

LOVE'S TREACHEROUS POOL

("Jeune fille, l'amour c'est un miroir.")

[XXVI., February, 1835.]

Young maiden, true love is a pool all mirroring clear,
Where coquettish girls come to linger in long delight,
For it banishes afar from the face all the clouds that besmear
The soul truly bright;
But tempts you to ruffle its surface; drawing your foot
To subtlest sinking! and farther and farther the brink
That vainly you snatch--for repentance, 'tis weed without root,--
And struggling, you sink!