getting out the sandstone for the foundation of the temple. He showed himself very apt, having worked in a coal mine.

John Sharp, Bishop of the 20th ward, was in charge of the quarry. Shortly after he came there John Sharp took a liking to him, (John Sharp was Scotch too), and he put him in as his assistant. John Sharp was a director of the Union Pacific Railroad when it came in. John Sharp finally had to give all his attention to the railroad so Brigham Young released him and put James C. Livingston in charge of the quarry. Then they were going to move the quarry. They had taken out enough stone there, and were going to get out the granite. While they were preparing for that, Johnson's army came and Father was released from the temple quarry to go help stop Johnson's army. He left my mother with one small baby, and went out in Echo Canyon, and left a man named Gibson, who was going to take Mother and the family south. We had a cow, and Father was expecting Gibson to take care of her. He took Mother below Provo to the bottoms, and said, "Mrs. Livingston, this is a nice place. We will drop you here." He took her team and left the cow, and took her other household stuff, leaving behind a sack of flour and a few provision, and he said Mother could get the milk from the cow to make out the rest of her livings.

It was Father's team. Mother had two babies, my oldest sister, Janet, who was two years old, and James, C., my brother, who was six weeks old.

Mother didn't know what to do, but she finally took a case knife and dug a place in the sod and went down to the river and got willows, and made a wickiup. She had hardly got settled when there came up a terrible storm, thundering and lightning, and the water started running into the place. Before that the cow got away and started back to Salt Lake, and Mother after her, leaving the two babies. The cow got out of the bottoms and would wait until Mother almost caught up with her and then run along a little further. She came to the point of the mountain and when she got to the point of the mountain, Mother took a cut around the cow and got ahead of her and caught her, but the cow was stubborn and didn't want to face back into the storm, and kept trying to break back. When mother got back to the children there was a foot of water in the wickiup, and Janet had dragged her little brother out of the water and onto a little shelf.

They were all soaking wet, not a stitch of dry clothing or wood, so Mother couldn't make a fire, and they had to sit up all night.

Father didn't know anything about this. They burned five train loads of provisions for Johnson's army. He was in the Lot Smith company. They say that hampered the coming of the enemy until they capitulated and agreed that they would come through without molesting anything. That was Brigham's order, that, or fight to the bitter end.

Father said he and three other would holler from cliff to cliff and the echo would make it sound like a lot of them.

When they finally agreed, Father came in and had a hard time trying to find Mother. And Mother was having a hard time. She said the wolves would howl at night.

I started working the quarry when in was 14 years old, and I worked there for seven years, and I went from there down into San Pete.

Here is how I met Daveda's Mother: Her father was working in the quarry, at the time, and he had two wives at that time, and the young wife came out to cook for the quarrymen, and a little later the other wife. Daveda's mother was daughter of the first wife. Shortly after that he took the second wife and went to Mexico. That was during the severe persecution of polygamy. That would be about 1884. They just got down there when there were camped under a tree and lightning struck the tree and killed him while he was mending a harness. He took the second wife and two children and left Daveda's grandmother and seven children here. I met her this way: She (Daveda;s mother) used to have to wash the dishes for sixty men in the camp, and had to stand there while washing the dishes. I got to coming in a little late on purpose to get my supper, and I let her know that I thought she was quite a nice looking young lady. She was very nice looking and there was quite a commotion about her. One night I went in and asked to get my supper and she fixed up some supper for me, and went on washing the dishes. I was kind of bashful, but I said to her that I had put them out that much, and maybe I could help do the dishes. By the time I had got the dishes done I was acquainted, and the next night they expected me to be late for supper. But I fooled them and wasn't late. I remember your mother came to me and said , "How is it you are on time tonight?" I said I would meet her after supper and tell her and she said it would be quite all right. That time I got a break.

I met her in the spring and we married Christmas Day 1886. Alexander McRae was Bishop of the 11th Ward. He married us. John Sharp, the Bishop of the 20th Ward, had resigned from the bishopric, and there was a man by the name of William E. Bassett was put in bishop of the 20th Ward. George Gibbs and George Romney were put in as his counselors. William E. Bassett was a straight laced fellow, and I was working in the quarry, and I went to him and asked for a recommend to go to the temple, and he said that he had made a solemn resolution when he went into the office of bishop that he would not give a recommend unless he knew the man to be worthy, and he didn't know about me. I went to see George Romney, and he said he would go with me, and still the bishop wouldn't give me a recommend. Then Bishop Sharp went to him, but he still stuck to it. I went to see him again, time and again. Finally I went in to see him one day, when we had been putting off our marriage for over three months. He said, "Let me see, there was something about a recommend for you or something, wasn't there?" He knew it was and that I had been waiting to get married. I said, "Yes, there was a matter of a recommend," and I turned loose on him and I said, "It seems there is just a matter of a recommend that has tried my patience." I said, "I wouldn't have your recommend under any condition." Finally I went out the door and met Angus N. Cannon, the Stake President, and he threw his arm around me and held me and said, "Young man, I want to have a talk with you." He said, "I heard the whole thing." He talked to me about getting the recommend, and I said I wouldn't get a recommend if I couldn't get it through the bishop's office.

He asked me who I was going to marry, and he said for me to go get Bishop McRae to marry us, and get a recommend from the 11th Ward, and in a few weeks to get the recommend and go to the temple, and that is what we did. Bishop Bassett was released on the following Sunday because of adultery, the man who wanted to keep me waiting. President Cannon was surely a wonderful man with me after that.

That was the last home life I had, (before I went out to the quarry.) I didn't have any place then, but was out with a lot of rough men.

Grandfather Livingston had three wives. He married 2 sisters, my mother and her sister, and she had four children and she died, and my mother raised the four children. Later he married Ann Muir and raised six children by her. My mother had eight children, and Aunt Hannah had four and Aunt Annie had six. Wallace Livingston is living at Twin Falls. He is a son of Ann Muir Livingston.

The children of Hannah Widdison were Thomas, Agnes, Willie and one child which died at birth. The children

of Ann Muir were John M., Annie, Bertha and Wallace. There were two younger ones whose names I can't recall, as they were very small when I moved away. The ones living now (August 19, 1939) are:

Robert, who left and went to Canada. The last we heard of him he was living in Seattle. I don't know whether he is living or not. The rest are all dead. He had two children, Blanche and Leo. They are somewhere here in Salt Lake. Robert's wife married again after they were divorced.

I have one sister by Aunt Hannah who is living. That is Agnes. I believe there are two of Aunt Annie's children, Wallace and Bertha that are alive. Bertha lives up at Paul, Idaho, and is related to Reese Johnson's family somehow. Daveda's grandmother was left a widow.

Daveda's grandmother came here from Denmark alone. She joined the church. She joined the church there, converted by a missionary. She was eighteen years old, and came after the railroad came in, along about 70, I imagine. No, it was before that. She came here and was married and Julia was born in 68. She came with a handcart company in about 67 because she married as soon as she got in.

James Sellers was working in the temple quarry with father, and they heard about a company of immigrants coming in, and they came in to see if there were any girls along. He saw a fine looking girl and made up his mind to go over and pick her out and ask her to marry him. They couldn't understand each other, but she smiled and nodded, and they went to the old endowment house and were married a few days later. They sent for her parents later. They came on and settle in Richfield. Her name was Olson. Her father's name was Christianson, and this one's name was Christian Olson. They moved down to Richfield, and Daveda's grandmother, on her mother's side, started in keeping house. They sawed slabs and made seats and one thing and another, and he went back to work and she lived in the home of his uncle until they could get logs out of Immigration Canyon and build a log house.

The names of the children in your mother's family were: Julia, Elizabeth (who lives on 10th East), James (living in California,) William (living in California), Christina (Living in Los Angeles), and Eunice (living in Los Angeles), Nellie and Florence. Florence died as a baby, and Nellie lives in Long Beach.

When Fort Douglas had the army's guns pointed down into the valley, and we were expecting to be blown up, Brigham Young called a meeting of those that we could trust, and I believe I could name a lot of them. In this meeting, which as a secret meeting, he stated the purpose of the meeting, which was a secret and said it was to pick out a man to be a spy against the government of the United States. We wanted to uphold the government and he wanted a man that he could trust, and who could get into Fort Douglas and get the secrets of the army and give him word of everything that came or went in the fort. We were expecting to be fired on. He said "If you are caught, it means the firing squad. I don't think the Lord will allow you to be caught if you will act in wisdom, and the right man volunteers," and he went on to explain what he wanted to find out. He said, "I know the man the Lord wants, and I want him to volunteer."

A number of men volunteered. Father was of a retiring nature. He had an invitation to be there that night, and after some of the men volunteered, Brigham said that the right man had not volunteered, and he walked down to father and put his hand on father's shoulder and said "This is the man the Lord wants." He said "Will you volunteer?" and father said "Gladly," and said he thought there were many men better fit. Brigham Young said to him that if he knew of any man better fit he should say who it is. Brigham said "Can you undertake this willingly, Brother James?" and father said he was willing to give his life willingly if he could be of service to the presiding officers. So they took him up and gave him a wonderful blessing, and he was told no hair of his head would be harmed if he obeyed.

He went up through the sentries toward the canyon, and got in with some soldiers up there, and the next time he went up after a load of stone, he had a keg of whiskey on the running gears of his wagon, and he let it roll off. The soldier's had a great time when they got it. He was going after a load of rock, and the soldier's had given him a pass. He went back looking for the whiskey and the soldiers had found it and he got in with them, and found out that some of the men in the bunch were aids to the presiding officers and he got one of the men to go to the city with him while they were all kind of fuzzy, and they abducted him and father put on his uniform,

and father went back and represented himself as this soldier as an aid to the general, and every message went through his hands. They kept the other man a while and he disappeared entirely. They gave him a sum of money and told him not to be seen in that part of the country. Father took his name, and his number, and his clothes, and went up into Fort Douglas and replaced that man for weeks. Just the slightest mistake of his would have meant his death, for he used to get the President word every night, and of course, being an aid he had the password, and he used to come through every night and report to President Young every event. And the next morning he was back in place to answer roll call, and whether the Lord so organized it that they wouldn't recognize him or not, I don't know, but I think that was what happened.

He would bring several soldiers with him. Father had disappeared, and it got noised around that mother was entertaining soldiers, and they even dismissed her from the presidency of the Relief Society, and they didn't know that Father was a spy in the army. When it got noised around that mother was entertaining soldiers they were about to excommunicate her from the church, until it got to the highest officers of the church, and they said "Lay off." They were going to excommunicate her for unChristianlike conduct.

The soldiers disappeared, and father came back, and while he was coming down through the cemetery one night, he came onto a man who called himself "John the Baptist", robbing the graves. He had a tent, and this old fellow would dye the linen of the burial robes, taking the clothing apart and dyeing the cloth and then peddle it in the city. They tried and tried to find out who it was that was robbing the graves, and one night he was caught by Daveda's grandfather, who took him down and turned him over to Andrew Burke, captain on the police force.

Dictated to Ariel L. Crowley and transcribed by him.

Image Gallery



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