

A question of which more will be heard is that of multiple or 'led' farms — which brings the economic and social aspects of rural life into sharp conflict. In one county I was told that nineteen farms are held by one tenant. Such a pluralist is obviously a cultivator and commercial man of exceptional ability; he would not outbid other candidates for vacant holdings unless he had confidence in his power to produce and pay the higher rent. From the national economic standpoint he is a desirable institution. On the other hand, if eighteen farmers' sons have had to desert the land, if eighteen farm-houses are vacant which might be rearing middle-class rural families, and if country life is to that extent increased in monotony, the result is on all those counts to be regretted. A farmsteading without a farmer is apt to be just as draggled-tailed as an English village without a squire. One might conjecture that the system offered a better

avenue of responsibility and promotion for the grieve in charge, but I found no support for that idea. It is the old antithesis — what improves the cereal and bestial crop does not always improve the human one. There is a tendency in many countries to put a limit on the amount of land one man may farm — and Scotland may come to it yet.

One thing I most distinctly missed, and that was the Doric in its old fullness and currency. Broad Scotch is ceasing to be the speech of the common people and becoming the indulgence of the educated. The country boy resents being addressed in his dialect, as he suspects condescension. Education in Scotland is part of the fibre of life; education is in English; and all seriousness acquires an English tongue. It tends to be a precise and colorless tongue, with a sacrifice of much native pithiness in childhood, though that mends itself as time goes on.

CASANOVA GROWN OLD¹

BY MAX BROD

IN DUX, the diminutive city which, in spite of the change that time has brought with it, is even to-day scarcely more than a quiet and sleepy village in which no car, no tram, no motor, disturbs the narrow streets with their rows of low-built houses, Casanova settled down for the last twelve years of his life.

Its air of calm gives the city even now some of the atmosphere of a rural hamlet, and yet it was in this

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little town that the adventurer, the gambler, the philosopher, — still wrapped in glittering reminiscence of the courts at Paris and Warsaw, of the fortune and the misery of that fantastic career which had taken him throughout all Europe, from Spain to Russia and into Turkey, — came to rest at last.

Librarian of Count Waldstein — an easy post, but a torment for a man like Casanova, surrounded by domesticities whose speech he scarcely understood and who distressed him because

he felt himself so infinitely their superior.

A sound thrashing administered by the lackey Viderol led to a wearisome legal procedure, and life in Dux became more and more unendurable to the old lion, until at length, seeking to relieve in some measure the dullness of his surroundings, he sat down to write his memoirs, a masterpiece of world literature, famous everywhere, widely read, and perpetually coming out in new editions, another of which is even now appearing. Yet perhaps we fail to value Casanova's work aright despite all this, for there is a tendency to regard this book as nothing more than a bit of interesting writing, as literature, or even as being chiefly important because it is a document in the history of civilization. Very rarely has it occurred to anyone that these memoirs — though decried on grounds of frivolity and cynicism — represent life's highest wisdom; and yet his book bears witness that Casanova was a spirit infinitely superior to all the woes of this world, and shows the author as one deep read in knowledge of the human heart and of the values and the fullness of existence. Perhaps the time will come when Casanova will no longer be regarded as a blasphemer because, skeptic that he was, he set down in the preface to his memoirs such a sentence as this: 'The divine precepts rooted in my heart must necessarily produce as fruit an extraordinary morality.'

Yes, that is what this 'unmoral' author in all seriousness thought of himself. A paradox? That will disappear and will vanish in a true self-knowledge as soon as we reach, after a thousand sorrows, that wisdom which Casanova himself formulated in another sentence: 'Everything shows me that in the physical as well as in the moral realm good is constantly de-

veloping from evil and evil from good: To thoughtful readers the wrong ways I have taken will point out the right way, and from my blunders they may also learn the great lesson that everyone hovers perpetually on the brink of a precipice.' The main thing is to have courage.' Recognize this fact, and yet never give up the will to good. Thus armed with knowledge one may find in Casanova's memoirs a literal encyclopædia of wisdom.

The dullness of Dux is the reason why Casanova wrote his memoirs, for they offered a way of escape from Dux into that 'good society' which, mentally at least, he wished to create for himself. 'Now in the year 1797, and at the age of seventy-two, — when I can already say *vixi* although I am still alive, — I can scarcely conceive a more pleasant task than to occupy myself with my own affairs and to afford that good society which will listen to me, which has always treated me in friendly wise and in whose midst I have always moved, a worthy occasion for laughter.' It is not hard to feel the obvious contrast between this imaginary public and the 'poor society' of Waldstein's castle and their distinctly unworthy laughter.

The castle stood in the centre of the town, next to the church and the market place. A stranger putting up in the best hotel — good, as everybody knows, is a word with a relative meaning — could look right straight into Casanova's window. The castle was sold not very long after the revolution by Count Waldstein, who used it but seldom, to the local administration at Dux — with the exception of the Casanova relics, which included eight thousand pages, in part still unpublished, letters, manuscripts, mathematical calculations, fragments, verses, and a few plays. The manuscript of the memoirs, as everybody knows, is not in-

cluded among them, but is the possession of the publishing firm of Brockhaus in Leipzig, where no one is allowed to see it.

At present the invaluable Casanova collection of the Waldsteins, in which so many investigators, especially Bernhard Marr, the Casanova scholar of Dux, have worked, is housed in another castle of the Waldsteins, though I have not been able to learn definitely which. The local administration has adapted the castle at Dux to its own purposes. In the central portion a local museum has been formed out of the relics of the Waldstein collection that were left behind. Such objects as the taste of a wealthy man could bring together stand here and there opposite each other: minerals, stuffed birds, fragments of Roman sculpture, Greek vases, ivory carvings from China, a room full of very beautiful exotic porcelain, mingled with old electric machines and Leyden jars dating from the time when interest in the science of physics was just beginning, a collection of old arms, Waldstein's white charger stuffed and adorned with a silver bridle and a silver saddlecloth, flanked by a bad clay statuette of the hero and an old spinning wheel. Oh, the melancholy of the dusty immortality afforded by such a provincial museum!

There is a quaint and beautiful hall, the portrait gallery of the former owner. A big battle-picture — Wallenstein, clad in armor, and not exhausted as he is usually represented in Schiller's trilogy, but leading a cavalry charge. Close by, a naval fight, depicting the capture of an important member of the family, and another member as a Maltese knight. The ceiling piece is unquestionably the funniest picture that I ever saw, for it represents Baron Waldstein, a distant ancestor, leading his twenty-four sons to King

Premysl Ottokar in order to offer them for military service. Let us admit that seldom had any painter faced so difficult a problem. The twenty-four young knights must look like one another, and yet not be duplicates of one another, and the hapless painter, therefore, having bestowed upon them all the self-same nose, tried to give them individuality by placing them in all possible positions.

The four-and-twenty are stretched out in a long row on horseback, looking right and left and back upon their tracks, past their lances, and twisting in this direction and that so that their bearing seems to express anxious embarrassment, although it is clearly not their fault that they belong to a brotherhood so numerous.

The windows open on a beautiful English park. Meadows, ancient oaks. Casanova must have seen it looking much the same, with the pavilion in the background and the chain of the Erzgebirge. Tradition has it that in this meadow, just behind the castle, he taught the ladies of the Count's family to play the violin and cello. But where was his library, and where did he live? The friendly guide points out a room in the parterre, in the centre of the castle, but Herr Marr insists that this room, though often represented in illustrated books as Casanova's workroom, was not used as a library until 1812. Casanova's real library was in the upper story of a wing near the church, and in this wing of the palace the local administration has installed two classes of the Czech gymnasium — a school of mines, and a school of household art and industry for the daughters of the canton. Imagine Casanova's dwelling as a school for girls! And as the girls who were just then leaving the school in modest groups were young and slender and pretty, it may be just as well that Casanova was not about. Pray heaven

they may not, while they are learning to cook and to darn stockings, feel the *genius loci* working too strongly in their heads and hearts!

In 1922, while workmen were laying a water pipe about a metre below the surface, they came upon Casanova's gravestone, which has now been set up in the museum. A block of sandstone, its cross of iron missing, the inscription very succinct: —



This gave rise to new uncertainties. Did it mean that Casanova had been buried in the castle garden? But there is a second inscription in the Saint Barbara Church.

Around the church there was once a great churchyard, which has been long abandoned and has been made into a little park in Schiller's memory. Ancient weeping willows are all that remind us of its former use. There is a distressing Schiller medallion in a granite block, and a monument for the miners who perished in the flood of 1879 — some twenty-one names and underneath the miners' greeting, '*Glück auf!*' — here unintentionally ironic. On the right, next to the church door, a great stone of recent date has been let into the wall: 'Jacob Casanova, Venice 1725 — Dux 1798.' The grave must have been within four metres of the church door. It has not been kept up, and in the afternoon sun a long train of children's wagons is dragged over the spot. The date of his death, according to the inscription found in the castle garden, is corrected to 1799, for the stone in the church was put in place only after the graveyard was abandoned, and Marr believes that the original gravestone of Casanova

was sent back as the property of the lords of the castle. It is, then, certain that Casanova was buried in the Church of Saint Barbara. But how his stone came to be buried under the earth in the castle garden is still a puzzle.

I spent an evening with Marr, a magnificent type of the private scholar, a fine old man with wise eyes and bushy eyebrows beneath a high forehead, whose cheeks glow when he, a manufacturer by his calling, begins to speak about his special enthusiasm, the investigation of Casanova's life and works.

Eagerly he opens chest after chest and drags out precious manuscripts from a steel safe. On the walls are books, all the editions of Casanova from the original edition up, the newest publications by Vèze and Ravà, none of which could have appeared without the active coöperation of the investigator at Dux. Marr has set down the results of his own studies in more than thirty folio volumes of manuscript, which constitute an exact catalogue and description of all that Casanova left behind.

Every leaf has been listed and described with wonderful industry. An exhaustive index of all the names mentioned in the papers, and a card catalogue arranged by special call-words, adds to its usefulness. All the letters have been copied over, and even traced, thus preserving the strokes of the original handwriting. Marr wished to perform this service for all the papers left behind, but the war interfered with his task, and now his beloved archive has been taken from him.

One little example will show what value his work, to which he has devoted ten years of his life, has for the study of Casanova. We were talking about the authenticity of the memoirs, which has recently been questioned. I observed that this question would be more easily

decided if we knew whether Casanova worked quite unhampered or whether he used notes. Marr turned instantly to his registers, which are linked together by a clever system of cross-

reference, and speedily showed me under the call-word 'Memoirs' numerous places in the archives in which mention is made of the way in which the memoirs were written.

LUCK¹

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

'THERE is no such thing as luck,' said Sir Henry Derringer.

'My dear man,' exclaimed Lady Adela Favershaw, 'no such thing as luck! Why, there 's nothing else. You did n't think it was merit, did you? And in the diplomatic service, too.'

'What 's that?' boomed Sir Thomas Grandon, our host. 'Who 's talking about luck?'

'Sir Henry says there is n't such a thing,' said Lady Adela.

'No such thing as luck!' shouted Sir Thomas. 'Good heavens! Of course there 's such a thing as luck!'

'You surprise me,' said Rowley, the famous criminal lawyer; 'I thought you of all men would deny it.'

'That 's where you slipped up, my friend,' retorted Sir Thomas. 'Luck? Why, the whole world is run on luck. Often, I'll grant you, it takes a wise man to know it when he sees it. But there are times and people —'

'You 're not going to defend charms and mascots and all the silly ritual of modern superstition, are you?' said Derringer.

'Why not? I don't suppose a Teddy bear tied to the bonnet of a car makes a good driver out of a bad one, if that 's what you mean. But I do think that if

a good driver feels happier because he has a gollywog with him, he'll drive all the better for it. A mascot, if you favor mascots, creates a lucky atmosphere. But that 's not the luck I was talking about. Did any of you know Jimmy Lorimore?'

'D' you mean the man who died of apoplexy as he finished speaking at a public dinner?' asked Derringer.

'Yes, that was Jimmy. Best after-dinner speaker in London. Died while the crowd was laughing and hammering on the tables. Talk of luck!'

'Oh, well,' sneered Derringer, 'if you call that luck! Is that the luck you were talking about, Lady Adela?'

'Possibly,' replied the lady coolly; 'one would want to know all the facts.'

'Exactly,' said our host. 'Truth is, Lorimore simply stumbled into good things. His life was one long string of happy accidents.'

'And his death?' said Rowley.

'That was probably the happiest accident of all.'

'This is intriguing,' said Rowley. 'Sir Thomas has said so much I think he ought to tell us more.'

'Hear, hear!' cried Lady Adela.

'I second that,' said Derringer.

'Carried unanimously,' added Rowley.

'Very well,' said our host, 'here goes. Lorimore had the usual upbringing, you

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