

tween his, "it's a sair thing to say *farewell*; but at present I maunsay it. This is a scene I never expected to see; for O Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and to harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jeanie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye maun be anither's now: *fareweel! fareweel!*"

"Not no! my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the action of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours: save me, Willie!" And she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell! or what are ye? will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth.—Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's—regiment of infantry, to whom, long years before, she had given her young heart.

THE RED HALL;

OR

BERWICK IN 1296.

Somewhat more than five hundred years ago, and Berwick-upon-Tweed was the most wealthy and flourishing city in Great Britain. Its commerce was the most extensive, its merchants the most enterprising and successful. London in some measure strove to be its rival, but possessed not a tenth of the natural advantages, and Berwick continued to bear the palm alone—being styled the Alexandria of the nations, the emporium of commerce, and one of the first commercial cities in the world. This state of prosperity it owed almost solely to Alexander III. who did more for Berwick than any sovereign that has since claimed its allegiance. He brought over a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected an immense building, called the

Red Hall, (situated where the Wool-market now stands,) and which at once served as dwelling houses, factories, and a fortress.—The terms upon which he granted a charter to this company of merchants, were, that they should defend, even unto death, their Red Hall against every attack of an enemy, and of the English in particular. Wool was the staple commodity of their commerce; but they also traded extensively in silks and in foreign manufactures. The people of Berwick understood *Free Trade* in those days. In this state of peace and enviable prosperity, it continued until the spring of 1296. The bold, the crafty, and revengeful Edward I. meditated an invasion of Scotland; and Berwick, from its wealth, situation, and importance, was naturally anticipated to be the first object of his attack. To defeat this, Baliol, whom we can sometimes almost admire—though generally we dispise and pity him—sent the chief men of Fife and their retainers to the assistance of the town. Easter week arrived, but no tidings were heard of Edward's movements, and business went on with its wonted bustle. Amongst the merchants of the Red Hall, was one known by the appellation of William the Fleming, and he had a daughter, an heiress and only child, whose beauty was the theme of Berwick's minstrels, when rhyme was beginning to begin. Many a knee was bent to the rich and beautiful Isabella; but she preferred the humble and half-told passion of Francis Scott, who was one of the clerks in the Red Hall, to all the chivalrous declarations of prouder lovers. Francis possessed industry and perseverance; and these, in the eyes of her father, were qualifications precious as rubies. These, with love for his daughter, overcame other mercenary objections, and the day for their marriage had arrived.—Francis and Isabella were kneeling before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the service—the merchant was gazing fondly over his child—when a sudden and a hurried peal from the Bell Tower broke upon the ceremony—and cries of "The English! to arms!" were heard from the street. The voice of the priest faltered—he stopped—William the Fleming placed his hand upon his sword—the bridegroom started to his feet, and the fair Isabella clung to his side.—"Come, children," said the merchant, "let us to the Hall—a happier hour may bless your nuptials—this is no moment for bridal ceremony." And, in silence, each man grasping his sword, they departed from the chapel, where the performance of the marriage rites