

And who were they all? They were many, my men;
Their records were kept by no tabular pen;
They exist in traditions from father to son,
Who recalls, in dim memory, now here and there
one.

A few names were writ, and by chance live to-day;
But's perishing record, fast fading away.
Of those we recall there are scarcely a score—
Dix, Dame, Bickerdyke, Edson, Harvey, and Moore,
Fales, Wittmeyer, Gilson, Safford and Lee,
And poor Cutter, dead in the sands of the sea;
And Frances D. Gage, our "Aunt Fanny" of old
Whose voice rang for freedom when freedom was
sold.

And Husband, and Etheridge, and Harlan, and Case,
Livermore, Alcott, Hancock, and Chase,
And Turner and Hawley, and Potter and Hall.
Ah! the list grows apace, as they come at the call.
Did these women quail at the sight of a gun?
Will some soldier tell us of one he saw run?

Will he glance at the boats on the great western
flood,

At Pittsburg and Shiloh, did they faint at the blood?
And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them
then,

And her calm, stately presence gave strength to his
men.

And *Marie of Logan*, she went with them, too;
A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis true
Her young cheek grows pale when the bold troopers
ride.

Where the "Black Eagle" soars she is close at his
side.

She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt breath,
And the wave of her hand stays the Angel of Death;
She nurses him back, and restores once again
To both army and state the great leader of men.
She has smoothed his black plumes and laid them
to sleep

Whilst the angels above them their high vigils keep;
And she sits here *alone*, with the snow on her brow—
Your cheers for her, comrades! Three cheers for
her now.

And these were the women who went to the war:
The women of question; what *did* they go for?
Because in their hearts God had planted the seed
Of pity for woe and help for its need;
They saw, in high purpose, a duty to do,
And the armor of right broke the barriers through.
Uninvited, unaided, unsanctioned oftentimes,
With pass or without it, they pressed on the lines;
They pressed, they implored, till they ran the lines
through;

And *that* was the "running" the men saw them do.
'Twas a hampered work, its worth largely lost;
'Twas hindrance, and pain, and effort, and cost;
But through these came knowledge—knowledge
is power—

And never again in the deadliest hour
Of war or of peace shall we be so beset
To accomplish the purpose our spirits have met.
And what would they do if war came again?
The *scarlet cross floats* where all was blank then.
They would bind on their "*brassards*" and march
to the fray,

And the man liveth not who could say to them nay.
They would stand with you now, as they stood with
you then,—

The nurses, consolers, and saviors of men.

Nursing Politics.

POOH-POOH!

WE are never surprised at the tone of
"pooh-pooh," with which the organ of
the Royal British Nurses' Association deals
with professional women's questions, but the
statement made in this month's editorial
that "Committees composed mainly of women
often incur, for some reason, a double
portion of disapprobation," is as false as it is
insulting to the nurse members. But so long as
Mr. Fardon and his male colleagues direct the
policy and edit the pages of the *Nurses' Journal*,
so long, no doubt, will the nurse members be
openly flouted in its columns.

SAYS the sapient editor of this disloyal
little publication, "A Committee is at its best
when composed of persons intimately acquainted,
from individual experience, with the questions at
issue." Just so—therefore, the control of the
Royal British Nurses' Association should be in
the hands of the nurses, and not in those of the
medical superintendent of the Middlesex Hospital!

THE Hon. Officers of the Royal British Nurses'
Association are still continuing the Registration
farce—we learn that the Registration Board still
meets, and takes a fee of one guinea from the
unwary, for registration, but that, without con-
sulting the hundreds of nurses who, in the past,
paid a guinea for this privilege, they have dis-
continued the publication of the Register of
Trained Nurses. A publication called a Roll
of Members has been substituted, but on this
every woman who is eligible for membership by
paying 5s. yearly has a right to appear without
being mulcted of a guinea for *Registration*.

THE present system is quite simple. A nurse
wishes to become a member of the Royal British
Nurses' Association. Quite so. Then she is
informed unless she is registered and pays a
guinea, she cannot apply for membership. She
pays a guinea for *Registration*, is accepted by a
Registration Board, she may then pay 5s. more
for yearly membership, and is accepted by the
Executive Committee. The whole system is very
tricky and thorny, and it is outrageous to make
these ignorant women imagine that they receive
any *quid pro quo* for their money now that
the *Register* is no longer issued.

THE editor also makes excuses for the new
tax of 2s. 6d. charged to nurses who desire to
insert a new professional qualification in the Roll,
and pleads expense. Why? A Registrar is well

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