

CHAP. VII.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAPITAL.

A Dialogue. — Brevity and Clearness. — Campbelton the earliest Seat of the Scottish Monarchy, and the Christian Religion in Scotland. — The Dalruadhs. — An out-of-the-way Place. — Round Robin Hood's Barn. — The Inverary Cross. — The Campbelton Cross: did it come from Iona? — Arguments for and against. — Popular Traditions and their value. — Ornamentation of the Cross. — Macculloch at fault. — Demons and Angels. — Pen and Pencil Records. — The Town House.

SCENE. — *Freeborn's Hotel, Campbelton: first-floor sitting-room: Author and Friend seated near a table on which are books.*

Friend. — The old Scottish capital, you say. Of course you mean Edinburgh?

Author. — Of course I do not.

Friend. — Scone, then, or perhaps Dunfermline?

Author. — Don't know such modern places.

Friend. — Forteviot, then, in Perthshire?

Author. — Nothing of the kind, my dear sir, though you are certainly coming nearer the mark; but Forteviot was not a capital until the ninth century — three hundred years after this spot; and Dun-Edin was not heard of when this town was the seat of monarchy.

Friend. — But this town is Campbelton, in Cantire,

at whose harbour we landed yesterday afternoon from the Greenock steamer.

Author.—Certainly, my dear friend, and this Campbelton was a capital city long before the present metropolis of Scotland had even swelled into the dimensions of a little village.

Friend.—You surprise me.

Author.—I don't wonder at it. To tell you the truth, it has surprised me also to discover the fact. I fear that I must have got shaky in my Scottish history, or else it was imperfectly taught me, and bumped each year by Greece and Rome, until the Classical Boat had got to the head of the river, and the British Boat was nowhere. But, here are some very instructive volumes that have greatly enlightened my ignorance. This is Dr. Smith's "Historical Account of Campbelton," which exhausts the subject.

Friend.—And its reader, I should imagine. It looks terribly dry.

Author.—Not to those who are thirsting for information, and this is William Smith's "Campbelton and its Neighbourhood." And this—

Friend.—Oh, spare me! those Smiths are to be found everywhere, doing everything. Can you not present them with the prefix of Mac, wherewith to improve their appearance, and make them more congenial to these Highland sights and sounds! But put

away those terrible folios, my dear Author, and tell me a few of the most important facts, if they are interesting and worth the telling. Boil down those dreary looking volumes, and extract their essence; and be brief in serving up the banquet.

Author.—Willingly! though as Horace said, and as Thomas Warton wittingly quoted when he snuffed out the candle—“I trust that while I endeavour to be brief, I may not become obscure.”

Friend.—It is certainly, in many matters, no easy thing to be brief; conciseness and clearness can only be obtained at the expense of thought and labour; and I don't wonder at Cicero apologising for writing a long letter, on the plea that he had not time to write a short one. And now, my dear sir, *perge!*

Author.—When, early in the seventh century, that fortress rock that had been known as *Castrum Puellarum* received its Anglo-Saxon name of Edwins-burgh, which was the nucleus for a thriving village that was afterwards to grow into the great metropolis of Edinburgh, this town of Campbelton, or Dalruadhain, as it was then called, had, for more than a century, been the capital or seat of the original Scottish monarchy, and had received within its boundaries the first preachers of Christianity in the western Highlands. The earliest mention that we have of this district, is by Ptolemy, who distinguishes it, together with the islands of Islay

and Jura, by the name of *Epidium*; “probably,” Dr. Smith remarks, “from a similar Celtic word signifying the Isle of the Picts.”* This might refer to that portion of Cantire from this place to Mull, which was once island — or, to the whole of the peninsula of Cantire, which was commonly reckoned as an island, and was established as such in the year 1093, when the sovereignty of the isles was granted by Donald Bain, king of Scotland, to Magnus the Barefooted, king of Norway, who had his barge drawn under sail over the isthmus of Tarbert, and in this way brought Cantire under the compass of the grant, and fully established it as one of the islands of the Lords of the Isles. The chief inhabitants of “the Isle of the Picts,” of course, were Picts until about the year 210 A.D., when the natives of the Mull of Cantire were driven to Ireland. But before the third century had expired, Cairbre Ruadh, or “red-haired Cairbar,” the son of Conan the second king of Ireland, crossed over from Ireland, at the head of a colony of the ancient Celtic inhabitants, and landing upon the Mull, effected a settlement in that southern portion of the Pictish dominions, from which they had formerly been expelled. In this contest, Oscar, the son of Ossian was slain. About the middle of the fifth

* *Ebyd*, however, was the old British word for “a peninsula.” The Epidii formed one of the twenty-one tribes among whom Scotland was originally divided by Agricola.

century, the Scots were again driven back to Ireland, where they remained till the year 503, when they made another descent on Cantire, headed by Lorn, Angus, and Fergus, the three sons of Erc, and made themselves masters of the Peninsula, dividing the country between them.* Lorn took that northern point of Argyleshire that still retains his name. Islay fell to the share of Angus, who died soon after. Fergus who had landed at Dunaverty, took possession of Cantire; and on his brother Lorn's death, added his territory to his own, and so became sole monarch of the Scots, and has ever since stood at the head of the Scottish kings.† From

* "All the Gaelic traditions now current in the isles, point at an Irish migration which took place in the year of grace *once upon a time*, and the word Righdeire occurs continually, where it seems to mean a small king, and a king of Erin. Even the word Albanach, now used for Scotchman, means Wanderer." — *Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. p. 36.

† Father Innes having written a "Critical Essay on the Picts and Scots," in which he sets forth that the Scots probably did not come into Britain until after the time of Christ, and had not a king before the fifth or sixth century after Christ, was answered by a valorous Scottish gentleman (supposed to be a Mr. Waddel; see "*Scotia Rediviva*," vol. i. p. 256), who, in a pamphlet published 1733, entitled, "Remarks on Mr. Innes's Critical Essays," &c., proves satisfactorily (to himself) that "the Scots began to reign 452 years before the Incarnation, and 245 years *three months* before the Picts." This little touch of correctness about the three months is a master stroke. In speaking of the time of Alexander the Third (1249—1285), Mr. Chambers says, "When Fergus invaded the country in 503, he brought with him a flat black stone like a cushion, which had been, even for

Cairbre Ruadh, Cantire and the adjacent lands received the name of Dal-ruaedh, or "the portion of Ruadh;" the Scots were called Dalruadhini; their kingdom, the Dalruadhinian kingdom; and their capital or seat of government, Dalruadhain, now called Campbelton.*

King Fergus had a sister named Erca, who married a son of Conan, king of Ireland, to whom she bore Felim, who was the father of St. Columba. He is

ages before his time, a kind of family palladium. A destiny was attached to it, according to tradition, that wherever it should be placed, there should the race of Scots be predominant. Perhaps the sacred object had been carried with the tribe through Ireland, and might be afterwards committed to the charge of Fergus, as a means of procuring success to his expedition. On this the Scottish kings had always been placed at their coronation. Another Celtic ceremonial was gone through on such occasions. A Highland senachy, or herald, appeared before the new king, and recited his genealogy back to the time of Fergus, by way of showing his right to the throne." — *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 14. There were at Iona sacred black stones for a like purpose.

* "The Frith of Clyde is universally allowed to have been the boundary which separated the Dalriads from the Strathclyde Britons, and consequently it follows that *Dalriada*, or the territory of the Scots in Britain, *must have been confined to South Argyll*, or that part of the county lying to the south of Linne Loch; and the Scots appear to have maintained their possession of a territory so inconsiderable in comparison with that of the Picts, partly by the strong natural boundaries and impervious nature of the country itself, and partly by the close connection which they at all times preserved with the Irish." (Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland," vol. i. p. 33.) The same author also says of the three Dalriad tribes of Lorn, Cowall, and Kintyre, "that of Kintyre attained to so great power as eventually to obtain the supreme authority over all Scotland." (Vol. ii. p. 9.)

believed to have been born in the year 521, or 523, though a rather later date is sometimes assigned. His life is so clouded with monkish legends, that, in most instances, its facts can only be a matter of speculation; nor can we tell anything more of his visit to Cantire than we learnt when we paid our visit to Kilcolmkill yesterday. It is very evident that he preached the Gospel here before proceeding to Iona, and also that St. Kieran, "the Apostle of Cantire," was his predecessor in the work, and thus this old Scottish capital received within its boundaries the earliest preachers of Christianity in the Highlands. For nearly three centuries and a half, the ancient Campbelton continued to be the seat of government, and the capital of the Scottish kingdom, until 843, when Kenneth the Second, king of the Scots, having finally subdued the Picts, merged into one the two kingdoms and races of the Picts and Scots, and transferred the seat of government from Dalruadhain to Fortren (Forteviot), in Perthshire. Such, briefly, is the ancient history of this place in its palmy days, when it was the capital of the Scottish kingdom; and there is no spot throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, which has a higher or nobler history than this town at its very Land's-end; but because it lies out of every one's way, few care to visit it.

Friend. — Certainly, it must be confessed, that how-

ever interesting Campbelton may be, it is not a very accessible place. It is a terrible voyage to us gentlemen of England who live at home in ease. Just four times as long as the passage from Dover to Calais, even if you abbreviate this voyage as we did yesterday, by taking the rail to Greenock, and thereby getting two hours less of the steamer's company. A voyage equal to four times across the channel! and the worst of it is, that when we are here, we have got to get back again!

Author. — I will take you back by a shorter route. We will post up to Tarbert, and then get from thence to Greenock through the Kyles of Bute. By that way, the voyage will only be three hours and a half — if the weather is propitious.

Friend. — Only — and if! I groan within me!
ὄτοπτοτοῖ.

Author. — If you dare not trust yourself to so long an acquaintance with salt-water, and wish to get back to England on dry land, you will have to go round Robin Hood's barn with a vengeance, though you will be compensated by lovely scenery. In the first place, you would have to post seventy-three miles from here to Inverary, unless you stopped short at Ardrishaig to see the Crinan Canal, and then crossed Loch Fyne by the Otter Ferry. You might do worse than this; and if you should stop at Ardrishaig, which is a very pretty spot, and well worth seeing, I would counsel you to

put up *at* Mrs. Johnson's Hotel, where you will have nothing to put up *with*, but will meet with all the comfort, cleanliness, and attention that you can possibly desire. If you go on to Inverary, don't forget to look at



INVERARY CROSS.

the old cross. It is of the same age and character as that cross in the Main Street of Campbelton, which we can see from this window; but it is smaller, though equally well preserved. Here is a sketch of it. It is singular that it should only be mentioned in one out

of these many books that cover this table. These Guide-book and Gazetteers and Beauties of Scotland do not speak of it: they only tell us of the monument to the luckless Campbells. Old Pennant is silent concerning it, although it was an antiquity quite in his way, and he has given us plates of less perfect crosses in Oransay and Islay. Here is another book — Mawman's "Excursions to the Highlands," published in 1805, and illustrated by the magical pencil of Turner, which, in fact, gives the book its only value, and lends an interest to a very dull narrative. Here is the great landscape-painter's view of Inverary; but neither in it, or in the accompanying letter-press can we catch a glimpse of the old cross. Here is Miss Sinclair's pleasant and gossiping description of Inverary, and Lord Teignmouth's soberer version, and Maxwell's forced vivacity; but not a word about this cross: and the only mention of it that I can find, is in "Smith's Statistical Account of the Parish of Inverary."*

Friend. — What! Smith again?

Author. — Yes, but a true Scotchman, the Rev. Colin Smith, who speaks thus of the Inverary Cross:—"There is also a stone cross in the parish, which was probably brought from Iona, and which was for many

* And in the "Old Church Architecture of Scotland," which has been published after these pages had gone to press. See Appendix, "Ecclesiology of Cantire," where the Campbelton Cross is also described.

years the town cross of Inverary. It was removed when the old town was knocked down, and lay long neglected, but it is restored now to its former office, and stands at the end of the principal street. On one of its narrow sides there is an inscription in Lombardic character as follows: 'Hæc est crux nobilium virorum videlicet Dondcani M'Eugyllichomghnan Patrici filii ejus et Maelmore filii Patrici qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat.' " I said that this was the only mention of the cross that I could find. But I should rather have said, the only detailed mention: for the Rev. Daniel Kelly, in speaking of St. Columba's supposed visit to that spot now called Kilcolmkill, on the Mull of Cantire, says, " Here is the pedestal of a large stone cross, no doubt dedicated to the memory of the saint, but which has been removed from its proper place, and now lies neglected at Inverary." Mr. Kelly does not assign any reason for coupling together the Kilcolmkill pedestal, and the Inverary shaft, nor does he attempt to show why the shaft should have been removed from one extremity of Argyleshire to the other. But at any rate, we may accept his statement as an additional evidence to the popular belief that these crosses, whether brought from Iona or not, had been dedicated to St. Columba. And if this Inverary Cross does really belong to Cantire, then is our consideration of it scarcely to be called a digression. But at any rate,

from its age and character, if not from its history, it may be taken in illustration of the Campbelton Cross; to which let us now proceed. But first, let me direct your attention to this second edition of Constable's



MAIN STREET, CAMPBELTON.

Gazetteer, which particularly prides itself on “the accuracy of its statements,” and on giving “a description of every remain of antiquity.” This is its accurate statement and description of the Campbelton Cross, one

of the finest and best preserved crosses in Scotland, and which from its position in the centre of the Main Street, could not have been unobserved by any visitor. "There are no antiquities of any note, as might have been expected in the site of the most ancient capital of the Scottish kingdom." Now, come with me, and see if this Cross of Campbelton can be considered as an antiquity of any note.*

[*They go down and inspect the cross.*]

Author. — The Cross, as you may perceive, my dear Sir, is carved out of hard blue granite, and is well placed in the centre of this wide street, raised upon a modern pedestal nearly seven feet high, composed of six tiers, ranged in an irregular octagon, as steps to the cross — the lowest tier being double the height of the other five. The cross, itself, is ten feet ten inches in height, and its thickness not more than four inches. The width of its shaft at the base is eighteen inches, which width gradually diminishes to twelve inches at the upper portion of the cross. The width across the arms is three feet three. The cross, therefore, lifts its head between seventeen and eighteen feet above the roadway. Its basement conceals a spring of water; would that it also could conceal this homely-looking pump, which is

* Forsyth, in his five-volume book, "The Beauties of Scotland," in which all the antiquities of the country are said to be fully described, does not mention the Campbelton and Inverary crosses.

the ugly means of conveying the limpid stream to the recipients of its bounty. But let us close our eyes to this repulsive fact, which, in these days of pretty drinking fountains, the Provost and his Baillies and municipal government might very readily convert into an elegant adjunct that should please the eye and harmonise with the chief portion of the structure; and let us, in this fountain of pure water gushing forth from the foot of the Cross, see an emblem of better things, and read a lesson significant of those higher and purer blessings that flow to us from the Cross of Christ. This fountain adds to the teaching of the Cross; and the main end, in thus setting up the symbol of our redemption in the market-place and public thoroughfare, was to make it a silent preacher to remind them of that leaven wherewith the whole lump of the every-day business of their common life should be leavened. How many years do you suppose it has preached this lesson?

Friend. — Judging from the freshness of its sculpture, I should have said that it was but a preacher of yesterday; but despite its good preservation and sharply-cut ornaments, there is enough about it to tell me that it must be of some antiquity. Is the date of its erection known?

Author. — No! We have only tradition to help us to a solution; and even popular tradition varies in its accounts. From the character of its Lombardic in-

scription, and from the nature of the ornamentation, I think we might assign its date to the end of the fourteenth, or the commencement of the fifteenth century. The most generally received tradition is, that it was brought to this spot from Iona.* This was Pennant's idea, when he visited the town in 1770, and he says, that it concurred with the tradition of the place.† Gordon, in his "Itinerarium Septentrionale," had mentioned it as a Danish obelisk; but he had never seen the Cross, nor did he venture to describe it. Dr. Smith of Campbelton, and his namesake, William Smith, with the author of the "Statistical Account of the Parish of Campbelton," all incline to the idea that it was brought from Iona, and that such had been the popular tradition for ages. If this tradition is correct, its transportation must have taken place previous to 1560, in which year, by the decree of the Synod of Argyle, the three hundred and sixty crosses that made Iona one great cemetery of crosses, were thrown down and cast into the sea. I say, "must have taken place *previous* to" that barbarian act of the Convention of Estates, which dispersed

* Lord Teignmouth is the only author who gives a different version, though some of the "Gazetteers" have adopted his description. He says: "The main street of Campbelton is adorned by a beautiful cross brought from Oransay; small human figures, foliage, and a Saxon inscription are engraven on it, specifying the individuals by whom it was erected." (Vol. ii. p. 377.)

† Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 196.

all the treasures of knowledge in Iona, besides destroying its "monuments of idolatrie," as such crosses as this were called. But, according to another tradition, when those three hundred and sixty crosses, save three, were thrown down, only a portion were cast into the sea, and others were carried off, and may be seen as grave-stones in the churchyards of Mull, and the surrounding islands. But *who* would carry them off? certainly not the iconoclastic mob, mad drunk with their pseudo-religious zeal. And I do not suppose that those about the monastery would be enabled to save them from their overthrow into the sea, by transporting them at such a time of danger and difficulty, to Campbelton, or Inverary, or Mull. Their transportation was no easy matter. Indeed, one of the wonders connected with these "Iona crosses" is how such monoliths of the hardest whinstone, of such weight and dimensions, could be quarried, and brought over from the mainland, with the means and appliances that then existed. They must not only have taxed the powers of first-rate artists and sculptors, but of engineers also.* But although these traditions vary, with regard to the date of transportation, they agree in the main point, — that this cross came from Iona. On the other hand, they who scoff at popular tradition, and scout the idea that this, or any

* The sienite or red granite, and the grey freestone for the cathedral of Iona, were quarried in Mull.

other of the so-called "Iona crosses," were actually transported from Iona, base their supposition on the improbability of the crosses having been removed from the places where they were once set up, and being made to do duty for various persons in various places of the Western Highlands and Islands. To which objection, I think it might be argued, that, although these crosses may never have been *set up* in Iona, yet that they may have been carved there, by a school of monastic sculptors, whose office it might have been to supply these sacred symbols to the different applicants in different places. This would account for the uniformity of the type; and the difficulty of transportation (far more difficult on the land than the water) would be a sufficient reason why these "Iona crosses" should be confined to Argyle and the Isles. With regard to this particular Campbelton Cross, they who deride the idea of its having been brought from Iona, point to the two names in the inscription — Kyregan, and Kilcoman, — and pretend to see in them a resemblance to, and possibly an identity with, Kilkerran close to Campbelton, and Kilcoivin, which was formerly a portion of the present parish of Campbelton. But this idea is more ingenious than probable; although to give it greater strength, it is asserted that this cross formerly stood upon a stone, plainly marked with a socket, and evidently the old pedestal of a cross — which stands

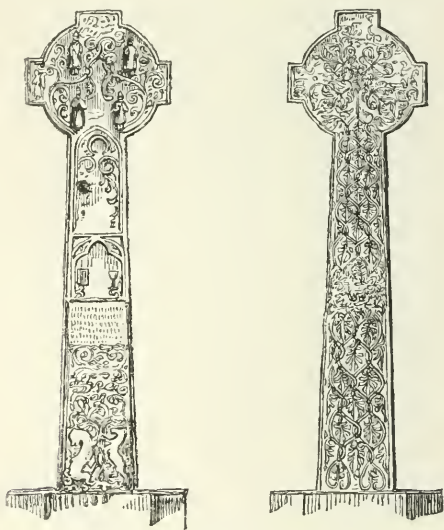
upon an artificial knoll outside the wall of the burial-ground at Kilkerran. But besides the fact that Iona was a place that was esteemed to be of peculiar sanctity, there was an additional reason in the people of this place having a memorial of St. Columba, on account of the intimacy that existed between him and St. Kieran, the Apostle of Cantire, whose abode was in a cave not far hence, which we will presently go and see. In fact, as we have already seen, St. Columba, before he proceeded to Iona, visited Cantire, and landed at that spot on the Mull, which after him was called Kilcolmkill, where he is said to have preached the Gospel and founded a church, and where there is a pedestal of a cross, which is believed to have been dedicated to his memory. But whether the Kilcolmkill and Campbelton Crosses were originally set up in Cantire, or were transported from Iona — however that may be — we know that relics such as this were thought worthy of carriage from a far greater distance than Iona; and I confess, that, despite the sneers of some writers regarding the “Iona crosses,” I am inclined to pin my faith to the popular tradition, and ascribe the origin of this cross to St. Columba’s isle. There, as I imagine, was a school of sculptors, who designed and executed these elaborately-ornamented monoliths, which will account for their prevailing type, and for their frequency throughout Argyle and the Isles.

Friend.—I also incline to believe in popular tradition. It is generally based upon fact, even where the superstructure is erroneous. I love to put a pleasurable faith in romantic lore; and it pains me when any of my old friends in whom I have believed and delighted, are exposed as liars and swindlers. I even strive to continue my faith in them, long after their deceptions have been incontrovertibly pointed out; and I fancy that I am not altogether singular in this respect. I think I have heard something about *Populus vult decipi*. I still believe in William Tell, and can swallow his orange, and think his achievement no tale of a long-bow. What is it, indeed, compared with the doings of an Armstrong rifle in the hands of one of our volunteers? I still like to credit the story (story, indeed!) that the mother of the future Edward the Second, was “cabin’d, cribb’d, confined,” in that little servitor’s waiting-room in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle, although modern research has so terribly disturbed oral tradition, and has incontestibly proved from public records that the chamber pointed out as the birth-place of the first Prince of Wales was not built until Edward of Caernarvon was thirty-three years of age. Then there is that other Prince of Wales who struck Judge Gascoigne upon the bench. I don’t like to be made to believe in this new historical discovery, that shows us that one of Henry’s first acts when he

came to the throne was to send that faithful judge to the Tower. And there is also that Black Prince of Wales, with his ostrich-plume cognisance, which Camden had taught us was taken from the blind King of Bohemia, the prisoner of Cressy, and which we are now told was never at any time the badge of that monarch, but was the cognisance of Philippa of Hainault, and ——

Author.—But we are straying off into records of the Princes of Wales, instead of examining this cross. Not but what we could show a connection between this cross and the present Prince of Wales. For, was not this cross the chief ornament of the capital of the Lords of the Isles, and is not our Queen's eldest son the present Lord of the Isles, and the virtual owner and guardian of this beautiful specimen of antiquity? See, how fresh is its carving. It seems as though it had but lately left the sculptor's hands. Its ornamentation, as you perceive, is of a character precisely similar to that of the Inverary Cross. Here is the same foliage worked into the same conventional pattern, elaborately twisting and twining, but the pattern reproduced at equal distances. Indeed, the back of the cross, as you see, is entirely taken up with this pattern, with but little variation in its treatment; and exquisitely delicate and beautiful it is. But in the front (or eastern face) of the cross, we see that this pattern only fills up the

lower part of the shaft of the cross, and that two animals, conventionally treated, rear themselves up against either side of the twisted stem of the foliage. Similar animals, similarly treated, are seen in the Inverary Cross. Above the foliage pattern, is a tablet closely covered by lines of letters, which if we would wish to read, we must mount the steps of the cross for that



THE CAMPBELTON CROSS.

purpose. Here is the Lombardic inscription faithfully copied—the pencil having been assisted not only by the aid of photography, but also by “a rubbing.” A few of the letters are well-nigh illegible, and it is cu-

rious that the inscription has suffered more wear and tear than any other portion of the carved work.

Pennant appears to have been the first who published an account of this inscription. His reading of it (which



CAMPBELTON CROSS INSCRIPTION.

appears to err in more than one letter) is thus given, and faithfully copied by all after-writers on the subject:—
 “Hæc: est: crux Domini: Yvari: M: K: Eachyrna:
 quondam: Rectoris: de Kyregan: et: Domini: Andre:

nati: ejus: Rectoris de Kil-coman: qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat." Which has been thus translated.* "This is the Cross of Mr. Ivar, M. K. Eachran, once Rector of Kyregan, and Master Andrew, his son, Rector of Kil-coman, who erected this Cross." The few accounts that have been printed of this cross, are excessively meagre, and give little besides this inscription; its ornamentation being very vaguely described. "It is a very handsome pillar of granite, richly ornamented with sculptured foliage," says Smith and the author of the "Statistical Account." "A very beautiful and perfect stone cross," says Macculloch, "the sculptures are as fresh as if but just executed, and consist of various foliages and Runic knots, designed and wrought with great taste, together with some emblematical figures of demons and angels, to which the same praise cannot be assigned." Now, with all due deference to so great an authority, this latter part of his description is sheer nonsense, and no true description at all, conveying to the reader, who has not, like you, my dear Sir, an opportunity of seeing the original, a very erroneous idea of its ornamentation †; for, doubtless, the impression on the reader's

* By the author of "The Statistical Account of Campbelton." Other translators make the M.K. to stand for the Scotch prefix "Mac."

† This mistake of Macculloch's passes unnoticed in the "Critical Examination of Macculloch's Highlands," mentioned in a note at p. 6; nor, indeed, is Cantire mentioned in that book.

mind would be, that emblematical — and why “emblematical” I should like to know?—figures of ugly demons and angels were sprawling about among tasteful foliage and Runic knots. Where, by the way, are the Runic knots? Does Macculloch mean that this graceful arabesque, of evidently a much later date than the old Danish times, is compared of Runic knots, or “Danish tangles,” as they are commonly called in these parts? And now look at his demons and angels. At the summit of the cross, among the ornamental foliage, you will perceive four figures, or rather five, for there is a smaller figure on the left hand arm of the cross; but the other four figures are larger and more important, and are arranged in two rows, one falling in each segment of the circle that occupies the greater portion of the arms of the cross. At a glance you will see, that if the sculptor intended these figures to represent demons, they must have been eminently respectable demons, and are standing in their several places, as calm and passionless as any saints. But, seriously, how could Macculloch give such an inaccurate description, which, of course, has since been copied by compilers of gazetteers, and the like. Not that I can pretend to say for whom the figures are meant, except that they are plainly *not* intended either for angels or demons. Perhaps these four might do duty for the Evangelists, or they may be tutelary saints, or even clerical portraits of

contemporary individuals. You will perceive that they are similarly clothed in long garments, though slightly varied as to attitudes. Beneath them, the upper portion of the shaft of the cross is divided into two parts, sculptured in the form of niches. On the Inverary Cross there is one niche, similar in character to these. The upper niche on this cross, as you see, is curiously treated in its foliated ornamentation, while in the lower niche, on the right-hand side, is figured a sacramental cup and a book.

Friend. — It is certainly a very beautiful monument of antiquity, and in very wonderful preservation. It is singular that it has been so little noticed by the pen. Perhaps the pencil has atoned for this.

Author. — No; this cross has never yet been properly represented. Considerable research and inquiry on this subject justify me, I believe, in saying, that only two illustrations of it have yet appeared. One of these is an engraved note-paper heading, representing Main Street, Campbelton, wherein, of course, the cross is shown standing in the centre of the street. This engraving, however, is on too small a scale to attempt anything like an indication of the details of the cross; but it is merely a reduced copy of Stewart's lithograph given in Smith's "Views of Campbelton," published twenty-seven years ago; and the lithographer has only given a general idea of the cross, without troubling himself with

the complicated details. In the vignette to Smith's "Views," the artist has again shown the cross, and on a larger scale than in the view of Main Street; but he has misrepresented its dimensions, and has not only abstained from attempting to copy the ornamentation,



but has erroneously indicated its leading characteristics. The cross is also shown on a very minute scale, of course, surmounting the badge of "the Kintyre Club," a benevolent society connected with the district, but having its head-quarters and its annual meetings at Glasgow. Beside these, I believe there has been no other representation of this interesting antiquity.* Neither this nor the Inverary Cross, are represented in the splendid work of the Spalding Club, whose specimens (nearly one hundred and fifty in number) are selected chiefly from the Eastern coast †

* The editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine" is of the same opinion.

† Sculptured Stones of Scotland, 1856.

Friend. — The cross, as was usual, is placed, I perceive, where four arms of streets can diverge from it. This Main Street is long, and wide, and with its good shops and houses presents quite an important appearance. There is Freeborn's Hotel at the corner of the street to the left; and at the opposite corner of the other side of the street, what is that building with its octagonal tower and spire?

Author. — That is the town-house. It contains a court-room, and gaols for criminals and debtors, and has improved in condition since the not-very-far-back date when the Commissioners on Municipal Corporations in Scotland reported it to be "perhaps the worst gaol in Scotland, after the old gaol of Rothsay." The burgh of Campbelton, under the new Municipal Act, has seventeen or eighteen councillors. It was formerly governed by a provost, two bailies, a water-bailie, a dean of guild, treasurer, town-clerk, and twelve councillors. Their head-quarters were there. Let us stroll down towards the quay, while I "discoorse ye," as Paddy says.

[*Exeunt discoorsing.*]