

PREFACE

This booklet was originally compiled by Neil Fraser-Tytler in the 1920s, with additions or corrections by Iain Cameron in 2002. Neil's chief source was James Gow of Erchit Wood, who was born in April 1803 and died in September 1903. He had a wonderfully clear memory up to the very end. Many of his stories were taken down by Dr Sinton, minister in Dores around 1900, either at the Manse, or when driving with him in the district.

Gow's father had been ploughman at Ballagan, living close behind the present farm steading at the Losait House, and dying there when James was 8 years of age. James pointed out where he stood weeping bitterly when the coffin was carried out (1811). After the 1745 Jacobite Rebellion, his grandfather was, for thirteen weeks, concealed in Gorrie's cave. (Gorrie had been a notorious reiver.) The Duke of Cumberland had been sending out parties to burn and spoil the country, killing male children in their cradles. James' grandfather (John Fraser), known as Iain MacUilleim (John the son of William) and fifteen other boys were concealed in this cave until, at last, the King forbade Cumberland to perpetrate such cruelties. James' great grandmother was a widow who had a holding opposite Knockie. One day, having heard that the soldiers were coming, she directed the herd to drive away her six milk cows to a certain spot. As ill luck would have it, they met the soldiers. Everything was taken away. The poor widow had a lame goat - one of the troopers milked it into his helmet, then stabbed it dead with his bayonet.

Gow remembered seeing Alexander Fraser-Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, on the Estate. (Alexander married Ann Fraser to become the first Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie.)

When in his teens, he entered the service of a Colonel Lester who had shooting in Stratherrick, and continued as his groom for four years. His employer's Estate lay near Maidstone in Kent. The Colonel went south by coach, James and the other servants by sea. Occasionally, when winds were adverse, they took a long time, five weeks or so. Once, when sailing up the Thames, he remembered seeing eighteen pirates hanging in pairs from poles. The hotel he and his employer patronised was the "Golden Cross", near Charing Cross. On the devil getting the upper hand of his employer, James left him and some £7 that was owing to him, and came to London, where, by visiting the War Office and other places, he was given in tips from Lester's friends sufficient money to pay his passage to Inverness, refusing various offers of employment in England and America. James told how, when the Queen and Prince Consort were to land at Fort William in 1847, Sheriff Fraser-Tytler and a servant went west to make preparations for her reception. He took a web of Fraser tartan and laid it down at the landing place. The Sheriff took the Queen on his arm across the quay.



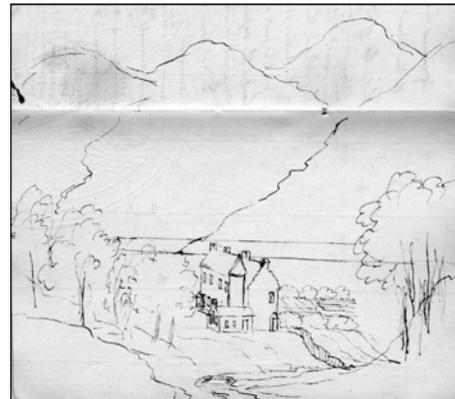
After his early service in England, Gow never left Stratherrick again, though his three brothers in the army saw service in many lands. One of them kept guard for five years over Napoleon's grave in St. Helena. This brother used to tell how Napoleon had spent no less than 3 lbs of snuff while watching the Battle of Waterloo, as a strong east wind carried most of it away.

James had been pretty constantly engaged in smuggling and illicit distillation, having bothies in different places in the district. Once, when going to Dell with two casks of whisky concealed in sacks of grain on either side of a horse, he was met on Torness brae by an Excise Officer. The Officer was suspicious, and questioned where he was going. James told him. The Officer with his staff struck one of the sacks and asked its contents. James, giving all up for lost, said "It is seed oats for the tenant of Dell", and, God helping him, as he said, the Officer allowed him to pass on.

He married a Fraser from Stratherrick and had a considerable family, two of whom live in Erchit Wood now (1922).

Aldourie Castle

The land around Aldourie was owned by the Dunbar family from 1468. Mark Dunbar's only daughter married Angus Mackintosh VI of Kyllachy and they built the old part of the present house in 1626. In 1733 their descendant sold it to Bailie Barbour of Inverness, whose son, Captain Daniel Barbour, in turn sold it to William Fraser of Erchit and Balnain, about 1754. His daughter Ann married Alexander Tytler, later Lord Woodhouselee, in 1776, who took the name Fraser-Tytler. The nineteenth century saw the house transformed by Col. William Fraser-Tytler, raising the old building by two stories, and adding most of the turrets and roof features that can be seen today. The final (Lorimer) wing was added in 1903. The last male Fraser-Tytler in this country was Neil, who died in 1937. His widow retained Old Clune House (formerly Dores Lodge), along with Clune Farm and Woodlands, and disposed of the rest of Aldourie to Neil's nephew, Col. Angus Cameron.



Sketch of the house in 1784, from the note-book of Sir Alexander Fraser-Tytler, as he tried to familiarise himself with his new lands.

From Aldourie to Dores, and back by the Torr Wood

(Tor - an eminence)

The Estate was formerly bounded by the Dourack Burn, but by feus and excambion the lands east of it were gradually added to the property.

In a tangled wood near the plantation below the Garden is Slac-a-Mhadaich (the Wolf Den).

The cottages that stood across the Bona road with a strip of land (part of Bona croft), for a time belonged to Aldourie Estate. One of the cottages used to be occupied by the Aldourie butler (1850-60).

The hollow below the Dourack field beside the burn and the bridge on the public road is Lagnan-Cuilean (the whelp's hollow). The corner at the school contained in its neighbourhood several more houses than now, and is called Baile-na-Straid (the Street Town). A little further on we come to the knoll beside the drive going up to Dores Lodge. This knoll is called Crocna-h-eireachd (the knoll of the convention), meetings of some kind having been held there.

A few yards further on, at the seventh milstone from Inverness, but inside the fence in the Roadside strip, stood the ancient Mansion House of Balblair (the town of the moor, or plain). Balblair was a different estate to Aldourie, so much so that as late as 1850 the Fraser-Tytler family were named as of Balnain, Balblair, and Aldourie.

The small field between the Deer Pond Strip and the Roadside Strip was called An Goirtean Gaineamhaich (the little sandy field).

The Deer Pond owes its name to a herd of fallow deer that Sherrif Fraser-Tytler obtained from a friend in Ross-shire.

The field of Clune Farm marching with the Home Farm at the Boundary Strip is called Amblaran dubh (the little black plain), being covered until recently with heath and gorse.

Further west, the great hollow in Clune Fields used to be a shallow marshy pond. However, the Clune burn, which had been flowing into this pond, was diverted, a channel being formed for it to Loch Ness, right round the face of the braes below the beech bank, but well out into the fields, passing not far from the Torr gate, where it had power to work a meal mill before entering Loch Ness. (This burn must have crossed the road somewhere near the middle of what is now known as the Gala Field. The outfall into Loch Ness would have been around five feet lower before the Canal opening in 1822. - 1994)

The burn coming down the gorge near the Church called Allt-a-Mhinisteir (the Minister's Burn), was also diverted from this pond, and was taken along a few feet higher than its present course after leaving the dam beside the Church, and worked the Estate Saw Mill near the Inn Stables, on the green towards Wade's bridge. Its tunnel under the road to the west of the bridge can still be seen on the north side of the road. During this time, therefore, the bridge was disused and blocked up, until the present channel was dug and built by my grand-uncle, Col. William Fraser-Tytler, in about 1858. In this manner, the great hollow was drained and reclaimed for arable land. The saw mill channel was made subsequent to an older one which was connected as at present with Wade's Bridge.

Dores Farm was distinct from Clune in the old days, and some of its old walls can be seen near the easternmost cottages of Dores village.

For a long time, there was a well-known distillery at the old mill. It was last owned by Provost Sutherland, who was buried in the Churchyard in 1859. He was a tacksman of Aldourie, Clune and Dores, and Provost of Inverness - a man with a strange history.

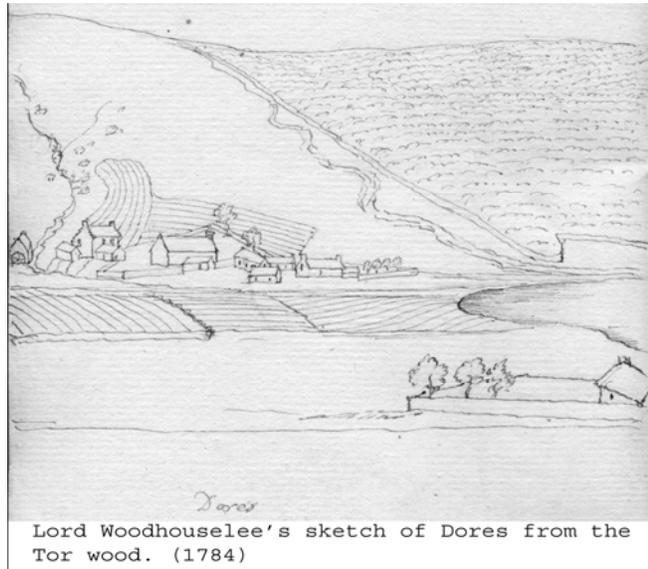
He had a distillery in Inverness and also a licensed house. After his death, a pipe line connecting the two was found, down which whisky had flowed, duty free, for many years.

The opening of the glebe gorge was called Slac Dubh-Rais (the Den of Dores).

Dores village was clustered round the Church. The Inn was nearly opposite the church, where, among nettles, many remains of old buildings can be seen. The present manse was built in 1837, the site of the old one being marked by a few stones at the north-east corner of the burial ground. The oldest legible stones in the churchyard bear the dates of 1715, 1721, 1740, and one of 1784 to John Grant, Minister of the Parish - "An honest and charitable man."

On the knoll beside Clune Farm buildings, and towards the corner of the field next to Dores, was discovered, in 1850, a prehistoric tomb. On the inside of the covering slab is drawn a picture of a wild boar. This slab is now in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

Little attention was paid to this relic on its first discovery, and the slab was utilised by being built into a chimney wall at Clune Farm, whither it was traced by the late John Fraser, P.O., Dores, who, having obtained permission from Colonel Fraser-Tytler (1870), had it removed and sent to Edinburgh.



Lord Woodhouselee's sketch of Dores from the Tor wood. (1784)

Above the back road up to Dores Lodge are some fine old beeches on a hillock marking the site of an old farm called Cnoc-Stroine (the Hillock of the promontory, or nose). That croft is now known as the Miller's Croft.

It may be convenient to mention at his stage that the small farm above the Free Church was called Cnoc-Charailt (The Hillock of the Quarry), called Knockerrol today.

Higher up the wood, near the spot where the Clune Loch was made in 1919, is the "Hollow of the Smithy", Glac-na-Ceardaich.

Late in the evening after the Battle of Culloden, a company of dragoons pulled up at the old house of Clune. What was the lady's horror when she recognised her husband's plaid on the shoulders of the officer in command. The plaid was said to have been of beautiful texture, and to have had not only the Fraser crest on it, but also the words "Fear Chluian" (the tacksman or goodman of Clune).

She learned from him that her husband had put up a desperate fight before he was cut down. It is said that the lady conducted herself with great calmness and presence of mind. The troop then left, clearing the place of all livestock.

In the present smoking room of Dores Lodge (Old Clune Farm House), young Fraser of Foyers and MacGillivray of Dalcrombie were having dinner in about 1776. At that time MacGillivray rented Clune. A quarrel suddenly broke out between them and Dalcrombie raised a bottle and hit young Foyers on the head with it. The latter was able to escape out of the back window into

the yard, but expired soon afterwards. MacGillivray was a loose character and became a bankrupt. He fled to America, and was grandfather of that MacGillivray who succeeded to the estate of Dumnaglass after much litigation (1857). He had been a smith in Canada.

Clune was for a time occupied by relatives of the Balnain family, and Mrs Mackintosh of Kyllachy lived there with her son, afterwards the noted statesman, philosopher and historian, Sir James Mackintosh, who was born at Aldourie in 1765.

All through his life, Sir James, never ceased to remember with admiration the beautiful prospects from Clune House, by day and by moonlight, and he regarded the first two miles of the road beyond Dores along the Lochside as the most beautiful he had ever witnessed.

The great knoll above the glebe is called An-cnoc-mor (The big hillock). Below it, the land was called An-Croit-eiginn (the Steep Croft).

The height above the Inn park corresponding somewhat to the knoll on the Glebe is called Uchd-Ruairi (Roderick's ascent).

Further up across from the top corner of the Glebe, was Fuaran-an-Drobhair (the Drover's Well), a drover having been killed and robbed there.

An ancient road ran from Wades bridge along the water side to Aldourie and Bona. From there it ascended the hill so as to pass near Balindarroch (The Town of the Oak Wood) on the moor and thence to Scaniport through the Borlum fields.

There was a residence and a farm near the Torr Gate on the Clune march, not far from the sand pit called "Lupan" (the small curve in the shore).

Over a hundred yards nearer Dores than the Torr Gate is a hillock called Cnoc-na-h-athainn (the Kiln Knoll), connected with the old mill.

Returning home round the Torr Wood we come two hundred yards from the gate to A-chuil (the Nook).

The Torr Point at the water's edge was called Am Faoileann (the Bare Headland).

The Torr Wood was planted chiefly by William Fraser of Balnain in 1760, who had purchased Aldourie about 1752. A few of these old Scots Pine can be seen at the end of the rhododendrons beside the western-most Aldourie fields. Other woodland on Aldourie underwent changes later in the century, Woodhouselee's notebook recording in 1784 "I have marked 1000 oaks for cutting at Aldoury and manufacturing the bark myself" (for tanning). These would have come mainly from Erchite Wood, which is now the Farigaig Forest alongside the loch road. Any replanting which was done was of conifers. (Larch trees were only introduced to Scotland in 1728, and the huge specimens around the Castle probably date from around the middle of that century. Trees of similar age can be seen around the ruins of Balnain, which is hardly surprising as this is the time (1754) when William Fraser of Balnain bought Aldourie.)

Even older are the huge beeches which used to form a rectangular shape on the highest point of the Torr Ridge. Those show signs of being coppiced, or perhaps even part of a hedge.

The small cove at the present steamer pier used to be called the "Gelly Stance". The stone jetty is still there. The garrison at Fort Augustus obtained their provisions from Inverness by means of a galley which sailed too and fro, and, when not required, was anchored in this sheltered spot.

We have thus completed the circle back to Aldourie.

The Country West from Dores

Leaving Dores by the lower road one passes, just below the policeman's house, Clach nam Mearlach - the stone of the thieves, now commonly underwater (the centre stone of the three there). In the old days, raiding parties going north could tell by the height of the water on this stone whether it was possible to cross the Bona ford. The whole of this road from Inverness to Fort Augustus was made by General Wade in 1726. (1732?)

On the left of the road, about 200 yards from the Stonewall Pass, is the "Well of the Outstretched Hand". people bending down to drink there sometimes see a phantom hand stretched out above their heads. (Marked with a name stone 1922.)

Caisdeal Shim (Simon's Castle) is the name given to the place where the tinker's encamp on the loch side, a few hundred yards beyond the Potteries. Sim (Simon Mackenzie) was a half-witted son of Mackenzie the smith at Dores, a man from Abriachan. Poor Sim spent all his time making castles at this spot.

Camus Mult (the Wether's Bay) is a slight bend in the loch at the north end of the arable field of Baile Chladaich. Good water for salmon in spring.

The stream dividing the first two fields is Allt-a-'Chreanachd (the wheat burn). The next division is made by Allt na Lios (the Garden Burn). On the flat beyond this burn two Highlanders from the West, retreating after Culloden, died of their wounds and were buried. A block of stone, with 1745 cut on it and now at the bottom of the ravine, marked the grave. It is a large stone lying below two ash trees, about 20 yards on the right of the road.

Allt na Mucag (the Hip Burn - the scarlet hips) is between Baile Chladaich house (the Shore Town) and the wood, crossing the fields about 300 yards to the west of the farm. In the wood below the road west of the field another Jacobite was buried.

The next stream is called Allt Dail Linn (the Burn of the Lint Dell), and crosses under the Witches Bridge, formerly the march between the baronies of Stratherrick and Durris. Lint or flax in olden times was grown on every holding, and was here put out to bleach. An old woman from Culloden called Bean-a-Charier (the Carrier's wife), a reputed witch with an evil eye, lived here 1820-1885. On the marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel E.G. Fraser-Tytler in 1881, she went to Aldourie with wedding presents consisting of a goose, an old spoon, and some magic concoction like gruel in a pot. a most troublesome person, whose death was a relief to the Parish.

We are now on part of the old estate of Erchit, of which the old mansion house used to occupy a magnificent site a little to the south of the ruins of the old farm house of Wester Erchite. Below the west pheasant field, where the road cuts the Easter-Wester Erchit march fence is the General's Well. marked by a name stone in 1922.

Further west is Allt Saighe (the burn of the rocky ridge), where the track leads up to Wester Erchit.

After this again, 200yards east of the sixth milestone from Foyers, we pass a green spot on the right near two large ash trees, called Tigh a' Chaimp (the Camp House), where General Wade had a camp.

About a mile to the west of Gow's old house are two large stones above Whitefield Farm house, which mark the vicinity of Uaimh Laclainn Mheuraich (the cave of many fingered Lachlan). Laclan had seven fingers and seven toes - a poor creature. The rock above Erchite Wood Croft (Gow's old house) is called A-Chreag Ghiuthais (the rock of the fir wood), and the range onward to Inverfarigaig bears this name.

To the right, and near the Whitefield road (20 yards east only), a few moss-grown stones remain of a cairn erected on the spot where an old man called Bodach nam Mutagan (the old man of the straw creels) was married and baptised on the same day by Mr David Fraser of Dores.

Above Whitefield Cottage at the gate is Clach na Toin (the seat stone), where a Christian missionary from Urquhart used to preach to the people assembled there in remote antiquity. The stone is situated in Cadha a' Ghille Bhain (the Pass of the fair Haired Lad). The path slants up from the cottage at Whitefield to Baile a Cheathearuaich. Cadha a' Ghille Bhain is so named from a pensioner who was lost here when crossing the hill to Baile Cheathearuaich on a very stormy night with his first pension. A cairn marks the spot where the body was found high up above the south-west corner of Whitefield plantation. Below it is a shieling called Am Poll Ruighe (the Pool Shieling). There are great fissures in the rock here called Cisteachan Dubh a' Pholl Ruighe (the black cists of the pool shieling),

Beyond what is now called the Whitefield Gate Cottage, 30 yards west of the fifth milestone, on the right, is a small rough piece of arable land called An Ire Mhor (the big piece of arable land). There was a small change house kept here at the time of the battle of Culloden, by an old woman and her grandchild. An officer under Duke William entered and tried to assault the beautiful girl. The grandmother attempted to protect her, and the girl escaped and ran across the hill to Baile Chearnaich (the town of the freebooters) to raise the people. When the feachd (band of men) arrived, they found the old woman dead in her chair, having been choked by the officer in his wrath. On hearing of this, the Duke, at Fort Augustus, was very angry, and made the officer pay blood money, which he duly did.

In the same house lived Balnain's forester in 1773, when Johnson and Boswell entered and had the amusing interview which they both wrote about. (See Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" and Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides with Dr Johnson - August".) Commemorative stone sited in May 1923.

The paymaster of the forces at Fort Augustus, on his way back from Inverness carrying a large sum in gold for the payment of the troops, rested here for the night and was found dead in his bed in the morning. No trace of horse, harness or money was ever found. An old woman who kept the change house is still spoken of as a noted character. She was believed to have been rich and to have hoarded her money in the earth. When stricken by sudden illness, which proved fatal, she endeavoured to tell where the treasure lay, describing the spot as being between the sheepfold and the goatfold, adding that it was directly in line between the big stone near her house and the full moon. Many have sought in vain for the lost treasure, but the pot of hidden gold was never found.

Am Lub Dhubh (the black bend) is the name of that part of the Loch beyond An Ire Mhor.

Above the first ridge from the Loch side there were a number of shielings, summer pasturages, chiefly occupied by the people from Baile Chearnaich. Wade had an encampment on our left to the south of An Ire Mhor, where about twenty scattered huts accommodated his men.

The stones can still be seen to the west of the change house, above the road. Before the Loch was raised the Red Point used to run out a hundred yards (the Loch was raised 4½ feet by the making of the canal 1880 - 1821). There was a shieling above the red point, and two others further east, one of these being Am-poll-ruighe.

After passing the Red Point (Rugha Ruadh), which is east of the fourth milestone to Foyers, and looking upward, we see a great block of stone that rests on the summit of the rock, presenting a remarkable appearance. Here an old man, Thomas Fraser, was attacked by a savage bull. he vainly tried to keep the stone between him and it, but he was at last thrown over the rock, and his body was only discovered by the barking of his dog, two days later. If one looks back, having passed Inverfarigaig, this stone has a remarkable appearance.

At the point where Inverfarigaig comes into sight is a high rocky promontory above the road called the Dui-lic, the Black Slabs, where lived a nest of robbers. Not long after Culloden, the wife of a shoemaker at Fort Augustus was robbed and murdered here. The old lady sold groceries and drove a piebald pony once a week to Inverness for supplies, and it was supposed that the occupants of the two houses above the Dui-lic, together with the people of Baile Chearnaich, had done the foul deed. The Baile Chearnaich people had undoubtedly a hand in it, for some of them were seen wearing vests at the Tigh-na-h-Aitniche Meeting House evidently made out of the lady's scarlet cloak. The name of the meeting house means the House of the Juniper Bushes. The old lady's body was never found. Her pony, making its way home, wandered to the Dail Bhreac (the mottled dell), where the old Laird of Foyers, who was in concealment for seven years after Culloden, was living in a cave above the Falls of Foyers. He ordered the pony's feet to be tied together and had it thrown into Lochan Tor an Tuill (the loch of the height of the den) at the back of Boleskine in Glen Lia.

Among the huge boulders close above the road to the left, where only a retaining wall divides it from the loch, we see the cave or recess which occasionally afforded hiding to James Grant of Carron. Like other notable marauders, he was rather popular. The cave entrance faces east, about ten yards above the road at the east end of the large boulders in sight of Inverfarigaig.

Domhnall Donn mac Fhir Bhothfhiuntainn (Brown-eyed Donald, the son of the tacksman of Bohunt, in Glen Roy), frequently also haunted Stratherrick, sometimes living in Uaimh Ghorridh (Gorrie's Cave) between Knockie and Fort Augustus, He was at last beheaded on Castle Hill at Inverness by a "Maiden". A most superior type of robber and an excellent Gaelic poet. He had been courting Grant of Grant's daughter, and it was while visiting her at Urquhart Castle that he was caught.

Fuaran fas-na-culaidh (the well of the height of rich apparel) is just below the road, westward from the march between Ballagan and Balchraggan.

Cadha an t-slisnich or Na Slisnich (the pass of chips or husks) is the pass above leading to Ballagan, crossing the ridge to the east of Cadha Bhearnais.

Connected with the Aldourie Estates were lands at Killin, which formed beautiful and valuable summer pasturage. These lands were, in about 1845, excambioned for Dalcrombie, which had been acquired by Lord Lovat. There was a hunting bothy at Killin. (See Appendix A)

The Sheriff's Estate at Killin was called Creag a' Phuill (the rock of the Pool). As much of the old Estate of Dalcrombie was given as was considered to be an equivalent for the lands at Killin.

From Dores to Drummond and Erchite and home by Loch Ashie

The great wood between Dores Village and the Free Church was planted at various periods (1810-1830), chiefly by the Sheriff, and was sold standing in 1918 to F. Sime, who installed four mills and commenced cutting in 1919, and finished his work in ??? Portions of the railway line laid straight straight down the hill to the Old Mill can still be seen.

The Dirr Cottage (the wood or clump cottage - An Doire) was probably built about 1800.

The old dyke running from Wester Erchit wood through the wood round above Dores village called An Dig Tharsuinn (the cross dyke) was built by W. Fraser after he bought the Estate (1760-1780).

The short cut from the Bicycle House to Park passes a height known as Tom Innse (the hillock of the sheltered place). (The bicycle house was a hut directly below Park, where the occupant stored his bicycle in order to avoid pedalling up and back to his house.) Close by was a cottage known as Tom Innse Beag, (little hillock of the sheltered place). Further into the wood is the ruins of the old homestead called Tom Innse Mor, being the farm dwelling of the adjoining land, afterwards called Park. A lad was lost as he made his way up by Tom Innse to visit his mother at a cottage at Park in the terrible storm that set in on the day of the Martinmas market at Inverness in 1826. A sudden blizzard so increased in violence as the afternoon and evening advanced that eighteen people lost their lives on their way home.

One Findlay Fraser, who also lived near Park, emigrated to America, his one regret being to leave an excellent well which was within a few yards of his house. He rejoiced to find an equally good well at his new home, and wrote to his friends about it.

A Waterloo veteran lived in another cottage, who acted as beadle in Dores Church, and whose Waterloo medal is now the possession of Dr Sinton.

Goirtean a' Ghualaich (the little piece of corn land) is the field below the road as one comes out of the wood.

The ruins of Am Baile Meadhonach (the mid town) may be seen where the stone wall between this field and the next to the west touches the wood. Balnafoich means the Town of the Green.

In the dip in the road before the ascent to Balnafoich is a well. Here a mother and son perished in the Martinmas storm, 1826. When found, the boy had a piece of sugar candy still in his mouth. (Marked with a name stone 1922)

Druim nam fiadh (the ridge of the deer) is the field south of Park, near the wood called Athbhinn (the kiln on the height), running from Balnafoich gate to east of Kindrummond whins.

In Kindrummond House, (the house at the end of the ridge), a crowd of people overtaken by the 1826 storm took refuge for the night. Two neighbouring sheep farmers lost respectively 1300 and 1100 that night.

For many years after, all events - births, marriages, deaths etc. - were referred to by the people as having taken place before or after the year of the storm. The summer and autumn had been exceedingly dry. For many months not a drop of rain fell. The corn crop was so short in many places that it could not be cut, and had to be pulled up by the roots.

Drummond means the White Ridge.

Rughe an tuarneir (the Turner's sheiling) was in the field below Drummond.

Cnoc an-t-Sobhail (the barn knoll) is to the north of Drummond house. The sea can be seen from here.

Cnoc nam feadag (the plover's hillock) is the height where was a cottage, east of Drummond to the south of the road.

Crossing Allt Dailinn (the burn of the dell of lint - the witches burn) we enter the farm of Easter Erchit, which used to be called Baile an-t-sithein (the town of the fairy hillock), the hillock being close to the farm stading. Further along is Wester Erchit. The old mansion house of the Estate of Erchit was to the south of the remains of the old Erchit house, which was replaced by the present.

On the hill above Erchit, further south than the Mam, was a spot called An Doire (the grove) on the summit of the hill. Digging here one discovers many pieces of charred wood.

There was a chapel and burying ground of old in the pheasant field below Wester Erchit (the field in the wood). An ancient key found there was given to the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum by the late Mr J. Fraser, P.O. Does.

The land adjoining the Chapel was called Baile an Domnaich, which means either Our Lord's Town or the Town of the Chapel - Domhnach an ancient term for a considerable church (also applied to Our Lord, as in Di-domhnaich - the Lord's day -casts light upon this ancient place name.)

Turning east towards Inverness along the upper road there is a rock called Cnoc an na-h-aorann (the little knoll of Mass). It is the rock nearly opposite Drumashie towards Dunseilcheag after crossing the dyke out of the arable in front of the farm.

Further east, near the north side of the road is Clach nan Ceannaichean (the stone of the packmen).

To the east lies Loch Ashie; the origin of the name is unknown, and as it is not a Gaelic word it is probably so named after King Ashie, a famous Norse warrior.

A boulder near the cross-roads at the northwest end of the Loch is called King Fingal's seat, from which he watched one of the many Norse-Pictish battles that took place in this neighbourhood.

On the moor towards Loch Dunteilcheag (Loch of the Snails), numerous cairns and tumuli tell of habitations, battles and graves of ancient warriors. Close to the southwest end of the loch is an ancient stone enclosure called in Gaelic the battle-ford. It was probably the field-work on which the centre of the defending force rested. It is on the moor to the east of the loch that the famous ghostly battle has often been seen. Soon after dawn on a May morning is the most likely time to witness it, and records of it run back into antiquity. In 1870-1 it was clearly seen, and caused much excitement in the newspapers as to whether it was a mirage of the fighting in France. It has, however, so frequently been seen again that the reports must be accepted as true. Large bodies of men in close formation and smaller bodies of cavalry facing an attacking force advancing from the east, injured men clapping sphagnum moss to their wounds and tearing off strips from their shirts to bind it on - all this has been seen.

On one occasion, a man cycling from Inverness saw three horseman on the road in front of him. He followed them for some distance and then, when rounding a sharp bend in the road, he ran into and through them. He fell off his bicycle with astonishment, and, on getting up, he beheld the phantom armies.

THE COUNTRY WEST FROM KINDRUMMOND

Starting from Kindrummond (the end of the white ridge) one reaches the crossroads whereon one's right is Ceanna Chraig (the head or end rock) which flanks Loch Ness to Inverfarigaig.

From here, Druim-Ahaisidh (the Drumossie Muir) stretches away to the north. To the south, the old fort Dun Riachaidh, on the rock called Creag a Chaisdeil (the rock of the castle), and its sister crag, conceal from view Lochan an Eoin Ruadha (the loch of the grouse), and Lochan na Curra (the loch of the heron).

The meaning of the fort's name is lost in antiquity. According to legend it is the Fort of a Norse Warrior Prince called Riachaidh, which is popularly believed to stand for Rìgh Chuain (King of the Ocean).

Some ruins and fields returning to heath tell of the little crofting township of Beallaidh (the place of broom) on the slope overlooking Loch Dunteilchaig. Soon after the crossroads we pass Tobar na Feosaig (the well of the beard). Some say that it was so called because, there being no dish beside it, men drinking would dip their beards in the water. Others allege that a bearded packman was robbed and murdered here. The spot is haunted, and the well is often called Fuaran na Fuathasaich (the well of the spectre). Marked with a name stone 1922.

The hollow is called Lag-na-cailliche (the evil sprite's hollow). It is haunted. This hollow is 30 yards west of the tenth milestone from Inverness, the well being about 200 yards west, near some bushes on the right of the road.

High on the right is the wild gorge Cadha Acha 'nam Bat (the pass of Achnabat, the field of sticks). In the pass there is a fine well. On the southwest side of it there is a striking height called Mam (a woman's breast).

The old inn at Acha 'nam Bat is close to the road, on the left on mounting the brae near the farm. It was a famous rendezvous for drovers, reivers and smugglers. As free fights often broke out between the guests, the green close by was called the Field of Sticks. Funeral parties have been known to spend several days here, the coffin left lying half-forgotten in the inn. Above the farm towers Tom bailgionn (the speckled hill), and on our left are the ruins of the old mill of Achnabat below the road on the Loch Cei-glais burn. On the right are the remains of Tigh an Firich (the hill house) above the road two hundred yards from the west end of the arable land.

Across the bay of Dunteilcheig is An Dornaidh (the fist place). This used to be covered with heavy fir trees which were cut and sawn in the little meadow beside the burn called An Innis Bhan (the pale coloured low ground by the water) about two hundred yards from the loch. This burn divides the parishes of Dores with Daviot and Dunlichity.

Looking across Loch Dunteilcheig one sees the disused farm of Leiter-Chuilinn (the holly face), called Dalcrombie in the old days. It was between this farm and Dun Cia that the last wolf was killed. The good wife of Dalcrombie went to Dun Cia for the loan of a girdle (a baking utensil of beaten metal), and on her return, on the slope above Loch Ruthven, met a wolf scenting her tracks. With one blow from the girdle she killed it, splitting its head open.

Dalcrombie mansion house (Leiter-Chuilinn) was the seat of a branch of the MacGillivrays of Dumnaglass. The lock of the outer door is now in the hall of Aldourie. Latterly, these MacGillivrays rented Clune from William Fraser of Balnain and Aldourie, hence the tragic death of young Foyers took place at Clune (killed by MacGillivray, 1776)

The declivity of Dun Cia, or Dun Che (the hill of Cia or Ce, an ancient Celtic deity), abutting on Loch Ce-glais, is called Tuathaghaidh (the north face), the meaning of Loch Ce-glais being the loch of grey Cia. One of the men of Sutherland on his way to a communion was overtaken in the mist, and saw the devil in a coach and four driving up the Loch! The Loch is haunted by various hobgoblins.

The curious green knoll on the southern slope of Dun Cia is called Tom-na-croich (the hanging knoll). Lord Lovat, who occasionally resided at Croit nan Ceare (the hen's croft), the hillock overlooking the Farigaig between Loch Ruthven and Torness, had a gallows on Tom-na-croich, and there hanged offenders in the days of heritable jurisdiction. The Barons had the power to pit and gallows (furca et fossa), as late as 1745. The site of the house is on a terrace on a small ridge about 600 yards east of Torness bridge.

The eastern and southern slopes of Dun Cia evidently supported a large population; see the ruins of Bad Fearnna (clump of alder trees) and Baile nan Goirtean (town of the little greens).

On the Leac Bhuidhe (the yellow declivity) above Loch Ruthven, Huistean Frangach, the first of the Foyers family, mortally wounded in duel his half-brother, John Fraser of Lovat, in about 1420. Hugh then fled to France, where he got the above name, and, after many years, returned to Stratherrick, bringing with him a French wife who had saved his life in France, and a helmet and coat of mail which had belonged to a champion he had slain in combat in the lists.

When the house of Foyers was dispensed in 1842, part of these relics were taken to Glenmoriston, the wife of Simon Fraser, the last male of the race, having been the daughter of the laird of Glenmoriston. Back piece given to Aldourie in 1922, breast piece remaining at Invermoriston.

High up on the hillside to the right, above the west end of the loch, is a cloven boulder, Clach nam Bodach, i.e. the Stone of the Carls, resembling two old people in confabulation.

After leaving Loch Ce-glais we come to a bridge over a stream. Here, in 1810, some travellers were caught in a terrible thunderstorm. One of them, mocking at the power of the Almighty and boasting that he feared nothing, was immediately struck dead by a thunderbolt, his companions on either side of him being untouched. Bacan na cailliche (the old woman's steep) is a pass lying between Erchit wood and Whitefield, crossing the ridge to the north of this bridge which is called Drochaid na Feithe-glaise (the bridge of the yellow bog channel).

All the valley of the Farigaig onwards from Torness was called the Strath of Ledclune, an uncommon looking and most interesting little valley.

Close to the Torness bridge on the north-east side are the ruins of the old Sermon House erected at the end of the 18th century, where the minister of Dores used to preach every third Sunday. Lord Woodhouselee supplied the timber for its erection.

Creag-na mine (the rock of meal) is the hill above Both-Chrubainn (the dwelling of Chrubainn), and An Dubh-ghlaic (the black hollow) is the deep hollow below it and separating it from the main ridge.

Bail an-Aoduinn (the town of the sloping face) lay immediately beyond Bochruben, above the road to the west and on Balchraggan ground.

Croc nam ceann (the knoll of heads) is the green knoll with ruins on it below the road. It is slightly to the west of Bochruben - a long low ridge on the flat between the brae and the river.

Ledclune and Bochrubin were both built in about 1760.

The whole country between Bochrubin and Baile Lagain (the town of the little hollow, called Ballagan today), is called Baile Cheatharnaich (the town of the caterins, or freebooters - most notorious thieves in the Highlands. The district was divided into Greater and Lesser Baile Cheatharnaich.

Just before coming to the Bridge of Dirks we pass Balnagarline, (Baile na Garbhloinn - the town of the rough arable land) above the road. Here there were several farms and crofts. Below the bridge was Muileann nam Biodag (the mill of the dirks, or daggers), where the raiders would stop to have their dirks sharpened before descending on the districts round Inverness. Immediately below the road are the remains of Baile an Uilt (the town on the burn).

Looking across the river one can see the ruins of old Balnain on a rough point of land jutting out into the arable at the north end of the wooded hill called am Tom Mor, to the west of Ledclune. Balnain was the home of William Fraser, whose daughter Ann married Alexander Fraser, Lord Woodhouselee, taking Aldourie into the marriage. Large larch trees around the ruins show a strong resemblance in age and form to the big trees beside Aldourie.

The old meeting house mentioned in connection with the murder of the old lady on the side of Loch Ness was on a knoll above the river in the centre and about half way up Am Tom Mor.

Looking ahead we can see three fir trees which mark the site of a school house called Tigh an t-suidhe (the house of the ascent). (*More likely suidhe=sitting. I.C.*) (See Appendix F)

Creag Dhubh (the black rock) is the little rock on the right just before the farm of Bail' a' Creagain comes into sight. The present farm of Balchraggan was divided into several holdings, and the existing fields bear the names thus: Starting from the north, the field furthest east and next to the moor is Cul arachain (the back of the little height), then

Bail ' an fhraoich (the town of the heather)

Bail ' na ' feadaige (the town of the plover)

Bail 'A' Chreagain (the town of the little rock)

Bail ' an t'sithein (the town of the fairy hillock)

The old farm house of Balchraggan stood to the south of the present building. Once, a favourite dun horse was stolen at night from this farm, and for a year nothing was heard from it. One stormy night at yuletide the good wife was making Christmas bannocks and heard a neigh. "If he is alive above earth" exclaimed the good wife, "that is the neighing of the dun horse". The men hurried out, and there was the dun horse with two ankers of whisky (worth £8) on its back, and a pony tied to its tail. It had probably been employed in carrying whisky from Ferintosh to the west, and had managed to make its escape. Ferintosh, on the Cromarty Firth, belonged to the Forbes, who had a charter so that the whisky made there was duty free.

(Many people think that all whisky brewed there was duty free, but it was limited to the grain power on the estate. The grant was compensation for the losses in 1689, when the troops of King James' party decimated the property. Duncan Forbes was granted in July 1690 " a perpetual grant of a liberty to distil into spirits the grain of the barony of Ferintosh, upon paying a small specific composition in lieu of excise". The privilege was taken away in 1784 on payment of, I think, £20,000.)

A short drive beyond Balchraggan brings us to Baile a' chuirn (the town of the cairn), and from there to the ruins of Caisteal Cruinn (538 253), the round castle on Carn a' Chitsinn (the cairn of the kitchen). (Also known as Castle Kitchie. The origin of this name may lie in a story related by Col. Thomas Fraser of Balnain, writing in the early 19th century, of two young ladies who "used to go up to Balachearnoch to drink goats' milk, and set about building a house there, which I have seen. It is said that all that they built was the kitchen..." On one side of the fort the ruins of a small rectangular building can be seen. Immediately below the old castle, overlooking the Farigaig river, was the chapel of Moluag, a noted saint of the church of Iona, a contemporary of St Columba. Part of the arable land below the road (the chapel being just north of the road) is called Croit Moluiag (Moluag's Croft). Near by was Croit an-t-sagairt (the priest's croft). Other portions were A' Chroit Mhor (the big croft), A' Chroit Ghlas (the grey croft), and Cantmore (the big puddle).

James Gow had attended the funeral of Mairearad Bhreac (pock-marked Margaret) who was buried in the graveyard of this chapel to the south-east of the Castle, just below it. Several unbaptised infants have been buried there since. A number of flat gravestones still are to be seen.

The little rocky height to the east is Creag' a' Ghogain (the rock of the milk cogue). A herd boy who had eaten wasps' honey died there after two hours. He is said to have split crossways (Sgain e air a tharsuinn). It is the ridge north of the Dirachaorichain road running to the river.

An Caigeann (the narrow pass) is the continuation southwards of Creag a Ghogain. At the end of the ridge beside the river Farigaig is a green stretch called Bail a' Mhuilinn (the mill town), above it we see the waterfall An-t-Eas Dubh (the black waterfall).

A'Chuil (the nook) and Goirtean an eilich (the little field of the mill race) are the names of the nooks of land beside the mill standing of old below the falls.

Following the river up stream we come to the Black Bridge. The flat or loop of land to the east of it is called Goirtean nan Garbhag (the little field of the savory), near where the bathing pool is today.

Before us, after crossing the narrow tongue of Farraline property, lies the farm of Dir a Chaoireachain (the region of foaming water), so called because it lies between the Farigaig and the An-T-Allt Mor (the great burn), also in old documents called Tir a Chaoireachain. near the house are the remains of Lios Mhor (the big garden), a famous garden in the old days. James Gow remembered seven dwelling houses on Dir a Chaoireachan.

To the north is the Loinn (an enclosed place), and the slope to the west is Bruthach an-fhuarain (the well brae).

Beyond the garden was a croft called Seanna Ghoirtean (the old small field).

Further to the south is Caolaisidh (an unknown name) and still further caraisidh, with the striking conical height Tom Caraisidh beyond. Not far from the latter is a wild gorge called the Wolf's Pass (Catha Mhadaidh).

A creag Dhearg (the red rock) and Creag nan Gobhair (the rock of the goats) and Creag an Fhithich (the ravens' rock) bring us in sequence round to Dunyardil.

Returning to the farm of Dir a Chaoireachan we see Creigan a' Bhreidein (the little rock of the linen covering) which is the low rocky height between Cairisidh and Caolaisidh. Behind this ridge is Tom na Lot hainn (the hillock of the leash, ie the hounds on leash.)

Returning towards Ballagan by means of the path to the swing bridge, the ridge to the west of the Farigaig as far as Dun-Yardil is called An Garbh-Dhun (the rough dune). It is frequent by a sprite known as Bodach a' Garbh (the old man of the rough dune), whose doleful vociferation foretold in old days the death of a member of a certain tribe of Frasers, to which he had himself belonged. James Gow had himself heard it as he fetched the horses in for the night, and he and his brother bolted off. The Bodach's favourite haunt is a cave near the Spidean Teine (the pinnacle of fire), which is the name of the eastern and lowest shoulder of Garbh-Dhun, possibly a beacon station in old times.

An Caigeann Buidhe (the yellow narrow pass) is where Colonel E.G. Fraser-Tytler killed a fine stag, and lies below the Spidean Teine.

The present swing bridge was called Drochaid na Cloinne (the childrens' bridge), so named because it was used by the Dir a Chaoireachan children going to school at the three fir trees towards Bochruben. Linne na Lamhaich (the pool of the handling) is close beside the bridge. There was a croft on the south side of the bridge called Camagal (Cam-dhail, the dell of the crook), now all trees and bracken.

The dip between Dunyardil and the main ridge is called Glaic a' Chaoruinn (the rowan hollow). The soft ground at the bottom is Lon na Craoibhe Seilich (the bog of the willow tree), where there is, of course, a well.

The west end of the Garbh-dhun overlooking this hollow is called Na Criobanan (the combs).

We have now arrived at the famous old fort of Dun Yardil (Dun Deardail, the fort of Deirdre). In old Irish (Galway) legend it is related how "they settled and made a dwelling-house for themselves by the side of Loch Ness, and they could kill the salmon of the stream from out of their own door, and the deer of the grey hills out of their window" (Lady Gregory's Irish Tales). For a full account see the APPENDIX.

Retracing our steps to Ballagan, we see on the sloping ground below Castle Kitchie towards the north-west, Croit ic Cuithein (MacCuthein's croft). He was a great character. The croft is no longer cultivated.

Moving on towards Ballagan from the Castle one can see Preas a Chonachair (the thicket of the hiding place of King Conachair), from where, in about 400 AD, he watched Dunyardil, the home of his loved Princess Deirdrie. It is between MacCuthein's croft and the stone dyke enclosing the field, marked today by a few birch trees on both sides of the wall.

The south-eastern part of the field is An Losaid Mhor (the big kneading trough), Am Losaid Bheag (the little ditto) being further west.

The small hillock in the field is Sithean an Losaid (the losaid fairy hill). Fairies are often seen in this spot. This hillock is due west of the castle, just over the stone dyke, in the field. See APPENDIX E for death of ploughman by fairy hands.

Then we come to A Chuil Mhor (the big nook), and beyond it Cuil ri greine (the nook with the sunny exposure), where children used to roll down their Beltane Bannocks on the first day of summer (old style - 12th May).

Close to Ballagan was Tigh an Losaid (the house of losaid), where Gow was born in 1803. Ballagan means the town of the little hollow. The Losaid farm house is about 200 yards from the present steading, near the gate through the old dyke to the north-east. Gow clearly remembers the funeral of his father, aged 83, from that house in 1808.

Towards the marshy loch is Sgrogaidh (scraggy land), a small croft, and between the croft and the rock is Lub a Bhacain (the small ascent). The rush covered loch just west of the farm is called Loch nan Doirb (the loch of the minnows).

Just above Ballagan we see the wild pass of Cadha Bhearnais (the pass of the gap), running down to Loch Ness, and a little further to the west towards the hidden loch is Cadha Chnuic (the pass of the hillock). An Sithean Buidhe is the knoll with the rowan tree where the side road to Ballagan leaves the high road (the yellow fairy hillock).

Clach bhroc (the stone of the badgers) is at the bottom of Cadha Bhearnais on the west side of the pass.

Tom an Fhuarain (the hillock of the well) is the little knoll above the highway over against Ballagan, to the south of the hidden loch.

Goirtean na Uan (the lambs' field) is the belt of land between the highway and the wood by the river, and east of the side road to Ballagan.

Further west, and still below the road, is Ceann Droma (the head of the ridge). An Dubh Lochan (the black Lochan), is the name of the hidden loch. Bog an Lochain (the marsh of the little loch) is the land west between Ballagan and the highway.

The public road descends into Glaig an Amair (the glade of the narrow rocky channel), a deep ravine which falls abruptly into the Farigaig, with a curious glade to the north of the road. In old times there was a smithy here, close to the road, and the locality is haunted. A headless mannikin in a red coat called Bodach a Charbh-Dhuin has been seen there. On one occasion it was by a ploughman from Ballagan, who, having shackled one of his horses to graze for the night in Glaig an Amair, turned to look for the other shackle. From the deep twilight gloom a ghostly voice said, "Here it is," and threw him the missing shackle.

In Glaig an Amair is a well (Fuaran Glaic an Amair), whose waters are celebrated for their medicinal and magical properties, so that people used to come from afar to fetch its waters. It is also a wishing well, as is testified by the many ribbons, coins and other offerings placed around it. It is the haunt of a water sprite.

About 20 yards from the south side of the road, but some distance above Glaic an Amair, there is a square boulder called Clach na R'Analach (the stone of resting), where travellers took breath after their stiff climb.

Below, and beside the river, is a corner of land called Pollaisidh, a smooth lovely spot in the nook of the river, where they used to make whisky. One of the crofters at Bail a' Garbhlainn, Alistair Macdonald, who had a whisky still here, was cutting for firewood a birch tree overhanging the river on Friday of the week of Martinmas market. At the last stroke he and the tree fell into the river and his neck was broken, although his fall was no more than four feet. After the funeral, his friends returned and completed the smuggler's brew - in fact James Gow himself and Andrew Forbes finished the brew.

Meanwhile, we have a fine view of the bold bare rock of Dunyardil (Deirdrie's dun), also of Dun Yardil Bheag (little Dunyardil), and Dun Dearduil Mhor (Big Dun Yardil).

An Eiginn (a very steep place) is the name of a precipice ledge in the face of Dun Yardil to which sheep sometimes make their way, and from which they cannot escape. On one occasion a wild goat got down onto it and would have died from starvation. A keeper with a .303 tried to shoot it from the other side of the gorge - a considerable distance. He thought he hit it once, but, on expending all his ammunition, he was about to return home when suddenly he saw the goat crouch back against the back wall of the ledge, then with a splendid spring he soared out into space to fall with a crash on to the rocks by the river many hundred feet below. In the north-east face of the rock a kite had its nest. James Gow, barefooted, made his way along the rocks, and although the angry bird fastened in his hair he succeeded in getting the young birds, which he brought home.

One day, Neil Fraser-Tytler was sitting on the summit with his black cocker spaniel of the famous Walhampton strain. The dog wandered off a few yards, and probably plunged at a rabbit near the slippery grass-covered lip of the rock. Two days later, the dead dog was found near the river, having evidently crashed from the very top.

Round and out of sight to the south, a portion of the height of Dunyardil is called Dearduil ghuanach (the height of frivolous Deirdrie). Towards the end of the eighteenth century a poor half-witted woman called Nighean an Tomaidh (the maiden of the knoll) used to go every day in the year to the top of Dun Yardil and wander about the heights. Among her songs she used to sing:-

*Ho! I'll go to Dun Yardil
The Dun I love most in the forest
I will build a house on light Dearduil's height
I will build my barn on the Red Rock
I will comb my brown waving locks on the Rock of the Goats*

On the height overlooking the cork-screw pass and the Farigaig was Carn Eogainn (the cairn of Ewen). Ewen was being carried to Boleskine Churchyard, the corpse being enclosed, in accordance with the custom of the time, in a rough case made of long saplings bound with twisted withes. When descending the slopes of Straid nan Daoithean (the street of rogues), the body slipped out onto the ground among the crowd of mourners, causing great excitement, and the accident was regarded as a judgement upon Ewen - an unsavoury character. This happened where the corkscrew turns are today.

Having now come to the western end of the property, a list of all the passes is here given, from the cross-roads above Kindrummond at Cenna Chraig.

Cadha Achnabat	The pass of the field of sticks
Cadha Mam	The pass of the breast
Cadha an doruis	The pass of the door
Beul a Chasain	The little steep (at Erchit wood croft house)
Bacan na Caillich (aig ceann shuas Carn ruighe sheillich)	The old woman's steep at the west end of the cairn of the willow shieling
Cadha a' Ghille Bhain	The fair haired lad's pass (slanting up from Whitefield. The Evangelist's stone being in this pass, the shieling known as Am Poll ruighe being below.
Cadha a' Chamhain	The pass of the cove (above the red point)
Cadha na slisnich	The pass of the chips or husks (east of Cadha Bhearnais leading to Balaggan. It is above Fuaran Fas nam bileag (the well of the height of the little blades). This well is below the road, the Fas (height) is above the road.
Cadha Bhearnais	The pass of the gap
Cadha a chnuic	The pass of the knoll
Clach bhroc	The stone of badgers (west above Cadha Bhearnais).

“OUR KIRKTOWN ON LOCH NESS”

Here, to describe the points of interest of the village, is inserted in full an article written some years ago by the Reverend Thomas Sinton, D.D, minister of the Parish around 1900.

About noontide yesterday, our customary quiet was not unpleasantly disturbed by the strains of bagpipe music sounding at first faintly in the distance, but gradually gathering in volume and timbre, as it approached nearer and nearer. Anon, emerging from the purlieu of the wood, on an abrupt descent, we caught sight of a body of troops, which turned out to be a party of Princess Louise's Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders pursuing the itinerary of a summer holiday march. In a few moments more, the road which brought them down from an unseen region of mountain and moorlands yielded them over to the level stretch of a highway which intersects this clachan. Here they turned into a field opposite the Inn, and forthwith set about erecting their tents, for they were to encamp in our Kirktown for the night. The afternoon and evening were spent in fishing, football, dancing and various other sports - the behaviour of the men throughout their stay with us being excellent in every particular. Next morning dawned bright and breezy upon Loch Ness, and the white tents of the encampment on the Inn green were a new and enlivening feature of the landscape. From a shaded nook, among laurel bushes on somewhat elevated ground beside the bridge, where we stood for some time, we surveyed the troops making their hurried preparations for departure - listening the while to the matutinal melody of the pipers.

The oldest residenter did not remember such a military display in our Kirktown, although, in her youth, she had often, as the good lady remarked to her neighbours, heard the aged people speak of the visitation of the King's soldiers with gloomy concern and express prophetic fears that they would come again. Indeed, according to lingering tradition, the place has good reason to know the terrors of war with which the appearance of armed forces had once been associated.

The tiny stone bridge situated close to the gate of the field in which our holidaying soldiers had encamped seemed itself to attest a connection with war - the outlines of its main parapets and angular wings presenting, though in miniature form, unmistakable resemblances to a piece of fortification. The first experience of our Kirktown with troops was not a disagreeable character, being derived from the time when the bridge and the road connected therewith were under construction. Needless to say that they owed their existence to the enterprising Marshall Wade, who arrived here with his merry men shortly after he had begun his first long line of road leading from Fort George and Inverness to Fort Augustus, Fort William and the South, and just where he had struck Loch Ness. By and by, a proud day came when the exulting commander, who had triumphantly surmounted all the natural obstacles and difficulties of the undertaking, travelled grandly in a coach and six from Inverness to Fort William “to the great wonder of the inhabitants”. In those times, and for long afterwards, a vessel known as the “Highland Galley” was employed upon the Loch both as a transport and to carry stores for the use of the garrison at Fort Augustus. The beautiful bay upon which our Kirktown is situated being unfit for and anchorage, the “Gelley Stance”, as it was called, was chosen beyond yonder wooded headland which afforded shelter from the S.W. wind, and here was the place of embarkation or disembarkation, as the case might be, in connection with Inverness, distant about seven miles.

When the rising of 1745 took place, worthy Mr Bannatyne was minister of the Parish, residing in the old manse at the mouth of the wooded and rocky glen near the church. Being an ardent upholder of the Hannoverian successor, he had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Jacobites, in consequence of his efforts to prevent parishioners from taking part in the insurrection. It is related that, some time before the Battle of Culloden, a large body of clansmen from the West Highlands, marching northward, halted in our Kirktown, and that

after having freely regaled themselves at the Inn they resolved to show their displeasure with Mr Bannatyne and have it out with him. They surrounded the manse with threats and ribald cries, and a few of them actually forced themselves into the house, vowing vengeance against the minister who, however, had sought refuge in a cellar. An officer entered the sitting room overhead, where the alarmed household were assembled, and demanded to see Mr Bannatyne. Meantime, one of the children, being attracted by the ornamental handle of his dirk, took hold of it as a plaything, whereupon the owner said jocularly, "I'll give that to yourself, my boy, if you will tell me where your father is." The child, not understanding the state of the case, replied "Well he's just down there", pointing, as he spoke, to the floor. But the officer merely laughed as though supposing that the little fellow were talking nonsense, and immediately left the Manse, at the same time calling off his rough followers, who gave no further molestation.

In the retreat after Culloden, many of the unfortunate Jacobites passed through our Kirktown in detached parties, and, in woeful plight, hurriedly endeavouring to make their way home. A considerable number of them succumbed to their wounds, or to the frightful fatigue and privation which they had suffered, and were buried in the neighbourhood in various spots which are still pointed out. One of these ill-fated fugitives was Macdonald of Achluachrach in Brae-Lochaber (Fear Ach'-luachrach), who was quietly interred in a corner of the garden attached to the cottage in which, at no small risk to the occupants, he was allowed to take refuge, and where he breathed his last. To harbour insurgents was punishable by death.

Among those who acted the humane part of Good Samaritan to the distressed and suffering followers of Prince Charles who came this way was our village Boniface. Some of them had probably been his guests not many hours before, under very different circumstances. In order to relieve their hunger he put half a boll of oatmeal in a large wooden tub, and having formed it into a sort of dough with water, he placed this rough but stimulating supply of food at the road side in front of his house, so that they could help themselves as they hurried along. Good Mr Bannatyne, following the Apostolic precept, heaped coals of fire on the heads of the Jacobite party by receiving into the Manse two Highland officers who had been very severely wounded, and here he concealed and tended them carefully for several weeks in the very cellar where he himself had lately sought safety. When their wounds were healed, they departed, leaving behind their bonnets, and certain other accoutrements, which were preserved in a cupboard of their subterranean chamber during successive incumbences, until the house was demolished and levelled with the ground over fifty years ago.

Within the adjoining church, which was but a humble structure thatched with heather, no less than sixty prisoners, overtaken and captured in retreat, were confined. Some ruffians proposed that it should be set on fire, but Mr Bannatyne successfully intervened to prevent this outrage, undertaking at the same time that the prisoners would not attempt to escape. Soon afterwards, these unhappy Jacobites, while being conducted to Inverness under escort, were met by the Duke of Cumberland and some of his troops at a place called the Darrochbeg, below Ness Castle, and let us hope that their fate was not so summary and tragic as the tradition of our Kirktown relates it to have been.

When the Duke was on his way to Fort Augustus which was to be his headquarters, while with savage cruelty he devastated the country with fire and sword, he halted on his march from Inverness at our Kirktown. Besides a considerable force of foot soldiers he was accompanied by a regiment of cavalry. The Inn was close to the Church and Manse, and on the opposite side of the road was a field of young corn, into which the horse were turned loose, to the consternation of the farmer, whose house was also hard by. It was about the time of Whit Sunday, so that in a few minutes irreparable mischief would have been done. The farmer, whose name was Forbes, in his despair, ran to the Manse, and the minister gave him a note addressed to the Duke of Cumberland, who, on glancing at it, pointed to an officer and said, "There's a namesake of yours - take this to him." Forbes did so, and immediately a bugle sounded and the horses were removed from the field.

Meantime, Mr Bannatyne had fish of his own to fry. On learning that the Duke was on the march that day, he had prudently removed his invalid proteges from their place of concealment in his house and brought them into the recesses of the wild wooded glen in the glebe where Allt a'Mhinisteir, the Minister's Burn, pouring downwards among the rocks forms a succession of picturesque cascades, and which, when entered, gives one the impression of being in some impenetrable solitude remote from man. Here they lurked in safety until nightfall, though we can imagine their anxious feelings when they knew that Cumberland and his myrmidons were within a few score yards of them. In the course of some conversation with bland Mr Bannatyne, the Duke remarked to him that he had some confidence in him as his was not a clan name. Afterwards, the good man went repeatedly to Fort Augustus to intercede, at the request of relatives, for imprisoned parishioners, and in several instances he did so successfully. For being known as a pronounced supporter of the government, and having made the personal acquaintance of Cumberland on the occasion of his halt at our Kirktown, it is related that he obtained considerable influence with him.

For long after Culloden, troops were constantly marching and counter-marching on the road between Inverness and Fort Augustus, so that their presence must have been a familiar experience in a hamlet, occasioning no small heart-searching and alarm amongst its inhabitants, and hence, to this day, the lurking tradition of trouble and danger connected with military visitation.

But our Kirktown had reason to be acquainted with other undesirable wayfarers beside the arrogant and blood-thirsty red-coats of Cumberland, being occasionally frequented by raiders and lifters while journeying to or from the scenes of their deprivations. Yonder boulder lying on the grey shore of the Loch is called Clach nam Meirleach - the Thieves Stone - inasmuch as these clever gentlemen were able to judge by observing the height of the water on this stone whether it would be possible to make the passage of a certain ford in the river near its issue from the loch. (Bona)

But the shingly beach beside our Kirktown has pleasanter associations than those connected with Highland freebooters, even consecrated memories that reach back for some thirteen hundred years to the visits of St Columba, who was here again and again when journeying to and from Inverness in the course of his missionary expeditions among the Picts. If, on the Castle Hill overlooking the river, he obtained a victory over the hostile Druids at the court of the good King Brude, here on this bay he no less triumphantly vanquished them when he launched his currach on the stormy shore, and sailed in safety among the white-crested breakers on his departure for Iona. It is probable that there was always a Christian church here since the age of the illustrious traveller from the west. Within more modern times, the living was a free parsonage connected with the Abbey of Pluscarden. Part of what may have been a tombstone, now lodged in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, was discovered on the shore near the spot where the earliest church is traditionally said to have stood, and which, by the way, may have marked the scene of the saint's famous rencontre with the Druids. It is covered with the ancient symbolic tracery that was characteristic of the Iona cult, and for us forms an interesting link with the remotely past history of our Kirktown.

Until of recent years, public worship was not confined entirely to the church. Each Lammas-tide, the Communion Service was held in a glade of the churchyard, shaded by noble ash trees, and now fully occupied with graves. Here, on a certain long-remembered day among the concourse of strath and hills, folks assembled from far and near. A Senator of the Court of Justice in Edinburgh, who had acquired an extensive territorial interest in the district, took part in the sacred rite - an action which occasioned no small sensation in those times when a morair dearg was regarded as an object of awe and aversion by the peasantry, as the adjudicator of the stern penalties of the law which sometimes bore hardly upon the lieges in these parts. But this representative of "The Fifteen" had a name honoured in literature, as his character was esteemed for every social virtue and his dignified and gracious bearing left a charming impression upon the minds of his humble fellow worshippers.

Just inside the entrance to the churchyard, a crumbling cottage called the watch house still remains as a memorial of the panic occasioned throughout Scotland by the infamous and abhorred Burke and Hare, whose crimes thrilled the whole country with horror. Here, to guard against corpse-lifting, men were stationed every night for a period of about six weeks after each burial. The building consists of two apartments, with a loft overhead in which were stored various pieces of furniture required for the open air communion. The night watchers were plentifully supplied with fuel and refreshments, so that their duty was regarded as of a sociable and even convivial character. In those times, the meal mill close by was often set a-working at the dead hours of night to grind malt for illicit distillation, and many are the legends that tell of the artifices employed to smuggle into the burgh town as much of the whisky as was not required for home consumption.

Looking out upon the road that has passed through our Kirktown for almost two hundred years, I have occasionally amused myself by recalling some of the personages who journeyed along it in the days of old - regarding it as a sort of stage upon which individuals appear, cross, and vanish out of sight. Lo, there the sturdy form of Samuel Johnson, riding his Highland garron, comes into view accompanied by Boswell and a servant, also on horseback. Here they may be said to have entered the very gates of the Highlands as they prosecuted their long journey to the Western Isles. They had not gone far beyond this when the great lexicographer had his first experience of the inside of a Highland hut, where he made rather an equivocal impression upon the mind of its occupant. A few miles before reaching our Kirktown, he and his fellow traveller had left the road in order to inspect a "Druidical circle" which still remains to tell its tale in a language that no man can comprehend.

One morning in September a dozen years later, Robert Burns travelled this way, retracing his steps later the same day. Of Coleridge and Southey and Christopher North, and how many more distinguished travellers do we catch a passing glimpse as they journey on in long procession. One frequent wayfarer there was with whom we would not care to have even a passing acquaintance, whom we would rather avoid and have nothing whatever to do with - Simon, Lord Lovat, and another whom we may regard as in the same category - even the arch traitor, Mr Secretary Murray of Broughton, who afterwards "chose the life of a dog rather than the death of a man" - sick in body and foreboding disaster, passes by just before the Battle of Culloden decided the fate of the Cause he had espoused and the associates whom he was to denounce.

But enough! While our thoughts wandered into a sort of reverie on the past, the troops whose presence in the field beyond the hedge had aroused it meanwhile completed their preparations for departure, and we were brought to a sense of the actual by the rousing strains of the pipes accompanied by a general movement in the camp. Then, in a few moments more, the men defiled through the gate and across the old bridge, leaving our Kirktown on Loch Ness to resume its customary quiet.

Thomas Sinton

FOYERS

The Foyers Estate consisted of two portions - Foyers proper, and Garrogie and other places among the Monadhlia Mountains (the grey mountains).

The mansion house was close by the river below the fall. Here the race of French Hugh had their home for centuries. James Fraser of Foyers took part in the rising of 1745 - he narrowly escaped at Culloden, and was concealed in the neighbourhood of Foyers for about seven years. His usual cave of refuge was in a height towards the north of Carndeaig (the red stone height). The cave is well hidden, but may be found if these directions are followed. Cross the upper falls and follow the road up across the arable flat to the fir wood. There take the left-hand branch road through the wood about 100 yards to the Dell and Foyers march wall. Follow the wall westward until the wall ends and a wire fence begins, then strike off half right from the wire fence up the rough face, and when within 200-300 yards distant, and still in sight of the end of the wall, one sees a huge square stone, about 20 feet high. The main entrance to the cave is in a cleft in this stone high up, and attainable only from the north side. The cleft faces south towards the wall. The following two incidents may here be related.

A boy was one day going to this cave with a little cask of beer (Tunna Leann) for old Foyers. At a steep ascent where the road approaches close to the Falls, he was met by a party of Cumberland's men, who insisted on him telling them where his master was concealed. The cask tumbled off his shoulders and fell into the water, but the boy refused to give the information they desired, and persisted in his refusal, even when they slashed off his hand with a sword. The spot where this happened is called "The Cask's Leap". It is the steep pitch not far from the path leading to the Falls.

On another occasion, the Laird of Foyers, looking out from his cave, saw a soldier secretly following a girl bringing up his food. Being a matter of life and death for him, he shot him dead, and he was buried where he fell.

(James Fraser of the '45 was the IX Fraser of Foyers. The cave in which he hid is known locally as "Prince Charlie's Cave" - of course the Prince was never in it. James died about 1760.

Hugh Fraser (V) of Foyers was the man who rescued the notorious Allan MacDonell of Lundie from drowning, when he swam Loch Ness (1603). William Fraser (VI of Foyers) married a granddaughter of XVI Macpherson of Cluny. Including Foyers, she married five husbands and had children by them all.)

Old Foyers was known as Bonaid Odhair (Dun Bonnet), so that the country people could talk of him openly without danger of detection.

Carndeaig is just visible from the upper fall bridge on the right of the glen across the little arable flat.

The Frasers of Knockie were a branch of the house of Foyers. They settled at Knockie after the present Lovat family settled in Aberdeenshire (Strichen) in the 17th century, from whence they returned in about 1820 to succeed to the chieftanship and the estates. Lovat of the '45 had two sons. The elder was the heroic and famous general Fraser who raised thousands of Highlanders for the army, and fought with Wolfe at Quebec. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by Archibald in the Estates which had been restored to the family. Archibald lived to be a very old man, and had four sons who all died before himself. He was dining with his factor at Dell when he received tidings of the death of the last of his sons. The old chief, then rather in his dotage, exclaimed "Strichen must not hear

of this.” He then called for weepers to be sewn onto his sleeve cuffs. (The weeper was a piece of white linen, probably originating in the handkerchiefless days, used as late as 1885.) This factor has an enormous monument at the south-west wall of Boleskine Churchyard bearing the words “This humble tribute”. Before his death, Fraser of Dell, as he was called, became bankrupt and came to live in Whitefield Cottage.

One of the sons of the Hon. Archibald Fraser of Lovat had a natural son, to whom the old man bequeathed all the unentailed estates; he was known as Fraser of Abertarff. He and the old Lord Lovat, the first of the Strichen family at Beaufort, spent their whole life at law, so that when Lord Lovat died, the other said that no one then alive but himself knew really what were the points at issue.

Fraser of Abertarff having no male issue, the remains of the landed property went to Lord Lovat. The Lovats had always been protestants until after the death of Archibald in 1821. (I believe Archibald died 8th Dec 1815 - and not in 1821 as you mention.)

Fraser of Strichen, the father of Lord Lovat who succeeded, had married a Roman Catholic wife. He died leaving an only son in infancy who was brought up as a Roman Catholic by his mother who was a Leslie of Balquhaun.

The last of the Knockie family (Foyers) was Colonel Fraser who was killed in India one morning before breakfast. He used to send money to James Gow’s mother, who was some distant connection.

(Frasers of Knockie: The present Lovat family were, of course, originally Frasers of Knockie and Strichen - which branch of the Foyers family settled here about 1820, as in 1842 when old Foyers died there was apparently no Foyers male heir. I have always thought that Knockie became, some time, part of the Foyers estate and that it went to Glenmoriston in 1842, who kept it when he sold the rest of the estate.

Old Fraser of Abertarff was the son of John Simon Frederick the eldest son of Archibald Fraser. He (Abertarff) lived for many years at Boleskine House, and died in March 1884. he had a daughter Catherine (Miss Fraser of Abertarff). Many of the men on the estate here remember old Abertarff. He was well over 80 when he died, as his father died in 1803.

Mansion House: This was never lived in after Foyer’s death in 1842. Fountaine-Walker lived elsewhere, at the Foyers Hotel I think, and Cunninghame, when he bought Foyers, also bought Aberchalder from a man called Mason (who built W. Aberchalder Lodge about 1860, and lived there.

When the B.A. Co. bought the estate in 1895 the Old Mansion House was in a fearful state with no roof. It was however, cleaned out and a roof put on it, but it was never satisfactory - full of bugs - which no amount of disinfectant seemed to kill, so it was finally pulled down in 1906, and the present row of cottages built on the site. You can still make out some of the foundations.)

A ‘ ghlaic-Bhog (the soft glade) is applied to the stream passing Foyers Home Farm - flowing through it.

An-t-sron-uaine (the green point) is the name of the out-jutting rock in front of the main fall.

Drochaid Goire Bhachailleig (the bridge of Coire Bhachailleig) is the name of the bridge and upper fall.

An Dail Bhreac (the speckled dell) is the flat to the south of the upper fall.

The woody height beyond Dail Bhreac is called Carn-a’ Bhreabair (the weaver’s cairn).

An Dail Riabhach (the brindled dell) is further west across the march wall in Dell, and is the flat which is over-looked by the cave. A'chadha Bich (the Pass of) is further south still.

Dell was called Oighreachd Cinne Bhreithlidh.

Once there was only one Bible in all Stratherrick. It belonged to a weaver in Knockie. When "lyke-wakes" became less riotous, he was in great request, having to attend every wake and read portions of the bible. Strong efforts were made to put down the old wakes, which were scenes of riotous mirth and drunkenness.

The afore-mentioned James of Foyers had a son - Hugh, known as Huistean Ruadh (fair-haired Hugh). It was he who built the mansion house of Foyers, which, before being pulled down in 1906 had been used as a barracks for workmen at the Aluminium Works. The Estate had been saved from confiscation in consequence of its having been handed over by James to his son Hugh before he took part in the rising. The roof of the mansion house was not quite finished about 1760 when Simon, the last laird of Foyers, was born there. He was Hugh's son, and married a Miss Grant of Glenmorrison, and had one daughter, Jane Fraser, a lady of remarkably fine character. She was the intended bride of her cousin, young Grant of Glenmorrison, and a favourite walk of hers used to be across the fields to a slight eminence called An-Creagan-Dubh (the little black crag), from whence she could see Glenmorrison. (The Fraser of Balnain who married Jane Fraser (1817) was a very distant cousin - about 12th cousin once removed! A very "Scotch" cousin.) While in the garden in Invermorrison one day with her cousin he climbed a tree to get some apples, fell, and was killed. It is unlikely that she ever recovered fully from this shock. She went to Edinburgh on a long visit to the noted authoress, Mrs Grant of Laggan, who wrote "Letters from the Mountains" etc., and was a friend of Sir Walter Scott. Coming home in winter and through a severe snow storm she made her way to Foyers and fell into a decline. At the desire of her parents she married another cousin, Fraser of Balnain, but died in a few months. Mrs Grant gives a detailed and touching account of her last days. James Gow was at the shieling at Killin at the time of the funeral. The various clans attending kept apart and had their own pipers (7th July 1817). She was buried at Creagan Dubh, which is described as " a beautiful and sequestered spot on the promontory projecting into Loch Ness." (Mrs Grant). Afterwards, her mother, and, in 1842, her father, were buried there, one on each side of her grave. Gow explained that the laird was buried next to the Loch. The whole race of Foyers except Simon, the last laird, are buried in the south-western corner of Boleskine Churchyard, of which more later. The later Frasers of Knockie, Gorthleck and those of Errogie were all branches of the house of Foyers.

In 1842, when Simon died, his estates were considerably involved, but were well sold, and everything went to his brother-in-law, Grant of Glenmorrison, including the pieces of armour won by French Hugh from the champion he overthrew in the lists in France. When the Estate of Foyers was sold, Glenmorrison reserved one acre of land, being the Creagan Dubh with the graves and memorial.

Gow used to point out the exact spot where Simon used to sit in an arm chair in good weather, beside his front door. It was he who used to say, when he saw a mist on Mealfourvonie, "If you have put your cowl on, I may put my cloak on."

The Estates were bought by Fountaine Walker, who sold them in about 1873 to Cunninghame. The upper portion of the Foyers Estate, now held by Mrs Cunninghame, was acquired by the Foyers family under circumstances that involved some wrong, and were understood to have brought a blight on the fortunes of the family. It was called Oighreachd Dhuin Turcaid, i.e. the Estate of Dunturkit. Fountaine Walker then bought Ness Castle and Home Farm, and Dochfour got all the rest of the Saltoun estates in the

Strath of Dores, by excambion with Sir John Ramsden, who had purchased them from Saltoun with this end in view, receiving in exchange estates near Laggan etc.

Foyers had a piper who used to compose pibrochs, sometimes with words. On the occasion of the Foyers sale, he played the pibroch "Race of dogs come here and you'll get flesh", bitter at heart to see his master's things displeas'd. At Foyers' sale, Gow got a flask in which drink used to be taken to the old laird in his cave after Culloden, and he gave this flask to Mrs G.F. Watts. (Now at Aldourie.)

The ancient parish churchyard at Boleskine is full of interest. In it lies the remains of many generations of the old families of the Frasers of Stratherrick, Erchite, Faraline, Balnain, Leadclune, Knockie, Foyers, Errogie etc.

Regarding as east the wall flanking the road, we find let into the south wall a tombstone to Donald Fraser of Erchite, who died in 1729. A burial was taking place near the spot shortly after Culloden. While the funeral party were at the grave, a cart with military provisions was passing to Fort Augustus. One of the mourners seized a loaf of bread out of the cart and threw it to the dogs - he was immediately arrested and taken to the Fort. The soldiers fired a volley indiscriminately into the funeral party - the marks of the bullets are still plain to see in the above tombstone. The next morning, the minister of Boleskine, who, like that of Dores, was an ardent supporter of the Government, appeared at the Fort at an early hour and had a long interview with the Duke of Cumberland, walking backwards and forwards on the green. Finally, the minister took his leave, and was allowed to take his parishioner home along with him.

The parish church occupied the middle of the churchyard, the old walls at the north end having been built to protect the burial places of old Fraser families. There was a notorious wizard known as An Crunair Friseal (the Fraser crowner), "a man of the devil" according to James Gow, who, by his dire incantations, once raised the dead bodies in the churchyard. Mr Thomas Houston, who lived hard by (1660), came in haste and laid them again. Just inside the churchyard gate, in order, according to Gow, that he may rise first at the Resurrection, is the grave of one Duncan Macphail, a man well known for his piety. Once, along with a party, he dined at Aldourie, and on being asked to say Grace, continued so protractedly that the whole company slipped away except the hostess and one other lady.

Thomas Houston, whose name is spelt in many ways, was a man of great weight and influence. He was married to a Miss Fraser of Erchit, and both lie buried inside the four interior walls.

There is a stone at the grave of Angus Cameron, the Stratherrick Bard (1850), a noted sportsman and poacher, who farmed Oldtown, near Dir a Chaoireachan. (See APPENDIX for his poem on Foyers.) Around the churchyard was the old glebe of Boleskine, the manse being above the road, its site now being occupied by the modern house. The glebe consisted of 40 - 50 acres, and lay entirely surrounded by the Foyers Estate, and, there being no fencing in those days, was a constant source of trouble, both to Laird and minister. Lovat gave a large piece of ground at Drumtemple in excambion for this glebe, where a new churchyard was laid out, and a manse and church built. This suited the parishioners better, being more central, and Lovat, who had a quarrel at this time with Foyers, rather enjoyed the worry he caused to Foyers by having the old unfenced glebe in his hands.

There was a little estate further along the Loch from Foyers, now forming part of Knockie, called Fothar Beag, or Pother, owned by a separate family of Frasers. The proprietor was at one time called Iain Cinne Mhunaidh (John of the Heathery Hill), and was courting the

daughter of the Laird of Invermoriston. To hide the scantiness of his wardrobe he used to take a sack stuffed with hay, from the mouth of which protruded his one pair of yellow breeches. In the morning, his man-servant would shout through the door, "Laird of Pother, what suit shall we bring forth today?" and the Laird would reply, "For today it will be enough to bring out the yellow breeches which you will find in the bag." While waiting on his master at dinner, the man would say on a stormy night, "O Laird of Pother, what will become of the black-horned and white-horned cattle of the herd of Pother tonight?" upon which the Laird would reply manfully, "What of them the byres cannot hold, let them be sent to the Yew Tree Gorge for shelter." The whole stock consisted of one cow. The couple got married, and, on going to live at her new home, the lady occupied herself in composing sarcastic songs describing the conditions which she found there. Either this lady or another used to go to seek advice in regard to certain legal rights of Pother with regard to the estate, to Fraser of Gorthleck, an Edinburgh lawyer. Eventually, being bothered with her, he sent her to a meal with the servants, all her means being gone by that time.

I think the Frasers of Gorthleck were a branch of the Farraline family, and not, therefore, a branch of Foyers. The original Farraline was a legitimate son of the original Foyers' father (the 3rd Lord Fraser of Lovat). The first Gorthleck was a younger son of Thomas Fraser (IV of Farraline.)

Col G.I. Fraser, now commanding 2nd Camerons, is a brother of the present representative of the Gorthleck family. He was one of 13 children, 7 boys and 6 girls.