

PREFACE.

TO THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

SIRS,—The meenit I got your letter requestin' ma permis ion tae publish thae odd letters I've been i' the way o' writin' tae ma brither Wullie, aff I set a cablegram, costin' me nae less than saxpence a word, tellin' that young man tae pack up ma letters an' send them tae me *instantly*. As a nateral consequence here they are, an' muckle gude may they do ye. I'm sure ye deserve great success in yer enterprise, if it was for naething else than for the oncommon gumption ye've displayed in kennin' on which side yer bread was buttered in publishin' an *ante-mortem* edition o' ma letters. I consider that's a faer decenter way o' proceedin' than publishin' a man's private correspondence after he's dead, howkin' him oot o' his grave, as it were, an' a' the mair sae that by that time he's no in a position tae enjoy ony o' the profits comin' tae him frae the sale o' sic correspondence.

Sae houpin' the first may no be the last edition,

I remain, yours truly,

Hugh Airlie.