

only in the gallery of Covent Garden, and the vision had been but the sight of the *prima donna* when shown to Sir Huon by Puck. Yet in another sense I had really seen all this; I had seen Reiza as Weber dreamt she was seen by her lover; I had realized, if but for an instant, the highest conception of imitative art—all had been true to me. The kingly opium, the prized drug had wrought a wonder for me, and where hundreds saw but an indifferent stage with a fat woman behind a gauze veil, had revealed to me a being beautiful beyond all understanding, and had made me stand under the very vault of the world.

On another occasion I varied the experiment of eating opium by smoking the drug. Not being certain as to what the immediate results might be I was very careful to remain at home, and having locked myself in my bedroom, commenced operations. I had resolved to lie down as soon as I should feel the action of the narcotic, but, owing probably to my frequent use of opium, I did not "go under" as quickly as I expected. When I did, I laid down the pipe, rolled over on to the bed and immediately dreamed, so rapidly indeed after lying down, that on awaking subsequently I could not help laughing at the sudden contrast of scenes between my wakeful and narcotised conditions. The last thing I had seen as I lay down was the homely little garden at the back of the house on which my window looked, with its three or four beds of flowers, its shady seat and heap of bricks, conventionally termed a "rockery." From this I passed into an inexplicable dream, the *reason* of which I have never been able to ascertain. I shot up suddenly to a giant size, to such a giant size that as I stood on this globe of ours I touched *sublimi sidera vertice*. In a mad frenzy the Titanic myself spun the earth round and round beneath his feet while thus poised in space; and, while engaged in this extraordinary game, I *dipped* my hands into the dark-blue heavens all o'er-studded with stars, and made planets and suns whirl hither and thither as soap bubbles in a basin. I remember that I had no feeling, no lurking suspicion of the whole being merely a dream, merely a phantasm of my excited brain, but that I revelled in the sense of god-like omnipotence and in the power for evil which had expanded in me. I exulted and rejoiced. I knew that no other being had ever enjoyed such glorious sport—and as the thought flashed in my brain, like a drunken giant I shouted aloud under the everlasting arches of