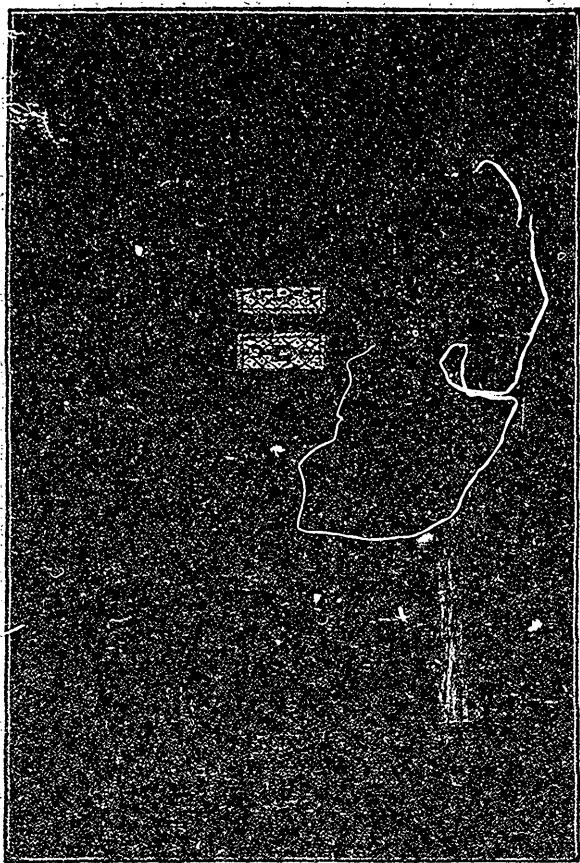


My first visit was to the noble Scott monument, shown in the initial cut of this chapter, where I had a bird's-eye view of the scene, over which he has cast such an undying spell. Beneath the arch is a marble statue of the great enchanter, and filling the many niches are the figures which he called from the realm of fancy, and enbreathed with life for ever. The deep ravine of the North Loch, now a charming public garden, crossed by lofty



ROOM IN WHICH KNOX DIED.

traffic-crowded bridges, separates the picturesque and historic old town and the handsome new city. The lofty, narrow crow-stepped buildings of the former rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian," to walk up the Cannongate, the High Street, the Lawn