

"That your petitioners believe that *her Majesty will not impose such a law on this Colony*, when in no other part of her dominions is this arbitrary and tyrannical law in force—that she will veto this act of a few visionaries; and that is another reason for your Honors not to allow the County to be at any loss, but to grant licenses as above requested, and your petitioners, as in duty bound *will ever pray.*"

"Will ever pray!" After this specimen of the language of a Kunseller's *petition*, what a precious gem in the way of sacred rhetoric must be their form of *prayer*! The *Royal Gazette Extra* of the 21st of December, contained an Order in Council dated at the Court at Windsor, which crushed out the last hope of the outlaws. It announced that the New Brunswick Prohibitory Liquor Law had received the sanction of the Crown, and the Imperial Government of Great Britain; and directed "all persons whom it may concern, to take notice and govern themselves accordingly." We are indebted to our friends in that Province for an early copy, the substance of which we telegraphed immediately to the Associate Press of New York City. We now put it on record *verbatim*, as a memorial of general and enduring interest. Queen Victoria was the Royal Patroness of the old Temperance movement in England; let no paper or person after this, presume to cite her as hostile to the Prohibition of the Traffic:—



ROYAL GAZETTE EXTRA.

FREDERICTON, N. B., DECEMBER 21, 1855.

BY AUTHORITY

AT THE COURT AT WINDSOR, THE 21ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1855.

PRESENT :

The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,
His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT.

Lord President,	Lord Panmure,
Lord Privy Seal,	Mr. Labouchere,
Lord Steward,	Sir George Grey, Bart.
Viscount Palmerston,	Mr. Vernon Smith,
Viscount Canning,	Sir Charles Wood, Bart.

WHEREAS the Lieutenant Governor of Her Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, with the Council and Assembly of the said Province, did in the month of April, 1855, pass an Act, which has been transmitted, entitled as follows, viz:—

No. 2409. An Act to prevent the importation, and traffic in Intoxicating Liquors.

And whereas the said Act has been referred to the Committee of the Lords of her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council appointed for the consideration of matters relating to Traffic and Foreign Plantations, and the said Committee have reported as their opinion to her Majesty, that the said Act should be left to its operation: her Majesty, was thereupon this day pleased, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, to approve the said Report: Whereof the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, or Commander in Chief for the time being of her Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, and all other persons whom it may concern, are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

WM. L. BATHURST.

READING.

Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a hard working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had already enough or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he had been reading be any thing above the *idlest and lightest*, gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation, something he can enjoy while absent and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to apply for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me though life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

LIFE.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure. We have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are as continually wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. I know, suppose, that the quantity is not very great, he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already,—and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not 'I have a reservoir—I may be at ease.' No: but 'I had water yesterday,—I have water to-day, but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the same cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And, at the same time, I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our mortal, transient life! And yet, men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession!"

HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

The secret of all success in life, of all greatness, nay of all happiness, is to live for a purpose. There are many persons always busy, who yet have no great purpose in view. They fritter away their energies on a hundred things, never accomplishing anything, because never giving their undivided attention to any one thing. They are like butterflies, that flit from spot to spot, never gaining wealth; while the ant, who strictly keeps to a certain circuit around her hole, gradually lays up stores for winter comfort. Such persons are doomed to be dissatisfied in the end, if they are not sooner; for they will find in the race of life they have been passed by all who have a purpose. It is not only the positive drones, therefore, but the busy idler, that makes a blunder of life for want of purpose.