

15th. Ended the session of the court of King's Bench here. Only one bill of indictment was found by the Grand Jury, which was against one Patric Waling, charged with having secretly stolen a purse of money from the pocket of a Canadian farmer. But upon his trial he was acquitted.

As nothing can be more honourable to any people than the increase of public virtue, we cannot omit the following remark of the Chief Justice, in his charge to the Grand Jury. He observed that, "after an experience of four years decrease of the number of prisoners to public justice, and with cause to presume the best of the vigilance of our Grand inquests in all parts of the Province, there is now room to conclude that if our jails are empty, it is because the Laws are obeyed." He congratulated the jury and the community at large, "upon a condition and prospect so auspicious to the common prosperity and peace;" remarking, at the same time, that this reform which began and kept pace with an administration distinguished for its *clemency*, was not only reputable to the Colony, but also an irrefragable proof of the wisdom with which that clemency was dispensed.

The Counjurer.

The following singular affair lately happened in the parish of St. Ann's, a few leagues above Quebec. Mr. B—— a shipmaster, living in that parish, had the misfortune to be robbed of about £. 600 in cash, which was taken out of his bureau entirely without his knowledge, and without any evidence which could enable him to charge the theft upon any particular person. His suspicion, however, fell upon one of his neighbours, a person who professed the art of conjuring, and who had frequently been applied to by the people of the neighbourhood to detect robberies and find out stolen goods.—Mr. B—— seeing no hope of recovering his money by any other means, at last thought of applying to this suspected person in his character of Conjurer. For this purpose he went to his house one evening, accompanied by two or three of his neighbours, and begged that, by his art, he would assist him in the recovery of his money. The conjurer, who before this time knew that he himself was suspected of the theft, with some intreaty undertook the business. After making various figures with chalk upon the floor and walls of the room, distorting his body in a variety of attitudes, and muttering over some mystical jargon, he told Mr. B—— that he could not that night give him any answer, but if he would return next day he thought he should be able to give him some good news. Accordingly Mr. B—— left him that night and returned in the morning, when to his great surprize and satisfaction, the conjurer delivered into his hands 300 guineas, which he assured him was the result of the incantations he had seen him perform the night before. As this was but about half the money lost, Mr. B—— begged that he would try his art again in order to discover the rest of it. But refusing to do that, he was taken before a magistrate—and committed to jail. He is now in custody in this town, and we hear has given information against another person who was concerned in the robbery, and who carried off the other half of the money.

Some people would say this man was *no conjurer*; but we think we have seldom known the art productive of so much good.

DIED.