

of one of England's typical hide-bound blockhead generals—Abercromby—to the ignominious defeat by Montcalm, at Ticonderoga.

In that ill-considered, useless casting away of British lives, in a case where victory should have been simple—where Montcalm was coolly counting upon the known incompetence of British leaders—John à Cleeve was wounded. He was sent down the Richelieu in a canoe with other wounded prisoners, under the guidance of a Béarnais sergeant who carried despatches. One of the Indian guides befriended John, and after a hair-breadth escape from scalping, they together reached Fort Amitié, garrisoned by a handful of men commanded by a fine old French gentleman of the old school, with a beautiful daughter—Diane. The Indian passes off the unconscious John, dressed in the tunic of the dead French sergeant, as a Frenchman—which, owing to John's French education, he is able to do. Thus John becomes, through no fault, involved in a treachery—seeing the nakedness of the defences of these trusting, charming gentlefolks, loving the beautiful Diane—and unable to escape because he holds the despatches carried by the dead man, and his loyalty to England bids him preserve them.

We see him struck to the heart at the thought of his perfidy—living among Indians for two years—stung, awake once more at the sound of a British bugle sounding *réveille*, returning in Indian guise to Fort Amitié, just in time to save Diane from Iroquois, averting disaster from the British troops by foreseeing that the French *coureurs de bois* meant to lead the whole flotilla of *batteaux* into the rapids, and, finally, unknown, or, if known, as a man with a tarnished name, sinking into oblivion.

Then we have Richard Montgomery—embittered by the British failure to recognise and promote merit. This man takes up the side of the Colonies against the Mother Country—is made a brigadier-general, leads the attack on Quebec—falls, covered with glory. A century later, his sword is saluted with honourable ceremonial—his bones are brought to American soil with military pomp.

Which man was the hero? asks Mr. Quiller Couch.  
G. M. R.

### Hide Not Thy Face.

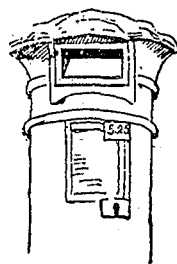
Draw nearer to us, Lord, if but to slay!  
So far Thou art, we are not even afraid  
To look upon the thing that we have made  
The soul of man to-day.

The hands by Thine made tender and made strong  
Are at our brother's throat, or crooked with greed  
For cozening the helpless in their need.  
How long, O Lord, how long?

Thine envoy Love we trampled to the dust,  
And down the centuries still rings our cry,  
The yell of "Crucify him! Crucify!  
Release unto us Lust."

Grant to our piteous need this much of grace—  
Take back the breath that still we hold of Thee,  
That shames us. Or redeem us utterly.  
*Hide not thy face.*

By ALICE HERBERT,  
From *Between the Lights*.



### 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.*

#### THE CORNWALL COUNTY NURSING ASSOCIATION.

*To the Editor of the "British Journal of Nursing."*

DEAR MADAM,—A copy of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING has been sent to me containing Editorial comments upon a letter of mine which appear to have been written under some misapprehension. I, therefore, hope that you will be good enough to insert this reply in your next issue.

In the first paragraph you say that I claim that all our village nurses are "fully qualified," by which you would appear to consider that I meant "fully-trained nurses." That is not the case. My letter only referred to their registration as midwives, and, as all our village nurses receive twelve months' maternity and district training at Plaistow and elsewhere, and hold the L.O.S. certificate, I think I was justified in saying that they were fully qualified to be so registered.

Your reference to "unlucrative cases" shows that you are not aware that our County Association is affiliated to the Queen's Jubilee Institute for Nurses, which, as everybody knows, is formed to provide nurses for attending the sick poor in their own homes. The training of our nurses is paid for by the Association. They are also themselves paid by salary, and can receive no fees. Therefore, there is no question of lucrative or unlucrative cases in connection with them. Also, our nurses can only attend cases selected by the Committee which employs them, and under certain regulations, one of which is that they should, as a rule, work under the medical officer. They are placed by the terms of their agreement, while it lasts, in a very different position to nurses practising on their own account, and although, of course, no one could object to their registering themselves, the Association, before arranging for their registration and paying their fees, felt bound to consider what the medical men might have to say as to the circumstances under which the almost gratuitous attendance of such nurses could fairly be allowed.

The sole object of my letter was to show that this had been done.

Yours,  
MOUNT EDGUMBE.

Mount Edgcombe, Plymouth,  
August 3rd, 1904.

[We have pleasure in publishing this letter. We are glad to learn that Lord Mount Edgcombe does not regard the "nurses" of the Cornwall County Nursing Association as fully-trained nurses, which they are not, but as fully-qualified midwives, which they are. It would avoid misconception if this were indicated in the title of the Association, which at present conveys no hint of the fact. As midwives, with a useful knowledge of maternity nursing, they would

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)