☞ Mr. Young the Speaker of the Nova Scotia Legislature, and lady, took passage in the last steamer, (the Britannia) for England. The object of his visit is said to be partly for pleasure, and partly to vindicate his character at the Colonial Office, from the aspersions thrown upon him by the Governor of that Province.

More Steam.—The new steam Ferry Boat "Traveller," built for Mr. William Greaves, made her first start yesterday. This being intended merely as a trial of the machinery, but a small quantity of steam was used. Every thing worked admirably. She will no doubt be a fast boat.

We regret to learn by a late Boston paper, the death of Miss McBride, the well known Actress. She died of consumption.

The documents handed us, relative to Church affairs at Miramichi, will appear in our next.

COMMUNICATION.

(FOR THE LOYALIST.)

WHO THE D——L IS JONATHAN BROWN.

A NEW SONG DEDICATED TO THE HAPLESS RIGDUMFUNIDUS.

The question is asked throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
Is it the second Cincinatus
Who from all public cares of late is
Retired to plant his own potatoes?
Oh no it can't be he,—
Then who the d—l can Jonathan be!

The question is ask'd throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
Could it be skeleton "Suds the driveller,"
Who for parod'ing songs far excels "Dicky Swiveller"
None *in private* more waspish and publicly civiler,
Oh no! It can't be he
Then who the d—l can Jonathan be!!

The question is asked throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
Is it the man of the many "ahems,"
Who jots down *per diem* his million of "mems,"
Who, still like a padant commends and condemns?
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l can Jonathan be!!!

The question is ask'd throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
Is it the big brow'd benevolent man,
Who serves as the trump of the Radical clan
And does little enough, yet does all that he can?
Oh no! it can't be he,—
Then who the d—l can Jonathan be!!!!

The question is ask'd throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
Is it the genius whose name rhymes with Rabbit,
Who so nicely at all public meetings can gab it,
And of writing sly squibs has acquired a bad habit,
Oh no! it can't be he—
Then who the d—l can Jonathan be!!!!!

The question is ask'd throughout the town,
"Who the d—l is Jonathan Brown?"
But hark! what a buz from the Head Quarters' hive—
"*We* are Jonathan Brown" cry this Council of five—
"Pray tell us good public is Rigdum alive?"
So the question is answer'd inquisitive town,
These five worthy scribblers wrote Jonathan Brown.

A FRIEND TO FUN.

(FOR THE LOYALIST.)

Mr. Editor,—Four upon one (for the chieftain joins in the hue and cry) is almost as great odds as were fabled by Sir John Falstaff. However, I will forth with my grey goose quill, and in the words of James Fitz James

"Come one, come all, an *alp* shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

And first for the pedantic Jonathan, whose generous intention, expressed in his last letter, of criticising everything that may hereafter fall from my pen, merits some little notice. I would suggest to him the propriety of studying more closely than he has yet done, the British classics. Far be it from Rigdumfunidus to depreciate the merits of Lempriere, Mr. Brown's favourite author; but I cannot help thinking that were he to divide his attention rather more equally between the "classical Dictionary" and one Dr. Johnson's, such a course of reading might not injure the dignity of his style. That our critic has really perused somewhere, a maimed quotation from "Alexanders Feast" is a pleasing proof of his growing taste for literature. He has, however, fallen into a very strange mistake for a farmer, and actually put the cart before the horse. The line is not as he gives it, "In Lydian measures softly sweet," but "Softly sweet in Lydian measures." This error, however, occurs in one of the earlier epistles of this aspiring rustic, and we only mention it now that poor Agricola may for the future, avoid showing his own deficiency while charitably pointing out that of another. He may, and I believe does flatter himself that he is a perfect literary Sampson; but, however, he may resemble William Cobbett in some particulars, he will scarcely rival him in his strong, manly style of writing.

Mr. Brown hints that Rigdumfunidus, even I am the real editor of the Loyalist; I regret that it is out of my power to return the compliment since I am of opinion that the Head Quarters is managed by a congress of five, and the question as to who is the President of the little Democracy has hitherto puzzled the most subtle theorists to determine. That neither Mr. Grigor nor Mr. Brown is the man, however, we can safely say, both have the misfortune to be considered by the public as mere hangers on of a certain mighty one, who shall be nameless,—jackalls of a great jack-of-all-trade Lion.

And here we would remark that it is truly very ridiculous to see these political blacklegs, gaping about the Head Quarters office, in the disguise of country hawbucks; when every one they meet can see in them, the same identical lap-dogs who for the last six or seven years have been existing on the filthy scrapings of political trenchers. Pug is one of these pugnacious hirelings who with the capacity has at the same time the malice of a monkey. The utter insanity which pervades his patchwork prose is the best shield against satyre. Let the poor imbecile continues to mock and mew at Rigdumfunidus, I wage no war with such "small deer." His attempt at criticism could only have found a place in the ditch-like columns of the Head Quarters, where, of late common sense and common decency have been ousted to make room for the slanderous, though wish-washy productions of a Suds.

And here I may as well give *that* worthy one little hint once for all —Does he believe that I am ignorant of his real name, and (I had nearly said want of) character? Let him not imagine that I am unacquainted with his thousand and one backslidings. The writer of this article is a gentleman which "Suds' is not—but how long his aversion for launching into personalities may lead him to treat these repeated attacks with contempt, is a question which the "Driveller" had better take into careful consideration. If I *do* descend to combat with this polished ragamuffin in his own slang, he may make up his magnanimous mind to suffer the full penalty of his impotent though impudent malice. "A word to the (worldly) wise." One only now remains to be noticed by me, and that one is the editor (!!!) "To Saul also among the prophets!!

"What! heard the Douglas in his hall,
The Lion in his den."

He exclaims and marches out against the affrighted Rigdumfunidus in an editorial. This second edition of Goliah of Gath begins by calling "Mc Gregor the dauntless" "low trash." Better judges than thou, O radical ranter have thought and said otherwise. He then goes on to make divers mysterious allusions to some favourite resort of our Fredericton Poets. How come the illustrious author of the Upas tree by his information? He is one of the late school, a perfect Isaac Walton—Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southy, fall far short of him in the sublimity of his inspiration. Does he feel quite secure of his own ground when he threatens *me* with disclosures?

"Come on Mac Duff,
And dam'd be he, who first cries hold, enough."

And now to conclude this epistle, I wrote the two first Cantos of "McGrigor the Dauntless," as a fair recrimination upon those who first attacked me in the Head Quarters. I thought it right to give the editor the greatest share of ridicule, as by *publishing*, I considered that he made himself responsible for the sentiments of his correspondents. If I had known then, as I do now, who Jonathan Brown really was, I might have pursued a different course; as it is I have given Rowland for an Oliver, and it is a great consolation to the unhappy Rigdumfunidus while labouring under the abuse of the "clan," that he has as yet distinguished himself from his host of adversaries by writing like a gentleman.

RIGDUMFUNIDUS.

VARIETIES.

EXPERIMENTAL SQUADRON.

At half past 9 o'clock the flag ship signalled the Steamers to get up their steam; this was the commencement of the day's events, and certainly, if there was a lack of "fire" in the smartness of some of the crews of vessels, there was no lack of the sooty auxiliary—smoke. Such puffing as was now exhibited soon put the brightening horizon again into mourning.

At 15 minutes to 10 o'clock signal was made for to shorten cable, and at the same time to the frigates Raliegh, 50, and Brilliant, 22, to get under weigh. The Raliegh immediately loosened sail in smart style. A general signal was directly afterwards made to "prepare to weigh—the outward and leewardmost ships first." The Brilliant was first away. The scene now exhibited throughout the squadron was one of a most lively and animated description; the men lying out upon the yards loosening the canvas, which in a moment after fell in graceful folds from their hands and caught the breeze.

The St. Vincent was the first away of the line-of-battle-ships, followed by the Superb, Rodney, Vanguard and Raleigh. The Queen did not make any apparent effort, but signalled "The Commodore is not on board," consequently she remained at anchor while the others got under weigh. The Gladiator, Scourge, Devastation, Cyclops and Retribution followed in succession, about 25 minutes after the line-of-battle-ships.

The Brilliant cracked on in gallant style, under single-reefed topsails and topgallant sails, the Albion following the Vanguard with her courses set. About half past 10 o'clock signal was made to the Steamers to "weigh and keep astern," and then, to the sailing squadron, to "form the prescribed order of sailing in two columns"; the St. Vincent, Vanguard, Albion and Trafalgar forming the weather line, the Queen, Rodney and Superb the lee line.

The Albion had run out most gallantly to St. Helen's before the ships astern of her had scarce moved from their positions at the anchorage, but, on the signal being made, she ran back, and dropped astern into her place in the rear of the Vanguard.

Signal was then made to "look out ahead of the Admiral," when the Raleigh and Brilliant to whom the signal applied only, carried on and stood out with all plain sail, the Brilliant leading; but when abreast of the Nab Light the Raleigh shot past her and kept the lead some miles, when the recall was hoisted and they put back, the Raleigh leaving the Brilliant four or five miles astern. This was the most interesting feature in the day's proceedings, being the only piece of competition in sailing, the other vessels having merely to obey orders and keep their stations. Not being able to weather the "Warner Shoal," the squadron, as each ship approached, tacked and stood over to starboard. When outside the Nab the St. Vincent clewed up her courses to wait for the others, and the Vanguard and Albion followed her example, to keep their stations. The Albion had to take in her topgallant-sails to keep clear of the Vanguard.

At twelve o'clock signals was made to the Steamers to prepare to go ahead under sail only, and the dinner pennon was bent. When outside the Albion asked permission to lower her main topmast (!) which was granted. The Rodney was obliged to back her main topsail to keep her station she drew ahead so fast. By a quarter past twelve all the line-of-battle ships made the Nab, and formed the prescribed order of sailing in two columns. At this time the Steamers were making up fast, the Terrible and Retribution leading, the former ahead. The whole fleet now lay too during the dinner hour.

At one o'clock Signal was made for a Lieutenant from each ship to repair on board the St. Vincent,—this appearing likely to prove a business of an hour or two, from the distance at which the other members of the squadron lay from the Commodore, a signal was shortly afterwards made to the steamers to take the boats containing the officers in tow.

The Commodore having communicated his orders to the officers sent from the various ships, the steamers set sail and prepared to go ahead.

About 2 o'clock a squall came from the eastward, and compelled the ships to send down royal yards—take in topgallant sails, and reef top-sails; at this the yachts and small craft began to manifest some uneasiness, and put back as fast as they could for the shore.

At about half past three, after lying too for 2 hours the fleet made sail down the channel, under double reefed topsail, top gallant sails, and foresails, and at 5 o'clock were lost to view from the Nab Light vessel.

The Trafalgar again showed her inferiority to the rest of the fleet; and the Albion proved better even than on the last occasion of showing her abilities.

FOUNDATION STONE OF ST. ANNE'S CHAPEL LAID.

From the Head Quarters.

On Saturday, the 30th May, at 12 o'clock, a number of public officers and inhabitants of this City, proceeded to the place where the Chapel is now in the course of erection, at the corner of George and Westmorland streets. Amongst the persons present were His Excellency Sir Wm. M. G. Colebrooke and family, Mr. A. Reade, his Excellency's secretary, the Hon. the Master of the Rolls, the Hon. Judge Carter, the Hon. Judge Street, the Hon. Lieut. Col. Shore, the Hon. Thomas Baillie, the Hon. L. A. Wilmot, John Ambrose Street, and Charles Fisher, Esquires, members of the Assembly. Several of the Magistrates and other principal inhabitants; and a number of Ladies also the children of some of the public schools.

The Bishop of Fredericton was attended by the Venerable Archdeacon Coster, and several of the clergy.

The Bishop having offered up several prayers, requested the Hon. John S. Saunders to lay the foundation stone, who proceeded to deposit the bottle with the inscription in a cavity prepared in the stone. The stone having been correctly placed with the accustomed formalities, the Hon. Mr. Saunders then addressed the persons assembled:

"*My Lord Bishop, Rev. Gentlemen, and Gentlemen,*

"Much as I feel gratified by your Lordship's kindness in requesting me to assist in laying the foundation stone of your Lordship's Chapel of St. Anne, I can assure you it affords me a far deeper feeling of satisfaction to have had it in my power to remove the difficulty you experienced in obtaining a site, by presenting you with the ground on which it is to be erected, and to have aided in the accomplishment of so desirable an object.

"The extension of church accommodation thus afforded, will be an invaluable benefit conferred on the increasing population of this part of the city; and as we are assured that the sittings are to be open and available to all persons, it must, to every pious mind, be a cause of devout thankfulness to the Almighty, to know that the poor of our community will no longer be excluded from the right of attending the service of our church, and partaking in its holy ordinances

"The name of St. Anne, by which this place was designated, when the present site of Fredericton was an Indian encampment and the earliest settlers first erected their rude huts, and prepared to clear their way into the deose forests which surrounded them, cannot fail to give rise to recollection of deep interest at a time, when we are called to aid our reverend Bishop in laying the foundation of a second church in this city, and one (to be) constructed after so pure and elegant a model of church Architecture, upon a spot which only within the last few years has become the centre of an extensive population.

"Whilst assisting at this solemn ceremony, under circumstances so calculated to inspire cheering anticipations of the future, I trust I may be excused for reverting to a subject so near our hearts—the fulfilment of that sacred pledge made by his Lordship on our parts and on his own to the Almighty to rear to his Honor and Glory that Hallowed edifice, the Cathedral of this Diocese—an object from which no other can divert our hopes and wishes, or in the slightest degree affect our determination to contribute as did that ancient race, the chosen people of God, in building his Temple.

'And they with whom precious stones were found, gave them to the Treasure House of the Lord.'

'Then the people rejoiced, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord.'

"We fervently trust that Your Lordship will long be spared to us, to rejoice in all the blessed results to flow from your labours, and from this our fuller participation in church priviliges, and in the exercise of our religious worship. And as we are assured a special Providence upholds the Son of the Righteous, so may we confidently anticipate its benefits in the moral regeneration of social life, and the faithful discharge of its duties under the deep sanction of religion. And when rich and poor are mingled in our common dust, even a fuller reward will, we trust, await the Apostolic labours of him who had so munificently contributed to these sacred objects, and that there will then be found many a stray member who has been gathered into the hold to rise to the glories of the life eternal."

We regret that we can only give a brief sketch of the impressive reply of the Bishop, which he made at considerable length; but his Lordship, after thanking Mr. Saunders for his kind donation of the land, a gift which he would never regret—expressed his conviction that a Chapel, open to all, would be found a blessing to all classes of the community; and that many would be able to partake of the inestimable blessings connected with the Church of England, who had hitherto been deprived of them. His Lordship declared that every hour deepened the conviction which he had formed, that the blessings of Christianity should be placed within the reach of all, poor as well as rich, and that the Chapel would be a trial of the benefit of open seats.

In reference to the Cathedral, his Lordship said that everything depended on the inhabitants of this city, in their unanimity, their zeal, and hearty co-operation; and that he considered that St. Anne's chapel so far from hindering this good work, would rather promote it.

After some other observations, the Bishop concluded by thanking those present for their countenance to the undertaking.

We have just been handed a sketch of the production of a flock of Sheep on the Farm of Charles Perley, Esq., from which we learn that the flock numbered seventy-one, forty of which were breeding Ewes, and from which were raised 57 lambs; not one ewe being without a Lamb. 503 lbs. of wool were shorn from the whole flock, being a little over 7 pounds to the fleece. Out of the above number 24 are yearlings, from a late imported Ram, which have shorn this year 196 lbs., averaging upwards of 8 pounds a piece. We are much inclined to believe that there is not a flock of sheep to be found in New Brunswick that can compare with those belonging to Mr. Perley.—*Woodstock Telegraph.*

Queen Victoria's Empire.—The Queen of England is now sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. She waves her hand, and five hundred thousand warriors march to battle to conquer or to die. She bends her head, and at the signal a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors, perform her bidding on the ocean. Come, all ye conquerors! and kneel before the Queen of England, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Persian empire was not so extensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of country than Attila, that scourge of God, ever ruled! We have subdued more empires and dethroned more kings than Alexander of Macedon! We have conquered more nations than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power ever subdued! We have acquired a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane, the Tartar, ever spurred his horse's hoof across."—*Finch, Boundaries of Empires.*

Land Rising from the Sea.—The gradual decrease of the waters of the ocean in several parts of the world, is a subject of much interest to the scientific enquirer. In the Baltic sea, this circumstance is very remarkable, and harbours in which ships of large burthen were once able to enter with safety, will not now admit the smallest vessels. Islands are almost yearly being discovered in the Southern Ocean, which no mariner had previously fallen in with, and it is proved beyond doubt that they are of very recent formation. In the Atlantic Ocean, the same phenomenon is observable, no more striking instance of which is to be found than that of the Newfoundland coast, and which a late paper of that Island thus notices:—

Gradual Rise of Newfoundland above the Sea.—It is a fact worthy of notice, that the whole of the land in and about the neighbourhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole of the Island, is rising out of the ocean at any rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to effect, if not to render useless many of the best harbours we have now on the coast. At Port de Grace a series of observations have been made which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosb, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land washers.

A Live Reptile in a Man's Stomach for 18 months.—On the 7th instant, Joseph Bailey, of Shadow Moss, in Northern Etchells, vomited a living reptile, of the lizard tribe, the body of which was about seven inches. It was in consequence of drinking at a brook, in a field which he was at work as a plough driver in the Autumn of 1844, about eighteen months. He was aware at the time that while he was hastily drinking, he swallowed some article which had made him sick, but had no idea it was anything like what it had ultimately proved to be. From that time his health has gradually retrograded, and he has been subject to fits of vomiting, almost constantly, and growing worse and worse.—About two months ago, he became unable to follow his employment, and was compelled to quit service and return home. He rapidly went worse; upon which his parents called in two eminent surgeons of Wilmslow.—While taking the proscribed medicines he appeared daily to go worse, his sickness increasing; and at this time he was scarcely able to walk across the room. Upon being seized with a fit of vomiting, he threw up, for three times successively, a thick glutinous matter, and at the fourth time the reptile made his appearance in his mouth, making a desperate attempt to return down his throat; but, applying his finger, he laid hold of it and threw it on the floor: and it then ran into the grid hole. In the hurry of the moment, his sister so much crushed and mangled it, that all further inspection was impossible. Since this he has gradually recovered, and there appears no doubt of his ultimate restoration to sound health. A few days ago he was much improved.—*Manchester Courier.*

Serve them right.—The Mexican robbers who infest the stage rout to Vera Cruz to the capital, woke up the wrong set of passengers in a stage which came down from Mexico about the 1st of April. Their demands for money were responded to by a discharge of fire-arms, which made two scoundrels bite the dust. For two or three days thereafter travellers were unmolested.—*Am. Paper.*

Generous Sympathy.—King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the King that the people gathered the flowers. 'What,' said the Monarch, are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more.'

The Cholera.—This destructive scourge seems once more on its way to ravage the continent of Europe, originating, as before, in the heart of Asia, Northern Persia being the first quarter in which it whs noticed; it is gradually approaching the confines of Europe. The chief cities of Persia already count by thousands the number of their dead who have fallen victims to Asiatic cholera. The line of route taken by it appears to be almost due west, for it attacked in regular succession the cities of Bokhara, Herat, Meshed, Teheran, and Ispahan, while recent accounts from Odessa state that two or three cases of Asiatic cholera had been observed at Tiflis.—*German Paper.*

Rather Suspicious,—A curious case recently occurred at Plymouth, in consequence of some remarks in relation to the body of Rebecca Wyatt, who had been interred about three months previously. She was disinterred and an inquest held upon her, which resulted in her husband been committed to gaol for Manslaughter.

A charge of an assault was recently brought at one of the police courts at Liverpool, G. B., by a young military gentlemen, against the keeper of French Hotel. The dispute arose from complainant being charged a shilling for drawing the cork of his bottle of wine which he had brought with him

According to the now tariff at Cuba, dating from the first of March, the duty on all export articles is diminished twenty per cent. The tonnage of the different vessels is to be computed according to the Spanish tables, by which English vessels will have to pay five per cent more than heretofore

Ten thousand Mormons have left the State of Illinois, and the rest are following as fast as possible, and yet the persecuting spirit of the people there is disposed to attack them. A proclamation has been issued against the outlaws.—*Bangor Courier.*

Four-score Lowell Girls have gone to the Washington Fair, where they will take part in exhibiting goods of their own manufacture. If Congress would only vacate the Capital awhile, and let these girls take charge of the Government looms, the People's cloth would no doubt be better woven.—*Ib*