

**WHAT WALTER DID, AND
WHERE HE
WENT, AND HOW HIS
HOLIDAYS WERE SPENT**

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What Walter did, and where he went, and how his Holidays were spent by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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FLYING KITES.



What Walter did,
and where he went,
And how his Holidays
were spent.



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T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1868.





WALTER'S HOLIDAYS

CHAPTER I.



HOPE none of my young readers will have forgotten Walter Somerville, of whom it was my privilege to tell them in a little book called "*Walks with Mamma.*" He lived, they will remember, in the pretty village of Beyminster; and his mother was the widow of an officer who had been killed in India during the Great Mutiny. In the book I speak of Walter was introduced to them as a boy of six or seven years old; I am now about to bring him again before you, but he has grown much older since you last saw him. He is now in his tenth year; an active, lively, and intelligent lad, passionately fond of his mother, and careful to anticipate her lightest wish.

His mother had educated him until he was nine years old, and had well grounded him in useful knowledge. He was very partial to reading, and by this means had acquired a store of information upon a variety of important subjects. For he did not only read story-books, but would pore for hours over an entertaining history, an interesting record of travel, or the life of some heroic man who wrought and thought for the good of his fellow-men.

Do you like reading? I hope so, and I hope you like useful and wholesome reading, for you will find it an inestimable benefit in later years. History, and travels, and biography will train your mind for the right performance of your duties in life; if properly studied, they will teach you to be true and honest, generous and brave. I need hardly tell you that at times you may amuse and refresh yourself with the perusal of a good story-book, or that, above all reading and in preference to all reading, you must place the reading of the Bible, as the only source of true happiness and the revelation of God's love and mercy towards man.

Walter Somerville, at the age of nine, was sent to a boarding-school a few miles distant from Beyminster, not only for the sake of his education, but that he might profit by the society of other boys. His mother was too wise and too wisely affectionate not to see that he would probably grow up timid and retiring, if he had no companions of his own age—boys like himself—to stimulate him in his studies, and join with him in his pastime and exercise. The school where he was placed bore a good reputation, and deserved it. The master was a man of high character and great attainments, and his scholars regarded him with equal respect and affection. Though deeply grieved at his separation from his mother, Walter soon learned to like his school-life. His amiable temper made him a great favourite with his comrades, his studious and obedient habits with his tutors, and at the end of the session he returned home with the most flattering report of his good conduct. You can imagine how delighted his mother was to receive him, and how he rushed into her arms and covered her with kisses.

Everybody was glad to see him; and for the first day or two he found his time fully occupied in visiting his village friends and favourite places. A rich uncle, who had received a very high character of him from his schoolmaster, had sent him as a present a beautiful white pony; and, mounted on this nimble and willing creature, Walter soon made a survey of the village of Beyminster.

He trotted off to the mill, and was warmly welcomed by Miller Thompson. Then he rode down to the brook, and bathed his pony's feet at the ford. He did not forget to pay a visit to the ruined castle, which in the old times had been gay with banners and tenanted by knights and squires and men-at-arms, but whose hoary walls had now no other ornament than mosses and ivy, and no other inhabitants but the sparrows. He also rode to Farmer Jones's, and was regaled by the farmer's wife with a large goblet of milk fresh from the cow; and he went as far as the market-town of Broadmoor, and executed an errand for his mother. And another ride which he heartily enjoyed took him to the sheet of water which