

slight but perceptible awaying, and that nothing can be seen from the top that could not be seen as well from a balloon.

In the face of these statements it would seem that its chief claim to consideration must be in the fact that it is the tallest structure ever designed by man. As an architectural achievement in the way of art for art's sake it is undoubtedly the greatest in this or any other century.

A brilliant French writer, M. Eugene-Melchior de Vogue, gives his impressions as follows of this remarkable structure :

We saw them lay the foundations deep down on a bed of solid clay ; soon the four megalithic feet of the elephant-like structure pressed upon the soil ; from these stone pedestals rafters sprang at such angles as to upset all our ideas as regarding the equilibrium of an edifice ; a forest of plate-iron work took root and grew, revealing nothing to the eyes watching as to its object. At a certain height the raising up of the material became very difficult ; cranes were fastened to the structure, which like huge crabs grasped with their pincers the needed articles, and, unmindful of their enormous weight, easily lifted them to their required places. A second story was thrown up from the first ; all of the framework seemed like an enormous carapace which gave neither the impression of height nor of beauty. However, the great difficulties were now conquered. The first story had presented to the constructor the hardest problems ; the second was finished with much less trouble in six months.

Starting from this story rose the slender column, making its way rapidly into space. The work of its construction largely escaped public view. The autumn mists often entirely concealed the aërial work-yard ; in the twilight of the winter afternoons might be seen reddening against the sky the fire of the forge ; one could scarcely hear the hammers which riveted the ironwork. There was this peculiarity about it, one seldom saw any workmen on the Tower ; it rose apparently alone, as if by the incantation of genii. The great works of other ages, the Pyramids for example, are associated in our minds with the idea of a multitude of human beings bending over handspikes and groaning under chains. The modern pyramid arose by the power of calculation, which made it require only a small number of workers. Each part of the great structure, each one of its bones of iron—to the number of twelve thousand—arrived perfect from the manufactory, and had only to be adjusted to its proper place in the gigantic

skeleton. The structure presented an example of what mathematicians call "an elegant demonstration."

At last, one beautiful morning in the spring, the Parisians who had watched the beginning of the great column, saw the shaft bordered by an entablature. A campanile rose from this platform, and on its summit our flag displayed its colours. In the evening there appeared in the place of the flag a giant carbuncle, the red eye of a Cyclops who darted his glance over all Paris. "The Tower is finished," cried the voice of fame.

My companions and myself were unanimous in remarking the acceleration of motion, the feverish haste of the Lilliputian people far below. The pedestrians seem to run, throwing forward their tiny limbs with automatic gestures. A moment of reflection, however, will explain the apparent contradiction in impressions ; the eye judges men from a height of one thousand feet as it habitually judges ants from a height of five feet, the relation is about the same. Who does not often exclaim, "How can such little animals run so fast ?" But the actual distance covered is so small that in one sense movement seems arrested. The comparison to an ant-hill is exact at every point, for the agitation of these multitudes of human atoms, rushing in every direction, seems at this distance, as inexplicable, as bizarre, as the flurry of movement seen in an ant-hill.

In the daytime one might prefer, to the urban view spread out from the height of this Tower, the vast and picturesque horizons which open from a peak of the Alps ; but in the evening it is without an equal in the world.

Late one evening I remained alone on the summit. I was struck with the strong resemblance of all my surroundings to those of a man standing on the deck of a vessel at sea. There were the chains, the windlass, the electric lamps fixed to the ceiling. To complete the illusion the wind was raging through the sheet-iron rigging. Even the ocean was not lacking, there it lay under my feet—Paris. The night fell, or rather the clouds, as great veils of crape which steadily grew thicker, rose from below and spread out between the city, and the sky still clear from my standpoint. It seemed as if the night was being drawn up from Paris. The different parts of the city vanished slowly one after another, and soon all were enveloped in darkness. Then lights began to appear, fast multiplying to infinity. Myriads of stars filled this abyss, assuming