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off with it, but although he was so huge himself, the enormous caldron completely covered him, and its handles rung at his heels. This giant Ægir, entertains the gods every harvest time and brews ale for them, his wife is called Ran and their children are the waves. Ran has a golden net in which she catches those who go out to sea, and she also has power to hold ships fast with her hand. The daughters of Ran are said to congregate at the will of their father, they have pale locks and white veils, and they are always awake when the wind blows, their names designate different appearances of the sea waves, the Sky clear, the Diver, the Swelling, the Billow, the Raging Sea, &c. The Æger in Jean Ingelow's poem, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," is derived from this giant Ægir. Thor's wife Sif, was possessed of a head of beautiful golden hair, his brother Loke who was the personification of wickedness, one day in a fit of envy, cut of the luxuriant tresses of the sleeping Sif. Thor's rage was unbounded, and Loke had to flee from Asgard to escape his wrath, the dwarfs having made him a golden crown, he returned to the garden of the gods, and placing the crown upon Sif's head, the golden hair became as beautiful as ever. Our prosaic rendering of the legend of Loke stealing Sif's hair, is that Loke represents fire and heat, Sif's hair is the grass. The heat scorches the grass, and dries it up, and the same physical agent sets the forces of nature to work again, and new grass with golden or light color springs up once more.

Besides the giants there are other beings who live in the traditions of Scandanavia, the elves, trolls or dwarfs, the nisses, necks, mermaids and the hill people. The elves are divided into the white and black, the white are good, dwell in the

air, dance in the sunshine, and sit on the leaves of trees. The black, or evil elves dwell underground, and frequently inflict injury on mankind. There used to be doctors in Norway and Sweden whose business it was to repair the injuries of these elfin sprites. They have kings, princes, and princesses, and no doubt the children's dear old friend, Hans Andersen had direct communication with these little folk. The hill folk dwell in small hills and caves and are called Hulder, they are very musical and sing in a sad, sweet minor key among the hills and rocks. Mothers who had lost children, and disappointed lovers used to go to the Necken for comfort, as he sat singing beside some waterfall.

Some of the Norwegian violinists have learned the magic tunes of the little folk, and people think, that Ole Bull the world renowned violinist learned his art from listening to the strains of the hulder. There is one tune, the elf-king's tune, which several good fiddlers know but never dare play, for as soon as it begins, old and young and even inanimate objects begin to dance, and the player cannot stop until he can play the air backward, or failing this, until some one comes and cuts the strings of his fiddle.

The trolls live inside mounds, hills, and mountains, sometimes in single families, sometimes in societies; they are extremely wealthy and people who have happened to catch sight of them in their homes, have seen them busy shoving about great chests full of gold and silver money, as well as jewels. They have a great dislike to noise, probably out of a recollection of Thor flinging his mighty hammer after them, but since church bells have become common in the country, the trolls have become less numerous.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]