Quel beau champ pour l’érudition qu’un sujet de cette nature! L’esthétique, le goût, le sentiment, la philosophie, la pensée, n’ont rien à faire ici; il n’y a qu’à fureter, compiler, entasser des montagnes de notes. C’est un travail de rats,

Qui, les livres rongeants,
Se font savants jusques aux dents.

*Whatever critics do, I hope they will not use the term “erudite” either of Shakspere’s work or of mine upon it; neither is anything of the kind. Both merely use the humdrum, everyday routines of the most commonplace grammar school of Shakspere’s day. The reader with any Latin at all can himself display a much greater amount of such “erudition” with only a few hours of study upon the “six short and easy lessons” here provided. Sixteenth-century schoolmasters had a mountain of erudition, but of it Shakspere and the author claim only a mouse apiece.*