

Winnifred, Kit for Christopher, or Flo for Florence. But, although we have said so much against nicknames, there is, we must confess, one species of *noms d'amitié* for which we have a considerable weakness. These are the names given us in natural life by our own chosen friends; but they differ materially from the sobriquets of childhood. They are never used for salutations and greetings in the market-place—indeed, they are generally unknown save to the two friends themselves, and any one who might accidentally hear the name would be guilty of an unwarrantable impertinence in making use of it. It is true that these *noms d'amitié* of natural life are confined almost exclusively to women; but it is not uncommon to meet one possessed of many such appellations, each given to her and used only by a different friend. It may be safely assumed when we meet such an one that she has, to use a common phrase, "something in her," something which touches the mind of each of her friends in a different manner, and which each endeavours to express by the term of endearment she elects.—*John Bull.*

*German Workmen.*—The German makes a good colonist because he is frugal, patient, and hardy; but he seems to need a transplantation to another soil to shine forth in all the excellence that not unfrequently becomes his. The German workman at home is dilatory, unpunctual, slow, and often extremely "bungling" in his work. There is not the same competition as with us; if he do not choose to hurry himself, you must abide his pleasure; he is the obliger, you are the obliged. You give him a model, and he executes his copy not amiss; it only falls short of supreme excellence; a little more finish, and it would have been absolutely well done. The German labourer is a marvel of heavy artfulness; he seems always to have something to do that interferes with continuous work, either he has to spit upon his hands, or to adjust his raiment, or to take a dram, or have a "crack" with a comrade, or pick a quarrel with an enemy; in short, he is inventive in this respect to a degree that his general stolidity would never lead you to suspect. The writer remembers watching throughout a period of some months an English "navy" who had command of a gang of Germans engaged upon some waterworks. Abuse flowed freely from the lips of the stalwart Briton, and though he spoke an unknown tongue, the desired effect was produced; the instant, however, his attention was withdrawn, or his amenities ceased, the stolid crew abandoned all active labour, and became passive spectators of the general scene. "I'd liever have one o' urn nor five on 'em," said that British "navy," in a tone of rueful indignation, one day, to a sympathetic auditor, who was watching the slow progress. Even the stalwart frame, the loud voice of the man, and the free use of his choice vernacular, had ceased to have its effect, and the gloom of despair hung heavy on his brow. Yet we know that two-thirds of the sugar bakers, bakers, and tailors in London are German, and that America speaks largely the language of Hans Breitmann. It seems that the sight of incessant activity and untiring energy universally prevailing around is necessary to arouse the German, and make him shake off the lethargy that otherwise possesses him. Crimes of violence are of very rare occurrence in Germany; the German is not cruel, he does not murder, he does not assassinate, he does not beat his wife, or kick her with hob-nailed shoes; he does not love blood. Bloodshed is distasteful to him; unless, as in the Franco-Prussian war, it be his duty to shed blood, then he consents to butcher and be butchered (as during the awful days of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour) with almost automatic endurance. But while we allow for the difference of temperament that distinguishes the Teuton from the Celt, we must concede that education counts for something in this matter. Educate the masses, and they will not love, as the French lower orders do, to welter, when excited, in the blood of their fellow men, to lick their lips in savage lust to lap it again. The German is generally rough, and sometimes brutal, but humanity, on the whole, prevails, and the brute in him is less than the man. Indeed, that sort of "sentiment" which is so marked a characteristic of the modern Teuton, is to be found even in the *dramatis personæ* of the police reports.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

*Beethoven.*—Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Porter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In

another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent "Sonata Appassionata" he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first drafts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate drafts, at length, of the finale of one of his symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his master-pieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartet, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!" The handwriting of Beethoven was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is a accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray, come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death the "Walpurgismight," nearly as long and some of the finest numbers of "Elijah" and the "Hymn of Praise," were added after the first performance.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

*Patent Medicines Containing Poisonous Drugs.*—It is quite clear that some steps must be taken to check the sale of patent medicines which contain poisonous drugs. It is now an almost everyday occurrence to read of an infant killed by an overdose of some soothing mixture, or of an adult poisoned by the use of some patent sedative. Patent medicines claim to possess all kinds of wonderful properties; they are in fact, "heal alls," and so long as the world goes round there will be thousands of people who will put faith in such mixtures. While they contain no injurious ingredients no one need object to their being vended; but when we find that narcotics are largely employed in the manufacture of many of these medicines, and are sold under high-sounding names, it is time ignorant people were protected against them, the more especially as the fact that such medicines cannot be sold without bearing the Government stamp is in itself calculated to inspire confidence in the public, who naturally consider that the State would not thus pointedly legalise the sale of dangerous drugs.