

Solm.

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.

PART I.

ARRIED 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?

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