

visions and medicine, was seen to move across the glittering waters of the bay, towards the Castle. Its sole occupant was a woman. A loud shout arose from those on shore. Ashamed of their cowardice and delay, many offered themselves as volunteers; but the messenger of mercy refused all help. Her words were wafted towards them through the slumbrous air: "I am alone; not one regret will follow me. It is better that I should go, than some one upon whom others depend. Good-bye!" Then she bent her oars, and only stopped beneath the castle walls. Those watching her could see that the brave fellows of the garrison at first refused her admission; but at length their faint resistance ceased, and they carried her inside the plague-smitten walls. As the days passed, the number of salutes for the dead diminished, and one morning, when a cool breeze came from the north, the signal of distress was lowered, and again the Spanish flag floated proudly over the fortress. The bay was quickly dotted over with little boats, with occupants eager to congratulate those who remained alive, and they learned from these, that had it not been for the timely relief offered by one brave woman, not one life would have been saved. It is good to read that this noble nurse not only became the idol of Havana, but the wife of the governor of the castle, who doubtless learned to appreciate her virtues during their terrible imprisonment.

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WITH what a sigh of relief will our ladies of fashion greet M. Gustave Cougny's work, to which he has devoted so much time of late, on the highly interesting subject of the artistic dressmakers of the future. Parisian dressmakers (the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* remarks) have always had the reputation for taste and skill. They were formerly, however, generally trained in a rather irregular fashion, much being left to their intuitive, or rather imitative, faculties. Nowadays, however, the apprentice *couturières* are educated professionally, in a most methodical manner. It is predicted confidently, on this account, that the dressmakers of the future will be the most wonderful products that the world of fashion has ever seen. In all the professional schools of the City of Paris, girls are taught, not only sewing, but Euclid and drawing. After having mastered the mysteries of the "Bridge of Donkeys," and all the other theorems and propositions evolved and elucidated by the famous Greek mathematician, the embryo dressmakers receive elaborate lessons in design. The teacher, the *Maitresse couturière*, is a skilful geometrician and designer, as well as a perfect needle-woman and tailoress. She makes her pupils sketch on paper, or on cloth, with graphic

and symmetrical precision, the costumes which they have ultimately to construct in solid stuffs, and teaches them to transform various articles of feminine attire, by rapid strokes of the pencil or chalk, from a *rotonde* to a *mantelet*, and from a *corsage* or a *basque* into a *pélerine*; but the cultivators of the young dressmaking idea do not stop at drawing or geometry. They also aim at making apprentice *couturières* water-colourists—not, of course, for the purpose of enabling them to emulate Turner or Isabey, but in order to help them to combine colour with form in the matter of building up dresses. M. Gustave Cougny goes into raptures about the remarkable metamorphosis which fashion is likely to receive at the hands of the æsthetic *couturières* who are to come. What lovely sartorial symphonies, he seems to say; what dainty and delicious harmonies in flounces; what Arcadian poems in petticoats will be evolved from the brains of the highly-trained seamstresses who are on their way to rejoice mankind. We are told that a *couturière* will in future be a veritable artist, ranking with the doctresses in medicine and physics, and "distancing" all the members of the minor callings, in pursuits which are now-a-days taken up by females.

How refreshingly simple in contrast to this magnificent description are the quaint and comfortable little cotton garments, put in gathers at the waist and worn with a band, the spotless linen apron and freshly-goffered cap, which serve as the outward adornment of a Hospital Nurse, and which are so undeniably becoming to the majority of women.

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THE following appeared last week in our interesting contemporary the *Queen*: "Mrs. Rhoda Colborne, Directress of Needlework, has published her report, which she drew up for the Lords of the Committee of the Council on Education. She cannot be said to give a favourable account of the proficiency made in sewing in schools at present. She complains that the pupil teachers are so over-weighted with other subjects that they soon forget the use of the needle learnt in childhood; and when they advance to the status of acting teachers, they cannot give much instruction in the art that is worth having. It is the usual story that head work and hand work are seldom found together."

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MISS SARAH TYTLER has selected Mrs. Mary Davies as her fourth example (a singer) of "Girls who Won Success" in the *Atalanta* magazine for the current month. She gives an interesting account of the artist's early life, and her first being led to music from the circumstance that her father, a Welshman in London, was preceptor to the

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