

marched to Dunsinane, the first Campbell, *i.e.*, Campus-bellus, Beau-champ, a Norman knight and nephew of the Conqueror, having won the hand of the Lady Eva, sole heiress of the race of Diarmid, became master of the lands and lordships of Argyll;—how six generations later each of them became notable in their day—the valiant Sir Colin created for his posterity a title prouder than any within a sovereign's power to bestow, which no forfeiture could attain, no act of parliament recall; for though he ceased to be Duke or Earl, the head of the Clan Campbell will still remain MacCalan More,—and how, at last the same Sir Colin fell at the String of Cowal, beneath the face of that fierce lord whose grand-daughter was destined to bind the honors of his own heirless house round the coronet of his slain foeman's descendant;—how Sir Neill, at Bannockburn, fought side by side with the Bruce, whose sister he had married;—how Colin, the first Earl, wooed and won the Lady Isabel, sprung from the race of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, thus adding the galleys of Lorn to the blazonry of Argyll;—how the next Earl died at Flodden, and his successor fought not less disastrously at Pinkie;—how Archibald, fifth Earl, whose wife was at supper with the Queen, her half-sister, when Rizzio was murdered, fell on the field of Langside, smitten, not by the hand of the enemy, but by the finger of God;—how Colin, Earl and boy-General at fifteen, was dragged away by force, with tears in his eyes, from the unhappy skirmish at Glenlivet, where his brave Highlanders were being swept down by the artillery of Huntley and Errol,—destined to regild his spurs in future years on the soil of Spain.

“Then I told him of the Great Rebellion, and how, amid the tumult of the next fifty years, the Grim Marquis, Gillespie Grumach, as his squint caused

him to be called—Montrose's fatal foe, staked life and fortunes in the deadly game engaged in by the fierce spirits of that generation, and, losing, paid the forfeit with his head, as calmly as became a brave and noble gentleman, leaving an example which his son—already twice rescued from the scaffold, once by a daughter of the ever-gallant House of Lindsay, again a prisoner, and a rebel, because four years too soon to be a patriot—as nobly imitated;—how, at last, the clouds of misfortune cleared away, and honors clustered where only merit had been before; the martyr's aureole, almost become hereditary, being replaced in the next generation by a ducal coronet, itself to be regilt in its turn with a less sinister lustre by him—

“The State's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the Senate and the field;”  
who baffled Walpole in the cabinet, and conquered with Marlborough at Ramilies, Oudenarde and Malpalquet;—and, last, how at that present moment, even while we were speaking, the heir to all these noble reminiscences, the young chief of this princely line, had already won, at the age of twenty-nine, by the manly vigor of his intellect and his hereditary independence of character, the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and a seat at the council board of his sovereign.

“Having thus duly indoctrinated Sigurd with the Sagas of the family, as soon as we had crossed the lake I took him up to the Castle, and acted cicerone to its pictures and heirlooms,—the gleaming stands of muskets, whose fire wrought such fatal ruin at Culloden;—the portrait of the beautiful Irish girl, twice a duchess, whom the cunning artist has painted with a sunflower that turns *from* the sun to look at her;—Gillespie Grumach himself, as grim and sinister-looking as in life;—the trumpets to carry the voice from the hall-door to Dunnaquaich;—the fair beech avenues, planted by the old Marquis, now looking with their smooth gray