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might be all light, with no darkness at all. The revision must accomplish for them, in very many cases, what they have so long desired. In many other cases, by a change of words demanded by faithfulness to the original language, or by a more felicitous expression, it will start their minds upon a new and interesting line of thought. By reason of such changes and improvements the Bible will become a book of new power to them, while indeed it retains all its old power. If we examine the brief articles and pamphlets which have been already published by different members of the revision companies in England and America, we may see instances enough in the suggestions made by them to show how much can be accomplished in the new work in respect to the point of which we are now speaking. The version handed down to us by our fathers has brought comfort to thousands of hearts and a stimulating influence to thousands of minds by the very form of words in which it has transferred to our language the thoughts of the prophets and Apostles. The revised version can scarcely fail to do the same thing by the clearer, richer, and more perfect form of words which it may introduce into its pages.

When we consider such advantages as these, which the readers of the Scriptures may gain from the revision soon to be issued, it will seem to few, we think, that the movement originated by the convocation of Canterbury, in 1870, was other than a beneficent one to all the churches of English-speaking countries. The old version will appear in a new and more perfect form, but it will retain all of good which it has brought from the generations and centuries past and take to itself that which the learning of modern times can give it. If the new work shall prove to be worthy of the highest scholarship of England and America, it will be the English Bible of the coming century. X.

### PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

#### THE LAST SUMMER OF THE ST. GOTTHARD.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

AFTER an enchanting two months in Florence, and a dream-like week in Venice, M. and I found ourselves, in early June of the present year, fairly on our way to the Alps and the St. Gotthard. We found ourselves, rather than took ourselves; for it really seemed as if it was something outside of our own wills that was bearing us onward. Every now and then we asked each other, with a sort of incredulous wonder, "Are we really going over those snow-topped peaks, towering up in that sky?" It seemed that we were, for after Milan, Como and Lugano we arrived in this involuntary way at Biasca. Biasca is, at present, the last station on the wonderful new railway of the St. Gotthard, the iron road which goes for nine miles through darkness, with three thousand one hundred and fifty feet of mountain piled between it and the sky.

We reached this little village at four in the afternoon, in company with two English ladies and two hundred and fifty Italian boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. This amount of youth was a college-class going to see the tunnel; it was also much noise, voluminous gesture, and many vowels, together with some singing. But we forgave them when they swarmed out at the station, and looked delightedly up at the great cliff down which a beautiful Alpine brook was leaping in slender, foaming cascades; while forgiving, however, we were at the same time glad that they were to remain at the inn near by while we went on to the village a quarter of a mile distant, where the "Grand Hotel Biasca" received us with the dignity of a house whose merits are known. The Grand Hotel Biasca was an inn with a Napoleonic landlord; a maid in a white cap who said, "*Tout de suite*," and never came back; and a *table d'hôte*. We had front rooms in the second story, overlooking the little square or piazza of the village, where was the public fountain. To this fountain came, first, all the horses of the town led by their halters, and afterwards all the cows (who kept later hours, it seemed), led by their horns; to it came also all the women, young and old, with buckets for the family supply which they filled from the flowing spouts, safely elevated above the wet pavement on their wooden shoes, while a solid bank of cows drank below. The square was very small, but evidently the important center of the village; in addition to the fountain and the imposing front of the Grand Hotel Biasca, there were no more than six small tables with accompanying chairs set out in groups on the rough pavement, as an invitation to coffee or the wine of the country.

While we were surveying these preparations for gayety, with a great cracking of the whip a coach came rattling down the narrow street, and stopped in front of our hotel; it was not the regular diligence, but one of the coaches or heavy carriages engaged by private parties for the passage of the Alps. This one had a flexible top, which was let down so that we were

able to see the occupants: these were two English ladies, who were assisted down by their man-servant and the Napoleonic landlord, who had reserved for them his first floor. They disappeared within the house, and, when the horses had been unharnessed and led away, the unloading began. Behind rose a mountain of luggage secured by ropes; on top was a large tin bathing-tub; then the portmanteaus; then six large trunks, piled and tied together in threes; all these were lifted down, one by one, and carried within the house. While the man-servant and the driver were thus engaged the maid attacked the top stratum of a heap of smaller articles built up like a bank on the unoccupied front seat. These were valises; old-fashioned carpet-bags very full of something and tied with cords; wooden bonnet-boxes; rolls of things that looked like bedding; two pillows; the usual leather bags; an air-cushion; an easel; a medicine chest; a case of bottles; a lunch-basket; a quantity of canes and umbrellas strapped together; and books, loose shawls, and rugs, stowed in the interstices. When at last, after many journeys, all was, as we supposed, removed, the man-servant produced a key and unlocked compartments under each seat; from these came forth an equal number of small articles, generally swathed in paper; one of them looked suspiciously like a teapot. We decided that the ladies traveled not only with their wearing apparel, pillows, bed-linen, blankets, bathing-tub and library, but with their tea-service also; we thought it must be charming, if the horses did not mind.

The empty carriage was drawn under a shed at one side, and then we transferred our attention to the ladies themselves, who had come out on the balcony below. One was large, solid and elderly; looking, M. declared, exactly like Queen Victoria. She had asserted this of almost every elderly lady we had met while in London, and, absurd as it seems, there was still a grain of truth in it; the resemblance comes, probably, from a certain amount of avoirdupois and an arrangement of the hair which has passed out of fashion in America, but which we see always in the pictures of the Queen; that is, parted and brought down smoothly and plainly on each side of the face low upon the cheeks, concealing the ear. The other was a young girl, with a sweet face; her attire for traveling was a short brilliant crimson silk skirt, a cream-colored over-dress, elaborately trimmed with lace of the same hue, a large English straw hat shading her eyes, heavily decked with cream-colored lace and plumes and crimson flowers, cream-colored gloves, and a large crimson parasol. In this, to American eyes, somewhat startling attire her face looked as modest as a wild-flower; and I could not help thinking, as she stood there looking at the mountains, that she was a picture of the sweet shyness of face and manner and the extraordinary combinations of dress which seem to belong to the young English girls of to-day. An American girl of the same age standing there would have been very nearly the direct opposite in both respects; she would have been dressed in quiet, well-fitting black or gray, and her gaze, while equally modest, would not have been in the least shy. The eyes of a young English girl droop; while those of her western-world sister look calmly and directly at everything. The difference is not in the girls, who are equally innocent and sweet; it is in the training.

Coaches continued to arrive until there was a long row of them under the shed. Into one of these, while it was still standing at the door, a villager in his shirt-sleeves, who was probably intoxicated although he appeared preternaturally solemn, suddenly sprang and seated himself composedly with his feet stretched across to the front seat. The driver and stablemen were unable to persuade him to descend to all their expostulations he returned no reply, but, with rigidity and great dignity, maintained his position. At last they had an idea; they suddenly let down the great top in such a way that he was caught in the leathern folds and carried backwards, where he stood on his head, as it were, with his feet in the air. "He will be killed!" we called out in alarmed and helpless English from our windows—a cry which was echoed by the English ladies on the balcony below. The landlord now appeared and ordered the top put back, when the villager, breathless, but dignified and silent as before, instantly resumed his former position. The landlord surveyed him; then he made up his mind. Slowly, and with majesty, he himself entered the carriage and took a seat. This accomplished it; no sooner did the villager feel this great presence beside him than he sprang like a frightened hare from the carriage and disappeared. Then the landlord made a sign, and was wheeled around the house out of sight, sitting in his place with great solemnity, and not having once altered his countenance from first to last.

At seven o'clock we went down to the "Table d'Hôte," the pride of the Grand Hotel. The family of much luggage dined in private, but the two English

ladies who had arrived with us sat next us at table. "I suppose it is you who have the coupé for to-morrow?" said one. We acknowledged that it was. "We never supposed that it would be necessary to engage it beforehand so very early in the season," said the other, in an injured tone. After dinner we went back to our windows; the crescent of a young moon shed a faint silvery radiance on the near mountains, rising all around us against the starlit sky; below, flaring lights on long poles had been set up in the square to illuminate a trapeze and a tent, and around this inclosure a dense circle of villagers had gathered. Presently from the tent came forth the performers: an athlete, a clown, and two gauzy-skirted columbines; the athlete swung himself head downward from the trapeze, the clown turned rapid somersets from a spring-board, one columbine danced a tarentella, and the other sounded a large drum with much gravity. The two hundred and fifty youths of Italy arrived upon the scene in straggling bands, and joined the circle; some of them—luxurious fellows!—took seats at the little tables and ordered coffee. It was a picturesque scene: the great heavy-roofed houses, the long line of diligences at one side, the Swiss costumes of the villagers pressing around the flaring lights of the poor little troupe, and the grand mountains all around lighted by the young moon. At dawn we were awakened by the fifteen or twenty wagons which carried the college boys rattling past the house; looking out to see them go by we saw also the columbines preparing a frugal breakfast, while the athlete led out an old horse to the fountain, and the clown, a melancholy Italian, packed the tent into the cart which was evidently their moving-home. We were somewhat later; but it was early also when we started in the regular diligence, drawn by four broad-backed horses. We had the coupé, but were not to be too much elated thereat. For our two injured English friends had secured "a private coach," and passed us triumphantly during the first half hour. All the other coaches had started before ours save the one belonging to the much luggage; at the present writing, a month later, M. thinks this carriage is still on the road somewhere, and that its occupants have slept at every inn, hospice and châtél between Biasca and the Lake of Lucerne.

Our route lay up the valley of the river Ticino, and at first, although deep in the mountains, vegetation continued fairly luxuriant—grape-vines, nut, and even fig-trees; the Ticino was coming southward, we were going northward. At first the river was fairly quiet; then it began visibly to descend, and we, by its side, to ascend. Then it took to rapids and we to long mounting curves. Finally it came down in waterfalls and we went up in zigzags, now on one side of it, now on the other, crossing on arched stone bridges, while the valley grew narrow and narrower, vegetation scanty, and the rocks bare. Thus for six long hours we followed it, all the while steadily ascending; we looked at the cliffs, the wild-flowers, and the constant succession of beautiful brook-waterfalls; some white torrents, others coming from so great a height that they were but threads of shimmering silvery mist on the gray cliff's side. Magnificent views opened on the right and the left, and the great snow-covered peaks which had seemed so far away drew nearer. So smooth and perfect was the road, and so gradual our ascent, that it did not seem so much that we were climbing as that they were sinking; they sank slowly and allowed us to come near.

Meanwhile, the new railway accompanied us like a fantastic ghost or a madman's dream. Now it was high on the side of a cliff, where a fly could hardly walk; now it was in the bed of the river; now it went into the bowels of the mountain, and now it leaped a chasm between two high pinnacles on a trestle like lace-work, outlined against the sky. Our horses had been often changed. First, we had four, then five, then six, and we had passed all the coaches which started before us, save always the "private coach" of the English ladies, from the windows of which we saw them looking triumphantly down upon us from the zigzag above. At last we reached Airolo, where we had expected to dine. We gave up all hope of it, however, when we came upon the wagons of the two hundred and fifty Italian youths, drawn up in a line in the little rugged street. It turned out, however, that the college authorities were like the excellent wife of John Gilpin: "for though on pleasure" they were "bent" they "had a frugal mind." The boys had brought provisions with them, eaten them in gypsy fashion on the road, and had now gone into the great tunnel, whose southern end was just beyond Airolo. We could see the long, low roofs of the buildings where had worked the mighty engines for eight long years boring a passage under the mountain. A famine, therefore, was prevented at Airolo, and we had a nondescript meal. At the table we saw, for the first time, our companions from the other compartments of the diligence; these were two Germans, and a fine looking young Swiss and

his pretty wife, evidently a lately married couple on a wedding tour; it was "evidently," because they sat hand in hand most of the time, although the attitude occasioned a good deal of difficulty as to eating. They did bravely, however, and accomplished jugglers' feats with their knives. When we had nearly finished, the two English ladies of the triumphant private coach rushed in excitedly, and appealed to the table at large. The "private coach" lived, if one might so express it, at Airolo, and was simply going home; our Napoleonic landlord had not mentioned this, but, pocketing double pay, had left them to find it out for themselves, and make their arrangements accordingly. At first it seemed as if the two would be left to walk over the Alps, or to remain indefinitely at Airolo; but at last space was made for them in the interior and off we started. During the time for dinner, seven giants of horses, with ponderous shaggy legs, had been attached to the coach in the peculiar Swiss fashion—three behind and four in front, one of each row harnessed by himself, like a sort of flyer—and up we went straight into the sky; that is, the cliff went up perpendicularly, and we ascended it horizontally in long zigzags, making a sharp curve at the end of each in order to get into the next, and seeming to gain but a yard or two with each long transit. It was like the course of a sail-boat coming into port with the wind dead ahead, passing back and forth, back and forth, before the town, on long, slow tacks. We were three hours on that one piece of road, and, all the time, the red roofs of Airolo lay apparently at the same distance below, and the curbstones of the last zigzag, standing out against the sky, at the same distance above. The seven great sober-faced horses paced steadily and slowly up, never halting, never pausing. They wheeled so near the edge of the precipice at each turn that it seemed as if they must go over; they looked like skaters bending around a curve. The object was, of course, to give the heavy coach space enough to turn without a jar; but none the less did it look alarming to travelers from the plains, unaccustomed to precipices three thousand feet high. During the three hours of their ascent the white peaks sank lower and lower, and at last let us step upon their breasts; we entered the region of eternal snow. Here, in a wild gorge, we saw the track of a recent avalanche and the great heap of detritus in the hollow below. The road passed over snow and ice, and we met the edge of masses many feet thick in giant chinks between the peaks. The driver and guard were now hidden in blanket-coats and caps; and we, with closed windows, and swathed in wraps, looked out through the glass upon the stern desolation of the scene. The sun shone down without a cloud; we were on one of the topmost ridges of our revolving world, projected against space as she turned. But, although we said it, it was impossible to realize it; we were simply in a coach on a snowy road.

The Pass of St. Gotthard is a level, about a mile and three-quarters long, on top of the Alps. But although you know you are on top you do not see half of Europe, or a quarter; you see simply nothing at all. Snow-clad ridges rise on each side of the level, and cut off the view. The name "St. Gotthard" does not designate one especial peak, but is applied to a group of seven mountains whose heights range between eight and eleven thousand feet. A cold wind blew sharply through the Pass, and fluttered and inflated the overcoats of the men who were unharnessing the solemn giants that had brought us up from Airolo and putting in their places five active little beasts of a very different temper. We, meanwhile, were in the post-house drinking hot coffee. Opposite stood the most murderous-looking inn I have ever seen; it was large, strong, gloomy and mysterious, without any appearance of life, although we were told it was open. Looking at it, one had visions of long stone corridors barely lighted, and somber interior rooms from which no cries could be heard. It was like the inn in a forest of the old-fashioned novel, where the landlord belongs to a band of robbers and his silent wife buries the dead. Much more cheerful was the small hospice, where poor travelers crossing the mountains on foot are received without payment. Fine dogs of the St. Bernard breed, looking comfortable in their thick coats, walked about on the snow and superintended the harnessing. The two English ladies, from the depths of their wraps, informed us that they had "been able to see nothing," and drank their coffee gloomily. The young Swiss husband, having finished his cup, bent down and kissed his little wife with an air of much satisfaction, glancing at us afterwards with simple good faith and certainty of our sympathy which were quite refreshing. The five little horses were now ready, stamping their small feet and shaking their heads; we took our places, and off they started down the level, snowy track at a rattling speed, as fast as their little legs could carry them. We passed between the frozen lakes, and then, coming out of the Pass, we began to descend. We had left the Ticino (and the

railway, which there plunged into the mountain) behind us at Airolo when we mounted to the sky. But, as we came up from the lowlands by the side of a river, we were now to descend, it seemed, in the same way; for we met the Reuss, which issues from a frozen lake near by, and went down the mountains with it—first a tiny rivulet, then a brook, then a foaming torrent rushing and tumbling and shooting down the Alps, and never once calm all the way to the Lake of Lucerne.

But, if the Reuss was not calm, neither were we; we rushed at breathless speed by its side all the way from the top of the Alps to the bottom. The horses were changed now and then, but as soon as each new set were put in they started off and never slackened their pace until they reached the next post-house. The road continued perfect, as smooth as the pleasure-roads in the Central Park; but that only made our progress the more dizzy, at least to the unaccustomed head. How we swayed around curves and spun over bridges; how we looked, as we flew along, at the shining Glacier of St. Anne, and the beautiful little valley of Urseren with its green pastures, where people live through an unbroken winter of eight long months. In the light and colors of sunset we came to the wild scenery of the Devil's Bridge, where the foaming Reuss falls one hundred feet, yet, with undaunted spirit, throws its spray up to brush our faces as we pass. There was a battle here between the French and Austrians in 1799; there seem indeed to have been a number of battles in the Alps, from the days of the old Romans down. Near the Pass of the Grimsel, west of the St. Gotthard, there is, at a height of seven thousand feet, a small icy lake, called the "Lake of the Dead," which was used as a burial-place for those who had fallen after a battle on the snowy heights between the Austrians and the French.

We passed through the desolate rocky defile of the Schöllenen, where our road was protected from avalanches by a long gallery, and then we came to the north end of the great tunnel which had gone darkly through the mountains whose white peaks we had crossed in the sky.

"I wonder if the two hundred and fifty boys have come out yet?" said M. "It gives one a curious feeling—doesn't it?—to think of their marching along so far down below us."

Our spectral friend the railway, looking more spectral than ever in the twilight, now again accompanied us. The immense labor and capital expended upon it made itself visible in the hundreds of workmen going home for the night; the villages of workshops through which we passed at the same flying speed; or the miles of square hewn stones, marked, and spread along in even rows, for use; and the hills of broken fragments to be used in filling up ravines. "It does not seem as though it would ever pay them back," I said. "The beautiful road over the mountain will always be so much more picturesque."

M. shook her head. "Picturesque as it is, it will inevitably be deserted; this is its last summer, these its last days. Lovers of the beautiful will still drive over the mountains; but they will select one of the passes where there is no railway. It is not alone that the sound of the locomotive's whistle will spoil the sense of remoteness; but it is also the thought, which hardly anyone is able to bear (certainly not Americans), that thirteen hours have been spent in traversing a distance which might have been gone over (or under) in two. By next year, the great crowd of travelers will rush along this iron track, seeing nothing and half asleep, while the zigzags and the snowy peaks, the great dogs and the shaggy horses, will all be a thing of the past. The Mount Cenis road had the same fate; it is now deserted."

As the long twilight faded into night we reached the glimmering waters of the Lake of Lucerne, into which the Reuss poured its foam to issue forth at the other end the next day with a tranquil air, and flow away through broad meadows as though it knew nothing of the frozen lake which was its birthplace, seven thousand feet in the sky.

The moon came out and shone on the snowy peaks, as we looked from the windows of the hotel for a moment before going to bed. They seemed as far away as they had seemed at Milan, and the same vague feeling came over us again. "Have we really been up there?" I said. "I can scarcely believe it."

"Do not try to," M. replied; "we have never been there at all. It is a figment of our imaginations; an Alpine dream."

—Sound reason and good sense can be expressed with little art. When you have anything to say in earnestness, is it necessary to search for words? Your fine speeches which are so sparkling, in which you twist the shreds of human thought, are unfreshing as the mist-wind, which whistles through the withered leaves of autumn.

## FAREWELL.

BY ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH.

GOOD-NIGHT, Beloved. On thine eyelids white  
Mine the last touch to linger tenderly—  
The last kiss, ere they bear thee hence from me.  
So . . . Yet I pause and muse on thy dear face,  
So calmly sweet before the Mystery,  
And know by that last smile whose radiant trace  
Haunts thy mute lips with such pathetic grace  
That, after life's wrong, all is well with thee.  
By the soft folding of thy hands to rest  
Upon the stirless quiet of thy breast,  
And by the infinite peace upon thy brow,  
I know God's tenderness enfolds thee now.  
And so I give thee from my touch and sight  
Until "the morning cometh." Sweet, good-night.

## A DAY OF FATE.\*

BY E. P. ROE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

KINDLING A SPARK OF LIFE.

SOON had coffee made that was as black as the night without. Instead of calling Miss Warren I took a tray from the dining-room and carried it, with several cups, up stairs.

"Bring it here," called the doctor.

I entered Mrs. Yocomb's room and found that she had quite fully revived and that Reuben had supported his father thither also. He reclined on the lounge and his usually ruddy face was very pale. Both he and his wife appeared almost helpless, but the doctor had succeeded in arresting by the use of ice the distressing nausea that had followed consciousness. They looked at me in a bewildered manner as I entered, and could not seem to account at once for my presence. Nor did they apparently try to do so long, and their eyes turned again towards little Zillah with a deeply troubled and perplexed expression, as if they were beginning to realize that the child was very ill and that events of an extraordinary character had happened.

"Let me taste the coffee," said the doctor. "Ah, that's the kind; black and strong. See how it will bring them round," and he made Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb each swallow a cup of it.

"Miss Warren," he called, "give a cup of this to Miss Adah if she is quiet enough to take it. I cannot leave the child."

Miss Warren came for the coffee at once. Her face was clouded and anxious and she looked with eager solicitude towards the still unconscious Zillah, whose hands Reuben was chafing.

"I think Miss Adah will soon be better," she replied to the doctor's inquiring glance, and she went back to her charge.

"Take a cup yourself," said the physician to me in a low tone. "I fear we are going to have a serious time with the little girl."

"You do not realize," I urged, "that Miss Warren needs keeping up almost as truly as any of them."

"You will have to take care of her, then," said the doctor hastily. "She seems to be doing well herself and doing well for others. Take her a cup and say that I said she must drink it."

I knocked at Adah's door and called:

"Miss Warren, the doctor says you must drink this coffee."

"In a few minutes," she answered, and after a little time she came out.

"Where's your cup?" she asked. "Have you taken any?"

"Not yet, of course."

"Why of course? If you want me to drink this you must get a cup at once."

"There may not be enough. I don't know how much the doctor may need."

"Then get a cup and I'll give you half of this."

"Never," I answered promptly. "Do as the doctor bade you."

She went swiftly to Mrs. Yocomb's room and poured out another cup.

"I pledge you my word I won't touch a drop till you have taken this. You don't realize what you have passed through, Mr. Moreton. Your hand so trembled that you could scarcely carry the cup; you are all unnerved. Come," she added gravely, "you must be able to help, for I fear Zillah is in a critical condition."

"I'm not going to break down," I said resolutely. "Give it to Reuben. Poor fellow, he got wet through."

She looked at my clothes a second and then exclaimed,

"Why, Mr. Moreton, don't you know you're wet through and through?"

"Am I?" and I looked down at my soaked garments.

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