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Sporting Sketches from New-Brunswick. BY M. H. PERLEY, ESQ.

The Lawyer and the Black Ducks.

THE majority of sportsmen from the United Kingdom, who have wandered into the British Provinces of North America, have generally complained of a lack of field sports, and on returning to that glorious "FATHER LAND," from Which we colonists are proud to claim our origin, have described this country to their brother sportsmen as not worth the trouble of a visit. So far as their ⁰wn knowledge extended, they were, perhaps, right; for, being wholly un-qualified, they had not attempted our forest life, and, consequently, knew nothing of our hunting, fishing, or shoot-They had expected to indulge their sporting propensities in the same Style, and with the like appliances, as on the other side of the Atlantic, forgetting the wide difference which exists between an old country and a new one; they were grievously disappointed, no doubt, in being debarred from joining at the cover-side a well mounted huntingfield, radiant in all the brilliancy of scarlet coats, spotless leathers, and faultless tops; and being unable to move out for a day's shooting, from the comforts and luxuries of an English country mansion, followed by a retinue of dogs and keepers, to pace regularly and quietly over the stubble, or through a few acres of turnips, across country, which offered no greater obstacle to their progress than a hedge or a ditch. But some few who have visited us, bleswith youth, health, and an ardent temperament, have conquered the first difficulties attendant on every new undertaking, and have opened to themselves a wide field of gratification, which amply rewarded their perseverance, and afforded endless and ever-varying Sources of amusement and delight. These favoured few have been taught to Wield the axe and use the paddle, and they have become adepts with the Indian fishing-spear; they have succeeded on the snow-shoe, and been able to purthat the man of education, possessing a

sue, with flying foot, the red deer and the carriboo, over the crisp and glittering surface of the frozen snow, while facing the sharp and nipping air of our They have learned, dubiting winter. ring the long and brilliant days of summer, to navigate the broad lake and rapid river, in the light canoe, with perfect safety, and the most thorough feeling of independence. They have, in their excursions, skimmed over the bright waters of some of the many sparkling rivers in which New-Brunswick delights, and which so completely intersect it, ascending rapids and surmounting obstacles of all kinds, until fairly at the scources of the stream; and then, instead of returning as they came, they have "portaged," with canoe and all equipments, to some other river flowing in an opposite direction, and differing widely, perhaps, in character and scenery; pursuing the downward course of which they have been carried into a new region, and an entirely different set of wild sports and adventures.

To roam independently and at will through the pathless forest, viewing nature in her unsullied brightness, silent beauty, and matchless grandeur, far distant from the haunts of man, and the turmoil and bustle of the busy world, breathing a pure air under a brilliant sky, and subsisting by our own exertions in the chase, is a mode of life possessing such fascinations as cannot be understood, or fully appreciated, save by those who have felt its spell, and enjoyed its pure and heartfelt pleasures. The intense and constant excitement arising from the ever-changing scenes and varied incidents of such a state of existence, are not its least recommendation; and few, if any, of those who are fitted to enjoy it, ever quit the wild wood to resume their place in civilized life, without deep feelings of regret that their enjoyments are at an end, or without evincing great unwillingness to submit themselves again to the trammels and restrictions of that highly artificial state of things which is styled "living in good society." There can be no doubt,