

Four months later he had so endeared himself to Catherine, and so great was her confidence in his judgment that he had acquired the right of entering into Court, and had become a Chamberlain! There is a legend that Patiomkin was the young and obscure sergeant who had to supply the sword-knot for Catherine's uniform on the famous morning when she started forth for St. Petersburg, to mount her throne and slay her husband; but this story, according to authorities, requires confirmation. Foreign potentates recognised the position of the Empress of Russia's favourite Minister, and Frederick the Great sends him the Black Eagle, while the Emperor Joseph makes him a prince of the Holy Empire, but his ambition is not yet content.

In the course of a pilgrimage to the convent of the Troitza, near Moscow, the lovers find themselves surrounded by obsequious monks. . . . And they endeavour to alarm the conscience of the Empress. Is she resolved to continue a connection of which the Church is bound to disapprove, since it has never been called upon to bless the union? They insist, they entreat, threatening and supplicating in turn, and suddenly the favourite enters upon the scene. He has doffed his brilliant costume, and assumed the black gown of the *ichernets*, who inhabit the monastery. His conscience has been awakened, and, if he cannot be the husband of her he loves, he will dedicate himself to God. It is a false move. Catherine is affected, it is true; she replies to her lover in the tone he has adopted, but the reply is not at all what he had hoped for. She understands his scruples; she shares them. And she approves of his resolution: let him obey the divine call! Evidently she is far from being duped by the pretence to which she affects to lend herself. The great actress that she has come to be has seen the actor through the monk's garb so suddenly donned.

Thus was Patiomkin's highest ambition frustrated, and in 1776 he was replaced in his sovereign's affections by the fascinating Zavadoski, and after serving her faithfully for years, the once cherished favourite dies mysteriously by the side of a ditch, and Catherine's son and successor, Paul, scattered his ashes to the winds. None of the subsequent favourites of this strange Empress are nearly such interesting personages. Her letters to Voltaire and Grimm must be unique in their grim wit and frank utterance. Unfortunately, space fails to dwell upon the end of this interesting book which is a marvellous picture of the Russian Court of those semi-barbaric days. Without doubt, M. Waliszewski has contributed a most valuable addition to Russian history. A.M.G.

### Dramatic Notes.

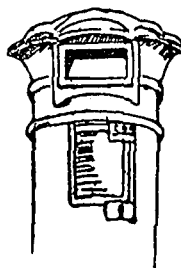
#### "DR. BILL."

Nothing is too sacred for stage representation, or mis-representation, not even the professional life of our medical men. Of course, the ladies' doctor is chosen, because he is popularly supposed to be the sympathetic recipient of women's secrets as well as of their neuralgia, their nervous troubles, their aches and pains. Such is "Dr. Bill," now being performed at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square; or such was "Dr. Bill," we should say, for he has been married three months to Louisa, his wife (Miss Dora de Winton), a charming girl who attires herself in the prettiest frocks, one in her wardrobe being of soft turquoise blue material, the sleeves of the same

coloured velvet, and bodice of blue flowered silk. But the marriage would not have made so much difference to the professor, perhaps, had not a windfall put the couple into a position independent of lady patients. But the parents-in-law, who can escape them? This time it is the father-in-law, and not so much the mother-in-law, who is the *bête noire*. He, in the person of Mr. Firmin (Mr. William Day) is determined that his son-in-law shall work; for idleness is the mother of evil. He gets a brass plate on which appears in large letters Dr. William Brown, etc., etc. He sends out a number of cards, he leaves no stone of advertising unturned, not even an insidious mention of his son-in-law's name in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Of course, numerous patients turn up, and among them ladies who knew the doctor under the familiar epithet of Dr. Bill. Miss Fauntleroy (Miss Edith Kenward) reminds him of the Kangaroo Dance he used to step; and the audience is given the benefit of this sprightly novelty. Complications arise with Mrs. Horton (Miss Lottie Venn) living over the road; and altogether this farcical Comedy moves along rapidly and brightly through its three Acts. Everyone of the actors and actresses enter heartily into the spirit of the piece, and carry the audience with them.

### Letters to the Editor.

(Notes, Queries, &c.)



*Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.*

#### NURSES WANTED FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—It may be of interest to some of your wide circle of readers to know of the need for trained Nurses in South Africa. I have recently returned from an extensive tour through that country, and I have been struck with this need, both from my own observation and from what I gathered from those settled there. Judging from the numbers in England who are now taking up Nursing as a profession, it seems more than likely that the supply will soon exceed the demand, and that the surplus must seek places farther afield than our little island. Especially on some of the larger Mission Stations is there a present need for those trained in this way. Not only to nurse sick ones, but also to train native young women themselves to do this work, of which they are now woefully ignorant. Of course only those whose sympathies are with Mission Effort would find this a congenial sphere, but to such it offers a good climate, an interesting people to work among, and a work well worth the doing. I shall be glad to give further information to any who desire it, if they will write to me.—I remain, Yours faithfully,

D. A. HUNTER.

5, Annfield Terrace, West, Glasgow,  
December 8th, 1894.

#### SHOULD NURSES BE POLITICAL?

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I have been thinking a good deal about Mrs. Wynford Philipps's letter which appeared in the Special

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)