

ness of the Folio, and above all to the round unity and living harmony of the play, will come to the conclusion that Cawdor was a loyal gentleman slandered to death. Yet this hope should not be a sanguine hope, while a critic so entirely intelligent and enlightened as Mr. Swinburne can write the following words, an echo of Dr. Samuel Johnson, about this very play:—"Here (in the case of *Macbeth*) there is some genuine ground for the generally baseless and delusive opinion of self-complacent sciolism that he who runs may read Shakespeare." Let us say with becoming deference, that it must soon become clear that the greatest of all tragedies is the subtlest, that its art has concealed its art, that self-complacent sciolism can go no farther here than elsewhere, that *Macbeth* is the most profound and the most sphinx-like of the art-works of the world. In spite of endless essays from Germans and English, the characterization of this play is not understood, nor likely to be until long years after the final renunciation of self-complacent sciolism.

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