

*A Madame / Madame Marie Therese / Hagenauer / Salzbourg / en Bavière.*<sup>2</sup>

*Madame!*

[Paris, 1<sup>st</sup> February, 1764]

One does not always have to write to men but must also remember the beautiful and pious sex. There is a reason why I cannot say whether the women in *Paris* are beautiful, [5] for they are so painted over, contrary to nature, like the Berchtesgaden puppets,<sup>3</sup> that even a person beautiful by nature becomes unbearable in the eyes of an honest German because of this horrible embellishing. As far as piety is concerned, I can assure you that one will have no difficulty in looking into the wonderworks of the French women saints. [10] The greatest miracles are worked by those who are neither virgins nor wives nor widows, and these miracles all happen while they are still alive. Let us speak about this matter in more detail in due time. Enough! One has not a little difficulty here determining who the lady of the house is. Everyone lives as they please and |: if God is not especially gracious :| [15] the State of France will go the same way as the former Persian Empire.<sup>4</sup>

The two letters<sup>5</sup> from your esteemed husband, dated the 26<sup>th</sup> X<sup>br</sup> 6 and 19<sup>th</sup> January, reached me safely, along with the 3 enclosures.<sup>7</sup> The most essential thing, and for you certainly the most pleasing, is for me to tell you that we |: praise God :| are all well; equally, I am always looking forward longingly for news about the health of all of you. [20] Since my last letter from *Versailles*, I would most certainly have written to you again, but that I was always delaying in order to wait for the outcome of our business at *Versailles*<sup>8</sup> and then to be able to inform you of it. But since everything here, even more than at other courts, goes by snail post, and especially since this matter has to be taken care of by the *Menu Plaisirs*,<sup>9</sup> [25] one has to have patience. If the acknowledgement matches the pleasure which my children gave to the court, it should turn out very well. It should definitely be noted that it is not at all the custom here to kiss the hands of royalty or to present them with petitions or even to speak to them au passage, as they call it here, to wit, [30] when they pass through the gallery and the royal apartments on the way to the church.

Likewise, it is not customary here to show honour to the King or anyone of the royal family by bowing the head or bending the knees; rather, one remains erect without the least movement, [35] and in this position one is free to see the King and his family passing in immediate proximity. Accordingly, you can easily imagine what an impression, and how much wonderment, it must have evoked among the French, so enamoured of their customs at court, when the daughter of the King, not only in her rooms, but also in the public corridor, stopped when she saw my children, [40] went up to them and not only allowed them to kiss her hands, but also kissed them and let them kiss her countless times. You should understand that this event involved none other than the *Dauphine*.<sup>10</sup> The most extraordinary thing in the

<sup>1</sup> BD: Wife of Salzburg merchant Johann Lorenz Hagenauer (1712-1792), who was a friend of the Mozarts and their landlord 1747-1773.

<sup>2</sup> BD: “en Bavière” = “in Bavaria”. At this time the Principality of Salzburg was part of the Bavarian “Kreis” [≈ “administrative area”] of the German Empire.

<sup>3</sup> BD: The hand-carved puppets traditionally made in Berchtesgaden.

<sup>4</sup> BD: An astonishingly accurate warning about the decline in behavioural standards which was one of the causes of the Revolution of 1789.

<sup>5</sup> BD: Nos. 0077a, 0079a (lost).

<sup>6</sup> X = ten = decem: X<sup>br</sup> = “December”.

<sup>7</sup> BD: Probably all letters of credit, including the one requested on 4 November 1763 (cf. No. 0068/28 ff.).

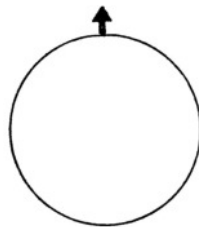
<sup>8</sup> BD: The payment for music.

<sup>9</sup> Court entertainments administration. The extant accounts include a payment for 1200 livres (≈550 florins).

<sup>10</sup> Wife of the *Dauphin* (= crown prince).

eyes of the worthy French gentlemen, however, was at the grand *couvert*<sup>11</sup> held on New Year's Day. Here, not only did a way have to be made free for all of us as far as the royal table, [45] but it was also granted to my Master *Wolfgangus* to stand beside the Queen the whole time, to speak to her constantly and to kiss her hand frequently, and to eat at her side the food which she gave him from the table. The Queen speaks German as well as we do. But, as the King has no grasp of it, the queen interpreted for him everything that our heroic Wolfg. said. [50] I stood beside him; on the other side of the King, where *Msr. Dauphin*<sup>12</sup> and *Mad<sup>e</sup>. Adelaide* sat on the side, stood my wife and daughter. Now, it should be said that the King never dines publicly, except every Sunday, when the whole royal family eats together. Yet not just anyone is allowed in. [55] But at a great festival, such as New Year's Day, Easter, Whitsun, the name-days etc., it is called the grand *couvert*; there all people of distinction are allowed in. But the room is not very large, so it is soon full. We came late, they therefore had to use the Swiss guard to make space for us, and they led us through the hall into the room immediately next to the royal table and through which the fine ladies and gentlemen come into the hall. [60] As they passed, they spoke with our Wolfgang, and we then followed them to the table.

As for a description of *Versailles*, by the way, you cannot possibly demand that of me. The only thing I will say to you is that we reached there on Christmas Eve and attended the Christmas midnight Mass and the 3 holy Masses in the chapel.<sup>13</sup> [65] We were in the royal gallery when the King came back from *Madame la Dauphine*, where he had imparted to her the news that had come of the death of her brother, the Elector of Saxony.<sup>14</sup> There I heard bad and good music. Everything that was with single voices and was meant to be like an *aria* was empty, frosty and miserable, and consequently French. [70] But the choirs are all good, and good indeed. I have therefore been taking my little man with me to the King's Mass in the royal chapel<sup>15</sup> every day in order to hear the choir in the *motet*, which is always performed. The King's Mass is at 1 o'clock, but if he goes hunting his Mass is at 10 o'clock and the Queen's Mass at half past 12. [75] More about all this in due time. In 16 days, life in *Versailles* has cost us around 12 *louis d'or*.<sup>16</sup> Perhaps this is too much in your view and incomprehensible? -- In *Versailles* there are no *carrosses de remise* or *fiacres*,<sup>17</sup> nothing but sedan chairs. Each trip costs 12 *sols*.<sup>18</sup> Now you will soon see why on some days, when we have had to take 2, if not 3, chairs, [80] the chairs have amounted to one feather thaler<sup>19</sup> or more, for the weather was always bad. If you now count 4 new sets of black clothing<sup>20</sup> on top of that, you will no longer be surprised if the journey to *Versailles* confronts us with costs of 26 to 27 *louis d'or*. Now we want to see what earnings we receive from the court in return. Besides what we can hope for from the court, [85] we did not take in more than 12 *louis d'or* in cash at *Versailles*. Then my Master Wolfgang received from *Mad<sup>me</sup> the Comtesse de Tessé*<sup>21</sup> a golden snuffbox, a gold watch which is valuable because of its minute size, which size I indicate here,



<sup>11</sup> = "Public banquet".

<sup>12</sup> The king's eldest son = crown prince.

<sup>13</sup> BD: The 3 masses traditionally followed in the night, at dawn, and during the day.

<sup>14</sup> BD: Friedrich Christian (1722-1763). He had been Elector for only six weeks.

<sup>15</sup> BD: In 1770 Wolfgang played the organ here for one and a half hours.

<sup>16</sup> BD: = almost 100 florins.

<sup>17</sup> BD: The former are grander and hired by the day, the latter simpler and hired by the hour.

<sup>18</sup> BD: = 12 kreuzers.

<sup>19</sup> BD: = 2 florins.

<sup>20</sup> BD: The court was in mourning.

<sup>21</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0075/12.

then Nannerl received an uncommonly beautiful, strong, solid gold toothpick box. [90] From one lady, Wolfg. received a silver sketching pen and Nannerl an uncommonly fine tortoiseshell snuffbox with gold inlay.<sup>22</sup> Our snuffboxes, by the way, have been added to by a red one with a gold hoop, by one in a don't-know-what-kind of glass-like material set in gold, by one of *lacque Martin*, inlaid with the most beautiful flowers of coloured gold and various shepherds' instruments. [95] On top of that comes a little ring of *carniol* set in gold, with an antique head and a multitude of little things which I consider worthless, such as dagger belts, ribbons and cuffs, little flowers for the bonnet and neckerchiefs etc. for Nannerl etc. In a word: I hope to be able, within a period of 4 weeks, to give a somewhat better report concerning *louis d'ors*, [100] for it is a longer journey than to Maxelan<sup>23</sup> to become thoroughly known in *Paris*, and I can assure you that one can see everywhere the noxious fruits of the last war without eyeglasses. For the French want to continue with their exterior splendour in full measure, consequently no-one is rich except the tenants, the lords are loaded with debts. [105] The greatest wealth is concealed among around 100 persons, these are some big bankers and *fermiers généraux*;<sup>24</sup> and, finally, most of the money is spent on those *Lucretias*<sup>25</sup> who do not stab themselves. That one sees especially beautiful and precious things here: – you will be able to imagine that for yourself, but one also sees astonishing examples of clownery. [110] Not only do the women wear their clothes trimmed with fur in winter, but even neck collars or neckbands, and instead of sticking little flowers in their hair, everything similar is made of fur – even instead of the cuffs on the sleeves. But the most ridiculous thing here is to see a dagger belt |: they are in fashion here :| trimmed round and round with fine fur. This no doubt prevents the dagger freezing. [115] On top of their craze for fashion in everything, there is also their great love of comfort, which has caused this nation to stop hearing the voice of nature. And for this reason everyone in *Paris* sends the new-born children into the countryside to be raised. There are so-called conductresses under a special oath who conduct such children into the countryside. [120] And each has a big book in which the *parocho loci*<sup>26</sup> writes the name of father and mother etc., then the place where the child is taken, the name of the nurse, or, more precisely, of the peasant and his wife. And this is done by persons of high and low estate and costs a *bagatelle*. But one sees the most pitiful results of this: [125] you will hardly find a place filled with so many miserable and mutilated people. You have hardly been in the church for a minute, and have hardly walked a couple of streets, and immediately there comes someone blind, lame, limping, a half gangrenous beggar, or there is someone lying on the road who had his hand eaten off by pigs as a child, another who, [130] as a child |: since the foster father and his family were away working in the fields :| fell into the open fire and burned off half his arm etc., and a multitude of such people, whom I do not look at as I pass by because of revulsion. Now I will leap from the ugly to the charming; more precisely, to what charmed a king. You too would of course like to know about *Mad<sup>me</sup> Marquise Pampadour's*<sup>27</sup> looks, wouldn't you? [135] – – She must indeed have been very

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<sup>22</sup> BD: Nannerl seems to have kept this box throughout her life, for a box matching this description was mentioned in her will.

<sup>23</sup> BD: Maxglan, now a suburb of Salzburg but at that time a village outside the town.

<sup>24</sup> BD: Tax farmers.

<sup>25</sup> BD: Lucretia took her own life with a dagger after being raped by Sextus Tarquinius.

<sup>26</sup> BD: Local parish priest.

<sup>27</sup> BD: Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, from 1745 Marquise de Pompadour (1721-1764). Daughter of the stable master to the Duke of Orléans. Married a tax farmer in 1751, divorced soon afterwards. Gained entry to court in 1745, became mistress to Louis XV with the official title “maitresse en titre”. Even after giving up this role, she

beautiful, for she is still spruce. She is of a large, impressive figure, she is fat, ample, but very well proportioned, blond, has much of the former Theresia Freysauf and, in the eyes of some, similarities to Her Imperial Majesty.<sup>28</sup> She accords herself much dignity and has an exceptional mind. [140] Her rooms in *Versailles* are like a paradise, looking onto the garden, and in the *Paris* suburb *St. Honoré* an exceptionally splendid *hôtel*<sup>29</sup> which is an entirely new building. In the room with the harpsichord |: which is completely gilded and exceptionally elaborately lacquered and painted :| there is a life-size portrait of her and at its side a portrait of the King. Now for something different! – – [145] Here there is a constant war between Italian and French music. The whole of French music is not worth a d– –l.<sup>30</sup> But now they are starting with cruel changes: the French are now beginning to vacillate violently, and in 10 to 15 years the French taste, so I hope, will be fully extinguished. In publishing their compositions, the Germans take the role of master; very popular among them are *Msr. Schobert*<sup>31</sup> [150] – *Msr. Eckard*,<sup>32</sup> *Msr. Hannauer*<sup>33</sup> for the keyboard, *Msr. Hochbrucker*<sup>34</sup> and *Msr. Mayr*<sup>35</sup> for the harp. *Msr. Le Grand*,<sup>36</sup> a French *clavierist*, has abandoned his *gout*<sup>37</sup> altogether, and his *sonatas* are according to our taste. *Msr. Schobert*, *Msr. Eckard*, *Msr. Le Grand* and *Msr. Hochbrucker* have all brought their engraved *sonatas* to us and honoured my children. [155] Now 4 *sonatas* by *Msr. Wolfgang Mozart*<sup>38</sup> are at the engraver's. Just imagine what a stir these *sonatas* will make in the world when the title page says that this is a work by a 7-year-old child, and when one challenges the unbelievers to undertake a test of the truth, as has already happened where he asks for the melody of a *menuet* or some other thing to be written down, [160] and at once |: without touching the keyboard :| sets a bass line and, if one wishes, a 2<sup>nd</sup> violin part, under it. You will hear, in due time, how good these *sonatas* are. They include an *andante*<sup>39</sup> of a quite special taste. And I can tell you, dearest Frau Hagenauer, that God works new miracles daily in this child. By the time we |: if God will :| come back home, [165] he will be capable of performing services at court. He really is accompanying all the time in public *concerts*. He even transposes *à prima vista*<sup>40</sup> when accompanying *arias*, and everywhere people put Italian and French pieces alternately in front of him, which he plays straight from the page. – – My girl plays with an unbelievable clarity the most difficult pieces which we now have from Schobert and Eckard etc., [170] of which the Eckard pieces

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continued to exert significant influence on government. She was largely responsible for the alliance formed between France and Austria against Russia and England in 1756. Cf. No. 0080/134 ff.

<sup>28</sup> “Kayslerin Mayst.”. BD: Maria Theresia.

<sup>29</sup> = “townhouse”.

<sup>30</sup> BD: Leopold writes the word out [“Teufel” = “devil”] in full in No. 0135/45.

<sup>31</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0074/9. Johann (Jean) Schobert (c. 1740-1767), from Silesia. Keyboard player and composer, in Paris from 1760. Presented a copy of his engraved *sonatas* to the Mozart children in Paris. He, some family members and friends died from mushroom poisoning. Leopold's assessment of him in No. 0080/153-154 is unfavourable, but Mozart drew on his material, notably his op. XVII No. 2 as a model for his pasticcio concerto KV 39.

<sup>32</sup> BD: Johann Gottfried Eckard (1735-1809). First travelled to Paris with the Augsburg keyboard instrument maker Johann Andreas Stein, was greatly applauded and decided to stay. He too made the acquaintance of Mozart's family in Paris in 1773 and, like Schobert, he gave Wolfgang and Nannerl a copy of his engraved *sonatas* (cf. No. 0080/153-154).

<sup>33</sup> BD: Leontzi Honauer (\* 1735), in Paris 1760-1790 as pianist and composer. Cf. No. 0444/49 ff. Mozart made use of a number of Honauer's *sonatas* in his pasticcio concertos KV 37, 40 and 41.

<sup>34</sup> BD: Christian Hochbrucker, harp player and composer, also presented his *sonatas* to the Mozart children.

<sup>35</sup> BD: Philipp Jakob May(e)r (1737-1819) from Strasbourg, cf. Nos. 0084/8; 0420/151.

<sup>36</sup> BD: Jean-Pierre LeGrand (1734-1809), from April 1758 organist in Paris, also composer. Cf. Nos. 0084/8; 0420/151.

<sup>37</sup> ≈ “taste, style”.

<sup>38</sup> BD: KV 6-9. KV 6 and 7 appeared as Opus 1, dedicated to Madame Victoire (cf. Nos. 0076/5; 0081/56-57; 0144/6-8).

<sup>39</sup> BD: Probably from KV 7.

<sup>40</sup> = “At sight”.

are the more difficult, and in such a way that the villainous Schobert cannot hide his jealousy and his envy and is making himself ridiculous in front of *Msr.* Eckard, who is an honest man, and many other people. I will tell of many circumstances, which would take too long here, in several letters. [175] *Msr.* Schobert is in no sense the person he should be. He flatters you to your face, and is the most false of men; but his religion follows the fashion. May God convert him! – Now comes something very sad, yes, something deeply sorrowful: we are all in great fear and confusion. In short! – – Countess van Eyck<sup>41</sup> is in the most perilous circumstances, to the extent that, without the special grace of God, [180] she will hardly escape death. On Sunday, we sat at table with her from 12 to 1 o'clock, and she was in very high spirits. It is true that she had stayed at home for some days because of a catarrh, but on this day she went to church. She conversed incredibly with Wolfgang, as always. In the night going into Monday I heard a coach during the night and some commotion. [185] In the morning, I heard that the esteemed Countess had suddenly taken ill and had apparently vomited a great deal of blood. On Monday, her blood was let 3 times. On Tuesday, it seemed to be better, but towards nightfall there was again some vomiting of blood, and her blood was let again. But to this very hour it has continued as it was, the blood was always extremely bad, she fainted, [190] and there is, in a word, little hope of improvement. Just imagine our sorrow, which is all the greater because I must see it all from a distance, and may never again see her alive, let alone speak to her. My children pray and weep, since Wolfgang loves the Countess quite extraordinarily, and she him. I write this on the evening of the 1<sup>st</sup> Feb. [195] May God grant that I can write something more pleasant before I close the letter tomorrow morning. Today, the 2<sup>nd</sup> February. At nightfall I have still not heard anything special. The Countess did not sleep last night, but is not worse, and they are becoming a little more hopeful because the vomit is no longer coloured by blood, and the fever has subsided a little. [200] I gather that the Count<sup>42</sup> has not left her bedside, and there are 2 nurses in the house and 2 *medici*. I hope the Count has already sent news to his parents-in-law in Salzburg. But since I do not know about that, I therefore ask you not to say anything about this to anyone until you have spoken to Mademoiselle Rosalia Joly,<sup>43</sup> [205] who certainly knows how to make sensible use of my information if the gracious ladies and gentlemen should, contrary to expectations, not yet know anything about it. Enough! We are simply always wretched human beings, whether we be in *Paris* or Salzburg. My wife can think of nothing else the whole day except the poor, dear Countess, and this is indeed a deep concern of ours. [210]

Now I am running out of space on this paper. I absolutely must also tell you that the bishop<sup>44</sup> here has been sent far from all human comforts, or, to put it more mildly, exiled. He had a piece of invective printed against the parliament and in favour of the Jesuits, which has landed him with this punishment. [215] Now, almost everybody maintains he is in the wrong, I hear, since the King, who had been informed that he wanted to publish the rant, sent him a friendly warning against doing so, but he went ahead anyway and has consequently run his head against the wall with full force. The king made haste to exile him, otherwise the

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<sup>41</sup> “Gräfin Van-Eyck”. BD: The wife of the Mozarts' host in Paris. Cf. No. 0062/42.

<sup>42</sup> “Graf” [van Eyck].

<sup>43</sup> BD: Maria Anna Rosalia Walburga Joly [Joli] (1823-1788), usually referred to in the correspondence as “Sallerl”, was for many years a friend of the Mozart family, especially of Nannerl and Wolfgang, with whom she exchanged humorous poems (cf. Nos. 0391/75 ff.; 0394/64 ff.). She was the daughter of the Salzburg Royal Confectioner Mathias Joly and his spouse Maria Anna Therese de Butelli (referred to as “the old madame Joly” in No. 0109/88); she was an aunt of the physician Dr. Johann Prex, whom Mozart met in Paris in 1766 (cf. Nos. 0109/89; 0110/4). She was certainly related to the chaplain Leopold Joly who married Leopold and Maria Anna Pertl in 1741. She worked as a chambermaid for Georg Anton Felix, Count [Graf] Arco (cf. No. 0157/24 f.); one of the daughters of this Count Arco was married to the Bavarian ambassador in Paris and Rosalia was thus able to arrange accommodation for the Mozarts in Paris (see lines 42-43).

<sup>44</sup> BD: Christophe de Beaumont (1703-1781), archbishop in Paris since 1748. Published a defence of the Jesuits in 1763.

parliament would have arrested him. [220] The secular arm is undoubtedly a little bit too strong here. On the other hand, the clerics run around the streets alone here, pull up their frocks as far as their armpits, wear their hats on one side, and are in no way distinguishable from a lay person walking the streets. Farewell, and thank God that the paper is full up, otherwise you would indeed have to put on your eyeglasses.<sup>45</sup> [225] I am, with compliments from me, my children and my wife, your most devoted, obedient servant Mozart.

ON THE INSIDE OF THE ENVELOPE:

I ask for the most devoted compliments from all of us to be given to all good friends, both gentlemen and ladies; each will be so reasonable as to see that it is impossible to write down anything less than an All Saints' *litany* of names. What, then, is our honest Herr Dellmor<sup>46</sup> doing? Is he indeed still in our neighbourhood? [230] He will think of us occasionally when he sees no-one at our windows. Please give him compliments from me, and especially from Wolfgangerl. He is an honest man. Is it not cold in Salzburg either? – When we came here, it was snowing, but it has not snowed at all since. It is constantly autumn here, but the weather is mostly misty and inconstant. But it is also good that it is no longer cold here, [235] for a quarter-cord of wood costs 1 *louis d'or*. I owe replies to Herr Spitzeder<sup>47</sup> and Herr Adlgasser.<sup>48</sup>

I close at 9 o'clock in the morning on 3<sup>rd</sup> Feb. The Countess has had a bad night again. As day comes it is a little better, but yet without constancy. Always a feverish pulse: perhaps the lung has a flaw.

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<sup>45</sup> BD: To read the small writing.

<sup>46</sup> BD: Formally a book-keeper with the Hagenauers, now employed in public administration.

<sup>47</sup> BD: Franz Anton Spi(t)zeder (1735-1796), studied at Salzburg university, tenor in the Salzburg court music, later a favourite of the Archbishop and an influential figure in the court music. Sang in Mozart's *Die Schuldigkeit des Ersten Gebots* KV 35 and *La Finta semplice* KV 51 (46a).

<sup>48</sup> BD: Anton Cajetan Adlgasser (1729-1777), pupil of Eberlin. Salzburg court organist and composer. He married three times; Leopold was a witness at two of the weddings. Cf. No. 0041/17. He died on 22<sup>nd</sup> December, 1777. His last hours are described in No. 0395/20 ff. He left 3 children: Viktoria (\* 1753), Joseph (\* 1761), and Anna (\* 1766).