

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 rongeurs,

Se font savants jusques aux dents.

Stapfer, P., *Shakespeare et L'Antiquité* (1879), pp. 64-65.

WHATEVER CRITICS DO, I hope they will not use the term "erudite" either of Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare and the author claim only a mouse apiece.