

*Paris, the 22<sup>nd</sup> Februa:*  
1764

*Monsieur,*

The sun cannot shine all the time, clouds come often, but they pass over again. I did not rush at all to report the sad death of Countess van Eyck,<sup>3</sup> [5] I thought it was enough that I had prepared the hearts of the worthy people of Salzburg for this sad event; I left it to others to report the end. Once I have left *Paris*, I will not fail to inform you of some of the circumstances. And I would have written a few friendly words to *Mademoiselle Rosalia*,<sup>4</sup> to whom I commend himself, [10] but I must ask for patience. She will find my reasons extremely well-founded. Enough! There is nowhere that a person would want to die, but here things look doubly sad for an honest German if he is ill or even dies. By the way, a consequence of the demise of the Countess of blessed memory was the indisposition of the Count, but he is now starting to improve bit by bit. [15] The sorrow of the German nanny, *Sophia*, who will now return to Germany in a few days, almost cost her life. A sudden and unexpected incident put me in a somewhat awkward situation shortly afterwards. A sudden sore throat and catarrh overtook my dear Wolfgang, so that, after noticing the catarrh early on the 16<sup>th</sup>, [20] in the night he suffered such obstruction in the throat that he was in danger of suffocation. But the slime, which was secreted all at once and which he was unable to get rid of, fell back into the stomach. Then I quickly took him out of the bed and led him back and forth in the room. I succeeded in lowering his temperature, which was quite astonishingly high, [25] bit by bit with *pulvis antispasmodicus Hallenses*<sup>5</sup> and, God be praised, in 4 days he got out of bed again and is now better again. As a precaution, I wrote via the Little Post<sup>6</sup> to our friend, the German physician Herrnschwand, who is *médécin* to the Swiss Guard. But he did not consider it necessary to come more than twice. I then purged him with a little *aqua laxativa Viennensis*.<sup>7</sup> [30] Now he is well, praise God. My girl is also slightly troubled with catarrh, but without any aggravation. And it is no wonder, for we arrived in *Paris* on 18<sup>th</sup> November<sup>8</sup> and then there was heavy snow for some days, but it disappeared again immediately, and since that time no snow has been seen in *Paris*. The weather has always been misty or wet, [35] and so mild that autumn in Germany is much colder. Yes, there have been some extraordinarily fine, warm days, but they immediately changed into the most abominable rainy weather again, so that people here hardly ever go out at all without slipping a silk umbrella into their bags. And this is also the reason for the emergence of the convenient

<sup>1</sup> BD: Original lost. Copyist A; NissenB.

<sup>2</sup> BD: Johann Lorenz Hagenauer (1712-1792), Salzburg merchant. Friend of the Mozarts and their landlord 1747-1773.

<sup>3</sup> “Gräfin von Van-Eyck”. BD: Maria Anna Felicitas, Countess [Gräfin] van Eyck, wife of Maximilian Emanuel Franz, Count [Graf] van Eyck (1711-1777), Bavarian ambassador in Paris; the Mozart family stayed in his palace there.

<sup>4</sup> “Jungfrau Rosalia Joli”. BD: Maria Anna Rosalia Walburga Joly [Joli] (1723-1788), 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 [konfektmeister] 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>5</sup> BD: Anti-spasm powder.

<sup>6</sup> BD: Leopold’s rendering of “Petit post”, the fast service post service within the city of Paris. Cf. No. 0073/95.

<sup>7</sup> BD: Laxative mixture.

<sup>8</sup> Date corrected according to BD VIII, p. 98.

silk umbrellas: [40] because the weather in *Paris* exactly matches the temper of its inhabitants and is subject to change. The catarrhs here are worse and more dangerous than in Germany. It is usually a catarrh with a temperature and, since the *medici* here are very fond of letting blood, they dispatch some into eternity by this letting. [45] Now, I ask for 4 Holy Masses at Maria Plain, and 1 Holy Mass at the Holy Child at Loreto to be read as soon as possible – we have promised this for our children’s sake – and let me know. I hope the Holy Masses at Loreto are continuing to be read all the time as long as we are away, as I requested. Following on from what I told you regarding the wet weather, [50] I must furthermore say that the *Seine* rose so astonishingly here about a fortnight ago that they had to cross the *Place de Grève* by ship and could not get through in many areas of the town near the river. In the newspapers you will read enough about what kind of damage the water around Frankfurt and in Holland has done in other places. [55] We will drive to *Versailles* again in a fortnight at the latest in order to present *oeuvre* 1<sup>9</sup> of the engraved *sonatas* by the great *Msr. Wolfgang*, for *Madame Victoire*, the king’s second daughter, to whom they are dedicated. *Oeuvre* 2<sup>10</sup> will probably be dedicated to *Madame la Comtesse de Tessé*.<sup>11</sup> Within 3 or at most 4 weeks, if God will, important things must happen. [60] We have tended the crops well, now we are also hoping for a good harvest. One must take everything as it comes. I would also have had at least 12 *louis d’or*<sup>12</sup> more if my children had not had to stay at home for some days. I thank God that they are better – – Do you know what people always want here? – – They want to persuade me to let my boy be inoculated against the pox. [65] But now, since I sufficiently indicated my reluctance regarding this proposal, they are leaving me in peace. Here it is the general fashion, only it cannot be done without permission, and in the country, not in the town. But the reason for this is simply that, because of the good success of inoculation, great numbers of people, both young and adult, have had pox inoculations simultaneously, [70] resulting sometimes in 3, 4 and more persons laid out with pox in one house. Now, since this could have harmful consequences, it has to be done in the country or else it will be reported to the *Intendant de Paris*.<sup>13</sup> For my part, I leave it to the grace of God. [75] It all depends on His divine grace whether He will keep this wonder of Nature in the world where He has placed him or take him to himself. I will certainly watch over him in such a way that it makes no difference whether we are in Salzburg or in any other part of the world. And that is also what makes the journeys so expensive. Only those who have made these journeys can imagine everything that is required. [80] One’s hands must be constantly in one’s purse and one’s 5 senses always at the ready, and a plan for several months in advance must be constantly before one’s eyes – but this plan must be immediately adaptable if the circumstances change. Now for something else. Do not be surprised if I am writing all this down one thing after another. [85] In such cases, one must write the thoughts down as they come, otherwise they elude the mind. In Germany there is a prejudice that the French cannot tolerate the cold at all. But this is a prejudice which collapses the moment you see all the *boutiques* open the whole winter. Not only merchants etc., but also tailors, cobblers, saddlers, cutlers, goldsmiths etc., [90] *en fin*,<sup>14</sup> all kinds of commerce, work in open shops and before the eyes of all, so all the shops are so many rooms where one sees them working, year after year, in heat and cold. As soon as evening falls, all the shops are lit up, with 6, 7, 8, up to 10 lights burning in some; in some there are numerous wall lights, and a fine chandelier hanging in the middle. [95] Until around 10 o’clock, most of the *boutiques* are open. The *boutiques* with victuals stay open until 11 o’clock. Here the women now, without exception, have *chaufferettes* under their feet.

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<sup>9</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0080/155.

<sup>10</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0075/12.

<sup>11</sup> BD: Cf. Nos. 0075/12, 0417/161; 0420/99 ff. Wife of the Lieutenant general au gouvernement du Maine.

<sup>12</sup> BD: ≈ 96 florins.

<sup>13</sup> BD VII: An “Intendant” was the highest official rank in the French state structure of the time.

<sup>14</sup> = “In short”.

These are small wooden boxes, lined with metal, and which have holes in them. Inside is a glowing brick or hot ashes or a clay box filled with embers. [100] Whenever a bright day comes, you will see, throughout the whole winter, even in the coldest wind, a countless number of persons of both sexes and all ages walking in the garden of the *Tuileries*, in the *Palais Royal*, *Boulevard* and other promenades. Tell me now whether the French are shy of the cold. At the least sign of sunshine, all windows are open, [105] and in the coldest winds the doors are open, and they sit by the fireplace.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> BD: It appears that the copy simply breaks off here.