

**MRS.
JERNINGHAM'S
JOURNAL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649652976

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal by Fanny Wheeler Hart

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FANNY WHEELER HART

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Wm. L. Lee

Feb 18th 1875

at 95 Madison

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By Mrs. Fanny Wheeler, artist



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London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1869

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July 20, 1923

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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 madé 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.