

MARKS'S EDITION.

AUNTY JAUNTY'S TALES.  
COUSIN EMMA'S VISIT  
TO THE COUNTRY.



London, 1841: Published by J. L. MARKS, 91, Long Lane, Smithfield.

11  
DUSIN EMMA'S VISIT

TO THE

COUNTRY.

Emma's Eyes were bright and blue,  
Her glossy hair was long and brown;  
Her teeth were of a pearly hue;  
And she had always lived in town.

She went to parties and to balls,  
Then to plays, and concerts too;  
Made evening visits, morning calls—  
Indeed, she had enough to do.

Acquaintances she had a score,  
Of visitors there was no end;  
And when they enter'd at the door,  
She fancied every one a friend.

Gay and trifling, every day,  
She some new fashion went to see;  
And she was often heard to say,  
“How dull a country life must be!”



Δ900944

Her cousin Mary, you must know,  
Lived far removed from any town;  
And she to London could not go,  
So she invited Emma down.

The house was cover'd in with thatch,  
The gable ends were sloping down;  
And Emma, when she raised the latch,  
Said, "How unlike a house in town!"

A large bow-window in the room,  
Nearly rested on the ground,  
With honey-suckle, all in bloom,  
Shedding its perfume around.

Every thing was clean and neat,  
No dust or dirt could there be found,  
How different from a London street,  
Where all is dirty as the ground.



See the peeping sun-beams, now,  
Deck the church with splendour rare;  
The maiden milks the spotted cow,  
The men to daily work repair.

Mary, with basket on her arm,  
And Emma walking by her side,  
Left awhile the little farm,  
With their bonnets loosely tied.

They threw some corn upon the ground,  
And swift as if by magic sent,  
The hens and chickens flock'd around,  
And all were on their food intent.

The pretty pigeons quickly flew,  
To partake of such good fare;  
And the saucy sparrows, too,  
Stole from them an ample share.



Through the garden-gate they went,  
And fasten'd up each drooping flower ;  
So bright their hue, and sweet their scent,  
The cousins linger'd for an hour.

The garden-gate they then did pass,  
And in the paddock they did stand,  
The ponies left the short sweet grass,  
To come and eat out of their hand.

There was a favourite little goat,  
Who now came skipping round about,  
He had a collar round his throat,  
And bits of cake he soon found out.

Little lambkins, on the lawn,  
Play'd their gambols round and round ;  
Sheep, that lately had been shorn,  
Rested quiet on the ground.





They went up to a little door,  
And gently raised the wooden latch,  
Within there was an earthen floor,  
The roof that cover'd it was thatch.

Now Mary said, " Do step in here,  
And see our simple country habits—  
This is the little house, my dear,  
Where my dear brother keeps his rabbits."

Some were brown, and some were white,  
And some were black, and others duns;  
But Miss Emma's chief delight  
Was to see the little ones.

" If I walk a step, (said she)  
Or if I should only turn,  
There is something fresh to see,  
Or there is something new to learn.



“ Now we will take a little ride,”  
Her gentle Cousin Mary said;  
“ Upon a poney, by my side,  
You surely will not be afraid.”

They rode across the little park,  
And saw the pretty spotted deer;  
While, in the air, the cheerful lark  
His song was singing, loud and clear.

The pheasants ran across the road,  
The merry blackbird sweetly sung;  
And rooks flew home with many a load,  
To feed their ever-cawing young.

Among the wild flowers, pink and blue,  
The little birds sang at their ease;  
And the little squirrel, too,  
Ran swiftly up the tallest trees.



The time flew fast, from day to day,  
It was a month since she came down,  
When Emma's Parents wrote to say,  
They wanted her to come to town.

Miss Emma did not like to stir—  
The little friends were loth to part;  
And when they sent the coach for her,  
She sobb'd enough to break her heart.

“ How very wrong it was of me  
(Says Emma) in the noise and strife  
Of London, to condemn so free  
The pleasures of a country life !

“ All little friends who live in town,  
Do take this lesson kind from me,  
And when you are inclined to frown,  
Do not condemn before you see.”



A LIST OF JUVENILE BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY J. L. MARKS, UNIFORM WITH THIS,

---

The Emperor Chow; or the Butterfly's Story.

Health: Emma's Advice to her Brother, &c. &c.

Dame Brown's Visit to London.

Little Charles and his Dog.

The Tricks of Charley Cheshire, a young Miser.

Adventures of Miss Pussey and Master Spot.

History of Miss Flirt and her Pets.

The Adventures of Little Julia.

A Pleasant Way to Learn the Alphabet.

The Painted A B C Book for Good Children.

Cousin Emma's Visit to the Country.

Little Robert; Master Harrow and a Sparrow, &c.