



# EDGAR EVENTS

**Researching and sharing Edgar family  
history No. 53, June 2011**



## DNA Update



by James Edgar ([jamesedgar@sasktel.net](mailto:jamesedgar@sasktel.net))

We have three outstanding DNA tests waiting in the wings... The first two arrived at the lab today! **Andrew Edgar** of Penhurst Fields, Battle, England (as in “Battle of Hastings”); **Peter Edgar** of Issaquah, Washington, USA; and **William Murray Edgar** of Fenelon Falls, Ontario, Canada.

**Corey-David Edgar** of Toronto, Ontario, has his results, and we now know he is an I2b1, 4th cousin, once removed, of recently joined tester, **David Wallace Edgar** of Greenock, Scotland! We’ve compared their family trees, and the two of them share a common ancestor four generations back. **Corey** and **David** also have several other fairly close relatives in our DNA group; it will be an interesting challenge to find possible connections – some have distant connections in Northern Ireland, with others are Scotland. Corey has busied himself writing letters to those close connections. That’s the way to find the true connections – the DNA test points the way, but family trees tell the real story. Good hunting, Corey!!

In addition, I recently made an effort to obtain DNA tests from the Suffolk and Edinburgh Edgars. I didn’t have much success, though – some people just aren’t interested! One who I did find is a family history enthusiast – **Judy (Edgar) Long** of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. She has a tree going back to the 1600s in that area, and we find many references to her family in census and BMD records in the intervening years. I spoke to Judy on the phone on May 22; she raised an interesting point that there are no Edgar males in the Suffolk area – the line has died out as people moved away, left no male heirs, or only sired girls. My phone calls prove her point, as all the men I spoke to were “blow-ins” from elsewhere.

Here’s a plug for our Edgar Group on DNA.Ancestry.com – I have 325 email addresses on my Edgar mailing list, yet we have “only” 191 members on our DNA group. Where are the other 135 people? Treat it like a genealogical social network, just like Facebook. You need to register and establish a password – that keeps the spammers and phishers at bay. Go here <http://dna.ancestry.com/groups.aspx> to login or sign up. Some of our members have published their trees, uploaded photos, and carry on discussions. Come on board and see what’s there.

When we got the results of **Corey-David Edgar**’s test, it sparked my renewed interest in trying to make the connections between him and **Jason Edgar** who lives in North Bay, Ontario. His cousin, **Angela Reed**, has been dipping her toe into the waters on our DNA site at Ancestry.com, so I wrote, then phoned, and then Skyped her a few times. We (**Angela**, **Mrs. Poirot** [my **Jodie**], **Robin Hagedorn**, and me) have joined forces trying to trace their tree back further than the 1815 birth of **John Edgar** in Ireland. We know the names, but no other details of **John**’s parents and grandparents.

If there is a connection between the **Edgars** of Maybole, Scotland, and others still living in Ireland, this is the only way we can find it – we need to get family trees, and lots of them. And, they have to reach back into Ireland before the 1800s. A tough chore, but that’s what it will take. We already know the families are related, the DNA tells us that. What we need to know is “How?”

Changing the subject completely, **Richard Edgar** has outdone himself with his moving narrative of the Royal Visit to Ireland that follows. Read on...

## **“God save Ireland and God save the Queen”**

*by Richard Edgar, Tandragee, Northern Ireland (edgar888@yahoo.com)*



On the island of Ireland, the name Edgar is almost exclusively found in Northern Ireland – very, very few people with the name Edgar live in the Irish Republic. The majority of Edgar families are also Protestant and Unionist in their political views. It is from this hard-line British background that I come, which makes the events of May 2011 even more remarkable in my eyes; these are events I never thought I would see, never mind experience firsthand.

It is no secret that Ireland and Britain have had a troubled history; hundreds of years of suspicion, trouble, hatred, and war, culminating in the widespread violence on the streets of Northern Ireland during the 1970s, '80s and '90s.

Since the formation of the Irish Free State in 1922, later to become the Republic of Ireland (1937), tension between the north and the south has always existed. This was fuelled by the fact that the Republic of Ireland did not recognise Northern Ireland's right to exist and had the aim of the reunification of Ireland under southern rule written into their constitution. Over the years, this led to violence that touched almost everyone in Northern Ireland, myself included; it drove a wedge between the people on both sides and resulted in thousands losing their lives.



The two pictures above are of me, one taken back in 1983 and the other before meeting the Queen 2011. I can still remember very clearly the three-day patrol during which the first picture was taken. In an attempt to try to prevent terrorists from smuggling weapons and explosives across the border from the Republic into Northern Ireland, it was decided to erect watchtowers at strategic points along the border. I was part of a British military patrol dropped off by helicopter with the task of sweeping the area searching for mines and roadside bombs. Once the area was cleared, the military could then use the roads to bring in the heavy equipment to be used in the tower construction. While this was happening, we would remain dug-in on the hillsides to give defence cover should snipers attempt to engage the engineers building the observation towers.

Over this last decade, so much has changed in Ireland both north and south. The “Good Friday Agreement” has seen democratic politics replace the violence of the past, the Republic has dropped its claim over Northern Ireland, and recognised its democratic right to exist. The violence has all but gone, soldiers no longer patrol the streets, even the watchtowers that I spent so much time in the freezing cold to help construct are no more.

Despite all of the positive changes that have occurred, old suspicions and fears run deep. Something had to be done to finally lay the ghosts of the past to rest. Like most people, I never thought I would see that final chapter, but I was to be proven wrong – after years of suspicion and mistrust, the events of May 2011 have finally laid to rest the differences between the Republic of Ireland and Britain.

We often hear events being labelled “historic,” but the events of this last week are being hailed by historians as “the most historic event in the history of the Irish Republic.” The four-day visit by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the first Royal Visit ever to the Republic of Ireland has just taken place. During her 59 years on the throne, the Queen has visited 129 countries, and country number 130 is one no one ever thought they would see her visit. But, it has happened and I feel honoured and proud to say “I was there to witness it.”

Mary McAleese, the President of the Irish Republic, has stated, “this is an extraordinary moment in history, it is a phenomenal sign and signal of the success of the peace process, Ireland and Britain are forging a new future, a future very, very different from the past.”

Enda Kenny, the Taoiseach (Irish Republic’s Prime Minister) said “The visit of the Queen is symbolically a healing of the past and facing with courage to the future.”

Just like two billion other people, I watched the wedding of Prince William and Kate Middleton on television last month. I must admit to being a royalist, and, sad as this may sound, in 2006 I stood out in the baking hot sun at Thiepval in France for hours on end to ensure I got a good spot to see Prince Charles and Camilla as they walked past.



This is as close as I ever thought I would get to a member of the royal family – once again I was proved wrong. I was contacted the week after the royal wedding and asked “would like to meet the Queen during her visit to the Republic of Ireland?” A wave of excitement rushed through me as I said “Yes!” I was asked to submit my full name, address, and date of birth – the excited wait then began. Then on Thursday, 12th May 2011, confirmation arrived, I come home from work to find a letter post marked from the Republic of Ireland and embossed with a golden harp. I opened the envelope carefully so as not to damage it. Taking out the contents, I found the invitation shown below.





*Ar Chuairt Stáit A Soilse Banríon Eilís II  
agus A Mhórgacht Ríoga Diúc Dhún Éideann  
go hÉirinn tugtar cuireadh do*

*On the occasion of the State Visit to Ireland by  
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and  
His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh,  
the pleasure of the company of*

Mr. Richard Edgar

*a bheith i láthair ag Searmanas ag a Leagfar  
Fleasc ag Gairdíní Náisiúnta Cuimhneacháin  
Cogaidh na hÉireann, Droichead na hInse, Dé  
Céadaoin, 18ú Bealtaine 2011, ag 12.00 meán lae.*

*is requested at a Wreath Laying Ceremony  
at the National War Memorial Gardens,  
Islandbridge, on  
Wednesday, 18th May 2011, at 12.00 noon*

I could hardly believe my luck, to be invited to something like this is a once-in-a-lifetime event. Also in the envelope were details of what you can and cannot do in the presence of Her Majesty; the most annoying was “no personal photography,” but it was a small price to pay to get the chance to be there.

The National War Memorial Gardens at Islandbridge in Dublin are the memorial to all the men from Ireland who fought in the First World War. They were designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the British architect who also designed the “Thiepval Memorial to the Missing of the Somme,” “The Cenotaph Memorial” in Whitehall, London, and the “Stone of Remembrance” found in most British War Cemeteries.

Sadly, despite 49,400 men from the south of Ireland losing their lives in the First World War, the formation of the Irish Free State in 1922 saw these men and remembering their sacrifice as a national embarrassment – after all they had fought and died in British uniforms; they were looked on as traitors who had betrayed Ireland. As a result of this, the War Memorial Gardens were left to fall into ruin, the site was vandalised and used by Dublin city council as a rubbish tip. In contrast, the men from the 36th Ulster Division who fought and died were hailed as national heroes in Northern Ireland.

It is said that “time heals all wounds,” and the building of “The Island of Ireland Peace Park” at Messines in Belgium sparked a renewed interest in the Irish Republic for the part played by Irish soldiers in the First World War. “The Battle of Messines Ridge” was the opening engagement of “the third battle of Ypres,” better known as “The Battle of Passchendaele.” At Messines, the 16th Irish and 36th Ulster divisions fought side by side, men from every corner of Ireland, north and south, unionist and nationalist, Protestant and Roman Catholic fought and died together. Messines Ridge was captured, the battle in Belgium was victorious, but it would take many years before the battle at home was won. This rediscovery of an event in their history ignited renewed interest in the Irish Republic in remembering the First World War. As a result of this, on 1st July 2006, the National War Memorial Gardens at Islandbridge were officially opened by Irish President Mary McAleese, some 80 years after they had been built.

As someone who has a great interest in military history, I have attended a number of commemorations at Islandbridge. Again this shows just how much life has changed in Ireland – up until this last ten years I would not have ventured into the Republic of Ireland; as a former British soldier it was viewed as too dangerous to visit. These years, if you attend a commemoration at Islandbridge, at least half of those attending are from Northern Ireland. Now I was to attend the most significant service of remembrance Islandbridge had ever staged.

I could hardly sleep the night before, waking at 5 a.m., on the 18th May, I was so worried about sleeping in. We had to leave our hotel at 8:15 to make our way to Islandbridge for between 9 to 10 a.m. The security in Dublin was massive; this was the largest security operation ever undertaken by the Garda (Irish Police). The grounds of our hotel were swarming with police officers, inside plain-clothes officers were everywhere, if you went outside, you would be searched and scanned with a metal detector on your return. The police and hotel staff would not say who else was staying at the hotel, but we found out that it was cabinet ministers from the British government and members of Her Majesty's staff. A member of our group from Portadown joked with the Garda security, saying "I knew the Queen's staff were staying here, I saw them take her horse up the stairs last night."

At 8:15, we left the hotel for the short drive to the old Kilmainham military hospital. If I thought security was tight at the hotel, it got even tighter here, every few minutes we were asked to produce our I.D. and checked against the guest list. Inside the building, we once again produced our I.D. for the fifth security check in about 200 metres, then it was search time again and we had to go through airport-style scanners; everyone was being moved towards an exit door, and as we reached it, the police chaperoned us onto a coach for the drive to Islandbridge. As the coach turned onto the streets outside, we made our way through the streets lined with security barriers, police, and soldiers. Once we reached Islandbridge, it was I.D. time again before being led to a large marquee for refreshments. It was now that I started to be astonished that I had been invited – this marquee was filled with the great and good of Irish society, the government ministers from the Irish Republic, Northern Ireland, and Britain, the leaders of all the main churches, the military chiefs of staff, all the ambassadors and foreign diplomats, and here, in the middle of all of this, nine of us normal guys from Northern Ireland.

One hour before the Queen was due to arrive, the Irish Army ushered us all up the steps to the memorial. Once again, it was produce your I.D. and this time your invitation as well, coloured dots on the back of the invitation indicated where you would sit. As I took my seat, I realised that I had hit the jackpot, I had a front-row seat with no one obstructing my view.

The service was to start at midday, and, at 11:50 the first car pulled up; I could see Mary McAleese and her husband being greeted. As that car pulled away, the second car pulled up and out stepped Her Majesty and His Royal Highness, The Duke of Edinburgh. The announcement was made "please rise and remain standing for Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and Uachtarán na hÉireann Mary McAleese," everyone stood up, and as I came to attention, I could see her Majesty walking towards me. She did not speak to anyone, just walked up the line about a metre in front of me, smiling as she looked towards us all. As she reached the stone of remembrance, the service began with the playing of the British National Anthem. This was historic – here I was singing "God Save the Queen" in the centre of Dublin, while the Irish army band played the music! Her Majesty then stepped forward to lay a wreath on the memorial, followed by Mary McAleese.



After the service, Her Majesty was taken on a tour of the memorial. She went to one of the four reading rooms housing the books containing the names of all of the men and women from Ireland lost in the First World War. She then went to see the Ginchy Cross, which is a Celtic Cross erected on the Somme Battlefield in 1916 by the 16th Irish Division in memory of their lost comrades. It was made from oak taken from a bombed-out French farmhouse, and replaced by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in 1926 with an Irish Granite Cross. The original wooden cross was then moved to Ireland.



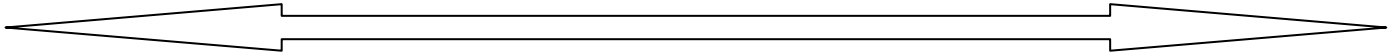
Her Majesty and President McAleese then did a short walkabout as they made their way back to their cars; 45 minutes after it had begun, it was all over. We all made our way back then for a reception and on for a meal back at the hotel. The words on everyone's lips were how historic an event this had been, also we realised just how lucky we had been to be invited. Once you took the political, military, and diplomats out of the attendees, there were fewer than 150 people invited. Millions had been watching on television, and here I was, one of a small group of people who actually got to see this with my own eyes, history in the making.

Her Majesty the Queen has visited Northern Ireland many times; she has visited so many other countries as well, but this was different. No British Monarch had ever visited the Irish Republic. The fact is they would not have been welcomed; times have changed and this was the first-ever state visit. The warm welcome given to Her Majesty and to all of us British citizens who attended was testimony to that change. For 900 years, there has been bad blood between the two nations, all of that troubled history has been confined to past by this visit. Ireland and Britain will not forget their history, but now they agree it will not be allowed to destroy their future. No one ever thought they would see the day when the hand of friendship between the Republic of Ireland and Britain would be so publicly displayed – we have our differences, but we share so much more in common with each other.



To me one banner I saw in a Dublin street summed up the new relationship between our nations, it read simply:

“God save Ireland and God save the Queen”



**The entrance to Inverlochy Castle – read the article that follows by Fliss Wingrave**



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## A STORY FOR THE HISTORY BUFFS

On a recent visit to Scotland, I walked a section of the Great Glen way and came across the ruins of Inverlochy Castle on the shores of the River Lochy. I was interested to note that it had been the stronghold of the Comyn family. Knowing the Edgar connection surrounding Robert the Bruce's murder of the Red Comyn, I stopped to have a look around and research its history.



## INVERLOCHY CASTLE

About 1.5 miles northeast of Fort William, on minor roads north of the A82, just south of the River Lochy, north of Claggan.

Inverlochy castle is a ruined 13th-century castle about 1.5 miles north east of Fort William near the River Lochy. It was at one time owned by the Comyns of Badenoch. It has a rectangular courtyard with a round tower at each corner, one larger than the others, probably the keep, and known as "Comyn's Tower." There are two entrances, opposite others, which had portcullises.

A naval engagement is recorded in 1297 between the Macdonald supporters of Robert the Bruce against John Balliol's supporters with the Comyns of Inverlochy. Balliol's ships were reportedly sunk in the action.

In 1298 after the loss at Falkirk, once Wallace had resigned as Guardian of Scotland, Robert the Bruce and John "The Red" Comyn, Bruce's cousin, were given joint positions as Guardians late that year. There had been trouble before between Bruce and Comyn, but they apparently were able to get along at least for a time. However, the Bruce gave up the Guardianship in 1300, though it is not known why.

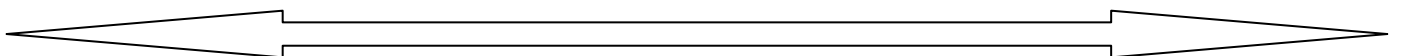
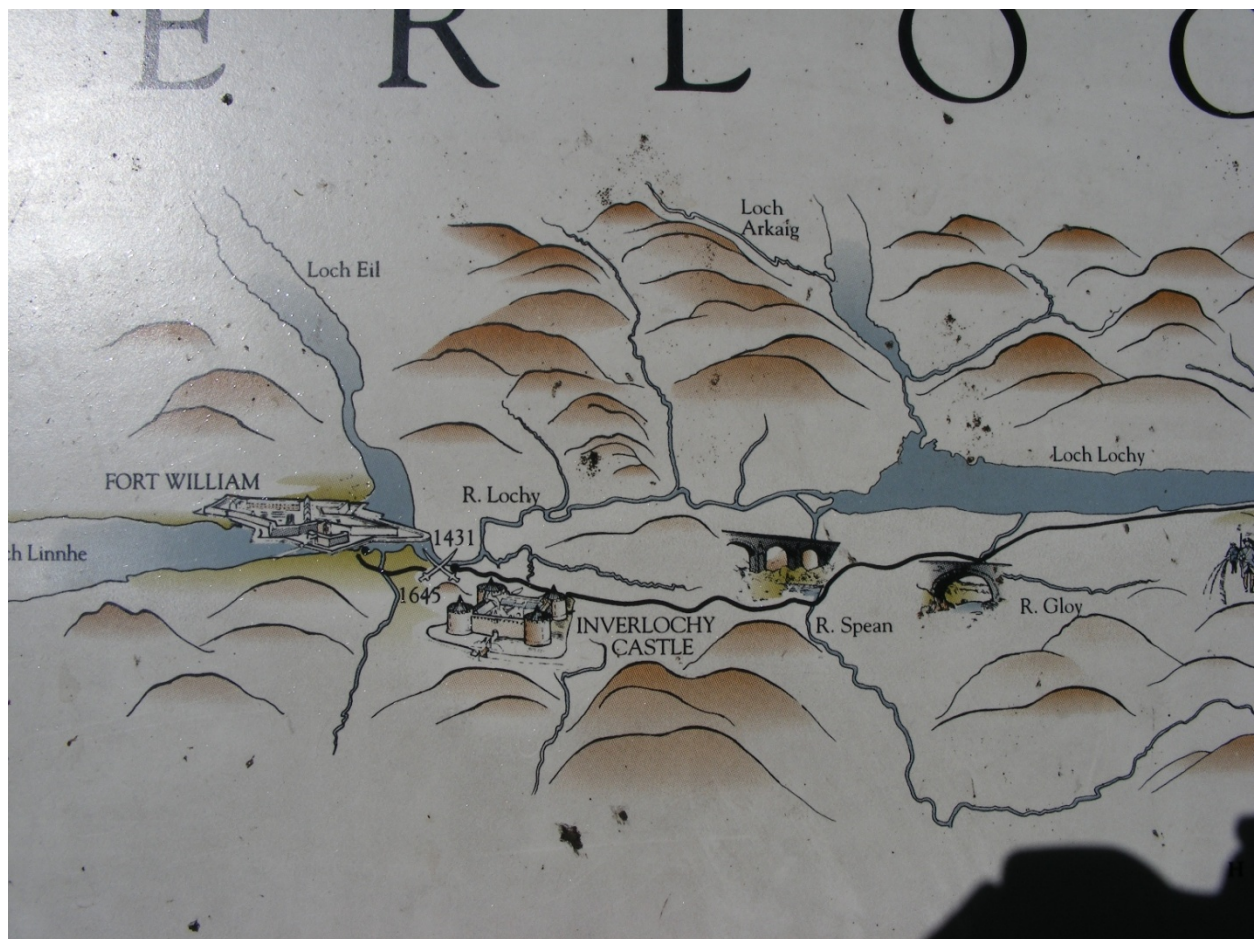
In 1304, Bruce and Bishop Lamberton surreptitiously allied with one another. Lamberton had been working long and hard to find nobles and clerics alike who were willing to join together to end English occupation and rule of Scotland. Bruce's desire to be allied with the rebels was strengthened when William Wallace was executed in 1305. Interestingly, Bruce included his old rival John Comyn in the secret alliance and workings of the rebellion, promising Comyn lands if he would help Bruce win the crown of Scotland. Sadly, in early 1306, Comyn told Edward I of Bruce's promise. Bruce barely escaped London before being arrested by Edward's men, for he had been tipped off to Comyn's treachery.

Of course, Bruce was furious with Comyn, but he did not let on that he was aware of Comyn's betrayal of him. He asked Comyn to meet him at Greyfriar's Church in Dumfries on February 10. When he realized that his betrayal was known, Comyn moved to attack the Bruce, but Bruce struck first, injuring Comyn. Comyn's uncle then attacked Bruce, but Bruce's brother-in-law killed him. Historians do not agree on what happened next: either Bruce killed Comyn on the altar of the church, or Bruce left and one of his knights killed Comyn there. Whatever happened, Bruce realized that his involvement in Comyn's death could not be hidden, and he made his defiance of Edward I known.

Many Scottish nobles came to openly support Bruce after the death of Comyn. He was crowned king at Scone on 25 March, 1306. However, things began to go awry thereafter, for Bruce's presumption angered Edward I terribly. The English imprisoned both Bishop Wishart and Bishop Lamberton. Bruce and his army were defeated at Methven, and Bruce fled to Rathlin Island, though he was almost found by the English several times as he made his way through the Highlands. Sadly, his wife and daughter and his sisters, whom he had placed in his brother Nigel's hands, were captured and imprisoned, and his brother was beheaded.

The Comyns disappeared from history after this time and the castle at Inverlochy was no longer in their possession. The castle has seen many battles, and the remains today bear the scars.

Fliss Wingrave



Some time ago, **Richard Edgar** of Tandragee was invited to create an **Edgar** brochure to include with Clan Maxwell handouts. He was initially contacted by **Liz Holt**, Vice-President of Clan Maxwell USA (the Edgars are a sept of Clan Maxwell). This greeting would be printed and placed in the Scottish Highland Games Traveling Kit that Clan Maxwell distributes during the games throughout the USA. See [www.asgf.org/Calendar.html](http://www.asgf.org/Calendar.html)

**Richard** asked me to help put something together for Liz, and we wrote the following, with guidance from **Steve Edgar** of Oakville, Ontario.

## **Clan Edgar**

This small but ancient line of family originates in Scotland in or around the year 1100, as descendents of Edgar, son of Cospatrick III, the 2nd Earl of Dunbar. At one time, it was thought that all Edgars descended from this one man, but recent analysis of DNA shows there are four separate families of Edgar, seemingly not related at all. Through adoptions, fostering, illegitimacies, or just plain taking the name because somebody liked it, these several DNA lines show up in the Edgar family. We're all related as far as we're concerned!

An old Scottish clan map shows a small holding associated with Clan Edgar to the northwest of Kelso, Scotland, surrounded by the Clans Home, Douglas, and Maitland.

Likely, the descendants of Cospatrick, closely associated with the Dunbars, are in Haplogroup R1b – The Celts; the Keithock Edgars of Brechin are in Haplogroup I1 – The Vikings; the Edgars from around Nithsdale (Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Sanquhar) are predominantly I2b1 – The Saxons; and a small group of E1bs originating from the Middle East. How that group got in there, we don't know. Jokingly, we say that a Roman soldier with a Kebab shop on Hadrian's wall had an affair with a local Scots-woman, and she had an illegitimate child with her Edgar name – that's how the E1b DNA strain entered our family. Even if it is fantasy, it makes for a great story. Much of this is conjecture, as, contrary to the foregoing, we find R1b Edgars in Dumfries, and I2b1s in eastern Scotland.

At the time of Robert the Bruce, a witness to his second marriage (to Elizabeth de Burgh) in 1302 was one Sir Richard Edgar. Sir Richard was a steady companion to Robert the Bruce, accompanying him to Greyfriar's Abbey in Dumfries in 1306 February 10, when Bruce stabbed John "The Red" Comyn. The Edgar motto stems from this incident, when Robert the Bruce wavered and Sir Richard Edgar urged him on with "Maun Dae It" ("You must do it").

The I1 Edgars in Canada, represented by the family of (John) Steven Edgar of Oakville, Ontario, have a long history, going back to King James the Third of England, the Jacobite "Old Pretender." James Edgar was James Francis Edward Stuart's Secretary for most of his life, over 50 years, during King James' long exile in France and Italy. The king's firstborn son, Charles Edward Stuart, better known as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," claimed the Scottish throne and tried unsuccessfully to claim the English throne, ending in his retreat and escape in September 1746. James, the Secretary, died in 1764, leaving no heirs. His nephew, John Edgar of Keithock was the Postmaster General of the Jacobite King in charge of all dispatches, messages, and letters between the Courts in France, England, and Scotland.

The Edgars in Steve's ancestry were the Lairds of Keithock, a manor house a short distance out of Brechin, Scotland. That First Laird, David Edgar, was born in Dumfries in 1624. Eventually, one of David's descendants ended up in Canada in 1830, where James Edgar (later Sir James David Edgar, KC, MP, QC) was born in 1841 in Hatley, Lower Canada (now



Québec), to James and Matilda (née Fleming) Edgar. Sir James' son (Steve's great-grandfather), James Frederick Edgar fought in the North-West Rebellion, his son, James Keithock Edgar, married Elizabeth Rose Parker, and sired James David Edgar and John Wedderlie Edgar, Steve's father. Steve's uncle, James, the oldest direct descendant of the Keithock Edgars, has the family heirlooms, which includes the "relics" given by The Old Pretender, James Stuart, to his Secretary, James Edgar. These include: a Scottish gold snuff box, two pair of pistols and a ribbon worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden, miniatures of the Scottish Royal Family, a lock of hair from King James, a set of 12 silver knives and forks from King James, a miniature of Mary, Queen of Scots, portraits of Bonnie Prince Charlie, King James, James Edgar, John and Mrs. Walkinshaw, parents of Clementina Walkinshaw, mistress of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the mother of his only issue, a daughter, Charlotte.

All are welcome to visit our Edgar group at [DNA.Ancestry.com](http://DNA.Ancestry.com).

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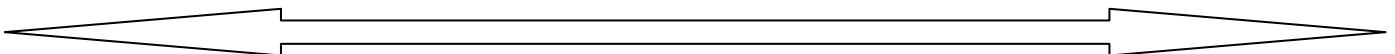
An interesting footnote from history, concerning James Edgar, Secretary

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1759. Aug. 12. James Edgar, Esq., to be Clerk of our Councils, Registers, and Rolls [S], with reversion to his nephew, John Edgar of Keithock, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The warrant sets forth that 'Whereas our Trusty and well-beloved James Edgar, Esq., has served us these great many years as our Clerk and Secretary with great fidelity, integrity, and diligence, of which we being very sensible, we therefore, as a mark of Our Royal favour and of Our Royal appreciation of the faithful services he has rendered to us, Do hereby constitute and appoint the said James Edgar to be the Clerk of our Councils, Registers, and Rolls in Scotland during all the days of his lifetime, and after that we also constitute and appoint our trusty and well-beloved John Edgar of Keithock, Esq., his nephew, to be our said Clerk of our Councils, Registers, and Rolls during all the days of his lifetime. To have and to hold to them, and the longest liver of them two,' etc. A note attached to a copy of the *Scottish House of Edgar*, formerly belonging to a granddaughter of John Edgar of Keithock, states that he was created a Baronet by King James III and VIII. James Edgar was a younger son of David Edgar of Keithock by his second wife, Elizabeth Guthrie, and was born at Keithock, 13th July 1688. He was out in the '15 with his brother John (who was taken prisoner and died in Stirling Castle), and afterwards fled to Rome, when he became Private Secretary to King James and so continued till his death, 24th September 1764. His nephew, John Edgar of Keithock, the son of his elder brother Alexander, by Margaret, daughter of the Rev. John Skinner, was out in the '45, and after the defeat of Culloden took ship for America, but being captured by a French privateer, was taken to France, where he obtained a commission in Ogilvy's regiment. He afterwards joined his uncle in Rome, but after the Act of Indemnity in 1756 he returned to Scotland, where he died 4th April 1788. He married, February 1762, Catherine Ogilvy, and had issue seven sons and three daughters. The sixth son and eventual heir, Thomas, born March 1775, died unmarried 7th September 1831, and was succeeded by his brother James, born 4th April 1777, died 1841, having married, 1813, Anne Barbara, daughter of J. Hamilton, merchant in Glasgow. He had issue two sons and three daughters: John, a monk, died unmarried; James, of whom presently; Anne Hamilton, married J. G. Plomer of Helstone, Cornwall, and had issue; Catherine, died unmarried 1871; and Mary Caroline, who died unmarried 1896. James, the younger son, born 1819, emigrated to Canada, and died 6th April 1851, leaving by his wife, Grace, daughter of the Rev. David Fleming, with two daughters (Eliza Catherine, wife of W. P. Wilkie of Edinburgh, advocate, who died 5th September 1872, and Grace, wife of Richard Thome, merchant in Toronto), an only son, Sir James David Edgar, M.P., P.C., K.C.M.G., sometime (19th August 1896-31st July 1899) Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, who was born at Hatley, Quebec, 10th August 1841, and died at Toronto 31st July 1899, leaving issue six sons and three daughters. Information taken from *The Family of Edgar*, published by the Grampian Club, 1873, supplemented by notes kindly supplied by Lady Edgar.



In early May, **Richard Edgar** of Tandragee received this email:

Mr. Edgar,

I collect chalices and saw on Ebay a silver chalice with the inscription "James Edgar 1727" upon the base.

When I tried to look up info on James Edgar, I stumbled upon your website.

It was made in London, I was particularly surprised by the etching of the crucifixion upon it; something one would not see on a cup used by the reformed church. When I saw some of your family were Jacobite, then it made sense.

Could this chalice be part of your family history?

Below is the link.

All the best,

Rev. Charles S. Fermeglia

[http://cgi.ebay.com/1727-SILVER-CHALICE-AND-PATEN-JAMES-EDGAR-/110684210999?pt=Antiques\\_Silver&hash=item19c54b0737](http://cgi.ebay.com/1727-SILVER-CHALICE-AND-PATEN-JAMES-EDGAR-/110684210999?pt=Antiques_Silver&hash=item19c54b0737)



Did the chalice once belong to James Edgar, Secretary to James Francis Edward Stuart, The Old Pretender? The inscription reads, "James Edgar London 1727" – Steve in Oakville says that James Edgar was never in London. The price on eBay was \$1000 as an opening bid, and it didn't sell.

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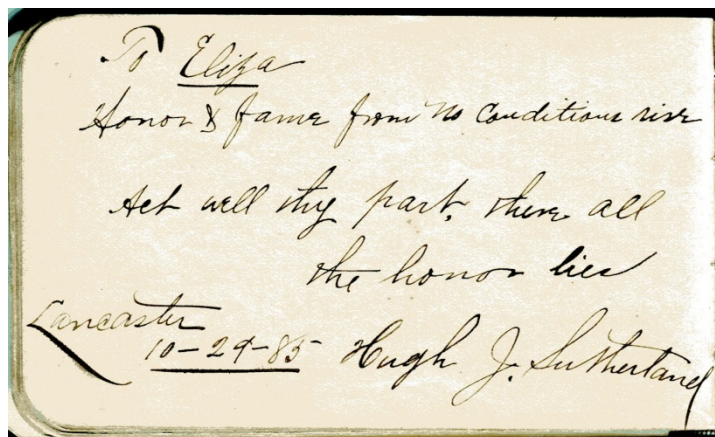


From my cousin, Stephen Fourney of Ottawa, we received this email written to him by a person in B.C.:

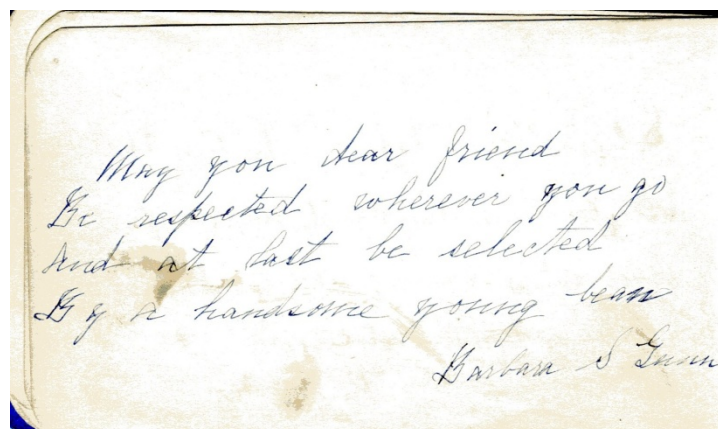
Stephen:

I have attached three jpeg entries from the autograph book circa 1880-81 for your use. The autograph book was located in Killarney, Manitoba found in an old trunk following the recent death of a relative, no one else in the family had ever seen it before. The autograph book contains entries assumed to be friends of my great grandmother's all of which resided in Glengarry, Lancaster, Ontario and likely the vicinity near Curry Hill. I have been searching the Canada Census and Ancestry public trees seeking people who might be interested in seeing an entry. Hope it is of some interest to you.

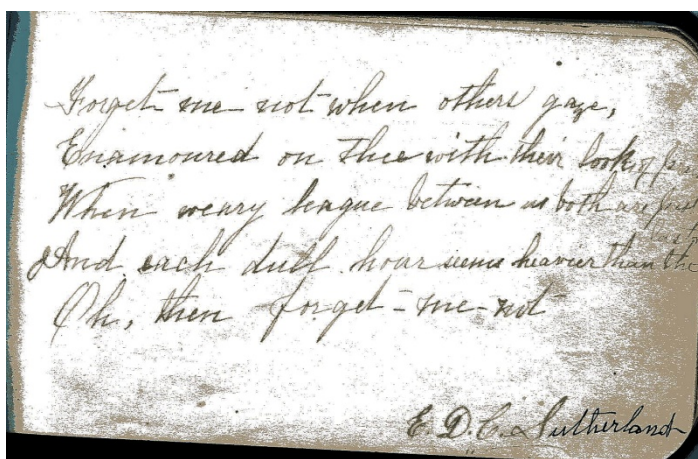
Since our family was and is from the Lancaster area, Stephen and I were both interested. We don't know who E.D.C. Sutherland is, but Barbara Gunn and Hugh Sutherland became husband and wife, married about 1888. Their second daughter, May Sutherland, married my Uncle Charlie (my Dad's brother). Charlie and May had three children: Bill, Eileen, and Patrick Edgar. Eileen married John Fourney, Stephen Fourney's grandparents. Here are the three autograph book entries:



To Eliza  
Honor & fame from no conditions rise  
Set well thy part, then all  
the honor lies  
Lancaster  
10-24-85 Hugh J. Sutherland



May you dear friend  
Be respected wherever you go  
And at last be selected  
By a handsome young man  
Barbara S. Gunn



Forget me not when others gaze,  
Enamoured on thee with their looking glass  
When weary league between us both is past  
And each dull hour seems heavier than the last  
Oh, then forget - me - not  
E.D.C. Sutherland



Again, from Richard Edgar of Tandragee, we have this...

From: Satchwell KM - Judge <[KSatchwell@justice.gov.za](mailto:KSatchwell@justice.gov.za)>  
Subject: Elizabeth Edgar - South African War Nurse - drowned 1918  
To: [edgar888@yahoo.com](mailto:edgar888@yahoo.com)  
Date: Wednesday, 4 May, 2011, 12:56

I have found your fascinating website because I am researching a memorial to South African women who were killed or died in the First World War. One of them is Elizabeth Edgar who was a SA nurse and who was on the Glenart Castle which was torpedoed in February 1918. I can find nothing about her family. I do not know if she grew up in South Africa or if she came to South Africa during the Boer War to nurse and stayed. Do you have any records of her at all??

Looking forward to hearing from you

K. Satchwell

### **MEMORIAL TO 40 SCOTTISH NURSES at St. Giles in Edinburgh** **The British Journal of Nursing - Volume 67, 12th November 1921 (p304)**



#### **MEMORIAL TO SCOTTISH NURSES.**

No more fitting shrine could have been found for the Memorial erected by members of the Military Nursing Services in memory of their Scottish colleagues who gave their lives in the Great War than the grand old Cathedral of St. Giles in Edinburgh, where the worn colours of many a brave Scottish regiment decorate the stately edifice.

It was unveiled with fitting ceremonial on Nov. 3rd, by Lieut.-General Sir Francis Davies, K.C.B., in the presence of a large number of relatives of the nurses commemorated, representatives of various nursing associations, and prominent citizens of Edinburgh. The memorial is a bronze tablet set in green marble on which the names of the nurses are inscribed.

During the war 150 nurses lost their lives owing to enemy action or disease. Of that number, forty were Scottish nurses. Their

names, which appear on the memorial, are as follows :

#### **QUEEN ALEXANDRA IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE.**

\* Sister. Joan G. Dalton.

#### **MILITARY FAMILIES NURSING SERVICE.**

Matron. Mary MacGill.

**QUEEN  
MILITARY  
RESERVE.**

**ALEXANDRA  
NURSING**

**IMPERIAL  
SERVICE**

**Sisters**

Ellen Armstrong  
Ella Maud Bond  
Christina Jack  
Isabella Mackenzie  
Helen Milne  
Jeanie B. Smith  
Christina M. Wilson

**Staff Nurses**

Helena S. Bennet  
Margaret S. Dewar  
Elizabeth Edgar  
Bessie Harkness  
Christina M.F. Kemp  
Margaret A. MacBeth  
Mary B. Marshall  
Agnes G. Mann  
Jessie E. MacRobbie  
Annie C. Reid  
Jessie Ritchie  
Elizabeth R. Thomson  
Mary Watson  
Myrtle E. Wilson

**TERRITORIAL      FORCE      NURSING  
SERVICE.**

**Sisters**

May Grant  
Helen M. Hastings  
Isabel Meldrum

**Staff Nurses**

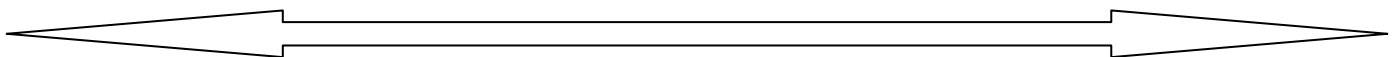
Agnes M. Climie  
Beatrice G.F. Forbes  
Jessie S. Jamieson  
Mary T. Kerr  
Mabel Milne  
Mary Mackinnon  
Margaret B. Marnoch  
Jessie J. Paterson  
Edith Simpson  
Wilma B. Stewart

**Assistant Nurses**

Hannah D. Mark  
Elizabeth McDonald  
Caroline C.C. Miller  
Christian McCombie

Of the forty nurses, four were killed by enemy action, three were drowned whilst serving on hospital ships, and 33 died of diseases arising from military service. Only two were members of the regular Military Nursing Service, and the others were members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve, and the Territorial Force Nursing Service who had been called up from civil employment.

The Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson conducted the memorial service, and the Dowager-Countess of Airlie, President of the Memorial Committee, on behalf of the donors, asked Lieut.-General Sir Francis Davies to perform the unveiling ceremony.



## Inbound Migration



by Steve Edgar ([steven-edgar@sky.com](mailto:steven-edgar@sky.com))

Last month I received an Email from my “maybe” (maybe because we haven’t proved it yet!) cousin Marian in Australia. It looked like the usual migration list of Edgars crossing the Atlantic. I asked Marian for more detail and she sent the entire file on each name. Most of the detail was spurious, but one important factor was these were Edgars *RETURNING* to the UK!

Archibald Edgar	1860 Farmer	ship City of Manchester	New York to Liverpool
Arthur Edgar	1860 Farmer	ship City of Manchester	New York to Liverpool
Rev D Edgar	1859 Clergyman	ship Edinburgh	New York to Liverpool
Frank Edgar	1869 Traveller	ship Columbia	New York to Glasgow
James Edgar	1860 farmer	ship City of Manchester	New York to Liverpool
Jane Edgar	1867 daughter	ship St David	Quebec to Glasgow
John Edgar	1859 Mechanic	ship Kangaroo	New York to Liverpool
Mrs Edgar	1867 Mother	ship St David	Quebec to Glasgow
Rev Dr Edgar	1859	ship Edinburgh	New York to Liverpool

Archibald, Arthur, and James travelled together. We can assume they are related and maybe things didn’t work out in the USA?

Frank looks like he was returning from a business trip.

The Rev D and the Rev Dr Edgar look to be members of the Edgar Ministers from Kilaney returning from their trip to the USA

Mrs Edgar and her daughter Jane possibly visiting family in Canada?

Lots of assumptions!

This set my mind to thinking about all of the others that may have returned as well, and how we as researchers might be missing a trick with lost relatives. We always suppose that the Edgars travelling to the USA, Canada, and Australia are migrants, and we further suppose that once migrated they stayed there.

There are many other options that open up for Edgars travelling. Just because they travelled on an outward-bound migrant ship, it doesn’t necessarily follow that they were migrating – maybe it was just a cheap way of travelling. They might have been visiting relations, on business, or even on holiday. Once we see the “migration” record, we close the door back here on our research and look to their destination for more records. I can think of one instance where I have “found” someone in Manchester, UK with the same name as someone who had migrated. I need to re-look at the records and make sure he wasn’t the same man returned! Perhaps some of your lost relations were returnees as well?

