

th certainty :
ents, we may
y were such
his wretched
net, he could
justice : and
uently inter-
ded by the
owing to this
bled to keep
la, where we
Toronto, under

ter is indebted
s BATES, re-
whose letter,
ake the follow-
out the circum-
in endeavour-
f the MYSTE-
ent time :

n to acknowledge
letters, especially
in which you men-
w edition of More
a will suspend the
again. There is
ill, who bears the
supposed to be the
in which no other
attempt to repeat
truth.

duced to write to
ge, requesting him
him. I have not
rote; perhaps he is
is to be disposed of
ned to be executed.
e Sheriff to do his
e hanged than sent
the curious stories
e, I will not vouch-
me, his information

from Upper Ca-
een the date of
above extract is
ne; but none of
information as
prisoner, and the
disposed of, until
6.

Augustus Bates,
appear that the
ecuted, but had
s confinement in
ke the following

on that I can obtain
after. The Jailor,
that had him

charge, says that he could learn nothing from him—
said he called his name Smith,—that he was fifty-five
years old, but denies that he ever was in Kingston,
New Brunswick. The jailor had one of your books
and showed it to him, but he denied any knowledge
of it, and would not give him any satisfaction to the
enquiries he made of him.

"The Sheriff says he believes the person to be the
same Mysterious Stranger; that he was condemned
and sentenced to the Penitentiary for one year. His
crime was burglary."

It would have afforded the writer of these Memoirs great satisfaction, and no
doubt an equal satisfaction to the reader, had it been in his power to have paid a
visit to Upper Canada, that he might be able to state from his own certain and per-
sonal knowledge of the prisoner in Toronto, that he was, indeed, the self same no-
torious individual that was in his own custody twenty-two years ago : and whom he had
the gratification of seeing and recognizing subsequently, at the Simsbury Mines,
where he played off his affected fits with such art and consequent advantage.

But although it is not in the writer's power to close up his Memoirs with so im-
portant and valuable a discovery—yet, keeping in view the characteristic features of
the man—his professed ignorance of Kingston, in New Brunswick—his denial of
ever having seen the first edition of the Memoirs, and the care which he took to keep
himself enveloped in mystery, by utterly declining to give any satisfactory informa-
tion concerning himself; all these circumstances united, form a combination of fea-
tures so marked, as to carry conviction to the mind of the reader who has traced him
through this narrative, that he is no other than the same mysterious Henry More
Smith.

There is another feature in the prisoner at Toronto, that seems strongly corrobo-
rative of what we are desirous properly to establish; that is, his age. He acknow-
ledges to be fifty five years of age; and although this would make him somewhat
older than his real age, yet it fixes this point—that the prisoner at Toronto is well
advanced in years, and so must the subject of our Memoirs be also.

From information which we have obtained it seems that he has undergone his trial,
and was committed to the Penitentiary for a year's confinement. Whether he found
any means of effecting an exemption from labour in the Penitentiary and then re-
conciling himself to his confinement, or whether he accomplished one of his ingenious
departures, we are unable to determine. One thing, however, is highly probable
—that he is again going up and down in the earth, in the practice of his hoary-headed
villainy, except a Power from on High has directed the arrow of conviction to his
heart; for no inferior impulse would be capable of giving a new direction to the
prisoner, and the life and actions of a man, whose habits of iniquity have been ripened into maturity,
disposed of, until and obtained an immoveable ascendancy by the practice of so many successive years.

It must be acknowledged that there is an unprecedented degree of cleverness in
all his adventures, which casts a kind of illusive and momentary covering over the
real character of his actions, and would seem to engage an interest in his favour,
(and this is an error to which the human mind seems remarkably predisposed when
vice presents itself before it in all its cleverness), yet who can read the history of
his miserable career, without feeling pained at the melancholy picture of depravity
it presents? Who would have supposed that after his condemnation and sentence

at Kingston, and his life, by an act of human mercy, had been given into his hands
again, he would not have hastened to his wife, and with tears of compunction mingled