

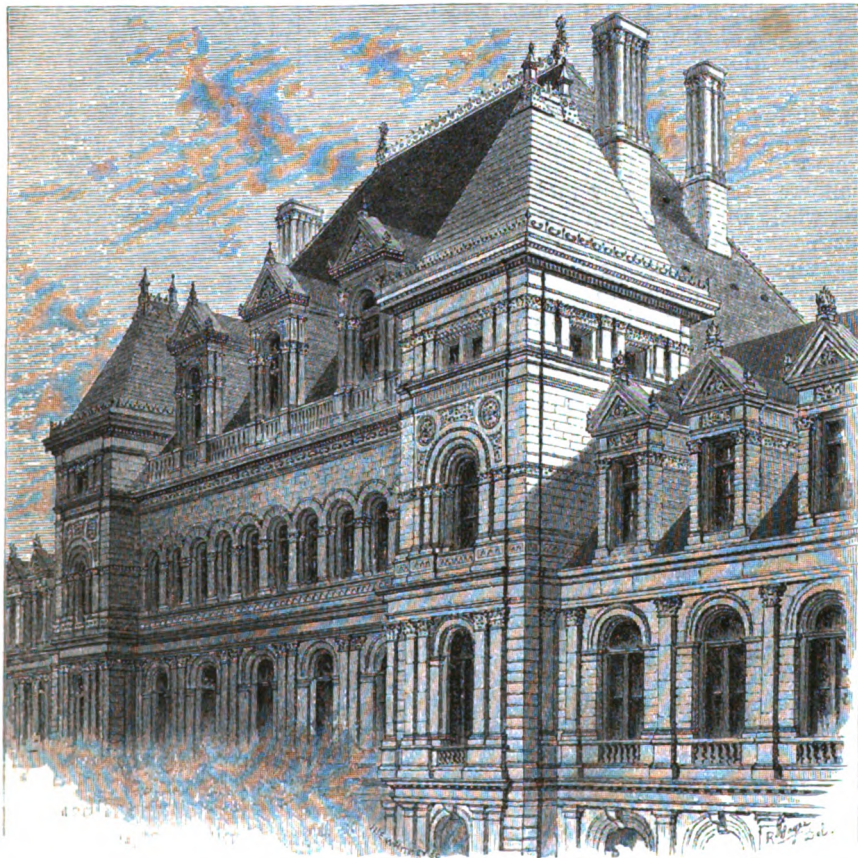
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

THE CAPITOL OF NEW YORK.



THE "NORTH CENTER." [THE OLD PORTION (THE FIRST AND SECOND STORIES) IS NOT HERE SHOWN.]

At the beginning of the year 1875 the new Capitol of New York at Albany presented a disheartening aspect. It had then been in progress for seven years, had reached the middle of the third story and had cost over five millions. It consisted outwardly of a vast parallelepiped of whitish gray granite, 300 by 400 feet in area, hollowed out at a distance of 100 feet from the outer face into an interior court. This ground plan was broken by trifling projec-

tions which divided each front into five parts, a projecting center flanked with recessed wings and these again with projecting pavilions at the corners. A model of the building showed that in front of each of the central divisions it was proposed to build a three-story portico, and that from one end of the interior court a tower was to rise to the height of 350 feet or thereabouts. The diagram (page 162) gives an idea of the architectural treatment of the building for the

No hands to clasp, no lips to kiss.
 Who talks to me of heaven's bliss?
 Symphorien! Symphorien!
 Come back! come back! Deny the Lord!
 Traitor?—Who hissed that burning word?
 I did not say it. God! be just
 I did not keep him; I am dust.
 The flesh rebels. I am his mother.
 Thou didst not give me any other.
 Thine only Son?—but I am human.
 Art thou not God?—I am a woman.
 Symphorien! Symphorien!
 Come back!
 ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE POET'S ANSWER.

"WHENCE did it come?" No conscious thought of mine
 Chose out the theme, as from Carrara's stone
 The sculptor chooses the one block alone
 Best fitted to embody his divine
 Symbol of beauty. But, before one line
 Forecasts the form, as Fancy sees it shown
 Perfect, or yet a mallet chip is thrown
 Off from the mass that hides his dear design,—
 Suppose a flash of quick, electric light
 Should daze the sculptor's eye, and he should see
 Step from the stone, evoked as by a spell,
 The statue of his dream, Persephone:
 So sprang my Poem forth, revealed to sight,
 But by what magic wrought, I cannot tell.
 MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE TAMING OF THE FALCON.

THE bird sits spelled upon the lithe brown wrist
 Of yonder turbaned fowler, who hath lamed
 No feathered limb, but the winged spirit tamed
 With his compelling eye. He need not twist
 The silken toil, nor set the thick-limed snare;
 He lures the wanderer with his steadfast gaze,
 It shrinks, it quails, it trembles—yet obeys,
 And lo! he has enslaved the thing of air.
 The fixed, insistent human will is lord
 Of all the earth;—but in the awful sky,
 Reigns absolute, unreachd by deed or word,
 Above creation, through eternity,
 Outshining the sun's shield, the lightning's sword,
 The might of Allah's unaverted eye.
 EMMA LAZARUS.

THE GRASS-WORLD.

OH, life is rife in the heart of the year
 When midsummer suns sail high;
 And under the shadow of spike and spear,
 In the depth of the daisy sky,
 There's a life unknown to the careless glance;
 And under the stillness—an airy prance,
 And slender, jointed things astir,
 And gossamer wings in a sunny whir,—
 And a world of work and dance.
 Soft in its throbbing, the conscious green
 Demurely answers the breeze;
 While down in its tangle, in riotous sheen,
 The hoppers are bending their knees;
 And only a beetle, or lumbering ant,
 As he pushes a feathery spray aslant,—
 Or the sudden dip of a foraging bird,
 With its vibrant trail of the clover stirred,
 Discovers the secret haunt.

Ah, the grass-world dies in the autumn days,
 When, studded with sheaf and stack,
 The fields lie browning in sullen haze,
 And creak in the farmer's track.
 Hushed is the tumult the daisies knew,—
 The hidden sport of the supple crew;
 And lonely and dazed in the glare of day,
 The stiff-kneed hoppers refuse to play
 In the stubble that mocks the blue.
 For all things feel that the time is drear
 When life runs low in the heart of the year.
 MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE KING'S LESSON.

LOKMAN, the slave of Talmi, stood behind
 His master's table as he sat at meat;
 And oftentimes it pleased the royal mind
 With Lokman to divide some morsel sweet
 Of his abundance. It was his conceit
 One day to feed him with a melon-rind,
 Acrid and bitter, and unfit to eat;—
 This with no scornful purpose or unkind,
 But for a jest; and the king looked to see
 The slave's grimaces, but he looked in vain;
 For Lokman ate the melon placidly
 Nor of its evil taste did once complain.
 It might have been—for all was said or done—
 As sweet a fruit as ripens in the sun.

Then wonder at such patience came instead
 Of the light laughter for which Talmi planned:
 "You eat the thing, and make no sign!" he said;
 "You, that are used to dainties from my hand!"
 "Yea," said the slave, "it was my lord's command
 That I should eat; and when I have been fed
 Daily upon the fatness of the land,
 Should I for this thing be disquieted?
 Bitter or sweet, it is enough for me
 That Talmi gives it." And for this reply
 The king was pleased to make his bondsman free—
 Acknowledging a lesson learned thereby.
 "God is my king; henceforth the king shall meet
 With equal grace His bitter gifts and sweet."
 MARY BRADLEY.

UNATTAINED.

(TIRE, tired and spent, the day is almost run,
 And oh, so little done!
 Above, and far beyond, far out of sight,
 Height over height,
 I know the distant hills I should have trod,—
 The hills of God,—
 Lift up their airy peaks, crest over crest,
 Where I had prest
 My faltering, weary feet, had strength been given,
 And found my Heaven.
 Yet once, ah, once, the place where now I stand
 The promised land
 Seemed to my young, rapt vision, from afar.
 The morning star
 Shone for my guidance, beckoned me along,
 As fresh and strong,
 And all untried, untired I took my way
 At break of day.
 The path looked strewn with flowers, in that white
 light,
 Each distant height
 Smiled at me like a friend,—a faithful friend,—
 Sure that the end