

MUNICH, 14th January, 1775.

My opera, thank God, was put on yesterday, being the thirteenth, and all went so well that I cannot possibly describe the uproar to Mama. In the first place, the whole theatre was packed so full that many people were forced to turn away. After each aria there was a terrible uproar with clapping and shouts of "Viva Maestro." Her Highness the Electoress and the Dowager (who were *vis à vis* to me) also called "bravo" to me. The interval between the close of the opera and the beginning of the ballet was filled with clapping and shouts of "bravo" which no sooner died down than they broke out afresh, again and again. My papa and I afterwards went into a certain room through which the Elector and the whole Court have to pass and kissed the hands of their Highnesses the Elector and Electoress and other eminent persons, who were all very gracious. His Grace the Bishop of Chiemsee sent quite early this morning to congratulate me on the incomparable success of my opera. As to our return it will not be immediate and Mama must not even wish it, for Mama knows well how good it is to have a little breathing-space. We shall get home soon enough for [an erasure here]. But one just and valid excuse is that the opera is to be repeated next Friday and I must necessarily be present—otherwise nobody would recognise it again—for this is an odd place. I kiss Mama's hand a thousand times.

## 97. To his Father

Mon très cher Père!

VIENNE, ce 5 de fevrier, 1783.

Yesterday my opera<sup>1</sup> was given for the seventeenth time—as usual to a full house and amid universal applause.

Next Friday, that is the day after to-morrow, a new opera is to be given, the music (which is gibberish) by a young fellow living here, a pupil of Wagenseil.

In my last letter I begged you to do all you could to rouse Gatti about those Italian libretti, and I repeat my request here. Now I must tell you of my plan. I do not think the Italian opera season will last long, and besides, I side with the German!

I prefer it even if it costs me more trouble. Every nation has its own opera, why not Germany? Is not German as singable as French and English? Is it not more so than Russian? Very well, then! I am now writing a German opera on my own initiative. I have chosen Goldoni's<sup>1</sup> comedy *Il servitore di due Padrone* for my purpose, and the whole of the first act has now been translated. Baron Binder is the translator. But it must be kept secret until all is ready. Well, what do you think of it? Do you not think I shall do very well over it? But I must make an end of my letter. Fischer, the bass singer, has called to see me. He has asked me to write about him to Le Gros in Paris, as he means to go there this very Lent. The people here are committing the folly of letting a man go who can never be replaced! My wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times, embrace our dear sister with all our hearts, and remain ever your

Most obedient children,

W. et C. Mozart.

124. To the Archduke Franz, Vienna<sup>1</sup>

May 1790.

Your Royal Highness

I make so bold as very respectfully to beg your Royal Highness to be so gracious as to speak to his Majesty the King touching my most humble petition to his Majesty. Prompted by a desire for fame, by a love of my work and by a conviction of my own talents, I venture to apply for the post of second kapellmeister, the more particularly that Salieri, the very able kapellmeister, has never devoted himself to the ecclesiastical style in music, whereas I have made myself completely familiar with this style from my youth up. Some small renown accorded me by the world for my performances on the *piano-forte* encourages me also to beg for the favour of being entrusted with the musical instruction of the Royal Family.

In the sure conviction that I have applied to the best possible intermediary, and to one who is particularly gracious to me, I feel the utmost confidence and shall . . .

## 125. To Michael Puchberg

17th May, 1790.

Dearest Friend and O.B.!

You will have heard, no doubt, from your household that I called at your house yesterday intending to dine there uninvited (as you gave me permission to do). You know how things are with me—in short, being unable to find a friend to help me, I have been obliged to resort to the moneylenders; but as it takes some time to seek out the most Christian among this un-Christian class of people, I am at the moment so utterly penniless that I have to beg you, dearest friend, by all that is sacred, to help me with whatever you can spare! If I get the money, as I hope to do, in a week or a fortnight, I will at once

repay what you lend me now, though I must, alas! still ask you to have patience touching the sums for which I have been already long indebted to you. If you only knew how all this worries and troubles me! It has kept me all this time from finishing my quartets. I now have great hopes at Court, for I have reliable information that the E——<sup>1</sup> has not sent back my petition, granted or rejected, like the rest, but has retained it.—That is a good sign. Next Saturday I intend to perform my quartets here at home, and request the pleasure of your company and that of your wife. Dearest, best friend and brother! Do not withdraw your friendship because of my importunity, but stand by me! I rely wholly on you, and am ever

Your most grateful

Mozart.

P.S.—I now have two pupils and would like to make up the number to eight. Pray spread it abroad that I give lessons.