

of the issue of a reprint of my work without my being even afforded the opportunity of amending the text. I had been for years in "another world," and my literary affairs were being administered as those of one who had died intestate.

The work of revision, which was thus rendered abortive, had brought me anew into pleasant correspondence with antiquarian friends, and enabled me to turn to account the fruits of much independent research. The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe amused himself with annotating, and occasionally illustrating with pencilled sketches, a set of proof sheets, from which I have since borrowed for my *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh*. Abundant materials had thus been accumulated for a revised text when I obtained sight of the reissue with this note appended to my old preface: "This edition is an exact reprint of the original work, with the exception that where buildings have been removed, or other alterations made, the fact is stated, either in a footnote or otherwise." One specimen of such editorial revision may suffice. On p. 394 Trinity College Church is referred to as "the beautiful edifice *which stood at the foot of Leith Wynd*." But only a few lines later the reader is told that "*as it now stands, it consists of the choir and transepts*," etc. Then, to bring this curious record up to the editor's ideal of consistent lucidity, a footnote is added which states that the church "*is now being rebuilt on a new site*, the stones having been almost entirely preserved"; which, alas, every reader knows to be wide indeed of the actual fact.

Among the varied experiences of a long life, not the least curious has been this participation in those of a deceased author. My volumes have been a free common for poachers. I have not only seen my drawings reproduced—with a difference, as the heralds say,—and my woodcuts employed, without acknowledgment, to illustrate the writings of other authors; but they have even appropriated my blunders! Some of the results might almost merit a place among the curiosities of literature. Beguiled by the conjunction of the arms of Robert, Duke of Albany, the son of Robert II, with those of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, the brother-in-law of the ill-fated