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THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.



VIEW FROM MAIN ENTRANCE OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Twenty-two years ago the Earl of Dufferin wrote to his favored correspondent who was the recipient of his *Letters from High Latitudes*, "The Saga of the Clan Campbell." At the time

of its relation he is supposed to be standing on the mica slate ridge which pens up Loch Fyne on its western side, and overlooking "the loveliest scene in Scotland," whose central feature is the town of Inverary. His companion was a young Icelander named Sigurdr, who was to assist him in snatching from the frosty hand of the Ice-king some of the frozen secrets of the North. This is the "Saga :"

"I told him how in ancient days three warriors came from green Ierne, to dwell in the wild glens of Cowal and Lochow; how one of them, the swart Breachdan, all for the love of blue-eyed Eila, swam the gulf, once with a clew of thread, then with a hempen rope, last with an iron chain; but this time, alas! the returning tide sucks down the over-taxed hero into its swirling vortex; how Diarmid O'Duin, *i.e.*, son of 'the Brown,' slew with his own hand the mighty boar, whose head still scowls over the escutcheon of the Campbells; how in later times, while the murdered Duncan's son, afterwards the great Malcolm Canmore, was yet an exile at the court of his Northumbrian uncle, ere Birnam Wood had