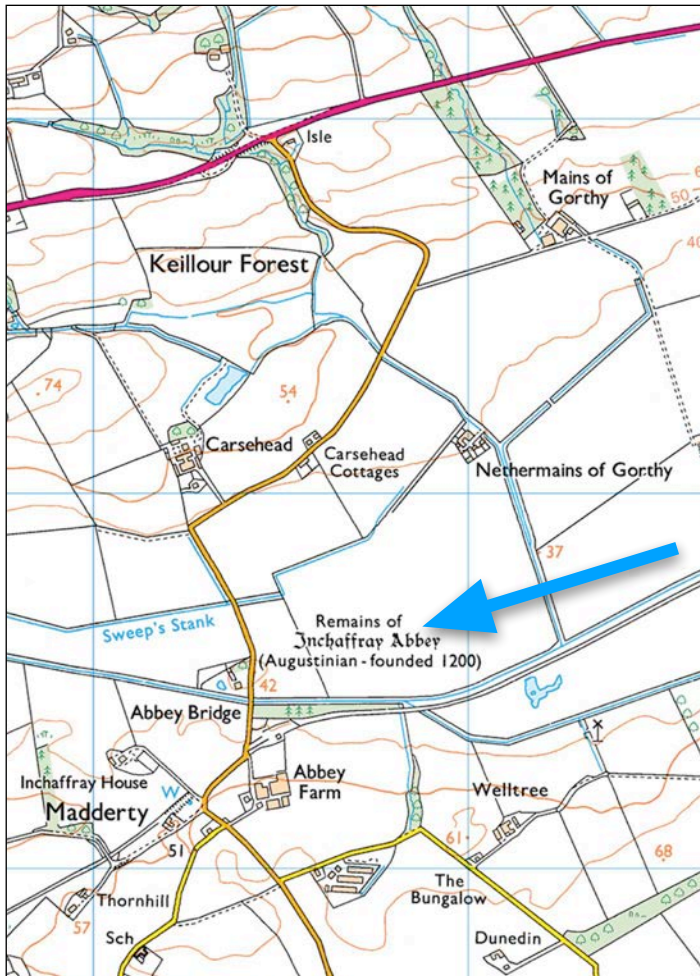


Some Magruder family places in Scotland and how to get there



Going to Scotland? Perhaps these photos and maps from Kerry and Candaces June 2018 visit may help you locate sites you select to visit. For context and more information, consult the family history essay of Rachel Folmar and the notes of other family members who have traveled there.





Madderty area



Road to Nether Belliclone

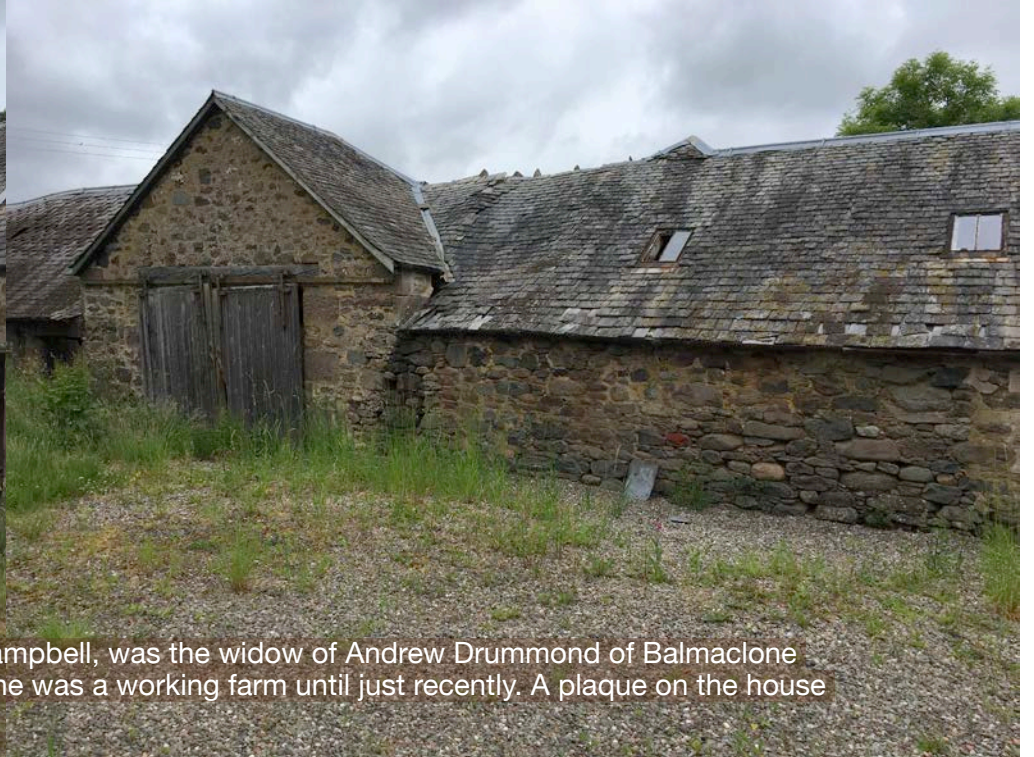


Nether Belliclone

BELLICLONE

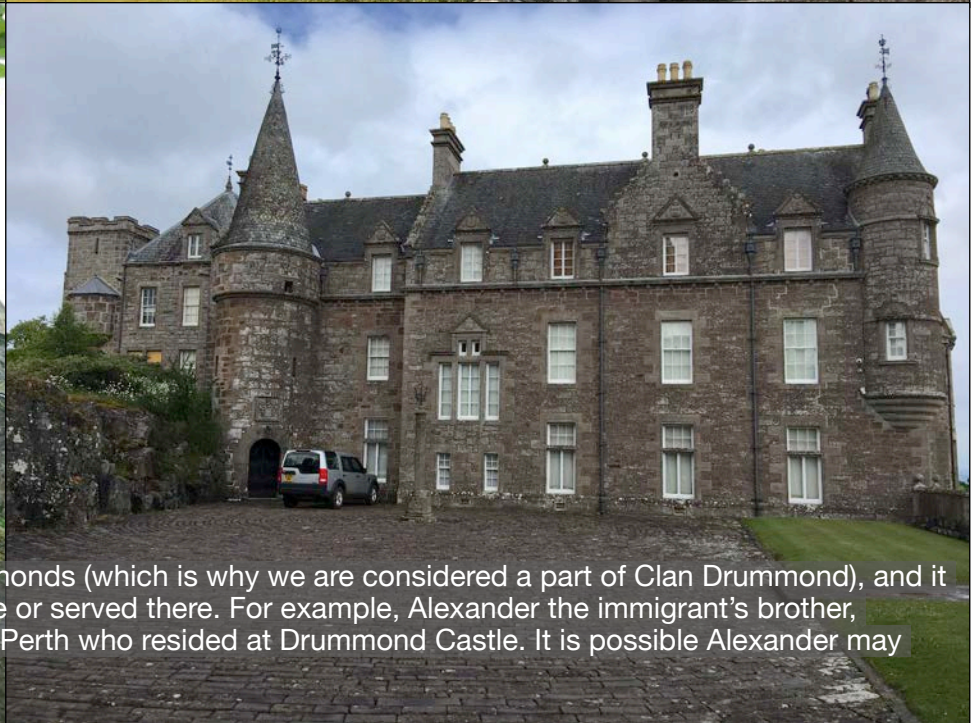
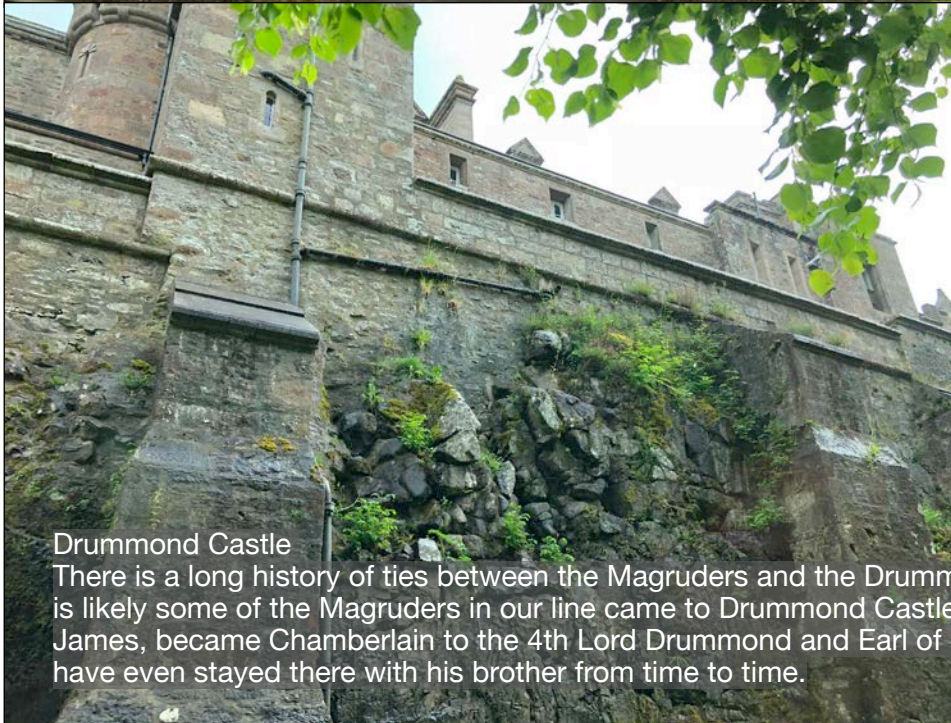
NEAR THIS SITE STOOD THE BIRTHPLACE OF ALEXANDER
MAGRUDER, BORN 1610, THE SON OF ALEXANDER MAGRUDER
AND MARGARET CAMPBELL. HE EMIGRATED TO AMERICA,
CIRCA 1652, WHERE HE BECAME A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF
THE COLONY OF MARYLAND. AS PART OF THE MACGREGOR
BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, THIS MARKER WAS ERECTED
BY THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, FOUNDED
IN 1909, BY DESCENDENTS OF ALEXANDER MAGRUDER.

9 OCTOBER 1975



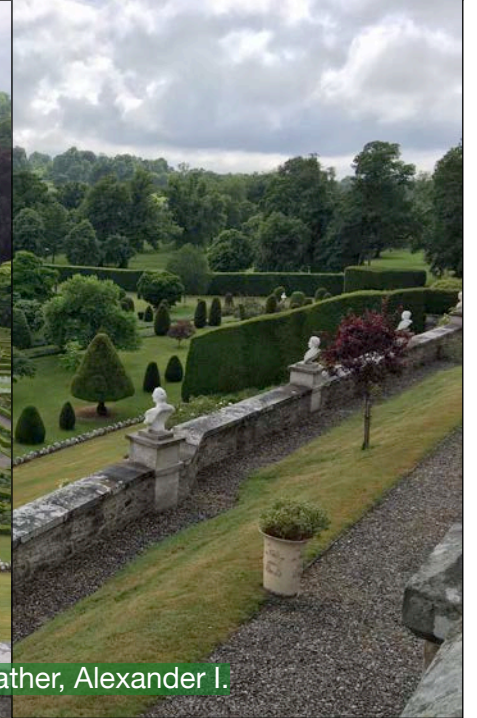
Nether Belliclone

Alexander the immigrant was born here. His mother, Margaret Campbell, was the widow of Andrew Drummond of Balmaclone (now Belliclone) and she had lifetime rights to Belliclone. Belliclone was a working farm until just recently. A plaque on the house was placed by American Magraders in 1975.

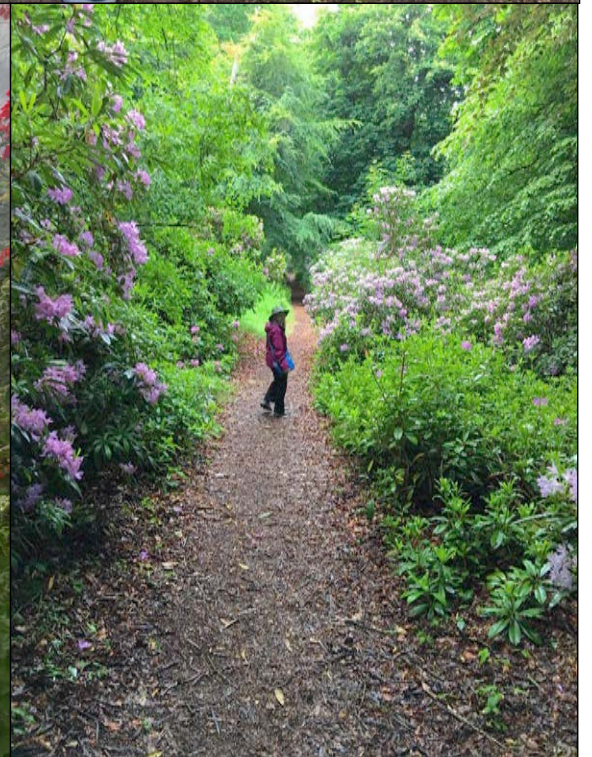
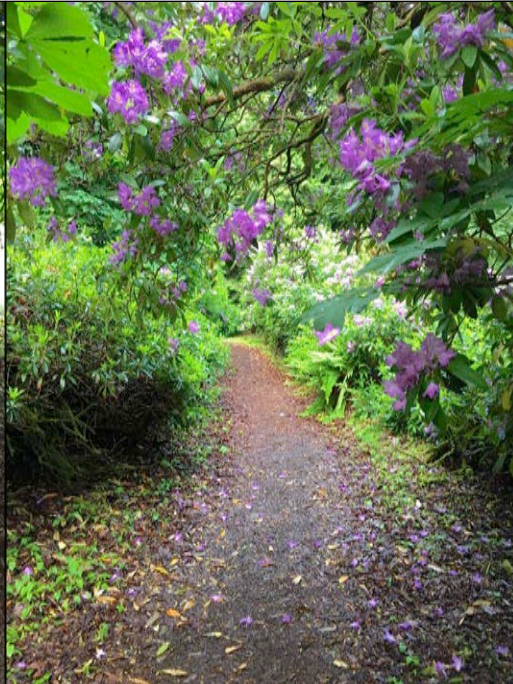


Drummond Castle

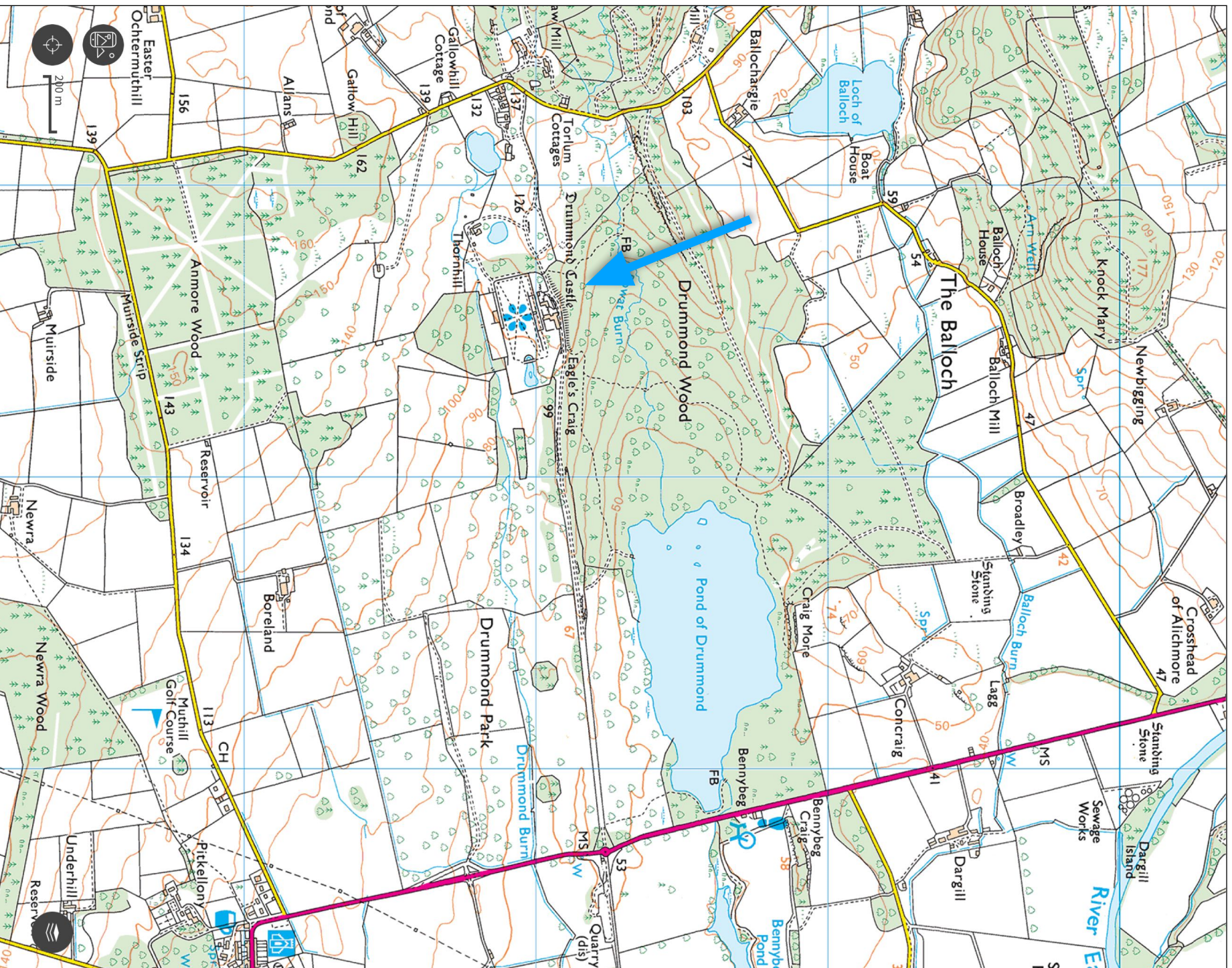
There is a long history of ties between the Magruders and the Drummonds (which is why we are considered a part of Clan Drummond), and it is likely some of the Magruders in our line came to Drummond Castle or served there. For example, Alexander the immigrant's brother, James, became Chamberlain to the 4th Lord Drummond and Earl of Perth who resided at Drummond Castle. It is possible Alexander may have even stayed there with his brother from time to time.



Drummond Castle Gardens
Previous gardens were originally laid out in the early 1600s during the time of Alexander Magruder and his father, Alexander I.



Drummond Castle Gardens





River Allan

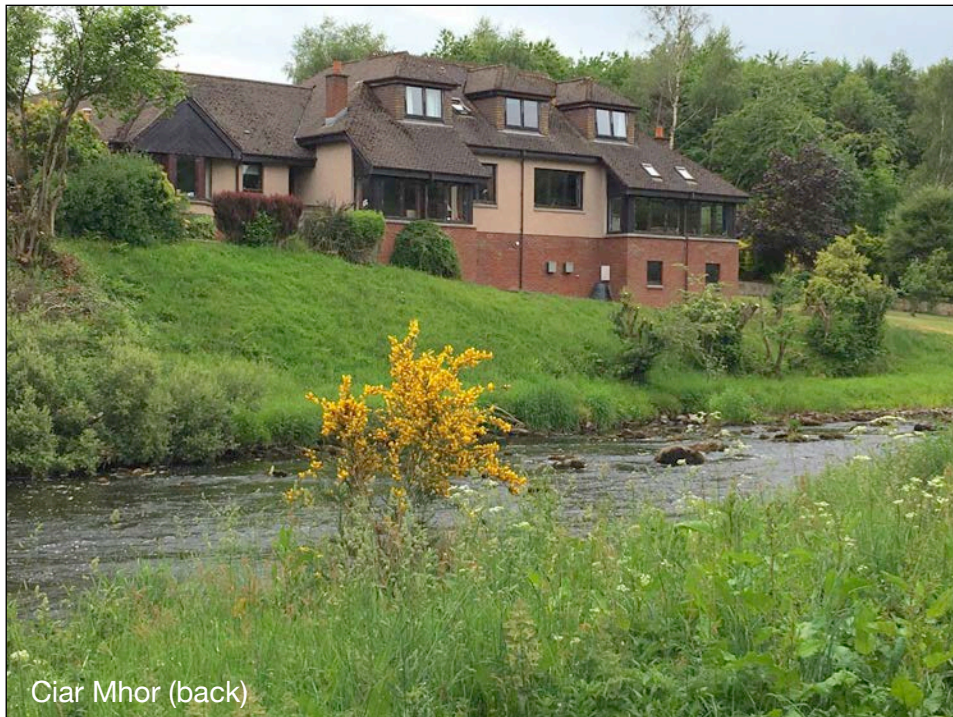


Dunblane Cathedral



Evening in Dunblane from restaurant across the street
(Old Churches House)

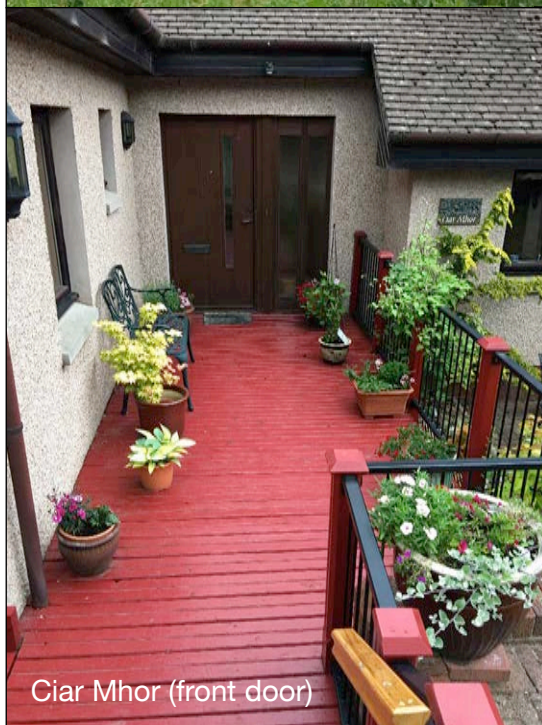




Ciar Mhor (back)



Ciar Mhor (front)



Ciar Mhor (front door)



Yum!

We left a B&B in Pitlochry this morning that was characterized by laughter, start to finish. Tracy, the proprietor, was born and raised in Ireland and has the authentic gift of storytelling. Every moment, an ironic turn in the story brought laughter to our faces; in this gift, so refreshing a welcome for weary travelers, she reminded me of Aunt Jan and of Laura. After that, however, today was the day plants ruled. First was a hike at Glen Tilt, one of the most important geo tourism sites. It was so beautiful a trail next to the river, but my allergies kicked into high gear and I spent the rest of the day recovering. (Feeling fine now, as of this writing, so I'm glad that reaction, the first of the trip, was short-lived.) Our next stops were family history locations: Inchaffrey Abbey, Belliclone house and farm, and the surrounding area. The buildings on Belliclone farm, including the house, were quite impressive, but it has fallen vacant and appears now to be in disuse except for possibly some storage of farm equipment too new to have been abandoned. After that, we made our way to Drummond Castle Gardens, where we wished for Expert commentary from Julie, Mother and Laura. And saw our first red squirrel! Finally, we made it to our B&B for the night in Dunblane, right on the river that goes through town. The river will lull us to sleep tonight, as we listen to its sounds through the open windows. Hope you all are in health and enjoying this day as well.

Glen Artney	Wake up	Sleep
June 12, Tuesday	Ciar Mhor, Dunblane	Ciar Mhor, Dunblane




Ciar Mhor



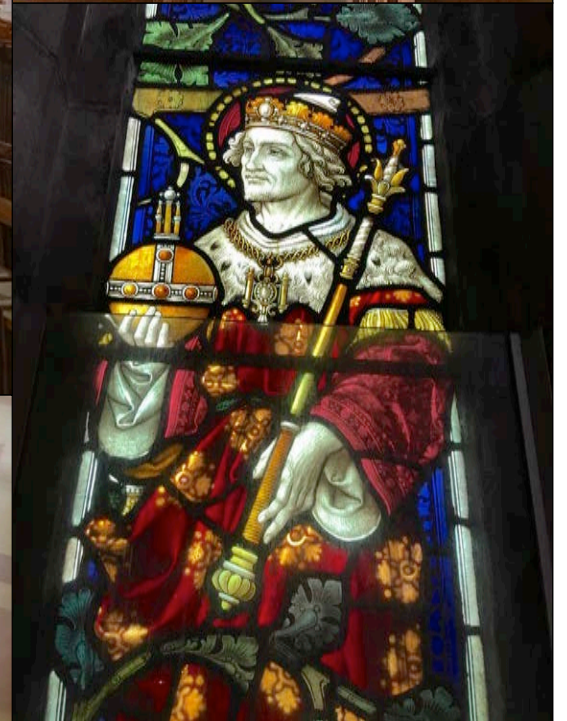
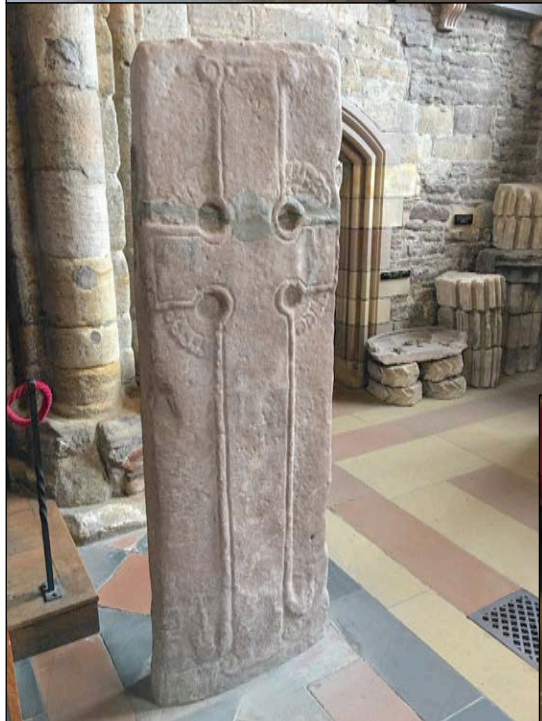
We woke up after our first of two nights in Dunblane, taking to heart the counsel of the three travelers to not be in a hurry here. The morning we spent in Dunblane itself. The Cathedral is remarkable - a living heart of the community now, with an inspiring historical mission of ecumenical reconciliation. Beautiful artwork by Helen Lamb, one of the Church of Scotland's most influential 20th century artists. A library of 4,000 rare books donated to the town by Bishop Leighton in the late 17th century for public education — including scientific and medical and linguistic works as well as theological. At an interesting community museum recommended to us by Matthew and Anna, the volunteer workers helped us find the names of Magraders who were associated with the cathedral in some manner - details to come. Then a splendid lunch at the Tilly Tea Room, another recommendation from the three travelers!

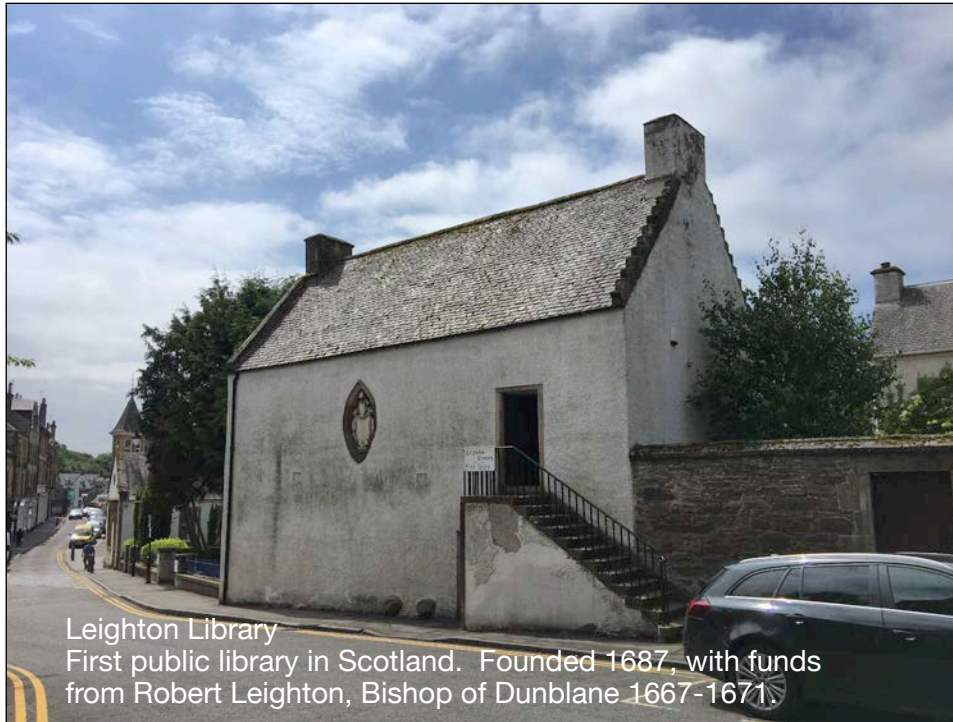
Helen Lamb artwork, Dunblane Cathedral





Dunblane Cathedral





Leighton Library
First public library in Scotland. Founded 1687, with funds
from Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane 1667-1671.



Curator





Old Churches House (restaurant on top floor)

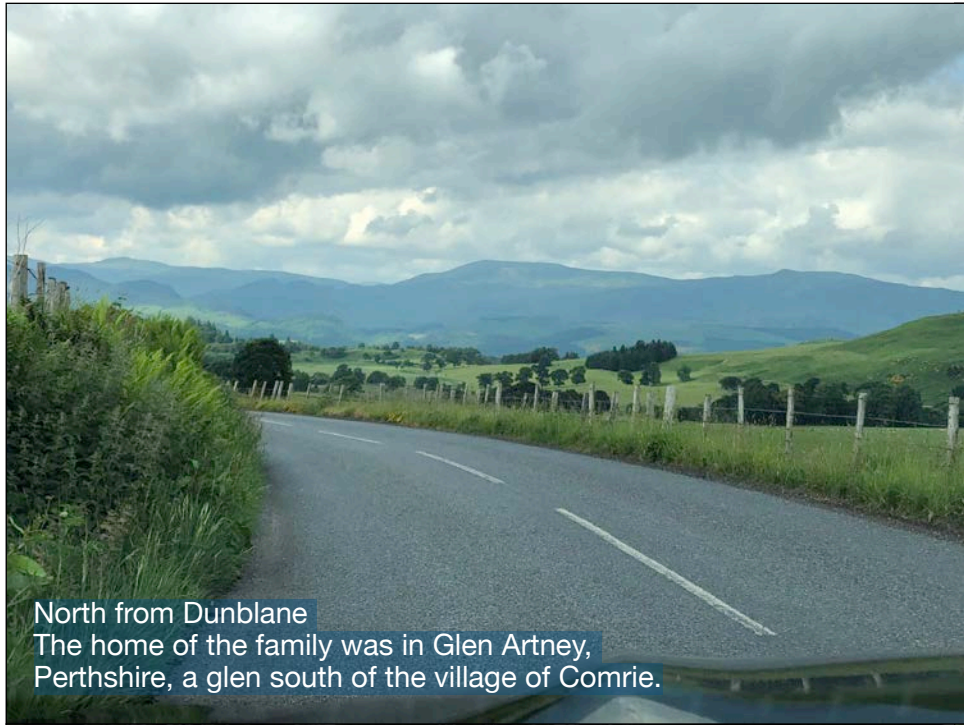


Dunblane Museum,
with Magruder
records

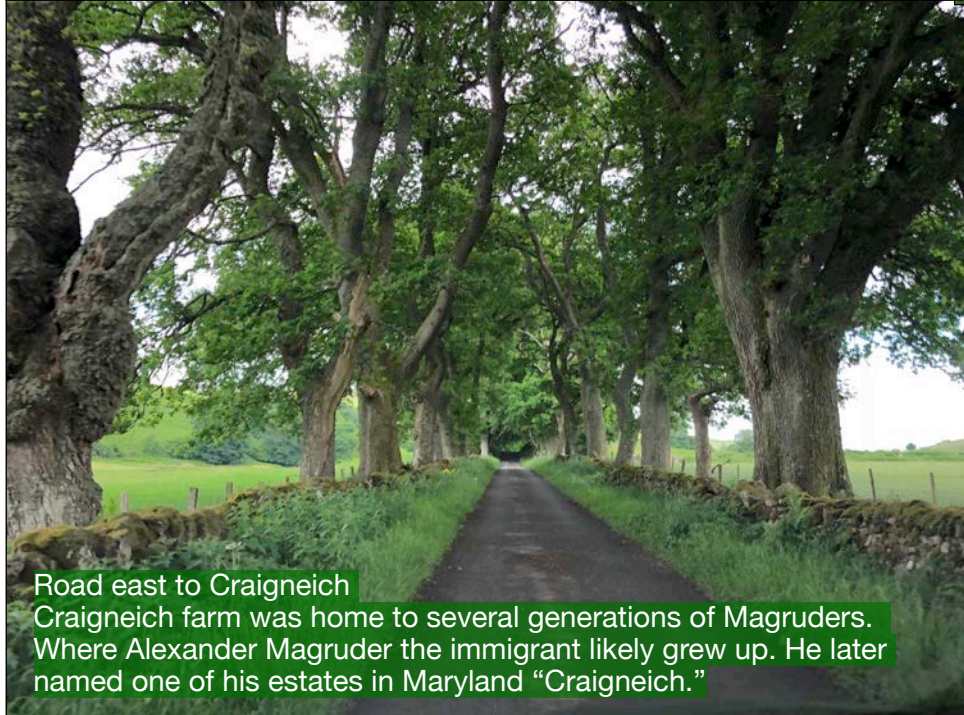


Tilly Tea Room

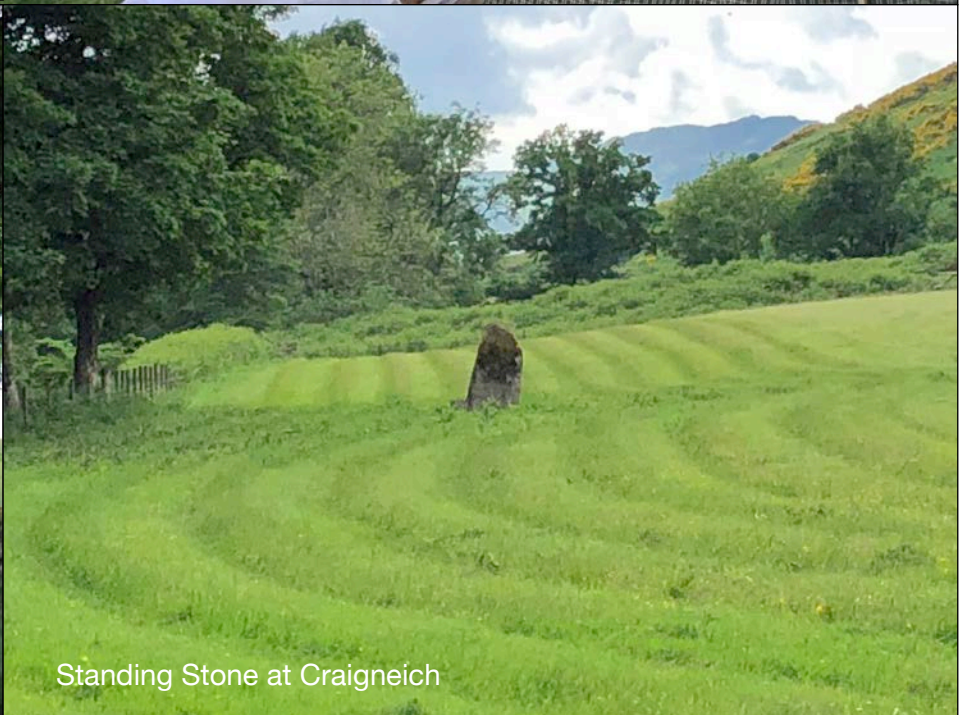




North from Dunblane
The home of the family was in Glen Artney,
Perthshire, a glen south of the village of Comrie.



Road east to Craigneich
Craigneich farm was home to several generations of Magruder.
Where Alexander Magruder the immigrant likely grew up. He later
named one of his estates in Maryland "Craigneich."



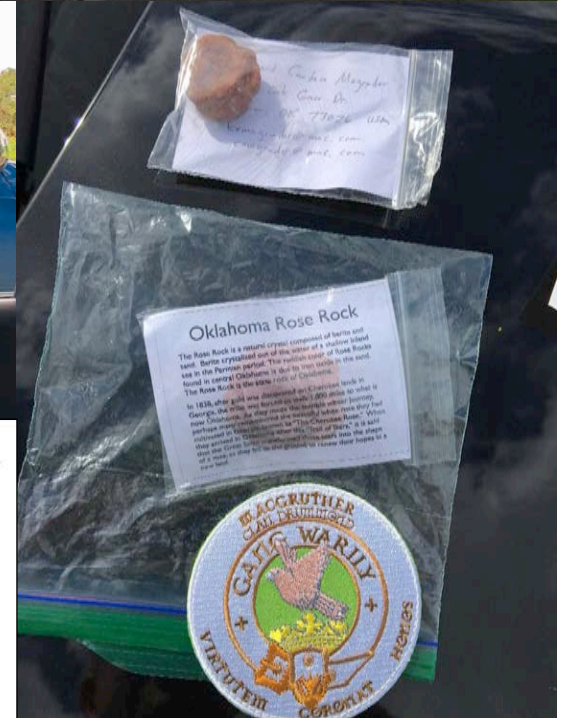
Standing Stone at Craigneich



What did we leave at the front door?



Tom Paterson
(first glimpse)



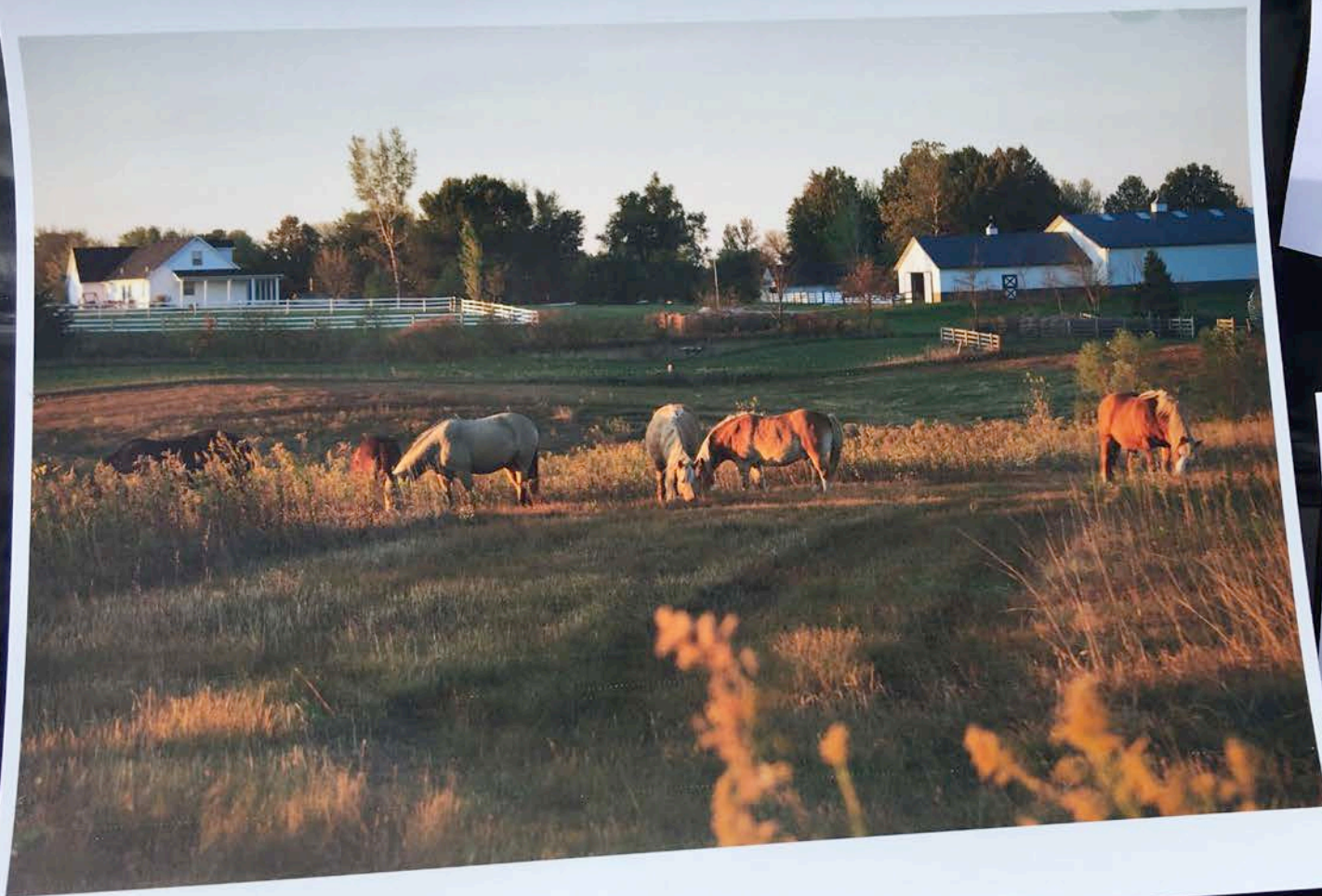
Perthshire farmer Tom Paterson wins Blackface breed accolade - The Courier
thecourier.co.uk

① Alexander Magruder grew up at Craigneich farm, then immigrated to America. Two years ago my Mother Sue Magruder, and my two sisters Julie Lochbaum and Laura Mann, visited Craigneich and met Tom Parsons - see photo montage. Sue, Laura and Julie live in Missouri in Willis Creek Ranch.



③ Today's visit to Craigneich is by Kerry and Candace Magruder. We live in Norman, Oklahoma. Kerry is the son of Jack & Sue, and works with rare books, including the star atlases and the Galileo book shown in the other prints. We have three daughters; Rachel, Hannah and Susanna. They may





② Photo montage:

Tom Parsons
photo by Missouri
Magruder

Jack and Sue
Magruder's house,
Willis Creek Ranch

Jack & Sue
Magruder
Willis Creek Ranch
near Kirksville,
Missouri

Willis Creek
Ranch - horse
barn (right)
Laurel's house (left)

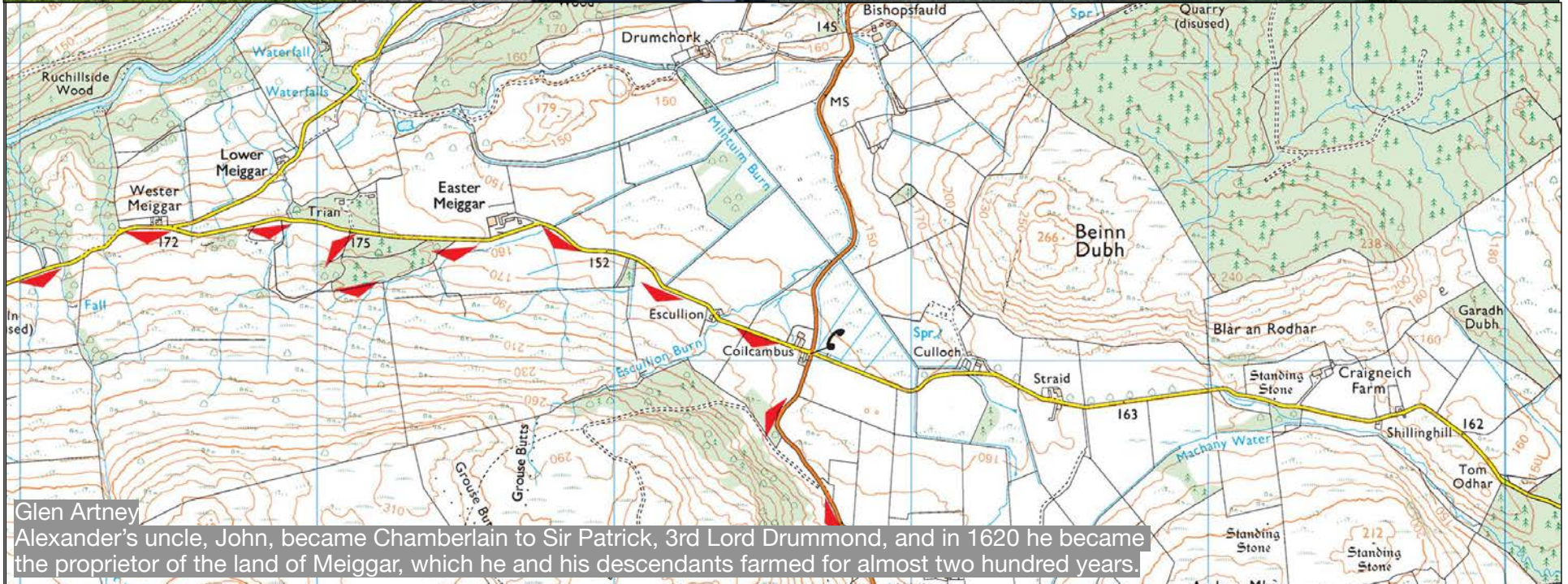
④ find their way to visit Craigiech
in future years. When Cantara walks
around our neighborhood, she picks up
a special kind of rock found only in our
part of Oklahoma. Two of these Rose
Rocks are here. Finally, Rachel designed
a crest for the Magruder family that
is included here as a patch, created by
Julie's son James. Thank you for caring
in the world of this farm, a place of so much meaning to



Glen Artney intersection (heading west from Craigneich)



Driving west toward Easter Meiggar





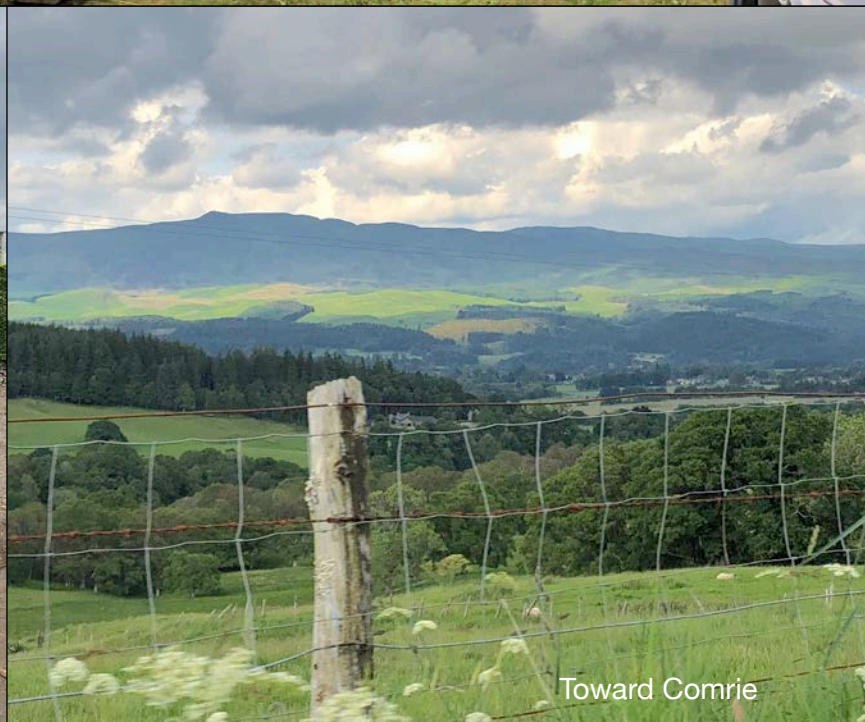
East Meiggar



Lower Meiggar



West Meiggar



Toward Comrie



The oldest indisputable record of the Magruder name is found in Comrie, a lovely town on the River Earn.

Laura, we met Tom Patterson! (Pronounced Parson with just a hint of a stutter.) He is 84 years old. His 21 year old son will soon be moving into Craigneich farm house to farm the land. We delivered the photo montage and a rose rock with a short note (before we briefly met up with him later). Robin and Karen, The three travelers 2 years ago met Tom, who farms right where Alexander Magruder grew up in the early 1660's before emigrating to America around 1660. Dad, I wish you could be here, you would love it. I was enchanted by it — mountains in the distance, no small hills all around, beautiful in every way.

For the afternoon, the drive to Glen Artney, Craigneich, and Comrie mentioned above. Now back at the B&B listening to the river. We depart tomorrow morning for Loch Tay and the conference. I plan to provide no daily updates during the conference, since our schedules will be packed.

We met another neighbor, John MacDonald, who told us it was Tom Patterson, not Parson. I asked him to spell it. When said with a Scottish brogue, they sound the same!

Candace Magruder

Kerry and I are so pooped we're not thinking straight. But here's what we've learned so far: crisps=potato chips, chips= french fries, porridge=oatmeal, biscuits=cookies, cakes= cakes unless it's an oatcake which is a cracker, tart= sweet pie (steak pies are obviously not sweet but are delicious), cullen skink is the best soup ever (smoked haddock and potato soup, not the little lizards that live in my yard), toilet=restroom, not just the thing you flush. Some toilets require you pay 20p to pee (20 pence). We're learning a lot!

Away to Angus	Wake up	Sleep
Friday, June 15	Firbush Centre, Loch Tay	Druminoch House, in Angus



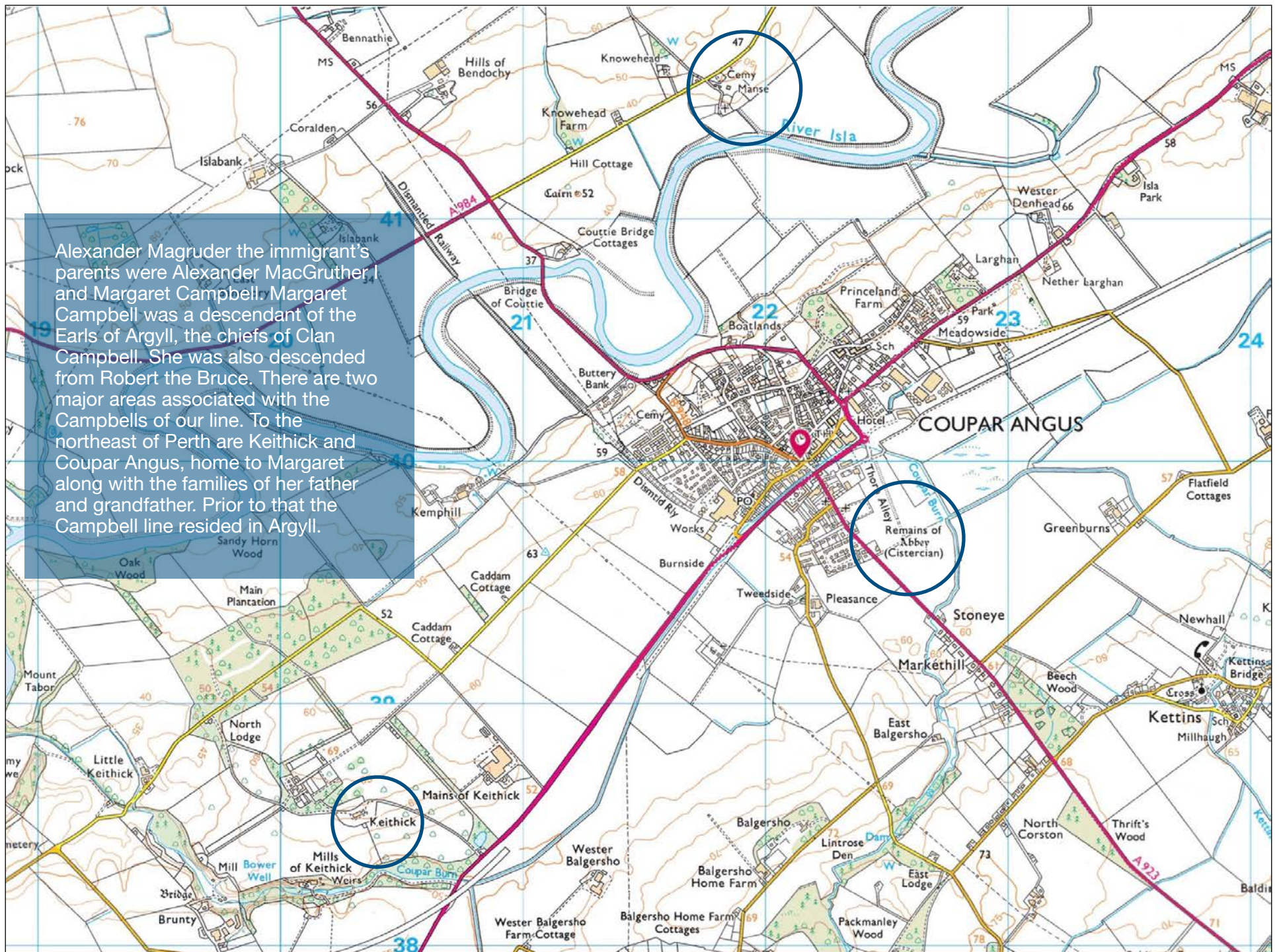
Loch Tay, 10:40 p.m.

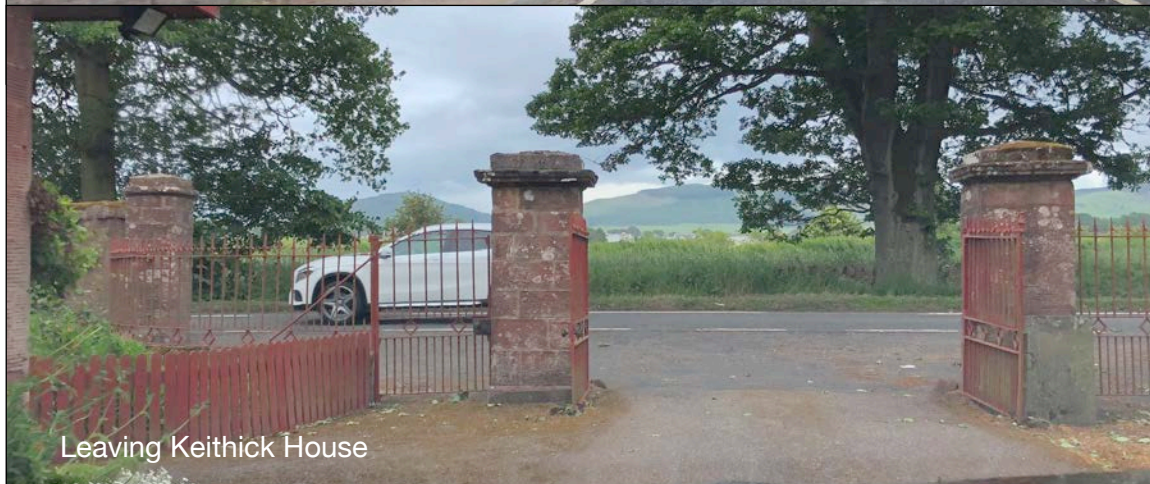
Summary: the conference was wonderful in every way! Won't try to report on that until we're home. Left Loch Tay around 3 pm today, and drove to Druminoch House, located way out in the countryside, near Kirriemuir in Angus, where we've just been treated to a delicious feast by the most welcoming owner. Maybe the best B&B yet, whether measured by the little touches or owner thoughtfulness. On the drive here, we stopped by family sites in and near Coupar Angus (associated with Alexander's mother's side of the family). We also stopped by Thomas Torrance's old parish in Alyth, seeing his church and the manse they lived in during his years as a young minister. It's nearly 10 pm and seems as light as 6pm in Oklahoma; daylight will come before 4 am tomorrow as we near the solstice this far north — uncanny. Yet we're not in a rush, and won't even set our alarm tomorrow morning — seems almost like the first time that's true so far this trip. Still just processing all the amazing people we got to know and worship with at the conference, and the enthralling presentations on music and theology given by Jeremy Begbie. What a wonderful three days. Candace is a bit under the weather with a cold. Pray for her and Robin and Robin's mum, and hope everyone else is in good health. Love to each of you, good night!

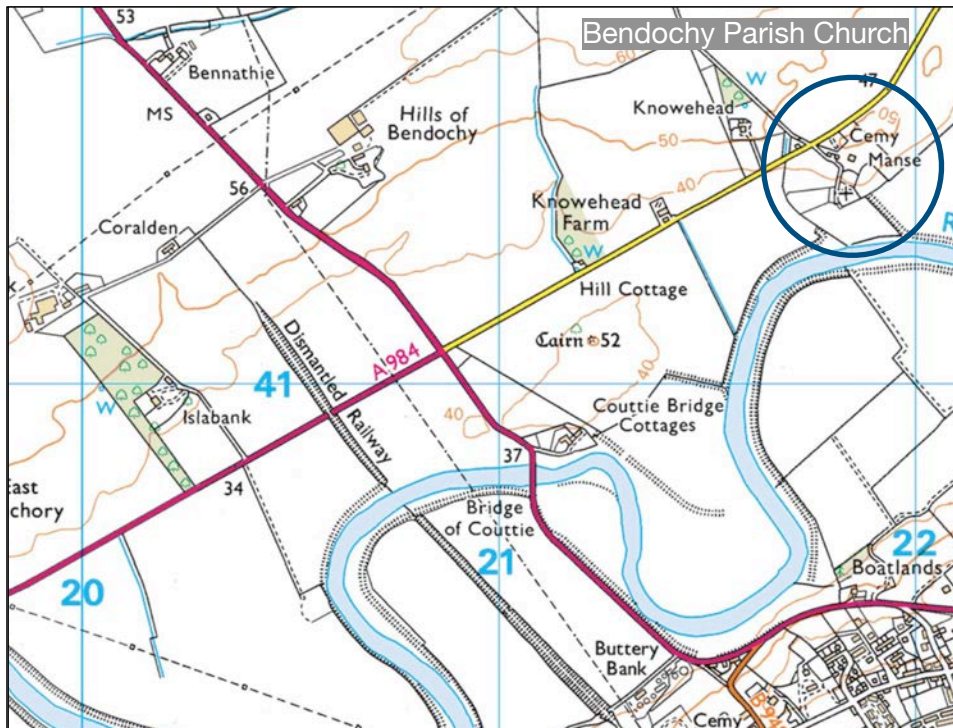


Coupar Angus, Abbey. Gatehouse ruins. Margaret's grandfather, Donald Campbell, was the Abbot of this Cistercian monastery.

Alexander Magruder the immigrant's parents were Alexander MacGruther and Margaret Campbell. Margaret Campbell was a descendant of the Earls of Argyll, the chiefs of Clan Campbell. She was also descended from Robert the Bruce. There are two major areas associated with the Campbells of our line. To the northeast of Perth are Keithick and Coupar Angus, home to Margaret along with the families of her father and grandfather. Prior to that the Campbell line resided in Argyll.







Margaret's father, Nicholas Campbell, her uncle, David Campbell and her grandfather, Donald Campbell are believed to be buried here. There is a monumental stone inside Bendochy Parish Church with an inscription commemorating Nicholas Campbell.



Bendochy Parish Church, Church of Scotland





Inveraray, on Loch Fyne

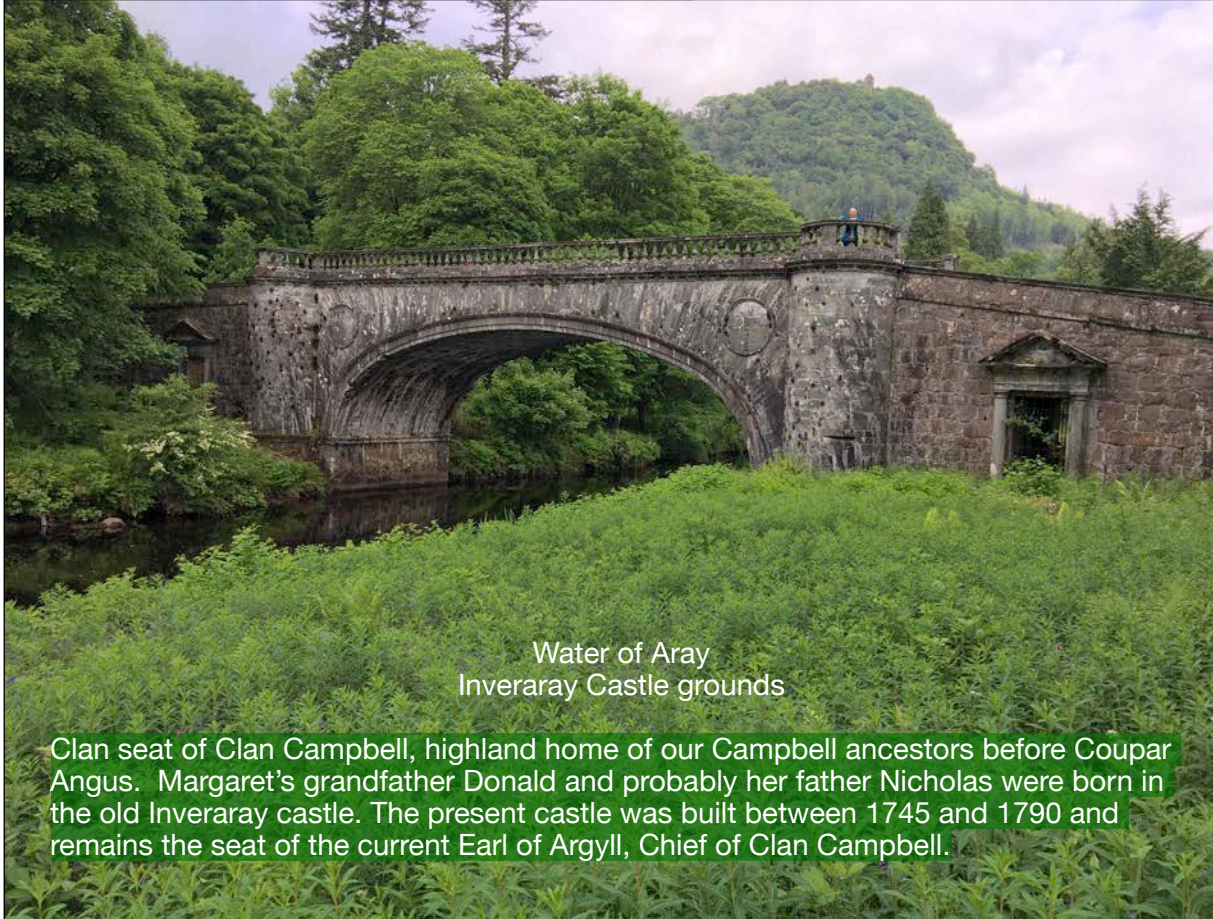




Inveraray Castle



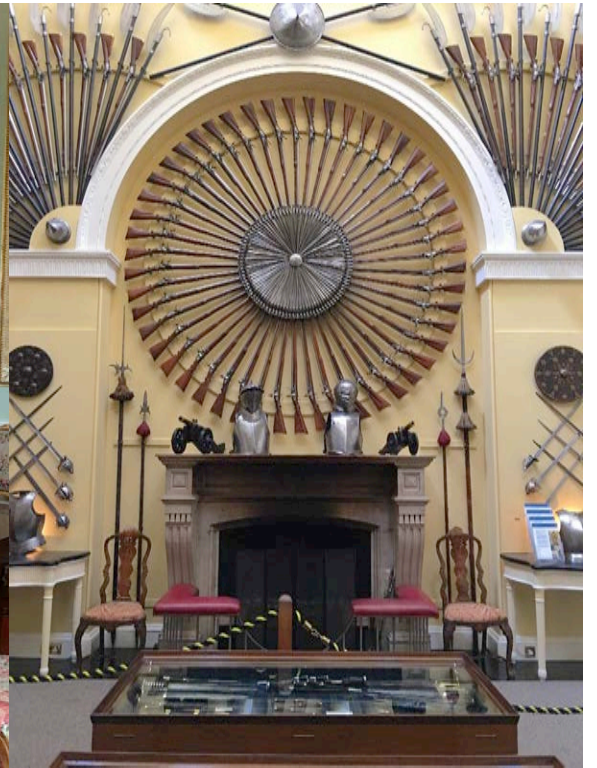
Old Inveraray Castle markers



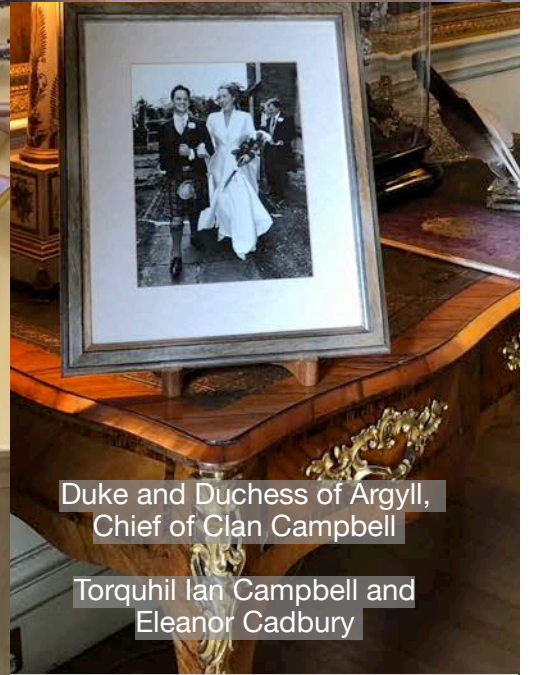
Water of Aray
Inveraray Castle grounds



Clan seat of Clan Campbell, highland home of our Campbell ancestors before Coupar Angus. Margaret's grandfather Donald and probably her father Nicholas were born in the old Inveraray castle. The present castle was built between 1745 and 1790 and remains the seat of the current Earl of Argyll, Chief of Clan Campbell.



Inveraray Castle

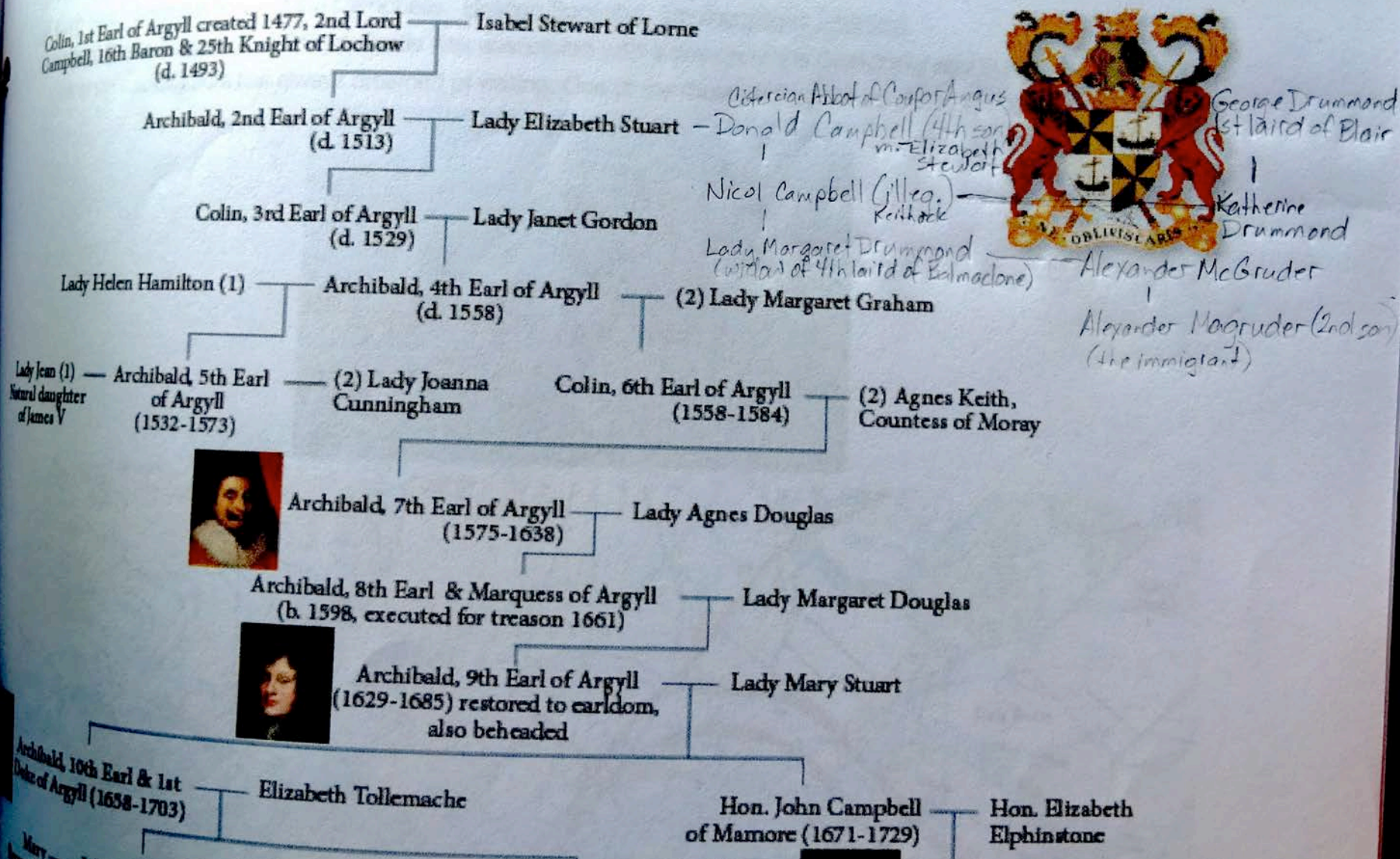


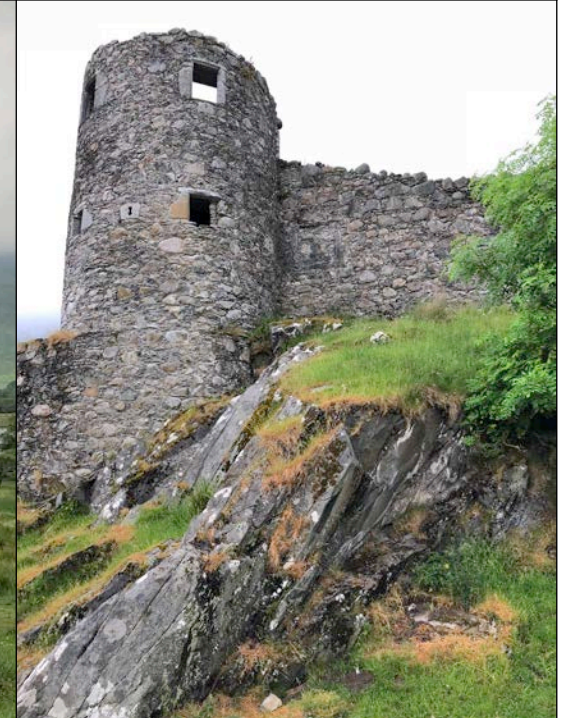
Duke and Duchess of Argyll,
Chief of Clan Campbell

Torquhil Ian Campbell and
Eleanor Cadbury

THE CAMPBELL KNIGHTS OF LOCHOW

Earls & Dukes of Argyll





Kilchurn Castle, on Loch Awe
Clan Campbell • 1400's

Onich to Inverness	Wake up	Sleep
Friday, June 8	Camus House, Onich	Dunhallin House, Inverness



Inverlochy Castle



Hi everyone! Here it's Friday night in the big town of Inverness. We started out from Camus House, and made a brief stop at the old Inverlochy Castle ruins. Our major occupation for the day was one of the top three geosites of the entire trip: the so-called "parallel roads" of Glen Roy. What a remote magnificence! It seemed like a combination of Wyoming and Trail Ridge Road. This has been on the geological grand tour since the late 18th century - I learned about Charles Darwin's visit here, for example, my first semester in graduate school. While we were there, Presto was off who-knows where doing his own thing — he'll surprise us all when he eventually tells us, I'm sure. Then, after Presto rejoined us, we drove by Loch Ness, making a stop at Urquhart Castle (made of Old Red Sandstone like so many buildings here), before pulling into Inverness where we'll spend two nights. The weather turned much cooler as we moved inland from the west coast — today was the first day we felt inclined to wear our puffy jackets. There's way too much Sun and the temps are way too warm in Scotland, IMHO. 😊 hope your Saturday ends up as pleasant as ours, though!