

Monsieur

Chelsea,<sup>3</sup> by London  
13<sup>th</sup> September, 1764

I have noticed that our letters always take 16 to 17 days, for until now I have always received your letters safely on the 17<sup>th</sup> day or at least early on the 18<sup>th</sup>. [5] This time it went even faster, for I already had your letter on the 11<sup>th</sup>,<sup>4</sup> and *Msr. Teissier*<sup>5</sup> received it on the 10<sup>th</sup>. Consequently, since your letter was dated the 2<sup>nd</sup> Aug., the letter was here within a fortnight. Enough! Our correspondence has worked correctly up to the present hour, although we are so far apart. For the exact observance of the Holy Masses<sup>6</sup> my obedient thanks, [10] and I can report that I am indeed feeling improved, even if only very slowly, from day to day, so I may hope that I have no major internal damage. But so that you know the origin of my illness, I must tell you that there is a kind of illness in this land which one calls a chill.<sup>7</sup> [15] For this reason you hardly ever see anyone wearing summer clothes here, but everyone wears woollen garments. This so-called chill is so dangerous for people who are not in order internally anyway that for many it leads to consumption, as it is called here, but I call it *febrem lentam*,<sup>8</sup> and the best advice for such people is to leave England and go back across the sea, [20] where one then has many examples where they have improved immediately on changing country. I caught this chill completely without warning, and in the following way: On the 8<sup>th</sup> July, at 6 o'clock in the evening, we were due to go to my *Lord Taneth*.<sup>9</sup> I sent someone to the places where the coaches stand before 6 o'clock, but there was none to be had. [25] It was Sunday, and all the coaches were accordingly gone. It was the most beautiful and hottest of days. I had a sedan chair brought, put both children in it, and I went behind on foot because the weather was so exceptionally fine. But I did not think how fast the chair porters are here: I experienced it, however. I can fairly walk, as you know, and the meat does not hinder my walking in any way. [30] Shortly before we reached my *Lord Taneth*, I believed a number of times it was impossible to keep up with them any more, for *London* is not Salzburg. I correspondingly broke out in the greatest sweat you can have. I had nothing on except a silk waistcoat, and also a wool coat, which I immediately buttoned up once in *Lord Taneth's* house. But that did not help: [35] the evening was cool, all the windows were open. We stayed there until 11 o'clock, and I immediately felt very ill, and I took a second sedan chair for myself on the way home.

Yet I went on until the 14<sup>th</sup> or so without taking proper care of myself. I attempted to drive the illness out by sweating, which is the common method here, [40] but nothing could be persuaded to help. I took a light *laxative*, but in vain. The main point, however, was that I had a severe sore throat. The tonsils were inflamed like scarlet fever, and all the gargling

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

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

<sup>3</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0090/72. The Mozart family seven-week stay in Chelsea (cf. No. 0099/50-53) was occasioned by Leopold's severe illness. During Leopold's illness, Wolfgang not only wrote his "first symphony", but also most of the pieces in the so-called *London Sketchbook*. The sketchbook comprises 86 pages of notation with 43 pieces (KV 15a to 15ss), of which the first 25 (on 60 pages) were written in pencil, the rest in ink. It was later kept by Nannerl, who probably gave it to Heinrich Beer, one of the younger brothers of Jakob Mayerbeer, who in turn gave it to Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy as a birthday present in 1830. Its whereabouts are currently unknown.

<sup>4</sup> BD: No. 0090 (lost).

<sup>5</sup> BD: Stephen Teissier, partner in the banking firm Loubier & Teissier (cf. No. 0090/6, 12-13).

<sup>6</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0088/137 ff.

<sup>7</sup> BD: Leopold uses the old German word "Verkältung", which Grimm's dictionary describes as an illness resulting from sudden cooling.

<sup>8</sup> = "Slow fever".

<sup>9</sup> BD: Lord Sackville Tufton, 8<sup>th</sup> Earl of Thanet (1733-1786).

solutions could not help. They had to let my blood, for I could hardly get a clear soup anymore. Here you see the gargling solution: [45] *R: tincture rosar leviter acidul: c. Elix. Vitriol. ʒiv Mellis Rosarum optim ʒiβ Spirit: Sulphuris p Campanum gutt: X aquae Horseatae ʒij Misc: fiat gargarisma.* The sore throat abated soon after the blood-letting, but I still had a fever, no appetite, and I had also been forbidden to take anything apart from simple clear soup. My drink was *ptisana*, always with a little *Nitri dul:* mixed in. [50] *N.B.* I damped the high temperature at the beginning of the sore throat myself with *Pulveris antispasmod: hallensem* before the *medicus* attended me. – – Afterwards, the *medicus* gave me, on the 22<sup>nd</sup> *Julii, Rp. Sal. Absinth: ʒj Succ Limon ʒvi aqu. Limam: Simp: et purae font: aa ʒβ. Spirit: Mindereri ʒiβ nitri dulc. gutt xx.Syrap: ʒij fiat haustus; 6<sup>ta</sup> quâque hora summendus.* [55] Since I had not slept at all the previous night, he thought he could improve the condition with this, and wrote in addition: *Adice haustui Nocturno Tinct: Thebaic: gut XV & pulv: contrayero comp: gr. XVI.* This was then added to the foregoing, which I had to take every 6 hours, and was to be taken before going to sleep. [60] And I did fall into a deep sleep, but at 2 o'clock in the night I awoke due to an astonishing pain which I felt in my stomach and which was so extraordinary that I did not believe I would survive it. My wife quickly warmed up a clear soup for me, and I fell asleep again after that. But in the night from the 23<sup>rd</sup> to the 24<sup>th</sup> I once again did not sleep a minute, [65] although there was almost no fever in the pulse anymore. The esteemed *medicus* then gave me: *aqu. alexiter S. ʒj Nuc: Mosc: ʒij Tinctur: Thebaic: gut: XVIII. Syrup.Balsamic: ʒiij.s. M: f: Haustg.* Yet this was of no help, I slept just as little with this potion, but simply lay in a certain stupor which I cannot describe. [70] I was always awake, always thought I was going to fall asleep, and was nothing except clearly stupefied. I no longer looked like myself; I was, according to what everyone says, entirely unrecognisable. I was utterly enfeebled, and my stomach was completely upset, and when the *medicus* came on the 25<sup>th</sup> he was somewhat embarrassed, and said I was not a person who should take a lot of medicine, I should now eat and see that I gradually recovered my strength through taking food, [75] and thus he left me. But old, honest *Giordani*,<sup>10</sup> who came to visit me twice every day throughout my illness, made me get up, had me led up and down the room and made me sit for some time in an arm-chair taking my soup. Since I was meant to eat without anyone having done anything to help my stomach, [80] which was so weak and distressed that I was not even capable of eating a leg of chicken, a friend named *Sipruntini*,<sup>11</sup> who is a born Jew, brought to me a *medicus*, his cousin, who was a Portuguese Jew. With a rhubarb powder, into which he mixed stomach-strengthening things and which gave me a gentle evacuation, and with a certain potion, of which I had drink one small coffee bowl full 3 times daily for 4 days and which I received fresh every day, [85] he got my stomach into such good condition again that I not only had a gradually increasing appetite but, after I was in *Chelsea* for some days, soon had a very substantial hunger indeed. As soon as the weather turned really fine, I had to have myself taken by *chair* to *St. James' Park*, and this happened on the 29<sup>th</sup> *July*. [90] There I was to be placed in a fine spot under the trees, where I then gasped for fresh air like a bird. From the 29<sup>th</sup> *July* to the 4<sup>th</sup> *August* it was horrible, rainy weather. During this time, I took the medicine prescribed by the Hebrew *medicus* already mentioned. On the 5<sup>th</sup> *August* I had myself carried to *Chelsea* to rent a house, [95] and on the 6<sup>th</sup> they took me out to live in the same.<sup>12</sup> Now you know everything. One more thing! After getting out of bed, I felt a certain tension in my limbs, such that I could hardly extend the hand and the fingers, and could make no movement of the nerves without pain. Of course, I showed the Jewish *medicus* the prescription for the medicines used. [100] To my face he did not say a word against it, but afterwards, as he departed, he vilified the *medicus*, whom he

<sup>10</sup> BD: Giuseppe Giordani, cf. No. 0099/27.

<sup>11</sup> BD: Emanuel Sipurtini, Jewish cellist and composer (cf. Nos. 0099/48; 0108/84), whom Leopold later tried to convert. After travelling throughout Italy and Spain, he had been in London since 1758.

<sup>12</sup> BD: Cf. Nannerl's description in No. 1212/92-94.

does not know, and said that giving me *opium* twice had attacked my nerves. The *Sipruntini* just mentioned is a great *virtuoso* on the *violoncello*; he is the son of a Dutch Jew. After travelling through Italy and Spain, [105] he found the Jewish faith and its ceremonies and commandments laughable. He then abandoned this kind of faith, but I do not know if he underwent baptism, and as I proceeded to speak about matters of faith with him, I found from all his utterances that he is at the moment content to believe in one God, to love this one God in first place and his neighbour as himself, [110] and to live as an honest man. I took trouble to teach him terms from our faith and got so far that he is now in agreement with me that, of all the Christian religions, the Catholic is the best. I will make another assault with the next opportunity, but one must proceed quite delicately in this matter. Patience! [115] Perhaps I will yet become a missionary in England. I would ask you to be so kind as to ask a *medicus* to write out the following prescription in words on a sheet of paper, namely the composition, for such things are unknown here, and no-one knows anything about the *Dispensat. Viennensis* or the *Augustana*.<sup>13</sup> It is also essential for everything to be written out, [120] for they do not understand any *signa chimica* because the worthy *medici* here write everything out. Please arrange for precisely the following to be written out:

	Rp: Cons: fl: farfar: ʒij	Rp. Spec : decocti pectoral: ʒβ.	
	‡ Haly rec: ʒj.	fl:papav : rh:	
[125]	⊘ amygd: dulc: ʒβ.	bellid: āā mβ.	
	Syr: d: liquirit ʒβ.		
	Rp. V Laxat: Vien: ʒij	Rp. Aqu: Lax. Vien :	
	Mañ: elect : ʒij.	Syrup : Rosat: Sol :	
	∇ fol: ʒij.	āā ʒj.	
[130]	V: Physagon ʒj.		
	Rp. V papav :	<u>NB</u> I already have	No-one knows
	Scabios: āā ʒij .	the written	what the <i>Spec: decocti</i>
	‡ adtuss: inf: ʒj	composition	<i>pect</i> : is, nor what the
[135]	‡ nij : diaphor :	of this.	<i>aqu: Lax: Vienn</i> is.
	Φ: tri papav: āā gr: XV.		
	Syr: Liquirit : ʒij.		

My wife asks for a prescription for a *laxative* potion for herself, for she has never taken anything, and she has the greatest need of it.

But everything has to be written out, for, apart from the weight symbols, the apothecaries here understand nothing. [140] The first four prescriptions which I have written out above are my stock prescriptions, partly as *laxatives*, partly for coughs and chest catarrh; the last is for Wolfgang. If we could obtain the prescription for *digestive powder* with and without rhubarb, we would be very grateful. [145] You will easily see yourself that even such common medicines are needed when something happens, for the medical gentlemen here treat their patients in their own manner, even if they have Germans in front of them, who are of a completely different nature and temperament. And who wants to run to the doctor on every little occasion? – – The whole way of life of Englishmen is as different from ours as day is from night. [150] The normal citizens, who are all *N.B.* wealthy people, and where the tailor's or cobbler's wife cannot be distinguished from a *Mylady*,<sup>14</sup> except that the former are generally even more beautifully dressed than the latter, who make little of their rank unless there is a special occasion – the normal citizen, I repeat, has the following routine: [155] In

<sup>13</sup> = "Pharmacopoeias".

<sup>14</sup> "Mylady": Leopold's English.

the morning, with his entire family and even the maid, he drinks tea, which is strong beyond all measure and thoroughly bitter because of the quantity of leaves in it. They always pour a very little milk or cream into it and eat a huge amount of buttered bread along with it, served very thinly spread on already thin slices of bread. Usually, one is also presented with some buttered bread slices which have been baked, along with the butter spread on them, [160] by the glowing embers. A couple of hours later, the man of the house then usually allows himself the pleasure of a good jug of porter or strong beer, as they call Starkbier. There are three kinds of beer: porter, or strong beer, which is their Starkbier, *ale*, as their light beer is called, and *purl*, namely a wormwood beer. At 2 o'clock, the midday meal is served. [165] This consists either of a leg of mutton which is roasted or of a *roasted beef*, which is the English *Rindsbraten*, known under the name Rostbiff in Germany because it sounds almost like that in the English pronunciation. Along with that they have boiled potatoes or beans, which are not dressed in any way, but [170] melted hot butter is put on the table in a special small dish and everyone shakes as much of it as they choose over the potatoes or beans they have picked out. Or, instead of this side dish, they occasionally have plum pudding as a delicacy. This is raisins, or even proper apples, covered in batter, which are meant to represent a kind of cake, but which is in fact miserably and badly made. They send for this directly from the pastry baker and eat it cold. [175] They also eat onions, like the Pandurs.<sup>15</sup> Similarly, they devour enthusiastically not only hot, but also coagulated, fat. The children and the maid drink light beer and are free to go to the barrel as often as they like throughout the day, for no-one drinks water here; Herr and Frau drink strong beer. [180] At around 5 o'clock, and under the same conditions as in the morning, they drink tea again. In the evening, towards 8 or 9 o'clock, the midday mutton leg or roast beef is put on the table again. Now, you must appreciate that the leg or roast beef is put on the table hot on Sunday. Afterwards, throughout the week, a tiny slice is always cut for each person [185] as long as it lasts, and in the evening they take ham or cheese or butter, spread it on bread and bake or roast it. In a word, they eat like the Pandurs. Now, those people who live more lavishly, of whom there are enough, follow the same scheme as far as tea in the morning and evening are concerned, only that coffee and chocolate, wines boiled with cinnamon, [190] rose liqueur, ices etc. and other certainly expensive things are also served. These people take their midday meal at 4 or also at 5 o'clock; knives, forks and spoons are changed with every fresh plate. Here you are treated as in Germany. After the meal, the table cloth is removed and the lavish fruits remain there. [195] A little glass is brought for each person, and in the middle they place numerous bottles with Rhine wine, Spanish wine etc. and other wines, along with *cider*, of which one can pour oneself as much as one likes, for one bottle after the other is pushed around the table from one person to the next in such a way that I can pour some for myself or push the bottle further on its way. [200] *Cider* is apple wine or must. It looks like a Tyrolean white wine and is very good to drink, has character, is very slightly sour and consequently very pleasant and as clear as gold. They say it is not unhealthy. Once you get up, coffee comes. *Punch* is also served, although in many places *punch* comes a couple of hours later, [205] with tea and rose liqueur served along with it. Then come games, a coach ride and music. And the nobility do not take supper before midnight, even before 1 or 2 o'clock after midnight. At 12 noon they get up. *Opera*, *concerts* and theatre do not start before half past 7, eight in the evening. Punch is pronounced *punsh* and is a drink made of water, rum, sugar and lime boiled up. [210] It is drunk hot or cold as you please. Rum is a kind of brandy which is distilled from a fruit in the West Indies and is a *remedium specificum*<sup>16</sup> for the stomach. *Punch* and a pipe of tobacco are the English element. – There is too little space. The compliments have to be imagined, and I am yours as always.

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<sup>15</sup> BD: Hungarian soldiers.

<sup>16</sup> = "Specific remedy".

*P.S.* May I ask you to give Herr von Kleynmayr,<sup>17</sup> [215] with compliments from all of us, my congratulations and a million blessings on the change of family status he has undergone. The present enclosure is a letter of condolence to Herr Weiser.<sup>18</sup> My wife and children commend themselves. My wife had much to do now because of my indisposition and many worries, as can easily be imagined. [220] And in *Chelsea* we did initially had the food brought by a *traiteur*,<sup>19</sup> but because it was bad, my wife started to cook herself and we find ourselves in such good fettle as a result that we will also continue to conduct the household ourselves in town, where we intend to return in the coming week. Perhaps my wife will get fatter again, for at the moment she has become very lean. [225] She would have you know that she still does not understand anything in English except the night watchman when he cries, for example, *past ten o'clock* – it has sounded ten – or, following the English strictly, it has gone past 10 o'clock. But she only says this out of modesty. She also knows how to say *Good Morrow, sir* and *How do ye do, sir?*. [230] She can equally well answer, *Very well; at your service*.<sup>20</sup> And when she speaks German to an English maid and the latter speaks English to her, I always imagine the Tower of Babel. At the end, both laugh together and play out a pantomime. [235]

Our thanks to Herr Johannes<sup>21</sup> for going to so much trouble. We read his news reports eagerly and attentively.

#### Something for you alone.<sup>22</sup>

What is His High Princely Grace<sup>23</sup> doing with the 2 girls who came from Venice?<sup>24</sup> Has he produced any remuneration for them yet? – – What then is Frau von *Robini*<sup>25</sup> doing? I hear nothing from her. Will Fräulein *Josepha*<sup>26</sup> yet marry *Doctor Anton Agliardi*?<sup>27</sup> [240] Has Count Auersperg<sup>28</sup> decided to keep the bishopric of Lavant? Has *Msr. Kalkammer's*<sup>29</sup> salary been maintained in Passau or has it been reduced? These are things that I did not want to ask in my letter but to which you can send an answer via Herr Johannes without any inconvenience to yourself. [245] By the way, you will already have thought to yourself that I will quite certainly intend to stay here for at least the whole winter and that this will have to

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<sup>17</sup> BD: Franz Thaddäus von Kleinmayer(n), director of the Salzburg court council (cf. No. 0345/60), who had just married.

<sup>18</sup> BD: Ignaz Anton (“von” after 1747) Weiser (1701-1785), Salzburg merchant, later mayor of the town. Related to the families Hagenauer and Duschek frequently mentioned in the correspondence. His wife had just died.

<sup>19</sup> BD: = restaurant-keeper, caterer.

<sup>20</sup> All three phrases have been left in Leopold's original English.

<sup>21</sup> BD: Johannes Nepomuk Anton Hagenauer (1741-1799), eldest son of Salzburg merchant Johann Lorenz Hagenauer and the member of the family most frequently mentioned in the letters. He took over the family business on the death of his father in 1792, but became so depressed after the death of his wife Maria Anna in 1794 that his aged mother then took over the business.

<sup>22</sup> BD: That is, not to be circulated round, or read out to, all the Mozart's friends, as was presumably normally the case with the letters.

<sup>23</sup> “S<sup>c</sup> Hochf. Gnadn”: the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg.

<sup>24</sup> BD: Maria Anna Braunhofer (1748-1819) and Maria Magdalena Lipp (1745-1827), who later married Michael Haydn. The Archbishop had sent them to Venice to develop their singing skills. They were then employed as singers at court from 8<sup>th</sup> January, 1765, with a monthly salary of 8 florins 24 kreuzers and a “Massl” [1/4 litre?] of Tyrolean wine per day.

<sup>25</sup> BD: Viktoria Robinig (1716-1783), wife of the factory owner Georg Joseph Robinig von Rottenfeld (1710-1760), member of the air-rifle club and frequent guest at the Mozarts’.

<sup>26</sup> BD: Maria Josepha Robinig (1743-1767).

<sup>27</sup> BD: Peter Anton Ignaz Agliardi (1730-1773), son of the personal physician to the Archbishop. The marriage did not take place, probably because of the early death of Josepha Robinig.

<sup>28</sup> BD: Joseph Franz Anton, Graf Auersperg (\* 1734), 1763-1771 Bishop of Lavant; 1772-1783 Bishop of Gurk; 1783-1795 Bishop of Passau; member of Salzburg cathedral chapter.

<sup>29</sup> BD: Not identified.

be my main harvest of some 1000s of florins,<sup>30</sup> if God will. I am now where no-one from the Salzburg court has dared to venture and where perhaps no-one will come in the future. *Aut Caesar, aut nihil*,<sup>31</sup> the long journey has been made. [250] Once I leave England, I will see no more *guineas*: one must profit from this opportunity. If God in His goodness will only give us health, we need have no worries about our *guineas*.<sup>32</sup> It is regrettable enough to me that I must now live from what I could have saved, but whatever God wills: whether in Salzburg or *London*, we are in his hands. [255] He knows my good intentions. Now a couple of months are coming in which I have my work cut out getting the nobility properly on my side. This costs a lot of galloping around and effort, but if I achieve the intention I have in mind, I will catch an exemplary fish or, rather, *guineas*.

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[260] We commend ourselves to our young Miss Housekeeper<sup>33</sup> and are grateful for her for keeping an eye on everything so well and do not doubt that she had our beds put out in the sun in good time. We shall not fail to bring something .....<sup>34</sup> for her.

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<sup>30</sup> BD: Cf. Nos. 0088/8-9; 0090/105-106 (“for I did not travel to England for the sake of a few thousand guldens.”).

<sup>31</sup> = “Either Caesar or nothing”.

<sup>32</sup> BD: 1 guinea ≈ 8 florins.

<sup>33</sup> BD: One of Hagenauer’s daughters, who was obviously looking after the Mozarts’ apartment during their absence.

<sup>34</sup> BD: Four to five words were cut off here during the binding of the copies.