

'Between the Burn and the Turning Sea'

The Story of Cadderlie

Mhairi Ross

The last time we visited Cadderlie, there was a Christmas tree in the window. 'Mother' had planted it in a redundant mug and adorned it with Tunnockesque tinsel and tin foil. The red, gold and silver caught the winter light and brought a touch of festivity to the place. The floors had been swept. There was an ample supply of wood in the middle room and the reek of smoke suggested recent visitors. She looked instantly homely and welcoming.

My Assured Other (AO) busied himself looking for things to fix, surveyed guttering and gables and checked out slates and sarking, 'modifying', when necessary, the appropriate H&S directive! I walked down to the water's edge and looked back....

Cadderlie, on the north shore of Loch Etive, is more than just a bothy. In fact, the present building dates back a mere hundred years and belies the fact that, not so many years before that, a considerable community wrested enough from soil and sea to support generations of MacIntyres and MacGillivrays and MacColls. As far back as history documents, Cadderlie's green sward has been home to princes and pilgrims, tacksmen and tillers and millers and minders of sheep. And sanctuary to exiled lovers.



Cadderlie 1993 - (Mark Fitton)

But before man ever set foot on the land, the elements were shaping mountain and loch. The Etive pluton lies between two geological faults- the Loch Awe Fault and the Pass of Brander Fault. Within these confines, Cadderlie herself lies on a minor fault line separating 'Cruachan' facies, or formations, from 'Starav'. Aficionados will not be surprised to know that the area around the Cadderlie Burn is of international importance in exposing evidence of dykes intruding into the still-molten rock and examples of mantle-derived magmas. The rest of us may settle for marvelling at the sheer beauty all that primaevial activity left behind and the knowledge that, every time we trudge along the pavements of Glasgow, the chances are we will be stepping on granite setts from Beinn Duirinnis.

Before man learned to write down his life-story, seannachies told tales around the fire. Many of these survive as legends whose origins are lost in the past but which, in all probability, recalled real events before becoming embellished with half truths and

superstition. And legend has it that the hill-fort of *Dùn MacUisneachan* at Benderloch was where the sons of Uisneach from Ulster chose to settle.

There had always been comings and goings between Ireland and Argyll. Many believe that the land around Lorn was where the Scots first came and bestowed their language, customs and people on our nascent country. One of these Scots was Naoise, one of Uisneach's sons, who eloped with Deirdre against the King of Ulster's wishes. They lived at their hill-fort and roamed Loch Etive and its braes, building lodges and bowers at Dalness and Dail, hunting on the slopes of Trilleachan and Starav--- and cultivating a beautiful orchard and garden at Cadderlie.

The origins of the name are hard to find. Various records show the spelling as Cadderley, Caderle and Calderlys. It is this last and probably original one that perhaps gives the best clue (*lios* meaning *garden* in Gaelic). Spelling, of course, was largely irrelevant in pre-literate times and many places were mis-spelled through being mis-heard or misunderstood. Add to that the ignorance of colloquialisms and nick-names of those translating from Gaelic to English and you have a sure formula for error. There are alternative meanings but these do not really hold up to scrutiny.

Cal-der-lys is thought to derive from the Gaelic for ' the Burn at Deirdre's Garden ' and certainly there were records showing an orchard once grew there until an excessively high tide and storm in the early 16th century overwhelmed it. In the bay in front, the tidal island is still called *Eilean Uisneachan*—Isle of the sons of Uisneach- and there are many references in the numerous versions of the legend of Deirdre, to the grassy meadow where she had a bower. The whole Loch Etive area, in fact, is strewn with ancient names remembering Deirdre and her lover so we can presume that there is some factual substance to the tale.

What is not in doubt is that, by the 13th century, the Priory at Ardchattan was becoming a magnet for travellers and pilgrims. Built in 1230 by the MacDougalls for the Valliscaulian Order, it acted as a sanctuary and spiritual retreat for the world-weary. Most would have arrived there from the south by way of the ferry at Bonawe but some would have tramped the loch-side route from Glen Coe passing Cadderlie and choosing, perhaps, to rest there, being a good day's walk from Ardchattan. Blind Harry credits Wallace with holding a council there to hand back lands misappropriated from his uncle by John MacDougall of Lorn and, in 1308, The Bruce is believed to have held the last parliament whose business was conducted in Gaelic within the Priory.

Cadderlie lies deep in Campbell country and for almost 500 years was owned or leased by them. The MacDougall lands of Benderloch were given to the Campbells as far back as 1315 and Cadderliemor was among those lands granted to Colin, Earl of Argyll, the *Cailean Mòr* from whom each Duke of Argyll is descended and named. Ardchattan Priory was 'secularised' during the Reformation in 1560 and came under the ownership of the Campbells of Ardchattan, who still live there today. With it came 5 merklands (the old measure of land value) of land at Cadderlymor, Cadderlybeg and Dalcadderley, suggesting three separate holdings. From 1682, records show tacks or leases of Cadderlie farms being given to Campbells of one denomination or other. Tacksmen were tenants who could sub-let property and collect rents from them for the laird or clan chief. The

system worked reasonably well till the '45 when clan chiefs who came out with the Prince were forced into exile and their tacksmen had the unenviable task of collecting rents from impoverished clansmen—once for their Hanoverian overlords and again for those who supported the 'king over the water'. Most could not afford to pay twice and the resulting resentment divided communities and severed long and hitherto inviolate loyalties. The tenants at Cadderlie, of course, were spared this as the Campbells had thrown their lot in with the London government. But on the other side of Beinn Sgulaire, Colin Campbell of Glenure was not so lucky. He stopped two lead bullets in the woods of Lettermore while on his way to evict Stewarts of Appin who could not pay their rent and, in so doing, triggered one of the greatest miscarriages of justice the Highlands have seen----and one of the greatest mysteries.

Throughout the Middle Ages and right up until the 19th century, cattle signified wealth. It is no surprise, therefore, that from Cadderlie as from every other *clachan* and settlement in the Highlands, rustling was endemic. The Justiciary records reveal cattle theft was, by far, the most common crime chronicled. One case, in 1675, reported that 'John McKenich stoll away from Allan Stewart in Caderlie ane kow and was found in the verie act of flaying and taking off her hyde within his owne houss.' Identifying, tracing and returning beasts, flayed or no, must have been well-nigh impossible in the days before tagging and passports and it is probably best, given the harshness of the times, that we are not told McKenich's fate, lest it was from the Eye for an Eye School of Scottish Punishments. Another case to come before the courts was one of forgery when the perpetrator 'uttered forged writing' against Duncan MacIntyre of Cadderly and was sentenced to transportation for life.



(Mhairi Ross)

Upper Loch Etive today is largely a place of solitude and emptiness. Few people have homes there. But this was not always the case. The 18th and 19th centuries witnessed pockets of intense activity around Cadderlie and Bonawe. At Inveresragan, between Ardchattan and Craig point, Colin Campbell had built a profitable though largely illegal business based on smuggling. Named the Lochetty (Loch Eite or Etive) Company, Campbell spun, milled and sold tobacco and peddled brandy and wine. Many of these goods had been shipped for export and re-

landed in the hidden bays and inlets up and down the Lorn coast. Custom duty could be reclaimed on such goods and, if they could then be reloaded far from the sight of the local gaugers, a hefty profit could be made. Across the loch, a Cumbrian company had established their original iron furnace in Glen Kinglass with charcoal to fuel it being made in the woods of Glen Etive and beyond. At Bonawe there was a sawmill, an inn and a snuff-maker as well as a high volume of travellers to keep MacAndra the ferryman busy. There was one company supplying meal to the Glenkinglass workers and another processing salmon and herring. Ferries carried people and produce back and forth at

Connel narrows and Eilean Duirinnis, where the expanding quarry was employing and housing hundreds. Natural woods of ash, birch, hazel, alder and oak clad the hill-sides and the royal forest at Dalness teemed with wild-life, furred and feathered.

However, changes were taking place. Larger, black-faced sheep were supplanting the small, native Highland breed. Though they produced a greater quantity of wool, they were inferior in meat quality. Nevertheless, sheep gave landowners a better return than humans, many of whom were notoriously cleared from their ancestral homes all over the Highlands.

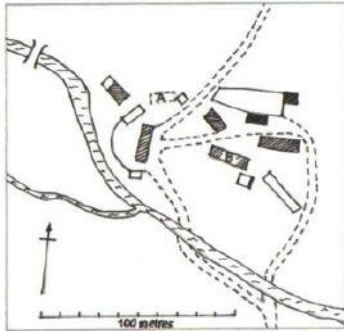
Farms that formerly supported 8 or 9 families were now down to 2 or 3 and, by 1792, 140 souls from a parish population of 2300, had already emigrated to America with more preparing to follow. With daily wages for labourers at 1/-, masons 1/6d and farm servants earning £6 and £3 per annum depending on gender, many took the road south to pass their remaining days in factories and mills. Fifty years on and the iron company had taken over long leases of several farms for ‘rearing’ wood and grazing their horses. Oak coppicing and charcoal burning was widespread, feeding the relocated Lorn Iron Furnace at Bonawe (the name applies to settlements on both sides of the loch) and Campbell of Breadalbane had opened a granite quarry at Barrs.

The *clachan* of Cadderlie itself was, by that time, home to MacIntyres who had their ancestral lands in Glen Noe. The clan’s progenitor, a joiner to trade, was reputedly from Sleat on Skye. Whilst sailing near the island one day, his boat sprung a leak. Water came pouring in and, with very little time to act or suitable materials available, he had to plug the hole. He frantically felt about his person. He didn’t take long to make his choice and grabbed his axe. He severed his thumb with a single blow and rammed it into the breach with a hammer. (N.B. this course of action is not sanctioned by H&SE guidelines and should not be resorted to at workparties !)

His descendant, the first *Mac-an-t’saor* (son of the carpenter), left Sleat to seek his fortune in a more fertile land, taking with him a white cow. Having landed in Argyll near Loch Etive, he resolved that, wherever the cow would lie down to rest, he would settle on that spot. She did so in Glenoe and he built his dwelling at the place still called *Làrach na bà bàine*—the place of the white cow. The annual payment for tenure expected by the Campbells for Glenoe was straightforward: a white calf and a snowball from Cruachan on midsummer’s day. Global warming obviously hadn’t kicked in by then for the clan religiously paid its dues for 600 years.

At the turn of the 18th century, Peter (Patrick) MacIntyre was tenant in Cadderliemore and his two brothers in the adjacent farms. He must have been a trusty fellow for he persuaded the laird, Campbell of Ardchattan, to advance the tenants £8.13/-, his share of the building of the church at Inverghuisachan on the opposite shore, allowing them to pay it back in instalments. As landowners went, Patrick Campbell was better than most. In return for leasing Cadderlie, he permitted his tenants to cut birch and alder around their biggings. The rent for the place was the delivery, yearly, of 4 fat lambs, 24 hens, 24 dozen eggs, the service for 4 days of one man and one woman and the upkeep of dykes, ditches, march dykes, wood enclosures and corn dykes. On top of that, there was an obligation to keep the farm buildings in good condition and to uphold a proportion of the mill*, mill-lade

and dam---and to pay their proportion to the smith and the ferryman. Anything left was their own!



Cadderlie Clachan - late 19th Century
 A = site of existing bothy built circa 1909
 B = last inhabited house.

By the 1841 census, three separate farms, each with their servants' bothies, were in use. Anne Macintyre, then aged 65, was farmer of 5 acres of arable ground and 800 of hill pasture. Ten years on and she was still running the place, supported by four family members, a shepherd and two servants. Donald MacColl was head of the lower farm-house with six others living with him. By 1861, Anne had settled for a life of ease, handing over the running of the farm to her son. In their home there was also room for four children, ploughman, one male servant, one dairy-maid, one female servant---and the sixteen year-old teacher of the side-school!

** A descendant of the MacIntyre family claims that, if you know where to look, the old mill stone can still be found at Cadderlie.*

In its heyday, Cadderlie, being near the ferry, attracted many visitors. One, James Todd from Edinburgh, was particularly captivated by the place. *“ To be once again on the banks of Loch Etive to meet the generous and true-hearted friends with whom I once met there. Remember me kindly to Mrs. MacIntyre; also Donald, Meg and Kate that I must have a better lesson in Gaelic and tell Donald that the big hazel stick he gave me is my companion in all my walks and is admired by everyone. Grandfather hopes you won't drown yourself collecting butterflies. I hope the crop is looking well and the fishing is good and I would like if a good goat's cheese or two could be sent-----”*



Samuel MacIntyre - born at Cadderlie in 1805 (Sheila MacIntyre)

By 1871, Anne had gone and her son Samuel ran the farm. Gone, too, was the adjacent farm, reduced now to servants' quarters. Within a year, Samuel and his sister, Catherine, the last of the MacIntyres to live at Cadderlie, would be dead. His brother, Duncan, and many members of his family had already sailed away from Argyll to seek their fortune in Australia. The place lived on in the memory, though, and in the heart. In 1930, Duncan's grandson, Peter, journeyed half way round the world to see for himself the home of generations of his people. And *his* four daughters, made the same trip 72 years later.



Peter MacIntyre - viting Cadderlie in 1930 (Sheila MacIntyre)

When the MacIntyres had gone, much of the land was gradually given over to sheep, although some of the better soil continued to produce crops until the 20th century. The old buildings at Cadderlie fell to ruin one by one. By 1930, only one remained roofed. It had been a dwelling house with a byre attached, each part with five bays



Cadderlie 1930 (Sheila MacIntyre)

divided by cruck trusses. The house had, over the centuries, been modified from the original simple blackhouse with opposite doorways in the north and south walls and no windows. It was improved in the middle of the 19th century by the addition of a central doorway in its south wall and a window on either side. In the north wall, the doorway was half-blocked, leaving a small sash window. The shepherds and their families who lived there had the use of two main rooms, each with a fire-place in the end-wall. By 1912, the present bothy was also in use and, over the years, has been home to shepherds and their families--Blacks, MacGillivrays and MacLeans. Side schools operated as the need arose at Cadderlie, Barrs and Dail up until 1930, when the last child and his family moved to Bonawe when he reached school age and enrolled at Ardchattan School. The last known occupant was Angus MacVarish who was shepherd at Cadderlie until he moved to Glen Etive in 1948. From then, it was used as seasonal accommodation for sheep-shearers and itinerant artists. In 1994 it was saved for us by the MBA.

I was roused from my musings by a request from AO for assistance in reuniting an errant rone pipe with its bracket. Wandering back between the piles of stones that are all that's left of a once vibrant community, I thanked the Fates for giving me the chance to come again to this place and walk with its ghosts. Tha seo an àite breagh.

Post Script.

Towards the end of the 19th century, Duncan MacLean left the Ross of Mull and settled on Loch Etive-side. He was a shepherd and he courted and married Annie MacColl from Glenoe, across the loch. Their son, Hugh, grew up at Cadderlie and went to the side- school there in the 1890's. Hugh also became a shepherd and moved to Kilchrenan, Killin and then Fortingall, where his son, Duncan, was born. *His* son, Dougie, came back to Cadderlie and wrote a song.

' Standing here on Cadderlie, between the burn and the turning sea, I gaze across at these golden hills, I'm looking all the way to eternity.'

"Eternity"---- Words and Lyrics by kind permission of Dougie MacLean. Published by Limetree Arts and Music.

('Eternity' can be found on Dougie MacLean's 1991 album 'Indigenous')