

ledge of his love for Guinevere is forced upon him. He scorns the love of Vivien, but uses it as a stepping-stone to his own ends, possession of the kingdom and the kingdom's Queen.

To force the situation is necessary. The King and Launcelot must be set at odds; and, cunningly, Mordred plans that by hint and innuendo and open assertion, doubt of Guinevere's faithfulness be instilled into the King's mind until he shall gladly consent to let the proof of the matter rest upon the issue of one test.

This much gained, the rest follows quickly. Launcelot is surprised by knights of the court in a clandestine meeting of farewell with Guinevere. The King, maddened with grief, passes sentence of death upon her, and Launcelot escorts her to safety at his castle, "Joyeous Guard," surrendering her to the King only at the command of the Papal Bull, which demands also his exile from Britain. He leaves the country, and Arthur follows, naming Mordred Regent in his stead.

Now is Mordred's hour. Arthur's knights are disaffected, and they quickly rally to his standard. He usurps the throne, holding Guinevere a prisoner of state. His power is at its height. So, without loss of time, he offers to Guinevere his love and half his kingdom. The offer is rejected. And who can refuse to acknowledge the true chivalry of the man, who, when the power is all his, accepts his fate steadfastly, and grants the woman of his love safe-conduct from his court to a secluded nunnery?

But the spirit of the man is broken. The fruit of his triumph is bitter in his mouth. He has planned and plotted; has trampled on the promptings of his better nature, and done violence to all his nobler instincts and affections—and to what end?

Is it any wonder that, with Arthur's return, he is filled with dread and oppression? His spirit does not respond to the battle call. Neither the goading nor the tenderness of Vivien—made Queen by some freak of fancy—can rouse him. On the battle-field, in the moment of mortal combat with Arthur, his great love surges up, and, even in the face of Arthur's maledictions, he cries, yearningly, "Father! Father!"

The power of Campbell's tragedy lies in the consummate skill with which he vindicates the character of Mordred. Step by step we are shown the workings of a mind diseased and warped by no fault of its own; and step by step we watch the man slowly and painfully working out his own salvation.

The strength and the beauty of the drama lies in its originality, in