

the text pure and simple were not sufficient for him. Crispin's notes on the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, a copy of which of the Delphin edition is here, seem quite appropriate and reasonable, in view of the conditions of their compilation.

My Delphin Sallust is also edited by Daniel Crispin, and in a manner well adapted to those who were expected to use it. It is amusing to find him, in his Address to the Reader, flattering himself that the great lucidity of the Delphin glosses on the Latin authors will entirely do away with the necessity for the ephemeral versions of them in French, which from time to time appeared, and of which he speaks with great reprobation: "*Jam nihil opus erit vernaculis istis et quotannis fêre renovandis interpretationibus, quæ vix satis unquam autoris sensum et scopum assequuntur; semper ab ejus ratione modoque recedunt.*"

The animus of this remark discloses the fundamental error of the Delphin series.

Among all the ameliorations in the method of studying the Latin classics contrived for the benefit of the most serene Dauphin; among all the plans adopted for making his path across the wide field of Latin literature, really a "royal road," cleared of thorns, strewn with flowers, as far as possible—is it not astounding that the free use of the French language in the process was not thought of? To the Dauphin, as to most other youths, the explication and annotations of the Delphin editors were at the first glance as difficult to interpret as the text itself. Can it be doubted that of all the boons, allurements and encouragements that could have been devised for the Dauphin in this direction, a series of lively French versions, accompanied by an apparatus of lively French notes, would have been the greatest, the most acceptable? That the serene prince

took kindly to Terence we are assured by Frederick Leonard. It was not to Terence, however, we may be sure, as a Latin Classic that he was drawn, but to Terence as the source of so melvily theatrical pieces coming before him first in a French dress and fascinating his boyish mind, just as a play of Molière or Racine would do. That he expressed a fondness for Terence was the result of no propensity to Latin studies. It was simply a response of nature to nature. The prince, we are told, enjoyed hunting the wolf in the forests, accompanied by a suitable equipage: he also enjoyed the sport of catching weasels in a barn with the help of a number of small terriers. It is not improbable that whatever interest in Latin may have been excited within him by his acquaintance with Terence, was killed, rather than fostered, by the Latin explications of his scholastic guides. We do not hear that he ever became a scholar in a sense satisfactory to his Latin preceptors. In point of fact, however, no time was allowed him to develop literary ability or tastes. He was, as we have heard, a husband at the age of nineteen, and soon the father of a considerable family: he is actively engaged year after year in his father's wars of aggression on his neighbours.

That the French language was ignored in the classical education of the Dauphin is to be attributed to the all-pervading influence of the Jesuit Society of the time, of which society, as we have seen, several of the annotators were members. With the Jesuits of the age of Louis XIV., as with the Jesuits now—though not perhaps to the same extent—Latin was the amalgam which fused into one an heterogeneous assemblage of aspiring men, gathered from all parts of the world; it became amongst them (from familiar use in writing and speaking) a language as natural and commonplace as any vernacular speech is to