44. Continuation. The Person.

Now if the head was a poor unfortunate prisoner, I assure you, my fair young maidens, that the body was no less so! A corset [Schnürbrust] (in form not dissimilar to a butter-tub) enclosed the body, and mine was particularly monstrous; first because I could not stand being laced up [eingeschwängt] in this manner, and second because my mother also took great pains to ensure that breast and hips were not squeezed. But where the corset ended, there began the five-to-six-ells-wide hoopskirt [Reifrock] to encumber the hips; this scaffolding, on which no further human form was recognizable, was covered from head to foot with (131) gewgaws [Engageanten], superfluities, ribbons, adornments, etc. The feet, however, rested in two- to three-inch-high stilt shoes, and the whole abortive figure wobbled around, wavering and insecure!

And in this costume, people danced!! I recall having gained such an adeptness in this that I used my fishbone skirt as a sail, and so with a favoring wind passed down the long rows of English dance – for which reason I was also known for my lightness in dancing. And though such a padded young girl could deploy nothing of a good figure, and in general nothing was free except the eyes and the mouth (and, sometimes, the understanding), we still were treated [courtisirt] with far more attention, gentleness and spirit, and felt more than our daughters who are adorned with all the graces of a better taste.

45. First Fetter Thrown Off.

I must do myself the justice [to say] that all this foolishness filled me with a (132) hearty disgust, from which there naturally arose a great negligence in disfiguring myself. My inward sense of beauty had been awakened and nurtured with Preisler and Hauber, and Strange’s, Hamilton’s and Wille’s copper engravings had conjured up quite different pictures before my soul. Thus, when the good Mother once showed me a tightly laced fashion doll as a model, saying “Look, she has a lovely figure!” I answered pertly, “Yes, like a wasp!”

And so there came an evening at a ball where I in my crinoline [Reifrock] was sailing happily down the long rows, when one of the ribbons gave way and the ship was suddenly impeded in its course. I quickly slipped into an adjoining room, and to lose no time, hastily tie up the side openings [Seitencoulissen] on skirt and dress, and happily go on dancing. Ah, how lightly I swayed and hopped there, without borrowed breezes, in my own joy of motion [in eigner Schnellkraft]. She who on that evening didn’t again don the crinoline, that was I; but she who was gossiped about by all attendant aunts and female cousins, as for an injury to all maidenly manners and modesty – (133) that, too, was Friederike.
46. The Moresss.

The fishbone skirts and Poschen [feathers?] were followed by the culs de Paris [posteries of Paris], but these they never managed to make me wear. But it was around this time, when I am accompanying my mother on a visit, in one of the most populous sections of the city (at the corner of Kaufmacher and Heiligengeist [Holy Ghost] Street), that we encountered a well-grown Moresss, strolling freely, bearing her upright, palm-tree-slender body, splendidly draped with Indian shawls, neck and arms richly adorned with golden chains and pearls, and the head picturesquely bound round with a shawl.

Lost in mute admiration, I stand stock-still looking after her, and then break out in words: “Mother, Mother, just look! She is beautifully grown, she is beautifully dressed!” And Mother: “Ah, merciful God, now she will want to dress like a Moorish woman!” (134) Only too gladly would I have done so, and from that time on it ran powerfully in my head, and many a plan for more beautiful and better attire was worked out, but meanwhile things mostly remained as before.

47. Rowing.

But in the beloved garden house all fetters were cast aside. There I joyfully ran about without Poschen or Reifrock, with braided hair and the light Spon hat. The readings in Bonnet were continued, and the unfailing source of comfort and the purest joys of my being were always raised up by the beloved father from the depths of the heart, and led through life by gentle fructifying silver threads.

I was an enthusiastic hanger-on of the Danish Navy; and everything that had to do with the sea and marine life belonged to the center of my existence. In the spring, we were always invited by (135) my brother’s true defender, the noble Count and Admiral Adam von Moltke, on board the warship he now commanded. How joyfully I hung [floated] there on the elegant long-boat, rowed by sixteen oarsmen, across the bright blue sea to the majestic 74-gun ship, accompanied and received by splendid music! There, everything shone with order, cleanliness, well-being and elegance! Sometimes in fine, quiet weather there was a little dance on deck -- without fishleg skirt indeed, for with the First of May I laid aside all that nonsense [Unwesen], and no one brought it back to me before the First of November.

My father’s garden lay between the Eastern and Northern gates, on a friendly little lagoon [Landsee] called the Preblingere See. The situation was really quite agreeable, and the view could be called beautiful. For from the windows of the house we looked eastward over the (then) very lively Sund over to the coast of Schonen, where with a modest telescope I could see the inhabitants harvesting the grain, and often saw the peasant women pursuing (136) their industrious way of life in front of their houses. To the south, the shadowed walls and towers of Copenhagen displayed themselves quite splendidly. But to the west we looked across the
miring Lagoon, its bushy green bank animated by country houses, factories and bleaching establishments, on a gently rising height crowned by the royal pleasure and residence palace of Friedrichsberg and embellished by its gardens.

There a good small boat was procured, and Friederike, the lover of the sea, received instruction in rowing from Admiral Adam Moltke himself, and did her teacher so much honor, through adroitness and strength, that she often rows father, mother and sister around by herself for an hour or more. That was another source of distress for the dear mother. At the beginning she put up with the swaying motion without trouble – for she did not like to make motion for herself; but soon there appeared blisters on my hands, which threatened to harden into calluses. But Friederike had once for all a superfluity of life, which was not to be steered. "Let her have her way (said the father), she'll get lame soon enough!"

(137) One of my greatest joys was to wander with Father in rising weather at the lake, or even more so at the not distant seashore, where the waves roared and crashed, and the peals of thunder solemnly joined in! He had relieved me of groundless fears, and the true [fear] is seldom motivated. All my life, a feeling of solemnity, a living echo of those hours, has remained in my soul! "With fiery steeds Elijah to be driven to Heaven," my pious father always declared to be the most blessed death! To me, too, the voice of the Lord always resounds in the thunder, as for Oedipus at Colonos, in Sophocles' immortal masterwork.

48. The Winter of 1777.

My father's friendly ties with the noble families of Reventlau, Bernstorff and Schimmelmann became ever closer and more hearty. And in this winter, he was charged with the religious instruction (138) of the young Countesses Carolina and Julia, daughters of Minister of State von Schimmelmann. The former was already grown up, the latter was to be confirmed in the spring.

Their mother was a well-educated Saxon woman and a handsome noble matron who had raised her daughters to the highest elegance and urbanity. The eldest, Carolina, was beautiful as a Fairy Queen, tall, splendidly formed [gebildet] and intelligent. Her beauty and grandiose elegance dazzled me, but her lovely friendliness drew me on.

Julie, whose age was closer to my own, was not so regularly beautiful, but indescribably interesting. She was as lively and fiery as the other was charming, devoted [hingebend] and indolent; as brunette as the other was blonde; with wonderful dark blue eyes, whose long dark lashes gently shadowed the purest fire, and colors [i.e., a complexion] like a peach one day before full ripeness; tender and yet strong [was] her noble figure. Her elevated mind, her angel-pure heart, her flaming soul breathed from every word, every movement.

By the world, the noble Julie was often misunderstood, but my father and I felt deeply her
whole value. She was the (139) darling of his heart, and I have truly loved her from that time on. I was permitted to take part, silently, in these religious lessons, and there I understood very early that piety and the first sacred youthful love in the heart of the fair Julie flowed together like pure heaven-born twin springs – but only for the one who, two years later, became her husband, for this pure soul has loved only God and him.

49. Another Fetter Cast Off.

Whether it was the anticipation of the free and airy life of summer, or a developing sense of freedom, but as the pre-spring season approached, it became impossible for me to tolerate any longer the swelling pillows and the whole painful Saturday routine. I beg and implore my mother to be spared all this in future; but my advocate in this important matter was the most fashionable hairdresser of the bourgeois beau monde; a good, upright man (140) named Hansen, whom may God reward! This man declared that notwithstanding my monstrous growth of hair, he could accomplish his task with the help of a quite small pillow in which the hairpins could be stabilized; and he actually put into practice this bold idea of our mutual invention.

Shortly thereafter I was invited to dinner with my parents by Confidential Councillor’s Wife [Geheimerathin] Schimmelmann (mother of the two Graces). – I was then nearly thirteen; very tall for my age, bursting with good health, and with a pair of red hands, on which every glance cast by my mother was accompanied by a heartfelt sigh; and, to her great anxiety – which, however, was mingled with motherly satisfaction over my now so noticeably fine hair – my hair was now done in the new way; and I [myself] felt with premonitory sense the doubtful stability of the towering structure based on hairpins a quarter of an ell long.

But I took my courage in hand, and also wanted no more fake [falsche] flowers (as I called the artificial ones); thus grasping ever more widely around me in my innovative fervor. Quickly, then, were picked the first children of our garden, the little Liver Flowers [Leberblümchen (anemone hepatica)], and (141) with them the building [i.e., the coiffure], resting on timber-work [Pfahlwerk] like a Venetian palace, and richly adorned [ausgespickt].

Already on the long road from the Norder- to the Breitstrasse, it [the coiffure] underwent powerful shakings, each of which elicited from me anxiety-perspiration, but, from my mother, loud sighs. We finally arrived before the handsome palace, built in the Italian style: proceeded through the great vestibule and up the broad stairway, I with a heavily beating heart, for I was as stupid as I was bold! “Stand straight, Rikchen!” my mother whispered to me at the entrance, and now I lose all courage! Trembling, I enter the great festal hall, and with one quick glance take in all the beautiful and tastefully attired ladies, from among whom the hostess advances to meet us with gentle dignity.

Not noticing the mirror-like waxed floor (for I was required to stand straight), I make my bow [meinen Reverenz], slip and fall my whole length, and feel at the same time (oh Fright) the
disintegration of my hair-structure! I remain lying immobile and merely squint past my nose at my liver-flowers, strewn in converging lines (142) and covering the slippery floor around me.

To my relief, I heard no one laugh; the fall had been severe, and my silent immobility probably aroused concern. Then I feel myself lifted in gentle, warm arms (for I had kept my eyes closed after the one glance at my flowers) and sweetly caressed, and my now streaming tears being dried; I look up, and into the open heaven, into Emilie’s pious, holy, gentle eye! My whole heart was hers from that moment on, and she became my Muse.

My mother excused the breach of propriety with my fantastic cosmetic ideas. “But the poor little dear is right!” said Emilie. “Will you allow me to fix her hair the way Lottchen Bernstorff wears it?” My mother, now reassured, assented: the good angel took me into the adjoining room; the sad ruins were completely demolished, the hair combed and put in order, a handsome red ribbon tied around it, and who was happier than Friederike? Joyfully I returned to the great hall with Emilie, where the friendly matron smilingly caressed me, and among these noble (143) people I secretly felt much at ease. But Emilie was the young and tenderly loved wife of the eldest son, Ernst Count von Schimmelmann.

50. What I Was Like in My 13th Year.

With all of this half-childish personality, my mind often pressed far ahead, and I had thoughts and feelings which were well beyond my age. I was in my thirteenth year, outwardly almost formed as I was to remain; well-grown and freshly blooming in joyful fulness of life. Active from cockerow until late evening, and of the most unpeevish cheerfulness [unverdrossenste Munterkeit]. Nearly all of my beautiful playmates were older than I, and appeared in the glow of beauty in all society affairs, and Friederike seemed to herself like a little ragamuffin [Ruppigel] beside all the brilliantly rising stars, but troubles herself very little about this, and (144) quietly pursues her happily innocent life in ever heightened activity.

I now begin to feel quite deeply my ignorance of things of which it is shameful to be ignorant, and this feeling makes me modest; for the lively sallies and responses [Ausfälle und Antworten] truly smacked of great spontaneity of thought, and from the habit of thinking aloud. People always did me the honor of supposing that I was better informed than I unfortunately was; because I early wrote well and fairly correctly. But I knew best how little I had gained through effort and really learned; and since I very rightly refrained from counting what I had sniffed up as being truly deserving, my (145) judgment of myself was really extremely low.

Reading, real reading with reflection, I have really only learned since I became deaf, i.e., since my 23rd year; until then I limited myself to the living; and, as I was surrounded by very good people, the harm was not great, since in my time the young people still understood how to hear. Meanwhile I devoured many [books of] travels, and dreamed about the poets with a dark delight. I began in that year to learn English, and immediately understood Ossian, and before this
Truth from Morning Dreams

poet everything I had hitherto seen was soon darkened. I “lived and wove” in his darkly clear and ghostly world, and lost myself in the high, pure feelings which he breathes.

It had already happened to me once, in separating from a very lovely blooming young girl of my own age, whom I had come to know in transit – she was a daughter of the very well-known Superintendent Schiemeyer, who had been called from Stockholm to Lübeck – that a kind of poem had emanated [entströmt] from me, but I myself had quickly forgotten it, and made no further attempts. But Ossian awakened in me the still slumbering tones, and moved, (146) with gentle breath of times gone by, the Aeolian harp of my perceptions.

51. The Little Nest in the Willow Tree.

My father had had a little pavilion built in a corner of the garden at the lake, next to a little grove of alders, willows and poplars where the neighboring garden abutted on ours, and where he could be alone and quietly study; there he had his telescope and microscope, and there he read and worked. He liked it when I went in and out and provided many things without his asking; for I was orderly and quick in doing things. Then I usually sat with a piece of work on the ground floor of the little garden house.

But I soon found a better place! Near the little house was a grassy bank, approached by a few steps and shadowed by an old but much mutilated willow tree; through this decapitation the main trunk had been lowered, and around it (147) the straight water-twigs [Wasserreiser] had grown up thickly. Heaven knows how I first got the idea of scrambling from the grassy bank [Rasenbank] onto the boundary fence [ ? Gränzstacket], and from there into the tree; enough, there I sat, my beloved Ossian in hand, noticing everything around me, but myself unseen. That was a splendid discovery; for in the narrow dwelling house there was also no secluded corner! Here, I secretly brought to the nest: first straw, in order to sit a little less uncomfortably; then a long-necked medicine bottle was filled with ink, tied firmly to a branch, and some pens [Federn] stuck into it; ah, those were happy hours that I spent there!

There I began to translate episodes from Ossian into prose, as I first thought. But it later became evident that the translation had turned out to be a pleasant mixture of iambics and alexandrines, which had established themselves quite innocently; for I had really never thought about what distinguishes prose from verse. This little nest now became my best-loved resort, but it still remained a sweet secret! If my father called me above, I was there in a trice; for the (148) tree shaded his window, and so my bird’s life remained undiscovered for some considerable time, since Fritz came out only late in the evening, Balthasar was always on his ship in summer, and little Hanne (7 ½ years younger than I) had quite different occupations.
52. Tasso and Klopstock.

The next winter I began Italian, not because I already knew English, but I could not wait to be able to read Tasso, of whom I had heard so much. After four to five months’ instruction, through guessing and analogy I understood Ariosto as well as did my teacher (in so far as the otherwise proper man read it with me), and he then began the *Gerusalemme liberata*. After that, I asked no more about Ariosto; Tasso captivated me completely; the sound and tone of his verses resounded around me as with swans’ wings! And I translated so rapidly that my old teacher could not follow me, and often reproved me for going *ventre à terre*.

(149) Since my earliest childhood, Klopstock’s name had sounded to me like harp tones, and the thought of him had been one of the invisible Genies of my inner life. Only up to this time I had read nothing of his except the Spiritual Songs and Tragedies. I begged and prayed now for the *Messias* [Klopstock’s greatest work]. Up to this time my father had withheld from me this soul-raising but also soul-stretching spiritual nourishment; and a certain complacent [wohlwisher] family friend asserted “that it was only vanity that was driving me, and I really didn’t know what I was reading. They should try for once to put a *bad* poem into my hands, after having first praised it, and would then see whether such a young thing was capable of distinguishing good from bad, etc.”

So I hear much talk of an epic poem (called *Nimrod*, I think), written by an older poet; and of how unjust it is to forget such a work, and only run after the newer poets, etc. Finally, after much begging, the old comforter is put in my hands, like a holy relic – I hurry into my little cubicle and (150) ravenously fall upon it! It was quite pitiful stuff, quite devoid of sense or taste! At first, out of respect for my father, I did not trust my eyes and sense! I read, read and reread; finally laughed out loud, ran to my father and told him he could not be serious in calling that a good poem!

My father embraced me and told me the whole story; and the *Messias* was allowed me. – The Land of Souls was opened to me, with a world of new thoughts and exalted impressions! As regards feeling and thought, I grasped and understood quickly; but frankly, the Biblical and historical requirements I learned to understand only later. But certain it is that Klopstock taught me to think. Understanding and reflection were sharpened by this exalted reading; for to reflect on prose was still impossible for me; only the ethereal bond of rhythm could hold my flighty thoughts together. Novels were now forgotten in favor of the Poets.

(151) 53. Cramer’s Visit.

It seems to me that it was in the autumn of this year, or the preceding one, that the great Cramer, the poet of the immortal odes, “Luther” and “Melanchthon,” and my father’s beloved friend, visited us. He had now become Chancellor of the University of Kiel, and Denmark was
once again proud of possessing him. The dear friends [sic] stayed with us. Ah! With what joy they were awaited, with what love embraced in open arms, on loving beating hearts! How my father’s pious soul beamed from his noble countenance, and how much the two mothers had to say to each other! And how I gazed upon the man whose portrait I had so often contemplated with veneration: who had written such beautiful songs, had loved me as a child, and of whom Klopstock had sung, in his Ode-Cycle Wingolf’s Hall:

Preceding Cramer in the rhythmic dance,  
Iduna bears her lyre aloft:  
She goes, and turns to look upon him  
As day regards the treetops!

(152) Cramer was short in stature, strong and low-slung. High spirit and joy of soul breathed from every look, from every word. His voice resounded loudly, and when he laughed, the pavement rumbled. Each word was strength and life, and comforting cheer prevailed among the friends.

This was interrupted from time to time by the suffering of his eldest daughter, Julie, who was the first person in whom I witnessed, or even heard talk about, the nervous accidents [Nervenzufälle] which have since become so prevalent. There lived in the bosom of the noble Julie a hidden, unhappy love, and some time previously she had seen a much-loved friend in Lübeck suffering from the same malady, which now apparently wished to modify the outbreaks of her inward torment in this and no other way; for a sister had already died of the consumption [Auszehrung] which also destroyed [hinraffen] her some years later (after the union with her lover and the first pregnancy); and later [took] the worthy mother as well. – In short, Julie was daily afflicted by the most powerful and unusual nervous spasms and frightful convulsions, which were joined with the strangest (153) manifestations. At the same time, the most sensitive [empfindsame] period of Germany had attained its very summit.

I immediately attached myself with full soul to the very agreeable and so suffering Julie! My father trembled for the sympathetic effects which one cannot disregard in these cases – but although it was impossible to remove me, since this frightful new spectacle always assembled the whole household around the patient, and I even frequently lent a helping hand; nevertheless this glimpse had no ill effects on me, and I remained healthy in body and soul.

The childhood playmates’ relationship from the Petristrasse with Julie’s younger sister, Henriette, was also renewed, and later – since she was married here – persisted for many years and is continued by our children.

17 The Duchy of Holstein, where Kiel was situated, was held by the Danish Crown under long-standing feudal arrangements. (Translator)
Truth from Morning Dreams

54. Esmarch; Auguste von Wickede. – The Poets.

I now learned little by little to know Germany’s more recent poets, especially through a young (154) man named Esmarch, who was house tutor with the then Minister of State von Steman and gradually became our trusted house friend.

This [individual] had studied at Göttingen with the high nobility of the German poets: with Göthe [sic], the Stollbergs, Voss, Hölty, Bürger, et al., and was still in touch with many of them and was Voss’s trusted friend. He was a fine young man, full of seriousness, love of truth, and the most noble erudition [der edelsten Kenntnisse]; and little by little became my friend and confidant. How much he had to tell me of all these splendid people; what a joy it was when he brought me the copy of a new poem by Voss, Bürger or the Stollbergs! But I hung with great particular love on the Shadow Pictures [Schattenbilder] of the early-fading Hölty – I conceived a real, quiet passion for this sympathetic poet, and many a little song addressed to his shadow was composed and burned.

In general, acquaintance with several well-informed young people was a great advantage to me. My parents’ house, like their pure souls, was the Home of Innocence, and (155) I was far from being anxiously protected; but nothing was more ingenuous and innocent than these intimate conversations, which were greatly to be preferred to the stupid, empty gossip of young girls among themselves.

In this year I also made the acquaintance of a woman who greatly influenced my subsequent life and fate: this was Auguste von Wickede of Lübeck, who at different times stayed for several years in Copenhagen with her husband. To see and to love her was the work of a moment! And though she was twenty-eight (exactly twice my own age), this friendship continued with undiminished warmth until her death eleven years later.

So it has been with me my whole life long – all my trusted friendships of the heart have been sealed at the first glance. Never have I made a mistake in this, though [I have] very often [done so] when I wanted to be especially reasonable and discerning. But Auguste was also a most lovable woman [liebenswürdiges Weib]; tall, slender, with great blue eyes and long golden hair – a walk like that of a goddess, and a speaking voice that (156) sought and found one’s innermost feeling. She had grown up in the school of sorrows [Leiden], with exalted mind and feeling, and, through the poets and writers of our nation, was soundly German-educated [recht deutsch gebildet].

This lady now introduced me, at first according to my father’s choice, to the loveliest episodes and passages from Wieland’s poems, of which I had until then read nothing, and [whose author] just then, through his Oberon, stood at the highest summit of his fame. How enchanted I was by this Muse’s song, this Grace’s dance of language! How the unfettered charm of his rhythm resounded in my inner mind! And when she now read to me the whole Oberon (except one canto and one passage), my delight was boundless. – I was magically transported beneath an
ever-cheerful heaven, and breathed exotic, sweetly intoxicating fragrances! Esnarch also became Wickede’s friend, and in the summer of 1779 we lived happy hours in the beloved garden.

(157) 55. The Neighbors.

Our neighbor on one side of the garden was the family of a French reformed preacher, Eyraud. They were agreeable and highly cultivated people. The eldest son of the house went in and out of our house [in the friendliest way], and there developed between us a tenderly sensitive friendship. We wandered side by side in innocent, pure enjoyment and sweet youthful emotion [Schwärmeri]; he had the most beautiful dark blue eyes I have ever seen, and I gazed upon him as gladly and unembarrassed as [I gazed] into the blue heaven. He went soon afterward to India, died and was buried at sea. Often since then, when I have made sea voyages, I have believed I saw his eyes looking up at me from the bright sea bottom; in endlessly sweet and sorrowful remembrance!

56. End of the Year 1779.

Even more reverently presented was the sweet secret of the poetic nest [the willow tree], and only Auguste (158) knew about it. Poems of every kind were scribbled on bits of paper, hidden in the tree, and there forgotten, to become the plaything of the winds.

Concurrently I conduct a small-scale rural economy; take care of the milk chamber [Milchkammer], gather the fruit of the self-planted trees, and prepare my beloved father’s favorite dishes with my own hands. There were also self-chosen, voluntary language sessions, especially translations from English and Italian poets; that there were also French ones never recurred to me after I had once forgotten it.

This whole very active life arranged itself quite naturally as the most lovely idyll! Early in the morning I was up, reading and writing by myself. Then Mother usually drove into town with Father. Meanwhile I planned and prepared the noonday meal, often with my own hands, since the one girl (the others (159) remained in the town house) had her hands full. I disliked touching the meat. But I knew very well how to prepare milk dishes, vegetables, fruit cake. Everything was always in order when the parents returned; the little housekeeper, cleanly dressed, and with the fresh wreath of roses or Eyenen [sic] in the little hat, received the loved pair at the door. Ah, how appreciatively the tender father tasted the favorite dishes prepared by the hand of the well-loved daughter!
57. The Sybillene Leaves.

Eventually the breeze carries some of the leaves blown out of the tree-nest within sight of the current house tutor, who hurried to show them to my father as evidence of how right he had been in wanting to teach me Greek, which Father had denied him, just as he had denied Latin to his predecessor. My father took these fragments for remembered (160) and incorrectly written-down passages from the poets, since I did not correctly reproduce the free meters for which I had a certain natural gift; and since these [fragments] seemed to consist in the first instance of reminiscences, he took no special notice of them. Thus I chattered on unnoticed, and only the tutor paid attention to me, putting together the dispersed leaves and little by little bringing to Father a whole lot of rhymed and unrhymed stuff that led him to believe his daughter really did have a poetic voice [eine Stimme des Liedes], and – still saying nothing to me – he had his heartfelt joy of the poetical birds’ life.

58. Ernst and Emilie.

By now the Stollbergs (siblings of Countess Bernstorff) had also become associated with the intimate circle of the Schimmelmann and Reventlau families – an association which, so long pursued in the most complete agreement of outlook and true friendship, had cooperated (161) to the advantage of the enviably fortunate Denmark.

It must have been about this time that I first came to know Ernst Schimmelmann, whose whole personality made so ineradicably deep an impression upon me. Among the siblings of this house who were known to me, only the sisters were beautiful. But Ernst Schimmelmann had in his face such an exalted expression; and each of his words testified to such a deeply and tenderly responsive soul; and all this, united with an almost feminine, quite individual modestly proud grace, made him in my eyes irresistibly attractive – I declared this aloud, in conformity with my old habit; I even asserted that I found him handsomer than all the masculine fashion dolls which were most prevalent at that time.

Count Schimmelmann’s sister (the fair Karoline, now married as Countess Boudissin) teasingly informed her dear brother “that a jolly young girl found him handsomer than all the elegant gentlemen of the city.” Now, he also became acquainted with me, for up to that time he had probably hardly noticed the little green thing; and Ernst (162) Schimmelmann was and remained my ideal of exalted and tender worthiness of soul, expressed through his entire human personality [Habitus].

He lived at that time with the beloved spouse, in the romantic country seat of Seelust, a blessed life of love. There I saw once more the angel Emilie; she recognized me quickly, as I did the noble spouse, and drew me lovingly and irresistibly to herself, with the bonds of that sweet sympathy which already had shone upon me from the first glance. In her neighborhood I was always as though bodiless, and felt as if I were floating in the air.
Once, in early autumn of 1779, I was out walking and more or less lingered behind with Emilie, and she sat down on a bench at a spot where the view over waving treetops dips into the blue sea, and the island of Hween and Schonen’s coast appear so splendidly. There I sank to my knees close to her, penetrated with inexpressibly sweet and holy feelings, laid my little head in her lap, and poured out in heavenly tears the soul’s inexpressible longing toward her. She raised my head to her breast, and pressing me gently (163) to her, she too bedewed my brow with heavenly tears, gently whispering, “Friederike, I love you very much [ich habe dich sehr lieb]!”

I never saw her again! For in October began the frightful illness that robbed us of her.

59. The Stollbergs.

At that time all of the Stollberg siblings lived alternately in Holstein and Zealand. But this was particularly true of the Counts Christian, Friedrich Leopold, and their sister, their equal in high poetic spirit, Countess Katharina. All three of these had a friendly inclination toward me, and opened the flowery buds of my inward being with the glowing poetic breath of enthusiasm. How often did Friedrich Leopold become a child with me. I shall never forget how we planted my little garden-bed with peas and beans, and how confidingly he always made me feel at home, and at the same time seemed to me almost (164) an immortal, this God-filled Friedrich Leopold!

Meanwhile the poetic song activity in the tree continued on its course; only now the Sibylline leaves were copied into a book; this was found, directing closer attention to the woodland singer, and Ewald’s prophesy was confirmed by Christian and Leopold Stollberg. How sweet now was Katharinchen’s joy; how she protected and cared for the artless wild flowers; how happy was I in her neighborhood! How powerfully did these noble people influence my whole being, the tone and tuning of my soul! At the same time, I was never more a child than with them, and I loved so much still to be one. God has rewarded them for this, and loaned them ever-blooming minds of children and young people [Kinder- und Jugendsinn verliehen]!

(165) 60. Friederike the Cook.

I do not know how and whence it came to be understood that the little rose-crowned woodland singer was also her father’s personal cook. Briefly, Ernst Schimmelmann and Fritz Stollberg would in no way believe this; and when I responded very pertly to their teasing, they invited themselves to a lunch with my parents, at which no dish should appear which was not prepared by my hands. My father and I readily agreed to these stipulations, and I added that in this case they must be content with an almost Pythagorean meal, since I would touch nothing bloody. 

Ah, but it was indeed a happy and a flowery feast! Milk, vegetables, fruit and egg dishes
Truth from Morning Dreams

covered the fragrant table, where all the graces of joy and heartiness crowned the small Socratic cups; and when the conscientious lady of the house wanted to smuggle in [einschwärzen] some contraband in the way of more solid food, she was dismissed with laughter and jest.

But ah, on this occasion (probably (166) beneath the roses of joy of the father’s heart!), the secret of the nest in the willow tree was betrayed – secrecy has an end, and with it, joy!

(167) 61. The von Berger House.

This extremely pleasant and hospitable house was the assembly point of the good society of Copenhagen. Scholars and artists, the princes of the Royal House and the foreign ambassadors, all flowed together here in forming that harmonious whole which alone deserves to be called good society; for this never arises out of the narrow committee of a few privileged classes, but only from the free and comfortable harmony [Zusammenstimmen] of the important members of all of them.

The Royal Physician von Berger was a most highly intelligent man, and one of the most perceptive [tiefblickendsten] of doctors. Honest and humanitarian in the highest degree, he possessed that cheerful yet sarcastic wit which, with so many great physicians, is the result of deep penetration into human nature and conditions. Ah! They know our insufficiencies through and through, and often smile at what cannot be remedied.

His wife was a worthy Hausfrau and (168) one who knew the world [eine Weltkennerin]. Their only daughter, no longer quite young, was of a deeply serious nature, which she vainly tried to conceal under the lightly shimmering veil of a worldly tone. She was one of the finest of pianists, and performed especially Bach, Haydn [sic] and Clementi with unusual strength and depth. Her father passionately loved music, and through her [loved] doubly the one beloved daughter! Ah, the poor man! First he quite lost his hearing, and with it his joy. Then, after the loss of his wife and noble eldest son, he outlived also the best-loved daughter, who died suddenly of a nervous headache [Nervenkopfweh]! But [let us] return to the happier present!

This fine family resided in winter in a fine apartment in the Princes’ Palace, near Schloss Christiansburg. But in summer they occupied a friendly country residence in Friedrichsberg, a half-mile from Copenhagen, on a hill close to the sea, for which reason it was called Bakkehuus [the Hill House]. There my father visited his dear old friend, and there Friederike was also received with familiar heartiness; but never without teasing. (169) For this was the Berger who had known me since my fourth year, and hardly did he catch sight of me from a distance but the showers of his wit fell down around me, so that I, who had now grown shy and no longer always had a retort ready, was often at a loss and silenced by anxiety.
62. How Remarkable the Hill House Became for Me.

During the fine late summer [des schönen Nachsommers] I saw here for the first time two beings who were destined to make the deepest and most lasting impression on me. The first was a child of nine, the other a man of 36 years; and I myself was 14! The first was Charlotte von Bernstorff, the eldest daughter of the great Bernstorff, and niece of the Stollbergs.

Since the daughter [Charlotte] never went out without the mother, I had never seen the former despite my acquaintance with the brothers and relatives. But I had also (170) never seen such a child. Strong and large for her age, with impressive, grandiose facial features; bold in all movements, she bore herself and looked about her more like a gods’ than a human child. A silvery clear voice emanated from the childish mouth; her gaze was light and fire; and around her fine head, light brown, shining locks rolled in luxuriant fulness! That fresh, reddish early morning color of light brunettes, which I have always preferred to the dazzling white of the blondes, glowed on her cheeks; but with every change of feeling, and often merely of thought, the brighter and deeper rose tints glowed more or less brightly, as though breathed upon her! Never, before or since, have I seen a more soulful expression.

To see and to love each other was one and the same thing! Like two pure flames, our souls came together, merged deeply, inwardly, firmly and lastingly! Inseparable through everything that otherwise separates heart from heart, we still love each other, uniquely for one another, as on the day of the first enchantment! Such was the child who allowed everything I had previously known of youthful and childish ties to sink into deep shadows; here, mind and (171) heart were equally strong and sound. Quickly seizing and deeply preserving; sensing the slightest feeling; and with this a life, an overflow of sensibility! With her, I again became a child; with me, she became a grown-up young lady; sensing and straining forward on the road of life, like a young Olympian courser [Siegross]!

Shortly thereafter, as summer inclined to autumn, and I had seen Emilie for the last time (ah, without guessing it!), I saw (also at the Hill House), A..... He was a handsome, highly cultivated man, full of understanding, with the most elegant ways, and accustomed to pleasing my sex. He might have heard of me, since he treated me from the first moment with a deference [Auszeichnung] which was not at all indifferent to me. A... was very well read, and full of feeling for the most beautiful in all the literatures of the living languages; but he especially loved the English poets, and my own foremost concern at the time was the same: but what drew us together even more rapidly were our mutual attachment to Ernst Schimmelmann, and the emotional quality of our feeling for Emilie.

Ah, in the gentle rays of this soon departing (172) star, my young soul floated innocently toward this attractive [liebenswerthen] man, not guessing the sweet danger. A....from then on visited my father’s house, and soon became almost as dear to the latter as I was myself; a truly hearty feeling arose among us. A...’s noble, fine behavior developed in me the higher sense of femininity. He had in his being a mixture of the tenderest sensitivity and a manly seriousness
which particularly impressed me; for to love, I must respect [verehren]; and I believe it would have been impossible for me to feel for a quite young man what could in my spirit become love. A...spoke immediately to my soul, and that opened to him my heart.

63. The Winter of 1779-1780.

Meanwhile the young plant of my friendship [for Charlotte] was threatened by undreamed-of perils. My salto (173) mortale from the stairway was still unforgotten; the bird’s life, and the bold rowing (often alone in thunderstorms, when my parents were in town), and many other stokes of genius, as my father called them, half blaming me and half smiling, had become known in the Bernstorff Palace, and they seemed to consider me there as a better monitor [Aufseherin] for boys than for girls. The ever-wakeful Artemis [***] was also again involved here. Briefly, they laid all sorts of obstacles in our way, and allowed us to see each other as seldom as possible!

I felt deeply, very deeply how unjustly I was being treated; but nothing could frighten me away from the chosen darling of my heart. I submitted to being watched like a child with her; I, who had long since been accustomed to see myself as a not wholly indifferent member of the best society! Meanwhile, this compulsion served only to heighten our friendship to passion. When, finally, the noble Aunt Kathrinchen (Stollberg) entered the scene as its guardian angel! In her rooms we saw each other freely and undisturbed, and often she became with us a (174) youthful child.

It was soon noted in the Bernstorff house that Friederike Münter was no completely bad companion for the young Charlotte; people began to forgive the excessive [dem Uebergewöhnliche] in us, and to accept the unusual [das Ungewöhnliche], and allowed us to have our own way. Yes, Lotte [Charlotte] now visited us regularly with the brothers. And thus was saved the Garden of Innocence of the young people, and in it the happiness, the pride, the crown of our life. We had been an electric spark, which soon pulsed through all the Bernstorff and Münter siblings with blessed fire. We were really one heart and one soul, no dissonant tone among us; everything understood at the first word!

My good brother heartily joined with us, and despite the differences in age, from 17 (so old was Fritz Münter) down to 7 (so young was Fritz Bernstorff), it was a flowering wreath of innocence, of the most intimate love and joy! For these children of a higher type divined what they did not understand! The five Bernstorff brothers were handsome and talented as the sons of gods; Lotte was the fourth in line, counting downward; but the youngest brother was followed by two more divinely beautiful little girls of five (175) and four years. Never in my whole life, and in all my travels, have I seen such godlike pictures of children! They grew up without blemish or earthly deficiency; never did I see one of them ill, [but] always floating in joy and fullness of life.
Truth from Morning Dreams

In the late autumn Emilie, Countess von Schimmelmann, suddenly became ill, and soon appeared the unmistakable and closely threatening signs of tuberculosis [Lungensucht]! Emilie had always particularly loved Lotte Bernstoeff; and my two loved ones, the child and the man (A...), hung upon the dear sufferer with passionate sensibility. Ah, how all sweet bonds of the heart were drawn so tightly together through a high and communal interest!

64. Pain My Muse.

My wood-songs had for some time fallen silent, for life had drawn me powerfully out of myself and toward it. But now came the widely shared ruling thought (176) of Emilie, the suffering one, alas! undoubtedly soon to die, my Muse. Amid the changeable circumstances of rising and sinking hope which are peculiar to this dreadful illness, there took form a cycle of poems of which she alone was the subject. My loving patrons, the noble Stollberg siblings, guarded and tended the gentle little flame, glowing from the sacred hearth of the heart; and Count Christian wants me still to learn Greek, since hexameter, pentameter, Sapphic and Alcaic meters were practically born in me, and yet always remained incomplete for lack of good models (since I wrote poetry only by ear). My father again forbade this.

During the winter I was also prepared by my pious father for confirmation, with a soulful heartiness and sincerity whose lasting influence through life has certainly been felt by all who have been prepared and confirmed [eingesegnet] by him.

(177) This winter is unforgettable in the story of my life and moral development. Religion, love, friendship and pain raised the young soul on eagles’ wings, and became the consonance [Einklang] of my entire being! It would have been impossible for me to separate any one of these feelings from all the others.

65. Love.

"Amor ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende"
(Love, which is quickly learned by the gentle heart)

Dante, Inferno.

But still there lived in the deepest ground of the heart, hidden from all human glances, Love! A... visited our house ever more persistently, and his interest in me became ever more visible; he became ever more the friend and favorite of my father, and all the charms of his noble and highly cultivated association operated each day more strongly on my heart, so receptive to the beautiful. Whether (178) he truly loved me, I do not know, but the tenderest, most intimate feeling of a passionate friendship, bordering on paternal love, there was for me in his heart. He became for me an artist-gardener (and truly he was a great lover of flowers), who, in the act of
transplanting a wild flower into a prepared soil, ennobles it without doing violence to its nature.

But it was just this paternally loving behavior that was for me the most dangerous. He was the object of a silent, passionate love, which was all the more pure because no closer relationship hovered near at hand. A... at this time became involved in religious controversies, owing to the bitter attacks of a local clergyman with regard to passages in some of his writings. These he did not deserve, for he was an honestly inquiring doubter [Zweißer], and my father gave him this testimonial directly. But the affair drew a lot of attention, and caused him much chagrin; for he held a significant position, and was not without vanity in seeking higher office.

But how the most powerful of all feelings, like flames, draws sustenance from the most heterogeneous sources! A...’s heresy [Ketzerel] – for I did consider him a bit of a heretic -- brought him (179) closer to me, or raised me to his level! For I had what he lacked, the true belief! I was perhaps destined to bring the erring beloved, through the power of love, into the right path. -- In everything else I saw him as far above me, but in this I felt myself above him, and through this we became closer. Ah, what warm prayers (which may the Father of Love forgive, if they were not completely unselfish, for the sake of their innocence) -- what warm prayers arose from the young and burning heart; that I would like to be the implement in the hand of Providence, to unite the dear one wholly with the true believers.

66. The Sacred Company.

Our friendly connection with the Bernstorff siblings seemed to all of us as sacred and unique as in fact it was. So we wanted to give it an emblem, an exclusive symbol. Accordingly, an Order was established, whose emblem was a white ribbon [Bandschleife] (180) with a forget-me-not [eine weisse Bandschleife]. Diplomas were given out with the words, mine for example: “Let Friederike Münter never forget [vergesse nie] that she belongs to the Sacred Company [zur heiligen Compagnie].” I no longer recall how we came to choose the peculiar expression, Company; but I do have the impression that it was Johannes Bernstorff, the eldest of the five (who already thought of himself as an officer), who wrote the diplomas.

Certainly we have never forgotten it; neither those who are still living, nor (I am certain) those who met an early death! For if there is anything in our chrysalid state that deserves to be carried over into the better life, it is the heavenly pure feelings of youth. In addition to the six Bernstorff siblings and the three Münters, only two other very dear playmates received the insignia of the Order.

One sees that we did not profane it. How the gracious figures of these friends of youth still stand before me in the Camera obscura of memory, and the still life-breathing ones are bathed in the roseate airs of early morning! Johannes (as already noted, the eldest of the young Counts Bernstorff), was especially well-grown, light blond and with an (181) expression of honest propriety [Redlichkeit] and good nature which later won from us the name of the
Truth from Morning Dreams

Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.

Andreas, a handsome, sensible enthusiast, growing up slender and rather delicate, gentle in coloring, with an almost maidenly gentle soul, which spoke from his great deep blue eyes, with which he always seemed to be gazing far above this world! Ashen locks [? cendre-Locken] gently framed the locks that clustered around his white forehead and the peach-red cheeks. All fire, spirit and life, all poetry! With an inward strength of soul and the most lively imagination, and a wealth of ideas, linked with an alertness [Regsamkeit] of feeling, which made him for life the darling of the women.

Then followed my Lotte; after her, Joachim, the (182) handsomest of all. A young Bacchus-head, the splendid head, encircled by luxuriant golden ringlets. He was indolent, until stirred up; then his wit awoke. Full of understanding and practical wisdom, and of a loving truth, which, though characteristic of all of them, still distinguished him in particular, and joined with the mildest goodness of heart.

The others were still just children, but sympathetic and anticipatory [vorahnend], such as few exist any more today. Us three Münter siblings the reader already knows. My sweet sister Hanne belonged to those heaven-blooming children, and the nautical hero Balthasar was especially one heart and soul with Johannes Bernstorff. – Ah, the one like the other was destined to ripen early, for my brother was drowned in 1786 while bathing in the Garonne outside of Bordeaux!

(183) 67. Emilie Dies.

Meanwhile the suffering of the lovely Emilie, so loved by all of us, was daily increasing; my father, at the same time both friend and confessor, saw how the beloved being, the young and life-enjoying breast, moving between fear and hope, suffered doubly from both, and how through daily struggles the tender vessels were ever more torn. Berger declares her situation hopeless; deep was my father’s pain, and shared by the daughter as though personally experienced!

Often I sat alone with him in late evening in his study, and we then saw Emilie dying in the slowly flickering wax candle. – So – so her life still sometimes flares up! So flickers and goes out – and once again flames upward! Ah, so! now, now – so she dies!! She died on February 6, 1780, in the 28th year of her life.

Of the pain of the sole remaining, of the inexpressibly again living spouse [des nahmenlos wieder lebenden Gatten], of Ernst Schimmelmann’s second soul’s pain, no language can offer any conception! But how, too, was (184) his pain shared! All Stollbergs, Bernstorffs, Reventlaus, parents, children and siblings were a sacred grove of grief around him, in whose dewy coolness his burning soul refreshed itself.
There learned I, sated with her pain,
How the few noble ones loved each other!

*Klopstock.*

Quite in stillness, our little group observed [the event] in sacred blessed grief-filled evenings, dedicated to the blessed deceased one. One evening in each week, the Bernstorff children were always assembled in our house; there I sat in the middle of the surrounding wreath [des Kranzes], the two smallest girls, Luise and Emilie (one brown like Christian, the other blonde like Joachim) on my lap, and the other six and my own siblings pressed close around me; by the single light, in the cosy corner, whispering of Emilie, her suffering, her death – her blessedness, now !

We recalled the splendid Odes and Elegies of the Stollbergs – and often palpitated together in a loving tremor [beben oft wonnigsschauern zusammeln] – [wondering] whether she was not in our midst, would not now – now – appear (185) to the little group of beloved children? Or simply make herself known, through a ghostly vibration, a vanishing tone! And then, pressing more closely together, while flowed the blessed tears of innocence and heavenly awareness!!

**68. Emilie’s Obsequies.**

The remains of the departed angel were placed in the always beloved Funeral Chapel of St. Peter’s Church until they could be transported to the family seat. There all of us made frequent pilgrimages! There the first copies of my poems on her death, wrapped in wreaths of immortelles, were laid upon her coffin, and, when the late spring of 1780 finally appeared, its first flowers and blossoms. There we were always fully present, big and little! Never will the heavenly picture of the eight Bernstorff children, and my own two younger siblings, recede (186) from my soul! All with hair in golden or brown tresses, they stood like angels around the sarcophagus of a female saint, and often have I thought to see this blessed apparition once again in Guido’s or Correggio’s angel-glories.

Ah, this sacred sorrow, far from impeding our joys, was the pre-dawn of a higher Aurora! Never were happier children seen; for cheerful belief in immortality transfigured [überstrahlte] the dewy fields.

**69. Bernstorff.**

This delightful country seat, a mile from Copenhagen, built on gentle hills; overlooking the nearby Sund, the capital in delightful perspective, and the lovely box hedges of the Zoo [des Thiergartens]; this was the summer residence of Count [Andreas] Peter Bernstorff. Never has a habitation seemed to me more fully to correspond to the character of the occupant; Rest after
Deed, and, (187) in activity, constant oversight of its objectives!

I still often see in spirit the tall figure of the departed one, wandering there beneath the shadowing [trees] (which were planted by the great Uncle, and which Klopstock and Cramer saw growing); asking for reverence and love for one of the greatest men of his time, and the most worthy of love! Beside him the uniquely loved spouse, the noble mother of this troop of children!

There we floated [schwebten] in true heavenly joys, in the blossoming meadows, beneath the fragrant hedges, like bees and young psyches [sic]! Here too, sorrow bedewed our joys! An urn in the lonely grove was dedicated to Emilie; a modest monument of friendship, it was garnished with the fairest flowers of spring (and where did this [spring] bloom more richly than in Bernstorff; the garden tended by poets, governed by the flower-loving Stollbergs?); and the nearby ground [was] bestrewn with them. And so the sweet pain turned to blessed joy! Oh youth, first youth! Dream from Paradise, in which there was no pain until (188) blame appeared – we shall rediscover you only on the other side!

70. Lotte and I.

Our soul-penetrating and unifying friendship daily fused our entire being more intimately. Perhaps one has not easily seen the like, when one considers that I was nearly fifteen and Lotte still only ten! But our love was in the heart, in the soul: outward circumstances and conditions contributed little to its development, except only in so far as all obstacles strengthened it.

We wrote to each other almost daily, and every answer was awaited with intimate longing! Often the beloved father, and often the noble Stollberg siblings were our letter-carriers, for some measure of secrecy was still necessary in order to evade the ever-watchful gaze of Apollo’s sister [Artemis ***], who simply disapproved our passionate inclination.

(189) At the same time it was remarkable that Lotte, who knew every fold in my heart and every one of my thoughts, never looked into the deep twilight in which our love rested... Perhaps because she was too young to notice, and therefore to ask; perhaps because a kind of instinctive feeling told me that this was not yet for her. In short, I am certain that it was only my sweet pet [Liebling] who was here, and not my grown-up confidante [Vertraute] – But I also had no one else to become so through me (for the most innocent being I have ever known may have betrayed itself often enough) –

Quietly, in the sacred depth of the heart, my only youthful love was born, and quietly did it fall asleep there in rhyme; as so many a rhyme of animate and inanimate Nature awaits a higher development in the all-receiving, all-rendering womb [Schoose] of the great mother.
71. Thunderbolt.

In the late autumn of this year, the thunderbolt resounded: Bernstorff has received his dismissal [Dimission]. (190) Denmark’s defensive spirit is leaving our beloved fatherland! The pain of our united group [des vereinten Häufleins] was proportionate to the youthful (191) inclination to one another, and to the trusted union of souls [Seelen-Verein]! We were to be torn apart, alive!

Meanwhile (oh happy, light mind of youth!), we hardly noticed that “it would not be right away; the departure will take place only next year.” (Whether early or late in the year, we did not figure so exactly.) So, after the first shock, optimism [der Frohsinn] returned; now we seized and utilized, and exploited even more eagerly every opportunity to see and write to each other — and greedily drank up every drop from the great overflowing joy-glass of youth and innocence. Thus pain became, for higher and more passionately feeling souls, a higher sensuality [Wollust]. We thought, we felt ourselves ever more deeply [involved] in one another! We were everything to each other.

My elder brother had already left us (192) and gone to Göttingen, and Auguste von Wickede returned to Lübeck. — We mourned the departed, but as yet we missed nothing — But ah, only too rapidly came the new, the feared year 1781! With it came February, and tore from me the beloved playmates, the ever unique, and ever to remain unique up to this day, uniquely so beloved heart’s beloved.

I remained alone, in a [newly created] desert, which I can still never recall without painful recurrent feelings! Ah, there remained to me only one, and this One perhaps never knew how very much he was the only one who could have comforted me; for I myself learned it only through the deep pain of the lonely heart!

And so let fall the rosy veil upon the holy pre-spring of life, which faded away for me in this doubled pain.
Truth from Morning Dreams

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. My Parents, Grandparents, Birth and First Journey, 4

2. Earliest Recollections – Resewitz, von Berger – Friends, Neighbors; Cramer, Klopstock, Sturz, Trants – Tendency to the Comic – Queen Juliana Maria and I, 6

3. How I Learn to Read – Basedow – Dragoon, 8


A Look Ahead, by the Translator, 10

5. Serious Remembrances: Cramers, Bernstorff the first, Stollbergs, Klopstock et al. leave Denmark – First Reading, 12

6. The Year 1772, 13

7. The Next Years; my Readings, 14

8. Music – The Stabat Mater, 15

9. Niebuhr; the Strombus Fusus, 16

10. The Turtledoves and “Charmant.” 17

11. Conscience, 18

12. School, 19

13. Instruction and Play, 19

20. We Siblings, 20

21. The Parrot, 21

16. The Sweet Danger, 22

17. The Wraaz Homestead – the Grapes – The Ride from the Steps, 22

18. The Chapel of the Dead and the Last Doll, 24

19. Lyngbye, 25

20. Separation Again, 26

21. The New House, 27

22. Sorrows of Friendship, 27

23. Morning Hours, 28


25. Balthasar, 30

26. Richardson’s Novels Dramatized, 31

27. Madame Andersen, 32

28. Coiffure and Drawing, 33

29. Electricity; The Guard Soldiers, 34

30. The Mock Poisoning – The Confession, 35

31. The Payback, 36

32. Garden Life, 37

33. Sturz and Klopstock’s Comments
Truth from Morning Dreams

About Me, 39

34. Transition from Childhood Years to Adolescence, 40

35. Carstens, 40

36. The Microscope, 40

37. New Acquaintances, 40

38. Christianssäde and Brahetrolleburg, 42

39. The Sons of Bernstorff, 42

40. Ewald the Poet, 44

41. Criticism, 45

42. Theater, 45

43. Pains of Primping. The Head, 46

44. Continuation. The Person, 47

45. First Fetter Thrown Off, 47

46. The Mooress, 48

47. Rowing, 48

48. The Winter of 1777, 49

49. Another Fetter Cast Off, 50

50. What I Was Like in My 13th Year, 51

51. The Little Nest in the Willow Tree, 52

52. Tasso and Klopstock, 53

53. Cramer’s Visit, 53

54. Esmarch, Auguste von Wicked – the Poets, 55

55. The Neighbors, 56

57. The Sibylline Leaves, 57

58. Ernst and Emilie, 57

59. The Stollbergs, 58

60. Friederike the Cook, 58

61. The von Berger House, 59

62. How Remarkable the Hill House Became for Me, 60

63. The Winter of 1779-1780, 61

64. Pain My Muse, 62

65. Love, 62

66. The Sacred Company, 63

67. Emilie Dies. 4

68. Emilie’s Obsequies, 65

69. Bernstorff, 65

70. Lotte and I, 66

71. Thunderbolt, 67