

**THE PEASANT AND
HIS LANDLORD, PP.
1-192**

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The Peasant and His Landlord, pp. 1-192 by Sophie Margareta von Knorring

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SOPHIE MARGARETA VON KNORRING

**THE PEASANT AND
HIS LANDLORD, PP.
1-192**

THE
P E A S A N T
AND
H I S L A N D L O R D.

BY THE BARONESS KNORRING.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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1848.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It is with great pleasure that I introduce to the English public another new Northern Author, well worthy to take her place beside Fredrika Bremer and Hans Christian Andersen. In her own country the Baroness Knorring stands side by side with the Author of "The Home" and "The Neighbors;" and I feel sure that the peculiar excellence and originality of her writings will be equally acknowledged in this, when once they are made known to our reading public.

Of the particular story which I have selected as the commencement of this series of translations, I must be allowed to say, that, treating as it does thus livingly and powerfully of the life of the people in a country which is in many respects kindred to our own, it affords a striking lesson, and a deep moral which must be obvious to all. It

affords one more of the many demonstrations which we every day meet with, of the highest and purest natures being driven from their proper course, and oppressed, and perverted by the worst. It affords also a grand lesson on the subject of Temperance; and proves, that though one false step often leads to ruin, which is retrievable only by death, yet that uprightness and virtue, through suffering and through death, work out their own salvation.

M. H.

THE ELMS, CLAPTON,

Feb. 1st, 1848.

AUTHORESS'S DEDICATION.

THIS sketch of a peasant and his connections is inscribed respectfully, affectionately, and gratefully to three female friends, to whom I owe all those feelings, and have done so from my latest childhood and earliest youth; namely, to the nobly born lady, the Countess C. M. Sommerhjelm (born Lewenhaupt), who has always gone as a guiding star before me; who held out her hand to me many a time when my step faltered; who, on manifold occasions, cheered and gladdened me, in part by her beloved presence, in part by her animated letters; and lastly, who, by obtaining for me the acquaintance of an inestimable friend,* has acquired an eternal claim to my gratitude. To dedicate now to her, who reckoned among her friends the kings and queens of our former dynasty, this "peasant story," seems indeed to be unlikely enough; but if there be any truth and nature found in my narrative, then there is no one who can better see and distinguish these than precisely this—friend of kings.

These unpretending pages are also dedicated to the well-born lady of Colonel Silfverstolpe (born Montgomery), who, in the young mind of the girl of thirteen, kindled the first sparks of other thoughts than those of the child—than of the giddy, dancing, playful girl; to her, who through her

* Fredrika Bremer.

whole life has known how to support and strengthen that admiration and devotion which were so justly her due; to her, whose judgment on the productions of mind or of the pen all ought to wish for who have the courage to hear how the highest degree of justice—the finest and the most cultivated taste, expresses itself.

And, lastly, these sketches are inscribed also to thee, thou old, dear friend, who didst originally come from the peasant's cottage, thou faithful and devoted Svenborg,* who didst guide with thy hand the very first tottering footsteps of my childhood, and who, with a gentle and courteous hand, didst lead me out of my gay and sportive story-world up to God and His angels; and who didst understand how, many a time, to restrain and to keep within bounds the restless, sportive, over-hill-and-dale-flying fancy of the child. To thee, also, are these pictures inscribed—to thee, who, perhaps, best of all canst form a correct judgment of them, partly through that clear glance which Mother Nature gave to thee, and partly because thou didst not alone come from, but also in the beautiful evening of thy life didst again enter under, the sod roof of the cottage, rich in years, experience, and knowledge of life, and, God be thanked! not poor in any thing which can contribute to the happiness of life and the comfort of death.

To you—all three—highly beloved and venerated friends, is inscribed this sketch, with all submission, by

THE AUTHORESS.

* Mrs. Svenborg Dalin (born Böcker), an old and excellent servant, and children's friend, who for about fifty years lived in the family of the author's father and mother. (Author's note.)

P R E F A C E.

BULWER expresses somewhere his dissatisfaction with any book which comes before the public without preface or address; and he is perhaps right. A book without these forerunners is like a person who is introduced into a great company with the simple and single title of Mr. This or That.

It is true that there are *some persons* gifted with so fine a power of discrimination, that they can immediately see at the first glance whether a man belong to the educated, the much-educated, the accomplished, the pseudo-accomplished, the mis-educated, the over-educated, or the entirely uneducated. And there are also *those* who never require any preface, but who can determine by the first page of a book what the whole of it is; but as these will always constitute the minority, and many others remain who require both titles to persons and prefaces to books, that they may know, as it were, on what ground they stand, we will furnish our little book with such a little preface, as shall tell about *whom* and *why* it is come forth, and so on.

The authoress, born and brought up in the country, and also compelled by her domestic circumstances, as well in