

Salzb., 27th Sept., 1777

My letter will have reached you; we have not yet received news from you from Munich, probably because you were not able to write before Saturday. Although I am slightly better, the coughing shows no signs [5] of abating yet. I have not yet been out, and will at most go to Holy Mass at Holy Trinity Church tomorrow at half past 10, but if I am not really well I will not go out. Young Herr von Unhold from Munich was with me just now, I had to set down the letter and speak with him, Nannerl had to play him a sonata. [10] I ask my dear Wolfg. not to write any more lampoons about the Mufti. Bear in mind that I am here, a letter like that could get lost or fall into other hands. Yesterday, Herr von Moll was with me for four hours. He will travel home on Tuesday or Wednesday of the coming week. He is glad to leave Salzburg, it no longer pleases him here. In the trouser pocket you will find a steel button [15] for the green summer suit and various patches for clothes will follow too. I suspect that this will still reach you in Munich. Perhaps matters are going better there than we had expected. You wrote something about the diplomas. It seems to me that they are not necessary. If doubts are raised, I can send them to you any time and even with a detailed description of the whole [20] thing. It brings no honour to the Prince that he gave you such a bad salary and no honour to you that you served him so long for this pittance. If anyone asks you what kind of salary you had, you would do better to answer quite simply that you only stayed to please your father until you became slightly older, since the payment in Salzburg, you could say, was only [25] 3 to 400 florins, except for the Italians, whom the Prince now paid better. You will no doubt have visited Woschitka¹ and flattered him? One must make friends of all people. I wrote that in darkness, now I have light! Yesterday Adlgasser Victorl² did Nannerl's hair; this afternoon Catherl³ combed her hair out for her and dressed it. [30] In the afternoon we played with Herr Bullinger, who always commends himself, then Seelos |: who commends himself |: came to visit me at home, and Nannerl took little Pimpes |: who also commends herself |: out for a walk. Victorl is coming early tomorrow to dress Nannerl's hair.

My cause is back to where it was. What was written on my memorandum, [35] which was sent to me today from the Privy Chancellery, is so long that I will copy it out word for word in the next letter, which I will send the day after tomorrow,⁴ for now I must finish and still get the little packet to the post today for tomorrow's post coach. The rejoinder is polite, laughable. Wash the fur for me, but don't make it wet. Mitzerl,⁵ Tresel⁶ and [40] all Salzburg commend themselves. Nannerl has done some orderly clearing up, she commends herself and kisses Mama and yourself 1 million times. What about me? – – Ah, you know very well that my whole heart is with you. May God keep you healthy. My life depends on yours; I am the forsaken father and husband

Mozart

[45] My compliments to our good friends in Munich. If things are going well with you, I am in the best of moods. Didn't Mama get any sores from the drive to Munich? – –

¹ BD: Franz Xaver Wo(t)schitka (c. 1727-1796), Electoral valet and chamber virtuoso [Churfürstlicher Kammerdiener, Kammervirtuos], cf. Nos. 0399/106; 0464/99.

² BD: Maria Viktoria Adlgasser.

³ BD: Maria Anna Katharina Gilowsky.

⁴ BD: Actually the next day, the 28th.

⁵ BD: Maria Anna Raab.

⁶ BD: Therese Pänckl, serving girl in the Mozart household.