

**JOHN  
JERNINGHAM'S  
JOURNAL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649618835

John Jerneingham's Journal by Fanny Wheeler Hart

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Cover @ 2017

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**FANNY WHEELER HART**

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NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.  
1871

MORE THAN A YEAR AGO Mrs. Jerningham put forth to the world the experiences of her early married life. Mr. Jerningham also kept a diary ; and extracts therefrom are given in the following pages. As they refer to the relations between husband and wife, their mutual action and re-action upon each other, it is believed they will be of interest to the general public—especially to all who have entered into, or are about to enter into, the holy estate of matrimony.





# JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.

## *PART I.*

A PLIANT form, a pretty face,  
An airy, fairy, laughing thing,  
That moved about with careless grace,  
Like little bird on active wing—  
A sort of human butterfly,  
Now going far, now hovering nigh ;  
Yet still, while fitting here and there  
And smiling, nodding, talking fast,  
So sweet her smile, so gay her air,  
You turned to watch her as she passed ;  
And watching, found her pleasant look  
The fairest page in Nature's book.

John Jerningham, don't be a fool!—  
More weighty matters claim your thought,  
Attend to business, as you ought!  
Confound the thing! Neglect your rule—  
To give to work your working hours,  
To concentrate your ablest powers  
On money, prices, shares, and stocks,—  
Because a girl with golden locks  
And scarcely yet escaped from school,  
Possessed a smiling, pretty face  
And moved about with airy grace!

A strong man swimming up the stream  
Must strike out bold, and never flinch!  
No day is this to muse and dream;—  
The stoutest dare not give an inch!  
For times are hard, and money's tight,  
And banks as sure as is our own  
Will have a rather stiffish fight—  
And which shall stand, or fall, alone?

And we have been most madly sold  
By agents of our house, in Spain,  
Who, for waste paper, drew our gold,  
Unmindful too, of coming strain ;

A set of fools, with no more nous  
Than he who trumps his partner's ace !—  
And yet, forsooth, they have the face  
To think them useful to the house !

'Tis sad, indeed, if house depends  
Upon short-sighted, stupid friends ;  
For stupid friends hit doubly hard—  
They take a fellow off his guard !

In truth, I have enough to do  
And where to turn I scarce can tell ;—  
Nought but a struggle pulls us through !—  
They said her name is Rosa Bell.