

DEAN AND SON, Printers, Lithographers, and Book and Print Publishers, 31, Ludgate Hill,
 Three doors west of Old Bailey.

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THE STORY OF LITTLE JO-EY.



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SEE what fine strong horses these are. I dare say they were bred in Suffolk, that being a country famous for them. Wagons, such as the one shewn in the engraving, were formerly used for carrying heavy goods, and had a team of six or more horses; since railways have come into use, they are seldom seen; this one has but two horses; and they are standing still; for the driver, Kind-hearted Joe, as he is called, has stopped to lift into the wagon a poor woman who was lying by the road side, tired and ill, with a baby in her arms.

Joe's wife, who is as kind-hearted as himself, has taken the baby into her own lap, for the poor mother can no longer hold it. What a pretty creature it is. Would you not like to hear his history? for that little child is now a man, and has shown, amongst many others, how a poor child, if good, industrious, and fond of learning, may get forward in life, though it has neither father nor mother, but only strangers to take care of it in helpless infancy.

When the wagon came to the end of its journey, which it soon did, Kind-hearted Joe and Peggy his wife had the poor woman put into a warm bed, and then sent for the village doctor; but she grew worse and worse, and died soon after, leaving her baby without a friend or relation in the world that they knew of; for they had not teased her with any questions as to who she was.

Some of the neighbours said they had better send the baby to the workhouse; but the little thing, as though it knew what they meant, looked up in Peggy's face with such a piteous look, and stretched out its little arms in such a fond manner to Joe, that they had not the heart to part with it; so they said, whilst they had a crust for themselves, it should share it with them; they might have to work a little harder, to maintain it; but, perhaps, in its turn, it might be a comfort to them in their old age, for they had no children of their own; and so indeed it proved, as you shall hear.

The poor woman had spoken so little, that they did not even know the baby's name. They were a long while fixing on what it should be, but at last Peggy said it should be Joey, and Joey it was; and little Joey living so much in the wagon, and amongst horses, grew up very fond of



animals, and of horses in particular. Master Freddy Bruce, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a very pretty pony, would often come to Joe's cottage, to get a lesson in riding from Joey, who had learnt to ride, almost before he could speak, on a rough-backed little horse Joe used to take with him on long journeys, instead of having always to walk at the head of his team.

One day, when Joey was out by himself, he found a young Newfoundland dog, very thin, foot-sore, and covered with mud. In such a state as this, Joey could not, of

course, know what a fine dog he was ; but had he seemed a great deal less handsome, he would have felt as much pity, and have tried to serve him just the same. So he patted his head, saying, " Poor fellow ! you have lost your way, and are hungry and tired ; so come along, I will make you a nice bed of fresh straw ; and if I can find nothing else for you to eat, will give you my supper." The sagacious creature listened to these kind words, as though he understood them, and wagging his tail, as much as to say, " Thank you," followed Joey, glad enough to find a new home, now that he had lost his old one.

Kind-hearted Joe and Peggy were as fond of poor dumb animals as Joey was ; besides which, they liked to see the little boy so humane ; for they knew what a good bishop had said, ' That as the Almighty is to us, so should we be to those creatures that are in our power ; for they look to us for protection and food.'

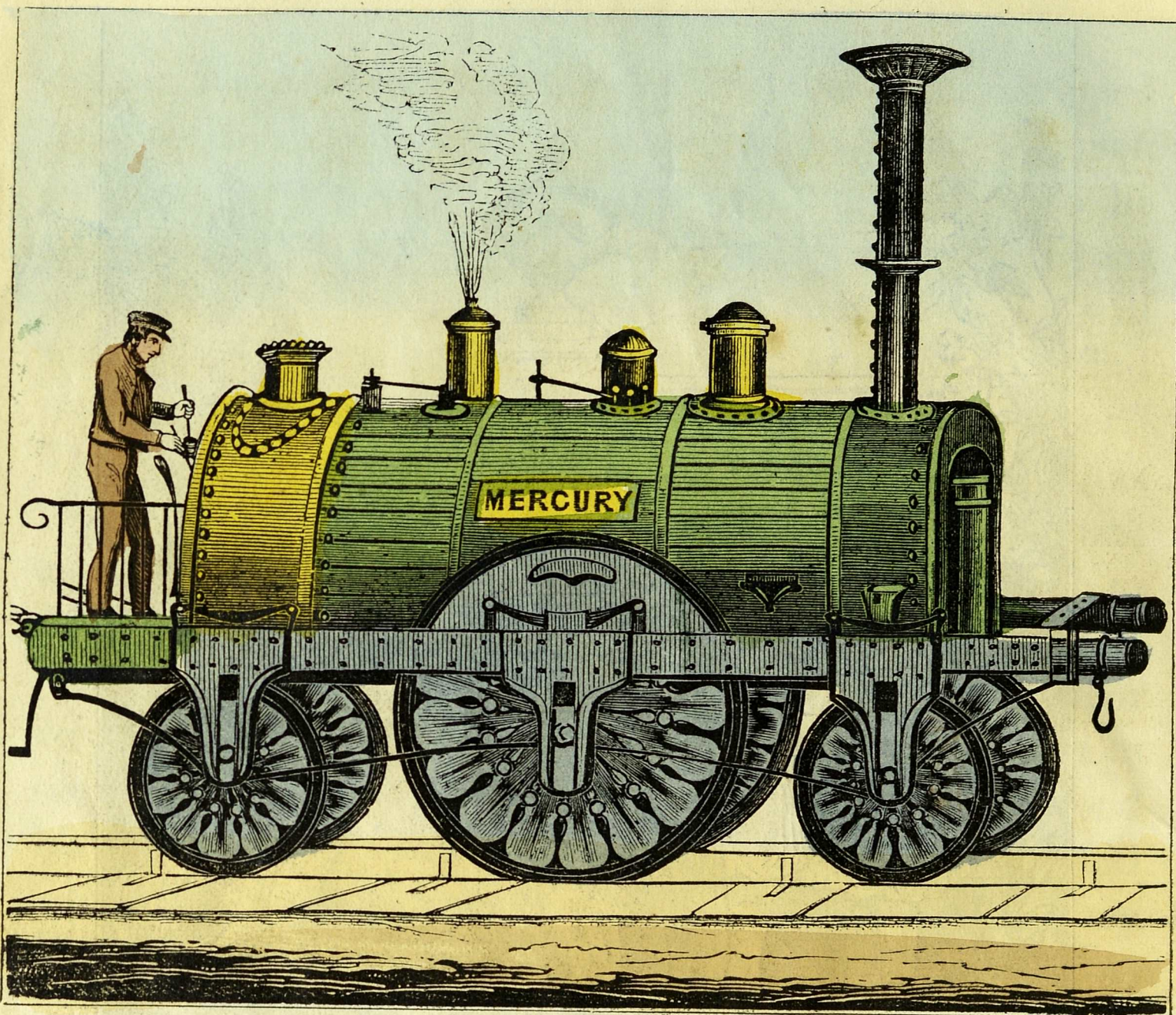
In a few weeks, the poor dog, rested and well fed, proved to be a great beauty ; and about this time, Freddy Bruce and his sister, seeing it with Joey, near their garden wall, called to him to bring it in, and were so much pleased with it that they offered to give him all the money they had, which was more than a sovereign, if he would let them have it. Joey said " No ;" for he thought the owner might yet be found, and therefore that he had no right to sell it. Their papa, on hearing this, was much pleased at finding a boy as poor as Joey, willing to refuse such a large sum, and for such a reason, and knowing he was an orphan thrown on the charity of Kind-hearted Joe, he offered to take him into his own house, to be a playmate for Freddy, who had no brothers, saying too,



“That it was a pity a boy so good and clever as he thought him to be, should not have better instruction than Joe could afford to give him. Here was a good opportunity then for Joey, and all brought about by his own good conduct.

Joey had early shown a great love for reading, and the want of money to buy books had been a great trouble to him. At Mr. Bruce's there were plenty, and Mr. Wilson, (Freddy's tutor,) soon finding out what a superior boy he was, took pleasure in instructing him.

Though he was now dressed almost as well as his friend



Freddy, yet Joey was so humble and grateful to any one who showed him any kindness, that he became a favourite with the whole family, and when they went to town in the winter, they took him with them, instead of sending him back to Joe's. The last part of the way they travelled by a railroad. Joey had never seen one before. When they showed him the engine, and told him that great black thing would draw a whole train of carriages faster than any horses could, his surprise was so great he could scarcely believe it. They then related to him how a little boy, named Watt, had been one of the first observers of the power of steam, whilst he was sitting one afternoon watching the lid of the kettle lifted up and down by the



force of the steam, as it was boiling on his mother's hob, Now Joey was such another little boy as little Watt, for when he saw anything curious, he liked to think about it, and try to find out its nature, or cause, instead of just wondering for a moment, and then letting it pass off his mind. Mr. Wilson, who was with them, was always ready to answer any enquiry he made; thus he gained more and more knowledge every day, and when he felt dull at not being able to see Joe and Peggy so often as he could wish, he thought of that, and was soon cheerful again; for learning, to a poor boy, is the same as money and friends, being the means of his gaining both.

Freddy had by this time grown as fond of Joey, as

though he had been his own brother, and knowing how much he liked animals, begged his papa to take them to the Zoological Gardens; so on the first fine day after their arrival in town, they stepped into one of the Regent's Park Omnibuses, and went to spend a long morning there. Joey was as much surprised at seeing lions and tigers, and other such animals, in an English garden, as he had been at travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour in a carriage without horses. He looked at them all very attentively, asking a great many questions about the nature and habits of each.

Of all the creatures there, the one that most engaged his notice was the Camel; not from its great size and shape, but from what Mr. Wilson told him of its usefulness to merchants and other travellers, over the great sandy deserts of Asia and Africa. Without its aid, they would not be able to cross them. Their great strength enables them to carry large packages of goods, besides persons, on their backs. Unlike most other animals, they are scarcely ever playful, even when very young, and grow up docile and obedient; from their make and nature, they bear toil, hunger, and thirst, far better than any horses can do, and, without hurting themselves, can eat rough prickly herbs, that are sometimes found in the deserts, besides being able to walk on the hot sand, by which they are covered, without injury to their feet, though they are not shod like our horses are.

Springs are seldom found in the vast tracts of barren land over which they pass, but by the keenness of their scent, they will discover them at a great distance. All this must prove to us how every creature is adapted by



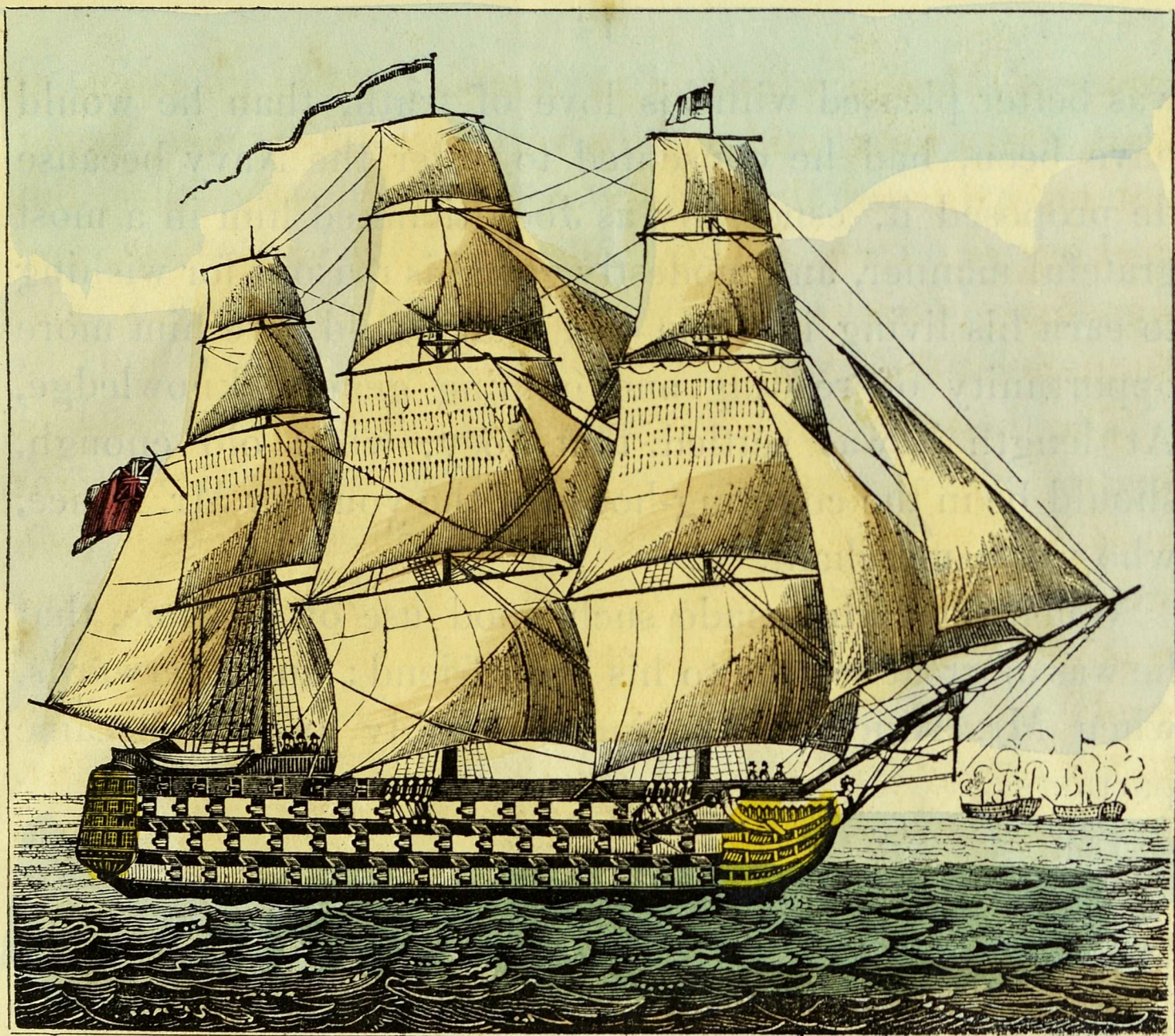
an all-wise Providence for the place of which it is an inhabitant.

When Joey returned home with the rest of the little party, Mr. Wilson shewed him a picture he had by him, of a camel, about to set out on a journey, with its eastern attendants, and explained to him what was meant by a caravan, which Joey naturally thought must be a kind of wagon. He now learnt that it meant a number of persons travelling together, by means of these useful animals, sometimes only merchants, and at other times pilgrims,

going to Mecca, which is in Arabia; these go once, at least, every year, and make a very gay appearance, being not only dressed themselves in all their best clothes, but decking out their camels, too, with silks and velvet, and sometimes with strings of beads round their necks, and feathers on their heads.

The more Joey learnt, the more he was anxious to know; he longed for a time to come in which he might visit foreign countries, and see as well as hear of such wonders; but to do this he must be a rich man; and how was this to be brought about? Poor little Joey, of course, could not tell, and yet he was getting nearer and nearer to the means all the time; for the longer he stayed at Mr. Bruce's, the more that gentleman saw in him to be pleased with, and Mr. Wilson was now taking as much pains to educate him, as he did Freddy; and besides all this, a new friend was about to start up for him; and this was Mr. Bruce's elder brother, who was captain of a man of war; and though a single man, was very fond of children, when he found them good and clever. He had been for a long while out on foreign service, but had now arrived at Portsmouth, where, as he meant to stay whilst his ship was refitting, he begged his brother to bring his family to see him.

Joey being now quite one of Mr. Bruce's family, he went to Portsmouth also. Here was a fresh reward for his good conduct, and a great pleasure it proved to him, for he had never seen the sea before; and as for the inside of such a ship as a man-of-war, he had no idea of it. Captain Bruce was as much pleased with Joey, as Joey was with all he saw, and agreed with his brother and

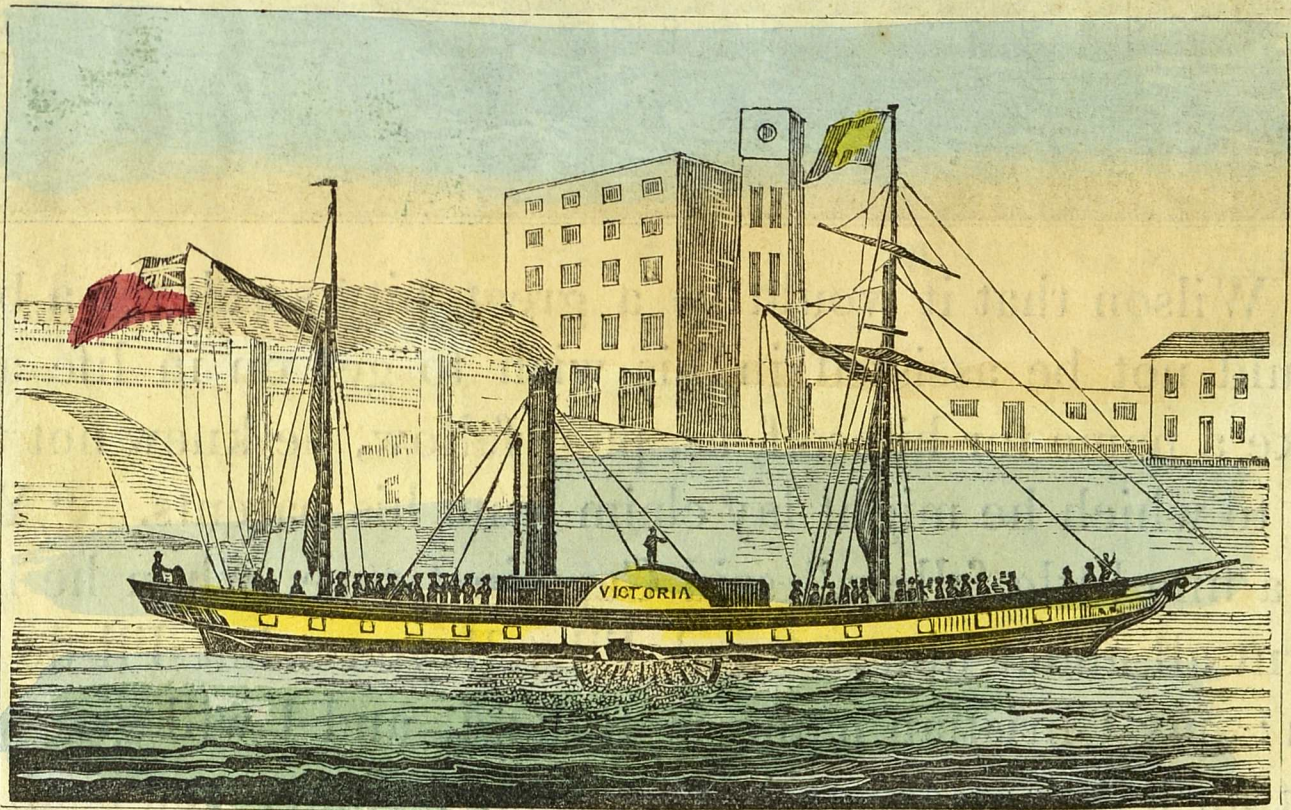


Mr. Wilson that it would be a great pity so clever a boy should not be assisted in his wish to get on in life and make a name for himself, as, poor fellow, he knew not the one to which he might lay claim from his parents. “You are a fine little fellow,” said Captain Bruce, when he had learnt all about him; “and I’ll tell you what I’ll do for you: my Christian name is Roland, and I will give you that for a surname; and as for your fortune, you shall be a midshipman with me, and in the course of time, you may, perhaps, be a captain; so tell me how you like my offer?”

Now Joey did not like it at all; and as that was the case, he was too honest to say he did; and Captain Bruce

was better pleased with his love of truth, than he would have been, had he consented to enter the Navy because he proposed it, especially as Joey thanked him in a most grateful manner, and modestly gave his reasons for wishing to earn his living in some way that would give him more opportunity of reading and gaining general knowledge, At length it was settled that Joey, when old enough, should be in the counting-house of the younger Mr. Bruce, who was a merchant.

When there, he made such good use of his time, that he was of great service to his kind friend; and afterwards, when Mr. Bruce left business, Freddy and he became partners.



Joey has now ships and steamers of his own, carrying out passengers and merchandise to all parts of the world. You must not think, in the long time that has passed since he lived with Kind-hearted Joe and Peggy, that he has forgotten either. The very first money he earned in

Mr. Bruce's service, he sent to them; and he has since provided so well for them, that they have not a wish ungratified, except wanting something to do; and as that was the case, Joey still being fond of animals and having both horses and dogs, Kind-hearted Joe has taken charge of the horses, and Peggy does the same by the dogs.

Thus you see, by the history of little Joey and Kind-hearted Joe, how good conduct and benevolent actions may lead to prosperity and happiness.



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