

Imagine that master of masters as conceiving his *Sonata Pathétique* upon a harp, or think of Chopin improvising his immortal nocturnes over the organ, and your supposition will immediately appear preposterous.

Great difficulties are surmounted by the piano virtuosi; the most intricate and rapid passages are played by them; how few, however, among those pyrotechnical professors, can perform a simple melody in the true *cantabile* style! Their *pono asinum* seems to be encountered in the development of a sympathetic touch, without which mode of expression, the most meritorious musical performance is not deserving of greater consideration than are the efforts of a clever gymnast. Such exhibitions excite our astonishment, perhaps our admiration, but they never reach our hearts.

This same instrument, which, under the fingers of a Liszt would arouse our deepest and best feelings, becomes the means of their acrobatic thumps. Whom then shall we condemn? The torturer or the victim that piteously howls under his or her blows?—*American Musician*.

PRECOCIOUS TALENT.

THE remarkable performances of young Josef Hofmann have revived public interest in the subject of prodigies. In reading over old journals one finds many names mentioned which in their day attracted a good deal of attention. The precocious musical children are by no means as rare as many imagine them to be. Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable prodigies was Mozart, whose name was known all over Europe when the boy was scarcely over seven years of age. But while there were many precocious little ones since then, there was but one Mozart. There is mention made of a young Braun, who gave concerts before he was four years of age. Then there was the flutist Michael Folz, who was regarded in his youth as an "enfant terrible," for before he had reached the age of eight years he played over two hundred concertoes. Eliza Kandles, the daughter of a blind organist, played in public before she could speak. A still more remarkable prodigy was Miss Hofmann, who gave a concert in London in 1788, when she was but two and a half years of age. While she played no concertoes, she had mastered about one hundred numbers, which she played with a degree of accuracy that is said to have been surprising. The two Millanolo sisters who set the world wild with their charming performances on the violin, are still remembered by many that have heard them. Berlioz in one of his numerous articles speaks of a young girl, Sophie Bohrer, the daughter of Capelmaster Anton Bohrer, of Hanover. The author says that she was "a charming child of twelve, whose marvelous organization fills her friends with not unnatural fears.

The great Erard piano factory, Paris (France), was completely destroyed by fire on the 2nd inst. Loss about three million francs. Insurance in the neighborhood of half that amount.

THE CONDUCTOR.

(Written after attending a rehearsal of Gounod's *Redemption*.)

See him now take his stand
With his "Time-Stick" in hand
As the expectant band
Round him is tuning;
While with a direful wail
Legions of "A's" assail
His tortured ears, like hail,
Till he's nigh swooning.

Mark the great chorus there
Deeply breathe in the air,
When the smart rap "prepare,"
Calls for attention;
Tuned is each double-bass,
Each man has found the place,
Boldly the music face,—
'Tis the "Ascension."

Fiddles to right of him,
Fiddles to left of him,
Fiddles in front of him,
Screech in tremolo,
While, with a frenzied moan,
Wildly the Bass-Trombone
Plays "his hand all alone"
In a brass solo!

Now, with a great "Unfold"
In wades the chorus bold,
While if the roof will hold,
Anxious, we're doubting,
Still calmly sits he there,
Seated upon his chair,
List'ning with greatest care
To all that shouting!

Hark! with a fearful boom,
Like the loud Crack of Doom,
The great drum shakes the room:
Cymbals are sounding;
Cornets, with brazen throats,
Loudly prolong the notes,
The kettle-drummer glotts,
O'er his mad pounding!

Sweetly the *Alti* sing,
As the *Soprani* spring
Upward, on rising wing,
The Oboe chasing;
Loudly the *Bassi* roar,
Up the *Tenori* soar,
Till that "high G" once more
Bravely they're facing!

Now the chromatic scale
Strings, Wood and Wind assail,
Sharps, Naturals, Flats like hail
Madly are scattered!
One yell the welkin rends,
Then the great chorus ends;
Safe that brave man descends,—
Though sadly battered!

—CARILLON.

Walter Damrosch has been engaged to conduct the Buffalo Musical Festival in June next.

Puroell's *Dido and Eneas* will be revived by the Bach Choir, London, March 1st.

Mr. Whitney Mockridge is preparing for a Western tour, which will probably include Toronto. *The American Art Journal* says: "His rarely beautiful tenor, and artistic aplomb are being generally spoken of by the critics this season." The star of Mr. Mockridge is undoubtedly in the ascendant.