

a name for a pupil's book for writing down notes. The word suggests hurry and careless writing, and it is noticed that with the advent of the "scribbler" good penmanship deteriorates from those grades onward. If teachers give a better name to those note-books, and exercise time and care in their production, the untidy dog's-eared scribbler will soon disappear from the schools in which it still persists.

There is no doubt that a neat well-kept note-book is responsible for much good writing, as the "scribbler" is for poor writing. Occasional specimens of the best writing, with no misspelled words or no erasures, may be placed in a portion of the school-room reserved for that purpose; compositions or stories after correction may be copied into note-books with no erasures allowable; and pupils should be encouraged to take their note-books home, and, when finished, to preserve them carefully as evidence of their progress in school. These will grow in interest as the years go by.

Frequent exhibitions of penmanship of the schools will produce good results. Here the element of a friendly competition comes in, and this should be encouraged. Inspector Steeves, of Kings County, N. B., has planned to hold an exhibition of school work at his next year's teachers' institute; and to be assured that the work will be worthy of inspection, he has arranged it so that the greater part of the writing is already done and awaits his approval on the next visit of inspection to the schools. This assures success, as it is the result of forethought and planning.

Weeds! What is a weed? The etymologists do not help us much. They simply tell us that the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon "weod," and that the root of the word is unknown. A learned scientist once defined "dirt" as matter in the wrong place. We may adapt this, and say that a weed is a plant in the wrong place. Beautiful as is the wild rose, it is truly a weed when it invades the raspberry patch, although it is in the company of a near relative. Few flowers are prettier than the ox-eye daisy and the black-eyed susan; and a bunch of either will readily command a few cents, when offered to the denizen of the city whose memories of childhood's days are recalled by the wildings. But when they take possession of a clover field, the hay meadow, and the pasture, the farmer regards them as weeds.—*Robert Blight.*

Audubon In New Brunswick.

BY WM. H. MOORE.

After reading the biographical note upon the great naturalist and painter, Audubon, in the September REVIEW, the writer feels that it would be doing justice to the REVIEW readers to give a short account of Audubon's journey in New Brunswick, and a few other notes in connection with Audubon. In the month of August, A. D. 1832, Audubon was staying at Eastport, Maine, from which place he made excursions into the country around. In vol. II. of his Ornithological Biography, he says:

Having resolved to visit the British Province of New Brunswick, we proceeded to St. John, where we met with much politeness, and ascending the river of that name, a most beautiful stream, reached Frederickton, where we spent a week. Here Sir Archibald Campbell—then governor of the province—received us with all the urbanity and kindness of his amiable nature.

The morning after that spent with Sir Archibald Campbell and his delightful family saw us proceeding along the shores of the St. John river. As we passed the government house, our hearts bade its generous inmates adieu; and as we left Frederickton behind, the recollection of the many acts of kindness which we had received from its inhabitants came powerfully to our minds. Slowly advancing over the surface of the translucent stream, we still fancied our ears saluted by the melodies of the unrivalled band of the 43rd Regiment.

The "Favourite," the bark in which we were, contained not only my whole family, but nearly a score and a half individuals of all descriptions, so that the crowded state of her cabin soon began to prove rather disagreeable. The boat itself was a mere scow. The commander, a person of rude manners, had two sorry nags fastened to the end of a long tow-line. On the near nag rode a Negro youth, less than half clad, with a long switch in one hand, and the joined bridles in the other, striving with all his might to urge them on at the rate of something over two miles an hour.

Here and there the shores of the river were delightful, the space between it and the undulating hills that bounded the prospect being highly cultivated, while now and then its abrupt and rocky banks assumed a most picturesque appearance. Although it was late September, the mowers were still engaged in cutting grass. The apples were still green, and the vegetation in general reminded us that we were in a northern latitude.

Slowly we proceeded until the afternoon we landed to exchange our jaded horses. As is usual in such cases, in every part of the world that I have visited, our second set of horses was worse than the first.

We slept somewhere that night; it does not suit my views of travelling to tell you where. Before day smiled on the "Favourite" we proceeded. Some rapids we came to, when every one, glad to assist, leaped on shore and tugged *à la cordelle*.* Some miles farther we passed a curious cataract formed by the waters of the Pokiok.

* At the tow-ropes.