

The Rockwood Review.

were given recording the baneful and extensive activity of a similar larvae of a nocturnal Lepidopterous insect in the black forest district of Germany.

The oak trees in Europe, especially in England, are occasionally infested during June or July with swarms of cockchafers (mazbugs). These sometimes partly eat off the leaves of the oaks, but rarely cause the death of the tree, not being so voracious in the imago state as are moth larvae in their numerous and successive moults.

The cedar trees of our swamps, and also the transplanted cedar trees about our dwellings, (*Thuja Occidentales*), are occasionally preyed upon by small insect larvae, that strip the trees and trained hedges in a similar manner to what is accomplished on our gooseberry bushes by the devouring caterpillar of the saw-fly. Yet on the whole the coniferous trees seem to be much more immune to insect mauraudings than are their deciduous confreres.

Yet the spruce trees that have been removed from the swamps, and been transplanted in our shrubberies, grow and thrive for about thirty years, and then almost invariably wither and die: and the general assumption arrived at by arborists about here is that the native pine is by far the most eligible and successfully grown tree in artificial plantations.

Next to the sugar maple the two or three species of elm seem to have powerful adaptive qualities, and although mostly preyed upon in their foliage—scarcely a leaf escaping erosion or at least perforation—an instance of the elm trees succumbing to these hostile inroads is one of the rarest of phenomena. And a dense elm swamp in consequence it would appear of the inexhaustible larval supply of song bird food, is sure to be a paradise during our early summer months of the myriad individual feathered warblers, and the resinous forests are comparatively the haunts of

loneliness and silence.

During the tempestuous snow storm that visited these parts about the 20th of November last, a Loon was picked up in a nearly exhausted condition, in the rapidly freezing waters of a brooklet about three miles from here. The bird seems to have been of the summer's brood, and somewhat of a "weakling," and had probably dropped from the ranks of a party of its congeners en route to a winter rendezvous to rest and recuperate. The bird bit and resisted its human captor and assailant at first onset in a most spirited manner, but is now mounted in the museum of a local taxidermist. In a few instances stray individuals of the Grebe family alight during very severe cold periods among the tame waterfowl of the Burford barnyards. When seen in flight these storm distressed birds are usually steering in a south-east direction.

W. YATES.

"Jenny Dang the Weaver!"

This popular tune owned its origin to an occurrence in which a minister's wife was the heroine.

During the second year of the last Scottish Rebellion, the Rev. Mr. Gardner, of Birse, Aberdeenshire, reputed for his humour and musical talents, was one evening playing over on his Violin the notes of an air he had been composing, when a scene in the courtyard arrested his attention. His man "Jock," lately a weaver in a neighbouring village, having rudely declined to wipe the minister's shoes, as requested by Mrs. Gardner, she administered a hearty drubbing to his shoulders with a cooking utensil, and compelled him to execute her orders. Witnessing the proceedings from the window, Mr. Gardner was intensely amused, and gave the air he had just completed the name of "JENNY DANG THE WEAVER."