

## The Lady in Muslin.

"And you know, Mark," he continued, very much with the air of a schoolboy who was forcing himself to have it out and make a clean breast of it, "it isn't that"—(what? I wondered)—"but because honour forbids, and even your own words, that I don't even now—"

Again he paused, excessively embarrassed, and evidently annoyed at being so embarrassed.

I felt a little hurt. "If you mean, Richard," I said coldly, "that after this evening's occurrence I think myself entitled to your confidence, and that you must still decline to give it me, all I reply is that your opinion of me is not very generous."

"I don't mean that, either," he answered, looking excessively pained; "however, it's no use saying more; I only make a hash of explanations—I always did."

I was rather amused, in spite of my annoyance, at Dick's imagining he had been explaining anything by his intense muddle and his broken sentences; however, I turned quietly away, and took pretty good care to end them by making, and encouraging, no further remark from Gaunt on the matter.

Dick broke the silence in a few minutes by observing in a low voice—

"Miss Owenson is still with Cecile; she has offered to remain with her the night, in company with the landlady."

"Very kind of her," I answered, with another of those reproachful pangs at having ever suspected her of anything but the most disinterested kindness to Cecile.

"Very," Gaunt said; "particularly considering her former evident dislike to the child. Women certainly are incomprehensible," he added.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, and in came the very subject of our remarks.

Whether she had heard or not was impossible to discover by her countenance; when she turned to the light, however, I fancied her eyes regarded Gaunt with a slightly anxious look.

"Cecile is sleeping," she said, "so I came to beg of you to lend me a book."

Such a request was the most natural that could be made, and it was proffered in the most natural tone in the world.

We both rose, and Gaunt, offering her his chair, begged her, though in a constrained voice, to sit down, adding that as Cecile was sleeping there was no occasion to hurry back to her. I did not quite understand why Gaunt's manner should have changed; certainly I had not seen them together since the portrait scene, and then they had not parted on the best terms; it might be a lingering sulkiness.

Margaret would not stay. She said briefly she had undertaken a duty, and she wished to fulfil it properly. Cecil was feverish and restless—she did not like to leave her; and again she requested Gaunt to lend her some light book that would not send her to sleep.

There was something very decided in her manner of refusing our invitation to stay. Perhaps she was offended at something she had overheard us say—or perhaps—but in spite of the respect I had for her real purity, I could not help feeling this "perhaps" very vague—Miss Owenson's sense of propriety was shocked at the idea of sitting alone with two young men in their own apartment at that hour; at any rate she firmly refused the chair. At the furthest end of the room was Dick's closet of private valuables: here he kept his pet pipes, his choicest cigars, his writing-case of love relics, his few books, etc., etc., and thither he went to search for a novel: not a little puzzled, I guessed, as to the selection he should make among the works of light literature which he considered amusing reading.

He stood for so long, lamp in hand, before this receptacle of rubbish, that, perhaps, it was as much weariness as curiosity that suddenly inspired Miss Owenson to go and assist his choice.

"A various collection, I must say," I heard

Margaret exclaim, and turning round I saw her standing in front of the closet, her eyes eagerly regarding within. "Pipes, canisters, books, bottles, and heaven knows what!"

Gaunt made some rejoinder, and then they began searching among the books. The door was half closed upon them, and from where I sat I could scarcely distinguish what they said. They spoke in low tones—Margaret especially; from Gaunt now and then I heard the word "Cecile," and from his softened way of speaking I imagined he was thanking (probably in the same muddled manner he had thanked myself) Miss Owenson, and was making his peace with her. Suddenly the door was opened, and I heard Margaret exclaim, "Ah! Mr. Gaunt, you have at least one curiosity among your treasures; that Indian box, there, how very pretty?"

"Oh! an old thing—nothing curious in it," Gaunt replied. "I can assure you my amber mouthpieces and this carved hookah are very much more valuable and curious."

"No doubt, in your estimation. Will you let me look at the box, though? I take a strange interest in anything Indian."

Gaunt coughed. "I should be very happy," he answered hastily, "only it's full of papers—family papers."

"Oh! I beg your pardon for being so indiscreet, then. I don't quarrel with you, Mr. Gaunt, you see," and I heard Margaret's laugh come softly and pleasantly, "as you did with me about the portrait." As she spoke she came away from the closet. "Mr. Owen, I must apply to you; your friend has nothing really readable," she said, sitting down in Gaunt's armchair, apparently quite oblivious of her recent anxiety to fulfil the duty she had undertaken. A couple of hours passed before she did recollect it, and then it was brought to her remembrance by the landlady's voice observing (discreetly) behind the door, "I think, ma'am, Miss Cecile ought to take her draught now."

Miss Owenson disappeared in an instant.

### XIV.

#### A LITTLE OLD LADY.

Little Cecile passed a very weary night; and the next morning, instead of verifying the doctor's prophecy of finding her almost well, found her, instead, in a high fever.

Our position was rather embarrassing; and Gaunt and I held a very anxious consultation over the breakfast-table as to what was to be done. As far as the little invalid's comfort was concerned, there was no reason to be uneasy: a kinder nurse than the gay lady of the cottage, we were soon convinced, it would be impossible to find. Unweary, patient, soft of hand, and sweet-voiced, none were better fitted than she to soothe a sick couch.

Still, it was a rather awkward thing for two young men, living as we were, to have a sick child on our hands, and be obliged to trust to the kind offices of a stranger like Miss Owenson.

(To be continued.)

### IN MEMORIAM.

HEINRICH BOHRER: OBIT. 5TH FEB., 1889.

Something more than the bare announcement of his death is due to Herr Heinrich Bohrer. May I offer the following tribute?

Many years ago the writer, always interested in musical intelligence, read an account of the début of a young pianiste at Stuttgart, in Bavaria, in which it was prophesied by the critic who wrote the account that this young musician was destined to surpass all musicians who had preceded him, both as a player and a composer. The critic had evidently caught the enthusiasm of the occasion; but there must have been something in the occasion, for German critics are usually cool and dispassionate. Accordingly, the present writer for many years looked for the appearance of a musical phenomenon who should answer to the above

description, but none presented itself to his observation, and the expectation was given up.

One Sunday morning in the hot months (I think it was July) there appeared in a church in the country (St. James, Stanbridge East) two tall strangers, one of either sex, who took a place in the congregation. They were quite unlike country people. They entered when the *Te Deum* was being sung, and it did not add to the comfort of the organist to recognize Herr Bohrer, whom she had seen in Montreal. The lady was, presumably, Madame Bohrer. Service over, the congregation went away. It was found out that Madame Bohrer had taken rooms and board in the parish for the hot season. In due time they were called upon, and the call was returned. Other calls were made, and the subject of music was opened naturally by their attendance at church. Later on they gave a concert, which did fairly well for a country place.

Some time after troubles commenced, which ended in the lady refusing to live in Montreal, and he refusing to live in New York. Thenceforward their homes were separate, though they seemed devoted to each other when I saw them together. During this time I received several visits from Herr Bohrer. It was one of his delights to come where he could find rest and quiet and shade from the heart of the city. In conversation he made a casual allusion to his début when a young man at Stuttgart. It struck me. Slowly came back to my recollection the forgotten *critique* on the concert at Stuttgart. The very name was recalled—the same—only with a slight difference in the spelling. And I had had in my house the very man whose early appearance had interested me! It was a strange occurrence. I had expected to hear of him, if at all, in London, the place to which all rising musicians gravitate. The fact was, he did make his way to London, where he married the brilliant Miss Josephine Chatterton, the daughter of F. Chatterton, the harpist.

I should like to do justice, were I able, to his musical powers—unappreciated, I fear, in Montreal. I have heard many good, and some great, *pianistes*; among the latter, Thalberg. I have known audiences cold under Thalberg, driven into ecstasies by the wonderful dexterity of Liszt, when he was performing his clever gymnastics and damaging the instruments on which he played. Among all the players I have heard, next after Thalberg, Heinrich Bohrer pleased me most. He "played up" to his composer's intentions better, and always kept his great powers of execution in subordination to the music he was interpreting. He was heard at his best in his beloved "Chamber music," with a very small audience, who shared with him the love of Bach ("glorious Bach, as he loved to call him), of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Heuselt, and a host of other names in his ample *repertoire*. It was a great delight so to meet him. I would scarcely venture to estimate him as a composer, for his works would need a careful study to do it with justice. He shewed me some of his music in manuscript and played it for me at times. The manuscript was a model of work, showing careful musical scholarship. It was written, in a refined and delicate hand, on a staff smaller than that of ordinary music paper. Some of it was of a most profound character and thoroughly German. I suppose it must be in the possession of some one, and I trust it will be cared for.

Herr Bohrer was a man of refinement and cultivated tastes beyond his own special line. He loved a clever book and usually brought one or two with him to read under the shades around my parsonage, whose quiet and coolness he enjoyed much. The one wish of his heart was to be able to gain for himself a quiet and refined home. He left Montreal. My last sight of him was in Notre Dame street. We walked together for some time, during which he talked over his troubles with me. Suddenly a carriage drove up which was to take me to a distant engagement. After a hurried adieu we parted, never to see each other again. He soon left for British Columbia. Our correspondence was not resumed, a fact which I note with regret.

J. C.