

**MRS. JERNINGHAM'S
JOURNAL; AND
MR. JOHN
JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL**

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Mrs. Jerningham's Journal; And Mr. John Jerningham's Journal by Fanny Wheeler Hart

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FANNY WHEELER HART

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MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.

PART I.

MARRIED six weary weeks to-day !
How sad is life that was so gay !
How desolate the street appears—
Alas, that I must live in it !
I see the houses through my tears,
And do not like the sight one bit !

How can I pass the heavy hours
Without my darling birds and flow'rs—
A scamper on the lawn—a ride—
With other girls a merry chatter,
Where we our partners can deride,
The merits of our dress decide,
And settle much important matter !

A comfortable luncheon, then
 Croquet, or archery ; and tea
 With half a dozen lively men
 Who come to laugh and flirt with *me!*

O life was sweet and beautiful !
 Its pretty pleasures all my own ;
 O life of life was very full,
 And ev'ry minute lived alone !

And ev'ry minute was so strong,
 It brought its little new-born bliss,
 Sweeping in tender light along,
 Or leaving shadows like a kiss.

What lent its glory to the flow'r,
 And gave the nightingale her pow'r,
 And made the sky so very blue ?
 My little heart could it be you ?

My little heart, why did you beat
 As if delighted to be me !
 O, was it youth that was so sweet ?
 Or was it youth's sweet liberty ?

They said I danced when I should walk
 (My gay feet worked my gayer will),
 They said I laughed when I should talk,
 And chattered when I should be still.

I'd wake with laughing in the night—
 Ah, happy nights I can't forget !—



I'd catch my dreams, they were so bright,
And find my thoughts were brighter yet.

I'd wink my little eyes and peep,
With slumber waging weary strife ;—
It seemed so hard to be asleep
And lose the smallest bit of life !

Of life that moved with airy sway,
Like singing music—making play
Like wavelets dancing on the sea
In even measures—all for me !

And when the sun illumed the dark,
I'd sing good morning to the sky,
And wake the little lazy lark,
And curtsey to the butterfly.

O, sweet to flutter 'mid the grass,
In charming dews the wise condemn,
And when the busy swallows pass
To nod my friendly head at them !

It did the little squirrels good
To see a thing as gay as I,
When I came running through the wood
To hide from the delighted sky ;

The quaint old cuckoo said his say,
I mock'd him with my artful word ;
I think he knows not to this day
Whether I am a girl or bird !

'Twas 'cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,' he
And 'cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,' I;—
It was the grandest sight to see
That puzzled cuckoo round me fly;

In ev'ry bird I found a friend—
A confidante in ev'ry leaf;
The little breezes would attend,
The robins knew I was their chief.

The good old trees would rustle so,
In stately gossip when I came;
The grass that kissed my feet, I know,
Kissed no one else's quite the same.

Life was a most triumphant fact!—
What could my ecstasy destroy?
I did not care to think or act—
Just to be living was a joy!

O lovely earth! O lovely sky!—
I was in love with nature, I;
And nature was in love with me;—
O, lovely life—when I was free!

And then I'd spread my shining wings,
And fly away without a care
To those bewitching balls and things
Where I discovered I was fair.

And when I found how fair I am,
I felt a new delight in life,

Nor guessed that Mr. Jerningham
Had asked me from Papa as wife.

How vexed I was when I was told !
I hardly could my patience keep ;
And then Papa began to scold,
And then poor I began to weep.

But one thing's pleasant, I confess ;
Marriage a trousseau doth ontail ;
I had to choose a satin dress,
And was allowed to wear a veil !

The wedding day came all too soon—
I'd rather it had not been mine—
But still I liked the Honeymoon
At Paris and the pretty Rhine,

And now I've not a thing to do,
And nobody to say a word ;
I've got to keep my house, 'tis true,—
I keep a house !—it's too absurd !

She's such a clever woman, Cook,
I heartily dislike her look ;
She really seems to fancy I
Know nothing useful 'neath the sky,
And with her stuck-up chin and head
Her silence is a thing to dread !
And then when she begins to speak,
She asks such dreadful questions—O