

0931. LEOPOLD MOZART TO HIS DAUGHTER,<sup>1</sup> ST. GILGEN

Little Leopold<sup>2</sup> is well!

Salzb., 9<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1786

The deputy administrator<sup>3</sup> brought the duck, I thank you for it. I have my hands full with things to do, since I am leaving on the morning of Saturday the 11<sup>th</sup>. – [5] For a journey to St. Gilgen, no leave is necessary, – nor have I ever taken any. And I have no objection at all to leaving Heinrich<sup>4</sup> at home alone. – So that does not hinder me in any way! And on my return my first concern will be to bring the organ builder<sup>5</sup> out to you as soon as he can be spared. He really does have to make a large *fortepiano* first for the regional governor in Lintz.<sup>6</sup> [10]

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My esteemed son<sup>7</sup> makes the excuse that he cannot travel into town because he has such a great amount of work: I truly cannot say this to anyone without going red in the face, since people know how extensive the area of the little administrative district of St. Gilgen is, and from that they can deduce the appalling amount of work involved. [15] I commend myself to my esteemed son and would ask him what he believes all reasonable people will think of a man who can bear, for all of 8 or 9 months and perhaps even longer, not to see his child, who is only 6 hours away from him, or perhaps, God forbid, never to see him again? For he has not seen him for 5 months and in the next 4 months, depending on the weather, [20] I will hardly be able to bring him out to you. – – What could and must reasonable people think? – – and what, then, will the candid wicked tongues be saying afterwards? –

The former recognise it as a disposition towards hardheartedness, perhaps caused by exaggerated frugality.

[25] The latter say quite directly: Ah! The penny-saver! As long as he has a wife; – duly sires children; he is not concerned about anything else! – – Now it is snowing quite appallingly, it is heaping up: – thanks be to God! Even if I have a miserable road going to Munich, – at least my esteemed son has a good sleigh path for coming into town, [30] or, if it does not hold,<sup>8</sup> – at least an honest excuse.

the 10<sup>th</sup>

Today has been the most beautiful of days, only it is becoming misty now in the evening. – The administrator<sup>9</sup> came with Seperl yesterday by post-coach, – he brought me the

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<sup>1</sup> BD: Maria Anna Walburga Ignatia (“Nannerl”), née Mozart, (1751-1829). After her marriage in 1784 her name was Maria Anna von Berchtold zu Sonnenburg. In all letters to Nannerl after her marriage Leopold refers to her as “Frau Tochter” [madam daughter] and to his son-in-law as “Herr Sohn” [esteemed son].

<sup>2</sup> BD: Nannerl’s son Leopold (born in Salzburg on 27<sup>th</sup> July, 1785) was to remain with Leopold from his birth until his grandfather’s death in May, 1787; Nannerl returned to St. Gilgen at the beginning of September, 1785.

<sup>3</sup> “Amtmann”.

<sup>4</sup> BD: Son of the theatre director Theobald Marchand, once a pupil of Leopold’s, now an aspiring professional musician.

<sup>5</sup> BD: Johann Evangelist Schmid (1757-1804), organ builder, worked in Salzburg from 1786 to 1803 as the successor to “old” Egedacher; he had previously learned in Rottweil and worked in Vienna, Hungary, Bohemia, Saxony and Augsburg. Leopold has asked him to do keyboard repairs for Nannerl.

<sup>6</sup> “Landshauptmann”. BD: Christoph Wilhelm, Count [Graf] Thürheim (1731-1809), last Landeshauptmann of Lower Austria, until 1783, and then President of the Regional Parliament [Landesregierung] (in Linz) from 1783-1786.

<sup>7</sup> Leopold’s customary form of address for his son-in-law.

<sup>8</sup> Obviously a possible means of travel from St. Gilgen; cf. No. 0925/9.

<sup>9</sup> BD: Johann Paul Wölf(f)l, administrator of the St.-Johannes-Spital [“St John’s Hospital”] close to Salzburg, with his son “Sepperl”, Joseph Wölf(f)l (1773-1812), a pupil at the cathedral music school (Kapellhaus) 1783-1786.

letters I enclose here. [35] But the letter from Marchand<sup>10</sup> is the one he had to write to me so that I could let the Archbishop read it, which is why I could not send it to you week ago, but only sent you the *separate leaf* he wrote to me. – The messenger<sup>11</sup> brought your letter. I beg you to go on without worrying at all. I start my journey tomorrow morning and go as far as Wasserburg, and on Sunday, with God’s help, will reach Munich by midday. The child is splendidly provided for. [40] Herr von D’Ippold<sup>12</sup> is coming every day as long as I am away; he is astonishingly concerned about the child, and I know quite certainly that there is not a child in the whole town who receives more care than Nandl<sup>13</sup> and Tresel<sup>14</sup> take of this child. *Ms.:<sup>lle</sup> Janette*<sup>15</sup> and Miss Mitzerl<sup>16</sup> will always come, – and, should it ever be absolutely necessary, we have *Dr. Joseph Barisani*<sup>17</sup> opposite us, whom we could call from the window. Do you believe I would really travel if I had any reason for concern? – By the way, it is always very hardhearted if, in the eyes of the whole world, one has no other reason for not wanting to see one’s child than that little bit of administrative work, for you can write whatever you like about a lot of work, it remains ridiculous, – [50] as if the esteemed *colleagues* here did not know what the work consisted of etc. Enough! Nothing but at best the impossible task of making a better road could at best excuse this –: nothing else! – nothing else at all! – – –

To comfort the esteemed *vicario*,<sup>18</sup> you can let him know that his *coadjutor*<sup>19</sup> will soon get his marching orders. I know this for a certainty! He will perhaps come into town, to the Franciscans, *in custodiam*.<sup>20</sup> The clerical Herr Egedacher<sup>21</sup> will be sent out into the country and there he will have to work on his *pro cura*.<sup>22</sup>

It is already 10 o’clock, – yes, it has just struck half past 10! I still have some packing to do, so will only sleep 4 hours because I am getting up at 4 o’clock and will set off at 5, when the coach comes, so I am saving my sleeping for the coach. [60] – I am sending new music by Wolfg.; there is something for you to practice.

3 lemons. 2 plays. I kiss you both from the heart, send my greetings to the children, and am as always your sincere father

Mozart mp<sup>23</sup>

[65] The servants commend themselves and I send my greetings to Lennerl.<sup>24</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> BD: One of the three lost letters: No. 0928.

<sup>11</sup> BD: There was no post-coach to St. Gilgen. Leopold therefore sent his letters and packages to Nannerl by a messenger, a carter who came to Salzburg once a week. The “glass-carrier woman” also provided a service on this route.

<sup>12</sup> BD: Franz Armand d’Ippold (c. 1730-1790), Imperial and Royal Captain, supervisor of page training in Salzburg. He added the “de” (in the Viennese style) himself. Sometime suitor of Nannerl.

<sup>13</sup> BD: Maria Anna Pietschner (1732-1805), Leopold’s servant girl (“child nurse”).

<sup>14</sup> BD: Therese Pänckl, servant in the Mozart household in Salzburg for many years.

<sup>15</sup> BD: Perhaps a sister of the “Mitzerl” mentioned in the same sentence.

<sup>16</sup> “Jgf: Mitzerl”. BD: Maria Anna Raab († 1788, aged 78), along with “Joly Sallerl” (cf. No. 0062/41) one of the most faithful friends of the family. Rented out the first floor of her house, the “Tanzmeisterhaus” [“Dancing Master’s House”] to the Mozarts from 1773 until Leopold’s death in 1787.

<sup>17</sup> BD: Joseph Barisani (1756-1826), eldest son of the Salzburg Archbishop’s personal physician, Dr. Silvester Barisani.

<sup>18</sup> = “vicar”.

<sup>19</sup> = “assistant”.

<sup>20</sup> = “in custody, under guard”.

<sup>21</sup> BD: Johann Rochus Egedacher, cathedral vicar, son of the “old man”, as the court organ builder was often called.

<sup>22</sup> = “The cure [care] of souls”.

<sup>23</sup> mp = *manu propria* = in his own hand.

<sup>24</sup> BD: Nannerl’s serving girl Lena, later often called Len[n]erl.