

## CHAPTER III.

“ At Wallace name what Scottish blood  
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !  
Oft have our fearless fathers strode  
By Wallace side,  
Still pressing onward, red wat shod,  
Or glorious died.”

BURNS.

I FIRST became thoroughly a Scot some time in my tenth year ; and the consciousness of country has remained tolerably strong within me ever since. My Uncle James had procured for me from a neighbor the loan of a common stall-edition of Blind Harry's "Wallace," as modernized by Hamilton ; but after reading the first chapter,—a piece of dull genealogy, broken into very rude rhyme,—I tossed the volume aside as uninteresting ; and only resumed it at the request of my uncle, who urged that, simply for *his* amusement and gratification, I should read some three or four chapters more. Accordingly, the three or four chapters more I did read ;—I read "how Wallace killed young Selbie the Constable's son ;" "how Wallace fished in Irvine Water ;" and "how Wallace killed the Churl with his own staff in Ayr ;" and then Uncle James told me, in the quiet way in which he used to make a joke tell, that the book seemed to be rather a rough sort of production, filled with accounts of quarrels and bloodshed, and that I might read no more of it unless I felt inclined. But I now did feel inclined very strongly, and read on with increasing astonishment and