

NAME..... Christian Boag Annat

BIRTH / BAPTISM REGISTRATION..... OPR Donoch 47/2 Fr 000395

Date and Place..... b. 22-3-1926 Donoch Kille (Cuthill)  
Father..... David Annat  
Mother..... Christina Sutherland ✓  
Reported by / Witnesses.....

MARRIAGE / BANNIS REGISTRATION..... OPR 47/2 000481

Date and Place..... 21-12-1856 Donoch, 15-7-1845 Donoch  
Address.....  
Age and Occupation..... ✓  
Parents.....  
Spouse..... Philip Mackay Ferrytown  
Witnesses.....

DEATH REGISTRATION..... Donoch

Date and Place..... 10-9-1900 6-40 a.m.  
Cause of Death..... Apoplexy  
Age and Occupation..... 75 widow of Philip Mackay messenger  
Burial Details..... Donoch Gold Course Road No. 365 St Ann's  
Reported by..... Rosie Ross (daughter) present 18/9/00  
Parents..... David Annat farmer & Innkeeper (deceased)  
Christina Annat (deceased)

CHILDREN

David A. b. 2-9-1906 Donoch Isabella b. 6-8-1850 Donoch \* Georgina Boag Annat b. 21-12-1856 Donoch  
William b. 10-10-1847 " Christina Boag b. 23-7-1852 " Helen C. b. 15-3-1861 "  
Christina b. 1-7-1849 " Rox Annat b. 6-4-1854 " James Annat b. 15-3-1861 "

CENSUS DETAILS

1841 Burgh 15 16 Yes born in this Parish  
1851 Donoch 26 wife Donoch  
1861 High Street 36 James A. & Helen C. twins 1 month old  
1871 Evelix Moor 44 p. 3 midwife visitor widows  
1881 Embra Street (50) visitor Sick nurse Speaks Gaelic  
1891 Sunnyside (60) Lady's nurse

(90)

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Sick nurse Speaks Gaelic  
Lady's nurse

**LOCAL STUDIES****DORNOCH BURGH RECORDS****TRANSCRIPT**

Roll of Magistrates, Town Council and Inhabitants of the Royal Burgh of Dornoch, 1809.

Inhabitants, being heads of Families

**EAST END OF THE TOWN**

- Alexander Munro, butcher and post runner
- George Dempster, tailor
- Miss Elizabeth Gordon of Embo
- Mr William Taylor, writer and Town Clerk
- 5 Kenneth Macleod, one of the Burgh Officers
- Isobel and Jean Grant
- Widow Bessy Barclay

**SOUTH STREET LEADING TO THE SHORE**

- Miss Margaret Innes, schoolmistress
- Widow Sergeant Macleod
- 10 Alexander Munro, weaver
- Widow Robert Ross
- Widow Robert Grant or Baxter
- Alex Grant, weaver and Chelsea pensioner
- John Murray, weaver and post runner
- 15 Andrew Mackintosh, blacksmith
- Widow Hugh Leslie
- Widow Alex Leslie
- John Mackay Bain, labourer
- Alex Mackay Bain, blacksmith
- 20 Alex Mackay Bain, Chelsea Pensioner
- Widow Hector Ross
- Hugh Henderson or Legg
- Widow John Gray
- John Ross, weaver
- 25 David Forbes, labourer
- William Henderson or Legg, Farmer
- Hugh Matheson, post runner
- George Munro, tenant
- John Grant, Chelsea Pensioner
- 30 Isobel McInery
- Widow Isobel McHugh
- Widow George Munro
- James Mackay, labourer
- Catherine Munro

**SOUTH STREET OR COILUMBANK**

- 35 Donald Munro, labourer
- John Gray, labourer
- Widow Hugh Munro

- William Munro, labourer  
Widow Donald Mackay  
40 Widow Donald Miller  
Mrs John Sutherland, widow  
Mrs Donald Mackenzie, midwife  
Widow Donald Ross  
Sergeant Alex Gordon, Sutherland and Local Militia  
45 John Hay, mason

**SOUTH OF CHURCHYARD HEADING EASTWARDS**

- Captain John Munro, Sutherland and Local Militia  
Mr Hugh Ross, writer  
Widow Colin Mackay or Bain  
Widow Janet Horne  
50 Robert Murray, Chelsea Pensioner  
Hugh Gray, weaver  
John Dempster, tenant  
David Ross, vintner

**NORTH OF CHURCHYARD**

- Bailie James Boog  
55 John Campbell, labourer  
Mr George Jeffrey, merchant and baker  
Robert Sutherland, one of the Burgh Officers  
John Mackay, tenant  
Sergeant Hugh Gordon, Sutherland and Local Militia  
60 Andrew Leslie, wright  
Mr William Munro Junior, merchant  
Miss Margaret Gordon of Embo  
Mr Hugh Leslie, writer  
Mr Alex Beattie, schoolmaster  
65 Mr Walter Barclay

CASTLE STREET

Nos 5 & 6 - listed, 7/3/84 - on 1874 map - NH795897

Earlier 19th century, pair 2 storey, 3 bay houses. Coursed rubble, tooled dressings. Centre doors; 12 pane glazing (except ground floor no 5) Panelled doubled leaf door to no 5 and small single storey modern extension at west; gable end stacks; slate roofs.

Internal: original - stairs  
No 6 has interesting plaster arch in vestibule.

No 5 Built by person who built 'Elmbank'. (eccentric lady)  
Owned at one time by Miss Nellie Matheson.  
On her death, purchased by Sinclair Macintosh, factor of Westminster Estates, Achfarry, and his wife, Sandee nee Baxter, "Halladale", Dornoch.  
The house is let at present.

No 6 Owned at one time by Mr Macleod, jeweller and now owned by William Ross, retired station master.

## James

Christie patted stray hairs into place, tied her lace bonnet under her chin.

"Come and say goodbye to mother."

She smoothed her skirt. Three little girls in white dresses appeared, each planting a kiss on her cheek.

"My, my. Quite the young ladies. See you pay mind to Eliza while I'm gone. Study hard at school."

"Not me!" Georgina frowned and shook her curls. "I'd rather be at Grandpapa's Inn." The others wrinkled their noses and giggled.

Young Christina stepped forward. "Mother, may I ask you something?"

Christie inclined her head.

Mrs Stewart has asked me to help at the Manse. May I say yes?"

"I'll speak to the Reverend's wife, my dear. Now where are those young ones? It's time I was away."

"Here we are, Ma'am." Eliza bustled in with the twins. Helen rushed forward, threw her arms round her mother's billowing skirts and was lifted up for a kiss. James hung back, arms behind him.

"What are you hiding there, young man?" said Christie, gently bringing his arms to the front.

"Matches!" She rounded on the servant.

"Eliza, you must be more vigilant. These must be kept in a safe place." Taking the box, she held him at arms' length and spoke sternly.

"James, these are dangerous. You must not touch them."

The tree year old hung his head. "Yes, Mother>"

Christie handed the matches to Eliza and wrapped the shawl around her thin shoulders.

"Time to go," she said, dismissing the children.

"Now remember, Eliza, the girls have school this afternoon, and Superintendent Mackay is giving evidence at the Sutherland trial. Dinner served at noon." She pulled on her gloves. "I'll talk to him about matches later." She picked up her valise.

"I may be away all night," she said, setting off down the wooden stairs. She passed the doors of Alexander Ross, the shoemaker and Granville Campbell on her way to the street. The Philippias, as the locals called the Mackay family, lived on the upper floor of the stone built cottage. It was warm and spacious with two attic bedrooms.

She stepped out into the warm September sunshine. The terrace of closely built houses led to the Cathedral, opposite the Courthouse. Waiting outside the Eagle Inn, she heard the clatter of hooves as Willie Grant arrived. He leapt down and hoisted her valise into the gig. She stepped up on to the mounting block and on to the seat. She could sense his anxiety.

"Maggie is having a bad time, Mrs Mackay," he said. "I know it's our third, but we're right pleased you can help."

"The horse picked up speed and by the time they had turned the corner, Christie Mackay had thrown off the mantle of mother of seven children and become community midwife.

"Eliza, Eliza, come quickly!" Screams of pure terror reached the ears of the young servant as she pegged out the laundry. Helen hurtled barefoot down the back green and threw herself into Eliza's open arms and clung fast, chest heaving, tears rolling down her plump cheeks.

"There now, pet. I thought you were fast asleep. Did you have a bad dream? What ails you?"

Helen shook her head and sobbed piteously.

"I promised not to tell." She looked at Eliza, her eyes brimming with tears.

"It's all right to tell me." Eliza hugged her tight. "What is it?"

"James got the matches again." The wee girl sniffed. "He lit one. It fell on the bed. The bed cover was burning." Her eyes widened. "James won't be in trouble, will he Eliza?"

The young maid felt her blood run cold. She had put the matches out of reach. The missus was going to be furious with her. The bed cover was burning!

"Come on, we'll see to it. You did the right thing telling me"

Turning, she was horrified to see wisps of smoke rising from the thatched roof.

"Oh merciful heavens! The mattress is stuffed with straw. The whole bed must be burning. We must find James."

Eliza grabbed Helen's hand and fled up the path and through the lane. She started up the wooden stair.

"James! James" Where are you?" Smoke was drifting under the door on the upstairs landing. Panic seized her.

"Helen, go down to the street."

She pushed Helen back and climbed upwards on hands and feet. The heat was intense. The smoke was thicker now. Flames crackled as they consumed the dry timbers. The fire was spreading so fast. Hands grabbed her.

"No! No!. I must save James!"

She struggled but strong hands held her back.