

family nurse and not contradicting the grandmother's prescriptions. What a relief it would be if some day we could rise in a body and, once for all, say, 'Friend, we have been told all of this in the training school, and even if we had not, it would be too late now, for you to try to teach it.' Fortunately for us, we know that, in reality, these same men, the next day, would not recognize their own platitudes, and would almost to a man defend the nurse from the officious relative, and even stand by her if the dishes remained unwashed, providing she took the right care of the patient.

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But what do they teach us of ethics? Well, this—as yet the extremest that we have heard—the nurse's whole duty, loyalty and obedience begins and ends in subordination to the doctor. Beyond this there is no horizon, and outside of this she has no reason for existing. Ponder over this dictum, and acknowledge that there is something unsatisfying in it. No doubt here is involved a great ethical principle. May one know the whole or only a part? Why is it put just so without any exception or alternative? Perhaps there is something more than this. One would like to see the nurse allowed the same amount of independence as any other moral being.

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Suppose she were to be taught that her duty and loyalty were to be, first, to truth and justice as living principles. This understood, it becomes unnecessary to re-iterate these cautions about being loyal to the doctor. Naturally she will be loyal to him; why not? Not only is it to her interest to be so, but, presumably, truth and justice will demand it in nine cases out of ten. Yet it is quite possible to imagine that in the tenth case there might be circumstances which would make it wrong for her to obey and remain subordinate to the doctor, just as it might be wrong for a doctor to uphold the nurse. According to justice and truth, her loyalty might be due, not to the doctor, but to the patient. Or, not to either of these, but to the patient's friends. Or, away from them all, and to the public.

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There is an obedience which is slavishness, and a subordination which is moral cowardice. But how is one to draw the line? It is a delicate subject, and requires a great deal of knowledge. True. It requires a knowledge of our obligations and duty to all classes of people, not only to one class.

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Would we not, in a study of these obligations

on all sides, find our ethics, and would not such study be more profitable than didactic regulations? How much new light would be thrown upon our own problems, and what fresh meaning appear in all branches of our own work."

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Strong, courageous, helpful words indeed. We could do with more of them—the nursing profession needs them. We are grateful that there is in our ranks a woman, wise and able enough to put into plain language truths so self-evident, and yet so seldom realized, or, at any rate, acted upon.

### Nurses of Note.

*Career of Miss Harriet P. Dame, who served through the entire American Civil War.*

MISS HARRIET P. DAME, President of the Army Nurses' Association in the United States, and one of the few women to go through the Civil War as a nurse, died recently at Concord, N. H.

Miss Dame was born in North Barnstead, N. H., on January 5th, 1815, the daughter of James and Phebe Dame. In 1856 she removed to Concord, N. H., and when the war came in 1861, opened her house in that city as a hospital for the sick volunteers who came from all parts of the State to enlist. When the Second New Hampshire Regiment was ordered to Portsmouth to be mustered into service, she insisted on going with it so that she might continue the work she had begun, and when the regiment finally went South, she accompanied it in spite of the protests of Governor Berry, who declared that, inasmuch as the United States Government did not and would not recognize nurses on the field, the journey was hazardous.

There were seven other women who served as nurses on the field during the war, and Miss Dame was the only one to enter the service when the war started and remain until the close. During the Peninsular campaign she shared fortunes with the soldiers, her first night at Yorktown being spent in a feed box in the stable. At Fair Oaks a shell tore through the top of the tent in which she was nursing the sick and wounded, but she escaped injury. During the retreat of the James, Miss Dame led the little army of sick who had been in her care, wearing a heavy pair of rubber boots, and a thin netting of mosquito cloth covering her head. On the march one of the soldiers dropped dead from exhaustion, and Miss Dame halted the procession while a grave was dug and the dead soldier buried. Then she placed a slab of pine wood over the

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