

tion that has frequently been employed with success since that date. His puppets were packed up and he and his family placed on board a vessel sailing for the United States. While the vessel was getting under way Smith was in the cabin alone, and seeing a great number of chain traces lying on the cabin floor took them up and threw them all out of the window "because they would get about my neck again" he said. When the vessel reached Windsor, N.S., he disappeared. From this point of the story the gaoler's record is anything but satisfactory and infers too much to make it altogether credible. He would have us believe that the Mysterious Stranger was the author of many crimes in the U.S., but the evidence leaves much to be desired and the allegation that the unfortunate man eventually found his way to the gaol in Toronto is problematical. However, the ingenuous author closes his really remarkable book by a homily quite worthy of his suggestive mind.

He cannot learn as to whether Smith escaped from the Toronto gaol, but of one thing he is satisfied, viz., "that Smith is again going up and down in the earth, in the practice of his hoary headed villainy, except a Power from on High have directed the arrow of conviction to his heart, for no inferior impulse would be capable of giving a new direction to the life and actions of a man, whose habits of iniquity have been ripened into maturity and obtained an immovable ascendancy by the practice of so many years. He concludes his book by saying, "The writer would close up these pages by finally observing, that if these Memoirs should ever fall into the hands of Henry More Smith, the unhappy subject of them, and should he, from whatever motive, be induced to peruse them, he trusts that the review of a life, so wretchedly and miserably misspent, may be accompanied with conviction from on High, and be followed up with repentance unto life, that he that has so often been immured within the walls of an earthly prison, may not at the close of his unhappy and sinful course in this world, be finally shut up in the prison of Hell, and bound hand and foot in the chains of eternal darkness, where shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth: where the hope of mercy or release can never enter, but the wrath of God abideth for ever and ever".

Such in brief is the story of the Mysterious Stranger, one of the most lucid expositions I have met of the ideas prevalent a hundred years ago, regarding mental disease, and yet showing a scepticism regarding the reality of insanity not much more remarkable than that evidenced even at the present date, by certain supposedly well educated people. The crudities of law as administered in the early part of last century are perhaps greater than the crudities of law as administered at the present time when questions of the care and treatment of insane criminals are considered, but even yet law has much to learn on this subject. The