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**1. Caspar to his relatives in Greifswald. Caroline to her new relatives. 28
January 1818.**

*[**Summary:** Caspar announces his marriage to Caroline Bommer to his relatives and muses on the oddities of married life. Caroline, who urges her just-wedded husband to write, is looking forward to meeting her new relatives soon.]*

[Caspar to his relatives in Greifswald]

Dresden, 28 January 1818

My brothers, relatives and associates are hereby informed that I was married to Caroline Bommer on the 21st of January at the sixth hour in the local Church of the Holy Cross. I've been married for eight days already. A few hours after the ceremony I went home with the intention of writing to you, but was prevented from doing so. And so, a whole eight days have passed by and it still hasn't happened. Even though I've felt guilty about having forgotten to write to you since the day of my wedding, we have long been waiting for letters from you. My wife is already getting nervous and has repeatedly reminded me to write to you, because she wishes to write to you, too, in order to become better acquainted with her new brothers.

It's a funny thing to have a wife; it's funny to have a household, however small it may be; it's funny when my wife asks me to come to the table for lunch. And it's also funny when I stay in at night instead of walking about outside like I used to do. It's also funny to me that everything I do now is and has to be done with my wife's needs in consideration. When I hammer a nail into the wall, it mustn't be as high as I can reach, but only as high as wife can reach comfortably. A lot has changed since "I" became "We". There's more eating, more drinking, more sleeping, more laughing, more flirting, more chatting. Also, more money is being spent, and perhaps we'll have no shortage of worries in the future, but as it pleases God, the will of the Lord be done. Many things have changed since I got a wife. Some of my plain old furniture is no longer recognisable, and I like that my home looks cleaner and nicer now. Only the room which I use for work remains the same. By the way, curtains have become necessary in front of the

windows. Cupboards, tables, chairs and sofas have become necessary. Other things that have become necessary are a coffee drum, a coffee grinder, a coffee funnel, a coffee bag, a coffee pot, a coffee cup—everything has become necessary. A cooker and a roasting oven have become necessary. Pots and pans, skillets and crucibles, bowls and dishes, everything has become necessary. Everything has changed, my spittoon used to be anywhere in my room, now I'm supposed to spit in little vessels designed for it; my love for cleanliness and having it nice subjects with pleasure.

The long-ordered writing desk is finished and has been crafted with the utmost care. It costs 56 talers, and on the same day and hour I received it, I sold two paintings, one of which I showed the buyer for 19 Louis d'or coins as an unsuccessful and therefore spoilt painting. An income which made me all the happier as the expenditure of 56 talers now seems somewhat unnecessary to me; for I had ordered the writing desk before I even thought of my now wife.

[Caroline to her new relatives in Greifswald]

Dresden, 29 January 1818

Dear brothers, it would be easier for me to write to you, if I had the pleasure to know you all in person already. There's always somewhat rather forced about it this way than if we were simply talking to one another; which, if it goes according to my husband's wishes, may happen already in spring. I'm very much looking forward to this. Then we'll talk a lot about everything that is too far much to put down in writing. In particular, I have great complaints about my husband every now and then, but I don't want to accuse him in front of his dear brothers for I don't know what he might write about me, and you know too little about me to defend me until you see for yourselves who's right or wrong. However, we have not yet quarrelled.

We are both longing for letters from Pomerania. Warmest greetings to all of you although we don't know each other yet. May these letters reach you all in good health wishes

your sincere sister

Caroline Friedrich.

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

2. Caspar to Heinrich. 26 March 1818.

[Summary: In the weeks leading up to the couple's journey to Greifswald, Caspar tells his brother Heinrich about Caroline's enthusiasm for all things Pomeranian and wonders whether she might have a deeper connection with his native region.]

Dresden, 26 March 1818

To Heinrich.

Dear Heinrich! You've truly given me and my wife great pleasure with the herring you sent us. My wife is a dab hand at relishing them and needs no further instruction, as if she were a true-born Pomeranian, not a true-born Bommer.¹ And she might well be a true-born Pomeranian; it may have been through an ancestor's foolishness that her name came to be spelt with a B instead of a P. My wife is envisioning the journey to you and the stay at yours as pure heaven. Whenever she sees a carriage driving at some speed, she squeals for joy and imagines herself sitting in it. She can already see herself asking the drivers to let her take up the reins and the whip, so as to skilfully guide the horses by herself on a well-paved, even road. But if I tell her of the journey from Greifswald to Rügen, all she does is shudder; she hides beneath my coat, for instance, to then quietly, timidly say: Wherever you go, I'll go, and if you drown in the sea, I'll drown with you.

The painting of my studio is yours and you can do as you please with it. However, I do expect you not to sell it. But there's a similar one by Kersting that you can have, which portrays the study room of the famous preacher Reinhart, with him sitting and reading at his desk. Through the window you can see the rocky outcrops: Königstein, Lilienstein, Pfaffenstein—in short, all of Saxon Switzerland in the distance.

¹ Referring to the first letter of Caroline's maiden name "Bommer", Friedrich makes a pun on the almost homophonous word "Pommer", which is the German designation for an inhabitant of Friedrich's native region Pomerania.

Your brother C.

The price of the painting is 20 ducats.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

3. Caroline to Heinrich. 26 March 1818.

*[**Summary:** Caroline receives a surprise from her brother-in-law Heinrich. She expresses gratitude for the gesture and paints a picture of daily enjoyment and anticipation for future reunions while writing of family connections and the simple pleasures of life.]*

To Heinrich Friedrich

Dresden, 26 March 1818

Dear brother!

I must confess that had you been here in Dresden when we opened the keg, I would have given you a kiss, so great was our joy at receiving something like this from Pomerania. However, as much as I'd have liked to fulfil your wish, I couldn't put it in a pantry, as we don't have one. But I'm sure there will be a place to store it. Because sending it back for this reason would have been impossible; they wouldn't even have accepted it at the post office. We're enjoying it every evening, even at lunchtime, and not only does it taste good but it's also great for the stomach. Many thanks. When I come to Pomerania, if God so wills it, I'll finish my thank yous by saying everything there that cannot be said in letters. May God keep you healthy, and may we see each other soon.

Your sincere sister

C. Friedrich

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

4. Caroline to Adolf. 26 March 1818.

*[**Summary:** Caroline writes to her brother-in-law Adolf, revealing the highs and lows of her life in Dresden. While urging Adolf to see past the complaints of her angry husband, Caroline shares her longing for warmer days.]*

Dresden, 26 March 1818

Mister Adolpf Friedrich in Greifswald

Hello dear brother!

Since you gave such a lengthy description in your letter, I feel compelled to do the same in mine. But what an idea will you have of me once you'll have read the letters of my angry husband; things aren't as bad as he claims in his letter. Though when it comes to the trip, he's quite right: Whenever it's a nice warm day, I imagine myself already in the carriage, travelling to Greifswald. Now, dear brother-in-law, don't strain your eyes too much because of my long letter, and write again soon to your sincere

sister

Caroline Friedrich[.]

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

5. Caspar to Christian. 26 March 1818

[Summary: Before briefing his brother Christian on the latest cabinet-building tricks of the trade, Caspar reveals Caroline's plans to enjoy her brother-in-law's garden with Christian's children.]

To Christian.

Dresden, 26 March [1818]

The recent letters from Greifswald told me nothing about you or the condition of your son. I hope that he's well recovered and that you're happy at heart.

Soon I'll probably visit you in your flat, together with my wife, who's exceedingly eager for the trip. I've already told her much about your little garden for she adores such things. But above all else she adores little children, and with yours she intends to play in the garden; that's how she's been picturing it.

[sketch of a cupboard]

I recently had a multi-compartment cabinet made for me, and when I couldn't state the exact dimensions for the different heights, the cabinetmaker constructed it in a way that allowed for the boards, the ones that make up the different compartments, to be adjustable in height so they'll always suit you best. Later, I discovered the same mechanism in bookcases, too. Should you not know of this system yet, I'd like to tell you of it, and in case you're already familiar with it, I'm relaying this with good intentions only.

Board A can be removed and reinserted in any notch you please. Board B can then simply be laid down on board A again.

Your brother

C.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

6. Caroline to Christian. 26 March 1818.

*[**Summary:** Caroline reaches out to her brother-in-law Christian in Greifswald, expressing concern for his son's well-being and telling him of her anticipation for meeting his children soon.]*

To Christian Friedrich in Greifswald

Dresden, 26 March 1818

My dear brother Christian, first of all, I wish with all of my heart that your dear little son is well; we haven't heard anything about how he is in the latest letters. I also wish everyone else in your house well. It'll make me overjoyed to receive a letter from you. I hope we'll see each other soon, and I'm already looking forward to seeing your lovely children because I'm very fond of them.

Give your wife a kiss and my regards.

Your sister

C Friedrich

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

7. Caspar to Joachim Praefke. 26 March 1818.

[Summary: Caspar tells his brother-in-law Joachim Praefke of how he's been praising Joachim's entertainment skills to Caroline, only to tell an own anecdote about diligent police work.]

Dresden, 26 March 1818

To Praefke

No hard feelings, brother! My wife is looking forward to making your acquaintance like a child looks forward to gingerbread. For I've told her that you're a bright and funny fellow, who's good at entertaining and making people laugh, adept at telling anecdotes in the most hilarious way, and a true master when it comes to wordplays. All of these commendable traits are quite appealing to her, and the woman yearns to give you a fraternal embrace soon. Once again, your sister has sent goose breast and sausage to my wife, and today she'll write her thanks to her. — — Your little story wasn't new to us; this one you may know likewise: "A police officer in Vienna is ordered to find a woman called Lehmann. The following day he returns to state that she was nowhere to be found. He's sternly rebuked for not making the required amount of effort, and is tasked anew with finding her. And when he returns again to say he couldn't find her, he's severely reprimanded, receiving the order that he should, and must, find her. Eventually, the police officer returns, beaming, declaring he has found her. Only she isn't called Lehmann but Krüger, is not a woman but a waggoner, and lives not in Vienna but elsewhere.[""]

Your brother

C.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

8. Caroline to Elisabeth. 20 December 1818.

[Summary: Caroline extends greetings to her sister-in-law Elizabeth. Amidst reflections on past joys and shared moments, she reminisces about their shared experiences and expresses hope for future reunions.]

Dresden, 20 December 1818

Well, good sister Lieschen, how are you—I'm sure you're healthy. Judging by the discomfort you suffered when I was in Greifswald, I guess congratulations are in order soon? Whenever the letters arrived, I kept thinking that one of yours would fall out, but I got happy for nothing. But now that the days are so short, you've got a lot on your hands with your business and your children, so now I can't expect it from you either. Perhaps when letters are sent to Dresden again. Your Heinrich probably walks on his own now. I often think about this friendly boy. Lina has probably already knitted half a dozen stockings for him. Can she still remember me? To your good husband, who presumably had a lot on his hands during these festivities, I send many regards, as well as to your dear mother and sister. Those beautiful carnations are now probably no longer in your little garden, otherwise they'd be covered in snow. I still fondly remember 17 August, when Master Finelius came and we so comfortably sat in the garden until ten o'clock in the evening. Perhaps, God willing, it'll happen like that again. I always live in hope, and so should you, dear sister, otherwise I'd often feel unsatisfied. As time goes by, I may let go of these thoughts one by one, and circumstances may arise that will make it easier to give them up, easier than it is now.

Tell Lina from me that she shouldn't rump so much and that she should stay at home and be quite diligent. Hoping that you'll enjoy the stollen,

Your loving sister

C. Friedrich

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

9. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Elisabeth. 22 January 1819.

*[**Summary:** Caspar wants to remain anonymous in a work he has done for his brother Christian and tells him about the smoking habits of the Romans. Caroline is saddened by a lack of visitors from Greifswald on the couple's first wedding anniversary.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

Dresden, 22 January 1819

Dear Christian,

You're receiving the drawing later than you may have expected, but lately I've been so preoccupied with a painting, I don't think I could have interrupted that work without doing damage to myself. Besides, I'll admit to you in all honesty how little relish I've had for this assignment of yours. It was only the great love for you, my brother, that could overcome my reluctance. What's more, drawing like that is straining my eyes, and my brotherly advice to you is that from now on you should not take on such jobs any longer, because cutting this into wood must harm your eyes even more. By the way, I ask that my name not be mentioned in the context of this drawing.

The pipe in this box is worth in money about one Swedish-Pomeranian shilling. This information is meant for the diligent Prussian customs office, should it be required. Apart from that, the pipe's value is that it originates from Rome and may well be the only one of its kind in Greifswald. Romans don't smoke, nor are there any woodturners in Rome. Pipes like these are only produced as makeshift for strangers. The artist who crafted the horse's head for Adolf has recently brought this pipe from Rome with him.

Yesterday, I've been married for one year.

Many regards to everyone in Greifswald.

[Caroline to Elisabeth]

My dear sister Lieschen, yesterday, on 21 January, I would have liked for you to be in Dresden. It was our wedding anniversary, and getting a visit from Greifswald would have been particularly delightful for me. But we were happy and healthy, thank God. After all, that's what always matters most. Do try to visit us next year at this time. Who would like this very much is your sister

C. Friedrich[.]

A thousand regards and kisses to everyone in Greifswald remembering me.

But don't give out too many kisses, or else your mouth will unduly suffer for it.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

10. Caspar to Christian and Adolf. 12-30 August 1819.

*[**Summary:** It ends with a long and sleepless night: Caspar is awaiting the birth of his first child. At first, he talks shop with Christian and relays some gossip, but when Caroline delivers, the news has to be spread. Adolf is assigned a special role.]*

Dresden, 12 August 1819

Dear good brother Christian,

It made me happy with all my heart that the woodcut has finally been completed and that it has turned out so well. With this piece of work, as with a number of earlier similar works, you've

achieved everything that was possible to achieve. You've rendered the drawing with utmost fidelity; every stroke on it displays the same liberty and ease with which it poured from the illustrator's pen. This is not the lone opinion of your brother; every artist I've shown the woodcut to has done you the same justice in his verdict. Professor von Kügelgen, Professor Rößler, and Professor Seifert, as well as copperplate engraver Guttschick, sculptor Kühn, and others who've seen it—they all appreciated it. — I seized the opportunity to draw attention to it, and I had it shown at the exhibition. — As the illustrator and originator is no longer alive, I'd like for you to leave it as it is; I, for my part, dare not change a single stroke. —

Wouldn't the prints still be good if the pressure were to be reduced? The reason I'm asking is that I would hope that paper that has been pressed less would not bend so much around the woodcut strokes, and when printed, the strokes would not be thickened beyond the actual extent of how they've been cut. — When you get a chance, could you make some prints for me on glued English paper and send them to me? This kind of paper needs to be moistened for a longer period of time than common printing paper in order for the glue to dissolve properly before it's printed on. — For the moment, I can't give you any advice as to what could accompany the piece. But I may manage to give you some notification on this before long.

My wife still hasn't given birth yet. But she's well, thank God. She's sleeping well, enjoying her food and drink, and she's chirpy and in good spirits. Anyhow, I do not intend to post this letter until I can announce to you that a boy or a girl has arrived.

13 August. – I expect Mr Kummer from Dresden will already have stopped by at yours before you get this letter. Should he pass through Greifswald again on his way back from Rügen, tell him that the wife of sculptor Kühn delivered a baby boy on 5 August, and that the child died on the 12th.

Thank you for remitting those four Louis d'or coins and the ducat. I also appreciate your meaning well in paying all of the postage. Too bad it didn't quite work out for me as you had intended, because I still had to pay four whole pennies. Had I been up for complaining, I'd have wrested the money from them again, but I despise of such actions.

For the moment, dear brother, I can't tell you specifically what and when I'll draw for you onto the piece of wood. There's certainly no lack of willingness on my part to do you a favour; just don't get sullen if it's not done right away.

28 August. – This week has been full of relish for the women of Dresden, as the dowry of the future Queen of Spain has been on public display. There were 70 gowns of silk and satin, not including those that were embroidered in white. And there were 24 dozen pieces of all kinds of clothing, meaning 24 dozen chemises and so on.

I learned from Mrs Kummer that Hahn and Freiberg have been in Greifswald. If Freiberg were to come to Dresden now, I'd bet that in some parts of the city, he would no longer recognise Dresden. That's how much it has changed, and for the better. But the plan for the beautification of Dresden is far from being completed; it will probably be many a year before it's finished.

I've just had a visit from a skilful artist who took a liking to your woodcut. He wanted to buy a print to send to Copenhagen, where he has acquaintances who collect only woodcuts. All I've left is one print, the one I had displayed at the exhibition. I've given away all the others on request. Write to me what you charge for one print, will you? For the artist who's just been to visit wants to send some to Copenhagen.

30 August, a quarter to twelve o'clock.

The day so long awaited has finally come: At a quarter to ten o'clock tonight, my Liena gave birth to a flawless little girl. The baby appears to be healthy, as it has already sneezed twelve times. The mother is well. She was still knitting at seven o'clock this evening. The contractions were close together and must have been intense, because a few times she screamed so loudly that it must have been audible on the street outside. Still, she smiled at me during the in-between periods of rest, trying to comfort me rather than the other way around. If the child were sleeping now instead of crying, I'm sure the mother would sleep as well. The baby has had milk three times. Three times, the little one has freed herself from the blanket with her tiny arms. That's the little one's life story so far.

You, my dear brother Adolf, are hereby invited by myself and my wife to become godfather to our child. My brother-in-law will stand in your place. The other godparents are my mother-in-law and the wife of my Caroline's maternal uncle. Everything will be set up in a very simple way, and I expect the godparents to be out of the house again within half an hour.

May God be with you all and by your sides.

Your brother

C

Do notify Finelius and Quisdorpf, and whoever else you may think of, that my wife's delivery went well.

Mr Kummer and his companions arrived back here the day before yesterday, at seven o'clock in the evening.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

11. Caspar to Johannes. 30 August 1819.

*[**Summary:** Caspar writes to family in Brandenburg to share the happy news of his daughter's birth with his brother Johannes. The new father already has a lot to report on.]*

Dresden, 30 August [1819]

Dear brother Johann,

The clock is striking twelve just now, it's midnight. All is quiet around me, only every now and then a baby is crying. At a quarter to ten o'clock tonight, my Liena gave birth to a flawless little girl. At seven o'clock this evening, she was still knitting socks. The contractions were close together and must have been intense, because a few times she screamed so loudly, people must have been able to hear it on the street outside. But during the in-between periods of rest, she smiled and asked me not to worry. At the present moment, the mother appears to be asleep, as does the child. The little creature has already sneezed twelve times, and the very minute it was born, it cried out, quite loudly at that. Now the child is back to being awake, and it's screaming

and sneezing and freeing itself from the blanket with its tiny hands all the time. This is the true and faithful life story of the little girl without a name. Johanna Clara is what we intend to name her. Our brother Adolf is to be her godfather, along with my mother-in-law and the wife of my mother-in-law's brother.

Your task is to notify the whole family, including those in Breesen and Councillor Müller, of the news that my wife has delivered.

Mr Kummer arrived back here the day before yesterday, at seven o'clock in the evening.

Has the monument arrived in Brandenburg yet? About three or four days ago, Mr Rafs went to collect it from Mr Kühn and was acting very displeased when he learned that the stones were already gone.

Addition: Another part of future Johanna Clara's story is that when the midwife went to put on the bonnet that had already been laid out for her, it was too small and a larger one had to be picked.

Be so kind as to forward the enclosed letter to our brother Christian by post straight away. You may also read it if you like.

It's four o'clock. Dawn is breaking. I've just asked my wife if she had any reports for Brandenburg. Give them my best, she replied, I'll write soon myself.

May God be with you and your family and with everyone in Brandenburg. Many regards from my mother-in-law, who's been keeping watch with me throughout last night.

Your brother

Caspar

Today at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, the future—or already installed—Queen of Spain is departing from here. The citizens will present their rifles, and presumably canons will be fired. I'm not fond of this prospect, with regard to my wife.

Translator: Joe Baierl

12. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth. Undated, presumably 1819.

*[**Summary:** Caspar gives Christian tips on work safety and looks for a way to send him a parcel. After Caroline returns home from a walk with little Emma, she can only give a very brief update on her situation.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

Dresden, [1819]

Dear brother Christian,

Packed in a hurry so as to not to miss the opportunity, I'm returning the enclosed piece of wood. I hope and expect that it will meet your wishes, and I'll admit that it's a pleasure to send you something so pretty. Christ has been sketched after a local artist's painting, which is displayed at the local gallery. Considering the incomparably more difficult and arduous things you've cut into wood before, I believe, and ask, that you won't lose patience with this one. I've got no doubts about your skills and capability for this task; what I am concerned about, and what I would caution you against in a fraternal way, is that you should not be working on it for lengthy periods and not strain your eyes too much in the process.

Show the picture of the King of Spain to Preacher Finelius, and tell him that this is how stone is drawn and printed on in Dresden.

I've just been visited by Preacher Furchau and his wife from Stralsund. ——

My wife is currently out for a walk in the sunshine with little Emma Johanna. Upon her return home, she wants to write you a few words, too. —— We're expecting letters from you every day on which post is delivered.

Caspar

[Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth]

Dear brother and sister!

With just a few lines, I'm letting you dear ones know that both me and my little Emma are quite well, thank God. The little creature is screaming for me just now, wanting to drink, and her grandmother can't calm her down even though she's pushing her around in the living room. Give everyone a thousand regards from your sister.

Caroline Friedrich

Greetings to those from Brandenburg from their sister Caroline Friedrich, together with little Emma. We're longing for letters.

[Caspar to Christian]

Another opportunity has presented itself: Preacher H. Furchau from Stralsund has kindly offered to take [the parcel] with him.

Give my regards and those of my wife to the brothers; all of us are fine and we're wishing the same to all of you.

Your brother

C

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

13. Caspar to Heinrich. Caroline to Heinrich. 13 May 1820.

*[**Summary:** Winter is over, and on the occasion of thanking Heinrich for his gift of food, Caspar emphasises how useful a certain earlier gift of his continues to be. Caroline hopes to convince Heinrich to visit the couple in Dresden soon.]*

[Caspar to Heinrich]

Dresden, 13 May 1820

Dear Heinrich,

You've probably heard of the many atrocities that have been committed here in such a short amount of time recently. The murders and thefts have now subsided after all, and Dresden's inhabitants have calmed down after these great horrors. There were two fires again in the Dresden area last night; I saw one of them.

Last winter, that fur coat of yours was of great service to me. Without it, I could hardly have gone out for an early walk of several hours each morning before breakfast, when it was freezing cold at -17°C, -18°C or -20°C. There was one time when, despite the warmth of the coat, my eyelashes were in danger of freezing together. When I came home, I was covered in frost, and the ice that had formed near my mouth fell out of my beard and the fur. But defying the winter so well wrapped up gave me immense pleasure. Only once did the cold scare me off and I stayed home: it was the morning after my eyes had almost frozen shut.

The herrings, which once again we owe to your brotherly love, are delicious and deserve the most beautiful thanks, which I hereby declare duly, willingly, and gladly.

[Caroline to Heinrich]

Dear brother,

First of all, my heartfelt thank you for the delicious herrings. They're an invigorating treat on many an evening, and they taste twice as good when eaten while watching a lovely sunset from the window. On such occasions, I often wish that you, dear brother, were also in our midst. Is it really not possible for you to maybe visit us this summer? Surely business is slower at this time of year than in winter? You'll have a comfortable room with a nice view prepared for you. But I'm already dreading that very clear letter of decline. It's all quiet around me at the moment. My husband is sitting in the next room, probably reading or looking out of the window. Emma, who's perfectly fine, thank God, is being pushed around on the street. I'm not bothered by her screaming because she only does it when she needs something; otherwise, the little one is calm and happy and already makes many an hour enjoyable for us. I was very surprised at the death of Wilhelmine Hube, and I feel sorry for your dear mother-in-law. I send her best wishes, as well as to Mrs Halle. Farewell and I wish you well, and think every now and then of

your sincere sister

Caroline Friedrich.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

14. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth. 13 May 1820.

*[**Summary:** Caspar wants harmony with his siblings and wishes Christian's wife well for what lies ahead. Caroline is also excited about Elisabeth's upcoming delivery, and wishes she could borrow Elisabeth's eldest daughter from time to time.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

Dresden, 13 May 1820

Dear Christian,

Your last letter, written with so much love and warmth, made me rejoice with all my heart. Hold on to this love and faith; it's what leads to self-satisfaction and happiness. Let us honour our father in death as we have honoured him in life, so that his blessing may continue to be upon us. May there also be love and harmony among us, now and forever. For it is with brotherly love that we honour our father and the father of all mankind.

As you requested, I've given the proceeds from some of the woodcuts to the widowed Mrs Hahn. She was delighted at your benevolence and sends her heartfelt thanks.

When I get the chance, I'll try to draw something on the wood that you've sent.

Give my regards to Mr Giese and to Preacher Finelius as well. Tell the latter I'm looking forward to Adolf's portrait.

May God keep you and your family in good health, and may He be by your wife's side, helping her in those hours of fear when one body separates from the other. May He let you rejoice in your children.

Your brother C

In my last letter, I wrote that there were rumours that someone had been murdered. Sadly, they were confirmed all too soon: It was a joiner, and he was slain by the same murderers who had previously killed Kügelgen.

[Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth]

Dear brother and sister!

I'm joyously looking forward to the letter that will announce to us the happy news that a further citizen of the world has been born and that everyone is well and in good spirits. Lilla will then be able to keenly rock the baby and also knit socks for her siblings. I sometimes wish I had her here, as little Emma needs constant attention. She doesn't like being cooped up anymore. At seven o'clock in the morning, she's already being pushed around the streets by an understanding boy, which is currently where she is right now. Little Heinrich must be a strong boy now and surely brings you lots of joy. I'd have a lot more things to say to you if I weren't being

interrupted by the little one: she's sitting on my left leg and I'm having to hold on to the quill and paper with my right hand to stop her grabbing them.

[Emma's scribble]—This is Emma's writing. It must be quite nice in your little garden now. Someone who enjoys imagining herself in your little summer house every now and then is your sister

Caroline Friedrich.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

15. Caspar to Adolf. Caroline to Adolf and Margarethe. 13 May 1820.

*[**Summary:** A mysterious incident leads Caspar to speculate about the past in his father's house. While he tells Adolf about Caroline's and his conflicting ideas about future visits to Pomerania, Caroline's own time for writing to Adolf and Margarethe is limited.]*

[Caspar to Adolf]

Dresden, 13 May 1820

Dear Adolf,

We were astonished at the wondrous incident with which your letter of 20 April began. Had it been 1 April when the picture fell off the wall, I would have tried to explain the incident by suggesting that the silly picture was trying to make an April Fool of you, as they say. But considering it happened on the 18th, I'm inclined to think it was rather an act of revenge by the number eighteen, having been misused so often in our home when Heinrich was still living there. Actually, however, I believe that the mystery can only be solved by investigating the nail

on which the picture was hung, and the wall into which that nail had been hammered. But, as I'm quite sure you've already examined all of this in great detail, yet to no avail, for your comfort and that of your fraternal affection, I can assure you that we didn't come across anything strange on that day.

Regarding your question as to whether we think of those in Pomerania every now and then, my answer to you is this: Recently, as I was speaking to my wife, I said, without really meaning it, "We'll surely never get to Pomerania again." At hearing this, my Lina started to weep bitterly and asked me to never utter such harsh words again. Though she said she didn't believe I actually meant it, she told me I shouldn't even say such things.

There's something positive about the fact that you're turning grey: this colour shows the least amount of dirt and saves you having to wash yourself. However, if too many other people in Greifswald turn grey, it might prove disadvantageous to your soap business. Should you, on the other hand, fear that this could make you too closely related to that suspicious, despised animal, take comfort in the oh so sweet and flattering thought that it is just this which will make you a man exactly to the princes'² liking. Those who would like to impose everything on men as one does with patient beasts, leaving them to cry "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" at best.

Regarding the conclusion of your letter, the part where you've mentioned all of those people, my wife is sure to send special commendations your way.

May God be with you and God be with us and God be with all that rejoices in existence.

C.

[Caroline to Adolf and Margarethe]

Dear brother and sister, I've just written four letters and now comes the time when Emma urges me for food, so I can't write as much as I had intended. I'll reserve it for another time. Your little godchild, dear Adolpf, is sound (as a bell), if you're familiar with the saying, without a trace of illness. Soon she'll be getting her second tooth. She makes good use of the things we've been sent, and she flails her arms and legs for joy when I get her dressed to go outside. There's

² At Friedrich's time, the German Empire was split into various and often small states. Many of the federal princes reigning each state were striving for absolutistic power.

so much more I'd like to write if I weren't so short of time. In my thoughts, I'm giving regards and kisses to everyone a thousand times over, especially to my big brother Adolpf and my sister Grethe.

Caroline Friedrich

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

16. Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth. 21 August 1820.

*[**Summary:** Caroline reaches out to Christian and his wife Elizabeth. After sharing some of Emma's antics, Caroline reflects on current changes in her and Caspar's life.]*

Dresden, 21 August 1820

Dear brother and sister!

I've just managed to get my little Emma out of the house for a bit, therefore I'm taking up the quill to inform you of our well-being and to send you, dear siblings, a letter to Greifswald, making use of a good opportunity that has presented itself today. Emma gives us much joy now; she's very eager to talk and walk, especially when she sees horses: then she can't keep still for joy and it's difficult to hold on to her. I ask you to pass this on to our brother Adolph, for being baptised with him as godfather must have rubbed off on her. It may not be possible to hold him in your arms, but seeing a beautiful horse is sure to make him happy.

I've been expecting the news about the little girl for a long time, and I'm happy that everything is going so well. May God keep your children healthy and happy; that's probably the greatest blessing. So, Lina's becoming a rather smart girl? Can she still remember me? Please let me know about it.

In about five weeks I'll get a little restless myself because we're moving flats: we're moving into an almost completely new house not far from our current apartment. We'll also keep the same wonderful view. Everything will be more spacious for me, and every room will have its own door. The rent will be eight talers more a year, but I hope people won't completely lose interest in buying paintings, and that God, having provided for us so far, will continue to help us. These days I'm longing to hear from the other siblings. Adolph hasn't written for a long time; I do hope everything is well. However, the same news that everything is fine can't be expected from sister Grethe, considering that she's not doing so well. A thousand regards to everyone who's part of the family. Sometimes I just wish I could spend a few hours with you; my longing at times becomes very great. Live healthy and well, dear ones, let me hear from you again soon, and from time to time think of your sincere sister

Caroline Friedrich.

Should Lottchen Sponholz still be in Greifswald, I'd like to send special greetings her way.

In response to your question, dear sister, as to whether I could send you some outgrown children's stuff, I can tell you that I searched everything and all I've found is the enclosed bonnet. It's not much, but it's sent with love.

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

17. Caspar to Adolf. Caspar to Heinrich and Christian. Caroline to Heinrich and Christian. 29 December 1820.

*[**Summary:** A loss in Adolf's family has Caspar send words of comfort to his brothers in Greifswald. Caroline tries to lift spirits with stories about Emma, who is becoming more and more independent.]*

[Caspar to Adolf]

Dresden, 29 December 1820

It's all quiet around me, I'm home by myself. In this silence that agrees so well with me, you alone, my dear brother, are keeping me company in my mind. I cannot cry with you, but I feel your loss deeply. More than usual, the fact that we hadn't received any news from Greifswald for such a long time didn't bode well, and we were prepared for misfortune. But we certainly didn't expect it to be so devastating for you and your family. Tears, sorrow and consolations are not what you want or expect from me, for the departed have gone home to their forefathers in their tomb; they're at peace. It is this which must soothe those who remain, despite the wistfulness at the thought of the deceased: that the disembodied soul is at peace, and that dust, all mortal remains, will return to dust. This reminds me of the words spoken by pastors at funerals in Denmark, when they throw three shovels of soil onto the coffin that has just been lowered into the ground: "From earth you have come; to earth you shall return; and from earth you shall arise." — Arise! Arise! Eternal persistence of our immortal spirit! — In my mind, I offer you my right hand, dear brother, kneel down and pray to Him who controls human destinies, and rise again comforted. He will direct everything to the best of outcomes.

I wanted my wife to write a few lines to you as well, but she says it's impossible for her.

So, your Karl shows constant interest in painting? I'm sure you won't prevent him from following his inclination. Painting may be said to be an unprofitable art, yet there are many in the field who make their living from it, some even in abundance.

It saddens me that your business has not been doing well for so long. Fate hasn't been kind to you lately, but let's hope it will soon be on your side again.

May the coming year begin and end with more luck for you and your family than the one that is about to pass. May it give to you and us and everyone in full all that serves our earthly and eternal peace.

Your brother

Caspar

When you get a chance, give my best to Quisdorf, Finelius, Giese, Biesner, Praefke, and anyone else who still remembers me.

[Caspar to Heinrich and Christian]

To you, my brothers Heinrich and Christian, I wanted to write as well. But as easily as the ink flows from my quill when it comes to putting blobs of paint on a canvas, the black stuff is reluctant when it comes to forming words of love. So please accept my good intentions of trying; the dear God does the same.

Keep me in your favour as you always have, and think of me with love as I always think of you.

May the dear God, who has protected you until now, keep being merciful to you.

Your brother

Caspar

[Caroline to Heinrich and Christian]

Dear brothers, I'll say nothing about the sad news from Greifswald and only tell you something to rejoice at: that little Emma will soon walk on her own. She circles the table and chair, following me into the kitchen. She's got six teeth now, is always in great health and knows her uncles Heinrich and Christian well: when she runs her little hands over the pictures, she says "Heinde!" to it. If she wants to enter her father's room, she taps on the door. And she speaks, words like "Emma" and "ey".

I send heartfelt regards and kisses to dear Fritzchen and Dörtchen and to everyone who remembers me, not forgetting dear sister Lieschen. Hoping that news in future letters will be more joyous, I'm looking forward to hearing from you again soon.

Your dear sister

Caroline Friedrich

I'd like very much for Preacher Finelius to give us the pleasure of also painting our brother Adolpf soon. Then Emma will also have her godfather in the room.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

18. Caroline to Friederike and Dorothea. 21 September 1821.

*[**Summary:** Longing for news from Greifswald, Caroline reaches out to her nieces Friederike and Dorothea. By including a little present for each of them, she encourages her nieces to keep in touch.]*

Dresden, 21 September 1821

Dear Friezchen and Dörtchen!

It's been so long since we last heard from you. Couldn't you write? I'm rather desperate for a letter from your father; he's become quite slow at writing letters. You know how happy I am whenever a letter arrives from Greifswald. I took pleasure in enclosing something for you, dear girls, in the box that is intended for brother Heinrich: a little bracelet for each of you, like the one Minchen received from Auguste Kummer. I think you'll enjoy having the same. Obviously, it's not a big gift, it's little, but it comes from the heart and out of love. Oh, but if only I could give it to you myself. That's often a wish of mine—just to have a cup of coffee in Greifswald once in a while. But unfortunately, that must always remain just a mere fantasy. I also heard recently that there would soon be a wedding at Lorentzens' in Stralsund, with Hanchen as the bride? If you should write to them, I'd like to give my warmest regards to young and old alike. My little Emma, who is waking up from her nap, is calling me now: Mother, get up! Mother, get up!

She already speaks very well, giving us great joy, and she's a wild girl. She still has fond memories of her uncle Heinrich and loves pointing at his picture.

If it's possible for one of you to write to me, I'd be very happy to get some news about any changes in the families we know, for example what Hallen and the former Kinsdorf, etc. are doing. Give my best to everyone, especially to your dear father and, from time to time, think of your aunt in Dresden.

Caroline Friedrich.

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

19. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Christian. March 1822.

*[**Summary:** In a short letter to Christian, Caspar passes comment on his brother's work as well as praise. Caroline talks weather and informs Christian about minor and major illnesses in the family.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

[March 1822]

Dear Christian,

First of all, I send my warm regards and hope that you're all well. I'll try to keep my letter short today, as I'd like to get back to my easel.

I've shown your work to Mr Richter; he's pleased with your diligence and with how faithfully you've copied the drawing. In the enclosed print, Mr Richter has indicated in white the changes he would like. You'll find them in the areas marked with red ink.

I wasn't able to find the copy of a letter you received from Berlin in the letter you sent me.

I was very pleased with the print; I think you've achieved everything that was expected of you, and you can proudly display it anywhere. The last drawing you received is better, because it's more adapted to woodcutting. I'm so very glad you're satisfied with Theodor—I could hardly have imagined it any other way.

Give my kind regards to Master Finelius, the art lover, and tell him to get on a carriage and come to Dresden along with our brother Heinrich.

[Caroline to Christian]

Does the wind rage and roar at your place the same way it does at ours? Last Friday, 8 March, after ten o'clock in the evening, a terrible storm arose and prevented many people from going to bed all night long. The weather has been very stormy ever since. Do tell Theodor that his mother is still in Dresden, waiting for our own mother now, who has been confined to bed for eight days.³ But she's somewhat better now. Our Emma isn't feeling too well today either; hopefully there won't be any serious consequences. Best wishes to everyone in your house.

C Friedrich

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

20. Caspar to Caroline. 6 June 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar spends his day in silence and reports to Caroline, who is on a vacation in Meißen at the family home of Johann C.F. Kersting, a good friend of Caspar's, how her relatives are doing. Furthermore, there is an unexpected visitor.]*

Dresden, 6 June 1822

Dear Liene,

alongside your letter I received another one from Greifswald, which you must keep. The silence, almost a deadly hush, which surrounds me all day, benefits me and fosters my work, but I guess I'm no longer used to it, for every day seems to be tremendously long—especially the first one. I'm well and I'm pleased with your well-being in the country.

³ Caroline's mother died later that year.

I've been to the Bommers' every evening and I'll go there this evening too. Lorchen has taken her Pauline to Glashütte and is expected back this evening. The condition of your mother remains unchanged, and her strength is waxing rather than waning.

I've just had some news: A swallow flew into my painting room and couldn't find its way out again. I caught it in the kitchen and gave it back its freedom.

The clock just struck ten. Your mother is the same as yesterday. I hope you don't miss out on bathing every day, as you now have the best opportunity to do so. It goes without saying that it shouldn't be done on a full stomach. Mrs Hase, who I spoke to this evening in front of the Donaischer Schlag,⁴ sends her regards.

7 July – Good morning! I went out at four o'clock, and after walking about for an hour, I bathed myself. Now I await Mrs Döring at any moment. Take care, you and Emma both, and say hello to Kersting and the aunt.⁵

C. Friedrich

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

21. Caspar to Caroline. 10 July 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar experiences melancholy because of the silence that surrounds him, but finds solace in God and nature. He confesses that he won't be able to see his wife on her birthday and tells her about the events of the past days, including a murder.]*

⁴ The Dohnaischer Schlag is a rural area in the south of Dresden, which is still territory of the city administration, but borders on the town of Dohna.

⁵ As C. D. Friedrich uses the definite article in the German original of the letter, it is unclear whose aunt he refers to. He might also be referring to a woman that he and Caroline are both acquainted with but not in fact related to.

Dresden, 10 July 1822

Dear Liene,

If I wanted to describe everything that happens and is said around me during the whole day as you did, dear Line, then you would receive one large, empty sheet of paper as a letter from me. There is silence—silence—silence all around me. This silence does me well but I wouldn't want to have so much of it around me forever. I enjoy my breakfast alone (Wilhelm has been drinking his tea at home for a few days), I eat my lunch alone and my dinner alone. I go from one parlour and one chamber to the next one alone and always alone. It does me well, but I wouldn't want to have it always this way. I go out in the evening, across fields and meadows, the blue sky above me, green seeds and green trees next to me, and I am not alone. He who created this sky and this earth is with me and His love protects me. May His love protect you, too, and all of you in the little village. When the storm came on Saturday evening, I was quite worried about you, but then I was relieved that you and the others on the ship got through it so easily and without much fear.

There is a remarkable patch of scorched grass in the Great Garden, not from the sun, but from fire. They came from the stable with sprayers to extinguish it. I'm healthy and in good spirits, you should be too, bathe yourself and Emma regularly, and write soon and often.

Our pigeons are hatching diligently, the female less than the male.

Today, the beer has arrived, and the laundry woman has been here.

I almost forgot the most important thing: I'll not be in Meißen for your birthday. The sand cakes⁶ will have to wait for another time. But nature offers now so many delicacies now that I think we can go without the artificial treats that only spoil the stomach.

11 July – The first thing I did this morning was kill a young aspiring human torturer, a flea. — Our innkeeper, whom I visited yesterday, is still suffering from his eye condition. — The von Kügelgens are leaving quietly without saying goodbye to anyone this morning. Field labourers have found a naked man in the cornfields who had been beaten to death in the last few days.

Mr Uhlemann has just been here to bring a lottery ticket from the Gothaische Lotterie. It's the fourth draw already—what a carelessness.

⁶ A German Sandkuchen, also known as a "sand cake" or "sand torte," is a traditional German cake that is characterised by its light, sandy texture.

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

22. Caspar to Caroline. 12 July 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar sends birthday greetings to his wife and offers her a gift of a very special kind.]*

Dresden, 12 July 1822

Dear Liene!

Yesterday and today I just went ahead and started working on my big painting right away, which is why I can't visit you this Sunday. Since I cannot greet you in person, dear Liene, accept my congratulations in writing: may Heaven bless you with what serves your peace; everything that is useful and good for you is included in this wish. I do not count sand cakes, lace bonnets, fancy dresses, and other such things. But don't be sad that you won't be getting sweets this time; comfort yourself with the thought of me coming home on winter evenings with icicles in my beard. Then check my pockets, but not too often if you don't want to search in vain.

Wilhelm, with whom I went for a walk yesterday evening, said that he might like to visit you since I can't.

The butterpots have been fetched, but the delivery woman only took them after much persuasion.

13 July – Good morning! Dear Liene! To make sure you won't come away empty-handed on your birthday and have some joy, give a taler to a person in need passing by, or someone else you know, and share their happiness. It's a pleasure you can't taste, but it benefits the soul.

Be well, dear Liene, and give my regards to Emma, Kersting, and the aunt,⁷ and don't go a day without bathing. Yesterday Wilhelm calculated how many roof tiles are on the malt house in our yard: 51,800 tiles[.]

⁷ As C. D. Friedrich uses the definite article in the German original of the letter, it is unclear whose aunt he refers to. He might also be referring to a woman that he and Caroline are both acquainted with but not in fact related to.

Yesterday, there was a bit of rain in the afternoon and there were reports of heavy rain last night.

Your F.

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

23. Caspar to Caroline. 27 July 1822.

*[**Summary:** The excessive behaviour of common people upsets Caspar and he reports about a severe storm. According to a not entirely reliable source, it has caused great damage. He also enquires how Caroline is doing in Meißen and goes on to tell her about the couple's garden and her family.]*

Mrs Caroline Friedrich in Neudorfchen near Meißen

Enclosure

Dresden, 27 July 1822

Dear Liena,

There they go in crowds, young and old, children and the elderly, the crippled, and the lame, to watch how the big bird⁸ is being set up. It's easier to get a person out of their house than a dog from behind the stove. This morning I walked with your brother across the meadow which will soon become a scene of pleasure and all kinds of excess for the common people.

Yesterday at noon, between eleven and twelve o'clock, there was a violent thunderstorm with heavy rain. A lightning bolt is said to have struck the conductor of the Schloßturn and to have paralysed a man in Neustadt who had been looking out of the window. The evening before yesterday, your brother Fritz saw two distant fires after the thunderstorm. This morning Mrs Döringen told us that, according to a skipper, a terrible storm had raged near Meißen. The rain,

⁸ A painted, wooden bird on a high pole, which was sometimes artistically turned or sawn out. It was built for the traditional bird shooting in Dresden, in which the aim is to hit the bird with a crossbow or other firearm. The competition was part of a town festival.

she demonstrated with her hands, had been about 18 inches high and said that no window had remained intact. I'm not worried by this news, as it comes from Döringen. A visit has interrupted my writing and in the meantime the crowd went home, satisfied from watching the elevated bird, it would seem. My original intention had been to pick you up yesterday, but after your last letter I decided to leave you in Meißen for another eight days. Not to your dissatisfaction, I suppose. How about you, are you willing to return after eight days?

How about it? A woman has just come by to send me greetings from Mrs Lange from the school property, who she said, has received a lot from us. She asked me to give her a penny to buy tartar emetic (the woman who was here wanted to have the money).

You'll be happy about the pigeons, just as you'll be happy and surprised [when I] tell you that the fig tree bears two small [figs]. I [doubt] they'll ripen, even though they do look very healthy. The onion is over 18 inches tall and now bears seeds. The basil blooms. Lorchen has been with her children in Glashütte for a few days, and Fritz will accompany Luise there tomorrow. — Your brother Heinrich introduced and recommended himself to a master, but nothing has been nor can be decided yet. Once again, I've been interrupted by a visit which has left me with a faint hope of selling my big painting.

May God be with you, and may you remember Him in everything you do. When I come to take you home, meet me well and with a cheerful face. Before that, I expect one more letter from you.

Your F.

PS: Should Luise not be accompanying me, Kersting could come with me to Dresden instead.

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

24. Caspar to Caroline. 29 July 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar admonishes his wife that it is time to return home and longs to see her again. He gets caught up in work and has to pick Caroline up later than expected.]*

Dresden, 29 July 1822

Dear Liene!

Only a few words this time, for it's already evening and I'm exhausted. You'll do well to be ready to travel back on Friday. Just think, Kersting will have been your kind and loving host for four weeks, even if comfort has sometimes been a lower priority. You'd think too poorly if it didn't occur to you that it's finally time to clear out Kersting's flat, so they can go back to their own way of things, too. For my part, I wish for it with all of my heart and [I] long to have you with me again.

30 July – If I miscalculated with my painting and will finish it one day later, I'll pick you up on Saturday instead of Friday. So don't be surprised by it.

Your brother is back again from Glashütte, everyone sends their regards and is well.

I've been very distracted by a visit; this is why my time is very limited.

Farewell and goodbye,

Your F.

Translator: Kathleen Rothbart

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

25. Caspar to Adolf. Caroline to Adolf. 10 December 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar and Caroline send their thank yous to Adolf for some treats. However, Caspar is feeling uneasy about his brother's gifts, and not just about that. Caroline is sad to have missed the wedding of Adolf's daughter Dorothea.]*

[Caspar to Adolf]

Dresden, 10 December 1822

Dear brother Adolf,

Once again, you've given us proof of your love—no, not proof, there's no need for proof of it. Once again, you wanted to bring us joy, and joy you've brought us. I and my Liene are very

grateful. However, I'll admit it to you honestly—as I'm sure I can admit this to my brother—that there's always something uncomfortable about it for me, given what it must have cost you each time. It's even expensive for me, even though my share of the cost is by far the smallest. And yet, I might well be able to prepare the same meal for the same sum here. Please tell us exactly and in detail how to prepare the meat. I can't imagine that Saxon geese cannot taste almost as good too!

I confess that I hesitated for a few moments before writing this down. But only a few, for I'm convinced of my dear brother's good sense, and that's all it took for me to freely express what I've said.

I've written these lines upon getting up from the dinner table, and the fact that I could still taste the Pomeranian treat on my tongue may be the reason why so far, my letter has paid more attention to livestock than people.

We really enjoyed Dörte's quiet wedding reception, or at least I did. As a substitute for the supposedly great feast, I and my Liena had tea on the same evening, but that was probably an even quieter affair than yours.

Emma says thank you for the donation to her money box. On this occasion, she saw her box for the first time and she was delighted by the yellow and white coins. Since then, she has already remembered it several times and demanded to see it. I've decided to leave the beautiful big piece of amber in its raw form until Emma is old enough to be allowed to wear such jewellery; otherwise, the shape given to it now might easily go out of fashion. I like the scales; they have a nice shape.

I'll get the tea service, just let me know at Easter to whom and where in Leipzig I should deliver it.

Admittedly, there's something very embarrassing about letters like the one that Dörthe and her husband felt the need to write to us. Such letters demand a response letter from me that is equally embarrassing. So, I'd like to suggest that we don't say a further word about the whole matter, if that's alright with the newly-wed couple. (It would be a favour to me.)

[Caroline to Adolf]

Thank you very much, dear brother, for the goose meat you sent us. I've feasted on it a few times already. We had a vivid image of Dörthe's wedding in our minds, and I was disgruntled

that day because I was unable to attend. Give her my regards, and also to dear Fritzchen. Emma wants to write, too.

[one line scribbled by Emma]

[“]I don’t know. Emma F.[“ —] Emma didn’t know what else to write except for this.

Translators: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

26. Caspar to Heinrich. Caroline to Heinrich. 10 December 1822.

*[**Summary:** Both Caspar and Caroline urge Heinrich to come to Dresden for a spring visit. This time they won’t take no for an answer.]*

[Caspar to Heinrich]

Dresden, 10 December 1822

Dear Heinrich,

I’m going to start my invitation early and ask you to come and visit us this coming spring. You know what awaits you here, and you shall find even more than that, by which I mean the beautiful scenery that you haven’t seen yet. Of course you can be sure of a warm welcome. Now is not the time to shy away from possible costs, and surely you can leave if you prepare for it in time. So don’t think it over and over—just say yes! For if it takes you much longer to decide to come, I will pester you with pleas and besiege you in such a relentless way that you will finally say yes, simply out of fear.

[Caroline to Heinrich]

I, too, ask you to come and visit in spring. This year, you mustn’t make us wait so long for your confirmation. That way we can look forward to your visit all the longer. Theodor Hultsch’s illness worries us; his father is the only one who knows what’s happening. I’m longing for your

letter to my brother on this matter. Read this here letter carefully so you don't forget about the invitation.

Your sister

Caroline Friedrich

Translators: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

27. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth. 10 December 1822.

*[**Summary:** Caspar and Caroline send their congratulations on a new member of Christian's family. Caspar is pleased about an award his brother has received, and Caroline tells Elisabeth about the not always helpful eagerness of siblings.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

Dresden, 10 December 1822

Dear brother Christian,

Peace and joy to you and your family. I also send my heartfelt wish that the new member of your family, Rudolf Herrmann, and his mother are well. May your children give you joy and pleasure now and comfort and support in later years.

I'm very happy that you have been awarded for your diligence and skill in woodcutting; I'm sure this will cheer you up a lot. But be careful when choosing the drawings offered to you. Considering the great effort woodcutting requires, it would be all the more annoying if the reproductions were useless.

I would be pleased to get a few prints of your Christ figure, and I don't mind if they haven't been corrected as planned yet. However, I'd only like to receive them at a suitable opportunity, when it won't cost me or you anything.

When D. Bechly pays you a visit during the festive season, ask him what he would like me to do with the four volumes of Hours of Devotion, whether I should send them to him by post or get them to him at a convenient opportunity. ——

Good luck to the congregation of Sankt Nikolai with the extension of their church.

We're concerned about Theodor Hultzsch's illness here. Give him my best, and my wife sends hers as well.

Mr Richter sends you his kind regards and says that he hasn't done anything to the wood. So, it's all down to the oil you put on it. The drying process has made it so hard over the long time. Mr Wagner also sends his regards. I tell you that he's already become a competent painter who will hopefully go far. I'm also glad that I contributed to him coming here. Pass this on to Master Finelius; he'll be pleased to hear it, as he also contributed to this success.

[Caroline to Christian and Elisabeth]

Dear brother and sister!

Congratulations and blessings to the newborn, and I especially hope that these lines find you, dear sister, in good health. I guess Lina will soon be taking care of her little brother, or at least rock him every now and then, though children can sometimes lack patience. They'd rather take the baby out of the cradle and put it back in again, playing with it like with a doll.

Emma is currently getting a kitchen and a cradle drawn by her father. She's eagerly waiting for Christmas when she's going to receive them.

Your sister

Caroline Friedrich

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

28. Caspar to Christian. Caroline to Christian. 1 September 1823.

*[**Summary:** Caspar takes advantage of an unexpected offer to send Christian some equipment and tells him about a number of mutual acquaintances. Caroline complains to Christian about the Pomeranian habit of not writing frequently enough.]*

[Caspar to Christian]

Dresden, 1 September 1823

Dear Christian,

A few days ago, when I was visiting the exhibition, a man came up to me and identified himself as a fellow countryman, namely a merchant from Stralsund who had done business with our brother Heinrich. I can't remember his name now. When we parted, he offered to take letters with him. Give someone an inch and you can be sure they'll take a mile; that's what I did. — — Your drawing on wood is wrapped up, so if the stranger shows up today as promised, I will be daring and try to get him to take the piece of wood with him. If that doesn't work out, you'll get it by post if you like.

There were some inaccuracies in the drawing and Mr Richter asked for them to be changed. As a result, the drawing has lost some of its value as a drawing, but has become more suitable for woodcutting. But don't change anything to this drawing, just as I ask you not to change your Erlking [woodcut] in any way.

How is Theodor Hultzsch? He hasn't written for a long time and his family are very worried about him. Do remind him to write, and tell him his sister buried her little son today.

[Caroline to Christian]

Dear brother, we hope and wish that you and all your family are well. Messages from you are so rare that it's impossible to learn from your letters how you are. Someone who has become particularly versed in the Pomeranian culture of rarely writing is Theodor. Everyone complains about him. It's also been a long time since we last heard from our brother Adolpf. I've got to get back to the kitchen or I'll burn the food. I'll write more soon, greetings to all from your sister

Caroline Friedrich[.]

[Caspar to Christian]

As I was crossing the bridge some time ago, I was met by a broad-gauge carriage pulled by four horses in breastcollar harnesses. There's no doubt it was a Pomeranian carriage, and watching the people sitting in it, I thought I saw Lotte Sponholz and that she noticed me, too. But as I haven't heard from her since, it must have been an illusion. Preacher Ziemsen and Professor Hornschu came to see me. I also spoke to Professor Rosenthal, but we missed each other when we both tried to visit one another.

Farewell, give my regards to everyone

from your brother

C

But what does our brother Adolpf want to do with his porcelain? It's now been in Leipzig since Easter.

14 September. – The fellow countrymen didn't come. Adolf Schimmelmann was here eight days ago; he stayed for a few days. He looks strong and healthy, and it seems that he would have liked to have stayed in Dresden. I tried to get him a job here, but I didn't succeed. He left for Leipzig, hoping to find employment there, because he said he had a friend there who would look after him if possible. He seemed sad to leave Dresden, that's the impression I got when we said goodbye. I quite liked him; he seems to have kept a good heart. May God be with him.

Translator: Joe Baierl

Proofreader: Christopher Gray

29. Caroline to Heinrich's son Heinrich. Undated, presumably July 1838.

*[**Summary:** After Adolf's unexpected death, Caroline reaches out to her nephew Heinrich, reflecting on the impact of this loss on their own families and other relatives.]*

[July 1838]

Dear Heinrich!

I can't even begin to mention how deeply saddened we were by the news of another death in the family. It was so unexpected that I couldn't even shed a tear. Your uncle seemed composed, but sorrow and joy bring him to tears immediately, so he wouldn't let on how deeply it has affected him, and it will also make it impossible for him to add a line to this letter. Dear good uncle Adolpf, I always thought I'd see him again, but now it's over. Emma is just happy that she got to know him. How will Carl have taken it? If you can, give us some news about dear Languth, who must feel twice as badly. Give your dear father well wishes from us, especially from your aunt

C. Friedrich[.]

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

30. Caroline to Heinrich's son Heinrich. 3 September 1840.

*[**Summary:** Four months after Caspar's death, Caroline turns to her nephew Heinrich with a request to distribute some of her late husband's artworks while she reminisces about the past.]*

3 September 1840

Dear Heinrich!

I've always hoped to receive a letter from you, but had no such luck. Now I want to make a start and we're going to bother you with a task that you may not like, but I'm convinced that you'll be happy to take on. Do it out of love for your good uncle, who you took such good care of, which is something I'll never forget. I ask you to distribute the following small pencil drawings to young and old alike, including yourself, as a last souvenir of your uncle's work. Among them are several from 1835, the year you visited us and we travelled together to Teplitz. He even dated them, noting down the days on which he drew them. Adolf also includes a few sheets of paper, only at my insistence, because he doesn't like to brag and doesn't want people

to get the impression that he thinks too highly of himself. But I think your dear father in particular will be pleased to see some of his work, even if it's incomplete. We were extremely overjoyed Jätke and uncle Hahn from Brandenburg came to visit us. On this occasion, the past gave me such a wistful feeling. Well, dear Heinrich, kind regards to your father and to your dear wife from your aunt

C. Friedrich.

Give little Sophie a kiss.

Translator: Kristine Mamiza Mayenge

Proofreader: Aidan Sam Meehan

Sources

These translations are based on transcriptions of the German letters published by Friedrich Wiegand in 1924, or, where digital copies of the original letters were available to us, also on those originals. Below is a list of sources.

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