

0205. LEOPOLD MOZART TO HIS WIFE, SALZBURG

*À Madame / Madame Marie Anne / Mozart / à / Salzbourg / par Mantua<sup>1</sup>*

*Bologna, 25<sup>th</sup> August, 1770*

On the 21<sup>st</sup> I wrote<sup>2</sup> to you, and I suspect that if letters to Germany are left lying in Insprugg<sup>3</sup> in the same way as those coming from Germany, [5] you will perhaps, I would say, receive two letters<sup>4</sup> at the same time. We are still out in the country and, praise God, well. Consequently, I have absolutely nothing new to write to you.

Nor should you waste any time worrying if at any time my letter does not duly arrive, for, if one is not in town, [10] the opportunity often does not present itself, on the one hand, to write the letters and, on the other, to send them to the post. In the meantime, nevertheless, simply write to Bologna, although it may happen that we are already set to leave by the time you receive this letter. We are enjoying the best of seasons: it is neither too hot nor too cold. Since we had the opportunity to have a *Dominican* Father here, a German Bohemian,<sup>5</sup> [15] to whom our esteemed *sculptor*<sup>6</sup> always confessed here, today we made our devotions in the parish church,<sup>7</sup> which was all the more comfortable as this Father went there with us. We were consequently absolutely alone in the whole church |: because the peasants have their Masses early |: and confessed there and took Communion, then went through the Stations of the Cross together [20] and subsequently returned together to the castle only 200 paces away, where he then held the Mass and customary Rosary for our noble hosts. In the meantime, you can have them make a couple of finely gilded halos in Salzburg, for we shall surely come home as saints.

[25] Herr von Mölk<sup>8</sup> honoured me with a letter.<sup>9</sup> Wolfgang and I commend ourselves, and I know he is too reasonable to be offended that I have never answered him. He knows that a man on travels has 1000 things to think about. A long loan is not a gift and better late than never are two proverbs that relieve my negligence a little. [30]

My leg or, rather, my legs<sup>10</sup> are fine, thanks be to God. On the leg which had the wound, I still apply a small bandage close to the ankle. This is more a precaution than a necessity, since the leg is still swollen a very little in the evening, [35] which is not surprising, since I cannot treat it carefully on the journey, and then it was without exercise for 3 entire weeks and, at the same time, almost without skin everywhere. I do not wish myself an entertainment like this again, especially on a journey, although I did not wish it for myself this time either.

Now and again I think about finding a means of lightening my baggage, [40] since it is growing more and more, and in Milan I will in addition find much that I left behind there. If I can send something to Botzen<sup>11</sup> from here, it will certainly be done, but I am very dubious. The books and sheet music in particular, which are always growing visibly, cause me much

---

<sup>1</sup> BD: Note (by Frau Mozart? Nannerl?) beside the address: "N:° 37 from Bologna".

<sup>2</sup> BD: No. 0204.

<sup>3</sup> Innsbruck, today in Austria.

<sup>4</sup> BD: Nos. 0204 and 0205.

<sup>5</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0172/16; No. 0204/51 ff.

<sup>6</sup> BD: Johann Baptist Hagenauer (1732-1810), a distant relative of the merchant Johann Lorenz Hagenauer already mentioned often in the correspondence. Trained in Bavaria, Vienna and Italy (1759-1765). Served the Archbishop of Salzburg until 1774.

<sup>7</sup> BD: The chiesa parrocchiale della Croce del Biacco, close to the villa of Count Pallavicini, cf. No. 0204/4-5.

<sup>8</sup> BD: Royal Chancellor [Hofkanzler] Franz Felix Anton von Mölk (1714-1776).

<sup>9</sup> BD: No. 0204b.

<sup>10</sup> BD: The healing of his leg after the coach accident, cf. No. 0194/29 ff. and podagra, cf. No. 0202/6-10.

<sup>11</sup> Bozen, Bolzano, today in Italy.

inconvenience. As soon as I am in Milan, I must have almost all of Wolfgang's neck-ties and shirts altered. [45] Until then he will just have to be patient, because there Theresia, the steward's wife at Count *Firmian's*,<sup>12</sup> can do me this service. Everything is becoming too tight, and the many silk threads that were on his jewelled ring<sup>13</sup> are all gone; there is only a little wax left in it. But you should not for this reason picture him as so tremendously big;<sup>14</sup> it suffices that all his limbs are becoming larger and stronger. [50] He now has no singing voice at all.<sup>15</sup> It has gone completely, he has neither low nor high notes, and not even 5 pure ones. This is something that vexes him greatly, for he can no longer sing his own pieces, which he sometimes would like to sing himself.

The book<sup>16</sup> |: my *violin* school :| has not yet arrived in *Bologna*. [55] Perhaps Herr *Brinsechi*<sup>17</sup> still has it in a bundle of linen fleece? – Find out, with my compliments, from Herr Hafner.<sup>18</sup> If it had arrived here, I would have had the pleasure of handing it to *Padré Martino* myself. Now I must finish in order not to miss the opportunity.

We kiss you and Nannerl 1000 times, and I am as always your  
[60]

L. Mozart.

The letters have not yet come from town today, and so I have not yet any letter from you. They will hopefully arrive tomorrow evening.

We – both of us – commend ourselves to all.

---

<sup>12</sup> “des Gräfl. Firm: Hausmeisters Frau”. BD: Cf. No. 0158/59. Ferdinando Germani's wife.

<sup>13</sup> BD VII: Probably the same ring which the Neapolitans associated with magic, cf. No. 1212/273-275.

<sup>14</sup> BD: Cf. No. 0199/59-60.

<sup>15</sup> BD: Wolfgang's voice was obviously just breaking.

<sup>16</sup> BD: The copy of Leopold's violin school intended for Giovanni Battista Martini (1706-1784), specialist in the theory and history of music. Taught Mozart during his stay in Bologna as preparation for admission to the *Accademia filarmonica*.

<sup>17</sup> BD: Giuseppe Prinsechi, merchant. Cf. No. 0171/47-48, 94.

<sup>18</sup> BD: Siegmund Haffner the Elder (1699-1772), Salzburg merchant and public figure. Mozart's *Haffner Symphony* KV 385 was written for his son by his second marriage, Siegmund Haffner the Younger (1756-1787).