

style, much to the trepidation of the unfortunate suitor on the opposite side, and very often to the complete discomfiture of the adverse Counsel.

At a later period, the Uncle of Mr. Hagerman, the late Alexander Fisher, Esquire, presided as Judge of the Midland District Court, with whom he was wont to have many disputations on the subject of what was good, and what was bad law. The Judge, not being a Lawyer, was sometimes inextricably posed by the subtle distinctions of the advocate, though no doubt the common sense of himself and the Jury found a ready way of unloosing the Gordian-knot, by applying to it the sword of right and justice, even should the books read all the other way.

We have spoken of Mr. Hagerman's industry in his early years, though that expression must be taken in a restricted sense. He was not by nature capable of untiring and indefatigable labor. His habits were far from those of the strict office man, poring over his volumes and his papers from morning until night; and yet the every-day-dullard of the office found him wanting, very seldom, in that description of knowledge which it had taken hours for himself to acquire. He possessed a comprehensive grasp of mind that could trace out the gist of the question with but very little application of his time. The subject was taken in at one glance of his penetrating eye, that was probably all that could have been done had he pored over it till crack of doom. "Ready, aye Ready"—was as much his motto, as it was that of Brian Tunstall. His was the industry of thought, and it has stood him in good stead throughout his life. Possibly you might have got more actual labor out of him had you tied him down to a chair, and fed him on bread and water, which Sir Walter Scott proposed to do with Coleridge; but you would not have obtained *au-ht* worth prizing. You could not have drawn all the Hagerman into open daylight, in that way.

At the time the war broke out in 1812, Mr. Hagerman took lodgings in Kingston, and in time became attached to the Militia Service of the Province. He was present at the unfortunate rencontre at Goose Creek, on the American shore, whither the British gun boats had pursued the American flotilla, and where the Americans, after landing and placing their guns in battery, and skirting the Creek with their riflemen, managed to give our troops a precious good peppering, with little cost to themselves. Many of our men suffered, and among the rest a young English officer, by the name of Metz, who had but lately come out as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and who, in passing through Kingston, had heard of the expedition, and joined it. He was struck in the head by a rifle bullet, and lingered a few days before death closed his career. Mr. Hagerman bestowed every attention upon the youthful stranger