SECTION THREE.

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SECTION THREE.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1903

A SHADOW BEFORE. By A. Conan Doyle.

THE 15th of July, 1870, found John Worlington Dodds a ruined gamester of the stock exchange. Upon the 17th he was a very opulent man. And yet he had effected the change without leaving the penurious little Irish townlet of Dunsloe, which could have been bought outright for a quarter of the sum which he had earned during the single day that he was within its walls.

John Worlington Dodds had many of the gifts which lead a speculator to success. He was quick in observing, just in estimating, prompt and fearless in acting. But in finance there is always the element of luck, which, however one may eliminate it, still remains, like the blank at roulette, a constantly present handicap upon the operator. And so it was that Worlington Dodds had come to grief. Everything which he had touched had gone wrong, and now, on the eve of his marriage, young, clear-headed and energetic, he was actually a bankrupt, had his creditors chosen to make him one. But the stock exchange is an indulgent body. What is the case of one today may be that of another tomorrow, and everyone is interested in seeing that the stricken man is given time to rise again. So the burden of Worlington Dodds was lightened for him, many shoulders helped to bear it, and he was able to go for a little summer tour into Ireland, for the doctors had ordered him rest and change of air to restore his shaken nervous system. Thus it was that upon the 15th of July, 1870, he found himself at breakfast in the fly-blown coffee room of the George hotel, in the market square of Dunsloe.

It is a dull and depressing coffee room, but on this particular day it was as crowded and noisy as that of any London hotel. Heavily booted men clattered in and out, spurs jingled, riding crops were stacked in corners and there was a general atmosphere of horse. From every side Worlington Dodds heard of yearlings, of wind galls, of roarers, of spavins, of cribsuckers, of a hundred other terms which were as unintelligible to him as his own stock exchange jargon would have been to the company. He asked the waiter for the reason of it all, and the waiter was an astonished man that there should be any one in this world who did not know it.

"Shure, it's the Dunsloe horse fair, your honor, the greatest horse fair in all Oireland. It lasts for a wake, and the folk come from far an' near—from England an' Scotland an' iverywhere."

The waiter had a telegram in his hand and he turned the address to Worlington Dodds.

"Shure, I niver heard such a name, sorr. Maybe you could tell me who owns it."

Dodds looked at the envelope. Strellenhaus was the name.

"No, I don't know," said he. "I never heard of it before. It's a foreign name. Perhaps if you were——"

But at that moment a little round faced, ruddy cheeked gentleman, who was breakfasting at the next table, leaned forward and interrupted him.

"Did you say a foreign name, sir?" said he.

"Strellenhaus is the name."

"I am Mr. Strellenhaus—Mr. Julius Strellenhaus of Liverpool. I was expecting a telegram. Thank you very much."

He sat so near that Dodds, without any wish to play the spy, could not help to some extent overlooking him as he opened the envelope. The message was a very long one. Mr. Strellenhaus arranged the sheets methodically upon the tablecloth in front of him so that no eye but his own could see them. Then he took out a notebook and with an anxious face he began to make entries in it, glancing first at the telegram and then at the book, and writing apparently one letter or figure at a time. Dodds was interested, for he knew exactly what the man was doing. He was working out a cipher. Dodds had often done it himself. And then suddenly the little man turned very pale, as if the full purport of the message had been a shock to him. Dodds had done that also and his sympathies were all with his neighbor. Then the stranger rose and, leaving his breakfast untasted, he walked out of the room.

"I'm thinking that gintleman has had bad news, sorr," said the confidential waiter.

"Looks like it," Dodds answered; and at that moment his thoughts were suddenly drawn off into another direction.

The boots had entered the room with a telegram in his hand.

"Where's Mr. Mancune?" said he to the waiter.

"Well, there are some quare names about. What was it you said?"

"Mr. Mancune," said the boots, glancing round him. "Ah, there he is!" and he handed the telegram to a gentleman who was sitting reading the paper in a corner.

Dodds' eyes had already fallen upon this man and he had wondered vaguely what he was doing in such company. He was a tall, white haired, eagle nosed gentleman, with a waxed mustache and a carefully pointed beard—an aristocratic type which seemed out of its element among the rough, hearty, noisy dealers who surrounded him.

As he opened the telegram Dodds could perceive that it was as bulky as the first one. He observed, also, from the delay in reading, that it was also in some sort of cipher. The gentleman did not write down any translation of it, but he sat for some time with his nervous, thin fingers twitching among the hairs of his white beard and his shaggy brows bent in the deepest and most absorbed attention while he mastered the meaning of it. Then he sprang suddenly to his feet, his eyes flashed, his cheeks flushed and in his excitement he crumpled the message up in his hand. With an effort he mastered his emotion, put the paper into his pocket and walked out of the room.

"MAY I ASK YOUR NAME?" SAID THE AUCTIONEER.

This was enough to excite a less astute and imaginative man than Worlington Dodds. Was there any connection between these two messages, or was it merely a coincidence? Two men with strange names received two telegrams within a few minutes of each other, each of considerable length, each in cipher and each causing keen emotion to the man who received it. One turned pale. The other sprang excitedly to his feet. It might be a coincidence, but it was a very curious one. If it was not a coincidence, then what could it mean? He puzzled and puzzled, but could find no satisfactory solution to the problem. All breakfast he was turning it over in his mind.

When breakfast was over he sauntered out into the market square, where the horse sale was already in progress. The yearlings were being sold first. They were largely of thoroughbred blood and were being bought by English dealers, who would invest a few pounds now on what they might sell for 50 guineas in a year if all went well. One man with a ruddy face and a yellow overcoat took them by the dozen with as much sang froid as if they had been oranges, entering each bargain in a bloated note book. He bought forty or fifty during the time that Dodds was watching him.

"Who is that?" he asked his neighbor, whose spurs and gaiters showed that he was likely to know.

The man stared in astonishment at the stranger's ignorance.

"Why, that's Jim Holloway, the great Jim Holloway," said he; then, seeing by the blank look upon Dodds' face that even this information had not helped him much, he went into details. "Sure, he's the head of Holloway & Morland of London," said he. "He's the buying partner, and he buys cheap, and the other stays at home and sells, and he sells dear. He owns more horses than any man in the world and asks the best money for them."

It was not to buy young horses, however, that the great dealers came to Ireland, and the real business of the fair commenced when the 4 and 5-year-olds were reached—the full grown, perfect horses at their prime and ready for any work and any fatigue. Seventy magnificent creatures had been brought down by a single breeder, a comfortable looking, keen eyed, ruddy cheeked gentleman who stood beside the salesman and whispered cautions and precepts into his ear.

"That's Flynn of Kildare," said Dodds' informant. Jack Flynn has brought down that string of horses and the other large string over yonder belongs to Tom Flynn, his brother. The two of them together are the two first breeders in Ireland."

A crowd had gathered in front of the horses. By common consent a place had been made for Mr. Holloway, and Dodds could catch a glimpse of his florid face and yellow covert coat in the front rank. He had opened his notebook and was tapping his teeth reflectively with his pencil as he eyed the horses.

The salesman had mounted upon a chair, and his keen, clean shaved face overlooked the crowd. Mr. Jack Flynn's gray whiskers were at his elbow and Mr. Holloway immediately in front.

"You've seen these horses, gentlemen," said the salesman with a backward sweep of his hand toward the line of tossing heads and streaming manes. "When you know that they are bred by Mr. Jack Flynn, at his place in Kildare, you will have a guarantee of their quality. They are the best that Ireland can produce, and in this class of horses the best that Ireland can produce are the best in the world, as every riding man knows well. Hunters or carriage horses, all warranted sound and bred from the best stock. There are seventy in Mr. Jack Flynn's string, and he bids me say that if any wholesale dealer would make one bid for the whole lot, to save time, he would have the preference over any purchaser."

There was a pause and a whisper from the crowd in front, with some expressions of discontent. By a single sweep all the small dealers had been put out of it. It was only a long purse which could buy on such a scale as that. The salesman looked around him inquiringly.

"Come, Mr. Holloway," said he at last. "You didn't come over here for the sake of the scenery. You may travel the country and not see such another string of horses. Give us a starting bid."

The great dealer was still rattling his pencil upon his front teeth.

"Well," said he at last, "they are a fine lot of horses and I don't deny it. They do you credit, Mr. Flynn, I am sure. All the same, I didn't mean to fill a ship at a single bid in this fashion. I like to pick and choose my horses."

"In that case Mr. Flynn is quite prepared to sell them in smaller lots," said the salesman. "It was rather for the convenience of a wholesale customer that he was prepared to put them all up together. But if no gentleman wishes to bid——"

"Wait a minute," said a voice. "They are very fine horses, these, and I will give you a bid to start you. I will give you 20 pounds each for the string of seventy."

There was a rustle as the crowd all swayed their heads to catch a glimpse of the speaker. The salesman leaned forward.

"May I ask your name, sir?"

"Strellenhaus—Mr. Strellenhaus of Liverpool."

"It's a new firm," said Dodds' neighbor. "I thought I kne wthem all, but I never heard of him before."

The salesman's head had disappeared, for he was whispering with the breeder. Now he suddenly straightened himself up.

"Thank you for giving us a lead, sir," said he. "Now, gentlemen, you have heard the offer of Mr. Strellenhaus of Liverpool. It will give us a base to start from. Mr. Strellenhaus has offered 20 pounds a head."

"Guineas," said Mr. Holloway.

"Bravo, Mr. Holloway; I knew that you would take a hand. You are not the man to let such a string of horses pass away from you. The bid is 20 guineas a head."

"Twenty-five pounds," said Mr. Strellenhaus.

"Twenty-six."

"Thirty."

It was London against Liverpool, and it was the head of the trade against an outsider. Still, the one man had increased his bids by fives and the other only by ones. Those fives meant determination and also wealth. Holloway had ruled the market so long that the crowd was delighted to find someone who would stand up to him.

"The bid now stands at 30 pounds a head," said the salesman. "The word lies with you, Mr. Holloway."

"Thirty-one," said Holloway, with the air of a man who has gone to his extreme limit.

"Thirty-two," said Strellenhaus, promptly.

Holloway grew angry at this persistent opposition. His red face flushed redder still.

"Thirty-three!" he shouted.

"Thirty-four," said Strellenhaus.

Holloway became thoughtful and entered a few figures in his notebook.

"At the end of your rope, Mr. Holloway?" asked the salesman, with the suspicion of a sneer.

"Thirty-five," cried Holloway gruffly.

"Thirty-six," said Strellenhaus.

"Then I wish you joy of your bargain," said Holloway. "I don't buy at that price, but I should be glad to sell you some."

Mr. Strellenhaus took no notice of the irony. He was still looking critically at the horses. The salesman glanced round him in a perfunctory way.

"Thirty-six pounds bid," said he. "Mr. Jack Flynn's lot is going to Mr. Strellenhaus of Liverpool at 36 pounds a head. Going—going——"

"Forty!" cried a high, thin, clear voice.

A buzz rose from the crowd and they were all on tiptoe again, trying to catch a glimpse of this reckless buyer. Being a tall man, Dodds could see over the others, and there at the side of Holloway he saw the masterful nose and aristocratic beard of the second stranger in the coffee room. A sudden personal interest added itself to the scene. He felt that he was on the verge of something—something dimly seen—which he could himself turn to account. The two men with strange names, the telegrams, the horses—what was underlying it all?

The salesman was all animation again, and Mr. Jack Flynn was sitting up with his white whiskers bristling and his eyes twinkling. It was the best deal which he had ever made in his fifty years of experience.

"What name, sir?" asked the salesman.

"Mr. Mancune."

"Address?"

"Mr. Mancune of Glasgow."

"Thank you for your bid, sir. Forty pounds a head has been bid by Mr. Mancune of Glasgow. Any advance upon forty?"

"Forty-one," said Strellenhaus.

"Forty-five," said Mancune.

The tactics had changed and it was the turn of Strellenhaus now to advance by ones, while his rival sprang up by fives. But the former was as dogged as ever.

"Forty-six," said he.

"Fifty!" cried Mancun .

It was unheard of. The most that the horses could possibly average at a retail price was as much as these men were willing to pay wholesale.

"As a mere matter of business, gentleman," said the salesman, "it is usual in such cases to put down a small deposit as a guarantee of bona fides. You will understand how I am placed, and that I have not had the pleasure of doing business with either of you before."

"How much?" asked Strellenhaus, briefly.

"Should we say 500?"

"Here is a note for 1,000 pounds."

"And here is another," said Mancune.

"Nothing could be more handsome, gentleman," said the salesman. "It's a treat to see such a spirited competition. The last bid was 50 pounds a head from Mancune. The word lies with you, Mr. Strellenhaus."

Mr. Jack Flynn whispered something to the salesman.

"Quite so! Mr. Flynn suggests, gentlemen, that as you are both large buyers, it would, perhaps, be a convenience to you if he were to add the string of Mr. Tow Flynn, which consists of seventy animals of precisely the same quality, making 140 in all. Have you any objection, Mr. Mancune?"

"No, sir."

"And you, Mr. Strellenhaus?"

"I should prefer it."

"Very handsome! Very handsome, indeed!" murmured the salesman. "Then I understand, Mr. Mancune ,that your offer of 50 pounds a head extends to the whole of these horses."

"Yes, sir."

A long breath went up from the crowd. Seven thousand pounds at one deal! It was a record for Dunsloe.

"Any advance, Mr. Strellenhaus?"

"Fifty-one."

"Fifty-five."

"Fifty-six."

"Sixty."

They could hardly believe their ears. Holloway stood with his mouth open, staring blankly in front of him. The salesman tried hard to look as if such bidding and such prices were nothing unusual. The crowd listened in silence.

"Sixty-one," said Strellenhaus.

"Sixty-five."

"Sixty-six."

"Seventy."

But the clockwork had run down. No answering bid came from Mr. Strellenhaus.

"Seventy bid, sir."

Mr. Strellenhaus shrugged his shoulders.

"I am buying for another and I have reached his limit," said he. "If you will permit me to send for instructions——"

"I am afraid, sir, that the sale must proceed."

"Then the horses belong to this gentleman." For the first time he turned toward his rival and their glances crossed like sword blades. "It is possible that I may see the horses again."

"I hope so," said Mr. Mancune, and his white, waxed mustache gave a feline upward bristle.

So, with a bow they separated. Mr. Strellenhaus walked down to the telegraph office, where his message was delayed because Mr. Worlington Dodds was already at the end of the wires, for, after dim guesses and vague conjecture, he had suddenly caught a clear view of the coming event, which had cast so curious a shadow before it in this little Irish town. Political rumors, names, appearances, telegrams, seasoned horses at any price, there could only be one meaning to it—he held a secret and he meant to use it.

Mr. Warner, who was the partner of Mr. Worlington Dodds, and who was suffering from the same eclipse, had gone down to the stock exchange, but had found little consolation there, for the European system was in a ferment and rumors of peace and of war were succeeding each other with a rapidity and assurance that it was impossible to know which to trust. It was obvious that a fortune lay either way, for every rumor set the funds fluctuating, but without special information it was impossible to act. He returned to his office in the afternoon, half inclined to back the chances of peace, for of all war scares not one in ten comes to pass. As he entered the office a telegram lay upon the table. It was from Dunsloe, a place of which he had never heard, and was signed by his absent partner. The message was in cipher, but he soon translated it, for it was short and crisp.

"I am a bear of everything German and French. Sell, sell, keep on selling."

For a moment Warner hesitated. What could Worlington Dodds know at Dunsloe which was not known in Throgmortor street? But he remembered the quickness and decision of his partner. If he was to act at all he must act at once; so, hardening his heart, he went down to the house and, dealing upon that curious system by which a man can sell what he has not got and what he could not pay for if he had it, he disposed of heavy parcels of French and German securities. He had caught the market in one of its little spasms of hope and there was no lack of buying until his own persistent selling caused others to follow his lead and so brought about a reaction. When Warner returned to his offices it took some hours to work out his accounts, and he emerged into the streets in the evening with the absolute certainty that the next settling day would leave him either hopelessly bankrupt or exceedingly prosperous.

It all depended upon Worlington Dodds' information. What could he possibly have found out at Dunsloe?

And then suddenly he saw a newspaper boy fasten a poster upon a lamp post, and a little crowd had gathered around it in an instant. One of them waved his hat in the air; another shouted to a friend across the street. Warner hurried up and caught a glimpse of the poster between two craning heads:

"France Declares War on Germany!"

"By Jove!" cried Warner. "Old Dodds was right after all."

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Abelard and Heloise

THE LOVE STORY THAT SEEMS TO BE IMMORTAL

(Condensed from the article in the International Review by Professor Henry Osborn Taylor of Columbia university.)

THUS wrote the immoral Abbess of Paraclete, Heloise, to Abelard, the famous monk of Cluny, in years before her lover and husband:

"To her master, rather to a father, to her husband, rather to a brother, his maid or rather daughter, his wife or rather sister, to Abelard, Heloise.

"You letter, beloved, written to comfort a friend, chanced recently to reach me. Seeing by its first lines from whom it was, I burned to read it for the love I bear the writer, hoping also from its words to recreate the image of him whose life I have ruined. Those words dropped gall and absinthe as they brought back the unhappy story of our intercourse and thy ceaseless crosses, O my only one. Truly the letter must have convinced the friend that his troubles were light compared with yours, as you showed the treachery and persecutions which had followed you, the calumnies of enemies and the burning of your glorious book, the machinations of false brothers and the vile acts of those worthless monks whom you call your sons.

"No one could read it with dry eyes. Your perils have renewed my grief; here we all despair of your life and each day with trembling hearts expect news of your death. In the name of Christ, who so far has somehow preserved thee for himself, deign with frequent letters to let these weak servants of him and thee know of the storms overwhelming the swimmer, so that we who alone remain to thee may be participators of thy pain or joy.

* * *

"Dearest, thou knowest—who knows not?—how much I lost in thee, and that an infamous act of treachery robbed me of thee and of myself at once. The greater my grief, the greater need of consolation, not from another but from thee; that thou who are alone my cause of grief may be alone my consolation. It is thou alone that canst sadden me or gladden me or comfort me.

"And thou alone owest this to me, especially since I have done thy will so utterly that, unable to offend thee, I endured to wreck myself at thy command.

"God knows, I have ever sought in thee only thyself, desiring simply thee and not what was thine. I asked no matrimonial contract, I looked for no dowry; not my pleasure, nor my will, but thine have I striven to fulfill. And if the name of wife seemed holier or more potent, the word mistress (amica) was always sweeter to me, or even—be not angry!—concubine or harlot; for the more I lowered myself before thee, the more I hoped to gain thy favor, and the less I should hurt the glory of thy renown. This thou didst graciously remember, when condescending to point out in that letter to a friend some of the reasons (but not all) why I preferred love to wedlock and liberty to a chain.

"I call God to witness that if Augustus,

The Canon's Niece.

the master of the world, would honor me with marriage and invest me with equal rule, it would still seem to me dearer and more honorable to be called thy strumpet than his empress. He who is rich and powerful is not the better man; that is a matter of fortune, this of merit. And she is venal who marries a rich man sooner than a poor man, and yearns for a husband's riches rather than for himself.

"Such a woman deserves pay and not affection. She is not seeking the man but his goods, and would wish, if possible, to prostitute herself to one still richer.

"My love for thee is truth, being free from all error. Who among kings or philosophers can vie with your fame? What country, what city does not thirst to see you? Who, I ask, did not hurry to see you appearing in public and crane his neck to catch a last glimpse as you departed?

"What wife, what maid did not yearn for you absent, and burn when you were present? What queen did not envy me my joys and couch? * * *

"In the name of God to whom you have vowed yourself, give me that of thee which is possible, the consolation of a letter. I promise, thus refreshed, to serve God more readily. When of old you would call me to pleasures, you sought me with frequent letters, and never failed with thy songs to keep thy Heloise on every tongue; the streets, the houses resched me. How much fitter that you should now incite me to God than then to lust? Bethink thee what thou owest; heed what I ask, and a long letter I will conclude with a brief ending; farewell only one!"

Remarks upon this letter would seem to profane a shrine—had the man profaned that shine? He had not always worshiped there. Heloise knew this, for all her love. She said it, too, writing in phrascology which had been brutalized through the morbid, denouncing spirit of Latin monasticism. How truly she puts the situation and how clearly she thinks withal, discerning as it were the beautiful and true in love and marriage. The whole letter is well arranged and written in a style showing the writer's training in Latin medieval rhetoric. It was not the less deeply felt because composed with care and skill. Evidently the writer is of the middle ages; her occasional prolixity was not of her sex but of her time; and she quotes the ancients so naturally; what they say should be convincing. How the letter bares the motives of her own conduct; not for God's sake, or the kingdom of heaven's sake, but for Abelard's sake she became a nun. She had no inclination thereto; her letters do not indicate that she ever became really and spontaneously devoted to her calling. Abelard was her God, and as her God she held him to the end, though she applied herself to the consideration of religious topics, as we shall see. Moreover, her position as nun and abbess could not fail to force such topics on her consideration.

Is there another such love letter, setting forth a situation so triple-barred and hopeless?

* * *

Outside of imaginative literature, in the rude regions of fact, there has never been a passion between a man and woman more famous than that which brought happiness and sorrow to the lives of Abeland and Heloise. Her fame is just. It was a great love, and its course was a perfect soul's tragedy. Abelard was a celebrity, the intellectual glory of an active-minded epoch. His love story has done as much for his posthumous fame as all his intellectual activities. Heloise became known in her time through her relations with Abelard; in his songs her name was wafted far. She has come down to us as one of the world's love heroines.

Yet her fame has not made known to all who have been touched by her story the fact that Heloise was a great woman, possed of an admirable mind, a character which proved its strength through years, and, above all, a capacity for loving—for loving out to the full concusion of love's convictions, and for feeling in their full range and power whatever moods and emotions could arise from an unhappy situation and a passion as deeply felt as it was deeply thought upon.

Abelard was not a great character—aside from his intellect. He was vain and inconsiderate, a man who delighted in confounding and supplanting his teachers, and in being a thorn in the flesh of all opponents. But he became chastened through his misfortunes and through Heloise's high and self-sacrificing love. In the end, perhaps, his love was worthy of the love of Heloise. Yet her love from the beginning was nobler and deeper than his love of her. Love was for him an incident in his experience, then an element in his life. Love made the life of Heloise; it remained her all.

Moreover, in the records of their passion, Heloise's love is unveiled as Abelard's is not. For all these reasons the heart of Heloise, rather than the heart of Abelard, discloses the greatness of a love that went itself out in the twelfth century; and it is her love rather than his that can teach us much regarding the medieval capacity for loving. Here is a story of medieval womanhood, and sin and repentance perhaps, with peace at last, or at least the lips shut close and further protest foregone.

* * *

Abelard's stormy intellectual career and the story of the love between him and the canon's daughter are well known. Let us follow him in those parts of his narrative which disclose the depth and power of Heloise's love for him. We draw from his "Historia Calamitatum," written "to a friend," apparently an open letter intended for circulation.

"There was," writes Abelard, referring to the time of his sojourn in Paris when he was about 36 years old, and at the height of his fame as a lecturer in the schools, "there was in Paris a young girl named Heloise, the neice of a canon Fulbert. It was his affectionate wish that she should have the best education in letters that could be procured. Her face was not unfair, and her knowledge was unequaled. This attainment, so rare in women, had given her great reputation.

"I had hitherto lived continently, but now was casting my eyes about, * * * and I saw that she possessed every attraction that lovers seek; nor did I regard my success as doubtful, when I considered my fame and my goodly person, and also her love of letters. * * *

"Doubtless he was misled by love of his niece and my good reputation. Well, what need to say more? We were united first by the one roof above us, and then by our hearts. Our hours of study were given to love. The books lay open, but our words were of love rather than philosophy; there were more kisses than aphorisms, and love was oftener reflected in our eyes than the lettered pages. * *

"But the students! what groans and laments arose from them at my distraction! A passion so plain was not to be concealed; everyone knew it except Fulbert. A man is often the last to know of his own shame. Yet what everybody knows cannot be hid forever, and so after some months he learned all. Oh, how bitter was that uncle's grief! and what was the grief of the separated lovers! How ashamed I was and afflicted at the affliction of the girl! And what a storm of sorrow came over her at my disgrace! Neither complained for himself, but each grieved at what the other must endure."

* * *

Abelard continues: "One night, as we agreed on, when Fulbert was away, I bore her off secretly and sent her to my own country, Brittany, where she stayed with my sister till she gave birth to a son, whom she named Astralabius. * * * The uncle, on his return to his empty house, was frantic. He did not know what to do to me."

It will be remembered here that Abelard was a clerk, a clericus, in virtue of his profession of letters and theology. Never having taken orders, he could marry; but while a clerk's slip could be forgotten, marriage might lead people to think he had slighted his vocation, and would certainly bar the ecclesiastical preferment which such a famous cleric might naturally look forward to. The situation—so frankly medieval—is not without modern parallels within the Catholic church.

Abelard at once set out to fetch Heloise from Brittany to make her his wife.

The stand which she now took shows both her mind and heart: "She strongly disapproved and urged two reasons against the marriage, to-wit, the danger and the disgrace in which it would involve me. She swore—and so it proved—that no satisfaction would ever appease her uncle. She asked how she was to

Tomb of Abelard and Heloise.

have any glory through me when she should have made me inglorious, and should have humiliated both herself and me.

"What penalties would the world exact from her if she deprived it of such a luminary; what curses, what damages to the church, what lamentations of philosophers, would follow on this marriage! How indecent, how lamentable would it be for a man whom nature had made for all, to declare that he belonged to one woman and subject himself to such a shame."

Says Abelard: "Leaving our son in my sister's care, we stole back to Paris, and shortly after, having in the night celebrated our vigils in a certain church, we were married at dawn in the presence of her uncle and some of his and our friends. We left at once separately and with secrecy, and afterwards saw each other only in privacy, so as to conceal what we had done. But her uncle and his household began at once to announce the marriage and violate his pledge of secrecy; while she, on the contrary, protested vehemently and swore that it was false. At that he became enraged and treated her vilely.

* * *

"When I discovered this I sent her to the convent of Argenteuil, near Paris, where she had been educated. There I had her take the garb of a nun, except the veil. Hearing this, the uncle and his relations thought that I had duped them, ridding myself of Heloise by making her a nun.

"So, having bribed my servant, they came upon me by night when I was sleeping and took on me a vengeance as cruel and irretrievable as it was vile and shameful. Two of the perpetrators were pursued and vengeance taken.

"In the morning the whole town was assembled, crying and lamenting my plight, especially the clerks and students, at which I was afflicted with more shame than I suffered physical pain. I thought of my ruined hopes and glory, and then saw that by God's just judgment I was punished where I had most sinned, and that Fulbert had justly avenged treachery with treachery. But what a figure I should cut in public! how the world would point its finger at me! I was also confounded at the thought of the Levitical law, according to which I had become an abomination to the church. In this misery the confusion of shame—I confess it—rather than the ardor of conversion, drove me to the cover of the cloister after she had willingly obeyed my command to take the veil.

"I became a monk in the Abbey of St. Denis, and she a nun in the Convent of Argenteuil. Many begged her not to set that yoke upon our youth; at which, amid her tears she broke out in Cornelia's lament: 'O great husband! undeserving of my couch! Has fortune rights over a head so high! Why did I, impious, marry thee to make thee wretched? Accept these penalties, which I gladly pay.' With these words, she went straight to the altar, received the veil blessed by the bishop, and took the vows before them all."

Abelard, the monk of Cluny, died in the year 1142, aged 63. Twenty-one years afterward the holy Abbess Heloise died at the same age and was buried in the same tomb with him at Paraclete.