

MYSTIFICATION

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Mystifications by Clementina Stirling Graham

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CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM

**MYSTIFICATION
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MYSTIFICATIONS

By CLEMENTINA STIRLING GRAHAM.

Fourth Edition.

Health to the auld wife, and weel mat she be,
That buaks her fause rock wi' the lint o' the He,
Whirling her spindle and twisting the awins,
Wynds aye the right pin into the right line.

EDINBURGH:
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.
1869.

SPV

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THESE delightful *Mystifications*, which were privately printed four years ago, have been so much sought after in this country and in America, that I have prevailed—not without difficulty—on Miss Graham to let the public, as well as her friends, enjoy them.

Preface.

“Those who knew the best of Edinburgh society eight-and-thirty years ago—and when was there ever a better than that best?—must remember the personations of an old Scottish gentlewoman by Miss Stirling Graham, one of which, when Lord Jeffrey was victimized, was famous enough to find its way into *Blackwood*, but in an incorrect form.”

“Miss Graham’s friends have for years urged her to print for them her notes of

Dunbar.

these pleasant records of the harmless and heart-easing mirth of bygone times; to this she has at last assented, and the result is this entertaining, curious, and beautiful little quarto, in which her friends will recognise the strong understanding and goodness, the wit and invention, the fine humour of the much-loved and warm-hearted representative of Viscount Dundee—the terrible Clavers.¹ They will recall that blithe and winning face, sagacious

¹ "DEAR DR. BROWN,—In compliance with your request, I send you my genealogy in connexion with Claverhouse—the same who was killed at Killiecrankie. John Graham of Claverhouse married the Honourable Jean Cochrane, daughter of William Lord Cochrane, eldest son of the first Earl of Dundonald. Their only son, an infant, died December 1689. David Graham, his brother, fought at Killiecrankie, and was outlawed in 1690—died without issue—when the representation of the family devolved on his cousin, David Graham of Duntrane. Alexander Graham of Duntrane died, 1782; and on the demise of his last surviving son, Alexander, in 1804, the property was inherited equally by his four surviving sisters, Anne, Amelia, Clementina, and Alison. Amelia was my mother.

"Yours ever,

"CLEM. STIRLING GRAHAM.

"DUNDEE, 14th November 1800."

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and sincere, that kindly, cheery voice, that rich and quiet laugh, that mingled sense and sensibility, which met, and still, to our happiness, meet in her, who, with all her gifts and keen perception of the odd, and power of embodying it, never gratified her consciousness of these powers, or ever played

‘Her quips and cranks and wanton wiles’
so as to give pain to any human being.

“And are we not all the better for this pleasantry? so womanly, so genial, so rich, and so without a sting,—such a true diversion, with none of the sin of effort or of mere cleverness; it takes us into the midst of the strong-brained and strong-hearted men and women of that time; what an atmosphere of sense, good-breeding, and *couthiness!* And then the Scotch! blossoming out everywhere as blithe, expressive, and unexpected as a gowan or sweet-briar rose. Besides the deeper and general interest of these *Mystifications*, in their giving, as far as I know, unique specimens of true personation—distinct from acting—I think it a national good

Preface.

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to let our youngsters read, and, as it were, hear the language which our Scottish gentry and judges and men of letters spoke not long ago, that language in which what is best of Robert Burns may—if we cease to know and use it—ere long lie buried. Was there ever anything so good said of a stiff clay, as that it ‘girms (grins) a’ simmer, and greets (weeps) a’ winter’?”¹

When we read over the names we find here, we see the men, we hear them, and feel their living power. There is Lord Newton, huge in body and in mind, capable of any mental and social effort, full of hard reason. William Clerk, only less witty and odd than his great Swiftian brother, Lord Eldin. Lord Rutherford, then young, but rejoicing, as only a strong man does, to run his race, with those great, burning, commanding eyes, and that noble head. Lord Gillies, every inch a man and a judge—strong, clear, prompt, inevitable, with a tenderness and concentration of heart that only such men

¹ *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, 1861, p. 328.