

of Victor Hugo's plays were represented by first editions. That of Marion Delorme was decorated with drawings by Hugo and by Mme. Dorval; that of the unlucky Burgraves was given by the author to Juliette Drouet, and dedicated "Al amor mío." Still more precious were the few manuscripts brought together—Musset's *La Quittance du Diable*, Vigny's *Chatterton*, the Antony of Dumas père, with its much quoted "Elle me résistait; je l'ai assassiné." Best of all, the Comédie Française had loaned the manuscript of *Hernani*.

One tries to visualize the furor that accompanied that first night of the romantic theatre, in 1830, when Victor Hugo was unknown, and the classicists were assembled in force, in an egg-throwing frame of mind. And all that seems very far away.

But one has only to see a performance of *Hernani* in Paris to-day, nearly a century after the battle royal of its opening night, and feel the breathless silence during its tense moments, the wild applause for the noble sentiments proclaimed—and the suspicious sniffing and snuffing as the lights are about to go on—to realize that the Romantic Theatre still plays a part in French life far more important than that of any past and gone genre occupies in our American or English theatre of to-day.

Zoöpantoum: from the Ruritanian

BY A. C. FAIRFAX

Gehagatias said: The first time the Fox saw the Lion, Regard was overcome with fright, and recollected an imperative engagement. The second time, he took courage, and regarded the King of Beasts from a respectful distance. The third time, he grew bold enough to approach the Lion, and to suggest that it looked like rain. And the moral of this fable lies in the fact that the virtuous and monogamous Lion was at that very moment wondering what he would have for luncheon.

And Gehagatias spoke again, saying: This talk of lunching reminds me of how, in the old days, a hungry Viper, entering a Smith's shop, came upon a file, and fell greedily to gnawing it. Finding that this endeavor injured his teeth but made no great impression upon aught else, the Viper then turned to a dynamite cartridge that was lying near, and by the ensuing explosion was blown into the adjacent county, where he found food in abundance. The moral is that there is sometimes no moral.

And the third while that Gehagatias spoke, he said: This story of the Viper reminds me of how a Villager, upon a bitter morning in the old time, found yet another little Serpent lying in the snow half frozen; and of how, touched by the reptile's plight, he carried the Snake to his home, and laid it upon the hearth to warm. His Wife, perceiving this, applied to the philopidian opprobrious epithets, and struck him several blows with a broom. This so enraged the Villager that he boxed her jaws, and she fled to her mother for protection. In the outcome a divorce was secured by mutual consent, and the kind-hearted Villager lived happily ever afterward. This fable shows that a good deed is sometimes rewarded.

Things in General

Vincent Starrett writes, from Chicago, in regard to our review of Jurgen and the Censor, to point out that *The Judging of Jurgen* was published as a book before its inclusion in the first-named volume. We are glad to make this correction, although, as Mr. Starrett avers, "the point is of importance not so much to the public as to collectors of Mr. Cabell's first editions."

And, speaking of our human errors, Miss Mary Dixon Thayer's book *The Intellectuals* was, in a recent issue of *THE REVIEWER*, erroneously stated to be published by Doran. Miss Thayer's fortunate publishers are Dorrance & Company of Philadelphia.