

MARIE GOURDON.

CHAPTER I.

“Wae’s me for Prince Chairlie.”

OLD SCOTCH SONG.

IT was a dark gloomy night in the year 1745. Huge clouds hung in heavy masses over the sky, ready to discharge their heavy burden at any moment. The thunder echoed and re-echoed with deafening crashes, as if the whole artillery of heaven were arrayed in mighty warfare, and shook even the giant crag on which the castle of Dunmorton was situated.

Fierce indeed was the tempest without, but within the castle raged one still fiercer—that of two strong natures fighting a bitter battle. So loud were their voices raised in altercation that the storm without was scarce heeded.

Dunmorton was a fine old castle of the Norman type, with a large moat surrounding it, and having all the characteristics appertaining to the feudal state. To the rear of the moat, be-