

By the Marshes of Tantramar.

RECOLLECTION.

EVENING is falling with a star :
I wander lonely and afar
Down by the marshes of Tantramar.

The broad, red west like a furnace glows,
And the wind like a Titan's bellows blows,
'Till one could not tell if it burned or froze.

Wide reaches the strand of Fundy's bay,
A gleam with the sinking light of day,
As the tide-wave—spent—it rolls away.

A timbered bridge with shadows black,
And spans awry, an ancient wrack,
I cross it over the turbid track.

The gurgling growl of the muddy tide
Creeps up by the bridge's leaning side,
And a sound, like the voice of one who cried,

Turns the spectral bridge to a haunted tower,
Where the bravest heart would be like to
cower,

If he chanced that way at a darker hour.