

opportunities afforded by his father's fishing and trading vessels, making many voyages in them to the fishing banks and trading posts. For some months he was attached to the Canadian regular army in New Brunswick, as a bugler in the Halifax Rifle battalion. Later he engaged regularly in business in Halifax and New York.

"Mr. Hart is immensely fond of canoeing, and living, as he does, in a snug little cottage on the Passaic river, near Newark, N. J., he has unlimited facilities for indulging his hobby. He also has made a number of canoe voyages in Canadian waters, where he has been able to satisfy his penchant for hunting, fishing and amateur photography to the fullest extent.

"The influence of his life and tastes are readily to be recognized in his literary work. Mystery and romance seem to be the natural fields of those writers who grow up among the Canadian woods and waters. Gilbert Parker and Bliss Carman, particularly, are imbued with the spirit of these qualities, and they are not lacking in Mr. Hart's writings.

"His stories may be divided into three classes—tales of the sea, tales of mystery, and tales of ratiocination, or deductive reasoning. One class of stories, naturally, sometimes borders on another. In this respect and in the character of his work in general, Mr. Hart may be said to be a follower of Poe, having, however, a definitely original touch of his own.

"In stories such as the 'Flying Swan,' 'A Tale of Nova Scotia,' etc., he has embodied traditions and legends among the sailors and long-shoremen of his native land with the natural touch of one to the manor born. He is especially ingenious, also, in the solving of inexplicable occurrences, reaching a

plausible explanation of remarkable events by a chain of reasoning simple yet marvellous in its clear insight. He has, too, a rare quality of giving an air of probability to his stories of the supernatural, so that even his friends are not quite certain whether or not he is a believer in the various theories which they propound.

"Mr. Hart, besides his more serious work in *Munsey's*, *Lippincott's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc., is a frequent contributor of light sketches in prose and poetry to *Puck*, *Truth* and other popular New York weeklies. A specimen of his lighter work is given herewith:

#### THE OLD SWAMP ROAD.

"I've hearn folks talk of Broadway,  
End how the wimmin's frocks  
Jest made a panoramy  
For a hull heap o' blocks;  
End haow the glass store windows,  
With colored truck is stowed,  
But it's got to be a purty sight  
To beat our old swamp road.

"'You jus' go through that medder,  
'Longside that piece of grain—  
It do look dry and peaked,  
But then there's been no rain—  
Then cross the county's turnpike,  
To the field that's just been  
mowed,  
And there among the wavin' flags,  
You'll see the old swamp road.

"'There ain't no noisy cable,  
Nor piles of brick and stone,  
But jist a mossy ribbon  
To wander on alone,  
With Lily pads and alders,  
A shadin' of the toad;  
Oh, the purties spot in the hull  
earth  
Is down the old swamp road.'"—  
[Arthur Stedman in "*The Author's  
Journal*."