

Carrick were a warlike race, ever at feud either with each other or with their neighbours in the adjoining sheriffdoms, and they had power enough to make themselves of consequence for good or ill to the government of the realm. But of the barons more anon.

Looking at the great size and weight of the Stone of Killochan, one is tempted at the very first to ask how so large a block came to be where it now lies. It measures roughly about 480 cubic feet, and must thus weigh somewhere about thirty-seven tons. There are no overhanging crags from which it could have rolled. It stands high above the river, and fully 100 feet above the sea, so that we can scarcely imagine it to have been washed down by floods, even if its great size did not forbid such a supposition. But our surprise increases when we find that this great mass of rock consists entirely of a close-grained granite. There is in the neighbourhood no granite hill from which it could have been detached. Silurian grits, slates and limestones, Old red sandstones and conglomerates, Carboniferous shales, freestones and coals, form all the surrounding country; but there is no granite. Whence, then, came the Baron's Stone? Perhaps a casual visitor might be bold enough to imagine that it was brought up from the coast by some of the old barons, having been shipped across from Arran. The size of the boulder, however, is enough of itself to show the absurdity of such a notion. Let the visitor step down to the margin of the river and look at the blocks of granite—less, indeed, in size, but similar in composition and form—which are lying by scores along the watercourse. Let him turn eastward into the picturesque little dell, by the side of which lies the carriage-way to the castle. In the bed of the rivulet he will see another set of large granite boulders, one of