

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*William Waters,*  
AND HIS  
**ASS BOB.**

~~~~~  
With beautiful Cuts.  
~~~~~

*Price One Penny.*



THE  
ADVENTURES

OF

*William Waters,*

AND HIS

ASS BOB.

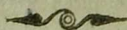
.....  
Ornamented with neat Wood Cuts.  
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**OTLEY:**

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Price One Penny.

## WILLIAM WATERS.



PRAY, father, how long is it since you sold our poor Bob to William Waters? I wish we had him again, then I could ride to school, which would be more pleasant than to walk, the road is so dirty in the winter, said Henry Jenkins, when he was sitting by the fire.

Why, said Mr. Jenkins, it is almost seven years, for I remember you was but a very little one when I sold him, or I should have kept him for you to ride upon; but being so young, I was afraid he might kick, and throw you off, as

he frequently turned frisky.

Now you talk of William Waters, I will tell you what a good boy he was.

When William was but nine years old, his father died, and left his mother with three poor children, besides himself, to provide for, and he was the eldest.



His father had been a very drunken man, therefore he

had no money to leave them, so they all went to the work-house a month after his funeral, the mother and four children.

William was a strong and healthy lad, so the neighbours



used to get him to carry letters from one village to another; and after some little time had passed, the farmers persuaded me to sell him poor

Bob, as they were afraid it might injure his constitution by walking so much ; I therefore consented, and poor Bob went to the workhouse with William.

William had not time to fly his kite as you have, but was obliged to carry letters when the farmers wanted any thing from market ; and if they did not send him to market, they always found him some other employment instead of playing.

But William loved to work, and was never angry when they desired him to do it. From his willingness to oblige



every body, he got a great deal of money given him; which he took such care of, that he was very soon enabled to take a small cottage in the village for himself, and maintained his mother and brothers, whom he took out of the work-house to live with him.

His mother being as industrious as himself, sold tea and sugar to the poor villagers,





which William fetched twice a week from the nearest market town, on poor old Bob.

They were all so prosperous, because they were good, that William enjoyed many pleasures more than he did when obliged to live in the work-house.

One day as William was going to market, he met with a poor blind sailor, who fought

under Lord Nelson, and lost his eye-sight at the battle of the Nile.

You would have been pleased to see how faithful his dog was to him ; for when he was



near a dangerous path, or going across a narrow bridge, the dog would run back, and leap upon him with as much thought for his protec-

tion, as you would for your papa.

The sailor related a great part of his adventures to William, and told him how he lost his sight, and in what battles he had been.

His dog had been with him many years; he had it given to him by a gentleman when he was at school. The various tricks Toby performed,



(for that was the name of his dog,) delighted the boys in the village much. They would bring him bits of bread, and make him sit up before they gave it to him. But Toby soon got used to them, and now he always sits up when he sees any thing to eat.

When he was fifteen years old he was put an apprentice to a shoe-maker, but his master used him so cruel, that he could scarcely get any victuals to eat, so he at last resolved to enlist for a soldier; but not liking that, he afterwards went to sea.

Poor William was distres-

sed at his misfortunes, and had compassion on him; then gave him six-pence to help him on his journey, and to relieve his hunger.

William's brother was now become a big boy, and capable of earning his living, therefore William thought it best to put him out as an apprentice. He knew a good man who was a butcher, and he prevailed



on him to take his brother, which he complied with.

He served him so faithfully, attended so regularly, and pleased his customers so well, that his master gave him a share in the business, and in a few years retired and left him the whole of the concern to himself.

Having continued to be industrious for some time, he found himself very rich; he therefore asked his brother William to become his partner, which he readily accepted, and changed his situation for that of a butcher. In a few years the rest of their brothers

were taken to the business, and the good old woman, Mrs. Waters, lived in a small house which her sons built for her, and poor Bob seldom did any work, as he had done plenty before.

Such, Henry, said Mr. Jenkins, are the great blessings of providence on those who are virtuous and industrious.

FINIS.

A Barber.

