

At the head of this little community there was a dowager lady, the many virtues of whose character have found a warm encomiast in the judicious and sober-minded Doddridge. The good Lady Ardoch has been dead for the last seventy years, and yet her name is scarcely less familiar in the present day, to at least the more staid townspeople, than it was half a century ago. She was a daughter of the Fowlis family, one of the most ancient and honorable in Scotland; the ninth baron of Fowlis was slain fighting under the Bruce at Bannockburn. Her three brothers — men whose heroism of character and high religious principle have drawn forth the very opposite sympathies of Philip Doddridge and Sir Walter Scott — she had lost in the late rebellion. The eldest, Sir Robert Munro, the chief of his clan, died, with his youngest brother, at the battle of Falkirk; the third was shot about nine months after by an assassin, who had mistaken him for another by whom he had been deeply injured, and whose sorrow and remorse on discovering that he had unwittingly killed one of the best of his countrymen, are well described by Sir Walter in his "Tales of a Grandfather." Next in place to the good Lady Ardoch was the good Lady Scotsburn, — the widow of a Ross-shire proprietor, — who derived her descent from that Archibald, Marquis of Argyle, who acted so conspicuous a part during the troubles of the times of Charles I., and perished on the scaffold on the accession of Charles II. In excellence of character and the respect with which she was regarded, she very much resembled her contemporary Lady Ardoch. There were, besides, a family of ladies in the place, the daughters of Urquhart of Greenhill, a merchant of the times of the herring drove, and a scion of the old Urquharts of Cromarty, — and another much-respected family, the descendants of one of the old