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we are far from tracing even a remote resemblance between the labours of the two ladies. Miss Austin's novels are histories of the human heart, and in the more occasional parts, wonderfully exact analyses of character and disposition: whereas, in Mrs. Gore's books, we can see little more than a series of brilliant sketches, bordering occasionally on the caricature.

ART. X.—*History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy.* By Henry Wheaton. John Murray. 8vo. pp. 367. 1831.

IT has been said that Americans have no ancestry; and yet here is an American, with enough of Gothic blood and Gothic affection to induce him to enter into a field of research, which Englishmen have too much neglected. "Smit with the love of" Scandinavian story, and availing himself of his residence in a Scandinavian court, where its best sources were accessible to him, Mr. Wheaton has produced a volume which will give much information to others, and bring considerable renown to himself. We welcome the book as a most acceptable offering to literature, and the writer as worthy of "golden opinions." His style is correct and flowing—his knowledge extensive, if not always profound—of his industry, every page gives evidence; and the tone and temper of the volume are generous and benevolent throughout—dwelling with complacency on every thing that betokens goodness, gentleness, or genius; though, perhaps, he is sometimes a little dazzled and misled, while surrounded by those mists which hang over the events of a distant time—events which come down to us with many striking associations—a grand and imposing mythology—the records of historians rocked in the icy cradle of the ancient north—the songs of Skalds, which have in them the rudeness of an heroic, and the wildness of a romantic age; and above all, influenced by that undefined but sympathizing feeling, that the history is the history of our forefathers—the progenitors of our own blood—the history of one great branch, and that the most adventurous, of our renowned Gothic race.

The ancients asserted—and it was scarcely a fable, that Chronos had buried his treasures in the regions of the North. And strange it is, that they should have been so little sought for there. Strange it is, though we know full well whence came the Goths, the Angles and the Normans, that we should have done so little to track them back to their ancient abodes. Their fatherland is wrapped for us in a darkness nearly as thick as

surrounded it ere they burst out upon the fairer and richer lands of the South. Formerly, indeed, the remoter Northern world, was a world given up to the imagination of dreamers, who peopled it with prodigies and all mysterious things;—in later times, when men have learnt that man every where is man—with common hopes and fears—modified somewhat by climate, and much by civilization; even in later times, a cold and frozen barrier seems to have girdled the ancient Scandinavia—a barrier which few have been willing to burst, lest nothing should be found to repay the labour of the adventurers.

Yet it is most true, as Mr. Wheaton says in his preface, that the written monuments of the North “throw a strong and clear light upon the affairs of Europe during the middle ages, and illustrate the formation of the great monarchies now constituting some of its leading states;” and strange would it be, if such records, while they instruct and guide the inquirer who follows a brave and hardy people in their migrations and settlements in other lands—should not, at the same time, have a charm when they tell the domestic story of those who remained at home. If energy of thought and will distinguished those who went forth to encounter the perils of the stormy deep—scarcely less are the same qualities discernible in those who lingered in their native abodes. Mr. Wheaton's eye of observation is occupied with the whole field; and in every part of it he has done for our instruction, far more than any English writer that has preceded him. May he find all encouragement to proceed with his labours! It will be most gratifying to find that the topic so interesting in itself, is felt generally to be interesting; but it is easier to nourish a curiosity that does exist, than to call that curiosity into existence. On England the subject has a very especial claim—for in England, these men, whom the father of northern history calls “the Kingly Scythians,” not only pitched their camps, but raised their castles, and built their palaces—not only looked in as visitors, but fixed themselves as inhabitants;—where they introduced a new language, literature, and social existence, creating one of the great epochs in the history of the human race. To claim thus much for the Northern men, may seem presumption. Let those who would gainsay the statement, assist the inquiry; there is much to be done; the subject has the freshness, the bloom of novelty upon it; and if able pens will give it the literary charm, no doubt an interest will be awakened, whose long long slumbers it is not very easy to excuse or to explain.

It may, indeed, be said, that those who have hitherto wandered into the septentrional regions of literature, have been wanting in