

**EXTRACTS FROM
THE DIARY OF
MORITZ SVENGALI**

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Extracts from the Diary of Moritz Svengali by Alfred Welch

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ALFRED WELCH

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MORITZ SVENGALI



Translated and Edited by Alfred Welch

Be just to all mankind, my friend ;
They seek the same as you ;
Their different manners but depend
On chance and point of view.



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1897

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It will be remembered that Svengali was too ill to conduct the concert as usual on what was to be the opening night; but took his place in one of the boxes from which he could easily be seen by his wife, who was so devoted to him that she never sang except in his presence.

No one who, on that memorable night, breathlessly awaited the first notes of her marvelous voice, will forget the disappointment of the audience when Mme. Svengali broke down immediately upon her appearance, nor the horror and sympathy that succeeded when it was discovered that the cause of her failure was that, on glancing toward her husband's box, instead of meeting his look of encouragement, she saw his lifeless body leaning against the rail.

It is probably unnecessary to say that

PREFACE.

the whole diary is not given; but only such parts as throw light upon the most interesting portions of the life of this remarkable man and best serve to illustrate his character and genius. Some portions would be of no interest to the public, others are devoted to private family matters, and other pages, apparently written under the influence of passion, are very disconnected and have many lines crossed out; as if the writer had, in a calmer mood, repented of his anger.

As it is almost impossible to paraphrase in English many of the idioms of the Polish Hebrew dialect, it has been thought best to abandon all attempts to preserve the peculiarities of the author's style or the forms of expression of his native tongue, in which the diary is written.

THE DIARY OF
MORITZ SVENGALI.

February 5th, 185-

TO-MORROW I leave for Paris. It is good to turn one's back upon the old life of Porlisz. Yes, and even upon that of Vienna and Leipsic. The shadow of the Ghetto is over them all, for me, and the smell of the long, narrow streets with their overhanging gables, that shut out what little light might come down but for them.

If the mother and the sisters and all the others were but away, I should never