

Suddenly two luminous bars stretched themselves over the earth. They were the great pencils of light sent out by the two reflectors which revolved above my head. Seen here at their source, the two beams seem to feel their way into the night with sudden, eager movements, as if they were searching for something lost. I could not weary of their movements, so voluntary they seemed, and so anxious. One instant they drew out of the shadows a hilly wood having white spots here and there in its foreground; it was the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and the next, replacing this, they stopped upon Notre Dame, throwing out into strong relief its great towers. As, shortly after, I was descending the long spiral staircase, stopping on one of the landings, I looked back to the top. The two illuminated arms seemed then to be raised into space, and were continuing their revolutions. Suddenly they met at right angles; for a moment against the black sky they formed a shining cross, the sign of pity and of prayer, a fitting crown for the great Tower.

The Exposition has revealed the advent of a new art, the art of building with iron. The reconciliation of the engineer and the artist will date from this event. Cinderella has made herself known to her sisters upon the Champ de Mars; industrial architecture with iron for its basis has henceforward an æsthetic value.

We notice first the great central dome over the main building, from which sweep out the five great wings. Here the iron was not a success, because it followed the old errors of construction and decoration, because it subordinated its own properties to those of stone, which it replaced. The ornamentation is heavy and gaudy. The imagination of the artist was evidently possessed with the magnificence of great opera-houses—those bad counsellors—and he tried to reproduce their leading features, the niches, the human figures, the overloadings of carved iron. Within and upon the façade this debasement of art is marked; emblematic knops alternate with large nude figures; upon the summits of pillars are to be seen engines, complicated machines, gods, beasts, reptiles, and all the symbolism pertinent to agriculture. There are too many reliefs, too many colours, too much gilding. For this attempt the iron was forced to be too sumptuous; it presents the appearance of a rude workman dressed out in his Sunday best. In this fine apparel can be seen no longer the only beauty which it possesses, a powerful and flexible muscularity.

Let us now enter the Palace of Machines. All the terms expressive of admiration have been exhausted before its nave, 150 feet