



EDGAR EVENTS

**Researching and sharing Edgar family
history No. 36, January 2010**



DNA Update



by James Edgar (Editor) (jamesedgar@sasktel.net)

Not much happening in the way of DNA testing, but I did receive this email and photo from my cousin, Mel Edgar of Cincinnati, Ohio.

James:

I have attached a photo of my Dad (I1) and one of his great grandsons (Justin Gibson) on his 90th birthday. Dad said it is OK if you wish to put photo in the newsletter. I have been keeping him up to speed on all the information Sharon has been finding.



He is doing well and still plays golf twice a week when the weather is good. Birthday was August 11, 2009.

My email address is now medgar@cinci.rr.com. I am retiring as of 1 January 2010, so I hope to send news more quickly in the future.

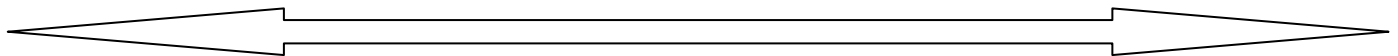
Thanks to you for all you do for the Edgar group(s).

Merry Christmas to you and yours.

Regards:

Mel

Thanks for that, Mel. Much appreciated!



After a New Year's Eve party, Daniel was in no shape to drive, so he sensibly left his van in the car park and walked home. As he was wobbling along, he was stopped by a policeman. "What are you doing out here at four o'clock in the morning?" asked the police officer.

"I'm on my way to a lecture," answered Daniel.

"And who on Earth, in their right mind, is going to give a lecture at this time on New Year's Eve?" enquired the constable sarcastically.

"My wife," slurred Daniel grimly.

OUT OF IRELAND



by *Fliss Wingrave* (*flisswingrave@hotmail.com*)

[Ed. In keeping with our little game of nicknaming people after the characters from Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, the world-renowned detective, Fliss has morphed into "Miss Lemon," his secretary — whose full name is "Felicity Lemon."]

Researching the family tree was always something I was 'going to get around to', but never quite seemed to have the time. Fuelled by my mother, who had made an attempt in the late '80s, when searching records was not only painstakingly slow but also needed a lot of footwork. Doreen had only got as far as her father's father, and then had given up. So, armed with today's technology and a comfy chair, I joined the Ancestry Web site, along with a few other sites, and set to work. I was soon extremely engrossed but also not just a bit frustrated at times.

I had always been fascinated when I was younger with my Grandmother's tales of our Irish ancestry, and had assumed, and quite wrongly as I was to learn, that they had sailed to Liverpool because of the Potato Famine. All I knew were a few names of the parents and some of the children who had been born in England. I soon hit the frustrated bit as finding any Irish records was virtually impossible. In the end, I posted a message on the Ancestry notice board asking for any information on my (GG) Grandfather, John Edgar and his wife Elizabeth, who came from Newry.

I was quite amazed to receive Jodie's message to contact Steve in Crewe, and then to discover a complete 'World' of Edgar's out there. The Irish connection was soon discovered and with quite a lot of help from Mrs P, and not forgetting Capt Hastings, my family tree started to grow.

My (GG)Grandfather, John Edgar, was born in Newry in 1840, and was the grandson of Joseph Edgar and Jane (Jain) Burns, and son of their 7th child, Robert, born 1818. This is the same family line as Steve in Crewe, who is descended from Robert's older brother, Joseph, born 1814. Robert, who married Maria Livingstone in 1836, died shortly before John was born in 1840, and may be one of the many children buried in the grave of their mother, Jane (Jain) Edgar. It is assumed that John and his older sister Jane were brought up by other Edgar family members. John went into the ropemaking business in Newry, and married Elizabeth Keenan around 1859/60.

On talking with Steve, I learned that the Edgar's were staunch Presbyterians, but I knew from my grandmother that the female side had been Catholic; I was left a rosary when my grandmother died. Further research has revealed that Elizabeth Keenan's parents were Catholic and had married in Newry Cathedral in 1836. On looking at the evidence, I have assumed that John and Elizabeth left Newry almost immediately after their marriage and that the religious aspect may have caused trouble for them from within the families and / or neighbourhood. They first went to Greenock in Scotland, where Robert, their first



son, was born in 1861. Work must have been scarce as records show they returned to Ireland, where their next child, Mary, was born in 1862.

It is not known exactly when John and Elizabeth left Ireland for a second and final time, but they sailed for Liverpool between 1863 and 1866. It is probable that about this time other members of the Edgar family and the Keenan family left Ireland for England and Scotland seeking work. Their next two children, Eliza and Joseph, were born in Liverpool in 1866 and 1869, respectively. The family didn't settle there, though, and left Liverpool in 1869 walking about 75 miles with the children into Yorkshire (as per Steve's story in a previous newsletter).

The 1871 Census shows them living at 9 Horncastle Street, Cleckheaton. John Edgar was 31 and working as a Ropery Twine Spinner in a factory; Elizabeth and her sister in law, Elizabeth Keenan, were taking in laundry and lodgers to make ends meet. Living in the house with them were their five children and five lodgers. John and Elizabeth had 13 children in total, 3 of whom died in infancy. By 1891, they were living at 17 Lime Street, Cleckheaton, with seven of their children, and having adopted Arthur Keenan, their 14-year-old nephew, who was later renamed Arthur Edgar. John was now working in the Marsh Mills Foundry as a Furnace Tender, and all the children were working either in the woollen mills or the foundry.



Figure 1 Alice Edgar

John died in 1895, the year before my grandmother was born. Elizabeth went on to live to the ripe old age of 90. My mother, Doreen, who was born in 1922, remembers her mother's grand funeral in 1932. There were four stately black horses pulling a black carriage, followed by all the family walking behind; she was buried at the Old Cemetery in Cleckheaton. Eight of the children were still living, aged between 50 and 72 years. My mother remembers Elizabeth as an austere looking, dark-haired lady, with her hair scraped back in a bun, who always wore long dark Victorian dresses. She apparently loved a drink of Porter and she used to heat the poker in the fire and plunge it sizzling into the drink to heat it.

My grandmother, Florence, descends from John and Elizabeth's 6th child, Alice Edgar, born 1873 in Cleckheaton. Alice was said to have the most beautiful hazel eyes, which could "draw the ducks off the duck pond". (Very Yorkshire!) Alice caught the eye of a military chap, John McAbe, who hoped to marry her when he returned from serving in the army in India. Unfortunately for Mr McAbe, Alice had looked elsewhere whilst he was away and had married Percy Richardson, a local railway porter. Not to be put off, John McAbe turned to the next sister, Jane Ellen Edgar, born 1875, and married her instead. Grandmother never did say if Aunt Jane had beautiful eyes, too, but John and Jane apparently were a very devoted couple and died within months of each other in 1946.

Alice's fortunes soon changed just before Florence was born in 1896, as Percy caught Typhoid from eating an infected meat pie in the local pub. He died at only 23, leaving Alice with two sons, John and Charles Henry, and Florence, who was born three months later. All returned to live with Elizabeth Edgar for a while. Alice very soon remarried to a John Gardner and, like her mother, had a vast number of children. Unfortunately, she died at age 55 with a goitre on her neck. John remained living with Elizabeth in Quarry Road, Cleckheaton, whilst Charles went with his mother into the new marriage.



Figure 2 John, Jane, & Florence

Little Florence was given to her Aunt Jane and John McAbe. John had left the army and become a rural postman in Colne, Lancashire. Florence grew up as an only child as Aunt Jane couldn't have children. They returned to live in Cleckheaton before 1911, and lived very close to Elizabeth, on Waltroyd Road. Cleckheaton must have been full of all the Edgar families and relatives all knowing each other and growing up in very close proximity.



Figure 3 Florence and Doreen Moorhouse

didn't work very well!

Fast forward to November 2009 and our very own Edgar reunion, organised by Steve and held on the Lancashire / Yorkshire borders near Rochdale. Just a select few attended: Steve, Jean Greatorex, her daughter and husband, Brian Edgar with his wife, Edith, and myself. Jean is descended from Hugh, the youngest son of Joseph and Jane, and Brian is descended from John and Elizabeth Edgar's second son, Joseph. Joseph is Brian's grandfather and is my mother's first cousin. It was lovely to meet everyone, and we did try for the Webcam link up to Jodie and James in Canada, but our meeting place was in a very poor spot for a signal — it

My next research will be to visit Cleckheaton and find the Edgar family graves in the Old Cemetery, which, according to the very helpful ladies of the Cleckheaton Library, is right next door to them. Also, next year will be a trip to Newry in September to visit the places that John and Elizabeth must have known well.



Research work in Ireland and Scotland

by Steve Edgar of Weston, Crewe (steven-edgar@sky.com)



Many of you out there will be thinking about the fun James and I have in our annual expedition to the Emerald Isle and Bonnie Scotland.

Well, hear it from me now it is an arduous task — not that much fun.

If you enjoy having Guinness's stout forced upon you, eating Ulster breakfasts (every day!!), meeting potential relatives all the time, then you are welcome to come with us and face the reality of genealogical research.

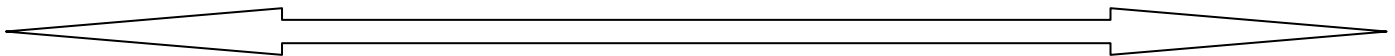
Here is a picture of James not enjoying himself...



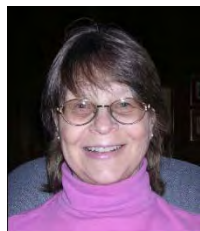
Figure 4 Kate, James, and Lynn in the White Lion Pub in Barthomly - 2009

It will be clear from this photo just what is involved. We are due back in Sept 2010. Expedition volunteers are welcome

Steve



Samuel Edgar's long reach from Newry to California



by Sharon Whitney (sharon@sharonwhitney.com)

One of the fun things about sharing genealogy is making new friends and meeting new kin. Here is a story of such a happening.

Kandie Cansler and I met on 2009 November 20 in San Luis Obispo after having been email correspondents for about a year. We both believed that we had a common ancestor in Samuel Edgar, who came from Newry, Co. Down, Northern Ireland to Henry Co., Ohio, in the 1850s with his wife and all but two of their children.

Of the two children of Samuel Edgar and Mary Parks who stayed behind, one was deceased: Hugh Edgar was killed in a school-yard fight when he was about 19, and he is buried in the Camlough churchyard. The other was an already married daughter, Susannah (Edgar) Kerr. However, I knew, based on a transcribed diary by Sam's son, John A. Edgar, that Joe Kerr had also come to America and lived awhile with John Edgar on his homestead in Estrella, north San Luis Obispo County, CA. And I posted something to that effect in my genealogy on cyber-space. Meanwhile, Kandie had photographs of Joe Kerr on his own land in northern San Luis Obispo County that included a photo of John Edgar. She also photographed gravestones at the Paso Robles Cemetery District, in north San Luis Obispo County, and found the one for John Edgar and some for other Kerrs.

So, as I understand it, Kandie asked the cemetery caretaker if he/she knew of any tie between Kerr and Edgar, and up popped my genealogy post in cyberspace--a connection of Joe Kerr and John Edgar!

We are still working on some other details. I am writing a book about John Edgar based on his transcribed diary and other family-history research. When I am done, it will be shared with the Edgar newsletter group. Kandie is still researching artifacts in her possession to nail down elements of Joe Kerr's biography. But there is no doubt that Joe Kerr was John Edgar's nephew, and their common ancestor was Samuel Edgar of Newry, Co. Down.

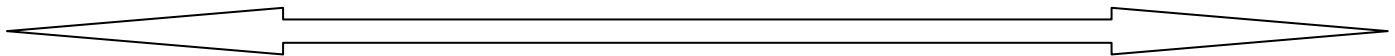
Sharon G. Whitney

[Ed: I just received my copy of "North Irish Roots," which is published twice yearly by the North of Ireland Family History Society. I joined in 2005 after returning from our first visit to Ireland. They run an annual writing competition. This year being no exception, the competition is entitled "My Eight Great Grandparents." I'll keep you posted if I win the £100 first prize! Runners up receive £60 and £40, respectively.]





Figure 5 A frosty day at the park in Saskatchewan



Time to Backup



by Steve Edgar of Weston, Crewe (steven-edgar@sky.com)

Hi all, Happy New Year!

The information that we have individually collected over the years is the result of many hours of perspiration (glow, in the case of the ladies) and effort.

Here are a few words of advice for 2010 — take a few moments to back up your data. Nothing is worse than your computer crashing and then that sinking feeling that all your hard work is no longer accessible!

Make this your New Year's resolution and mantra: Regularly (at least weekly) Back Up, Back Up, Back Up!!

My friend James has two separate external drives on his home computer with a combined terabyte (1 TB) of backup space. His photos and data are backed up daily and weekly. Memory is cheap, so don't delay – get yours now. Even a small thumb-drive of 4 to 8 GB (gigabytes) is large enough for most peoples' database and related files. Your local "techy" shop will advise you how to do this (if not, contact James or myself and we'll help).

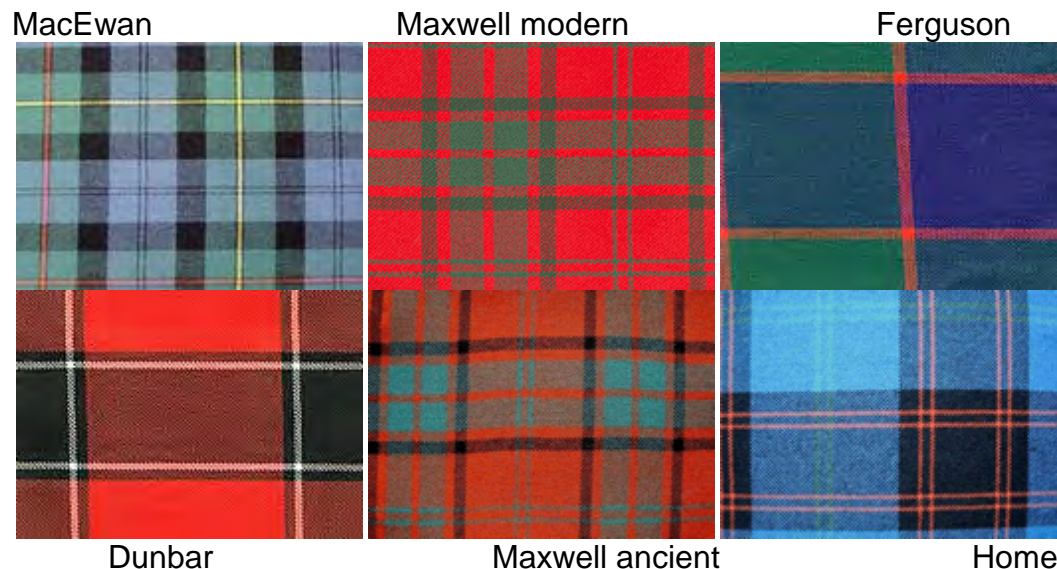
Tartan



by Steve Edgar of Weston, Crewe (steven-edgar@sky.com)

As you may be aware, the Clan Edgar pewter kilt pins are on their way to production. Having got your kilt pin (if you haven't already, contact James and get your order in! They are only \$18 CAD = \$17.32 US, \$19.28 AUS, £10.83 GBP, and you'll no doubt want a kilt or some tartan cloth to go with it, but which one?

We are all entitled to wear any tartan we like, providing we do not claim to be from that particular clan. As we are Edgars (or descendants of), we don't have our own tartan, although we are entitled to wear the Clan tartan of an associated Clan, but which one? The Edgars in Wedderlie were surrounded by the Clans Douglas and Home (Hume). If one family tree we know of is correct, some Edgars are descended from the Earls of March and Dunbar. The Edgars of Sanquar are associated with Fergusson and McEwan, and more recently the Maxwells. So take your pick !



A good website to look on is www.tartanweb.org this allows you search for any particular tartan.

Below is a very brief outline about the origins, (sorry to any bona fide Scots out there!) This is being written by a Sassenach (please feel free to do a better job than I have)!

There are hundreds of tartans to choose from, and each one has a different manufacturer and slightly different design.

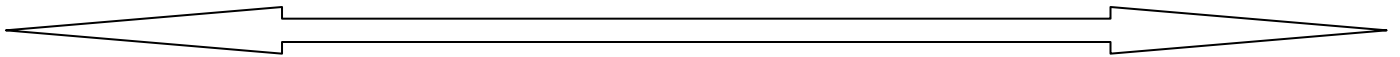
The origins of the tartan were from the homespun cloths, woven by crofters in wool dyed from the local plants and minerals. The colours (sorry, colors for our US cousins) were muted and not particularly bold. Indeed, bold colours would be a distinct disadvantage if you were out hunting or fishing. The weaving process allowed changes of colour and the tartan was invented. Clan recognition became important, and weaving to a particular pattern evolved. Particular offshoots of a Clan kept to the base Clan scheme and modified it slightly.

After the 1745 uprising, anything Scottish was banned by the English (boo!), the language, tartans, kilts, the lot. Anything to prevent another uprising.

It wasn't until the mid 1800s when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert (both of German extract) decided to spend their summer holidays in Balmoral, that everything Scottish suddenly became fashionable, and the repression for the most part ceased (hooray!) This made business potential for the Scottish weavers to supply loads of English with fashionable Scottish bits and pieces. So much so, that if you weren't entitled to a tartan you could invent your own! The majority of the tartans available now were conceived in the early to mid 1800s.

In modern tartans there are two basic concepts, hunting and dress. The hunting is usually based on green, and the dress is based on brighter colours, usually red.

So, in answer to the earlier question, "Which tartan should I wear?" The one that matches your eyes would be a good idea!



[Ed. SteveUK is always teasing me that I can't drive in the UK because I don't how to go around corners. I keep sending him pictures of our local landscape to prove that I truly don't know! This shot of a country road was taken on December 27. The local joke is "You can see your dog run away for three days!"]

