

In 1840 Mr. Stuart was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom in consideration of his eminent public services.

The father of these celebrated brothers was the Rev. John Stuart, for many years clergyman of the Episcopal Church at Fort Hunter, in the State of New York (where Sir James was born), who afterwards removed to Kingston, the birth place of Andrew.

In considering the character of Sir James Stuart it will not be deemed either unjust or ungenerous, when it is stated that he had little control over his temper; if his feelings were strong the language in which he expressed them was often a little stronger. The present Commissioner of Customs (Mr. Bouchette,) then a very young man and just called to the bar, was once under examination; Mr. Stuart after the custom of Lawyers sought to entangle him, but met the clever and well merited rebuke: "It ill becomes you, Sir, eminent in your profession, nay, at its very head, to seek, by such means, to embarrass a witness, such proceedings are beneath your station, your talents, and your dignity." In a war of that kind Mr. B. was no mean antagonist.

On another occasion Mr. Attorney General had under manipulation a genuine Irishman, a most unwilling witness, who sought by every means to foil his opponent and give his own version of the story. The contest was of some duration, and Pat was being driven from point to point, when in an unlucky moment the Counsel asked, whether he had not seen the prisoner kick the deceased with his foot? Pat's countenance brightened, he cast one glance of triumph at his friend in the dock and another at the lawyer, and then with a knowing leer exclaimed, "Aisy, misther, aisy; did you ever see one man kick another with his fist?" Pat's great labour was achieved, for what jury with a broad laugh upon their faces could condemn a man to death.

MR. JUSTICE HAGERMAN.

Christopher Alexander Hagerman was born on the shores of the Bay of Quinté, and in very early life gave proof of that energy and self-reliance which marked his after career. The principles of loyalty had been instilled into his mind not more by his own immediate family than by the associations of his youth.

Along the shores of that beautiful bay were a number of United Empire Loyalist families who for their allegiance to the British Crown had suffered much, and who in their migration to and settlement in this country had undergone privations which to us appear as almost insurmountable. They were bound together by bonds of more than common affection—that bond which is knit by a community of suffering. Their loyalty was not of place, position, or circumstance—it was something