

"POLICE OFFICE, MONDAY MORNING.—This morning, Henry Preston, committed for attempting to rob the Northern Mail, was brought up before the sitting Magistrates, when the High Sheriff of Orange County appeared and demanded the prisoner, whose real name was Henry Gibney, as a fugitive from justice!

He stated that the prisoner was to have been tried for Grand Larceny, and was lodged in the House of Detention, at Newburgh, on Thursday, under care of two persons—that in the course of the night he tried to elude the vigilance of his keepers, escaped from confinement, and crossed the river on the ice, and had got down as far as Peekskill, where he says he attempted to get on the top of the stage, that he might get into New York as soon as possible."

By order of the Judges, the prisoner was delivered over to the Sheriff of Orange County, to be recognized there for his trial for the offence with which he was originally charged, at the next General Session of the Supreme Court. But before the time came round, he had, as on most former occasions, contrived to make his escape, and directed his course towards upper Canada!

Of the particular manner of his escape, and his adventures on his way through to Canada, we can state nothing with certainty; but like all his previous movements, we may hazard the conjecture, that they were such as would do the usual honour to his wretched profession. Yet, with all his tact, he could not always escape the hands of justice; and hence his course is not unfrequently interrupted, and his progress impeded by the misfortunes of the prison. It is owing to this circumstance that we are enabled to keep pace with him in Upper Canada, where we find him confined in the Jail of Toronto, under the charge of burglary.

For this information, the writer is indebted to his brother, Mr. AUGUSTUS BATES, residing in Upper Canada, from his letter, dated 4th August, 1835, we make the following extract, which will point out the circumstances which have guided us in endeavoring to follow up the history of the MYSTERIOUS STRANGER to the present time:—

"DEAR BROTHER.—I now sit down to acknowledge the receipt of a number of your letters, especially your last by Mr. Samuel Nichols, in which you mentioned that you were writing a new edition of 'More Smith.' I have to request that you will suspend the publication until you hear from me again. There is a man now confined in Toronto Jail, who bears the description of More Smith, and is supposed to be the same. Many things are told of him which no other person could perform. I will not attempt to repeat them, as I cannot vouch for their truth.

"From current reports, I was induced to write to the Sheriff who had him in charge, requesting him to give me a correct account of him. I have not heard from the Sheriff since I wrote: perhaps he is waiting to see in what manner he is to be disposed of. Report says that the man is condemned to be executed for shop-breaking—he wishes the Sheriff to do his duty; that he had much rather be hanged than sent to the Penitentiary. Many are the curious stories told of him, which, as I said before, I will not vouch for. Should the Sheriff write to me, his information may be relied on."

Several communications from Upper Canada have reached us between the date of the letter from which the above extract is made, and the present time; but none of them contained the desired information as to the particular fate of the prisoner, and the manner in which he was disposed of, until the 18th of September last (1836).

By a letter from Mr. Augustus Bates, bearing this date, it would appear that the prisoner had not been executed but had been sentenced to one year's confinement in the Penitentiary. We make the following extract:

"I give you all the information that I can obtain respecting the prisoner enquired after. The Jailer, who is also the Deputy Sheriff, that had him in charge, says he could learn nothing from him; said he called his name Smith, that he was fifty-five years old, but denies that he was ever in Kingston, New Brunswick. The Jailer had one of your books, and showed it to him, but he denied any knowledge of it, and would not give any satisfaction to the enquiries he made of him.