

**FRITHIOF, A NORWEGIAN  
STORY;  
FROM THE SWEDISH  
OF ESAIAS TEGNER**

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Frithiof, a Norwegian story; from the swedish of esaias tegner by R. G. Latham

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**R. G. LATHAM**

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FRITHIOF,  
A NORWEGIAN STORY,

FROM THE

SWEDISH OF ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

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BY

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



THOSE who wish to pronounce the name of the heroine with becoming harmony are advised, that the *g* in Ingebore belongs to the first syllable, and that it is pronounced, not as in *got*, nor as in *gibbet*, but as in *king*. Ing-ebore is the lady's name, not In-gebore, nor Ing-gebore; still less In-jebore. Frithiof himself would never have known her by a name so un-Norwegian as the last.



## PREFACE.

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THE following Poem is a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of the most admired production of Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Vexio, and Swedens most favoured minstrel. The scene is laid chiefly in the district of Sogne, on the south-west coast of Norway; and the events are supposed to have taken place in or about the eighth century. The incidents and characters are drawn from the two histories, or Sagas, of Frithiof, and of Thorsten Vikingsson.

I have called the work a paraphrase, rather than a translation. What part of it approaches most closely to the original I am unable to say; but, assuredly, the greatest liberty is taken with some lines in the eighth canto. That canto is in the original written



in blank verse. Those who have read the *Essay on Translated Verse* by Lord Roscommon, where, in the midst of a series of rhyming heroics, a paragraph in blank verse is inserted, well know how inharmonious is its mixture with the more lyrical measures; this consideration, combined with some natural fastidiousness in the matter of the Miltonic metre, induced me to render the meeting of Frithiof and Ingebore in rhyme. Now, in the Swedish, there is a certain part of that canto, where that quick kind of dramatic dialogue, consisting of a reciprocation of objections and rejoinders, in alternate sentences of one line each, a true *stikhomuthia* takes place. This, although admirably adapted for the Swedish, is in no degree suited to the English poem; so that in the latter the dialogue is omitted, and the matter of it only given in the lines beginning

“ Harsh and unkind, &c. &c.”

This is written by way of illustration, as an example of the license I have allowed myself.

The present is not the only appearance of Frithiof in an English dress. The Reverend Mr. Strong, after whom I should, assuredly, have never entered the field, had I not allowed myself greater latitude than that author chose to take, was the first who made his country familiar with the genius of Tegnér. A second translation soon followed, apparently the production of a variety of writers.

Since the commencement of my own version, a change has gone over the fortunes of the Scandinavian Muses. True it is, that they have sought Lavinian shores, and have been transplanted to the more hospitable clime of Britain. But the more honourable escort that they might (if Muses hope) have once hoped would conduct their emigration, they have lost. A bard, worthier of them than myself, was to have been my coadjutor in rendering Frithiof; whom, however, he deserted for severer studies, early indeed, but not entirely; since, in the forthcoming pages, several passages are more his than mine, and several entirely his own, *purpurei panni*, on a more ignoble texture.

IT IS THIS FRIEND,  
E. S. CREASY, ESQ.,  
OF  
LINCOLN'S-INN,

TO WHOM,  
WITH EVERY FEELING OF ADMIRATION,  
AND REGARD,

The following Production  
is  
Enscribed.

*Cambridge, May 10, 1838.*