

0329. MOZART TO HIS FATHER,¹ SALZBURG

*À Monsieur / Monsieur Leopold Mozart / maitre de la Chapelle de
S:A:R: / l'archeveque de et / à / Salzbourg*

*Mon très cher Père*²

[Wasserburg,] 23th Sept., 1777.

We have arrived safely, praise and thanks be to God, at Wagin, Stain, Ferbenthain,³ and [5] Wasserburg.⁴ Now a short account of the journey: Just as we reached the gate,⁵ we had to wait almost quarter of an hour until the gate was opened fully, for work was under way. Before Schinn,⁶ we encountered a number of cows, amongst which one was remarkable – – for it was one-sided,⁷ which we had never seen before. At Schinn, finally, we saw a [10] coach which was standing still, and *ecce*⁸ – – our *postillion* immediately called out – – Here we have to change – – It's all the same to me, said I. My Mama and I were *parleying*, when, in a coach, there came a fat man whose *symphony*⁹ was immediately familiar to me – – it was the merchant from Meiningen.¹⁰ He contemplated me for a good while; finally he said: You are indeed Herr Mozart? Your servant. I know [15] you too, sir, but not your name. I saw you at the *musique* in Mirabell¹¹ a year ago. Thereupon he disclosed to me his name, but which, praise and thanks be to God, I have forgotten, but I retained a perhaps more important one. On that occasion, when I saw him in Salzburg, he had a young person with him,¹² and now it is a brother of this young person, [20] who is from Meiningen, and writes his name Herr von Unhold;¹³ this young gentleman emphatically asked me to come to Meiningen if it is at all possible. We gave these gentlemen 100 000 compliments to pass on to Papa and our sister, the *street urchin*. They also promised us that they would certainly deliver them. This change at the post-stage was most inconvenient to me, for I would have liked to have given my letter to the *postillion* to take with him [25] from Wagin. Now we had the honour |: after we had eaten a little at Wagin :| of being pulled on our way by the same horses with which we had already been underway for one and a half hours, as far as Stain. At Wagin I called on the esteemed parish priest for only a moment. His eyes opened very wide. He knew nothing about our whole story.¹⁴ From Stain, we drove [30] with a *postillion* who was a terrible *phlegmaticus N.B.* in his driving. We thought we were never going to reach the post-stage. Finally, however, we did arrive. |: My Mama is already half asleep :| *N.B.* as I write this. From Ferbertshaim to Wasserburg everything went completely satisfactorily. *Viviamo come i*

¹ BD: Accompanied by his mother and having been released from service in Salzburg, Wolfgang set out at six in the morning on the 23rd September, 1777, being driven in the family's own chaise. From the correspondence with his father, it is clear that Paris only emerged as a destination later in the journey (cf. No. 0369/108-110).

² To Monsieur / Monsieur Leopold Mozart / Music Director to His Royal Highness / the Archbishop of and / in / Salzburg // My very dear father.

³ BD: Waging, Stein (post-stage), Frabertsham (post-stage).

⁴ BD: About 65 km north-west of Salzburg.

⁵ BD: From No. 0331/12, it is clear that this date must be visible from the Mozart's apartment. It can only be in the Klausentor.

⁶ BD: Schign, between Salzburg and Waging.

⁷ BD: Presumably standing parallel to the road, showing one side only.

⁸ = Behold.

⁹ Jocular substitution for "physiognomy".

¹⁰ BD: Johann von Grimmel (Krimmel) (1738-1794), merchant from Memmingen (not "Meiningen"), Electoral Bavarian Commercial Counsellor [kurfürstlich bayerischer Kommerzienrat].

¹¹ BD: Palace in Salzburg surrounded by gardens, summer residence of the Archbishop.

¹² BD: Jakob von Unold (1755-1809).

¹³ BD: Georg von Unold (1758-1828). Mozart's spelling means "Disfavour".

¹⁴ BD: The story of the dismissal of Leopold and Wolfgang.

Principi.¹⁵ We lack nothing except Papa: ah well, that is how God wishes to have it. [35] Everything will yet turn out well. I hope Papa is in fine fettle and as contented as I am. I am giving a good account of myself. I am a second Papa. I keep an eye on everything. I have also just got consent that I should pay the *postillion*, for I can indeed talk to the churls better than Mama. In Wasserburg, at The Star,¹⁶ the service was unrivalled. I am sitting here like a prince. [40] Half an hour ago |: my Mama was just in the little c---t :| the house servant knocked and asked about all kinds of things, and I answered him with all my seriousness, as I am in the *portrait*.¹⁷ I must finish. My Mama is already completely undressed. Both of us ask that Papa might pay attention to his health; not go out too early; [45] not cause vexations for himself. Dutifully laugh and be good-humoured, and always remember with joy, as we do, that Mufti *H: C:*¹⁸ is a prick, but God is compassionate, merciful and full of love. I kiss Papa's hands 1000 times, and embrace my sister the *street urchin* as often as I have already – – – taken tobacco today.

[50] *P.S.* The pen is rough and I am impolite.

Wasserburg, 23rd *Sept^{ber}*.

[55] 1777. *undecima hora nocte tempore*.²⁰

I believe I have left my
*diplomas*¹⁹ at home? – –
I ask you to send them to me
soon. At half past 6 in the morning.
24th *Septbr.*
Your most obedient son,
Wolfgang Amadé Mozart

¹⁵ = We live like princes.

¹⁶ “beym stern”.

¹⁷ BD: As Knight of the Golden Spur (Deutsch Bild No. 11).

¹⁸ BD: “Mufti H: C:” = Prince-Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo. Leopold criticises this phrase in No. 0335/10-11.

¹⁹ BD: From the Academies in Bologna and Verona, cf. No. 0343/54.

²⁰ 11 o'clock at night.