

book described as commonly experienced there, but I learned with astonishment that my views did not agree with them. The book said that one would at first feel surprised at the arrest of all movement in Paris, at the immobility of the crowds in the streets and at the foot of the edifice. My companions and myself were unanimous in remarking the acceleration of motion, the feverish haste of the Lilliputian people. The pedestrians seemed 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. Again, the book said that oscillation was perceptible in high winds. I questioned the keeper of the lighthouse as to this, and he replied that occasionally when the air was very calm a slight swinging was noticed, but never any when the wind blew. With these exceptions our experience justified all that was written.

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 the forms of strange constellations joining at the horizon with those of the celestial vault.