

**QUIET WATERS, ESSAYS
ON SOME STREAMS OF
SCOTLAND**

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Quiet Waters, Essays on Some Streams of Scotland by H. W. H.

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H. W. H.

**QUIET WATERS, ESSAYS
ON SOME STREAMS OF
SCOTLAND**

Quiet Waters:

ESSAYS

ON SOME

STREAMS OF SCOTLAND.

By H. W. H.

Author of "A Mediæval Scribe," and other Poems.

J. AND R. PARLANE,

FAISLEY.

1884.



PREFACE

A SUMMER basket is offered, filled by the riversides—filled only with wild common things which may be gathered by who will. Those who are intimate with the little streams which wander from sea to sea may themselves pluck this homeliest fruit—the fruit from their sycamore trees. If this homely fruit be here hidden in the leafage of homelier thoughts—thoughts that are only sweet and cool to the wanderer who gathered them alone—yet, such as they are, they are offered to those who love the watersides, who also have wandered and dreamed there in the first tumult of youth, and may keep them for love, as spoils of their own, from luminous, far-off days.

We are only “gatherers of sycamore fruit,” gleaners in the fields of early corn, Ruths going after the reapers, having no sickles of our own to reap any harvest of the past, but pleased to bind in the

twilight some golden barley sheaves, and bear them home at eventide to those who do not go out into the fields.

To a book published forty years ago, the "Chronicles of St. Mungo"; to Mr M'George's "Old Glasgow," to a few oral traditions—are mostly owed the material of the essay on the River Kelvin. But perhaps it is unnecessary to name authorities in pages which profess so little—which offer only a few simple pleasures free for who will to share—a basket of sycamore fruit, a gleaner's sheaf of corn.

H. W. H.

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QUIET WATERS.

THE CLYDE AT BOTHWELL.

"Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's walls fung back the praise."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*



THE slow river, unheard, winds somewhere through the shadows to the sea. The beautiful ruin of the priory, more than half hidden in its elms, seems to consecrate the silence. One looks through the dark of its greenness for the vision of Sir Bors,—“the little whitest dove with the golden censor in its mouth.”

Here, on a spring noontide, when every flower is a-blow, you adventure on that strange feeling which all who know themselves have known. A flood of association comes upon you, then recedes like a wave, but does not come back again like a wave on the seashore. Some delicate apposition of