

Poetry.

THE MANIAC.

He was a man of aspect strange,
Of grave and thoughtful mien,
Who every evening on the sands,
With measured pace was seen—

And Aileen—she kept that sacred pledge
Which no power could make her break;
But she pined away like a withered flower,
And the roses fled her cheek;

At last I saw the morning's beam
Break slowly in the skies,
I could not leave the body there,
Unhid from stranger's eyes—

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