

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOVING OF THE ICE.

WE must pass over a year; for so long did Sam Holt continue in Europe. Rambling over many countries, from the heather hills of Scotland and the deep fiords of Norway, to the Alhambra and the sunlit 'isles of Greece,' this grandson of a Suffolk peasant, elevated to the ranks of independence and intellectual culture by the wisdom and self-denial of his immediate ancestors, saw, and sketched, and intensely enjoyed the beauty with which God has clothed the Old World. And in that same sketch-book, his constant companion, there was one page which opened oftener than any other—fell open of itself, if you held the volume carelessly—containing a drawing, not of Alpine aiguille, nor Italian valley, nor Spanish posada, nor Greek temple, but of a comfortable old mansion, no way romantically situate among swelling hills, and partially swathed in ivy. The corner of the sketch bore the lightly pencilled letters, 'Dunore.'

And now he fancied that twelve months' travel had completed the cure, and that he had quite conquered his affection for one who did not return it. He was