

**HOSPITAL NURSES WANTED.**—There will shortly be VACANCIES for WOMEN desirous of being trained for HOSPITAL NURSES under the Nightingale Fund. Age from 25 to 35, single or widows. Apply for the regulations to Mrs. Wardroper, the Matron, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, London, S.; if personally, between 10 and 11 a.m. only. A few gentlewomen are admitted to qualify for superior situations.

AL 1460  
May 26/68

35 South Street,  
Park Lane,  
London. W.

Dearest Miss Clough

I hope you will excuse me for being so long in answering your letter. If you knew how hard pressed I am, you would not you would not attribute it to want of interest in your subject.

I have the greatest faith in its importance & in its success. And I have, above all, the strongest faith in you.

Mr. Chadwick says truly:—  
Teaching is an art. But it is not treated as such.  
Just what I feel in my business:—Nursing is an Art.

And till it is considered as  
such, little or no progress will  
be made in it.

Some years ago, an old friend  
of mine, Professor Hillars,  
of Edinburgh (I dare say  
you knew him) came up to  
London to offer I found a  
Professorship of Paedagogy,  
provided the Government  
would take it up.

Mr. Lowe's answer was: -  
that Teaching was not an  
Art - and could not be  
taught as such. And Mr.  
Hillars was an Ass.  
And so the thing fell through.

I have always believed that  
some kind of Association for  
governesses & teachers of the  
higher kind would be of  
essential service.

I have felt the warmest  
sympathy in what you have  
been doing.

But my power of  
expressing it ~~was~~ becoming  
more & more restricted, alas!

I am afraid I must not  
claim to be "litter" "connected"  
"with or engaged in the  
"education of girls."

My love to Blanche & the  
chicks. I was so sorry not

I be able to see them the  
other Sunday when the wax  
so good as I send them.  
But I am less & less able  
to do anything at all but  
my own immediate business.  
And I have never had so  
much difficulty as this  
Spring, in getting thro' that

ever yours

J. Nightingale