

TO—

I would not lord it o'er thy heart,
Alas! I cannot rule my own,
Nor would I rob one loyal thought,
From him who there should reign alone;
We both have found a life-long love;
Wherein our weary souls may rest,
Yet may we not, my gentle friend
Be each to each the *second best*?

A love which shall be passion-free,
Fondness as pure as it is sweet,
A bond where all the dearest ties
Of brother, friend and *cousin* meet,—
Such is the union I would frame,
That thus we might be doubly blest,
With Love to rule our hearts supreme
And Friendship to be *second best*.

[May 24, 1845]