

"O! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable, as the shade,
By the light, quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish ring the bow,
A ministering angel, thou!"
(Sir Walter Scott.)

Being no poet, myself, but, aware that
nothing but the impassioned language
of "the divine art" should find place
in the Album of a fair young lady,
I have transcribed the above lines
of one of the finest English authors,
so full of truth and beauty.

Bluffton Jan. 12th 1849.

Just B. Townsend