

1872

TWO THIEVES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Two Thieves (1872) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Two thieves went out to steal one day / Thinking that no one knew it:...

TWO THIEVES

(To the Misses Drury.) TWO thieves went out to steal one day
Thinking that no one knew it: Three little maids, I grieve to say,
Encouraged them to do it.

'Tis said that little children should Encourage men in stealing!

But these, I've always understood, Have got no proper feeling.

An aged friend, who chanced to pass Exactly at the minute, Said
"Children! Take this Looking-glass, And see your badness in it."

Jan. 11, 1872.

THE END

1881

TWO POEMS TO RACHEL DANIEL

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Two Poems to Rachel Daniel (1880, 1881) - Two of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines of the first poem: "Oh pudgy podgy pup! / Why did they wake you up?..."

TWO POEMS TO RACHEL DANIEL

I

"OH pudgy podgy pup!
 Why did they wake you up?
 Those crude nocturnal yells
 Are not like silver bells:
 Nor ever would recall
 Sweet Music's 'dying fall'.
 They rather bring to mind
 The bitter winter wind
 Through keyholes shrieking shrilly
 When nights are dark and chilly:
 Or like some dire duett,
 Or quarrelsome quartette,
 Of cats who chant their joys
 With execrable noise,
 And murder Time and Tune
 To vex the patient Moon!" Nov. 1880.

II

FOR "THE GARLAND OF RACHEL" (1881)
 WHAT hand may wreathe thy natal crown,
 O tiny tender Spirit-blossom,
 That out of Heaven hast fluttered down
 Into this Earth's cold bosom?

And how shall mortal bard aspire
 All sin-begrimed and sorrow-laden
 To welcome, with the Seraph-choir,
 A pure and perfect Maiden?

Are not God's minstrels ever near,
 Flooding with joy the woodland mazes?
 Which shall we summon,
 Baby dear, To carol forth thy praises?

With sweet sad song the Nightingale
 May soothe the broken hearts that languish
 Where graves are green- the orphans' wail,
 The widow's lonely anguish:

The Turtle-dove with amorous coo
May chide the blushing maid that lingers
To twine her bridal wreath anew
With weak and trembling fingers:

But human loves and human woes
Would dim the radiance of thy glory
Only the Lark such music knows
As fits thy stainless story.

The world may listen as it will
She recks not, to the skies up-springing:
Beyond our ken she singeth still
For very joy of singing.

THE END

1876

DOUBLE ACROSTIC:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS NEAR LONDON DWELL

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Double Acrostic: Two little girls near London dwell (1876) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: Two little girls in London dwell, / More naughty than I like to tell.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC:
TWO LITTLE GIRLS NEAR LONDON DWELL**

TWO little girls near London dwell,
More naughty than I like to tell.

1

Upon the lawn the hoops are seen:
The balls are rolling on the green. TurF

2

The Thames is running deep and wide:
And boats are rowing on the tide. RiveR

3

In winter-time, all in a row,
The happy skaters come and go. IcE

4

“Papa!” they cry, “Do let us stay!”
He does not speak, but says they may. NoD

5

“There is a land,” he says, “my dear,
Which is too hot to skate, I fear.” AfricA

THE END

869

TWO ACROSTICS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Two Acrostics: Round the wondrous globe; Maidens, if a maid you meet (1869) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, etc. Opening line of the first acrostic: Round the wondrous globe I wander wild,...

TWO ACROSTICS

(To Miss Ruth Dymes.) ROUND the wondrous globe I wander wild, Up and down-hill- Age succeeds to youth Toiling all in vain to find a child Half so loving, half so dear as Ruth.

(To Miss Margaret Dymes.)

MAIDENS, if a maid you meet Always free from pout and pet, Ready smile and temper sweet, Greet my little Margaret.

And if loved by all she be Rightly, not a pampered pet, Easily you then may see 'Tis my little Margaret.

THE END

1869

**TO THREE PUZZLED LITTLE GIRLS, FROM THE
AUTHOR**

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. To three puzzled little Girls, from the Author (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems.

Opening lines: Three little maidens weary of the rail, / Three pairs of little ears listening to a tale,...

**TO THREE PUZZLED LITTLE GIRLS, FROM THE AUTHOR
(To the three Misses Drury.)**

THREE little maidens weary of the rail,
Three pairs of little ears listening to a tale,
Three little hands held out in readiness,
For three little puzzles very hard to guess.
Three pairs of little eyes, open wonder-wide,
At three little scissors lying side by side.
Three little mouths that thanked an unknown Friend,
For one little book, he undertook to send.
Though whether they'll remember a friend, or book, or day
In three little weeks is very hard to say.
August 1869.

THE END 1869

1886

TO MY CHILD FRIEND

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. To my Child-Friend (1886) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Dedication to "The Game of Logic." Opening lines: I charm in vain: for never again, / All keenly as my glance I bend,...

TO MY CHILD FRIEND**DEDICATION TO "THE GAME OF LOGIC".**

I CHARM in vain: for never again,
 All keenly as my glance I bend,
 Will Memory, goddess coy,
 Embody for my joy Departed days, nor let me gaze
 On thee, my Fairy Friend!

Yet could thy face, in mystic grace,
 A moment smile on me, 'twould send
 Far-darting rays of light
 From Heaven athwart the night,
 By which to read in very deed
 Thy spirit, sweetest Friend!

So may the stream of Life's long dream
 Flow gently onward to its end,
 With many a floweret gay,
 A-down its willowy way:
 May no sigh vex, no care perplex,
 My loving little Friend!
 1886.

THE END

1869

TO M. A. B.

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. To M. A. B. (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. (To Miss Marion Terry, "Mary Ann Bessie Terry.") Opening lines: The royal MAB, dethroned, discrowned / By fairy rebels wild,...

TO M.A.B.

(To Miss Marion Terry, "Mary Ann Bessie Terry.")

THE royal MAB, dethroned, discrowned

By fairy rebels wild,

Has found a home on English ground,

And lives an English child.

I know it, Maiden, when I see

A fairy-tale upon your knee

And note the page that idly lingers

Beneath those still and listless fingers

And mark those dreamy looks that stray

To some bright vision far away,

Still seeking, in the pictured story,

The memory of a vanished glory.

THE END

1872

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Lewis Carroll Illustrations by John Tenniel

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Through the Looking-Glass (1872) - The sequel to "Alice in Wonderland." Alice climbs through a mirror and discovers that the world is totally reversed like the mirror's reflection. The ballad "Jabberwocky" is included in this book. Sir John Tenniel drew the classic illustrations.

Table Of Contents

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS	3
CHAPTER I	
LOOKING GLASS HOUSE	4
JABBERWOCKY	
CHAPTER II	
THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS	11
CHAPTER III	
LOOKING GLASS INSECTS	17
CHAPTER IV	
TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE	23
CHAPTER V	
WOOL AND WATER	30
CHAPTER VI	
HUMPTY DUMPTY	37
CHAPTER VII	
THE LION AND THE UNICORN	43
CHAPTER VIII	
“IT’S MY OWN INVENTION”	50
CHAPTER IX	
QUEEN ALICE	59
CHAPTER X	
SHAKING	68
CHAPTER XII	
WHICH DREAMED IT?	69

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Child of the pure unclouded brow And dreaming eyes of wonder!
 Though time be fleet, and I and thou Are half a life asunder, Thy
 loving smile will surely hail The love-gift of a fairy-tale. 5}

I have not seen thy sunny face, Nor heard thy silver laughter: No
 thought of me shall find a place In thy young life's hereafter- 10}
 Enough that now thou wilt not fail To listen to my fairy-tale.

A tale begun in other days, When summer suns were glowing- 15}
 A simple chime, that served to time The rhythm of our
 rowing Whose echoes live in memory yet, Though envious years
 would say 'forget.'

20} Come, hearken then, ere voice of dread, With bitter tidings
 laden, Shall summon to unwelcome bed A melancholy maiden! We
 are but order children, dear, 25} Who fret to find our bedtime near.
 Without, the frost, the blinding snow, The storm-wind's moody
 madness Within, the firelight's ruddy glow, 30} And childhood's
 nest of gladness.

The magic words shall hold thee fast: Thou shalt not heed the
 raving blast.

And, though the shadow of a sigh 35} May tremble through the
 story, For 'happy summer days' gone by, And vanish'd summer
 glory It shall not touch, with breath of bale, The pleasure, of our
 fairy-tale.

CHAPTER I

LOOKING GLASS HOUSE

ONE thing was certain, that the white kitten had had nothing to do with it- it was the black kitten's fault entirely. For the white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering): so you see that it couldn't have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose: and just now, as I said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr- no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down till it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth-rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!" cried Alice, catching up the kitten, and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace. "Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!" she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage- and then she scrambled back into the arm-chair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again. But she didn't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten, and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me- only Dinah was making you tidy, so you couldn't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire- and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty! Only it got so cold, and it snowed so, they had to leave off.

Never mind, we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow." Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck, just to see how it would look: this led to a scramble, in which the

ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

“Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty,” Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, “when I saw all the mischief you had been doing, I was very nearly opening the window, and putting you out into the snow! And you’d have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself? Now don’t interrupt me!” she went on, holding up one finger. “I’m going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you ca’n’t deny it, Kitty: I heard you! What’s that you say?” (pretending that the kitten was speaking). “Her paw went into your eye? Well, that’s your fault, for keeping your eyes open- if you’d shut them tight up, it wouldn’t have happened. Now don’t make any more excuses, but listen! Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she wasn’t thirsty too? Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I wasn’t looking!

“That’s three faults, Kitty, and you’ve not been punished for any of them yet.

You know I’m saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week- Suppose they had saved up all my punishments?” she went on, talking more to herself than the kitten. “What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Or- let me see- suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner: then, when the miserable day came, I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I shouldn’t mind that much! I’d far rather go without them than eat them!

“Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow loves the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says ‘Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.’ And when they wake up in the summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about- whenever the wind blows- oh, that’s very pretty!” cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. “And I do so wish it was true! I’m sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown.

“Kitty, can you play chess? Now, don’t smile, my dear, I’m asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing just now, you watched just as if you understood it: and when I said ‘Check!’ you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it

hadn't been for that nasty Knight, that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty, dear, let's pretend-" And here I wish I could tell you half the things Alice used to say, beginning with her favourite phrase "Let's pretend." She had had quite a long argument with her sister only the day before- all because Alice had begun with "Let's pretend we're kings and queens;" and her sister, who liked being very exact, had argued that they couldn't, because there were only two of them, and Alice had been reduced at last to say "Well, you can be one of them, then, and I'll be all the rest." And once she had really frightened her old nurse by shouting suddenly in her ear, "Nurse! Do let's pretend that I'm a hungry hyaena, and you're a bone!" But this is taking us away from Alice's speech to the kitten. "Let's pretend that you're the Red Queen, Kitty! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear!" And Alice got the Red Queen off the table, and set it up before the kitten as a model for it to imitate: however, the thing didn't succeed, principally, Alice said, because the kitten wouldn't fold its arms properly. So, to punish it, she held it up to the Looking glass, that it might see how sulky it was, "-and if you're not good directly," she added, "I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How would you like that? "Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, and not talk so much, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass- that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. I can see all of it when I get upon a chair- all but the bit just behind the fireplace.

Oh I do so wish I could see that bit! I want so much to know whether they've a fire in the winter: you never can tell, you know, unless our fire smokes, and then smoke comes up in that room too- but that may be only pretence, just to make it look as if they had a fire. Well then, the books are something like our books, only the words go the wrong way: I know that, because I've held up one of our books to the glass, and then they hold up one in the other room.

"How would you like to live in Looking-glass House, Kitty? I wonder if they'd give you milk in there? Perhaps Looking-glass milk isn't good to drink but oh, Kitty! now we come to the passage. You can just see a little peep of the passage in Looking-glass House, if you leave the door of our drawing-room wide open: and it's very like our passage as far as you can see, only you know it may be quite different on beyond. Oh, Kitty, how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure it's got, oh! such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way

of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It'll be easy enough to get through-

She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass was beginning to melt away, just like a bright silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room. The very first thing she did was to look whether there was a fire in the fireplace, and she was quite pleased to find that there was a real one, blazing away as brightly as the one she had left behind. "So I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room," thought Alice: "warmer, in fact, because there'll be no one here to scold me away from the fire. Oh, what fun it'll be, when they see me through the glass in here, and ca'n't get at me!" Then she began looking about, and noticed that what could be seen from the old room was quite common and uninteresting, but that all the rest was as different as possible. For instance, the pictures on the wall next the fire seemed to be all alive, and the very clock on the chimney-piece (you know you can only see the back of it in the Looking-glass) had got the face of a little old man, and grinned at her.

"They don't keep this room so tidy as the other!" Alice thought to herself, as she noticed several of the chessmen down in the hearth among the cinders; but in another moment, with a little "Oh!" of surprise, she was down on her hands and knees watching them. The chessmen were walking about, two and two!

"Here are the Red King and the Red Queen," Alice said (in a whisper, for fear of frightening them), "and there are the White King and the White Queen sitting on the edge of the shovel- and here are two Castles walking arm in arm- I don't think they can hear me," she went on, as she put her head closer down, "and I'm nearly sure they ca'n't see me. I feel somehow as if I was getting invisible-" Here something began squeaking on the table behind Alice, and made her turn her head just in time to see one of the White Pawns roll over and begin kicking: she watched it with great curiosity to see what would happen next.

"It is the voice of my child!" the White Queen cried out, as she rushed past the King, so violently that she knocked him over among the cinders. "My precious Lily! My imperial kitten!" and she began scrambling wildly up the side of the fender.

"Imperial fiddlestick!" said the King, rubbing his nose, which had been hurt by the fall. He had a right to be a little annoyed with the Queen, for he was covered with ashes from head to foot.

Alice was very anxious to be of use, and, as the poor little Lily was nearly screaming herself into a fit, she hastily picked up the Queen and set her on the table by the side of her noisy little daughter.

The Queen gasped, and sat down: the rapid journey through the air had quite taken away her breath, and for a minute or two she could do nothing but hug the little Lily in silence. As soon as she had recovered her breath a little, she called out to the White King, who was sitting sulkily among the ashes, "Mind the volcano!"

"What volcano?" said the King, looking up anxiously into the fire, as if he thought that was the most likely place to find one.

"Blew- me- up," panted the Queen, who was still a little out of breath. "Mind you come up- the regular way- don't get blown up!" Alice watched the White King as he slowly struggled up from bar to bar, till at last she said "Why, you'll be hours and hours getting to the table, at that rate.

I'd far better help you, hadn't I?" But the King took no notice of the question: it was quite clear that he could neither hear her nor see her.

So Alice picked him up very gently, and lifted him across more slowly than she had lifted the Queen, that she mightn't take his breath away; but, before she put him on the table, she thought she might as well dust him a little, he was so covered with ashes.

She said afterwards that she had never seen in all her life such a face as the King made, when he found himself held in the air by an invisible hand, and being dusted: he was far too much astonished to cry out, but his eyes and his mouth went on getting larger and larger, and rounder and rounder, till her hand shook so with laughing that she nearly let him drop upon the floor.

"Oh! please don't make such faces, my dear!" she cried out, quite forgetting that the King couldn't hear her. "You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you! And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the ashes will get into it there, now I think you are tidy enough!" she added, as she smoothed his hair, and set him upon the table near the Queen.

The King immediately fell flat on his back, and lay perfectly still; and Alice was a little alarmed at what she had done, and went round the room to see if she could find any water to throw over him. However, she could find nothing but a bottle of ink, and when she got back with it she found he had recovered, and he and the Queen were talking together in a frightened whisper- so low, that Alice could hardly hear what they said.

The King was saying "I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!" To which the Queen replied "You haven't got any whiskers." "The horror of that moment," the King

went on, "I shall never, never forget!" "You will, though," the Queen said, "if you don't make a memorandum of it." Alice looked on with great interest as the King took an enormous memorandum-book out of his pocket, and began writing. A sudden thought struck her, and she took hold of the end of the pencil, which came some way over his shoulder, and began writing for him.

The poor King looked puzzled and unhappy, and struggled with the pencil for some time without saying anything; but Alice was too strong for him, and at last he panted out "My dear! I really must get a thinner pencil. I ca'n't manage this one a bit: it writes all manner of things that I don't intend-" "What manner of things?" said the Queen, looking over the book (in which Alice had put 'The White Knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly'). "That's not a memorandum of your feelings!" There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she sat watching the White King (for she was still a little anxious about him, and had the ink all ready to throw over him, in case he fainted again), she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read, "-for it's all in some language I don't know," she said to herself.

It was like this.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION) She puzzled over this for some time, but at last a bright thought struck her.

"Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And, if I hold it up to a glass, the words will all go the right way again." This was the poem that Alice read JABBERWOCKY 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand: Long time the manxome foe he sought So rested he by the Tumtum tree, And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffling through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through The vorpal blade went snicker-snack! He left it dead, and with its head He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"

He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.

"It seems very pretty," she said when she had finished it, "but it's rather hard to understand!" (You see she didn't like to confess, even to herself, that she couldn't make it out at all.) "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas- only I don't exactly know what they are! However, somebody killed something: that's clear, at any rate-" "But oh!" thought Alice, suddenly jumping up, "if I don't make haste, I shall have to go back through the Looking-glass, before I've seen what the rest of the house is like! Let's have a look at the garden first!" She was out of the room in a moment, and ran down stairs- or, at least, it wasn't exactly running, but a new invention for getting down stairs quickly and easily, as Alice said to herself. She just kept the tips of her fingers on the hand-rail, and floated gently down without even touching the stairs with her feet: then she floated on through the hall, and would have gone straight out at the door in the same way, if she hadn't caught hold of the door-post. She was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way.

CHAPTER II

THE GARDEN OF LIVE FLOWERS

“I SHOULD see the garden far better,” said Alice to herself, “if I could get to the top of that hill: and here’s a path that leads straight to it- at least, no, it doesn’t do that-” (after going a few yards along the path, and turning several sharp corners), “but I suppose it will at last. But how curiously it twists! It’s more like a corkscrew than a path! Well this turn goes to the hill, I suppose- no, it doesn’t! This goes straight back to the house! Well then, I’ll try it the other way.” And so she did: wandering up and down, and trying turn after turn, but always coming back to the house, do what she would. Indeed, once, when she turned a corner rather more quickly than usual, she ran against it before she could stop herself.

“It’s no use talking about it,” Alice said, looking up at the house and pretending it was arguing with her. “I’m not going in again yet. I know I should have to get through the Looking-glass again- back into the old room- and there’d be an end of all my adventures!” So, resolutely turning her back upon the house, she set out once more down the path, determined to keep straight on till she got to the hill. For a few minutes all went on well, and she was just saying “I really shall do it this time-” when the path gave a sudden twist and shook itself (as she described it afterwards), and the next moment she found herself actually walking in at the door.

“Oh, it’s too bad!” she cried. “I never saw such a house for getting in the way! Never!” However, there was the hill full in sight, so there was nothing to be done but start again. This time she came upon a large flower-bed, with a border of daisies, and a willow-tree growing in the middle.

“O Tiger-lily!” said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, “I wish you could talk!” “We can talk,” said the Tiger-lily, “when there’s anybody worth talking to.” Alice was so astonished that she couldn’t speak for minute: it quite seemed to take her breath away. At length, the Tiger-lily only went waving about, she spoke again, in a timid voice- almost in a whisper. “And can all the flowers talk?” “As well as you can,” said the Tiger-lily. “And a great deal louder.” “It isn’t manners for us to begin, you know,” said the Rose, “and I really was wondering when you’d speak! Said I to myself, ‘Her face has got some sense in it, though it’s not a clever one!’ Still, you’re the right colour, and that goes a long way.” “I don’t care about the colour,” the Tiger-lily

remarked. "If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right."

Alice didn't like being criticized, so she began asking questions. "Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here, with nobody to take care of you?" "There's the tree in the middle," said the Rose. "What else is it good for?" "But what could it do, if any danger came?" Alice asked.

"It could bark," said the Rose.

"It says 'Boughwough!'" cried a Daisy. "That's why its branches are called boughs!" "Didn't you know that?" cried another Daisy. And here they all began shouting together, till the air seemed quite full of little shrill voices. "Silence, every one of you!" cried the Tiger-lily, waving itself passionately from side to side, and trembling with excitement. "They know I ca'n't get at them!" it panted, bending its quivering head towards Alice, "or they wouldn't dare to do it!" "Never mind!" Alice said in a soothing tone, and, stooping down to the daisies, who were just beginning again, she whispered "If you don't hold your tongues, I'll pick you!" There was silence in a moment, and several of the pink daisies turned white.

"That's right!" said the Tiger-lily. "The daisies are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin together, and it's enough to make one wither to hear the way they go on!"

"How is it you can all talk so nicely?" Alice said, hoping to get it into a better temper by a compliment. "I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk." "Put your hand down, and feel the ground," said the Tiger-lily. "Then you'll know why." Alice did so. "It's very hard," she said; "but I don't see what that has to do with it." "In most gardens," the Tiger-lily said, "they make the beds too soft- so that the flowers are always asleep." This sounded a very good reason, and Alice was quite pleased to know it. "I never thought of that before!" she said.

"It's my opinion that you never think at all," the Rose said, in a rather severe tone.

"I never saw anybody that looked stupider," a Violet said, so suddenly, that Alice quite jumped; for it hadn't spoken before.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the Tiger-lily. "As if you ever saw anybody! You keep your head under the leaves, and snore away there, till you know no more what's going on in the world, than if you were a bud!" "Are there any more people in the garden besides me?" Alice said, not choosing to notice the Rose's last remark.

"There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you," said the Rose. "I wonder how you do it-" ("You're always

wondering,” said the Tigerlily), “but she’s more bushy than you are.” “Is she like me?” Alice asked eagerly, for the thought crossed her mind, “There’s another little girl in the garden, somewhere!” “Well, she has the same awkward shape as you,” the Rose said: “but she’s redder- and her petals are shorter, I think.” “They’re done up close, like a dahlia,” said the Tiger-lily: “not tumbled about, like yours.” “But that’s not your fault,” the Rose added kindly. “You’re beginning to fade, you know- and then one ca’n’t help one’s petals getting a little untidy.” Alice didn’t like this idea at all: so, to change the subject, she asked “Does she ever come out here?” “I daresay you’ll see her soon,” said the Rose. “She’s one of the kind that has nine spikes, you know.” “Where does she wear them?” Alice asked with some curiosity.

“Why, all round her head, of course,” the Rose replied. “I was wondering you hadn’t got some too. I thought it was the regular rule.” “She’s coming!” cried the Larkspur. “I hear her footstep, thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!”

Alice looked round eagerly and found that it was the Red Queen. “She’s grown a good deal!” was her first remark. She had indeed: when Alice first found her in the ashes, she had been only three inches high- and here she was, half a head taller than Alice herself! “It’s the fresh air that does it,” said the Rose: “wonderfully fine air it is, out here.” “I think I’ll go and meet her,” said Alice, for, though the flowers were interesting enough, she felt that it would be far grander to have a talk with a real Queen.

“You ca’n’t possibly do that,” said the Rose: “I should advise you to walk the other way.” This sounded nonsense to Alice, so she said nothing, but set off at once towards the Red Queen. To her surprise she lost sight of her in a moment, and found herself walking in at the front-door again.

A little provoked, she drew back, and, after looking everywhere for the Queen (whom she spied out at last, a long way off), she thought she would try the plan, this time, of walking in the opposite direction.

It succeeded beautifully. She had not been walking a minute before she found herself face to face with the Red Queen, and full in sight of the hill she had been so long aiming at.

“Where do you come from?” said the Red Queen. “And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your fingers all the time.”

Alice attended to all these directions, and explained, as well as she could, that she had lost her way.

“I don’t know what you mean by your way,” said the Queen: “all the ways about here belong to me- but why did you come out here

at all?" she added in a kinder tone. "Curtsey while you're thinking what to say. It saves time." Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in awe of the Queen to disbelieve it. "I'll try it when I go home," she thought to herself, "the next time I'm a little late for dinner." "It's time for you to answer now," the Queen said, looking at her watch: "open your mouth a little wider when you speak, and always say 'your Majesty.'" "I only wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty-" "That's right," said the Queen, patting her on the head, which Alice didn't like at all: "though, when you say 'garden'- I've seen gardens, compared with which this would be a wilderness." Alice didn't dare to argue the point, but went on: "-and I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill-" "When you say 'hill,'" the Queen interrupted, "I could show you hills, in comparison with which you'd call that a valley." "No, I shouldn't," said Alice, surprised into contradicting her at last: "a hill ca'n't be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense-" The Red Queen shook her head. "You may call it 'nonsense' if you like," she said, "but I've heard nonsense, compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary!" Alice curtsied again, as she was afraid from the Queen's tone that she was a little offended: and they walked on in silence till they got to the top of the little hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

"I declare it's marked out just like a large chess-board!" Alice said at last.

"There ought to be some men moving about somewhere- and so there are!" she added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. "It's a great huge game of chess that's being played- all over the world- if this is the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I wish I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join- though of course I should like to be a Queen, best." She glanced rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said "That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play; and you're in the Second Square to begin with: when you get to the Eighth Square you'll be a Queen-" Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to run.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was that they began: all she remembers is, that they were running hand in hand, and the Queen went so fast that it was all she could do to keep up with her: and still the Queen kept crying "Faster! Faster!" but Alice felt she could not go faster, though she had no breath left to say so.

The most curious part of the thing was, that the trees and the other things round them never changed their places at all: however fast they went, they never seemed to pass anything. "I wonder if all the things move along with us?" thought poor puzzled Alice. And the Queen seemed to guess her thoughts, for she cried "Faster! Don't try to talk!" Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath: and still the Queen cried "Faster! Faster!" and dragged her along. "Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.

"Nearly there!" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago! Faster!" And they ran on for a time in silence, with the wind whistling in Alice's ears, and almost blowing her hair off her head, she fancied.

"Now! Now!" cried the Queen. "Faster! Faster!" And they went so fast that at last they seemed to skim through the air, hardly touching the ground with their feet, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sitting on the ground, breathless and giddy.

The Queen propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, "You may rest a little, now." Alice looked round her in great surprise. "Why, I do believe we've been under this tree the whole time! Everything's just as it was!" "Of course it is," said the Queen. "What would you have it?" "Well, in our country," said Alice, still panting a little, "you'd generally get to somewhere else-if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing." "A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!" "I'd rather not try, please!" said Alice. "I'm quite content to stay here-only I am so hot and thirsty!" "I know what you'd like!" the Queen said good-naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket. "Have a biscuit?" Alice thought it would not be civil to say "No," though it wasn't at all what she wanted. So she took it, and ate it as well as she could: and it was very dry: and she thought she had never been so nearly choked in all her life.

"While you're refreshing yourself," said the Queen, "I'll just take the measurements." And she took a ribbon out of her pocket,

marked in inches, and began measuring the ground, and sticking little pegs in here and there.

“At the end of two yards,” she said, putting in a peg to mark the distance, “I shall give you your directions- have another biscuit?”

“No, thank you,” said Alice: “one’s quite enough!” “Thirst quenched, I hope?” said the Queen.

Alice did not know what to say to this, but luckily the Queen did not wait for an answer, but went on. “At the end of three yards I shall repeat them- for fear of your forgetting them. At the end of four, I shall say good-bye. And at the end of five, I shall go!” She had got all the pegs put in by this time, and Alice looked on with great interest as she returned to the tree, and then began slowly walking down the row.

At the two-yard peg she faced round, and said “A pawn goes two squares in its first move, you know. So you’ll go very quickly through the Third Square- by railway, I should think- and you’ll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time.

Well, that square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee- the Fifth is mostly water- the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty- But you make no remark?” “I- I didn’t know I had to make one- just then” Alice faltered out.

“You should have said,” the Queen went on in a tone of grave reproof, “It’s extremely kind of you to tell me all this’- however, we’ll suppose it said- the Seventh Square is all forest- however, one of the Knights will show you the way- and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it’s all feasting and fun!” Alice got up and curtseyed, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said “Speak in French when you ca’n’t think of the English for a thing- turn out your toes as you walk- and remember who you are!” She did not wait for Alice to curtsey this time, but walked on quickly to the next peg, where she turned for a moment to say “Good-bye,” and then hurried on to the last.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but exactly as she came to the last peg, she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or whether she ran quickly into the wood (“and she can run very fast!” thought Alice), there was no way of guessing, but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time for her to move.

CHAPTER III

LOOKING GLASS INSECTS

OF course the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. "It's something very like learning geography," thought Alice, as she stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further.

"Principal rivers- there are none. Principal mountains- I'm on the only one, but I don't think it's got any name. Principal towns- why, what are those creatures, making honey down there? They ca'n't be bees- nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know-" and for some time she stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them, "just as if it was a regular bee," thought Alice.

However, this was anything but a regular bee: in fact, it was an elephant- as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first. "And what enormous flowers they must be!" was her next idea. "Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them- and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I'll go down and- no, I wo'n't go just yet," she went on, checking herself just as she was beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. "It'll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away- and what fun it'll be when they ask me how I liked my walk. I shall say 'Oh, I liked it well enough ' (here came the favourite little toss of the head), 'only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!" "I think I'll go down the other way," she said after a pause; "and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!" So, with this excuse, she ran down the hill, and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

"Tickets, please!" said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket: they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

"Now then! Show your ticket, child!" the Guard went on, looking angrily at Alice. And a great many voices all said together ("like the chorus of a song," thought Alice) "Don't keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!" "I'm afraid I haven't got one," Alice said in a frightened tone: "there wasn't a ticket-office where I came from." And again the chorus of voices went on. "There wasn't room for one where she came from.

The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!" "Don't make excuses," said the Guard: "you should have bought one from the engine-driver." And once more the chorus of voices went on with "The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!"

Alice thought to herself "Then there's no use in speaking." The voices didn't join in, this time, as she hadn't spoken, but, to her great surprise, they all thought in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means- for I must confess that I don't), "Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!" "I shall dream about a thousand pounds tonight, I know I shall!" thought Alice.

All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said "You're traveling the wrong way," and shut up the window, and went away.

"So young a child," said the gentleman sitting opposite to her, (he was dressed in white paper,) "ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!" A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, "She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn't know her alphabet!" There was a Beetle sitting next the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, he went on with "She'll have to go back from here as luggage!"

Alice couldn't see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. "Change engines-" it said, and there it choked and was obliged to leave off.

"It sounds like a horse," Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said "You might make a joke on that-something about 'horse' and 'hoarse,' you know." Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, "She must be labeled 'Lass, with care,' you know-" And after that other voices went on ("What a number of people there are in the carriage!" thought Alice), saying "She must go by post, as she's got a head on her-" "She must be sent as a message by the telegraph-" "She must draw the train herself the rest of the way-," and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned forwards and whispered in her ear, "Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops." "Indeed I sha'n't!" Alice said rather impatiently. "I don't belong to this railway journey at all- I was in a wood just now- and I wish I could get back there!" "You might make a joke on that," Said the little voice

close to her ear: “something about ‘you would if you could,’ you know.”

“Don’t tease so,” said Alice, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from. “If you’re so anxious to have a joke made, why don’t you make one yourself?” The little voice sighed deeply. It was very unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it, “if it would only sigh like other people!” she thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that she wouldn’t have heard it at all, if it hadn’t come quite close to her ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled her ear very much, and quite took off her thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

“I know you are a friend,” the little voice went on: “a dear friend, and an old friend. And you wo’n’t hurt me, though I am an insect.” “What kind of insect?” Alice inquired, a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she thought this wouldn’t be quite a civil question to ask.

“What, then you don’t-” the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said “It’s only a brook we have to jump over.” Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. “However, it’ll take us into the Fourth Square, that’s some comfort!” she said to herself.

In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat’s beard.

But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree- while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a very large Gnat: “about the size of a chicken,” Alice thought. Still, she couldn’t feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

“-then you don’t like all insects?” the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

“I like them when they can talk,” Alice said. “None of them ever talk, where I come from.” “What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?” the Gnat inquired.

“I don’t rejoice in insects at all,” Alice explained, “because I’m rather afraid of them- at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them.” “Of course they answer to their names?” the Gnat remarked carelessly.

"I never knew them do it."

"What's the use of their having names," the Gnat said, "if they wo'n't answer to them?" "No use to them," said Alice; "but it's useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?" "I ca'n't say," the Gnat replied. "Further on, in the wood down there, they've got no names- however, go on with your list of insects: you're wasting time." "Well, there's the Horse-fly," Alice began, counting off the names on her fingers.

"All right," said the Gnat. "Half way up that bush, you'll see a Rocking-horsefly, if you look. It's made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch." "What does it live on?" Alice asked, with great curiosity.

"Sap and sawdust," said the Gnat. "Go on with the list." Alice looked at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then she went on.

"And there's the Dragon-fly." "Look on the branch above your head," said the Gnat, "and there you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy."

"And what does it live on?" Alice asked, as before.

"Frumenty and mince-pie," the Gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas-box." "And then there's the Butterfly," Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, "I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles- because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!" "Crawling at your feet," said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), "you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar." "And what does it live on?" Weak tea with cream in it.

A new difficulty came into Alice's head. "Supposing it couldn't find any?" she suggested.

"Then it would die, of course." "But that must happen very often," Alice remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked "I suppose you don't want to lose your name?"

"No, indeed" Alice said, a little anxiously.

"And yet I don't know," the Gnat went on in a careless tone: "only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your

lessons, she would call out ‘Come here-,’ and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn’t be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn’t have to go, you know.” “That would never do, I’m sure,” said Alice: “the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn’t remember my name, she’d call me ‘Miss,’ as the servants do.” “Well, if she said ‘Miss,’ and didn’t say anything more,” the Gnat remarked, “of course you’d miss your lessons. That’s a joke. I wish you had made it.” “Why do you wish I had made it?” Alice asked. “It’s a very bad one.” But the Gnat only sighed deeply while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

“You shouldn’t make jokes,” Alice said, “if it makes you so unhappy.” Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on: “for I certainly won’t go back,” she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

“This must be the wood,” she said thoughtfully to herself, “where things have no names. I wonder what’ll become of my name when I go in? I shouldn’t like to lose it at all- because they’d have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be, trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That’s just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs- ‘answers to the name of “Dash”’: had on a brass collar’- just fancy calling everything you met ‘Alice,’ till one of them answered! Only they wouldn’t answer at all, if they were wise.” She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood: it looked very cool and shady. “Well, at any rate it’s a great comfort,” she said as she stepped under the trees, “after being so hot, to get into the- into the- into what?” she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. “I mean to get under the- under the- under this, you know!” putting her hand on the trunk of the tree.

“What does it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it’s got no name- why, to be sure it hasn’t!” She stood silent for a minute, thinking; then she suddenly began again. “Then it really has happened, after all! And now, who am I? I will remember, if I can! I’m determined to do it!” But being determined didn’t help her much, and all she

could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was “L, I know it begins with L!”

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at Alice with its large gentle eyes, but didn’t seem at all frightened. “Here then! Here then!” Alice said, as she held out her hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at her again.

“What do you call yourself?” the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

“I wish I knew!” thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, “Nothing, just now.” “Think again,” it said: “that wo’n’t do.” Alice thought, but nothing came of it. “Please, would you tell me what you call yourself?” she said timidly. “I think that might help a little.” “I’ll tell you, if you’ll come a little further on,” the Fawn said. “I ca’n’t remember here.” So they walked on together through the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from Alice’s arm. “I’m a Fawn!” it cried out in a voice of delight. “And, dear me you’re a human child!” A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveler so suddenly. “However, I know my name now,” she said: “that’s some comfort. Alice- Alice- I won’t forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?” It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. “I’ll settle it,” Alice said to herself, “when the road divides and they point different ways.” But this did not seem likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided, there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked ‘TO TWEEDLEDUM’S HOUSE,’ and the other ‘TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE.’ “I do believe,” said Alice at last, “that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before- But I ca’n’t stay there long. I’ll just call and say ‘How d’ye do?’ and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!” So she wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she could not help starting back, but in another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be.

CHAPTER IV

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

THEY were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had 'DUM' embroidered on his collar, and the other 'DEE.' "I suppose they've each got 'TWEEDLE' round at the back of the collar," she said to herself.

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just going round to see if the word TWEEDLE was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked 'DUM.' "If you think we're wax-works," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!" "Contrariwise," added the one marked 'DEE,' "if you think we're alive, you ought to speak." "I'm sure I'm very sorry," was all Alice could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through her head like the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly help saying them out loud: "Tweedledum and Tweedledee Agreed to have a battle; For Tweedledum said Tweedledee Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow, As black as a tar-barrel; Which frightened both the heroes so, They quite forgot their quarrel."

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum; "but it isn't so, nohow." "Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic." "I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?" But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying "First Boy!" "Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next Boy!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.

"You've begun wrong!" cried Tweedledum. "The first thing in a visit is to say 'How d'ye do?' and shake hands!" And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one's feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once: the next moment they were dancing round in a ring. This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterwards), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing: it seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

"But it certainly was funny," (Alice said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of all this,) "to find myself singing 'Here we go round the mulberry bush.' I don't know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I'd been singing it a long long time!" The other two dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. "Four times round is enough for one dance," Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun: the music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice's hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. "It would never do to say 'How d'ye do' now," she said to herself: "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!"

"I hope you're not much tired?" she said at last.

"Nohow. And thank you very much for asking," said Tweedledum.

"So much obliged!" added Tweedledee. "You like poetry?" "Ye-es, pretty well- some poetry," Alice said doubtfully. "Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?" "What shall I repeat to her?" said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice's question.

"'The Walrus and the Carpenter' is the longest," Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly: "The sun was shining-"

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. "If it's very long," she said, as politely as she could, "would you please tell me first which road-" Tweedledee smiled gently, and began again: "The sun was shining on the sea, Shining with all his might: He did his very best to make The billows smooth and bright And this was odd, because it was The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily, Because she thought the sun Had got no business to be there After the day was done 'It's very rude of him,' she said, 'To come and spoil the fun!'

The sea was wet as wet could be, The sands were dry as dry.

You could not see a cloud, because No cloud was in the sky:

No birds were flying overhead
 There were no birds to fly.
 The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Were walking close at hand:
 They wept like anything to see
 Such quantities of sand:
 'If this were only cleared away,'
 They said, 'it would be grand!
 'If seven maids with seven mops
 Swept it for half a year, Do you
 suppose,' the Walrus said, 'That they
 could get it clear?' 'I doubt it,'
 said the Carpenter, And shed a bitter
 tear.
 'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
 The Walrus did beseech.
 'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
 Along the briny beach: We
 cannot do with more than four,
 To give a hand to each.'
 The eldest Oyster looked at him,
 But never a word he said:
 The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
 And shook his heavy
 head
 Meaning to say he did not choose
 To leave the, oyster-bed.
 But four young Oysters hurried up,
 All eager for the treat:
 Their coats were brushed, their faces
 washed, Their shoes were
 clean and neat
 And this was odd, because, you know,
 They hadn't
 any feet.
 Four other Oysters followed them,
 And yet another four; And thick
 and fast they came at last,
 And more, and more, and more
 All
 hopping through the frothy waves,
 And scrambling to the shore.
 The Walrus and the Carpenter
 Walked on a mile or so, And then
 they rested on a rock
 Conveniently low: And all the little
 Oysters
 stood And waited in a row.
 'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
 'To talk of many things: of
 shoes- and ships- sealing-wax
 Of cabbages- and kings
 And why the
 sea is boiling hot
 And whether pigs have wings.'
 'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
 'Before we have our chat; For
 some of us are out of breath,
 And all of us are fat!' 'No hurry!'
 said
 the Carpenter.
 They thanked him much for that.
 'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
 'Is what we chiefly need:
 Pepper and vinegar besides
 Are very good indeed
 Now, if you're
 ready, Oysters dear, We can begin
 to feed.'
 'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
 Turning a little blue.
 'After such kindness, that would be
 A dismal thing to do!'
 'The night is fine,' the Walrus said.
 'Do you admire the view?'
 'It was so kind of you to come!
 And you are very nice!' The
 Carpenter said nothing but 'Cut us
 another slice.
 I wish you were not quite so deaf
 I've had to ask you twice!'
 'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said
 'To play them such a trick.
 After we've brought them out so far,
 And made them trot so
 quick!' The Carpenter said nothing
 but 'The, butter's spread too
 thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said: 'I deeply sympathize.' With sobs and tears he sorted out Those of the largest size, Holding his pocket-handkerchief Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter, 'You've had a pleasant run! Shall we be trotting home again?' But answer came there none And this was scarcely odd, because They'd eaten every one."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters." "He ate more than the Carpenter, though," said Tweedledee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took: contrariwise." "That was mean!" Alice said indignantly. "Then I like the Carpenter best- if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus." "But he ate as many as he could get," said Tweedledum.

This was a puzzler. After a pause, Alice began, "Well! They were both very unpleasant characters-" Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her Eke the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. "Are there any lions or tigers about here?" she asked timidly.

"It's only the Red King snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him!" the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice's hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

"Isn't he a lovely sight?" said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn't say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud "fit to snore his head off!" as Tweedledum remarked.

"I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass," said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee: "and what do you think he's dreaming about?" Alice said "Nobody can guess that." "Why, about you!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly.

"And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?" "Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not You!" Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!" "If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out-bang! just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't" Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying "Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise." "Well, it's no use your talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real." "I am real!" said Alice, and began to cry.

"You wo'n't make yourself a bit realler by crying," Tweedledee remarked: "there's nothing to cry about." "If I wasn't real!" Alice said- half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous- "I shouldn't be able to cry." "I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

"I know they're talking nonsense," Alice thought to herself: "and it's foolish to cry about it." So she brushed away her tears, and went on, as cheerfully as she could, "At any rate I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming on very dark. Do you think it's going to rain?"

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is," he said: "at least- not under here. Nohow." "But it may rain outside?" "It may- if it chooses," said Tweedledee: "we've no objection. Contrariwise." "Selfish things!" thought Alice, and she was just going to say "Good-night" and leave them, when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella and seized her by the wrist.

"Do you see that?" he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under the tree.

"It's only a rattle," Alice said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. "Not a rattle-snake, you know," she added hastily, thinking that he was frightened: "only an old rattle- quite old and broken." "I knew it was!" cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. "It's spoilt, of course!" Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.

Alice laid her hand upon his arm and said, in a soothing tone, "You needn't be so angry about an old rattle." "But it isn't old!" Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. "It's new, I tell you- I bought it yesterday- my nice NEW RATTLE!" and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it: which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother. But he couldn't quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out: and

there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes- "looking more like a fish than anything else," Alice thought.

"Of course you agree to have a battle?" Tweedledum said in a calmer tone.

"I suppose so," the other sulkily replied, as he crawled out of the umbrella: "only she must help us to dress up, you know." So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things- such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, tablecloths, dish-covers, and coal-scuttles. "I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings?" Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other." Alice said afterwards she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life- the way those two bustled about- and the quantity of things they put on- and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons- "Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!" she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, "to keep his head from being cut off," as he said.

"You know," he added very gravely, "it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle- to get one's head cut off." Alice laughed loud: but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He called it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a saucepan.) "Well- yes- a little," Alice replied gently.

"I'm very brave, generally," he went on in a low voice: "only to-day I happen to have a headache." "And I've got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark.

"I'm far worse than you!" "Then you'd better not fight to-day," said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long," said Tweedledum. "What's the time now?" Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said "Half-past four." "Let's fight till six, and then have dinner," said Tweedledum.

"Very well," the other said, rather sadly: "and she can watch us- only you'd better not come very close," he added: "I generally hit every thing I can see when I get really excited."

"And I hit every thing within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not!" Alice laughed. "You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think," she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. "I don't suppose," he said, "there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far

round, by the time we've finished!" "And all about a rattle!" said Alice, still hoping to make them a little ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

"I shouldn't have minded it so much," said Tweedledum, "if it hadn't been a new one." "I wish the monstrous crow would come!" thought Alice.

"There's only one sword, you know," Tweedledum said to his brother: "but you can have the umbrella- it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can." "And darker," said Tweedledee.

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought there must be a thunderstorm coming on. "What a thick black cloud that is!" she said. "And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!" "It's the crow!" Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm; and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. "It can never get at me here," she thought: "it's far too large to squeeze itself in among the trees. But I wish it wouldn't flap its wings so- it makes quite a hurricane in the wood- here's somebody's shawl being blown away!"

CHAPTER V

WOOL AND WATER

SHE caught the shawl as she spoke, and looked about for the owner: in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl. "I'm very glad I happened to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on her shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like "Bread-andbutter, bread-and-butter," and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly: "Am I addressing the White Queen?" "Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all." Alice thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she smiled and said "If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can." "But I don't want it done at all!" groaned the poor Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours."

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her, she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked," Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins!- May I put your shawl straight for you?" she added aloud.

"I don't know what's the matter with it!" the Queen said, in a melancholy voice. "It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!" "It ca'n't go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side," Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; "and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!" "The brush has got entangled in it!" the Queen said with a sigh. "And I lost the comb yesterday." Alice carefully released the brush, and did her best to get the hair into order.

"Come, you look rather better now!" she said, after altering most of the pins. "But really you should have a lady's maid!" "I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the Queen said. "Twopence a week, and jam every other day." Alice couldn't help laughing, as she said "I don't want you to hire me- and I don't care for jam." "It's very good jam," said the Queen.

"Well, I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

“You couldn’t have it if you did want it,” the Queen said. “The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday- but never jam to-day.” “It must come sometimes to ‘jam to-day,’” Alice objected.

“No, it ca’n’t,” said the Queen. “It’s jam every other day: to-day isn’t any other day, you know.” “I don’t understand you,” said Alice. “It’s dreadfully confusing!” “That’s the effect of living backwards,” the Queen said kindly: “it always makes one a little giddy at first-” “Living backwards!” Alice repeated in great astonishment. “I never heard of such a thing!” “-but there’s one great advantage in it, that one’s memory works both ways.” “I’m sure mine only works one way,” Alice remarked. “I ca’n’t remember things before they happen.” “It’s a poor sort of memory that only works backwards,” the Queen remarked.

“What sort of things do you remember best?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Oh, things that happened the week after next,” the Queen replied in a careless tone. “For instance, now,” she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, “there’s the King’s Messenger. He’s in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn’t even begin till next Wednesday: and of course the crime comes last of all.”

“Suppose he never commits the crime?” said Alice.

“That would be all the better, wouldn’t it?” the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Alice felt there was no denying that. “Of course it would be all the better,” she said: “but it wouldn’t be all the better his being punished.” “You’re wrong there, at any rate,” said the Queen.

“Were you ever punished?” “Only for faults,” said Alice.

“And you were all the better for it, I know!” the Queen said triumphantly.

“Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for,” said Alice: “that makes all the difference.” “But if you hadn’t done them,” the Queen said, “that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!” Her voice went higher with each “better,” till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was just beginning to say “There’s a mistake somewhere-,” when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished.

“Oh, oh, oh!” shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. “My finger’s bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!” Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam-engine, that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

“What is the matter?” she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. “Have you pricked your finger?” “I haven’t

pricked it yet," the Queen said, "but I soon shall- oh, oh, oh!" "When do you expect to do it?" Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

"When I fasten my shawl again," the poor Queen groaned out: "the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!" As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alice. "You're holding it all crooked!" And she caught at the brooch; but it was too late: the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

"That accounts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alice with a smile.

"Now you understand the way things happen here." "But why don't you scream now?" Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

"Why, I've done all the screaming already," said the Queen. "What would be the good of having it all over again?" By this time it was getting light. "The crow must have flown away, I think," said Alice: "I'm so glad it's gone. I thought it was the night coming on."

"I wish I could manage to be glad!" the Queen said. "Only I never can remember the rule, You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!" "Only it is so very lonely here!" Alice said in a melancholy voice; and, at the thought of her loneliness, two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like that!" cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. "Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!" Alice could not help laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by considering things?" she asked.

"That's the way it done," the Queen said with great decision: "nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with- how old are you?" "I'm seven and a half, exactly." "You needn't say 'exactly,'" the Queen remarked. "I can believe it without that. Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day." "I ca'n't believe that!" said Alice.

"Ca'n't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said: "one ca'n't believe impossible things." "I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again!" The brooch

had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!" she cried in triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!" "Then I hope your finger is better now?" Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

"Oh, much better!" cried the Queen, her voice rising into a squeak as she went on. "Much be-etter! Be-etter! Be-e-e-etter! Be-e-ehh!" The last word ended in a long bleat, so like a sheep that Alice quite started.

She looked at the Queen, who seemed to have suddenly wrapped herself up in wool. Alice rubbed her eyes, and looked again. She couldn't make out what had happened at all. Was she in a shop? And was that really- was it really a sheep that was sitting on the other side of the counter? Rub as she would, she could make nothing more of it: she was in a little dark shop, leaning with her elbows on the counter, and opposite to her was an old Sheep, sitting in an armchair, knitting, and every now and then leaving off to look at her through a great pair of spectacles.

"What is it you want to buy?" the Sheep said at last, looking up for a moment from her knitting.

"I don't quite know yet," Alice said very gently. "I should like to look all round me first, if I might." "You may look in front of you, and on both sides, if you like," said the Sheep; "but you ca'n't look all round you- unless you've got eyes at the back of your head." But these, as it happened, Alice had not got: so she contented herself with turning round, looking at the shelves as she came to them.

The shop seemed to be full of all manner of curious things- but the oddest part of it all was that, whenever she looked hard at any shelf, to make out exactly what it had on it, that particular shelf was always quite empty, though the others round it were crowded as full as they could hold.

"Things flow about so here!" she said at last in a plaintive tone, after she had spent a minute or so in vainly pursuing a large bright thing, that looked sometimes like a doll and sometimes like a work-box, and was always in the shelf next above the one she was looking at. "And this one is the most provoking of all- but I'll tell you what,-" she added, as a sudden thought struck her. "I'll follow it up to the very top shelf of all. It'll puzzle it to go through the ceiling, I expect!"

But even this plan failed: the 'thing' went through the ceiling as quietly as possible, as if it were quite used to it.

“Are you a child or a teetotum?” the Sheep said, as she took up another pair of needles. “You’ll make me giddy soon, if you go on turning round like that.” She was now working with fourteen pairs at once, and Alice couldn’t help looking at her in great astonishment.

“How can she knit with so many?” the puzzled child thought to herself. “She gets more and more like a porcupine every minute!” “Can you row?” the Sheep asked, handing her a pair of knitting-needles as she spoke.

“Yes, a little- but not on land- and not with needles-” Alice was beginning to say, when suddenly the needles turned into oars in her hands, and she found they were in a little boat, gliding along between banks: so there was nothing for it but to do her best.

“Feather!” cried the Sheep, as she took up another pair of needles. This didn’t sound like a remark that needed any answer: so Alice said nothing, but pulled away. There was something very queer about the water, she thought, as every now and then the oars got fast in it, and would hardly come out again.

“Feather! Feather!” the Sheep cried again, taking more needles. “You’ll be catching a crab directly.”

“A dear little crab!” thought Alice. “I should like that.” “Didn’t you hear me say ‘Feather’?” the Sheep cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of needles.

“Indeed I did,” said Alice: “you’ve said it very often- and very loud. Please where are the crabs?” “In the water, of course!” said the Sheep, sticking some of the needles into her hair, as her hands were full. “Feather, I say!” “Why do you say ‘Feather’ so often?” Alice asked at last, rather vexed. “I’m not a bird!” “You are,” said the Sheep: “you’re a little goose.” This offended Alice a little, so there was no more conversation for a minute or two, while the boat glided gently on, sometimes among beds of weeds (which made the oars stick fast in the water, worse than ever), and sometimes under trees, but always with the same tall riverbanks frowning over their heads.

“Oh, please! There are some scented rushes!” Alice cried in a sudden transport of delight. “There really are- and such beauties!” “You needn’t say ‘please’ to me about ‘em,” the Sheep said, without looking up from her knitting: “I didn’t put ‘em there, and I’m not going to take ‘em away.” “No, but I meant- please, may we wait and pick some?” Alice pleaded. “If you don’t mind stopping the boat for a minute.”

“How am I to stop it?” said the Sheep. “If you leave off rowing, it’ll stop of itself.” So the boat was left to drift down the stream as it would, till it glided gently in among the waving rushes. And then

the little sleeves were carefully rolled up, and the little arms were plunged in elbow-deep, to get hold of the rushes a good long way down before breaking them off- and for a while Alice forgot all about the Sheep and the knitting, as she bent over the side of the boat, with just the ends of her tangled hair dipping into the water- while with bright eager eyes she caught at one bunch after another of the darling scented rushes.

“I only hope the boat won’t tittle over!” she said to herself. “Oh, what a lovely one! Only I couldn’t quite reach it.” And it certainly did seem a little provoking (“almost as if it happened on purpose,” she thought) that, though she managed to pick plenty of beautiful rushes as the boat glided by, there was always a more lovely one that she couldn’t reach.

“The prettiest are always further!” she said at last with a sigh at the obstinacy of the rushes in growing so far off, as, with flushed cheeks and dripping hair and hands, she scrambled back into her place, and began to arrange her new-found treasures.

What mattered it to her just then that the rushes had begun to fade, and to lose all their scent and beauty, from the very moment that she picked them? Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very little while- and these, being dream rushes, melted away almost like snow, as they lay in heaps at her feet- but Alice hardly noticed this, there were so many other curious things to think about.

They hadn’t gone much farther before the blade of one of the oars got fast in the water and wouldn’t come out again (so Alice explained it afterwards), and the consequence was that the handle of it caught her under the chin, and, in spite of a series of little shrieks of ‘Oh oh, oh!’ from poor Alice, it swept her straight off the seat, and down among the heap of rushes.

However, she wasn’t a bit hurt, and was soon up again: the Sheep went on with her knitting all the while, just as if nothing had happened. “That was a nice crab you caught!” she remarked, as Alice got back into her place, very much relieved to find herself still in the boat.

“Was it? I didn’t see it,” said Alice, peeping cautiously over the side of the boat into the dark water. “I wish it hadn’t let go- I should so like a little crab to take home with me!” But the Sheep only laughed scornfully, and went on with her knitting.

“Are there many crabs here?” said Alice.

“Crabs, and all sorts of things,” said the Sheep: “plenty of choice, only make up your mind. Now, what do you want to buy?” “To buy!” Alice echoed in a tone that was half astonished and half

frightened for the oars, and the boat, and the river, had vanished all in a moment, and she was back again in the little dark shop.

"I should like to buy an egg, please," she said timidly. "How do you sell them?" "Fivepence farthing for one- twopence for two!" the Sheep replied.

"Then two are cheaper than one!" Alice said in a surprised tone, taking out her purse.

"Only you must eat them both, if you buy two," said the Sheep.

"Then I'll have one, please," said Alice, as she put the money down on the counter. For she thought to herself, "They mightn't be at all nice, you know." The Sheep took the money, and put it away in a box: then she said "I never put things into people's hands- that would never do- you must get it for yourself." And so saying, she went off to the other end of the shop, and set the egg upright on a shelf.

"I wonder why it wouldn't do?" thought Alice, as she groped her way among the tables and chairs, for the shop was very dark towards the end. "The egg seems to get further away the more I walk towards it. Let me see, is this a chair? Why, it's got branches, I declare! How very odd to find trees growing here! And actually here's a little brook! Well, this is the very queerest shop I ever saw!" So she went on, wondering more and more at every step, as everything turned into a tree the moment she came up to it, and she quite expected the egg to do the same.

CHAPTER VI

HUMPTY DUMPTY

HOWEVER, the egg only got larger and larger, and more and more human:

when she had come within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth; and, when she had come close to it, she saw clearly that it was HUMPTY DUMPTY himself. "It ca'n't be anybody else!" she said to herself.

"I'm as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face!" It might have been written a hundred times, easily, on that enormous face.

Humpty Dumpty was sitting, with his legs crossed like a Turk, on the top of a high wall- such a narrow one that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance- and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure, after all.

"And how exactly like an egg he is!" she said aloud, standing with her hands ready to catch him, for she was every moment expecting him to fall.

"It's very provoking," Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, looking away from Alice as he spoke, "to be called an egg- very!"

"I said you looked like an egg, Sir," Alice gently explained. "And some eggs are very pretty, you know," she added, hoping to turn her remark into a sort of compliment.

"Some people," said Humpty Dumpty, looking away from her as usual, "have no more sense than a baby!" Alice didn't know what to say to this: it wasn't at all like conversation, she thought, as he never said anything to her; in fact, his last remark was evidently addressed to a tree- so she stood and softly repeated to herself: "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall: Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

All the King's horses and all the King's men Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.

"That last line is much too long for the poetry," she added, almost out loud, forgetting that Humpty Dumpty would hear her.

"Don't stand chattering to yourself like that," Humpty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time, "but tell me your name and your business." "My name is Alice, but-" "It's a stupid name enough!" Humpty Dumpty interrupted impatiently. "What does it mean?" "Must a name mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

“Of course it must,” Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: my name means the shape I am- and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost.” “Why do you sit out here all alone?” said Alice, not wishing to begin an argument.

“Why, because there’s nobody with me!” cried Humpty Dumpty. “Did you think I didn’t know the answer to that? Ask another.” “Don’t you think you’d be safer down on the ground?” Alice went on, not with any idea of making another riddle, but simply in her good-natured anxiety for the queer creature. “That wall is so very narrow!” “What tremendously easy riddles you ask!” Humpty Dumpty growled out.

“Of course I don’t think so! Why, if ever I did fall off- which there’s no chance of but if I did-” Here he pursed up his lips, and looked so solemn and grand that Alice could hardly help laughing. “If I did fall,” he went on, “the King has promised me- ah, you may turn pale, if you like! You didn’t think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me- with his very own mouth- to- to-” “To send all his horses and all his men,” Alice interrupted, rather unwisely.

“Now I declare that’s too bad!” Humpty Dumpty cried, breaking into a sudden passion. “You’ve been listening at doors- and behind trees- and down chimneys- or you couldn’t have known it!” “I haven’t, indeed!” Alice said very gently. “It’s in a book.”

“Ah, well! They may write such things in a book,” Humpty Dumpty said in a calmer tone. “That’s what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I’m one that has spoken to a King, I am: mayhap you’ll never see such another: and, to show you I’m not proud, you may shake hands with me!” And he grinned almost from ear to ear, as he leant forwards (and as nearly as possible fell off the wall in doing so) and offered Alice his hand. She watched him a little anxiously as she took it. “If he smiled much more the ends of his mouth might meet behind,” she thought: “And then I don’t know what would happen to his head! I’m afraid it would come off!” “Yes, all his horses and all his men,” Humpty Dumpty went on. “They’d pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going on a little too fast: let’s go back to the last remark but one.” “I’m afraid I ca’n’t quite remember it,” Alice said, very politely.

“In that case we start afresh,” said Humpty Dumpty, “and it’s my turn to choose a subject-” (“He talks about it just as if it was a game!” thought Alice.) “So here’s a question for you. How old did you say you were?” Alice made a short calculation, and said “Seven years and six months.” “Wrong!” Humpty Dumpty

exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it!" "I thought you meant 'How old are you?'" Alice explained.

"If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Alice didn't want to begin another argument, so she said nothing.

"Seven years and six months!" Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. "An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you'd asked my advice, I'd have said 'Leave off at seven' - but it's too late now."

"I never ask advice about growing," Alice said indignantly.

"Too proud?" the other enquired.

Alice felt even more indignant at this suggestion. "I mean," she said, "that one ca'n't help growing older." "One ca'n't, perhaps," said Humpty Dumpty; "but two can. With proper assistance, you might have left off at seven." "What a beautiful belt you've got on!" Alice suddenly remarked. (They had had quite enough of the subject of age, she thought: and, if they really were to take turns in choosing subjects; it was her turn now.) "At least," she corrected herself on second thoughts, "a beautiful cravat, I should have said - no, a belt, I mean I beg your pardon!" she added in dismay, for Humpty Dumpty looked thoroughly offended, and she began to wish she hadn't chosen that subject. "If only I knew," she thought to herself, "which was neck and which was waist!" Evidently Humpty Dumpty was very angry, though he said nothing for a minute or two. When he did speak again, it was in a deep growl.

"It is a- most- provoking- thing," he said at last, "when a person doesn't know a cravat from a belt!"

"I know it's very ignorant of me," Alice said, in so humble a tone that Humpty Dumpty relented.

"It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!" "Is it really?" said Alice, quite pleased to find that she had chosen a good subject after all.

"They gave it me," Humpty Dumpty continued thoughtfully as he crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round it, "they gave it me - for an un-birthday present." "I beg your pardon?" Alice said with a puzzled air.

"I'm not offended," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I mean, what is an un-birthday present?" "A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course." Alice considered a little. "I like birthday presents best," she said at last.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" cried Humpty Dumpty. "How many days are there in a year?" "Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.

"And how many birthdays have you?" "One."

“And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five what remains?” “Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.” Humpty Dumpty looked doubtful. “I’d rather see that done on paper,” he said.

Alice couldn’t help smiling as she took out her memorandum-book, and worked the sum for him:

$$365-1= 364$$

Humpty Dumpty took the book and looked at it carefully. “That seems to be done right-” he began.

“You’re holding it upside down!” Alice interrupted.

“To be sure I was!” Humpty Dumpty said gaily as she turned it round for him.

“I thought it looked a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done right though I haven’t time to look it over thoroughly just now- and that shows that there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents-” “Certainly,” said Alice.

“And only one for birthday presents, you know. There’s glory for you!” “I don’t know what you mean by ‘glory,’” Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. “Of course you don’t-till I tell you.

I meant ‘there’s a nice knock-down argument for you!’” “But ‘glory’ doesn’t mean ‘a nice knock-down argument,’” Alice objected.

“When I use a word,” Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, “it means just what I choose it to mean- neither more nor less.” “The question is,” said Alice, “whether you can make words mean so many different things.” “The question is,” said Humpty Dumpty, “which is to be master- that’s all.” Alice was too much puzzled to say anything; so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. “They’ve a temper, some of them- particularly verbs:

they’re the proudest- adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs- however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That’s what I say!” “Would you tell me please,” said Alice, “what that means?” “Now you talk like a reasonable child,” said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. “I meant by ‘impenetrability’ that we’ve had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you’d mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don’t mean to stop here all the rest of your life.” “That’s a great deal to make one word mean,” Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

“When I make a word do a lot of work like that,” said Humpty Dumpty, “I always pay it extra.”

“Oh!” said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

“Ah, you should see ‘em come round me of a Saturday night,” Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side, “for to get their wages, you know.” (Alice didn’t venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I ca’n’t tell you.) “You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir,” said Alice. “Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called ‘Jabberwocky?’” “Let’s hear it,” said Humpty Dumpty. “I can explain all the poems that ever were invented- and a good many that haven’t been invented just yet.” This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse: “‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.”

“That’s enough to begin with,” Humpty Dumpty interrupted: “there are plenty of hard words there. ‘Brillig’ means four o’clock in the afternoon- the time when you begin broiling things for dinner.” “That’ll do very well,” said Alice: “and ‘slithy?’”

“Well, ‘slithy’ means ‘lithe and slimy.’ ‘Lithe’ is the same as ‘active.’ You see it’s like a portmanteau- there are two meanings packed up into one word.” “I see it now,” Alice remarked thoughtfully: “and what are ‘toves?’” “Well, ‘toves’ are something like badgers- they’re something like lizards- and they’re something like corkscrews.” “They must be very curious-looking creatures.” “They are that,” said Humpty Dumpty: “also they make their nests under sundials- also they live on cheese.” “And what’s to ‘gyre’ and to ‘gimble?’” “To ‘gyre’ is to go round and round like a gyroscope. To ‘gimble’ is to make holes like a gimlet.” “And ‘the wabe’ is the grass-plot round a sundial, I suppose” said Alice, surprised at her own ingenuity.

“Of course it is. It’s called ‘wabe’ you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it-” “And a long way beyond it on each side,” Alice added.

“Exactly so. Well then, ‘mimsy’ is ‘flimsy and miserable’ (there’s another portmanteau for you). And a ‘borogove is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all round- something like a live mop.”

“And then ‘mome raths?’” said Alice. “I’m afraid I’m giving you a great deal of trouble.” “Well, a ‘rath’ is a sort of green pig: but ‘mome’ I’m not certain about. I think it’s short for ‘from home’- meaning that they’d lost their way, you know.” “And what does ‘outgrabe’ mean?” “Well, ‘outgribing’ is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle:

however, you'll hear it done, maybe- down in the wood yonder- and, when you've once heard it, you'll be quite content. Who's been repeating all that hard stuff to you?" "I read it in a book" said Alice. "But I had some poetry repeated to me much easier than that, by- Tweedledee, I think it was." "As to poetry, you know," said Humpty Dumpty, stretching out one of his great hands, "I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that-" "Oh, it needn't come to that!" Alice hastily said, hoping to keep him from beginning.

"The piece I'm going to repeat," he went on without noticing her remark, "was written entirely for your amusement." Alice felt that in that case she really ought to listen to it; so she sat down, and said "Thank you" rather sadly.

"In winter, when the fields are white, I sing this song for your delight only I don't sing it," he added, as an explanation.

"I see you don't," said Alice.

"If you can see whether I'm singing or not, you've sharper eyes than most," Humpty Dumpty remarked severely. Alice was silent.

"In spring, when woods are getting green, I'll try and tell you what I mean."

"Thank you very much," said Alice.

"In summer, when the days are long, Perhaps you'll understand the song: In autumn, when the leaves are brown, Take pen and ink, and write it down."

"I will, if I can remember it so long," said Alice.

"You needn't go on making remarks like that," Humpty Dumpty said:

"they're not sensible, and they put me out."

"I sent a message to the fish: I told them 'This is what I wish.'

The little fishes of the sea, They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes' answer was 'We cannot do it, Sir, because-'"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Alice.

"It gets easier further on," Humpty Dumpty replied.

"I sent to them again to say 'It will be better to obey.'

The fishes answered, with a grin, 'Why, what a temper you are in!'

I told them once, I told them twice: They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new, Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump: I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me and said 'The little fishes are in bed.'

I said to him, I said it plain, 'Then you must wake them up again.'

I said it very loud and clear: I went and shouted in his ear."

Humpty Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and Alice thought, with a shudder, "I wouldn't have been the messenger for anything!"

"But he was very stiff and proud:

He said, 'You needn't shout so loud!

And he was very proud and stiff:

He said 'I'd go and wake them, if-

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:

I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked, I pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut, I tried to turn the handle, but-

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"That's all," said Humpty Dumpty. "Good-bye." This was rather sudden, Alice thought: but, after such a very strong hint that she ought to be going, she felt that it would hardly be civil to stay. So she got up, and held out her hand. "Good-bye, till we meet again!" she said as cheerfully as she could.

"I shouldn't know you again if we did meet," Humpty Dumpty replied in a discontented tone, giving her one of his fingers to shake: "you're so exactly like other people." "The face is what one goes by, generally," Alice remarked in a thoughtful tone.

"That's just what I complain of," said Humpty Dumpty. "Your face is the same as everybody has- the two eyes, so-" (marking their places in the air with his thumb) "nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance- or the mouth at the top- that would be some help." "It wouldn't look nice," Alice objected. But Humpty Dumpty only shut his eyes, and said "Wait till you've tried." Alice waited a minute to see if he would speak again, but, as he never opened his eyes or took any further notice of her, she said "Good-bye!" once more, and, getting no answer to this, she quietly walked away: but she couldn't help saying to herself, as she went, "of all the unsatisfactory-" (she repeated this aloud, as it was a great comfort to have such a long word to say) "of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met-" She never finished the sentence, for at this moment a heavy crash shook the forest from end to end.

CHAPTER VII

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

THE next moment soldiers came running through the wood, at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they seemed to fill the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down, several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then came the horses. Having four feet, these managed rather better than the foot-soldiers; but even they stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get out of the wood into an open place, where she found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

"I've sent them all!" the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice. "Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?" "Yes, I did," said Alice: "several thousand, I should think."

"Four thousand two hundred and seven, that's the exact number," the King said, referring to his book. "I couldn't send all the horses, you know, because two of them are wanted in the game. And I haven't sent the two Messengers, either.

They're both gone to the town. Just look along the road, and tell me if you can see either of them." "I see nobody on the road," said Alice.

"I only wish I had such eyes," the King remarked in a fretful tone. "To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too! Why, it's as much as I can do to see real people, by this light!" All this was lost on Alice, who was still looking intently along the road, shading her eyes with one hand. "I see somebody now!" She exclaimed at last. "But he's coming very slowly- and what curious attitudes he goes into!" (For the Messenger kept skipping up and down, and wriggling like an eel, as he came along, with his great hands spread out like fans on each side.) "Not at all," said the King. "He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger- and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. He only does them when he's happy. His name is Haigha." (He pronounced it so as to rhyme with 'mayor.') "I love my love with an H," Alice couldn't help beginning, "because he is Happy. I hate him with an H, because he is Hideous. I fed him with- with- with Ham-sandwiches and Hay. His name is Haigha, and he lives-

"He lives on the Hill" the King remarked simply, without the least idea that he was joining in the game, while Alice was still

hesitating for the name of a town beginning with H. "The other Messenger's called Hatta. I must have two, you know- to come and go. One to come, and one to go." "I beg your pardon?" said Alice.

"It isn't respectable to beg," said the King.

"I only meant that I didn't understand," said Alice. "Why one to come and one to go?" "Don't I tell you?" the King repeated impatiently. "I must have two- to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry." At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only wave his hands about, and make the most fearful faces at the poor King.

"This young lady loves you with an H," the King said, introducing Alice in the hope of turning off the Messenger's attention from himself- but it was of no use- the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

"You alarm me!" said the King. "I feel faint- Give me a ham-sandwich!" On which the Messenger, to Alice's great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

"Another sandwich!" said the King.

"There's nothing but hay left now," the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.

"Hay, then," the King murmured in a faint whisper.

Alice was glad to see that it revived him a good deal. "There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint," he remarked to her, as he munched away.

"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better," Alice suggested: "-Or some sal-volatile." "I didn't say there was nothing better," the King replied. "I said there was nothing like it." Which Alice did not venture to deny.

"Who did you pass on the road?" the King went on, holding out his hand to the Messenger for some hay.

"Nobody," said the Messenger.

"Quite right," said the King: "this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you." "I do my best," the Messenger said in a sullen tone. "I'm sure nobody walks much faster than I do!" "He ca'n't do that," said the King, "or else he'd have been here first. However, now you've got your breath, you may tell us what's happened in the town." "I'll whisper it," said the Messenger, putting his hands to his mouth in the shape of a trumpet and stooping so as to get close to the King's ear. Alice was sorry for this, as she wanted to hear the news too. However, instead of whispering, he simply shouted, at the top of his voice, "They're at it again!" "Do you call that a whisper?" cried the poor

King, jumping up and shaking himself. "If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered! It went through and through my head like an earthquake!" "It would have to be a very tiny earthquake!" thought Alice. "Who are at it again?" she ventured to ask.

"Why the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the King.

"Fighting for the crown?" "Yes, to be sure," said the King: "and the best of the joke is, that it's my crown all the while! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the old song: "The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown: The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.

Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown:

Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them out of town."

"Does- the one- that wins- get the crown?" she asked, as well as she could, for the run was putting her quite out of breath.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "What an idea!"

"Would you- be good enough-" Alice panted out, after running a little further, "to stop a minute- just to get- one's breath again?"

"I'm good enough," the King said, "only I'm not strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fearfully quick. You might as well try to stop a Bandersnatch!" Alice had no more breath for talking; so they trotted on in silence, till they came into sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at first Alice could not make out which was which; but she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatta, the other Messenger, was standing watching the fight, with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread-andbutter in the other.

"He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't finished his tea when he was sent in," Haigha whispered to Alice: "and they only give them oyster-shells in thereso you see he's very hungry and thirsty. How are you, dear child?" he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Hatta's neck.

Hatta looked round and nodded, and went on with his bread-and-butter.

"Were you happy in prison, dear child?" said Haigha.

Hatta looked round once more, and this time a tear or two trickled down his cheek; but not a word would he say.

"Speak, ca'n't you!" Haigha cried impatiently. But Hatta only munched away, and drank some more tea.

"Speak, wo'n't you!" cried the King. "How are they getting on with the fight?" Hatta made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large

piece of bread-andbutter. "They're getting on very well," he said in a choking voice: "each of them has been down about eighty-seven times." "Then I suppose they'll soon bring the white bread and the brown?" Alice ventured to remark.

"It's waiting for 'em now," said Hatta; "this is a bit of it as I'm eating." There was a pause in the fight just then, and the Lion and the Unicorn sat down, panting, while the King called out "Ten minutes allowed for refreshments!" Haigha and Hatta set to work at once, carrying round trays of white and brown bread. Alice took a piece to taste, but it was very dry.

"I don't think they'll fight any more to-day," the King said to Hatta: "go and order the drums to begin." And Hatta went bounding away like a grasshopper.

For a minute or two Alice stood silent, watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. "Look, look!" she cried, pointing eagerly. "There's the White Queen running across the country! She came flying out of the wood over yonder- How fast those Queens can run!"

"There's some enemy after her, no doubt," the King said, without even looking round. "That wood's full of them." "But aren't you going to run and help her?" Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

"No use, no use!" said the King. "She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I'll make a memorandum about her, if you like- She's a dear good creature," he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum-book. "Do you spell 'creature' with a double 'e'?" At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets.

"I had the best of it this time?" he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

"A little- a little," the King replied, rather nervously. "You shouldn't have run him through with your horn, you know." "It didn't hurt him," the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon Alice: he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

"What- is- this?" he said at last.

"This is a child!" Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out both his hands towards her in an Anglo-Saxon attitude. "We only found it to-day. It's as large as life, and twice as natural!"

"I always thought they were fabulous monsters!" said the Unicorn. "Is it alive?" "It can talk," said Haigha solemnly.

The Unicorn looked dreamily at Alice, and said "Talk, child." Alice could not help her lips curling up into a smile as she began: "Do

you know, I always thought Unicorns were fabulous monsters, too? I never saw one alive before!” “Well, now that we have seen each other,” said the Unicorn, “if you’ll believe in me, I’ll believe in you. Is that a bargain?” “Yes, if you like,” said Alice.

“Come, fetch out the plum-cake, old man!” the Unicorn went on, turning from her to the King. “None of your brown bread for me!” “Certainly- certainly!” the King muttered, and beckoned to Haigha. “Open the bag!” he whispered. “Quick! Not that one- that’s full of hay!” Haigha took a large cake out of the bag, and gave it to Alice to hold, while he got out a dish and carving-knife. How they all came out of it Alice couldn’t guess. It was just like a conjuring-trick, she thought.

The Lion had joined them while this was going on: he looked very tired and sleepy, and his eyes were half shut. “What’s this!” he said, blinking lazily at Alice, and speaking in a deep hollow tone that sounded like the tolling of a great bell.

“Ah, what is it, now?” the Unicorn cried eagerly. “You’ll never guess! I couldn’t.” The Lion looked at Alice wearily. “Are you animal- or vegetable- or mineral?” he said, yawning at every other word.

“It’s a fabulous monster!” the Unicorn cried out, before Alice could reply.

“Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster,” the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his paws. “And sit down, both of you,” (to the King and the Unicorn): “fair play with the cake, you know!” The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures; but there was no other place for him.

“What a fight we might have for the crown, now!” the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

“I should win easy,” said the Lion.

“I’m not so sure of that,” said the Unicorn.

“Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!” the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on: he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. “All round the town?” he said. “That’s a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge.” “I’m sure I don’t know,” the Lion growled out as he lay down again.

“There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!” Alice had seated herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife. “It’s very provoking!” she

said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called 'the Monster'). "I've cut several slices already, but they always join on again!" "You don't know how to manage Looking-glass cakes," the Unicorn remarked. "Hand it round first, and cut it afterwards." This sounded nonsense, but Alice very obediently got up, and carried the dish round, and the cake divided itself into three pieces as she did so. "Now cut it up," said the Lion, as she returned to her place with the empty dish.

"I say, this isn't fair!" cried the Unicorn, as Alice sat with the knife in her hand, very much puzzled how to begin. "The Monster has given the Lion twice as much as me!" "She's kept none for herself, anyhow," said the Lion. "Do you like plum-cake, Monster?"

But before Alice could answer him, the drums began.

Where the noise came from, she couldn't make out: the air seemed full of it, and it rang through and through her head till she felt quite deafened. She started to her feet and sprang across the little brook in her terror, and had just time to see the Lion and the Unicorn rise to their feet, with angry looks at being interrupted in their feast, before she dropped to her knees, and put her hands over her ears, vainly trying to shut out the dreadful uproar.

"If that doesn't 'drum them out of town,'" she thought to herself, "nothing ever will!"

CHAPTER VIII

“IT’S MY OWN INVENTION”

AFTER a while the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and Alice lifted up her head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and her first thought was that she must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Anglo-Saxon Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, on which she had tried to cut the plum-cake, “So I wasn’t dreaming, after all,” she said to herself, “unless- unless we’re all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it’s my dream, and not the Red King’s! I don’t like belonging to another person’s dream,” she went on in a rather complaining tone: “I’ve a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!” At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and a Knight, dressed in crimson armour, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly: “You’re my prisoner!” the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more “You’re my-” but here another voice broke in “Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!” and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice’s side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red Knight had done: then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

“She’s my prisoner, you know!” the Red Knight said at last.

“Yes, but then I came and rescued her!” the White Knight replied.

“Well, we must fight for her, then,” said the Red Knight, as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle, and was something the shape of a horse’s head) and put it on.

“You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course?” the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet too.

“I always do,” said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

“I wonder, now, what the Rules of Battle are,” she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-

place. "One Rule seems to be, that if one Knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse; and, if he misses, he tumbles off himself- and another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy- What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off them just as if they were tables!"

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads; and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner.

I want to be a Queen." "So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight.

"I'll see you safe to the end of the wood- and then I must go back, you know.

That's the end of my move." "Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself: however she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention- to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upsidedown, so that the rain ca'n't get in." "But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?" "I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face.

"Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

“In hopes some bees may make a nest in it- then I should get the honey.” “But you’ve got a bee-hive- or something like one- fastened to the saddle,” said Alice.

“Yes, it’s a very good bee-hive” the Knight said in a discontented tone, “one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out- or the bees keep the mice out, I don’t know which.” “I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for,” said Alice. “It isn’t very likely there would be any mice on the horse’s back.”

“Not very likely, perhaps,” said the Knight; “but, if they do come, I don’t choose to have them running all about.” “You see,” he went on after a pause, “it’s as well to be provided for everything. That’s the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet.” “But what are they for?” Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

“To guard against the bites of sharks,” the Knight replied. “It’s an invention of my own. And now help me on. I’ll go with you to the end of the wood- What’s that dish for?” “It’s meant for plum-cake,” said Alice.

“We’d better take it with us,” the Knight said. “It’ll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag.” This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. “It’s rather a tight fit, you see,” he said, as they got it in at last; “there are so many candlesticks in the bag.” And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

“I hope you’ve got your hair well fastened on?” he continued, as they set off.

“Only in the usual way,” Alice said, smiling.

“That’s hardly enough,” he said, anxiously. “You see the wind is so very strong here. It’s as strong as soup.” “Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?” Alice enquired.

“Not yet,” said the Knight. “But I’ve got a plan for keeping it from falling off.” “I should like to hear it, very much.” “First you take an upright stick,” said the Knight. “Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down- things never fall upwards, you know. It’s a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like.” It didn’t sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and, whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and, as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark.

"What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice." "I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely: "plenty of practice!" Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep-" Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, "I hope no bones are broken?"

"None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. "The great art of riding, as I was saying, is- to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know-" He let go the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

"Plenty of practice!" he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. "Plenty of practice!" "It's too ridiculous!" cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!" "Does that kind go smoothly?" the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two-several." There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight

went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I daresay you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful!" "You were a little grave," said Alice.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate-would you like to hear it?" "Very much indeed," Alice said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself 'The only difficulty is with the feet: the head is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate-then the head's high enough- then I stand on my head- then the feet are high enough, you see- then I'm over, you see." "Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," Alice said thoughtfully:

"but don't you think it would be rather hard?" "I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said, gravely; "so I ca'n't tell for certain but I'm afraid it would be a little hard." He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got!" she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention too?" The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle.

"Yes," he said; "but I've invented a better one than that- like a sugar-loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a very little way to fall, you see- But there was the danger of falling into it, to be sure. That happened to me once- and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," she said in a trembling voice, "being on the top of his head." "I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off again- but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as- as lightning, you know." "But that's a different kind of fastness," Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you!" he said. He raised his hands in some excitement as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, as for some time he had kept on very well, and she was afraid that he really was hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking on in his usual tone.

“All kinds of fastness,” he repeated: “but it was careless of him to put another man’s helmet on- with the man in it, too.” “How can you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?” Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. “What does it matter where my body happens to be?” he said. “My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things.”

“Now the cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did,” he went on after a pause, “was inventing a new pudding during the meat-course.” “In time to have it cooked for the next course,” said Alice. “Well, that was quick work, certainly!” “Well, not the next course,” the Knight said in a slow thoughtful tone: “no, certainly not the next course.” “Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn’t have two pudding-courses in one dinner?” “Well, not the next day,” the Knight repeated as before: “not the next day. In fact,” he went on, holding his head down, and his voice getting lower and lower, “I don’t believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don’t believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent.” “What did you mean it to be made of?” Alice asked, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

“It began with blotting-paper,” the Knight answered with a groan. “That wouldn’t be very nice, I’m afraid-” “Not very nice alone,” he interrupted, quite eagerly: “but you’ve no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things- such as gunpowder and sealingwax. And here I must leave you.” They had just come to the end of the wood.

Alice could only look puzzled: she was thinking of the pudding.

“You are sad,” the Knight said in an anxious tone: “let me sing you a song to comfort you.” “Is it very long?” Alice asked, for she had heard a good deal of poetry that day.

“It’s long,” said the Knight, “but it’s very, very beautiful. Everybody that hears me sing it- either it brings the tears into their eyes, or else-” “Or else what?” said Alice, for the Knight had made a sudden pause.

“Or else it doesn’t, you know. The name of the song is called ‘Haddock’s Eyes.’ “Oh, that’s the name of the song, is it?” Alice said, trying to feel interested.

“No, you don’t understand,” the Knight said, looking a little vexed. “That’s what the name is called. The name really is ‘The Aged Aged Man.’” “Then I ought to have said ‘That’s what the song is called’?” Alice corrected herself.

“No, you oughtn’t: that’s quite another thing! The song is called ‘Ways And Means’: but that’s only what it’s called, you know!” “Well, what is the song, then?” said Alice, who was by this time completely bewildered.

“I was coming to that,” the Knight said. “The song really is ‘A-sitting On A Gate’: and the tune of my own invention.”

So saying, he stopped his horse and let the reins fall on its neck: then, slowly beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile lighting up his gentle foolish face, as if he enjoyed the music of his song, he began.

Of all the strange things that Alice saw in her journey Through The LookingGlass, this was the one that she always remembered most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday- the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight- the setting sun gleaming through his hair, and shining on his armour in a blaze of light that quite dazzled her- the horse quietly moving about, with the reins hanging loose on his neck, cropping the grass at her feet- and the black shadows of the forest behindall this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she leant against a tree, watching the strange pair, and listening, in a half-dream, to the melancholy music of the song.

“But the tune isn’t his own invention,” she said to herself: “it’s ‘I give thee all, I can no more.’” She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

“I’ll tell thee everything I can: There’s little to relate.

I saw an aged aged man, A-sitting on a gate.

‘Who are you, aged man?’ I said.

‘And how is it you live?’ And his answer trickled through my head, Like water through a sieve.

He said ‘I look for butterflies That sleep among the wheat:

I make them into mutton-pies, And sell them in the street.

I sell them unto men,’ he said, ‘Who sail on stormy seas; And that’s the way I get my breadA trifle, if you please.’

But I was thinking of a plan To dye one’s whiskers green, And always use so large a fan That they could not be seen.

So, having no reply to give To what the old man said, I cried “Come, tell mo how you live!” And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale: He said ‘I go my ways, And when I find a mountain-rill, I set it in a blaze; And thence they make a stuff they call Rowland’s Macassar-OilYet twopence-halfpenny is all They give me for my toil.’

But I was thinking of a way To feed oneself on batter, And so go on from day to day Getting a little fatter.

I shook him well from side to side, Until his face was blue:
 Come, tell me how you live,' I cried, 'And what it is you do!
 He said 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes Among the heather bright, And
 work them into waistcoat-buttons In the silent night.
 And these I do not sell for gold Or coin of silvery shine,
 But for a copper halfpenny, And that will purchase nine.
 I sometimes dig for buttered rolls, Or set limed twigs for crabs:
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
 And that's the way' (he gave a wink) 'By which I get my
 wealth And very gladly will I drink Your Honour's noble health.'
 I heard him then, for I had just Completed my design To keep the
 Menai bridge from rust By boiling it in wine.
 I thanked him much for telling me The way he got his wealth, But
 chiefly for his wish that he Might drink my noble health.
 And now, if e'er by chance I put My fingers into glue, Or madly
 squeeze a right-hand foot Into a left-hand shoe, Or if I drop upon
 my toe A very heavy weight, I weep for it reminds me so Of that
 old man I used to know Whose look was mild, whose speech was
 slow Whose hair was whiter than the snow, Whose face was very
 like a crow, With eyes, like cinders, all aglow, Who seemed
 distracted with his woe, Who rocked his body to and fro, And
 muttered mumblingly and low, As if his mouth were full of dough,
 Who snorted like a buffalo That summer evening long ago, A-
 sitting on a gate."

As the Knight sang the last words of the ballad, he gathered up the
 reins, and turned his horse's head along the road by which they
 had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill
 and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen- But you'll
 stay and see me off first?" he added as Alice turned with an eager
 look in the direction to which he pointed. "I sha'n't be long. You'll
 wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the
 road! I think it'll encourage me, you see." "Of course I'll wait," said
 Alice: "and thank you very much for coming so far and for the
 song- I liked it very much." "I hope so," the Knight said
 doubtfully: "but you didn't cry so much as I thought you would."
 So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into
 the forest. "It wo'n't take long to see him off, I expect," Alice said
 to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his
 head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily- that comes
 of having so many things hung round the horse-" So she went on
 talking to herself, as she watched the horse walking leisurely along
 the road, and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on
 the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and

then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited till he was out of sight.

“I hope it encouraged him,” she said, as she turned to run down the hill: “and now for the last brook, and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!” A very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook. “The Eighth Square at last!” she cried as she bounded across, and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, with little flower-beds dotted about it here and there. “Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?” she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy, that fitted tight all round her head.

“But how can it have got there without my knowing it?” she said to herself, as she lifted it off, and set it on her lap to make out what it could possibly be.

It was a golden crown.

CHAPTER IX

QUEEN ALICE

“WELL, this is grand!” said Alice. “I never expected I should be a Queen so soon- and I’ll tell you what it is, your Majesty,” she went on, in a severe tone (she was always rather fond of scolding herself), “It’ll never do for you to be lolling about on the grass like that! Queens have to be dignified, you know!” So she got up and walked about- rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off: but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, “and if I really am a Queen,” she said as she sat down again, “I shall be able to manage it quite well in time.” Everything was happening so oddly that she didn’t feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each side: she would have liked very much to ask them how they came there, but she feared it would not be quite civil. However, there would be no harm, she thought, in asking if the game was over. “Please, would you tell me-” she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

“Speak when you’re spoken to!” the Queen sharply interrupted her.

“But if everybody obeyed that rule,” said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, “and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that-” “Ridiculous!” cried the Queen. “Why, don’t you see, child-” here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. “What do you mean by ‘If you really are a Queen’? What right have you to call yourself so? You ca’n’t be a Queen, you know, till you’ve passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.” “I only said ‘if!’” poor Alice pleaded in a piteous tone.

The two Queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, “She says she only said ‘if-” “But she said a great deal more than that!” the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. “Oh, ever so much more than that!” “So you did, you know,” the Red Queen said to Alice. “Always speak the truth- think before you speak- and write it down afterwards.” “I’m sure I didn’t mean-” Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

“That’s just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke

should have some meaning- and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands." "I don't deny things with my hands," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you couldn't if you tried." "She's in that state of mind," said the White Queen, "that she wants to deny something- only she doesn't know what to deny!" "A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying, to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon." The White Queen smiled feebly, and said "And I invite you." "I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but, if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests." "We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked: "but I daresay you've not had many lessons in manners yet." "Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort." "Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?" "I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count." "She ca'n't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight." "Nine from eight I ca'n't, you know," Alice replied very readily: "but-

"She ca'n't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife- what's the answer to that?" "I suppose-" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her.

"Bread-and-butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?" Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it- and the dog wouldn't remain: it would come to bite me- and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!" "Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer." "Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen: "the dog's temper would remain." "But I don't see how-" "Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?" "Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the Queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways." But she couldn't help thinking to herself "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!" "She ca'n't do sums a bit!" the Queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can you do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The Queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time- but I ca'n't do Subtraction under any circumstances!" "Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered: "we'll often say it over together, dear.

And I'll tell you a secret- I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time." Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?" "I know that!" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour-" "Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked: "In a garden or in the hedges?" "Well, it isn't picked at all," Alice explained: "it's ground-" "How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things." "Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know Languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?" "Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied gravely.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty, this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said "Queens never make bargains." "I wish Queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?" "The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder- no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way." "It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen: "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences." "Which reminds me-" the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunderstorm last Tuesday- I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time." The Red Queen said "That's a poor thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as

five nights together- for warmth, you know.” “Are five nights warmer than one night, then?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Five times as warm, of course.” “But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule-” “Just so!” cried the Red Queen. “Five times as warm, and five times as cold just as I’m five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!” Alice sighed and gave it up. “It’s exactly like a riddle with no answer!” she thought.

“Humpty Dumpty saw it too,” the White Queen went on in a low voice, more as if she were talking to herself. “He came to the door with a cork-screw in his hand-” “What did he want?” said the Red Queen.

“He said he would come in,” the White Queen went on, “because he was looking for a hippopotamus. Now, as it happened, there wasn’t such a thing in the house, that morning.” “Is there generally?” Alice asked in an astonished tone.

“Well, only on Thursdays,” said the Queen.

“I know what he came for,” said Alice: “he wanted to punish the fish, because” Here the White Queen began again. “It was such a thunderstorm, you ca’n’t think!” (“She never could, you know,” said the Red Queen.) “And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in- and it went rolling round the room in great lumps- and knocking over the tables and things- till I was so frightened, I couldn’t remember my own name!” Alice thought to herself “I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! Where would be the use of it?” but she did not say this aloud, for fear of hurting the poor Queen’s feelings.

“Your Majesty must excuse her,” the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen’s hands in her own, and gently stroking it: “she means well, but she ca’n’t help saying foolish things, as a general rule.” The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she ought to say something kind, but really couldn’t think of anything at the moment.

“She never was really well brought up,” the Red Queen went on: “but it’s amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she’ll be!” But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

“A little kindness- and putting her hair in papers- would do wonders with her”

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice’s shoulder. “I am so sleepy!” she moaned.

“She’s tired, poor thing!” said the Red Queen. “Smooth her hair- lend her your nightcap- and sing her a soothing lullaby.” “I haven’t got a nightcap with me,” said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction: “and I don’t know any soothing lullabies.” “I must do it

myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began: "Hush-a-by lady, in Alice's lap! Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap.

When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

"And now you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to me. I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both Queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head, and then the other, rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it ever happened before, that any one had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England- it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a time. Do wake up you heavy things!" she went on in an impatient tone; but there was no answer but a gentle snoring.

The snoring got more distinct every minute, and sounded more like a tune: at last she could even make out words, and she listened so eagerly that, when the two great heads suddenly vanished from her lap, she hardly missed them.

She was standing before an arched doorway, over which were the words "QUEEN ALICE" in large letters, and on each side of the arch there was a bellhandle; one was marked "Visitors' Bell," and the other "Servants' Bell." "I'll wait till the song's over," thought Alice, "and then I'll ring the- the which bell must I ring?" she went on, very much puzzled by the names. "I'm not a visitor, and I'm not a servant. There ought to be one marked 'Queen,' you know" Just then the door opened a little way, and a creature with a long beak put its head out for a moment and said "No admittance till the week after next!" and shut the door again with a bang.

Alice knocked and rang in vain for a long time; but at last a very old Frog, who was sitting under a tree, got up and hobbled slowly towards her: he was dressed in bright yellow, and had enormous boots on.

"What is it, now?" the Frog said in a deep hoarse whisper.

Alice turned round, ready to find fault with anybody. "Where's the servant whose business it is to answer the door?" she began angrily.

"Which door?" said the Frog.

Alice almost stamped with irritation at the slow drawl in which he spoke.

"This door, of course!" The Frog looked at the door with his large dull eyes for a minute: then he went nearer and rubbed it with his

thumb, as if he were trying whether the paint would come off: then he looked at Alice.

“To answer the door!” he said. “What’s it been asking of?” He was so hoarse that Alice could scarcely hear him.

“I don’t know what you mean,” she said.

“I speaks English, doesn’t I?” the Frog went on. “Or are you deaf? What did it ask you?” “Nothing!” Alice said impatiently. “I’ve been knocking at it!” “Shouldn’t do that- shouldn’t do that-” the Frog muttered. “Wexes it, you know.” Then he went up and gave the door a kick with one of his great feet. “You let it alone!” he panted out, as he hobbled back to his tree. “and if let you alone, you know.” At this moment the door was flung open, and a shrill voice was heard singing: “To the Looking-Glass world it was Alice that said ‘I’ve a sceptre in hand I’ve a crown on my head.

Let the Looking-Glass creatures, whatever they be

Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!”

And hundreds of voices joined in the chorus: “Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can, And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran: Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!”

Then followed a confused noise of cheering, and Alice thought to herself “Thirty times three makes ninety. I wonder if any one’s counting?” In a minute there was silence again, and the same shrill voice sang another verse: “‘O Looking-Glass creatures,’ quoth Alice, ‘draw near! ‘Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:

‘Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!”

Then came the chorus again: “Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink, Or anything else that is pleasant to drink:

Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine And welcome Queen Alice with ninety times nine!”

“Ninety times nine!” Alice repeated in despair. Oh, that’ll never be done! I’d better go in at once-“ and in she went, and there was a dead silence the moment she appeared.

Alice glanced nervously along the table, as she walked up the large hall, and noticed that there were about fifty guests, of all kinds: some were animals, some birds, and there were even a few flowers among them. “I’m glad they’ve come without waiting to be asked,” she thought: “I should never have known who were the right people to invite!” There were three chairs at the head of the table: the Red and White Queens had already taken two of them, but the middle one was empty. Alice sat down in it, rather uncomfortable at the silence, and longing for some one to speak.

At last the Red Queen began. "You've missed the soup and fish," she said.

"Put on the joint!" And the waiters set a leg of mutton before Alice, who looked at it rather anxiously, as she had never had to carve a joint before.

"You look a little shy: let me introduce you to that leg of mutton," said the Red Queen. "Alice- Mutton: Mutton- Alice." The leg of mutton got up in the dish and made a little bow to Alice; and Alice returned the bow, not knowing whether to be frightened or amused.

"May I give you a slice?" she said, taking up the knife and fork, and looking from one Queen to the other.

"Certainly not," the Red Queen said, very decidedly: "it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint!" And the waiters carried it off, and brought a large plum-pudding in its place.

"I wo'n't be introduced to the pudding, please," Alice said rather hastily, "or we shall get no dinner at all. May I give you some?" But the Red Queen looked sulky, and growled "Pudding- Alice: Alice- Pudding. Remove the pudding!" and the waiters took it away so quickly that Alice couldn't return its bow.

However, she didn't see why the Red Queen should be the only one to give orders; so, as an experiment, she called out "Waiter! Bring back the pudding!" and there it was again in a moment, like a conjuring-trick. It was so large that she couldn't help feeling a little shy with it, as she had been with the mutton; however, she conquered her shyness by a great effort, and cut a slice and handed it to the Red Queen.

"What impertinence!" said the Pudding. "I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!"

It spoke in a thick, suety sort of voice, and Alice hadn't a word to say in reply: she could only sit and look at it and gasp.

"Make a remark," said the Red Queen: "it's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!" "Do you know, I had such a quantity of poetry repeated to me to-day," Alice began, a little frightened at finding that, the moment she opened her lips, there was dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon her; "and it's a very curious thing, I think- every poem was about fishes in some way. Do you know why they're so fond of fishes, all about here?" She spoke to the Red Queen, whose answer was a little wide of the mark. "As to fishes," She said, very slowly and solemnly, putting her mouth close to Alice's ear, "her White Majesty knows a lovely riddle- all in poetry- all about fishes.

Shall she repeat it?" "Her Red Majesty's very kind to mention it," the White Queen murmured into Alice's other ear, in a voice like the cooing of a pigeon. "It would be such a treat! May I?" "Please do," I Alice said very politely.

The White Queen laughed with delight, and stroked Alice's cheek. Then she began: "'First, the fish must be caught.'

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

'Next, the fish must be bought.' That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

'Now cook me the fish!' That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

'Let it lie in a dish!' That is easy, because it already is in it.

'Bring it here! Let me sup!' It is easy to set a dish on the table.

'Take the dish-cover up!' Ah, that is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

For it holds it like glue Holds the lid to the dish, while, it lies in the middle: Which is easiest to do, Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?"

"Take a minute to think about it, and then guess," said the Red Queen. "Meanwhile, we'll drink your health- Queen Alice's health!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and all the guests began drinking it directly, and very queerly they managed it: some of them put their glasses upon their heads like extinguishers, and drank all that trickled down their faces- others upset the decanters, and drank the wine as it ran off the edges of the table- and three of them (who looked like kangaroos) scrambled into the dish of roast mutton, and began eagerly lapping up the gravy, "just like pigs in a trough!" thought Alice.

"You ought to return thanks in a neat speech," the Red Queen said, frowning at Alice as she spoke.

"We must support you, you know," the White Queen whispered, as Alice got up to do it, very obediently, but a little frightened.

"Thank you very much," she whispered in reply, "but I can do quite well without." "That wouldn't be at all the thing," the Red Queen said very decidedly: so Alice tried to submit to it with a good grace.

("And they did push so!" she said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of the feast. "You would have thought they wanted to squeeze me flat!") In fact it was rather difficult for her to keep in her place while she made her speech: the two Queens pushed her so, one on each side, that they nearly lifted her up into the air. "I rise to return thanks- " Alice began: and she really did rise as she spoke, several inches; but she got hold of the edge of the table, and managed to pull herself down again.

“Take care of yourself!” screamed the White Queen, seizing Alice’s hair with both her hands. “Something’s going to happen!” And then (as Alice afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. The candles all grew up to the ceiling, looking something like a bed of rushes with fireworks at the top. As to the bottles, they each took a pair of plates, which they hastily fitted on as wings, and so, with forks for legs, went fluttering about in all directions: “and very like birds they look,” Alice thought to herself, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning. At this moment she heard a hoarse laugh at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with the White Queen; but, instead of the Queen, there was the leg of mutton sitting in the chair. “Here I am!” cried a voice from the soup-tureen, and Alice turned again, just in time to see the Queen’s broad good-natured face grinning at her for a moment over the edge of the tureen, before she disappeared into the soup.

There was not a moment to be lost. Already several of the guests were lying down in the dishes, and the soup-ladle was walking up the table towards Alice’s chair, and beckoning to her impatiently to get out of its way.

“I ca’n’t stand this any longer!” she cried, as she jumped up and seized the tablecloth with both hands: one good pull, and plates, dishes, guests, and candles came crashing down together in a heap on the floor.

“And as for you,” she went on, turning fiercely upon the Red Queen, whom she considered as the cause of all the mischief- but the Queen was no longer at her side- she had suddenly dwindled down to the size of a little doll, and was now on the table, merrily running round and round after her own shawl, which was trailing behind her.

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this, but she was far too much excited to be surprised at anything now. “As for you,” she repeated, catching hold of the little creature in the very act of jumping over a bottle which had just lighted upon the table, “I’ll shake you into a kitten, that I will!”

CHAPTER X

SHAKING

SHE took her off the table as she spoke, and shook her backwards and forwards with all her might.

- The Red Queen made no resistance whatever: only her face grew very small, and her eyes got large and green: and still, as Alice went on shaking her, she kept on growing shorter- and fatter- and softer- and rounder- and and it really was a kitten, after all.

CHAPTER XII

WHICH DREAMED IT?

“YOUR Red Majesty shouldn’t purr so loud,” Alice said, rubbing her eyes, and addressing the kitten, respectfully, yet with some severity. “You woke me out of oh! such a nice dream! And you’ve been along with me, Kitty- all through the Looking-Glass world. Did you know it, dear?” It is a very inconvenient habit of kittens (Alice had once made the remark) that, whatever you say to them, they always purr. “If they would only purr for ‘yes,’ and mew for ‘no,’ or any rule of that sort,” she had said, “so that one could keep up a conversation! But how can you talk with a person if they always say the same thing?” On this occasion the kitten only purred: and it was impossible to guess whether it meant ‘yes’ or ‘no.’ So Alice hunted among the chessmen on the table till she had found the Red Queen: then she went down on her knees on the hearth-rug, and put the kitten and the Queen to look at each other. “Now, Kitty!” she cried, clapping her hands triumphantly. “Confess that was what you turned into!” (“But it wouldn’t look at it,” she said, when she was explaining the thing afterwards to her sister: “it turned away its head, and pretended not to see it: but it looked a little ashamed of itself, so I think it must have been the Red Queen.”) “Sit up a little more stiffly, dear!” Alice cried with a merry laugh. “And curtsy while you’re thinking what to- what to purr. It saves time, remember!” And she caught it up and gave it one little kiss, “just in honour of its having been a Red Queen.” “Snowdrop, my pet!” she went on, looking over her shoulder at the White Kitten, which was still patiently undergoing its toilet, “when will Dinah have finished with your White Majesty, I wonder? That must be the reason you were so untidy in my dream.- Dinah! Do you know that you’re scrubbing a White Queen? Really, it’s most disrespectful of you!

“And what did Dinah turn to, I wonder?” she prattled on, as she settled comfortably down, with one elbow on the rug, and her chin in her hand, to watch the kittens. “Tell me, Dinah, did you turn to Humpty Dumpty? I think you did- however, you’d better not mention it to your friends just yet, for I’m not sure.

“By the way, Kitty, if only you’d been really with me in my dream, there was one thing you would have enjoyed- I had such a quantity of poetry said to me, all about fishes! To-morrow morning you

shall have a real treat. All the time you're eating your breakfast, I'll repeat 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' to you; and then you can make believe it's oysters, dear!

"Now, Kitty, let's consider who it was that dreamed it all. This is a serious question, my dear, and you should not go on licking your paw like that- as if Dinah hadn't washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it must have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course- but then I was part of his dream, too! Was it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know- Oh, Kitty, do help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!" But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Which do you think it was?

A BOAT beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July
Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear
Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:
Ever drifting down the stream
Lingering in the golden gleam
Life, what is it but a dream?

[Note: the initial letters of this poem when read downward give the full name of the original Alice, - Alice Pleasance Liddell.]

THE END

1861

THREE SUNSETS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Three Sunsets (1861) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: He saw her once, and in the glance, / A moment's glance of meeting eyes,...

THREE SUNSETS

HE saw her once, and in the glance, A moment's glance of meeting eyes,
His heart stood still in sudden trance: He trembled with a sweet surprise
All in the waning light she stood, The star of perfect womanhood.

That summer-eve his heart was light: With lighter step he trod the ground:
And life was fairer in his sight, And music was in every sound:
He blessed the world where there could be So beautiful a thing as she.

There once again, as evening fell And stars were peering overhead,
Two lovers met to bid farewell: The western sun gleamed faint and red,
Lost in a drift of purple cloud.

That wrapped him like a funeral-shroud.

Long time the memory of that night
The hand that clasped, the lips that kissed,
The form that faded from his sight
Slow sinking through the tearful mist
In dreamy music seemed to roll
Through the dark chambers of his soul.

So after many years he came A wanderer from a distant shore:

The street, the house, were still the same, But those he sought were there no more:
His burning words, his hopes and fears, Unheeded fell on alien ears.

Only the children from their play Would pause the mournful tale to hear,
Shrinking in half-alarm away, Or, step by step, would

venture near To touch with timid curious hands That strange wild
man from other lands.

He sat beside the busy street, There, where he last had seen her
face; And thronging memories, bitter-sweet, Seemed yet to haunt
the ancient place: Her footfall ever floated near: Her voice was ever
in his ear.

He sometimes, as the daylight waned And evening mists began to
roll, In half-soliloquy complained Of that black shadow on his soul,
And blindly fanned, with cruel care, The ashes of a vain despair.

The summer fled: the lonely man Still lingered out the lessening
days: Still, as the night drew on, would scan Each passing face with
closer gaze Till, sick at heart, he turned away, And sighed "She will
not come to-day."

So by degrees his spirit bent .

To mock its own despairing cry, In stern self-torture to invent New
luxuries of agony, And people all the vacant space With visions of
her perfect face.

Then for a moment she was nigh, He heard no step, but she was
there; As if an angel suddenly Were bodied from the viewless air,
And all her fine ethereal frame Should fade as swiftly as it came.

So, half in fancy's sunny trance, And half in misery's aching void,
With set and stony countenance His bitter being he enjoyed, And
thrust for ever from his mind The happiness he could not find.

As when the wretch, in lonely room, To selfish death is madly
hurled, The glamour of that fatal fume Shuts out the wholesome
living world So all his manhood's strength and pride One sickly
dream had swept aside.

Yea, brother, and we passed him there, But yesterday, in merry
mood, And marvelled at the lordly air That shamed his beggar's
attitude, Nor heeded that ourselves might be Wretches as
desperate as he; Who let the thought of bliss denied Make havoc of
our life and powers, And pine, in solitary pride, For peace that
never shall be ours, Because we will not work and wait In trustful
patience for our fate.

And so it chanced once more that she Came by the old familiar
spot: The face he would have died to see Bent o'er him, and he
knew it not; Too rapt in selfish grief to hear, Even when happiness
was near.

And pity filled her gentle breast For him that would not stir nor
speak, The dying crimson of the west, That faintly tinged his
haggard cheek, Fell on her as she stood, and shed A glory round
the patient head.

Ah, let him wake! The moments fly: This awful tryst may be the
last.

And see, the tear, that dimmed her eye, Had fallen on him ere she
passed She passed: the crimson paled to gray: And hope departed
with the day.

The heavy hours of night went by, And silence quickened into
sound, And light slid up the eastern sky, And life began its daily
round But light and life for him were fled: His name was numbered
with the dead.

Nov. 1861.

THE END

1869

THREE LITTLE MAIDS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Three Little Maids (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Three little maids, one winter day, / While others went to feed,...

THREE LITTLE MAIDS

(To the three Misses Drury.) THREE little maids, one winter day,
While others went to feed, To sing, to laugh, to dance, to play,
More wisely went to- Reed.

Others, when lesson-time's begun, Go, half inclined to cry, Some in
a walk, some in a run; But these went in a- Fly.

I give to other little maids A smile, a kiss, a look, Presents whose
memory quickly fades; I give to these- a Book.

Happy Arcadia may blind, While all abroad, their eyes; At home,
this book (I trust) they'll find A very catching prize.

THE END

1871

THREE CHILDREN

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Three Children (1871) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Three children (their names were so fearful / You'll excuse me for leaving them out)...

THREE CHILDREN

(To Miss Mary Watson.) THREE children (their names were so fearful You'll excuse me for leaving them out) Sat silent, with faces all tearful What was it about?

They were sewing, but needles are prickly, And fingers were cold as could be So they didn't get on very quickly, And they wept, silly Three!

"O Mother!" said they, "Guildford's not a Nice place for the winter, that's flat.

If you know any country that's hotter, Please take us to that!"

"Cease crying," said she, "little daughter!

And when summer comes back with the flowers, You shall roam by the edge of the water, In sunshiny hours."

"And in summer", said sorrowful Mary, "We shall hear the shrill scream of the train That will bring that dear writer of fairytales hither again."

(Now the person she meant to allude to Was- well it is best to forget.

It was some one she always was rude to, Whenever they met.)

"It's my duty", their Mother continued, "To fill with things useful and right Your small minds: if I put nothing in, you'd Be ignorant quite.

But enough now of lessons and thinking: Your meal is quite ready,
I seeSo attend to your eating and drinking, You thirsty young
Three!" Apr. 10, 1871.

THE END

1861

THOSE HORRID HURDY-GURDIES!

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Those Horrid Hurdy-Gurdies! (1861) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: "My mother bids me bind my hair," / And not go about such a figure;...

THOSE HORRID HURDY-GURDIES!

A MONODY, BY A VICTIM "MY mother bids me bind my hair,"
And not go about such a figure; It's a bother, of course, but what
do I care? I shall do as I please when I'm bigger.

"My lodging is on the cold, cold ground," As the first-floor and
attic were taken.

I tried the garret but once, and found That my wish for a change
was mistaken.

"Ever of thee!" yes, "Ever of thee!" They chatter more and more,
Till I groan aloud, "Oh! let me be!

I have heard it all before!"

"Please remember the organ, sir," What? hasn't he left me yet? I
promise, good man; for its tedious burr I never can forget.

1861.

THE END

1859

THE WILLOW TREE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Willow-Tree (1859) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: The morn was bright, the steeds were light, / The wedding guests were gay:...

THE WILLOW TREE

THE morn was bright, the steeds were light, The wedding guests were gay: Young Ellen stood within the wood And watched them pass away.

She scarcely saw the gallant train: The tear-drop dimmed her e'e:

Unheard the maiden did complain Beneath the Willow-Tree.

"Oh, Robin, thou didst love me well, Till, on a bitter day, She came, the Lady Isabel, And stole thy heart away.

My tears are vain: I live again In days that used to be, When I could meet thy welcome feet Beneath the Willow-Tree.

"Oh, Willow gray, I may not stay Till Spring renew thy leaf; But I will hide myself away, And nurse a lonely grief.

It shall not dim Life's joy for him: My tears he shall not see: While he is by, I'll come not nigh My weeping Willow-Tree.

"But when I die, oh, let me lie Beneath thy loving shade, That he may loiter careless by, Where I am lowly laid.

And let the white white marble tell, If he should stoop to see, 'Here lies a maid that loved thee well, Beneath the Willow-Tree.'"

1859.

THE END

1868

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Valley of the Shadow of Death (1868) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Hark, said the dying man, and sighed, / To that complaining tone-...

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

HARK said the dying man, and sighed, To that complaining tone
Like sprite condemned, each eventide, To walk the world alone.

At sunset, when the air is still, I hear it creep from yonder hill:

It breathes upon me, dead and chill, A moment, and is gone.

My son, it minds me of a day Left half a life behind, That I have prayed to put away For ever from my mind.

But bitter memory will not die: It haunts my soul when none is nigh: I hear its whisper in the sigh Of that complaining wind.

And now in death my soul is fain To tell the tale of fear That hidden in my breast hath lain Through many a weary year:

Yet time would fail to utter all The evil spells that held me thrall, And thrust my life from fall to fall, Thou needest not to hear.

The spells that bound me with a chain, Sin's stern behests to do, Till Pleasure's self, invoked in vain, A heavy burden grew Till from my spirit's fevered eye, A hunted thing, I seemed to fly Through the dark woods that underlie Yon mountain-range of blue.

Deep in those woods I found a vale No sunlight visiteth, Nor star, nor wandering moonbeam pale; Where never comes the breath

Of summer-breeze- there in mine ear, Even as I lingered half in fear, I heard a whisper, cold and clear, "That is the gate of Death.

“O bitter is it to abide In weariness alway: At dawn to sigh for eventide, At eventide for day.

Thy noon hath fled: thy sun hath shone: The brightness of thy day is gone: What need to lag and linger on Till life be cold and gray?

“O well,” it said, “beneath yon pool, In some still cavern deep, The fevered brain might slumber cool, The eyes forget to weep:

Within that goblet’s mystic rim Are draughts of healing, stored for him Whose heart is sick, whose sight is dim, Who prayeth but to sleep!”

The evening-breeze went moaning by, Like mourner for the dead, And stirred, with shrill complaining sigh, The tree-tops overhead:

My guardian-angel seemed to stand And mutely wave a warning hand With sudden terror all unmanned, I turned myself and fled!

A cottage-gate stood open wide:

Soft fell the dying ray On two fair children, side by side, That rested from their play Together bent the earnest head, As ever and anon they read From one dear Book: the words they said Come back to me to-day.

Like twin cascades on mountain-stair Together wandered down The ripples of the golden hair, The ripples of the brown:

While, through the tangled silken haze, Blue eyes looked forth in eager gaze, More starlike than the gems that blaze About a monarch’s crown.

My son, there comes to each an hour When sinks the spirit’s pride When weary hands forget their power The strokes of death to guide: In such a moment, warriors say, A word the panic-rout may stay, A sudden charge redeem the day And turn the living tide.

I could not see, for blinding tears, The glories of the west: A heavenly music filled mine ears, A heavenly peace my breast.

“Come unto Me, come unto Me-

All ye that labour, unto Me Ye heavy-laden, come to Me And I will give you rest.”

The night drew onwards: thin and blue The evening mists arise To bathe the thirsty land in dew, As erst in Paradise While, over silent field and town, The deep blue vault of heaven looked down; Not, as of old, in angry frown, But bright with angels’ eyes.

Blest day! Then first I heard the voice That since hath oft beguiled
 These eyes from tears, and bid rejoice This heart with anguish
 wild Thy mother, boy, thou hast not known; So soon she left me
 here to moan Left me to weep and watch, alone, Our one beloved
 child.

Though, parted from my aching sight, Like homeward-speeding
 dove, She passed into the perfect light That floods the world above;
 Yet our twin spirits, well I know Though one abide in pain
 below Love, as in summers long ago, And evermore shall love.

So with a glad and patient heart I move toward mine end: The
 streams, that flow awhile apart, Shall both in ocean blend.

I dare not weep: I can but bless The Love that pitied my distress,
 And lent me, in Life's wilderness, So sweet and true a friend.

But if there be- O if there be A truth in what they say, That angel-
 forms we cannot see Go with us on our way; Then surely she is
 with me here, I dimly feel her spirit near The morning-mists grow
 thin and clear, And Death brings in the Day.

April 1868.

THE END

1853

THE TWO BROTHERS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *The Two Brothers* (1853) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: There were two brothers at Twyford school, / And when they had left the place,...

THE TWO BROTHERS

THERE were two brothers at Twyford school, And when they had left the place, It was, "Will ye learn Greek and Latin? Or will ye run me a race? Or will ye go up to yonder bridge, And there we will angle for dace?"

"I'm too stupid for Greek and for Latin, I'm too lazy by half for a race, So I'll even go up to yonder bridge, And there we will angle for dace."

He has fitted together two joints of his rod, And to them he has added another, And then a great hook he took from his book, And ran it right into his brother.

Oh much is the noise that is made among boys When playfully pelting a pig, But a far greater pother was made by his brother When flung from the top of the brigg.

The fish hurried up by the dozens, All ready and eager to bite, For the lad that he flung was so tender and young, It quite gave them an appetite.

Said he, "Thus shall he wallop about And the fish take him quite at their ease, For me to annoy it was ever his joy, Now I'll teach him the meaning of 'Tees'!"

The wind to his ear brought a voice, "My brother, you didn't had ought ter! And what have I done that you think it such fun To indulge in the pleasure of slaughter?"

"A good nibble or bite is my chiefest delight, When I'm merely expected to see, But a bite from a fish is not quite what I wish,

When I get it performed upon me; And just now here's a swarm of
dace at my arm, And a perch has got hold of my knee.

"For water my thirst was not great at the first, And of fish I have
quite sufficien-" "Oh fear not!" he cried, "for whatever betide, We
are both in the selfsame condition!

"I am sure that our state's very nearly alike (Not considering the
question of slaughter), For I have my perch on the top of the
bridge, And you have your perch in the water.

"I stick to my perch and your perch sticks to you, We are really
extremely alike; I've a turn-pike up here, and I very much fear You
may soon have a turn with a pike."

"Oh, grant but one wish! If I'm took by a fish (For your bait is your
brother, good man!) Pull him up if you like, but I hope you will
strike As gently as ever you can."

"If the fish be a trout, I'm afraid there's no doubt I must strike him
like lightning that's greased; If the fish be a pike, I'll engage not, to
strike, Till I've waited ten minutes at least."

"But in those ten minutes to desolate Fate Your brother a victim
may fall!" "I'll reduce it to five, so perhaps you'll survive, But the
chance is exceedingly small."

"Oh hard is your heart for to act such a part; Is it iron, or granite, or
steel?" "Why, I really can't say- it is many a day Since my heart
was accustomed to feel.

"'Twas my heart-cherished wish for to slay many fish Each day did
my malice grow worse, For my heart didn't soften with doing it so
often But rather, I should say, the reverse."

"Oh would I were back at Twyford school, Learning lessons in fear
of the birch!" "Nay, brother!" he cried, "for whatever betide, You
are better off here with your perch!

"I am sure you'll allow you are happier now, With nothing to do
but to play; And this single line here, it is perfectly clear, Is much
better than thirty a day!

"And as to the rod hanging over your head, And apparently ready
to fall, That, you know, was the case, when you lived in that place,
So it need not be reckoned at all.

"Do you see that old trout with a turn-up-nose snout? (Just to
speak on a pleasanter theme), Observe, my dear brother, our love
for each other He's the one I like best in the stream.

“To-morrow I mean to invite him to dine (We shall all of us think it a treat); If the day should be fine, I’ll just drop him a line, And we’ll settle what time we’re to meet.

“He hasn’t been into society yet, And his manners are not of the best, So I think it quite fair that it should be my care, To see that he’s properly dressed.”

Many words brought the wind of “cruel” and “kind”, And that “man suffers more than the brute”:

Each several word with patience he heard, And answered with wisdom to boot.

“What? prettier swimming in the stream, Than lying all snugly and flat? Do but look at that dish filled with glittering fish, Has Nature a picture like that?

“What? a higher delight to be drawn from the sight Of fish full of life and of glee? What a noodle you are! ‘tis delightfuller far To kill them than let them go free!

“I know there are people who prate by the hour Of the beauty of earth, sky, and ocean; Of the birds as they fly, of the fish darting by, Rejoicing in Life and in Motion.

“As to any delight to be got from the sight, It is all very well for a flat, But I think it all gammon, for hooking a salmon Is better than twenty of that!

“They say that a man of a right-thinking mind Will love the dumb creatures he sees What’s the use of his mind, if he’s never inclined To pull a fish out of the Tees?

“Take my friends and my home- as an outcast I’ll roam: Take the money I have in the Bank; It is just what I wish, but deprive me of fish, And my life would indeed be a blank!”

Forth from the house his sister came, Her brothers for to see, But when she saw that sight of awe, The tear stood in her e’e.

“Oh what bait’s that upon your hook, My brother, tell to me?” “It is but the fantailed pigeon, He would not sing for me.”

“Whoe’er would expect a pigeon to sing, A simpleton he must be!

But a pigeon-cote is a different thing To the coat that there I see!”

“Oh what bait’s that upon your hook, Dear brother, tell to me?” “It is my younger brother,” he cried, “Oh woe and dole is me!

“I’s mighty wicked, that I is!

Or how could such things be? Farewell, farewell, sweet sister, I’m going o’er the sea.”

“And when will you come back again, My brother, tell to me?”

“When chub is good for human food, And that will never be!”

She turned herself right round about, And her heart brake into three, Said, “One of the two will be wet through and through, And t’other’ll be late for his tea!” (1853)

THE END

1856

THE THREE VOICES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Three Voices (1856) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. A parody of Tennyson's poem "The Two Voices." Opening lines: He trilled a carol fresh and free, / He laughed aloud for very glee:...

THE THREE VOICES

FIRST VOICE

HE trilled a carol fresh and free,
He laughed aloud for very glee:
There came a breeze from off the sea:

It passed athwart the glooming flat-
It fanned his forehead as he sat-
It lightly bore away his hat,

All to the feet of one who stood
Like maid enchanted in a wood,
Frowning as darkly as she could.

With huge umbrella, lank and brown,
Unerringly she pinned it down,
Right through the centre of the crown.

Then, with an aspect cold and grim,
Regardless of its battered rim,

She took it up and gave it him.

A while like one in dreams he stood,
Then faltered forth his gratitude
In words just short of being rude:

For it had lost its shape and shine,
And it had cost him four-and-nine,
And he was going out to dine.

“To dine!” she sneered in acid tone
“To bend thy being to a bone
Clothed in a radiance not its own!”

The tear-drop trickled to his chin:
There was a meaning in her grin
That made him feel on fire within.

“Term it not ‘radiance’,” said he:
“‘Tis solid nutriment to me.
Dinner is Dinner: Tea is Tea.”

And she, "Yea so? Yet wherefore cease?
Let thy scant knowledge find increase.
Say 'Men are Men, and Geese are Geese'."

He moaned: he knew not what to say.
The thought "That I could get away!"
Strove with the thought "But I must stay".

"To dine!" she shrieked in dragon-wrath.
"To swallow wines all foam and froth!
To simper at a table-cloth!

"Say, can thy noble spirit stoop
To join the gormandizing troop
Who find a solace in the soup?

"Canst thou desire or pie or puff?
Thy well-bred manners were enough,
Without such gross material stuff."

"Yet well-bred men", he faintly said,
"Are not unwilling to be fed:

Nor are they well without the bread."

Her visage scorched him ere she spoke:

"There are", she said, "a kind of folk
Who have no horror of a joke.

"Such wretches live: they take their share

Of common earth and common air:

We come across them here and there:

"We grant them- there is no escape-

A sort of semi-human shape

Suggestive of the man-like Ape."

"In all such theories", said he,

"One fixed exception there must be.

That is, the Present Company."

Baffled, she gave a wolfish bark:

He, aiming blindly in the dark,

With random shaft had pierced the mark.

She felt that her defeat was plain,
Yet madly strove with might and main
To get the upper hand again.

Fixing her eyes upon the beach,
As though unconscious of his speech,
She said "Each gives to more than each".

He could not answer yea or nay:
He faltered "Gifts may pass away".
Yet knew not what he meant to say.

"If that be so," she straight replied,
"Each heart with each doth coincide.
What boots it? For the world is wide."

"The world is but a Thought," said he:
"The vast unfathomable sea
Is but a Notion- unto me."

And darkly fell her answer dread
Upon his unresisting head,

Like half a hundredweight of lead.

“The Good and Great must ever shun
That reckless and abandoned one
Who stoops to perpetrate a pun.

“The man that smokes- that reads The Times-
That goes to Christmas Pantomimes-
Is capable of any crimes!”

He felt it was his turn to speak,
And, with a shamed and crimson cheek,
Moaned “This is harder than Bezique!”

But when she asked him “Wherefore so?”
He felt his very whiskers glow,
And frankly owned “I do not know”.

While, like broad waves of golden grain,
Or sunlit hues on cloistered pane,
His colour came and went again.

Pitying his obvious distress,
Yet with a tinge of bitterness,
She said "The More exceeds the Less".

"A (A truth of such undoubted weight",
He urged, "and so extreme in date,
It were superfluous to state."

Roused into sudden passion, she
In tone of cold malignity:
"To others, yea: but not to thee."

But when she saw him quail and quake,
And when he urged "For pity's sake!"
Once more in gentle tones she spake.

"Thought in the mind doth still abide
That is by Intellect supplied,
And within that Idea doth hide:

"And he, that yearns the truth to know
Still further inwardly may go,

And find Idea from Notion flow:

“And thus the chain, that sages sought,
Is to a glorious circle wrought,
For Notion hath its source in Thought.”

So passed they on with even pace:
Yet gradually one might trace
A shadow growing on his face.

SECOND VOICE

THEY walked beside the wave-worn beach:
Her tongue was very apt to teach,
And now and then he did beseech

She would abate her dulcet tone,
Because the talk was all her own,
And he was dull as any drone.

She urged “No cheese is made of chalk”:
And ceaseless flowed her dreary talk,
Tuned to the footfall of a walk.

Her voice was very full and rich,
And, when at length she asked him "Which?"
It mounted to its highest pitch.

He a bewildered answer gave,
Drowned in the sullen moaning wave,
Lost in the echoes of the cave.

He answered her he knew not what:
Like shaft from bow at random shot,
He spoke, but she regarded not.

She waited not for his reply,
But with a downward leaden eye
Went on as if he were not by-

Sound argument and grave defence,
Strange questions raised on "Why?" and "Whence?"
And wildly tangled evidence.

When he, with racked and whirling brain,
Feebly implored her to explain,

She simply said it all again.

Wrenched with an agony intense,
He spake, neglecting Sound and Sense,
And careless of all consequence:

“Mind- I believe- is Essence- Ent-
Abstract- that is- an Accident-
Which we- that is to say- I meant-”

When, with quick breath and cheeks all flushed,
At length his speech was somewhat hushed,
She looked at him, and he was crushed.

It needed not her calm reply:
She fixed him with a stony eye,
And he could neither fight nor fly.

While she dissected, word by word,
His speech, half-guessed at and half-heard,
As might a cat a little bird.

Then, having wholly overthrown
His views, and stripped them to the bone,
Proceeded to unfold her own.

“Shall Man be Man? And shall he miss
Of other thoughts no thought but this,
Harmonious dews of sober bliss?

“What boots it? Shall his fevered eye
Through towering nothingness descry
The grisly phantom hurry by?

“And hear dumb shrieks that fill the air:
See mouths that gape, and eyes that stare
And redden in the dusky glare?

“The meadows breathing amber light,
The darkness toppling from the height,
The feathery train of granite Night?

“Shall he, grown gray among his peers,
Through the thick curtain of his tears

Catch glimpses of his earlier years,

“And hear the sounds he knew of yore,
Old shufflings on the sanded floor,
Old knuckles tapping at the door?”

“Yet stir before him as he flies
One pallid form shall ever rise,
And, bodying forth in glassy eyes

“The vision of a vanished good,
Low peering through the tangled wood,
Shall freeze the current of his blood.”

Still from each fact, with skill uncouth
And savage rapture, like a tooth
She wrenched some slow reluctant truth.

Till, like a silent water-mill,
When summer suns have dried the rill,
She reached a full stop, and was still.

Dead calm succeeded to the fuss,
As when the loaded omnibus
Has reached the railway terminus:

When, for the tumult of the street,
Is heard the engine's stifled beat,
The velvet tread of porters' feet.

With glance that ever sought the ground,
She moved her lips without a sound,
And every now and then she frowned.

He gazed upon the sleeping sea,
And joyed in its tranquillity,
And in that silence dead, but she

To muse a little space did seem,
Then, like the echo of a dream,
Harked back upon her threadbare theme.

Still an attentive ear he lent
But could not fathom what she meant:

She was not deep, nor eloquent.

He marked the ripple on the sand:
The even swaying of her hand
Was all that he could understand.

He saw in dreams a drawing-room,
Where thirteen wretches sat in gloom,
Waiting- he thought he knew for whom:

He saw them drooping here and there,
Each feebly huddled on a chair,
In attitudes of blank despair:

Oysters were not more mute than they,
For all their brains were pumped away,
And they had nothing more to say-

Save one, who groaned "Three hours are gone!"
Who shrieked "We'll wait no longer, John!
Tell them to set the dinner on!"
The vision passed: the ghosts were fled:

He saw once more that woman dread:
He heard once more the words she said.

He left her, and he turned aside:
He sat and watched the coming tide
Across the shores so newly dried.

He wondered at the waters clear,
The breeze that whispered in his ear,
The billows heaving far and near,

And why he had so long preferred
To hang upon her every word:
“In truth”, he said, “it was absurd.”

THIRD VOICE

NOT long this transport held its place:
Within a little moment’s space
Quick tears were raining down his face.

His heart stood still, aghast with fear;
A wordless voice, nor far nor near,
He seemed to hear and not to hear.

"Tears kindle not the doubtful spark.
If so, why not? Of this remark
The bearings are profoundly dark."

"Her speech", he said, "hath caused this pain.
Easier I count it to explain
The jargon of the howling main,

"Or, stretched beside some babbling brook,
To con, with inexpressive look,
An unintelligible book."

Low spake the voice within his head,
In words imagined more than said,
Soundless as ghost's intended tread:

"If thou art duller than before,
Why quittedst thou the voice of lore?
Why not endure, expecting more?"
"Rather than that", he groaned aghast,
"I'd writhe in depths of cavern vast,
Some loathly vampire's rich repast."

“’Twere hard,” it answered, “themes immense
To coop within the narrow fence
That rings thy scant intelligence.”

“Not so,” he urged, “nor once alone:
But there was something in her tone
That chilled me to the very bone.

“Her style was anything but clear,
And most unpleasantly severe;
Her epithets were very queer.

“And yet, so grand were her replies,
I could not choose but deem her wise;
I did not dare to criticise;

“Nor did I leave her, till she went
So deep in tangled argument
That all my powers of thought were spent.”

A little whisper inly slid,
“Yet truth is truth: you know you did.”

A little wink beneath the lid.

And, sickened with excess of dread,
Prone to the dust he bent his head,
And lay like one three-quarters dead.

The whisper left him- like a breeze
Lost in the depths of leafy trees-
Left him by no means at his ease.

Once more he weltered in despair,
With hands, through denser-matted hair,
More tightly clenched than then they were.

When, bathed in Dawn of living red,
Majestic frowned the mountain head,
“Tell me my fault,” was all he said.
When, at high Noon, the blazing sky
Scorched in his head each haggard eye,
Then keenest rose his weary cry.

And when at Eve the unpitying sun

Smiled grimly on the solemn fun,
“Alack,” he sighed, “what have I done?”

But saddest, darkest was the sight,
When the cold grasp of leaden Night
Dashed him to earth, and held him tight.

Tortured, unaided, and alone,
Thunders were silence to his groan,
Bagpipes sweet music to its tone:

“What? Ever thus, in dismal round,
Shall Pain and Mystery profound
Pursue me like a sleepless hound,

“With crimson-dashed and eager jaws,
Me, still in ignorance of the cause,
Unknowing what I broke of laws?”

The whisper to his ear did seem
Like echoed flow of silent stream,
Or shadow of forgotten dream,

The whisper trembling in the wind:
“Her fate with thine was intertwined,”
So spake it in his inner mind:

“Each orb'd on each a baleful star:
Each proved the other's blight and bar:
Each unto each were best, most far:

“Yea, each to each was worse than foe:
Thou, a scared dullard, gibbering low,
AND SHE, AN AVALANCHE OF WOE!”

THE END

1857

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *The Sailor's Wife* (1857) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: See! There are tears upon her face- / Tears newly shed, and scarcely dried:...

SAILORS WIFE

SEE! There are tears upon her face
Tears newly shed, and scarcely
dried: Close, in an agonized embrace,
She clasps the infant at her
side.

Peace dwells in those soft-lidded eyes,
Those parted lips that faintly smile
Peace, the foretaste of Paradise,
In heart too young for care or guile.

No peace that mother's features wear;
But quivering lip, and knotted brow,
And broken mutterings, all declare
The fearful dream that haunts her now,
The storm-wind, rushing through the
sky, Wails from the depths of cloudy space;
Shrill, piercing as the seaman's cry
When death and he are face to face.

Familiar tones are in the gale:
They ring upon her startled ear:

And quick and low she pants the tale
That tells of agony and fear:

"Still that phantom-ship is nigh
With a vexed and life-like motion,
All beneath an angry sky,
Rocking on an angry ocean.

"Round the straining mast and shrouds
Throng the spirits of the storm:
Darkly seen through driving clouds,
Bends each gaunt and ghastly form.

"See! The good ship yields at last!

Dumbly yields, and fights no more;
Driving, in the frantic blast,
Headlong on the fatal shore.

"Hark! I hear her battered side,

With a low and sullen shock, Dashed, amid the foaming tide, Full upon a sunken rock.

“His face shines out against the sky, Like a ghost, so cold and white; With a dead despairing eye Gazing through the gathered night.

“Is he watching, through the dark, Where a mocking ghostly hand Points a faint and feeble spark Glimmering from the distant land?

“Sees he, in this hour of dread, Hearth and home and wife and child? Loved ones who, in summers fled, Clung to him and wept and smiled?

“Reeling sinks the fated bark To her tomb beneath the wave: Must he perish in the dark- Not a hand stretched out to save?

“See the spirits, how they crowd!
Watching death with eyes that burn!
Waves rush in-“ she shrieks aloud, Ere her waking sense return.
The storm is gone: the skies are clear:

Hush'd is that bitter cry of pain: The only sound, that meets her ear, The heaving of the sullen main.

Though heaviness endure the night, Yet joy shall come with break of day: She shudders with a strange delight The fearful dream is pass'd away.

She wakes: the gray dawn streaks the dark:

With early song the copses ring: Far off she hears the watch-dog bark A joyful bark of welcoming!

Feb. 23, 1857.

THE END

1856

THE PATH OF ROSES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *The Path of Roses* (1856) - A poem about Florence Nightingale. Opening lines: In the dark silence of an ancient room, / Whose one tall window fronted to the West,...

THE PATH OF ROSES

(Florence Nightingale was at the height of her fame when this was written, after the Crimean War.) IN the dark silence of an ancient room, Whose one tall window fronted to the West, Where, through laced tendrils of a hanging vine, The sunset-glow was fading into-night, Sat a pale Lady, resting weary hands Upon a great clasped volume, and her face Within her hands. Not as in rest she bowed, But large hot tears were coursing down her cheek, And her low-panted sobs broke awfully Upon the sleeping echoes of the night. Soon she unclasp'd the volume once again, And read the words in tone of agony, As in self-torture, weeping as she read:

"He crowns the glory of his race: He prayeth but in some fit place To meet his foeman face to face: "And, battling for the True, the Right, From ruddy dawn to Purple night, To perish in the midmost fight: "Where hearts are fierce and hands are strong, Where peals the bugle loud and long, Where blood is dropping in the throng:

"Still, with a dim and glazing eye, To watch the tide of victory, To hear in death the battle-cry:

"Then, gathered grandly to his grave, To rest among the true and brave, In holy ground, where yew-trees wave: "Where, from church-windows sculptured fair, Float out upon the evening air The note of praise, the voice of prayer:

"Where no vain marble mockery Insults with loud and boastful lie The simple soldier's memory: "Where sometimes little children go, And read, in whisper'd accent slow, The name of him who sleeps below."

Her voice died out: like one in dreams she sat.

"Alas!" she sighed. "For what can Woman do? Her life is aimless, and her death unknown:

Hemmed in by social forms she pines in vain.

Man has his work, but what can Woman do?" And answer came there from the creeping gloom, The creeping gloom that settled into night: "Peace! For thy lot is other than a man's:

His is a path of thorns: he beats them down:

He faces death: he wrestles with despair.

Thine is of roses, to adorn and cheer His lonely life, and hide the thorns in flowers." She spake again: in bitter tone she spake:

"Aye, as a toy, the puppet of an hour, Or a fair posy, newly plucked at morn, But flung aside and withered ere the night."

And answer came there from the creeping gloom, The creeping gloom that blackened into night:

"So shalt thou be the lamp to light his path, What time the shades of sorrow close around." And, so it seemed to her, an awful light Pierced slowly through the darkness, orbed, and grew, Until all passed away- the ancient room The sunlight dying through the trellised vine The one tall window- all had passed away, And she was standing on the mighty hills.

Beneath, around, and far as eye could see, Squadron on squadron, stretched opposing hosts, Ranked as for battle, mute and motionless.

Anon a distant thunder shook the ground, The tramp of horses, and a troop shot by Plunged headlong in that living sea of men Plunged to their death: back from that fatal field A scattered handful, fighting hard for life, Broke through the serried lines; but, as she gazed, They shrank and melted, and their forms grew thin Grew pale as ghosts when the first morning ray Dawns from the East- the trumpet's brazen blare Died into silence- and the vision passed Passed to a room where sick and dying lay In long, sad line- there brooded Fear and Pain Darkness was there, the shade of Azrael's wing.

But there was one that ever, to and fro, Moved with light footfall: purely calm her face, And those deep steadfast eyes that starred the gloom:

Still, as she went, she ministered to each Comfort and counsel; cooled the fevered brow With softest touch, and in the listening ear Of the pale sufferer whispered words of peace.

That dying warrior, gazing as she passed, Clasped his thin hands and blessed her. Bless her too, Thou, who didst bless the merciful of old!

So prayed the Lady, watching tearfully Her gentle moving
onward, till the night Had veiled her wholly, and the vision
passed.

Then once again the solemn whisper came: "So in the darkest path
of man's despair, Where War and Terror shake the troubled earth,
Lies woman's mission; with unblenching brow To pass through
scenes of horror and affright .Where men grow sick and tremble:
unto her All things are sanctified, for all are good.

Nothing so mean, but shall deserve her care:

Nothing so great, but she may bear her part.

No life is vain: each hath his place assigned:

Do thou thy task, and leave the rest to God." And there was silence,
but the Lady made No answer, save one deeply-breathed "Amen".

And she arose, and in that darkening room Stood lonely as a spirit
of the night Stood calm and fearless in the gathered night And
raised her eyes to heaven. There were tears Upon her face, but in
her heart was peace, Peace that the world nor gives nor takes away!
April 10, 1856.

THE END

1862

THE MOCK TURTLE'S SONG (Early Version)

Lewis Carroll

**Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Mock Turtle's Song (Early version) (1862) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. An early version of the song of the Mock Turtle, one of the famous animal characters from "Alice in Wonderland." Opening lines: Beneath the waters of the sea / Are lobsters thick as thick can be-
...**

THE MOCK TURTLE'S SONG

BENEATH the waters of the sea
Are lobsters thick as thick can be
They love to dance with you and me,
My own, my gentle Salmon!

CHORUS

Salmon, come up! Salmon, go down!
Salmon, come twist your tail around!
Of all the fishes of the sea
There's none so good as Salmon!

THE END

1869

THEME WITH VARIATIONS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Theme with Variations (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: I never loved a dear Gazelle- / Nor anything that cost me much:...

THEME WITH VARIATIONS

[WHY is it that Poetry has never yet been subjected to that process of Dilution which has proved so advantageous to her sister-art Music? The Diluter gives us first a few notes of some well-known Air, then a dozen bars of his own, then a few more notes of the Air, and so on alternately: thus saving the listener, if not from all risk of recognizing the melody at all, at least from the too-exciting transports which it might produce in a more concentrated form. The process is termed "setting" by Composers, and any one, that has ever experienced the emotion of being unexpectedly set down in a heap of mortar, will recognize the truthfulness of this happy phrase.

For truly, just as the genuine Epicure lingers lovingly over a morsel of supreme Venison- whose every fibre seems to murmur "Excelsior!"- yet swallows, ere returning to the toothsome dainty, great mouthfuls of oatmeal-porridge and winkles: and just as the perfect Connoisseur in Claret permits himself but one delicate sip, and then tosses off a pint or more of boarding-school beer: so also-]

***I NEVER loved a dear Gazelle
Nor anything that cost me much:
High Prices Profit those who sell,
But why should I be fond of
such?***

To glad me with his soft black eye
My son comes trotting home
from school; He's had a fight but can't tell why
He always was a
little fool!

But, when he came to know me well, He kicked me out, her testy
Sire:

And when I stained my hair, that Belle Might note the change, and
thus admire

And love me, it was sure to dye A muddy green, or staring blue:

Whilst one might trace, with half an eye, The still triumphant
carrot through.

THE END

1863

THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *The Majesty of Justice* (1863) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: They passed beneath the College gate; / And down the High went slowly on;...

THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE

AN OXFORD IDYLL

THEY passed beneath the College gate; And down the High went slowly on; Then spake the Undergraduate To that benign and portly Don: "They say that justice is a Queen A Queen of awful Majesty Yet in the papers I have seen Some things that puzzle me.

"A Court obscure, so rumour states, There is, called 'Vice-Cancellarii', Which keeps on Undergraduates, Who do not pay their bills, a wary eye.

A case I'm told was lately brought Into that tiniest of places, And justice in that case was sought As in most other cases.

"Well! Justice as I hold, dear friend, Is Justice, neither more than less: I never dreamed it could depend On ceremonial or dress.

I thought that her imperial sway In Oxford surely would appear, But all the papers seem to say She's not majestic here."

The portly Don he made reply, With the most roguish of his glances, "Perhaps she drops her Majesty Under peculiar circumstances." "But that's the point!" the young man cried, "The puzzle that I wish to pen you in How are the public to decide Which article is genuine?"

"Is't only when the Court is large That we for 'Majesty' need hunt? Would what is Justice in a barge Be something different in a punt?"

"Nay, nay!" the Don replied, amused, "You're talking nonsense, sir! You know it!"

Such arguments were never used By any friend of Jowett.”

“Then is it in the men who trudge (Beef-eaters I believe they call them) Before each wigged and ermined judge, For fear some mischief should befall them? If I should recognise in one (Through all disguise) my own domestic, I fear ‘twould shed a gleam of fun Even on the ‘Majestic!’”The portly Don replied, “Ahem!

They can’t exactly be its essence: I scarcely think the want of them The ‘Majesty of Justice’ lessens.

Besides, they always march awry; Their gorgeous garments never fit: Processions don’t make MajestyI’m quite convinced of it.”

“Then is it in the wig it lies, Whose countless rows of rigid curls Are gazed at with admiring eyes By country lads and servant-girls?” Out laughed that bland and courteous Don: “Dear sir, I do not mean to flatterBut surely you have hit upon The essence of the matter.

“They will not own the Majesty Of Justice, making Monarchs bow Unless as evidence they see The horsehair wig upon her brow.

Yes, yes! That makes the silliest men Seem wise; the meanest men look big: The Majesty of Justice, then, Is seated in the WIG.” March 1863.

THE END

1881

THE LYCEUM

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Lyceum (1881) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: "It is the lawyers daughter, / And she is grown so dear, so dear,..."

THE LYCEUM "IT is the lawyer's daughter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, She costs me, in one evening, The income of a year!

'You ca'n't have children's love', she cried, 'Unless you choose to fee 'em!' 'And what's your fee, child?' I replied.

She simply said "We saw 'The Cup'." I hoped she'd say, "I'm grateful to you, very." She murmured, as she turned away, "That lovely [Ellen Terry.] "Compared with her, the rest", she cried, "Are just like two or three um"berellas standing side by side!

"Oh, gem of "We saw Two Brothers. I confess To me they seemed one man.

"Now which is which, child? Can you guess?" She cried, "A-course I can!" Bad puns like this I always dread, And am resolved to flee 'em.

And so I left her there, and fled; She lives at-
1881.

THE END

1854

THE LADY OF THE LADLE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. The Lady of the Ladle (1854) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: The Youth at Eve had drunk his fill, / Where stands the "Royal" on the Hill,...

LADY OF THE LADLE

THE Youth at Eve had drunk his fill, Where stands the "Royal" on the Hill, And long his mid-day stroll had made, On the so-called "Marine Parade" (Meant, I presume, for Seamen brave, Whose "march is on the Mountain wave" 'Twere just the bathing-place for him Who stays on land till he can swim) And he had strayed into the Town, And paced each alley up and down, Where still, so narrow grew the way, The very houses seemed to say, Nodding to friends across the Street, "One struggle more and we shall meet." And he had scaled that wondrous stair That soars from earth to upper air, Where rich and poor alike must climb, And walk the treadmill for a time.

That morning he had dressed with care, And put Pomatum on his hair; He was, the loungers all agreed, A very heavy swell indeed: Men thought him, as he swaggered by, Some scion of nobility, And never dreamed, so cold his look, That he had loved- and loved a Cook.

Upon the beach he stood and sighed Unheedful of the treacherous tide; Thus sang he to the listening main, And soothed his sorrow with the strain!

(1854)

THE END

1876

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *Hunting of the Snark* (1876) - "An Agony in Eight Fits." A nonsensical fantasy tale in verse which includes satire, parody, and symbolism. Opening lines: "Just the place for a Snark!" the Bellman cried, / As he landed his crew with care; ...

Table Of Contents

INSCRIPTION	3
PREFACE TO THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK	4
FIT THE FIRST	6
FIT THE SECOND	8
FIT THE THIRD	10
FIT THE FOURTH	12
FIT THE FIFTH	14
FIT THE SIXTH	17
FIT THE SEVENTH	19
FIT THE EIGHTH	20

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIBED TO A DEAR CHILD:

IN MEMORY OF GOLDEN SUMMER HOURS AND WHISPERS
OF A SUMMER SEA Girt with a boyish garb for boyish task, Eager
she wields her spade: yet loves as well Rest on a friendly knee,
intent to ask The tale he loves to tell.

Rude spirits of the seething outer strife, Unmeet to read her pure
and simple spright, Deem, if you list, such hours a waste of life,
Empty of all delight!

Chat on, sweet Maid, and rescue from annoy Hearts that by wiser
talk are unbeguiled.

Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy, The heart-love of a
child!

Away, fond thoughts, and vex my soul no more!

Work claims my wakeful nights, my busy days Albeit bright
memories of that sunlit shore Yet haunt my dreaming gaze!

PREFACE TO THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

IF- and the thing is wildly possible- the charge of writing nonsense were ever brought against the author of this brief but instructive poem, it would be based, I feel convinced, on the line "Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes:" In view of this painful possibility, I will not (as I might) appeal indignantly to my other writings as a proof that I am incapable of such a deed: I will not (as I might) point to the strong moral purpose of this poem itself, to the arithmetical principles so cautiously inculcated in it, or to its noble teachings in Natural History- I will take the more prosaic course of simply explaining how it happened.

The Bellman, who was almost morbidly sensitive about appearances, used to have the bowsprit unshipped once or twice a week to be revarnished; and it more than once happened, when the time came for replacing it, that no one on board could remember which end of the ship it belonged to. They knew it was not of the slightest use to appeal to the Bellman about it- he would only refer to his Naval Code, and read out in pathetic tones Admiralty Instructions which none of them had ever been able to understand- so it generally ended in its being fastened on, anyhow, across the rudder. The helmsman¹ used to stand by with tears in his eyes: he knew it was all wrong, but alas! Rule 42 of the Code, "No one shall speak to the Man at the Helm," had been completed by the Bellman himself with the words "and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one." So remonstrance was impossible, and no steering could be done till the next varnishing day. During these bewildering intervals the ship usually sailed backwards.

As this poem is to some extent connected with the lay of the Jabberwock, let me take this opportunity of answering a question that has often been asked me, how to pronounce "slithy toves." The "i" in "slithy" is long, as in "writhe"; and "toves" is pronounced so as to rhyme with "groves." Again, the first "o" in "borogoves" is pronounced like the "o" in "borrow." I have heard people try to give it the sound of the "o" in "worry." Such is Human Perversity. This also seems a fitting occasion to notice the other hard words in that poem.

Humpty-Dumpty's theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all.

For instance, take the two words "fuming" and "furious." Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards "fuming," you will say

“fuming-furious”; if they turn, by even a hair’s breadth, towards “furious,” you will say “furious-fuming”; but if you have that rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say “frumious.”

1 This office was usually undertaken by the Boots, who found in it a refuge from the Baker’s constant complaints about the insufficient blacking of his three pairs of boots.

Supposing that, when Pistol uttered the well-known words “Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!” Justice Shallow had felt certain that it was either William or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped out “Rilchiam!”

FIT THE FIRST

THE LANDING

“JUST the place for a Snark!” the Bellman cried, As he landed his crew with care; Supporting each man on the top of the tide By a finger entwined in his hair.

“Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice: That alone should encourage the crew.

Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice: What I tell you three times is true.”

The crew was complete: it included a BootsA maker of Bonnets and HoodsA Barrister, brought to arrange their disputesAnd a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense, Might perhaps have won more than his shareBut a Banker, engaged at enormous expense, Had the whole of their cash in his care.

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck, Or would sit making lace in the bow: And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things He forgot when he entered the ship: His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings, And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed, With his name painted clearly on each: But, since he omitted to mention the fact, They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because He had seven coats on when he came, With three pair of boots- but the worst of it was, He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to “Hi!” or to any loud cry, Such as “Fry me!” or “Fritter my wig!” To “What-you-may-call-um!” or “What-was-his-name!” But especially “Thing-um-a jig!”

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word, He had different names from these:

His intimate friends called him “Candle-ends,” And his enemies “Toasted-cheese.”

“His form is ungainly- his intellect small-” (So the Bellman would often remark) “But his courage is perfect! And that, after all, Is the thing that one needs with a Snark.”

He would joke with hyaenas, returning their stare With an impudent wag of the head: And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear, “Just to keep up its spirits,” he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late
 And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad
 He could only bake Bride-cake- for which, I
 may state, No materials were to be had.

The last of the crew needs especial remark,
 Though he looked an incredible dunce:
 He had just one idea- but, that one being
 "Snark," The good Bellman engaged him at once.

He came as a Butcher: but gravely declared,
 When the ship had been sailing a week,
 He could only kill Beavers. The Bellman
 looked scared, And was almost too frightened to speak:
 But at length he explained, in a tremulous tone,
 There was only one Beaver on board;
 And that was a tame one he had of his own,
 Whose death would be deeply deplored.

The Beaver, who happened to hear the remark,
 Protested, with tears in its eyes,
 That not even the rapture of hunting the Snark
 Could atone for that dismal surprise!

It strongly advised that the Butcher should be
 Conveyed in a separate ship:

But the Bellman declared that would never agree
 With the plans he had made for the trip:
 Navigation was always a difficult art,
 Though with only one ship and one bell:

And he feared he must really decline, for his part,
 Undertaking another as well.

The Beaver's best course was, no doubt, to procure
 A second-hand dagger-proof coat
 So the Baker advised it- and next, to insure
 Its life in some Office of note:
 This the Banker suggested, and offered for
 hire (On moderate terms), or for sale,
 Two excellent Policies, one
 Against Fire And one Against Damage From Hail.

Yet still, ever after that sorrowful day,
 Whenever the Butcher was by,
 The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,
 And appeared unaccountably shy.

FIT THE SECOND

THE BELLMAN'S SPEECH

THE Bellman himself they all praised to the skies
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace!

Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise,
The moment one looked in his face!

He had bought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land: And the crew were much pleased when they found
it to be A map they could all understand.

“What’s the good of Mercator’s North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?” So the Bellman would cry: and the
crew would reply “They are merely conventional signs!

“Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!

But we’ve got our brave Captain to thank” (So the crew would
protest) “that he’s bought us the best A perfect and absolute blank!”

This was charming, no doubt: but they shortly found out
That the Captain they trusted so well Had only one notion for crossing the
ocean, And that was to tingle his bell.

He was thoughtful and grave- but the orders he gave
Were enough to bewilder a crew.

When he cried “Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard!”

What on earth was the helmsman to do?

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes A thing,
as the Bellman remarked, That frequently happens in tropical
climes, When a vessel is, so to speak, “snarked.”

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing, And the Bellman,
perplexed and distressed, Said he had hoped, at least, when the
wind blew due East, That the ship would not travel due West!

But the danger was past- they had landed at last, With their boxes,
portmanteaus, and bags: Yet at first sight the crew were not
pleased with the view Which consisted of chasms and crags.

The Bellman perceived that their spirits were low, And repeated in
musical tone Some jokes he had kept for a season of woe
But the crew would do nothing but groan.

He served out some grog with a liberal hand, And bade them sit
down on the beach:

And they could not but own that their Captain looked grand, As he
stood and delivered his speech.

“Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!” (They
were all of them fond of quotations:

So they drank to his health, and they gave him three cheers, While he served out additional rations).

“We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks, (Four weeks to the month you may mark), But never as yet (‘tis your Captain who speaks) Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark!

“We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days, (Seven days to the week I allow), But a Snark, on the which we might lovingly gaze, We have never beheld till now!

“Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again The five unmistakable marks By which you may know, wheresoever you go, The warranted genuine Snarks.

“Let us take them in order. The first is the taste, Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp: Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist, With a flavour of Will-o’-the-Wisp.

“Its habit of getting up late you’ll agree That it carries too far, when I say That it frequently breakfasts at five-o’clock tea, And dines on the following day.

“The third is its slowness in taking a jest.

Should you happen to venture on one, It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed: And it always looks grave at a pun

“The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines, Which it constantly carries about, And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes A sentiment open to doubt.

“The fifth is ambition. It next will be right To describe each particular batch: Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite, From those that have whiskers, and scratch

“For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm, Yet I feel it my duty to say Some are Boojums-“ The Bellman broke off in alarm, For the Baker had fainted away.

FIT THE THIRD

THE BAKER'S TALE

THEY roused him with muffins- they roused him with ice
They roused him with mustard and cress
They roused him with jam and
judicious advice
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called "Ho!" told his story
of woe In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor-" "Skip all that!"
cried the Bellman in haste.

"If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark
We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker in tears, "And proceed without
further remark To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named) Remarked, when
I bade him farewell-" "Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman
exclaimed, As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men, "'If your
Snark be a Snark, that is right: Fetch it home by all means- you may
serve it with greens And it's handy for striking a light.

"'You may seek it with thimbles- and seek it with care You may
hunt it with forks and hope; You may threaten its life with a
railway-share; You may charm it with smiles and soap-'"

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold In a hasty
parenthesis cried, "That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"'But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day, If your Snark be a
Boojum! For then You will softly and suddenly vanish away, And
never be met with again!"

"It is this, it is this that oppresses my soul, When I think of my
uncle's last words:

And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl Brimming over
with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this-" "We have had that before!" The Bellman
indignantly said.

And the Baker replied "Let me say it once more.

It is this, it is this that I dread!

“I engage with the Snark- every night after dark
In a dreamy delirious fight: I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes, And
I use it for striking a light:

“But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day, In a moment (of this I
am sure), I shall softly and suddenly vanish away
And the notion I cannot endure!”

FIT THE FOURTH

THE HUNTING

THE Bellman looked uffish, and wrinkled his brow.

“If only you’d spoken before!

It’s excessively awkward to mention it now, With the Snark, so to speak, at the door!

“We should all of us grieve, as you well may believe, If you never were met with again But surely, my man, when the voyage began, You might have suggested it then?

“It’s excessively awkward to mention it now As I think I’ve already remarked.” And the man they called “Hi!” replied, with a sigh, “I informed you the day we embarked.

“You may charge me with murder- or want of sense (We are all of us weak at times): But the slightest approach to a false pretence Was never among my crimes!

“I said it in Hebrew- I said it in Dutch I said it in German and Greek:

But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much) That English is what you speak!”

“’Tis a pitiful tale,” said the Bellman, whose face Had grown longer at every word:

“But, now that you’ve stated the whole of your case, More debate would be simply absurd.

“The rest of my speech” (he exclaimed to his men) You shall hear when I’ve leisure to speak it.

But the Snark is at hand, let me tell you again!

’Tis your glorious duty, to seek it!

“To seek it with thimbles, to seek it with care; To pursue it with forks and hope; To threaten its life with a railway-share; To charm it with smiles and soap!

“For the Snark’s a peculiar creature, that won’t Be caught in a commonplace way.

Do all that you know, and try all that you don’t:

Not a chance must be wasted to-day!

“For England expects- I forbear to proceed:

’Tis a maxim tremendous, but trite:

And you’d best be unpacking the things that you need To rig yourselves out for the fight.”

Then the Banker endorsed a blank cheque (which he crossed), And changed his loose silver for notes:

The Baker with care combed his whiskers and hair.

And shook the dust out of his coats: The Boots and the Broker were
sharpening a spade Each working the grindstone in turn:
But the Beaver went on making lace, and displayed No interest in
the concern:

Though the Barrister tried to appeal to its pride, And vainly
proceeded to cite A number of cases, in which making laces Had
been proved an infringement of right.

The maker of Bonnets ferociously planned A novel arrangement of
bows:

While the Billiard-marker with quivering hand Was chalking the
tip of his nose.

But the Butcher turned nervous, and dressed himself fine, With
yellow kid gloves and a ruff Said he felt it exactly like going to
dine, Which the Bellman declared was all "stuff."

"Introduce me, now there's a good fellow," he said, "If we happen
to meet it together!" And the Bellman, sagaciously nodding his
head, Said "That must depend on the weather."

The Beaver went simply galumphing about, At seeing the Butcher
so shy: And even the Baker, though stupid and stout, Made an
effort to wink with one eye.

"Be a man!" cried the Bellman in wrath, as he heard The Butcher
beginning to sob.

"Should we meet with a Jubjub, that desperate bird, We shall need
all our strength for the job!"

FIT THE FIFTH

THE BEAVER'S LESSON

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care; They pursued it with forks and hope; They threatened its life with a railway-share; They charmed it with smiles and soap.

Then the Butcher contrived an ingenious plan For making a separate sally; And had fixed on a spot unfrequented by man, A dismal and desolate valley.

But the very same plan to the Beaver occurred:

It had chosen the very same place: Yet neither betrayed, by a sign or a word, The disgust that appeared in his face.

Each thought he was thinking of nothing but "Snark" And the glorious work of the day; And each tried to pretend that he did not remark That the other was going that way.

But the valley grew narrow and narrower still, And the evening got darker and colder, Till (merely from nervousness, not from good will) They marched along shoulder to shoulder.

Then a scream, shrill and high, rent the shuddering sky And they knew that some danger was near: The Beaver turned pale to the tip of its tail, And even the Butcher felt queer.

He thought of his childhood, left far behind That blissful and innocent state The sound so exactly recalled to his mind A pencil that squeaks on a slate!

"'Tis the voice of the Jubjub!" he suddenly cried.

(This man, that they used to call "Dunce.") "As the Bellman would tell you," he added with pride, "I have uttered that sentiment once.

"'Tis the note of the Jubjub! Keep count, I entreat.

You will find I have told it you twice.

'Tis the song of the Jubjub! The proof is complete.

If only I've stated it thrice."

The Beaver had counted with scrupulous care, Attending to every word: But it fairly lost heart, and outgrabe in despair, When the third repetition occurred.

It felt that, in spite of all possible pains, It had somehow contrived to lose count, And the only thing now was to rack its poor brains By reckoning up the amount.

"Two added to one- if that could but be done," It said, "with one's fingers and thumbs!" Recollecting with tears how, in earlier years, It had taken no pains with its sums.

"The thing can be done," said the Butcher, "I think The thing must be done, I am sure.

The thing shall be done! Bring me paper and ink, The best there is time to procure.”

The Beaver brought paper, portfolio, pens, And ink in unfailing supplies: While strange creepy creatures came out of their dens, And watched them with wondering eyes.

So engrossed was the Butcher, he heeded them not, As he wrote with a pen in each hand, And explained all the while in a popular style Which the Beaver could well understand.

“Taking Three as the subject to reason about A convenient number to state We add Seven, and Ten, and then multiply out By One Thousand diminished by Eight.

“The result we proceed to divide, as you see, By Nine Hundred and Ninety and Two: Then subtract Seventeen, and the answer must be Exactly and perfectly true.

“The method employed I would gladly explain, While I have it so clear in my head, If I had but the time and you had but the brain But much yet remains to be said.

“In one moment I’ve seen what has hitherto been Enveloped in absolute mystery, And without extra charge I will give you at large A Lesson in Natural History.”

In his genial way he proceeded to say (Forgetting all laws of propriety, And that giving instruction, without introduction, Would have caused quite a thrill in Society), “As to temper the Jubjub’s a desperate bird.

Since it lives in perpetual passion:

Its taste in costume is entirely absurd It is ages ahead of the fashion:

“But it knows any friend it has met once before:

It never will look at a bribe: And in charity-meetings it stands at the door, And collects- though it does not subscribe.

“Its flavour when cooked is more exquisite far Than mutton, or oysters, or eggs:

(Some think it keeps best in an ivory jar, And some, in mahogany kegs:)

“You boil it in sawdust: you salt it in glue:

You condense it with locusts and tape:

Still keeping one principal object in view To preserve its symmetrical shape.”

The Butcher would gladly have talked till next day, But he felt that the Lesson must end, And he wept with delight in attempting to say He considered the Beaver his friend: While the Beaver confessed, with affectionate looks More eloquent even than tears, It had learned in ten minutes far more than all books Would have taught it in seventy years.

They returned hand-in-hand, and the Bellman, unmanned (For a moment) with noble emotion, Said "This amply repays all the wearisome days We have spent on the billowy ocean!"

Such friends, as the Beaver and Butcher became, Have seldom if ever been known; In winter or summer, 'twas always the same You could never meet either alone.

And when quarrels arose- as one frequently finds Quarrels will, spite of every endeavour The song of the Jubjub recurred to their minds, And cemented their friendship for ever!

FIT THE SIXTH

THE BARRISTER'S DREAM

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care; They pursued it with forks and hope; They threatened its life with a railway-share; They charmed it with smiles and soap.

But the Barrister, weary of proving in vain That the Beaver's lace-making was wrong, Fell asleep, and in dreams saw the creature quite plain That his fancy had dwelt on so long.

He dreamed that he stood in a shadowy Court, Where the Snark, with a glass in its eye, Dressed in gown, bands, and wig, was defending a pig On the charge of deserting its sty.

The Witnesses proved, without error or flaw, That the sty was deserted when found: And the Judge kept explaining the state of the law In a soft under-current of sound.

The indictment had never been clearly expressed, And it seemed that the Snark had begun, And had spoken three hours, before any one guessed What the pig was supposed to have done.

The Jury had each formed a different view (Long before the indictment was read), And they all spoke at once, so that none of them knew One word that the others had said.

"You must know-" said the Judge: but the Snark exclaimed "Fudge!" That statute is obsolete quite!

Let me tell you, my friends, the whole question depends On an ancient manorial right.

"In the matter of Treason the pig would appear To have aided, but scarcely abetted: While the charge of Insolvency fails, it is clear, If you grant the plea 'never indebted.'

"The fact of Desertion I will not dispute:

But its guilt, as I trust, is removed (So far as relates to the costs of this suit) By the Alibi which has been proved.

"My poor client's fate now depends on your votes." Here the speaker sat down in his place, And directed the Judge to refer to his notes And briefly to sum up the case.

But the Judge said he never had summed up before; So the Snark undertook it instead, And summed it so well that it came to far more Than the Witnesses ever had said!

When the verdict was called for, the Jury declined, As the word was so puzzling to spell; But they ventured to hope that the Snark wouldn't mind Undertaking that duty as well.

So the Snark found the verdict, although, as it owned, It was spent with the toils of the day:

When it said the word "GUILTY!" the Jury all groaned And some of them fainted away.

Then the Snark pronounced sentence, the Judge being quite Too nervous to utter a word: When it rose to its feet, there was silence like night, And the fall of a pin might be heard.

"Transportation for life" was the sentence it gave, "And then to be fined forty pound." The Jury all cheered, though the Judge said he feared That the phrase was not legally sound.

But their wild exultation was suddenly checked When the jailer informed them, with tears, Such a sentence would have not the slightest effect, As the pig had been dead for some years.

The Judge left the Court, looking deeply disgusted But the Snark, though a little aghast, As the lawyer to whom the defence was intrusted, Went bellowing on to the last.

Thus the Barrister dreamed, while the bellowing seemed To grow every moment more clear:

Till he woke to the knell of a furious bell, Which the Bellman rang close at his ear.

FIT THE SEVENTH

THE BANKER'S FATE

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care; They pursued it with forks and hope; They threatened its life with a railway-share; They charmed it with smiles and soap.

And the Banker, inspired with a courage so new It was matter for general remark, Rushed madly ahead and was lost to their view In his zeal to discover the Snark.

But while he was seeking with thimbles and care, A Bandersnatch swiftly drew nigh And grabbed at the Banker, who shrieked in despair, For he knew it was useless to fly.

He offered large discount- he offered a cheque (Drawn "to bearer") for seven-pounds-ten: But the Bandersnatch merely extended its neck And grabbed at the Banker again.

Without rest or pause- while those frumious jaws Went savagely snapping around He skipped and he hopped, and he floundered and flopped, Till fainting he fell to the ground, The Bandersnatch fled as the others appeared Led on by that fear-stricken yell:

And the Bellman remarked "It is just as I feared!" And solemnly tolled on his bell.

He was black in the face, and they scarcely could trace The least likeness to what he had been: While so great was his fright that his waistcoat turned white A wonderful thing to be seen!

To the horror of all who were present that day, He uprose in full evening dress, And with senseless grimaces endeavoured to say What his tongue could no longer express.

Down he sank in a chair- ran his hands through his hair And chanted in mimsiest tones Words whose utter inanity proved his insanity, While he rattled a couple of bones.

"Leave him here to his fate- it is getting so late!" The Bellman exclaimed in a fright.

"We have lost half the day. Any further delay, And we sha'n't catch a Snark before night!"

FIT THE EIGHTH

THE VANISHING

THEY sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care; They pursued it with forks and hope; They threatened its life with a railway-share; They charmed it with smiles and soap.

They shuddered to think that the chase might fail, And the Beaver, excited at last, Went bounding along on the tip of its tail, For the daylight was nearly past.

“There is Thingumbob shouting!” the Bellman said.

“He is shouting like mad, only hark!

He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head, He has certainly found a Snark!”

They gazed in delight, while the Butcher exclaimed “He was always a desperate wag!” They beheld him- their Baker- their hero unnamed On the top of a neighbouring crag, Erect and sublime, for one moment of time.

In the next, that wild figure they saw (As if stung by a spasm) plunge into a chasm, While they waited and listened in awe.

“It’s a Snark!” was the sound that first came to their ears, And seemed almost too good to be true.

Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers:

Then the ominous words “It’s a Boo-”

Then, silence. Some fancied they heard in the air A weary and wandering sigh That sounded like “-jum!” but the others declare It was only a breeze that went by.

They hunted till darkness came on, but they found Not a button, or feather, or mark, By which they could tell that they stood on the ground Where the Baker had met with the Snark.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say, In the midst of his laughter and glee, He had softly and suddenly vanished away- For the Snark was a Boojum, you see.

THE END

1889

SYLVIE AND BRUNO

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Sylvie and Bruno (1889) - After the "Alice" stories, "Sylvie and Bruno" is Carroll's best known work of fantasy. This fairy story began as a short story ("Bruno's Revenge," 1867) and evolved over twenty years of fragmented writing into a two volume work (with "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded.")

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SYLVIE AND BRUNO	8
PREFACE	9
CHAPTER I	21
Less Bread! More Taxes!	21
CHAPTER II	31
L'Amie Inconnue	31
CHAPTER III	40
Birthday-Presents	40
CHAPTER IV	49
A Cunning Conspiracy	49

CHAPTER V 58
A Beggar's Palace 58

CHAPTER VI 69
The Magic Locket 69

CHAPTER VII 79
The Baron's Embassy 79

CHAPTER VIII 88
A Ride on a Lion 88

CHAPTER IX 97
A Jester and a Bear 97

CHAPTER X 108
The Other Professor 108

CHAPTER XI 117

Peter and Paul	117
CHAPTER XII	128
A Musical Gardener	128
CHAPTER XIII	139
A Visit to Dogland	139
CHAPTER XIV	150
Fairy-Sylvie	150
CHAPTER XV	165
Bruno's Revenge	165
CHAPTER XVI	177
A Changed Crocodile	177
CHAPTER XVII	186
The Three Badgers	186

CHAPTER XVIII 200
 Queer Street, Number Forty 200

CHAPTER XIX 212
 How to Make a Phlizz 212

CHAPTER XX 223
 Light Come, Light Go 223

CHAPTER XXI 236
 Through the Ivory Door 236

CHAPTER XXII 251
 Crossing the Line 251

CHAPTER XXIII 265
 An Outlandish Watch 265

CHAPTER XXIV 276

The Frogs' Birthday-Treat 276

CHAPTER XXV 291

Looking Eastward 291

SYLVIE AND BRUNO

Is all our Life, then, but a dream
Seen faintly in the golden gleam
Athwart Time's dark resistless stream?

Bowed to the earth with bitter woe,
Or laughing at some raree-show,
We flutter idly to and fro.

Man's little Day in haste we spend,
And, from its merry noontide, send
No glance to meet the silent end.

PREFACE

THE descriptions, in chapter XXV, of Sunday as spent by children of the last generation, are quoted verbatim from a speech made to me by a child-friend and a letter written to me by a lady-friend.

The Chapters, headed "Fairy Sylvie" and "Bruno's Revenge", are a reprint, with a few alterations, of a little fairy-tale which I wrote in the year 1867, at the request of the late Mrs. Gatty, for "Aunt Judy's Magazine", which she was then editing.

It was in 1874, I believe, that the idea first occurred to me of making it the nucleus of a longer story. As the years went on, I jotted down, at odd moments, all sorts of odd ideas, and fragments of dialogue, that occurred to me- who knows how?- with a transitory suddenness that left me no choice but either to record them then and there, or to abandon them to oblivion. Sometimes one could trace to their source these random flashes of thought- as being suggested by the book one was reading, or struck out from the "flint" of one's own mind by the "steel" of a friend's chance remark- but they had also a way of their own, of occurring, a propos of nothing- specimens of that hopelessly illogical phenomenon, "an effect without a cause". Such, for example, was the last line of "The Hunting of the Snark", which came into my head (as I have already related in "The Theatre" for April, 1887) quite suddenly, during a solitary walk; and such, again, have been passages which occurred in dreams. and which I cannot trace to any antecedent

cause whatever. There are at least two instances of such dream-suggestions in this book- one, my Lady's remark, "it often runs in families, just as a love for pastry does", in chapter VII; the other, Eric Lindon's badinage about having been in domestic service, in chapter XXII.

And thus it came to pass that I found myself at last in possession of a huge unwieldy mass of literature- if the reader will kindly excuse the spelling- which only needed stringing together, upon the thread of a consecutive story, to constitute the book I hoped to write. Only! The task, at first, seemed absolutely hopeless, and gave me a far clearer idea, than I ever had before, of the meaning of the word "chaos": and I think it must have been ten years, or more, before I had succeeded in classifying these odds-and-ends sufficiently to see what sort of a story they indicated: for the story had to grow out of the incidents, not the incidents out of the story.

I am telling all this, in no spirit of egoism, but because I really believe that some of my readers will be interested in these details of the "genesis" of a book, which looks so simple and straight-forward a matter, when completed, that they might suppose it to have been written straight off, page by page, as one would write a letter, beginning at the beginning and ending at the end.

It is, no doubt, possible to write a story in that way: and, if it be not vanity to say so, I believe that I could, myself,- if I were in the unfortunate position (for I do hold it to be a real misfortune) of being obliged to produce a given amount of fiction in a given time that I could "fulfil my task", and produce my "tale of

bricks”, as other slaves have done. One thing, at any rate I could guarantee as to the story so produced- that it should be utterly commonplace, should contain no new ideas whatever, and should be very very weary reading!

This species of literature has received the very appropriate name of “padding”- which might fitly be defined as “that which all can write and none can read”. That the present volume contains no such writing I dare not avow: sometimes, in order to bring a picture into its proper place, it has been necessary to eke out a page with two or three extra lines: but I can honestly say I have put in no more than I was absolutely compelled to do.

My readers may perhaps like to amuse themselves by trying to detect, in a given passage, the one piece of “padding” it contains. While arranging the “slips” into pages, I found that the passage, in Chapter III which now extends from “My Lady turned to the Professor,...” to “...(“This” was a very earnest hug and a kiss.)” was too short. I supplied the deficiency, not by interpolating a word here and a word there, but by writing in some consecutive lines. Now can my readers guess which they are?

A harder puzzle- if a harder be desired- would be to determine, as to the Gardener’s Song, in which cases (if any) the stanza was adapted to the surrounding text, and in which (if any) the text was adapted to the stanza.

Perhaps the hardest thing in all literature- at least I have found it so: by no voluntary effort can I accomplish it: I have to take it as it comes- is to write anything original. And perhaps the easiest is, when once an original line has been struck out, to follow it up, and to write any amount more to the same tune. I do not know if "Alice in Wonderland" was an original story- I was, at least, no conscious imitator in writing it- but I do know that, since it came out, something like a dozen story-books have appeared, on identically the same pattern. The path I timidly explored- believing myself to be "the first that ever burst into that silent sea"- is now a beaten highroad: all the way-side flowers have long ago been trampled into the dust: and it would be courting disaster for me to attempt that style again.

Hence it is that, in "Sylvie and Bruno", I have striven- with I know not what success- to strike out yet another new path: be it bad or good, it is the best I can do. It is written, not for money, and not for fame, but in the hope of supplying, for the children whom I love, some thoughts that may suit those hours of innocent merriment which are the very life of Childhood: and also, in the hope of suggesting, to them and to others, some thoughts that may prove, I would fain hope, not wholly out of harmony with the graver cadences of Life.

If I have not already exhausted the patience of my readers, I would like to seize this opportunity- perhaps the last I shall have of addressing so many friends at once- of putting on record some ideas that have occurred to me, as to books desirable to be written- which I should much like to attempt, but may not ever have the time or power to carry through- in the hope that, if I should fail (and the years

are gliding away very fast) to finish the task I have set myself, other hands may take it up.

First, a Child's Bible. The only real essentials of this would be, carefully selected passages, suitable for a child's reading, and pictures. One principle of selection, which I would adopt, would be that Religion should be put before a child as a revelation of love- no need to pain and puzzle the young mind with the history of crime and punishment. (On such a principle I should, for example, omit the history of the Flood.) The supplying of the pictures would involve no great difficulty: no new ones would be needed: hundreds of excellent pictures already exist, the copyright of which has long ago expired, and which simply need photo-zincography, or some similar process, for their successful reproduction. The book should be handy in size- with a pretty attractive-looking cover- in a clear legible type- and, above all, with abundance of pictures, pictures, pictures!

Secondly, a book of pieces selected from the Bible- not single texts, but passages of from 10 to 20 verses each- to be committed to memory. Such passages would be found useful, to repeat to one's self and to ponder over, on many occasions when reading is difficult, if not impossible: for instance, when lying awake at night- on a railway-journey- when taking a solitary walk- in old age, when eyesight is failing or wholly lost-and, best of all, when illness, while incapacitating us for reading or any other occupation, condemns us to lie awake through many weary silent hours: at such a time how keenly one may realize the truth of

David's rapturous cry "O how sweet are thy words unto my throat: yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth!"

I have said "passages", rather than single texts, because we have no means of recalling single texts: memory needs links, and here are none: one may have a hundred texts stored in the memory, and not be able to recall, at will, more than half-a-dozen- and those by mere chance: whereas, once get hold of any portion of a chapter that has been committed to memory, and the whole can be recovered: all hangs together.

Thirdly, a collection of passages, both prose and verse, from books other than the Bible. There is not perhaps much, in what is called "un-inspired" literature (a misnomer, I hold: if Shakespeare was not inspired, one may well doubt if any man ever was), that will bear the process of being pondered over, a hundred times: still there are such passages- enough, I think, to make a goodly store for the memory.

These two books- of sacred, and secular, passages for memory- will serve other good purposes besides merely occupying vacant hours: they will help to keep at bay many anxious thoughts, worrying thoughts, uncharitable thoughts, unholy thoughts. Let me say this, in better words than my own, by copying a passage from that most interesting book, Robertson's Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians, Lecture XLIX. "If a man finds himself haunted by evil desires and unholy images, which will generally be at periodical hours, let him commit to memory passages of Scripture, or passages from the best writers in verse or prose.

Let him store his mind with these, as safeguards to repeat when he lies awake in some restless night, or when despairing imaginations, or gloomy, suicidal thoughts, beset him. Let these be to him the sword, turning everywhere to keep the way of the Garden of Life from the intrusion of profaner footsteps.”

Fourthly, a “Shakespeare” for girls: that is, an edition in which everything, not suitable for the perusal of girls of (say) from 10 to 17, should be omitted. Few children under 10 would be likely to understand or enjoy the greatest of poets: and those, who have passed out of girlhood, may safely be left to read Shakespeare, in any edition, “expurgated” or not, that they may prefer; but it seems a pity that so many children, in the intermediate stage, should be debarred from a great pleasure for want of an edition suitable to them. Neither Bowdler’s, Chambers’s, Brandram’s, nor Cundell’s “Boudoir” Shakespeare, seems to me to meet the want: they are not sufficiently “expurgated”. Bowdler’s is the most extraordinary of all: looking through it, I am filled with a deep sense of wonder, considering what he has left in, that he should have cut anything out! Besides relentlessly erasing all that is unsuitable on the score of reverence or decency, I should be inclined to omit also all that seems too difficult, or not likely to interest young readers. The resulting book might be slightly fragmentary: but it would be a real treasure to all British maidens who have any taste for poetry.

If it be needful to apologize to any one for the new departure I have taken in this story- by introducing, along with what will, I hope, prove to be acceptable nonsense for children, some of the graver thoughts of human life- it must be to

one who has learned the Art of keeping such thoughts wholly at a distance in hours of mirth and careless ease. To him such a mixture will seem, no doubt, ill judged and repulsive. And that such an Art exists I do not dispute: with youth, good health, and sufficient money, it seems quite possible to lead, for years together, a life of unmixed gaiety- with the exception of one solemn fact, with which we are liable to be confronted at any moment, even in the midst of the most brilliant company or the most sparkling entertainment. A man may fix his own times for admitting serious thought, for attending public worship, for prayer, for reading the Bible: all such matters he can defer to that “convenient season”, which is so apt never to occur at all: but he cannot defer, for one single moment, the necessity of attending to a message, which may come before he has finished reading this page, “this night shall thy soul be required of thee.”

The ever-present sense of this grim possibility has been, in all ages, ¹ an incubus that men have striven to shake off. Few more interesting subjects of enquiry could be found, by a student of history, than the various weapons that have been used against this shadowy foe. Saddest of all must have been the thoughts of those who saw indeed an existence beyond the grave, but an existence far more terrible than annihilation- an existence as filmy, impalpable, all but invisible spectres, drifting about, through endless ages, in a world of shadows, with nothing to

1

At the moment, when I had written these words, there was a knock at the door, and a telegram was brought me, announcing the sudden death of a dear friend.

do, nothing to hope for, nothing to love! In the midst of the gay verses of that genial “bon vivant” Horace, there stands one dreary word whose utter sadness goes to one’s heart. It is the word “exilium” in the well-known passage

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cymbae.

Yes, to him this present life- spite of all its weariness and all its sorrow- was the only life worth having: all else was “exile”! Does it not seem almost incredible that one, holding such a creed, should ever have smiled?

And many in this day, I fear, even though believing in an existence beyond the grave far more real than Horace ever dreamed of, yet regard it as a sort of “exile” from all the joys of life, and so adopt Horace’s theory, and say “let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die”.

We go to entertainments, such as the theatre- I say “we”, for I also go to the play, whenever I get a chance of seeing a really good one- and keep at arm’s length, if possible, the thought that we may not return alive. Yet how do you know- dear friend, whose patience has carried you through this garrulous preface- that it may not be your lot, when mirth is fastest and most furious, to feel the sharp pang, or the deadly faintness, which heralds the final crisis- to see, with

vague wonder, anxious friends bending over you- to hear their troubled whispers- perhaps yourself to shape the question, with trembling lips, "Is it serious?" and to be told "Yes: the end is near" (and oh, how different all Life will look when those words are said!)- how do you know, I say, that all this may not happen to you, this night?

And dare you, knowing this, say to yourself "Well, perhaps it is an immoral play: perhaps the situations are a little too 'risky', the dialogue a little too strong, the 'business' a little too suggestive. I don't say that conscience is quite easy: but the piece is so clever, I must see it this once! I'll begin a stricter life to-morrow." To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!

"Who sins in hope, who, sinning, says,
'Sorrow for sin God's judgement stays!'
Against God's Spirit he lies; quite stops
Mercy with insult; dares, and drops,
Like a scorch'd fly, that spins in vain
Upon the axis of its pain,
Then takes its doom, to limp and crawl,
Blind and forgot, from fall to fall."

Let me pause for a moment to say that I believe this thought, of the possibility of death- if calmly realized, and steadily faced- would be one of the best possible

tests as to our going to any scene of amusement being right or wrong. If the thought of sudden death acquires, for you, a special horror when imagined as happening in a theatre, then be very sure the theatre is harmful for you, however harmless it may be for others; and that you are incurring a deadly peril in going. Be sure the safest rule is that we should not dare to live in any scene in which we dare not die.

But, once realize what the true object is in life- that it is not pleasure, not knowledge, not even fame itself, “that last infirmity of noble minds”- but that it is the development of character, the rising to a higher, nobler, purer standard, the building-up of the perfect Man- and then, so long as we feel that this is going on, and will (we trust) go on for evermore, death has for us no terror; it is not a shadow, but a light; not an end, but a beginning!

One other matter may perhaps seem to call for apology- that I should have treated with such entire want of sympathy the British passion for “Sport”, which no doubt has been in by-gone days, and is still, in some forms of it, an excellent school for hardihood and for coolness in moments of danger. But I am not entirely without sympathy for genuine “Sport”: I can heartily admire the courage of the man who, with severe bodily toil, and at the risk of his life, hunts down some “man-eating” tiger: and I can heartily sympathize with him when he exults in the glorious excitement of the chase and the hand-to-hand struggle with the monster brought to bay. But I can but look with deep wonder and sorrow on the hunter who, at his ease and in safety, can find pleasure in what involves, for some de-

fenceless creature, wild terror and a death of agony: deeper, if the hunter be one who has pledged himself to preach to men the Religion of universal Love: deepest of all, if it be one of those “tender and delicate” beings, whose very name serves as a symbol of Love- “thy love to me was wonderful, Passing the love of women”- whose mission here is surely to help and comfort all that are in pain or sorrow!

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CHAPTER I

Less Bread! More Taxes!

AND then all the people cheered again, and one man, who was more excited than the rest, flung his hat high into the air, and shouted (as well as I could make out) “Who roar for the Sub-Warden?” Everybody roared, but whether it was for the Sub-Warden, or not, did not clearly appear: some were shouting “Bread!” and some “Taxes!”, but no one seemed to know what it was they really wanted.

All this I saw from the open window of the Warden’s breakfast-saloon, looking across the shoulder of the Lord Chancellor, who had sprung to his feet the moment the shouting began, almost as if he had been expecting it, and had rushed to the window which commanded the best view of the market-place.

“What can it all mean?” he kept repeating to himself, as, with his hands clasped behind him, and his gown floating in the air, he paced rapidly up and down the room. “I never heard such shouting before- and at this time of the morning, too! And with such unanimity! Doesn’t it strike you as very remarkable?”

I represented, modestly, that to my ears it appeared that they were shouting for different things, but the Chancellor would not listen to my suggestion for a moment. “They all shout the same words, I assure you!” he said: then, leaning well out of the window, he whispered to a man who was standing close underneath, “Keep ‘em together, ca’n’t you? The Warden will be here directly. Give

‘em the signal for the march up!’ All this was evidently not meant for my ears, but I could scarcely help hearing it, considering that my chin was almost on the Chancellor’s shoulder.

The “march up” was a very curious sight: a straggling procession of men, marching two and two, began from the other side of the market-place, and advanced in an irregular zig-zag fashion towards the Palace, wildly tacking from side to side, like a sailing vessel making way against an unfavourable wind- so that the head of the procession was often further from us at the end of one tack than it had been at the end of the previous one.

Yet it was evident that all was being done under orders, for I noticed that all eyes were fixed on the man who stood just under the window, and to whom the Chancellor was continually whispering. This man held his hat in one hand and a little green flag in the other: whenever he waved the flag the procession advanced a little nearer, when he dipped it they sidled a little farther off, and whenever he waved his hat they all raised a hoarse cheer. “Hoo-roah!” they cried, carefully keeping time with the hat as it bobbed up and down. “Hoo-roah! Noo! Consti! Tooshun! Less! Bread! More! Taxes!”

“That’ll do, that’ll do!” the Chancellor whispered. “Let ‘em rest a bit till I give you the word. He’s not here yet!” But at this moment the great folding-doors of the saloon were flung open, and he turned with a guilty start to receive His High Excellency. However it was only Bruno, and the Chancellor gave a little gasp of relieved anxiety.

“Morning!” said the little fellow, addressing the remark, in a general sort of way, to the Chancellor and the waiters. “Doos oo know where Sylvie is? I’s looking for Sylvie!”

“She’s with the Warden, I believe, y’reinced!” the Chancellor replied with a low bow. There was, no doubt, a certain amount of absurdity in applying this title (which, as of course you see without my telling you, was nothing but “your Royal Highness” condensed into one syllable) to a small creature whose father was merely the Warden of Outland: still, large excuse must be made for a man who had passed several years at the Court of Fairyland, and had there acquired the almost impossible art of pronouncing five syllables as one.

But the bow was lost upon Bruno, who had run out of the room, even while the great feat of The Unpronounceable Monosyllable was being triumphantly performed.

Just then, a single voice in the distance was understood to shout “A speech from the Chancellor!” “Certainly, my friends!” the Chancellor replied with extraordinary promptitude. “You shall have a speech!” Here one of the waiters, who had been for some minutes busy making a queer-looking mixture of egg and sherry, respectfully presented it on a large silver salver. The Chancellor took it haughtily, drank it off thoughtfully, smiled benevolently on the happy waiter as he set down the empty glass, and began. To the best of my recollection this is what he said.

“Ahem! Ahem! Ahem! Fellow-sufferers, or rather suffering fellows-” (“Don’t call ‘em names!” muttered the man under the window. “I didn’t say felons!” the Chancellor explained.) “You may be sure that I always sympa-” (“Ear, ‘ear!” shouted the crowd, so loudly as quite to drown the orator’s thin squeaky voice) “-that I always sympa-” he repeated. (“Don’t simper quite so much!” said the man under the window. “It makes yer look a hidiot! And, all this time, ” “Ear, ‘ear!” went rumbling round the market-place, like a peal of thunder.) “That I always sympathize!” yelled the Chancellor, the first moment there was silence. “But your true friend is the Sub-Warden! Day and night he is brooding on your wrongs- I should say your rights- that is to say your wrongs- no, I mean your rights-” (“Don’t talk no more!” growled the man under the window. “You’re making a mess of it!”) At this moment the Sub-Warden entered the saloon. He was a thin man, with a mean and crafty face, and a greenish-yellow complexion; and he crossed the room very slowly, looking suspiciously about him as if he thought there might be a savage dog hidden somewhere. “Bravo!” he cried, patting the Chancellor on the back. “You did that speech very well indeed. Why, you’re a born orator, man!”

“Oh, that’s nothing!” the Chancellor replied, modestly, with downcast eyes. “Most orators are born, you know.” The Sub-Warden thoughtfully rubbed his chin. “Why, so they are!” he admitted. “I never considered it in that light. Still, you did it very well. A word in your ear!”

The rest of their conversation was all in whispers: so, as I could hear no more, I thought I would go and find Bruno.

I found the little fellow standing in the passage, and being addressed by one of the men in livery, who stood before him, nearly bent double from extreme respectfulness, with his hands hanging in front of him like the fins of a fish. “His High Excellency”, this respectful man was saying, “is in his Study, y’reince!” (He didn’t pronounce this quite so well as the Chancellor.) Thither Bruno trotted, and I thought it well to follow him.

The Warden, a tall dignified man with a grave but very pleasant face, was seated before a writing-table, which was covered with papers, and holding on his knee one of the sweetest and loveliest little maidens it has ever been my lot to see. She looked four or five years older than Bruno, but she had the same rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and the same wealth of curly brown hair. Her eager smiling face was turned upwards towards her father’s, and it was a pretty sight to see the mutual love with which the two faces- one in the Spring of Life, the other in its late Autumn- were gazing on each other.

“No. you’ve never seen him,” the old man was saying: “you couldn’t, you know, he’s been away so long- traveling from land to land, and seeking for health, more years than you’ve been alive, little Sylvie!”

Here Bruno climbed upon his other knee, and a good deal of kissing, on a rather complicated system, was the result.

“He only came back last night,” said the Warden, when the kissing was over: “he’s been traveling post-haste, for the last thousand miles or so, in order to be here on Sylvie’s birthday. But he’s a very early riser, and I dare say he’s in the Library already. Come with me and see him. He’s always kind to children. You’ll be sure to like him.”

“Has the Other Professor come too?” Bruno asked in an awe-struck voice.

“Yes, they arrived together. The Other Professor is- well, you wo’n’t like him quite so much, perhaps. He’s a little more dreamy, you know.”

“I wiss Sylvie was a little more dreamy,” said Bruno.

“What do you mean, Bruno?” said Sylvie.

Bruno went on addressing his father. “She says she ca’n’t, oo know. But I thinks it isn’t ca’n’t, it’s wo’n’t.”

“Says she ca’n’t dream!” the puzzled Warden repeated.

“She do say it,” Bruno persisted. “When I says to her ‘Let’s stop lessons!’, she says ‘Oh, I ca’n’t dream of letting oo stop yet!’”

“He always wants to stop lessons”, Sylvie explained, “five minutes after we begin!”

“Five minutes’ lessons a day!” said the Warden. “You wo’n’t learn much at that rate, little man!”

“That’s just what Sylvie says,” Bruno rejoined. “She says I wo’n’t learn my lessons. And I tells her, over and over, I ca’n’t learn ‘em. And what does oo think she says? She says ‘It isn’t ca’n’t, it’s wo’n’t!’”

“Let’s go and see the Professor,” the Warden said, wisely avoiding further discussion. The children got down off his knees, each secured a hand, and the happy trio set off for the Library- followed by me. I had come to the conclusion by this time that none of the party (except, for a few moments, the Lord Chancellor) was in the least able to see me.

“What’s the matter with him?” Sylvie asked, walking with a little extra sedateness, by way of example to Bruno at the other side, who never ceased jumping up and down.

“What was the matter- but I hope he’s all right now- was lumbago, and rheumatism, and that kind of thing. He’s been curing himself, you know: he’s a very learned doctor. Why, he’s actually invented three new diseases, besides a new way of breaking your collar-bone!”

“Is it a nice way?” said Bruno.

“Well, hum, not very,” the Warden said, as we entered the Library. “And here is the Professor. Good morning, Professor! Hope you’re quite rested after your journey!”

A jolly-looking, fat little man, in a flowery dressing-gown, with a large book under each arm, came trotting in at the other end of the room, and was going

straight across without taking any notice of the children. "I'm looking for Vol. Three," he said. "Do you happen to have seen it?"

"You don't see my children, Professor!" the Warden exclaimed, taking him by the shoulders and turning him round to face them.

The Professor laughed violently: then he gazed at them through his great spectacles, for a minute or two, without speaking.

At last he addressed Bruno. "I hope you have had a good night, my child?"

Bruno looked puzzled. "I's had the same night oo've had," he replied. "There's only been one night since yesterday!"

It was the Professor's turn to look puzzled now. He took off his spectacles, and rubbed them with his handkerchief. Then he gazed at them again. Then he turned to the Warden. "Are they bound?" he enquired.

"No, we aren't," said Bruno, who thought himself quite able to answer this question.

The Professor shook his head sadly. "Not even half-bound?"

"Why would we be half-bound?" said Bruno. "We're not prisoners!"

But the Professor had forgotten all about them by this time, and was speaking to the Warden again. "You'll be glad to hear", he was saying, "that the Barometer's beginning to move-" "Well, which way?" said the Warden- adding to the children, "Not that I care, you know. Only he thinks it affects the weather. He's a

wonderfully clever man, you know. Sometimes he says things that only the Other Professor can understand. Sometimes he says things that nobody can understand! Which way is it, Professor? Up or down?"

"Neither!" said the Professor, gently clapping his hands. "It's going sideways-if I may so express myself."

"And what kind of weather does that produce?" said the Warden. "Listen children! Now you'll hear something worth knowing!"

"Horizontal weather," said the Professor, and made straight for the door, very nearly trampling on Bruno, who had only just time to get out of his way.

"Isn't he learned?" the Warden said, looking after him with admiring eyes. "Positively he runs over with learning!"

"But he needn't run over me!" said Bruno.

The Professor was back in a moment: he had changed his dressing-gown for a frock-coat, and had put on a pair of very strange-looking boots, the tops of which were open umbrellas. "I thought you'd like to see them," he said. "These are the boots for horizontal weather!"

"But what's the use of wearing umbrellas round one's knees?"

"In ordinary rain," the Professor admitted, "they would not be of much use. But if ever it rained horizontally, you know, they would be invaluable-simply invaluable!"

“Take the Professor to the breakfast-saloon, children,” said the Warden. “And tell them not to wait for me. I had breakfast early, as I’ve some business to attend to.” The children seized the Professor’s hands, as familiarly as if they had known him for years, and hurried him away. I followed respectfully behind.

CHAPTER II

L'Amie Inconnue

As we entered the breakfast-saloon, the Professor was saying “-and he had breakfast by himself, early: so he begged you wouldn't wait for him, my Lady. This way, my Lady,” he added, “this way!” And then, with (as it seemed to me) most superfluous politeness, he flung open the door of my compartment, and ushered in “-a young and lovely lady!” I muttered to myself with some bitterness. “And this is, of course, the opening scene of Vol. I. She is the Heroine. And I am one of those subordinate characters that only turn up when needed for the development of her destiny, and whose final appearance is outside the church, waiting to greet the Happy Pair!”

“Yes, my lady, change at Fayfield,” were the next words I heard (oh that too obsequious Guard!), “next station but one.” And the door closed, and the lady settled down into her corner, and the monotonous throb of the engine (making one feel as if the train were some gigantic monster, whose very circulation we could feel) proclaimed that we were once more speeding on our way. “The lady had a perfectly formed nose,” I caught myself saying to myself, “hazel eyes, and lips-” and here it occurred to me that to see, for myself, what “the lady” was really like, would be more satisfactory than much speculation.

I looked round cautiously, and- was entirely disappointed of my hope. The veil, which shrouded her whole face, was too thick for me to see more than the glitter of bright eyes and the hazy outline of what might be a lovely oval face, but might also, unfortunately, be an equally unlovely one. I closed my eyes again, saying to myself “-couldn’t have a better chance for an experiment in Telepathy! I’ll think out her face and afterwards test the portrait with the original.”

At first, no result at all crowned my efforts, though I “divided my swift mind”, now hither, now thither, in a way that I felt sure would have made Aeneas green with envy: but the dimly-seen oval remained as provokingly blank as ever- a mere Ellipse, as if in some mathematical diagram, without even the Foci that might be made to do duty as a nose and a mouth. Gradually, however, the conviction came upon me that I could, by a certain concentration of thought, think the veil away, and so get a glimpse of the mysterious face- as to which the two questions, “is she pretty?” and “is she plain?”, still hung suspended, in my mind, in beautiful equipoise.

Success was partial- and fitful- still there was a result: ever and anon, the veil seemed to vanish, in a sudden flash of light but, before I could fully realize the face, all was dark again. In each such glimpse, the face seemed to grow more childish and more innocent: and, when I had at last thought the veil entirely away, it was, unmistakably, the sweet face of little Sylvie!

“So, either I’ve been dreaming about Sylvie,” I said to myself, “and this is the reality. Or else I’ve really been with Sylvie, and this is a dream! Is Life itself a dream, I wonder?”

To occupy the time, I got out the letter which had caused me to take this sudden railway-journey from my London home down to a strange fishing-town on the North coast, and read it over again:

“DEAR OLD FRIEND,

“I’m sure it will be as great a pleasure to me, as it can possibly be to you, to meet once more after so many years: and of course I shall be ready to give you all the benefit of such medical skill as I have: only, you know, one mustn’t violate professional etiquette! And you are already in the hands of a first-rate London doctor, with whom it would be utter affectation for me to pretend to compete. (I make no doubt he is right in saying the heart is affected: all your symptoms point that way.) One thing, at any rate, I have already done in my doctorial capacity- secured you a bedroom on the ground-floor, so that you will not need to ascend the stairs at all.

“I shall expect you by last train on Friday, in accordance with your letter: and, till then, I shall say, in the words of the old song, ‘Oh for Friday night! Friday’s lang a-coming!’

“Yours always,

“ARTHUR FORESTER.

“P.S. Do you believe in Fate?”

This Postscript puzzled me sorely. “He is far too sensible a man”, I thought, “to have become a Fatalist. And yet what else can he mean by it?” And, as I folded up the letter and put it away, I inadvertently repeated the words aloud. “Do you believe in Fate?”

The fair “Incognita” turned her head quickly at the sudden question. “No, I don’t!” she said with a smile. “Do you?”

“I- I didn’t mean to ask the question!” I stammered, a little taken aback at having begun a conversation in so unconventional a fashion.

The lady’s smile became a laugh- not a mocking laugh, but the laugh of a happy child who is perfectly at her ease. “Didn’t you?” she said. “Then it was a case of what you Doctors call ‘unconscious cerebration’?”

“I am no Doctor,” I replied. “Do I look so like one? Or what makes you think it?”

She pointed to the book I had been reading, which was so lying that its title, “Diseases of the Heart”, was plainly visible.

“One needn’t be a Doctor”, I said, “to take an interest in medical books. There’s another class of readers, who are yet more deeply interested-”

“You mean the Patients?” she interrupted, while a look of tender pity gave new sweetness to her face. “But”, with an evident wish to avoid a possibly painful topic, “one needn’t be either, to take an interest in books of Science. Which contain the greatest amount of Science, do you think, the books, or the minds?”

“Rather a profound question for a lady!” I said to myself, holding, with the conceit so natural to Man, that Woman’s intellect is essentially shallow. And I considered a minute before replying. “If you mean living minds, I don’t think it’s possible to decide. There is so much written Science that no living person has ever read: and there is so much thought-out Science that hasn’t yet been written. But, if you mean the whole human race, then I think the minds have it: everything, recorded in books, must have once been in some mind, you know.”

“Isn’t that rather like one of the Rules in Algebra?” my Lady enquired. (“Algebra too!” I thought with increasing wonder.) “I mean, if we consider thoughts as factors, may we not say that the Least Common Multiple of all the minds contains that of all the books; but not the other way?”

“Certainly we may!” I replied, delighted with the illustration. “And what a grand thing it would be”, I went on dreamily, thinking aloud rather than talking, “if we could only apply that Rule to books! You know, in finding the Least Common Multiple, we strike out a quantity wherever it occurs, except in the term where it is raised to its highest power. So we should have to erase every recorded thought, except in the sentence where it is expressed with the greatest intensity.”

My Lady laughed merrily. “Some books would be reduced to blank paper, I’m afraid!” she said.

“They would. Most libraries would be terribly diminished in bulk. But just think what they would gain in quality!”

“When will it be done?” she eagerly asked. “If there’s any chance of it in my time, I think I’ll leave off reading, and wait for it!”

“Well, perhaps in another thousand years or so-”

“Then there’s no use waiting!” said my Lady. “Let’s sit down. Uggug, my pet, come and sit by me!”

“Anywhere but by me!” growled the Sub-Warden. “The little wretch always manages to upset his coffee!”

I guessed at once (as perhaps the reader will also have guessed, if, like myself, he is very clever at drawing conclusions) that my Lady was the Sub-Warden’s wife, and that Uggug (a hideous fat boy, about the same age as Sylvie, with the expression of a prize-pig) was their son. Sylvie and Bruno, with the Lord Chancellor, made up a party of seven.

“And you actually got a plunge-bath every morning?” said the Sub-Warden, seemingly in continuation of a conversation with the Professor. “Even at the little roadside-inns?”

“Oh, certainly, certainly!” the Professor replied with a smile on his jolly face. “Allow me to explain. It is, in fact, a very simple problem in Hydrodynamics.

(That means a combination of Water and Strength.) If we take a plunge-bath, and a man of great strength (such as myself) about to plunge into it, we have a perfect example of this science. I am bound to admit”, the Professor continued, in a lower tone and with downcast eyes, “that we need a man of remarkable strength. He must be able to spring from the floor to about twice his own height, gradually turning over as he rises, so as to come down again head first.”

“Why, you need a flea, not a man!” exclaimed the Sub-Warden.

“Pardon me,” said the Professor. “This particular kind of bath is not adapted for a flea. Let us suppose”, he continued, folding his table-napkin into a graceful festoon, “that this represents what is perhaps the necessity of this Age- the Active Tourist’s Portable Bath. You may describe it briefly, if you like,” looking at the Chancellor, “by the letters A. T. P. B.”

The Chancellor, much disconcerted at finding everybody looking at him, could only murmur, in a shy whisper, “Precisely so!”

“One great advantage of this plunge-bath”, continued the Professor, “is that it requires only half-a-gallon of water-”

“I don’t call it a Plunge-bath”, His Sub-Excellency remarked, “unless your Active Tourist goes right under!”

“But he does go right under,” the old man gently replied. “The A. T. hangs up the P. B. on a nail- thus. He then empties the water-jug into it- places the empty jug below the bag- leaps into the air- descends head-first into the bag- the water

rises round him to the top of the bag- and there you are!” he triumphantly concluded. “The A. T. is as much under water as if he’d gone a mile or two down into the Atlantic!”

“And he’s drowned, let us say, in about four minutes-”

“By no means!” the Professor answered with a proud smile. “After about a minute, he quietly turns a tap at the lower end of the P. B.-all the water runs back into the jug- and there you are again!”

“But how in the world is he to get out of the bag again?”

“That, I take it,” said the Professor, “is the most beautiful part of the whole invention. All the way up the P. B. inside, are loops for the thumbs; so it’s something like going up-stairs, only perhaps less comfortable; and, by the time the A. T. has risen out of the bag, all but his head, he’s sure to topple over, one way or the other- the Law of Gravity secures that. And there he is on the floor again!”

“A little bruised, perhaps?”

“Well, yes, a little bruised; but having had his plunge-bath: that’s the great thing.”

“Wonderful! It’s almost beyond belief!” murmured the Sub-Warden. The Professor took it as a compliment, and bowed with a gratified smile.

“Quite beyond belief!” my Lady added- meaning, no doubt, to be more complimentary still. The Professor bowed, but he didn’t smile this time.

“I can assure you”, he said earnestly, “that, provided the bath was made, I used it every morning. I certainly ordered it- that I am clear about- my only doubt is, whether the man ever finished making it. It’s difficult to remember, after so many years-”

At this moment the door, very slowly and creakingly, began to open, and Sylvie and Bruno jumped up, and ran to meet the well-known footstep.

CHAPTER III

Birthday-Presents

“IT’S my brother!” the Sub-Warden exclaimed, in a warning whisper. “Speak out and be quick about it!”

The appeal was evidently addressed to the Lord Chancellor, who instantly replied, in a shrill monotone, like a little boy repeating the alphabet, “As I was remarking, your Sub-Excellency, this portentous movement-”

“You began too soon!” the other interrupted, scarcely able to restrain himself to a whisper, so great was his excitement. “He couldn’t have heard you. Begin again!”

“As I was remarking,” chanted the obedient Lord Chancellor, “this portentous movement has already assumed the dimensions of a Revolution!”

“And what are the dimensions of a Revolution?” The voice was genial and mellow, and the face of the tall dignified old man, who had just entered the room, leading Sylvie by the hand, and with Bruno riding triumphantly on his shoulder, was too noble and gentle to have scared a less guilty man: but the Lord Chancellor turned pale instantly, and could hardly articulate the words “The dimensions-your- your High Excellency? I- I- scarcely comprehend!”

“Well, the length, breadth, and thickness, if you like it better!” And the old man smiled. half-contemptuously.

The Lord Chancellor recovered himself with a great effort, and pointed to the open window. "If your High Excellency will listen for a moment to the shouts of the exasperated populace-" ("of the exasperated populace!" the Sub-Warden repeated in a louder tone, as the Lord Chancellor, being in a state of abject terror, had dropped almost into a whisper) "-you will understand what it is they want."

And at that moment there surged into the room a hoarse confused cry, in which the only clearly audible words were "Less- bread- More- taxes!" The old man laughed heartily. "What in the world-" he was beginning: but the Chancellor heard him not. "Some mistake!" he muttered, hurrying to the window, from which he shortly returned with an air of relief. "Now listen!" he exclaimed, holding up his hand impressively. And now the words came quite distinctly, and with the regularity of the ticking of a clock, "More- bread- Less- taxes!"

"More bread!" the Warden repeated in astonishment. "Why, the new Government Bakery was opened only last week, and I gave orders to sell the bread at cost-price during the present scarcity! What can they expect more?"

"The Bakery's closed, y'reince!" the Chancellor said, more loudly and clearly than he had spoken yet. He was emboldened by the consciousness that here, at least, he had evidence to produce: and he placed in the Warden's hands a few printed notices, that were lying ready, with some open ledgers, on a side-table.

"Yes, yes, I see!" the Warden muttered, glancing carelessly through them. "Order countermanded by my brother, and supposed to be my doing! Rather sharp practice! It's all right!" he added in a louder tone. "My name is signed to it: so I

take it on myself. But what do you mean by 'Less Taxes'? How can they be less? I abolished the last of them a month ago!"

"It's been put on again, y'reince, and by y'reince's own orders!" and other printed notices were submitted for inspection.

The Warden, whilst looking them over, glanced once or twice at the Sub-Warden, who had seated himself before one of the open ledgers, and was quite absorbed in adding it up; but he merely repeated "It's all right. I accept it as my doing."

"And they do say", the Chancellor went on sheepishly- looking much more like a convicted thief than an Officer of State, "that a change of Government, by the abolition of the Sub-Warden- I mean," he hastily added, on seeing the Warden's look of astonishment, "the abolition of the office of Sub-Warden, and giving the present holder the right to act as Vice-Warden whenever the Warden is absent- would appease all this seedling discontent. I mean," he added, glancing at a paper he held in his hand, "all this seething discontent!"

"For fifteen years", put in a deep but very harsh voice, "my husband has been acting as Sub-Warden. It is too long! It is much too long!" My Lady was a vast creature at all times: but, when she frowned and folded her arms, as now, she looked more gigantic than ever, and made one try to fancy what a haystack would look like, if out of temper.

“He would distinguish himself as a Vice!” my Lady proceeded, being far too stupid to see the double meaning of her words. “There has been no such Vice in Outland for many a long year, as he would be!”

“What course would you suggest, Sister?” the Warden mildly enquired.

My Lady stamped, which was undignified: and snorted, which was ungraceful. “This is no jesting matter!” she bellowed.

“I will consult my brother,” said the Warden. “Brother!”

“-and seven makes a hundred and ninety-four, which is sixteen and twopence,” the Sub-Warden replied. “Put down two and carry sixteen.”

The Chancellor raised his hands and eyebrows, lost in admiration. “Such a man of business!” he murmured.

“Brother, could I have a word with you in my Study?” the Warden said in a louder tone. The Sub-Warden rose with alacrity, and the two left the room together.

My Lady turned to the Professor, who had uncovered the urn, and was taking its temperature with his pocket-thermometer. “Professor!” she began, so loudly and suddenly that even Uggug, who had gone to sleep in his chair, left off snoring and opened one eye. The Professor pocketed his thermometer in a moment, clasped his hands, and put his head on one side with a meek smile.

“You were teaching my son before breakfast, I believe?” my Lady loftily remarked. “I hope he strikes you as having talent?”

“Oh, very much so indeed, my Lady!” the Professor hastily replied, unconsciously rubbing his ear, while some painful recollection seemed to cross his mind. “I was very forcibly struck by His Magnificence, I assure you!”

“He is a charming boy!” my Lady exclaimed. “Even his snores are more musical than those of other boys!”

If that were so the Professor seemed to think, the snores of other boys must be something too awful to be endured: but he was a cautious man, and he said nothing.

“And he’s so clever!” my Lady continued “No one will enjoy your Lecture more- by the way, have you fixed the time for it yet? You’ve never given one, you know: and it was promised years ago, before you-”

“Yes, yes, my Lady, I know! Perhaps next Tuesday- or Tuesday week-”

“That will do very well,” said my Lady, graciously. “Of course you will let the Other Professor lecture as well?”

“I think not, my Lady,” the Professor said with some hesitation. “You see, he always stands with his back to the audience. It does very well for reciting; but for lecturing-”

“You are quite right,” said my Lady. “And, now I come to think of it, there would hardly be time for more than one Lecture. And it will go off all the better, if we begin with a Banquet, and a Fancy-dress Ball-”

“It will indeed!” the Professor cried, with enthusiasm.

“I shall come as a Grass-hopper,” my Lady calmly proceeded. “What shall you come as, Professor?”

The Professor smiled feebly. “I shall come as- as early as I can, my Lady!”

“You mustn’t come in before the doors are opened,” said my Lady.

“I ca’n’t,” said the Professor. “Excuse me a moment. As this is Lady Sylvie’s birthday, I would like to-” and he rushed away.

Bruno began feeling in his pockets, looking more and more melancholy as he did so: then he put his thumb in his mouth, and considered for a minute: then he quietly left the room.

He had hardly done so before the Professor was back again, quite out of breath. “Wishing you many happy returns of the day, my dear child!” he went on, addressing the smiling little girl, who had run to meet him. “Allow me to give you a birthday-present. It’s a secondhand pincushion, my dear. And it only cost fourpence-halfpenny!”

“Thank you, it’s very pretty!” And Sylvie rewarded the old man with a hearty kiss.

“And the pins they gave me for nothing!” the Professor added in high glee. “Fifteen of em, and only one bent!”

“I’ll make the bent one into a hook!” said Sylvie. “To catch Bruno with, when he runs away from his lessons!”

“You ca’n’t guess what my present is!” said Uggug, who had taken the butter-dish from the table, and was standing behind her, with a wicked leer on his face.

“No, I ca’n’t guess,” Sylvie said without looking up. She was still examining the Professor’s pincushion.

“It’s this!” cried the bad boy, exultingly, as he emptied the dish over her, and then, with a grin of delight at his own cleverness, looked round for applause.

Sylvie coloured crimson, as she shook off the butter from her frock: but she kept her lips tight shut, and walked away to the window, where she stood looking out and trying to recover her temper.

Uggug’s triumph was a very short one: the Sub-Warden had returned, just in time to be a witness of his dear child’s playfulness, and in another moment a skilfully applied box on the ear had changed his grin of delight into a howl of pain.

“My darling!” cried his mother, enfolding him in her fat arms. “Did they box his ears for nothing? A precious pet!”

“It’s not for nothing!” growled the angry father. “Are you aware, Madam, that I pay the house-bills, out of a fixed annual sum? The loss of all that wasted butter falls on me! Do you hear, Madam!”

“Hold your tongue, Sir!” My Lady spoke very quietly- almost in a whisper. But there was something in her look which silenced him. “Don’t you see it was only a joke? And a very clever one, too! He only meant that he loved nobody but

her! And, instead of being pleased with the compliment, the spiteful little thing has gone away in a huff!”

The Sub-Warden was a very good hand at changing a subject. He walked across to the window. “My dear,” he said, “is that a pig that I see down below, rooting about among your flower-beds?”

“A pig!” shrieked my Lady, rushing madly to the window, and almost pushing her husband out, in her anxiety to see for herself. “Whose pig is it? How did it get in? Where’s that crazy Gardener gone?”

At this moment Bruno re-entered the room, and passing Uggug (who was blubbering his loudest, in the hope of attracting notice) as if he was quite used to that sort of thing, he ran up to Sylvie and threw his arms round her. “I went to my toy-cupboard”, he said with a very sorrowful face, “to see if there were somefin fit for a present for oo! And there isn’t nuffin! They’s all broken, every one! And I haven’t got no money left, to buy oo a birthday-present! And I ca’n’t give oo nuffin but this!” (“This” was a very earnest hug and a kiss.)

“Oh, thank you, darling!” cried Sylvie. “I like your present best of all!” (But if so, why did she give it back so quickly?)

His Sub-Excellency turned and patted the two children on the head with his long lean hands. “Go away, dears!” he said. “There’s business to talk over.”

Sylvie and Bruno went away hand in hand: but, on reaching the door, Sylvie came back again and went up to Uggug timidly. “I don’t mind about the butter,”

she said, “and I- I’m sorry he hurt you!” And she tried to shake hands with the little ruffian: but Uggug only blubbered louder, and wouldn’t make friends. Sylvie left the room with a sigh.

The Sub-Warden glared angrily at his weeping son. “Leave the room, Sirrah!” he said, as loud as he dared. His wife was still leaning out of the window, and kept repeating “I ca’n’t see that pig! Where is it?”

“It’s moved to the right- now it’s gone a little to the left,” said the Sub-Warden: but he had his back to the window, and was making signals to the Lord Chancellor, pointing to Uggug and the door, with many a cunning nod and wink.

The Chancellor caught his meaning at last, and crossing the room, took that interesting child by the ear- the next moment he and Uggug were out of the room, and the door shut behind them: but not before one piercing yell had rung through the room, and reached the ears of the fond mother.

“What is that hideous noise?” she fiercely asked, turning upon her startled husband.

“It’s some hyaena- or other,” replied the Sub-Warden, looking vaguely up to the ceiling, as if that was where they usually were to be found. “Let us to business, my dear. Here comes the Warden.” And he picked up from the floor a wandering scrap of manuscript, on which I just caught the words “after which Election duly holden the said Sibimet and Tabikat his wife may at their pleasure assume Imperial-” before, with a guilty look, he crumpled it up in his hand.

CHAPTER IV

A Cunning Conspiracy

THE Warden entered at this moment: and close behind him came the Lord Chancellor, a little flushed and out of breath, and adjusting his wig, which appeared to have been dragged partly off his head.

“But where is my precious child?” my Lady enquired, as the four took their seats at the small side-table devoted to ledgers and bundles and bills.

“He left the room a few minutes ago- with the Lord Chancellor,” the Sub-Warden briefly explained.

“Ah!” said my Lady, graciously smiling on that high official. “Your Lordship has a very taking way with children! I doubt if any one could gain the ear of my darling Uggug so quickly as you can!” For an entirely stupid woman, my Lady’s remarks were curiously full of meaning, of which she herself was wholly unconscious.

The Chancellor bowed, but with a very uneasy air. “I think the Warden was about to speak,” he remarked, evidently anxious to change the subject.

But my Lady would not be checked. “He is a clever boy,” she continued with enthusiasm, “but he needs a man like your Lordship to draw him out!”

The Chancellor bit his lip, and was silent. He evidently feared that, stupid as she looked, she understood what she said this time, and was having a joke at his expense. He might have spared himself all anxiety: whatever accidental meaning her words might have, she herself never meant anything at all.

“It is all settled!” the Warden announced, wasting no time over preliminaries. “The Sub-Wardenship is abolished, and my brother is appointed to act as Vice-Warden whenever I am absent. So, as I am going abroad for a while, he will enter on his new duties at once.”

“And there will really be a Vice after all?” my Lady enquired.

“I hope so!” the Warden smilingly replied.

My Lady looked much pleased, and tried to clap her hands: but you might as well have knocked two featherbeds together, for any noise it made. “When my husband is Vice”, she said, “it will be the same as if we had a hundred Vices!”

“Hear, hear!” cried the Sub-Warden.

“You seem to think it very remarkable”, my Lady remarked with some severity, “that your wife should speak the truth!”

“No. not remarkable at all!” her husband anxiously explained. “Nothing is remarkable that you say, sweet one!”

My Lady smiled approval of the sentiment, and went on. “And am I Vice-Wardness?”

“If you choose to use that title,” said the Warden: “but ‘Your Excellency’ will be the proper style of address. And I trust that both ‘His Excellency’ and ‘Her Excellency’ will observe the Agreement I have drawn up. The provision I am most anxious about is this.” He unrolled a large parchment scroll, and read aloud the words “‘item, that we will be kind to the poor’. The Chancellor worded it for me,” he added, glancing at that great Functionary. “I suppose, now, that word ‘item’ has some deep legal meaning?”

“Undoubtedly!” replied the Chancellor as articulately as he could with a pen between his lips. He was nervously rolling and unrolling several other scrolls, and making room among them for the one the Warden had just handed to him. “These are merely the rough copies,” he explained: “and, as soon as I have put in the final corrections-” making a great commotion among the different parchments, “-a semi-colon or two that I have accidentally omitted-” here he darted about, pen in hand, from one part of the scroll to another, spreading sheets of blotting-paper over his corrections, “all will be ready for signing.”

“Should it not be read out, first?” my Lady enquired.

“No need, no need!” the Sub-Warden and the Chancellor exclaimed at the same moment, with feverish eagerness.

“No need at all” the Warden gently assented. “Your husband and I have gone through it together. It provides that he shall exercise the full authority of Warden, and shall have the disposal of the annual revenue attached to the office, until my return, or, failing that, until Bruno comes of age: and that he shall then hand over,

to myself or to Bruno as the case may be, the Wardenship, the unspent revenue, and the contents of the Treasury, which are to be preserved, intact, under his guardianship.”

All this time the Sub-Warden was busy, with the Chancellor’s help, shifting the papers from side to side, and pointing out to the Warden the place where he was to sign. He then signed it himself, and my Lady and the Chancellor added their names as witnesses.

“Short partings are best,” said the Warden. “All is ready for my journey. My children are waiting below to see me off.” He gravely kissed my Lady, shook hands with his brother and the Chancellor, and left the room.

The three waited in silence till the sound of wheels announced that the Warden was out of hearing: then, to my surprise, they broke into peals of uncontrollable laughter.

“What a game, oh, what a game!” cried the Chancellor. And he and the Vice-Warden joined hands, and skipped wildly about the room. My Lady was too dignified to skip, but she laughed like the neighing of a horse, and waved her handkerchief above her head: it was clear to her very limited understanding that something very clever had been done, but what it was she had yet to learn.

“You said I should hear all about it when the Warden had gone,” she remarked, as soon as she could make herself heard.

“And so you shall, Tabby!” her husband graciously replied, as he removed the blotting paper, and showed the two parchments lying side by side. “This is the one he read but didn’t sign: and this is the one he signed but didn’t read! You see it was all covered up, except the place for signing the name-”

“Yes, yes!” my Lady interrupted eagerly, and began comparing the two Agreements. “‘Item, that he shall exercise the authority of Warden, in the Warden’s absence.’ Why, that’s been changed into ‘shall be absolute governor for life, with the title of Emperor, if elected to that office by the people.’ What! Are you Emperor, darling?”

“Not yet, dear,” the Vice-Warden replied. “It wo’n’t do to let this paper be seen, just at present. All in good time.”

My Lady nodded, and read on. “‘Item, that we will be kind to the poor.’ Why, that’s omitted altogether!”

“Course it is!” said her husband. “We’re not going to bother about the wretches!”

“Good,” said my Lady, with emphasis, and read on again. “‘Item, that the contents of the Treasury be preserved intact.’ Why, that’s altered into ‘shall be at the absolute disposal of the Vice-Warden’! Well, Sibby, that was a clever trick! All the Jewels, only think! May I go and put them on directly?”

“Well, not just yet, Lovey,” her husband uneasily replied “You see the public mind isn’t quite ripe for it yet. We must feel our way. Of course we’ll have the

coach-and-four out, at once. And I'll take the title of Emperor, as soon as we can safely hold an Election. But they'll hardly stand our using the jewels, as long as they know the Warden's alive. We must spread a report of his death. A little Conspiracy-"

"A Conspiracy!" cried the delighted lady, clapping her hands. "Of all things, I do like a Conspiracy! It's so interesting!"

The Vice-Warden and the Chancellor interchanged a wink or two. "Let her conspire to her heart's content!" the cunning Chancellor whispered. "It'll do no harm!"

"And when will the Conspiracy-"

"Hist!" her husband hastily interrupted her, as the door opened, and Sylvie and Bruno came in, with their arms twined lovingly round each other- Bruno sobbing convulsively, with his face hidden on his sister's shoulder, and Sylvie more grave and quiet, but with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Mustn't cry like that!" the Vice-Warden said sharply, but without any effect on the weeping children. "Cheer 'em up a bit!" he hinted to my Lady.

"Cake!" my Lady muttered to herself with great decision, crossing the room and opening a cupboard, from which she presently returned with two slices of plumcake. "Eat, and don't cry!" were her short and simple orders: and the poor children sat down side by side, but seemed in no mood for eating.

For the second time the door opened- or rather was burst open, this time, as Uggug rushed violently into the room, shouting “that old Beggar’s come again!”

“He’s not to have any food-” the Vice-Warden was beginning, but the Chancellor interrupted him. “It’s all right,” he said, in a low voice: “the servants have their orders.”

“He’s just under here,” said Uggug, who had gone to the window, and was looking down into the courtyard.

“Where, my darling?” said his fond mother, flinging her arms round the neck of the little monster. All of us (except Sylvie and Bruno, who took no notice of what was going on) followed her to the window. The old Beggar looked up at us with hungry eyes. “Only a crust of bread, your Highness!” he pleaded. He was a fine old man, but looked sadly ill and worn. “A crust of bread is what I crave!” he repeated. “A single crust and a little water!” “Here’s some water, drink this!” Uggug bellowed, emptying a jug of water over his head.

“Well done, my boy!” cried the Vice-Warden. “That’s the way to settle such folk!”

“Clever boy!” the Wardeness chimed in. “Hasn’t he good spirits?”

“Take a stick to him!” shouted the Vice-Warden, as the old Beggar shook the water from his ragged cloak, and again gazed meekly upwards.

“Take a red-hot poker to him!” my Lady again chimed.

Possibly there was no red-hot poker handy: but some sticks were forthcoming in a moment, and threatening faces surrounded the poor old wanderer, who waved them back with quiet dignity. “No need to break my old bones,” he said. “I am going. Not even a crust!”

“Poor, Poor old man!” exclaimed a little voice at my side, half choked with sobs. Bruno was at the window, trying to throw out his slice of plum-cake, but Sylvie held him back.

“He shall have my cake!” Bruno cried, passionately struggling out of Sylvie’s arms.

“Yes, yes, darling!” Sylvie gently pleaded. “But don’t throw it out! He’s gone away, don’t you see? Let’s go after him.” And she led him out of the room, unnoticed by the rest of the party, who were wholly absorbed in watching the old Beggar.

The Conspirators returned to their seats, and continued their conversation in an undertone, so as not to be heard by Uggug, who was still standing at the window.

“By the way, there was something about Bruno succeeding to the Wardenship,” said my Lady. “How does that stand in the new Agreement?”

The Chancellor chuckled. “Just the same, word for word,” he said, “with one exception, my Lady. Instead of ‘Bruno’, I’ve taken the liberty to put in-” he dropped his voice to a whisper, “-to put in ‘Uggug’, you know!”

“Uggug, indeed!” I exclaimed, in a burst of indignation I could no longer control. To bring out even that one word seemed a gigantic effort: but, the cry once uttered, all effort ceased at once: a sudden gust swept away the whole scene, and I found myself sitting up, staring at the young lady in the opposite corner of the carriage, who had now thrown back her veil, and was looking at me with an expression of amused surprise.

CHAPTER V

A Beggar's Palace

THAT I had said something, in the act of waking, I felt sure: the hoarse stifled cry was still ringing in my ears, even if the startled look of my fellow-traveler had not been evidence enough: but what could I possibly say by way of apology?

“I hope I didn't frighten you?” I stammered out at last. “I have no idea what I said. I was dreaming.”

“You said ‘Uggug indeed!’” the young lady replied, with quivering lips that would curve themselves into a smile, in spite of all her efforts to look grave. “At least- you didn't say it- you shouted it!”

“I'm very sorry,” was all I could say, feeling very penitent and helpless. “She has Sylvie's eyes!” I thought to myself, half-doubting whether, even now, I were fairly awake. “And that sweet look of innocent wonder is all Sylvie's too. But Sylvie hasn't got that calm resolute mouth- nor that far-away look of dreamy sadness, like one that has had some deep sorrow, very long ago-” And the thick-coming fancies almost prevented my hearing the lady's next words.

“If you had had a ‘Shilling Dreadful’ in your hand,” she proceeded, “something about Ghosts- or Dynamite- or Midnight Murder- one could understand it: those things aren't worth the shilling, unless they give one a Nightmare. But re-

ally- with only a medical treatise, you know-” and she glanced, with a pretty shrug of contempt, at the book over which I had fallen asleep.

Her friendliness, and utter unreserve, took me aback for a moment; yet there was no touch of forwardness, or boldness, about the child- for child, almost, she seemed to be: I guessed her at scarcely over twenty- all was the innocent frankness of some angelic visitant, new to the ways of earth and the conventionalisms- or, if you will, the barbarisms- of Society. “Even so”, I mused, “will Sylvie look and speak, in another ten years.”

“You don’t care for Ghosts, then,” I ventured to suggest, “unless they are really terrifying?”

“Quite so,” the lady assented. “The regular Railway-Ghosts- I mean the Ghosts of ordinary Railway-literature- are very poor affairs. I feel inclined to say, with Alexander Selkirk, ‘Their tameness is shocking to me’! And they never do any Midnight Murders. They couldn’t ‘welter in gore’, to save their lives!”

“‘Weltering in gore’ is a very expressive phrase, certainly. Can it be done in any fluid, I wonder?”

“I think not,” the lady readily replied- quite as if she had thought it out, long ago. “It has to be something thick. For instance, you might welter in bread-sauce. That, being white, would be more suitable for a Ghost, supposing it wished to welter!”

“You have a real good terrifying Ghost in that book?” I hinted.

“How could you guess?” she exclaimed with the most engaging frankness, and placed the volume in my hands. I opened it eagerly, with a not unpleasant thrill (like what a good ghost- story gives one) at the “uncanny” coincidence of my having so unexpectedly divined the subject of her studies.

It was a book of Domestic Cookery, open at the article “Bread Sauce”.

I returned the book, looking, I suppose, a little blank, as the lady laughed merrily at my discomfiture. “It’s far more exciting than some of the modern ghosts, I assure you! Now there was a Ghost last month- I don’t mean a real Ghost in- in Supernature- but in a Magazine. It was a perfectly flavourless Ghost. It wouldn’t have frightened a mouse! It wasn’t a Ghost that one would even offer a chair to!”

“Three score years and ten, baldness, and spectacles, have their advantages after all!” I said to myself. “Instead of a bashful youth and maiden, gasping out monosyllables at awful intervals, here we have an old man and a child, quite at their ease, talking as if they had known each other for years! Then you think”, I continued aloud, “that we ought sometimes to ask a Ghost to sit down? But have we any authority for it? In Shakespeare, for instance- there are plenty of ghosts there- does Shakespeare ever give the stage-direction ‘hands chair to Ghost’?”

The lady looked puzzled and thoughtful for a moment: then she almost clapped her hands. “Yes, yes, he does!” she cried. “He makes Hamlet say ‘Rest, rest, Perturbed Spirit!’”

“And that, I suppose, means an easy-chair?”

“An American rocking-chair, I think-”

“Fayfield junction, my Lady, change for Elveston!” the guard announced, flinging open the door of the carriage: and we soon found ourselves, with all our portable property around us, on the platform.

The accommodation, provided for passengers waiting at this junction, was distinctly inadequate- a single wooden bench, apparently intended for three sitters only: and even this was already partially occupied by a very old man, in a smock frock; who sat, with rounded shoulders and drooping head, and with hands clasped on the top of his stick so as to make a sort of pillow for that wrinkled face with its look of patient weariness.

“Come, you be off!” the Station-master roughly accosted the poor old man. “You be off, and make way for your betters! This way, my Lady!” he added in a perfectly different tone. “If your Ladyship will take a seat, the train will be up in a few minutes.” The cringing servility of his manner was due, no doubt, to the address legible on the pile of luggage, which announced their owner to be “Lady Muriel Orme, passenger to Elveston, via Fayfield Junction”.

As I watched the old man slowly rise to his feet, and hobble a few paces down the platform, the lines came to my lips:

“From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,

With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard."

But the lady scarcely noticed the little incident. After one glance at the "banished man" who stood tremulously leaning on his stick, she turned to me. "This is not an American rocking-chair, by any means! Yet may I say," slightly changing her place, so as to make room for me beside her, "may I say, in Hamlet's words, 'Rest, rest-'" she broke off with a silvery laugh.

"-perturbed Spirit!" I finished the sentence for her. "Yes, that describes a railway-traveler exactly! And here is an instance of it," I added, as the tiny local train drew up alongside the platform, and the porters bustled about, opening carriage-doors- one of them helping the poor old man to hoist himself into a third-class carriage, while another of them obsequiously conducted the lady and myself into a first-class.

She paused, before following him, to watch the progress of the other passenger. "Poor old man!" she said. "How weak and ill he looks! It was a shame to let him be turned away like that. I'm very sorry-" At this moment it dawned on me that these words were not addressed to me, but that she was unconsciously thinking aloud. I moved away a few steps, and waited to follow her into the carriage, where I resumed the conversation.

“Shakespeare must have traveled by rail, if only in a dream: ‘perturbed Spirit’ is such a happy phrase.”

“‘Perturbed’ referring, no doubt,” she rejoined, “to the sensational booklets, peculiar to the Rail. If Steam has done nothing else, it has at least added a whole new Species of English Literature!”

“No doubt of it,” I echoed. “The true origin of all our medical books- and all our cookery-books-”

“No, no!” she broke in merrily. “I didn’t mean our Literature! We are quite abnormal. But the booklets- the little thrilling romances, where the Murder comes at page fifteen, and the Wedding at page forty- surely they are due to Steam?”

“And when we travel by Electricity- if I may venture to develop your theory- we shall have leaflets instead of booklets, and the Murder and the Wedding will come on the same page.”

“A development worthy of Darwin!” the lady exclaimed enthusiastically. “Only you reverse his theory. Instead of developing a mouse into an elephant, you would develop an elephant into a mouse!” But here we plunged into a tunnel, and I leaned back and closed my eyes for a moment, trying to recall a few of the incidents of my recent dream.

“I thought I saw-” I murmured sleepily: and then the phrase insisted on conjugating itself, and ran into “you thought you saw- he thought he saw-” and then it suddenly went off into a song:

“He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
‘At length I realise’, he said,
‘The bitterness of Life!’”

And what a wild being it was who sang these wild words! A Gardener he seemed to be- yet surely a mad one, by the way he brandished his rake- madder, by the way he broke, ever and anon, into a frantic jig-maddest of all, by the shriek in which he brought out the last words of the stanza!

It was so far a description of himself that he had the feet of an Elephant: but the rest of him was skin and bone: and the wisps of loose straw, that bristled all about him, suggested that he had been originally; stuffed with it, and that nearly all the stuffing had come out.

Sylvie and Bruno waited patiently till the end of the first verse. Then Sylvie advanced alone (Bruno having suddenly turned shy) and timidly introduced herself with the words “Please, I’m Sylvie!”

“And who’s that other thing?” said the Gardener.

“What thing?” said Sylvie, looking round. “Oh, that’s Bruno. He’s my brother.”

“Was he your brother yesterday?” the Gardener anxiously enquired.

“Course I were!” cried Bruno, who had gradually crept nearer, and didn’t at all like being talked about without having his share in the conversation.

“Ah, well!” the Gardener said with a kind of groan. “Things change so, here. Whenever I look again it’s sure to be something different! Yet I does my duty! I gets up wriggle-early at five-”

“If I was oo,” said Bruno, “I wouldn’t wriggle so early. It’s as bad as being a worm!” he added, in an undertone to Sylvie.

“But you shouldn’t be lazy in the morning, Bruno,” said Sylvie. “Remember, it’s the early bird that picks up the worm!”

“It may, if it likes!” Bruno said with a slight yawn. “I don’t like eating worms, one bit. I always stop in bed till the early bird has picked them up!”

“I wonder you’ve the face to tell me such fibs!” cried the Gardener.

To which Bruno wisely replied, “Oo don’t want a face to tell fibs wiz- only a mouf.”

Sylvie discreetly changed the subject. “And did you plant all these flowers?” she said. “What a lovely garden you’ve made! Do you know, I’d like to live here always!”

“In the winter-nights-” the Gardener was beginning.

“But I’d nearly forgotten what we came about!” Sylvie interrupted. “Would you please let us through into the road? There’s a poor old beggar just gone out- and he’s very hungry- and Bruno wants to give him his cake, you know!”

“It’s as much as my place is worth!” the Gardener muttered, taking a key from his pocket, and beginning to unlock a door in the garden-wall.

“How much are it wurf?” Bruno innocently enquired.

But the Gardener only grinned. “That’s a secret!” he said. “Mind you come back quick!” he called after the children, as they passed out into the road. I had just time to follow them, before he shut the door again.

We hurried down the road, and very soon caught sight of the old Beggar, about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and the children at once set off running to overtake him. Lightly and swiftly they skimmed over the ground, and I could not in the least understand how it was I kept up with them so easily. But the unsolved problem did not worry me so much as at another time it might have done, there were so many other things to attend to.

The old Beggar must have been very deaf, as he paid no attention whatever to Bruno’s eager shouting, but trudged wearily on, never pausing until the child got in front of him and held up the slice of cake. The poor little fellow was quite out of breath, and could only utter the one word “Cake!”- not with the gloomy decision with which Her Excellency had so lately pronounced it, but with a sweet

childish timidity, looking up into the old man's face with eyes that loved "all things both great and small".

The old man snatched it from him, and devoured it greedily, as some hungry wild beast might have done, but never a word of thanks did he give his little benefactor- only growled "More, more!" and glared at the half-frightened children.

"There is no more!" Sylvie said with tears in her eyes. "I'd eaten mine. It was a shame to let you be turned away like that. I'm very sorry-"

I lost the rest of the sentence, for my mind had recurred, with a great shock of surprise, to Lady Muriel Orme, who had so lately uttered these very words of Sylvie's- yes, and in Sylvie's own voice, and with Sylvie's gentle pleading eyes!

"Follow me!" were the next words I heard, as the old man waved his hand, with a dignified grace that ill suited his ragged dress, over a bush, that stood by the road side, which began instantly to sink into the earth. At another time I might have doubted the evidence of my eyes, or at least have felt some astonishment: but, in this strange scene, my whole being seemed absorbed in strong curiosity as to what would happen next.

When the bush had sunk quite out of our sight, marble steps were seen, leading downwards into darkness. The old man led the way, and we eagerly followed.

The staircase was so dark, at first, that I could only just see the forms of the children as, hand-in-hand, they groped their way down after their guide: but it got lighter every moment, with a strange silvery brightness, that seemed to exist in

the air, as there were no lamps visible; and, when at last we reached a level floor, the room, we found ourselves in, was almost as light as day.

It was eight-sided, having in each angle a slender pillar, round which silken draperies were twined. The wall between the pillars was entirely covered, to the height of six or seven feet, with creepers, from which hung quantities of ripe fruit and of brilliant flowers, that almost hid the leaves. In another place, perchance, I might have wondered to see fruit and flowers growing together: here, my chief wonder was that neither fruit nor flowers were such as I had ever seen before. Higher up, each wall contained a circular window of coloured glass; and over all was an arched roof, that seemed to be spangled all over with jewels.

With hardly less wonder, I turned this way and that, trying to make out how in the world we had come in: for there was no door: and all the walls were thickly covered with the lovely creepers.

“We are safe here, my darlings!” said the old man, laying a hand on Sylvie’s shoulder, and bending down to kiss her. Sylvie drew back hastily, with an offended air: but in another moment, with a glad cry of “Why, it’s Father!”, she had run into his arms.

“Father! Father!” Bruno repeated: and, while the happy children were being hugged and kissed, I could but rub my eyes and say “Where, then, are the rags gone to?”; for the old man was now dressed in royal robes that glittered with jewels and gold embroidery, and wore a circlet of gold around his head.

CHAPTER VI

The Magic Locket

“WHERE are we, father?” Sylvie, with her arms twined closely around the old man’s neck, and with her rosy cheek lovingly pressed to his.

“In Elfland, darling. It’s one of the provinces of Fairyland.”

“But I thought Elfland was ever so far from Outland: and we’ve come such a tiny little way!”

“You came by the Royal Road, sweet one. Only those of royal blood can travel along it: but you’ve been royal ever since I was made King of Elfland—that’s nearly a month ago. They sent two ambassadors, to make sure that their invitation to me, to be their new King, should reach me. One was a Prince; so he was able to come by the Royal Road, and to come invisibly to all but me: the other was a Baron; so he had to come by the common road, and I dare say he hasn’t even arrived yet.”

“Then how far have we come?” Sylvie enquired.

“Just a thousand miles, sweet one, since the Gardener unlocked that door for you.”

“A thousand miles!” Bruno repeated. “And may I eat one?”

“Eat a mile, little rogue?”

“No,” said Bruno. “I mean may I eat one of that fruits?”

“Yes, child,” said the father: “and then you’ll find out what Pleasure is like- the Pleasure we all seek so madly, and enjoy so mournfully!”

Bruno ran eagerly to the wall, and picked a fruit that was shaped something like a banana, but had the colour of a strawberry.

He ate it with beaming looks, that became gradually more gloomy, and were very blank indeed by the time he had finished.

“It hasn’t got no taste at all!” he complained. “I couldn’t feel nuffin in my mouf! It’s a- what’s that hard word, Sylvie?”

“It was a Phlizz,” Sylvie gravely replied. “Are they all like that, father?”

“They’re all like that to you, darling, because you don’t belong to Elfland- yet. But to me they are real.”

Bruno looked puzzled. “I’ll try anuvver kind of fruits!” he said, and jumped down off the King’s knee. “There’s some lovely striped ones, just like a rainbow!” And off he ran.

Meanwhile the Fairy-King and Sylvie were talking together, but in such low tones that I could not catch the words: so I followed Bruno, who was picking and eating other kinds of fruit, in the vain hope of finding some that had a taste. I tried to pick some myself- but it was like grasping air, and I soon gave up the attempt and returned to Sylvie.

“Look well at it, my darling,” the old man was saying, “and tell me how you like it.”

“It’s just lovely,” cried Sylvie delightedly. “Bruno, come and look!” And she held up, so that he might see the light through it, a heart-shaped Locket, apparently cut out of a single jewel, of a rich blue colour, with a slender gold chain attached to it.

“It are welly pretty,” Bruno more soberly remarked: and he began spelling out some words inscribed on it. “All- will- love- Sylvie,” he made them out at last. “And so they doos!” he cried, clasping his arms round her neck. “Everybody loves Sylvie!”

“But we love her best, don’t we, Bruno?” said the old King, as he took possession of the Locket. “Now, Sylvie, look at this.” And he showed her, lying on the palm of his hand, a Locket of a deep crimson colour, the same shape as the blue one, and, like it, attached to a slender golden chain.

“Lovelier and lovelier!” exclaimed Sylvie, clasping her hands in ecstasy. “Look, Bruno!”

“And there’s words on this one, too,” said Bruno. “Sylvie- will- love- all.”

“Now you see the difference,” said the old man: “different colours and different words. Choose one of them, darling. I’ll give you whichever you like best.”

Sylvie whispered the words, several times over, with a thoughtful smile, and then made her decision. “It’s very nice to be loved,” she said: “but it’s nicer to love other people! May I have the red one, Father?”

The old man said nothing: but I could see his eyes fill with tears, as he bent his head and pressed his lips to her forehead in a long loving kiss. Then he undid the chain, and showed her how to fasten it round her neck, and to hide it away under the edge of her frock. “It’s for you to keep, you know,” he said in a low voice, “not for other people to see. You’ll remember how to use it?”

“Yes, I’ll remember,” said Sylvie.

“And now, darlings, it’s time for you to go back, or they’ll be missing you, and then that poor Gardener will get into trouble!”

Once more a feeling of wonder rose in my mind as to how in the world we were to get back again- since I took it for granted that wherever the children went, I was to go- but no shadow of doubt seemed to cross their minds, as they hugged and kissed him, murmuring, over and over again, “Good-bye, darling Father!” And then, suddenly and swiftly, the darkness of midnight seemed to close in upon us, and through the darkness harshly rang a strange wild song:

“He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was

His Sister's Husband's Niece.

'Unless you leave this house', he said,
'I'll send for the Police!'"

"That was me!" he added, looking out at us, through the half-opened door, as we stood waiting in the road. "And that's what I'd have done- as sure as potatoes aren't radishes- if she hadn't have taken herself off! But I always loves my Pay-rints like anything."

"Who are oor pay-rints?" said Bruno.

"Them as pay rint for me, of course!" the Gardener replied. "You can come in now, if you like."

He flung the door open as he spoke, and we got out, a little dazzled and stupefied (at least I felt so) at the sudden transition from the half-darkness of the railway-carriage to the brilliantly-lighted platform of Elveston Station.

A footman, in a handsome livery, came forward and respectfully touched his hat. "The carriage is here, my Lady," he said, taking from her the wraps and small articles she was carrying: and Lady Muriel, after shaking hands and bidding me "Good-night!" with a pleasant smile, followed him.

It was with a somewhat blank and lonely feeling that I betook myself to the van from which the luggage was being taken out: and, after giving directions to have my boxes sent after me, I made my way on foot to Arthur's lodgings, and

soon lost my lonely feeling in the hearty welcome my old friend gave me, and the cosy warmth and cheerful light of the little sitting-room into which he led me.

“Little, as you see, but quite enough for us two. Now, take the easy-chair, old fellow, and let’s have another look at you! Well, you do look a bit pulled down!” and he put on a solemn professional air. “I prescribe Ozone, quant. suff. Social dissipation, fiant pilulae, quam plurimae: to be taken, feasting, three times a day!”

“But, Doctor!” I remonstrated. “Society doesn’t ‘receive’ three times a day!”

“That’s all you know about it!” the young Doctor gaily replied. “At home, lawn-tennis, 3 P.M. At home, kettledrum, 5 P.M. At home, music (Elveston doesn’t give dinners), 8 P.M. Carriages at 10. There you are!”

It sounded very pleasant, I was obliged to admit. “And I know some of the lady-society already,” I added. “One of them came in the same carriage with me.”

“What was she like? Then perhaps I can identify her.”

“The name was Lady Muriel Orme. As to what she was like- well, I thought her very beautiful. Do you know her?”

“Yes- I do know her.” And the grave Doctor coloured slightly as he added “Yes, I agree with you. She is beautiful.”

“I quite lost my heart to her!” I went on mischievously. “We talked-”

“Have some supper!” Arthur interrupted with an air of relief, as the maid entered with the tray. And he steadily resisted all my attempts to return to the sub-

ject of Lady Muriel until the evening had almost worn itself away. Then, as we sat gazing into the fire, and conversation was lapsing into silence, he made a hurried confession.

“I hadn’t meant to tell you anything about her” he said (naming no names, as if there were only one “she” in the world!) “till you had seen more of her, and formed your own judgment of her: but somehow you surprised it out of me. And I’ve not breathed a word of it to any one else. But I can trust you with a secret, old friend! Yes! It’s true of me, what I suppose you said in jest.”

“In the merest jest, believe me!” I said earnestly. “Why, man, I’m three times her age! But if she’s your choice, then I’m sure she’s all that is good and-” “-and sweet,” Arthur went on, “and pure, and self-denying, and true-hearted, and-” he broke off hastily, as if he could not trust himself to say more on a subject so sacred and so precious. Silence followed: and I leaned back drowsily in my easy-chair, filled with bright and beautiful imaginings of Arthur and his lady-love, and of all the peace and happiness in store for them.

I pictured them to myself walking together, lingeringly and lovingly, under arching trees, in a sweet garden of their own, and welcomed back by their faithful gardener, on their return from some brief excursion.

It seemed natural enough that the gardener should be filled with exuberant delight at the return of so gracious a master and mistress- and how strangely child-like they looked! I could have taken them for Sylvie and Bruno- less natural that he should show it by such wild dances, such crazy songs!

“He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
‘The one thing I regret’, he said,
‘Is that it cannot speak!’”

-least natural of all that the Vice-Warden and “my Lady” should be standing close beside me, discussing an open letter, which had just been handed to him by the Professor, who stood, meekly waiting, a few yards off.

“If it were not for those two brats” I heard him mutter, glancing savagely at Sylvie and Bruno, who were courteously listening to the Gardener’s song, “there would be no difficulty whatever.”

“Let’s hear that bit of the letter again,” said my Lady. And the Vice-Warden read aloud:

“-and we therefore entreat you graciously to accept- the Kingship, to which you have been unanimously elected by the Council of Elfland: and that you will allow your son Bruno- of whose goodness, cleverness, and beauty, reports have reached us- to be regarded as Heir-Apparent.”

“But what’s the difficulty?” said my Lady.

“Why, don’t you see? The Ambassador, that brought this, is waiting in the house: and he’s sure to see Sylvie and Bruno: and then, when he sees Uggug, and remembers all that about ‘goodness, cleverness, and beauty,’ why, he’s sure to-”

“And where will you find a better boy than Uggug?” my Lady indignantly interrupted. “Or a wittier, or a lovelier?”

To all of which the Vice-Warden simply replied “Don’t you be a great blethering goose! Our only chance is to keep those two brats out of sight. If you can manage that, you may leave the rest to me. I’ll make him believe Uggug to be a model of cleverness and all that.”

“We must change his name to Bruno, of course?” said my Lady.

The Vice-Warden rubbed his chin. “Humph! No!” he said musingly. “Wouldn’t do. The boy’s such an utter idiot, he’d never learn to answer to it.”

“Idiot, indeed!” cried my Lady. “He’s no more an idiot than I am!”

“You’re right, my dear,” the Vice-Warden soothingly replied. “He isn’t, indeed!”

My Lady was appeased. “Let’s go in and receive the Ambassador,” she said, and beckoned to the Professor. “Which room is he waiting in?” she enquired.

“In the Library, Madam.”

“And what did you say his name was?” said the Vice-Warden.

The Professor referred to a card he held in his hand. “His Adiposity the Baron Doppelgeist.”

“Why does he come with such a funny name?” said my Lady.

“He couldn’t well change it on the journey,” the Professor meekly replied, “because of the luggage.”

“You go and receive him”, my Lady said to the Vice-Warden, “and I’ll attend to the children.”

CHAPTER VII

The Baron's Embassy

I WAS following the Vice-Warden, but, on second thoughts, went after my Lady, being curious to see how she would manage to keep the children out of sight.

I found her holding Sylvie's hand, and with her other hand stroking Bruno's hair in a most tender and motherly fashion: both children were looking bewildered and half-frightened.

"My own darlings," she was saying, "I've been planning a little treat for you! The Professor shall take you a long walk into the woods this beautiful evening: and you shall take a basket of food with you, and have a little picnic down by the river!"

Bruno jumped, and clapped his hands. "That are nice!" he cried. "Aren't it, Sylvie?"

Sylvie, who hadn't quite lost her surprised look, put up her mouth for a kiss. "Thank you very much," she said earnestly.

My Lady turned her head away to conceal the broad grin of triumph that spread over her vast face, like a ripple on a lake. "Little simpletons!" she muttered to herself, as she marched up to the house. I followed her in.

“Quite so, your Excellency,” the Baron was saying as we entered the Library. “All the infantry were under my command.” He turned, and was duly presented to my Lady.

“A military hero?” said my Lady. The fat little man simpered. “Well, yes,” he replied, modestly casting down his eyes. “My ancestors were all famous for military genius.”

My Lady smiled graciously. “It often runs in families,” she remarked: “just as a love for pastry does.”

The Baron looked slightly offended, and the Vice-Warden discreetly changed the subject. “Dinner will soon be ready,” he said. “May I have the honour of conducting your Adiposity to the guest-chamber?”

“Certainly, certainly!” the Baron eagerly assented. “It would never do to keep dinner waiting!” And he almost trotted out of the room after the Vice-Warden.

He was back again so speedily that the Vice-Warden had barely time to explain to my Lady that her remark about “a love for pastry” was “unfortunate. You might have seen, with half an eye,” he added, “that that’s his line. Military genius, indeed! Pooh!”

“Dinner ready yet?” the Baron enquired, as he hurried into the room.

“Will be in a few minutes,” the Vice-Warden replied. “Meanwhile, let’s take a turn in the garden. You were telling me,” he continued, as the trio left the house, “something about a great battle in which you had the command of the infantry—”

“True,” said the Baron. “The enemy, as I was saying, far outnumbered us: but I marched my men right into the middle of- what’s that?” the Military Hero exclaimed in agitated tones, drawing back behind the Vice-Warden, as a strange creature rushed wildly upon them, brandishing a spade.

“It’s only the Gardener!” the Vice-Warden replied in an encouraging tone. “Quite harmless, I assure you. Hark, he’s singing! It’s his favourite amusement.”

And once more those shrill discordant tones rang out:

“He thought he saw a Banker’s Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
‘If this should stay to dine’, he said,
‘There won’t be much for us!’”

Throwing away the spade, he broke into a frantic jig, snapping his fingers, and repeating, again and again

“There wo’n’t be much for us!
There wo’n’t be much for us!”

Once more the Baron looked slightly offended, but the Vice-Warden hastily explained that the song had no allusion to him, and in fact had no meaning at all. “You didn’t mean anything by it, now did you?” He appealed to the Gardener, who had finished his song, and stood, balancing himself on one leg, and looking at them, with his mouth open.

“I never means nothing,” said the Gardener: and Uggug luckily came up at the moment, and gave the conversation a new turn.

“Allow me to present my son,” said the Vice-Warden; adding, in a whisper, “one of the best and cleverest boys that ever lived! I’ll contrive for you to see some of his cleverness. He knows everything that other boys don’t know; and in archery, in fishing, in painting, and in music, his skill is- but you shall judge for yourself. You see that target over there? He shall shoot an arrow at it. Dear boy,” he went on aloud, “his Adiposity would like to see you shoot. Bring his Highness’ bow and arrows!”

Uggug looked very sulky as he received the bow and arrow, and prepared to shoot. Just as the arrow left the bow, the Vice-Warden trod heavily on the toe of the Baron, who yelled with the pain.

“Ten thousand pardons!” he exclaimed. “I stepped back in my excitement. See! It is a bull’s-eye!”

The Baron gazed in astonishment. “He held the bow so awkwardly, it seemed impossible!” he muttered. But there was no room for doubt: there was the arrow, right in the centre of the bull’s-eye!

“The lake is close by,” continued the Vice-Warden. “Bring his Highness’ fishing-rod!” And Uggug most unwillingly held the rod, and dangled the fly over the water.

“A beetle on your arm!” cried my Lady, pinching the poor Baron’s arm worse than if ten lobsters had seized it at once. “That kind is poisonous,” she explained. “But what a pity! You missed seeing the fish pulled out!”

An enormous dead cod-fish was lying on the bank, with the hook in its mouth.

“I had always fancied”, the Baron faltered, “that cod were salt-water fish?”

“Not in this country,” said the Vice-Warden. “Shall we go in? Ask my son some question on the way- any subject you like!” And the sulky boy was violently shoved forwards to walk at the Baron’s side.

“Could your Highness tell me”, the Baron cautiously began, “how much seven times nine would come to?”

“Turn to the left!” cried the Vice-Warden, hastily stepping forwards to show the way- so hastily, that he ran against his unfortunate guest, who fell heavily on his face.

“So sorry!” my Lady exclaimed, as she and her husband helped him to his feet again. “My son was in the act of saying ‘sixty-three’ as you fell!”

The Baron said nothing: he was covered with dust, and seemed much hurt, both in body and mind. However, when they had got him into the house, and given him a good brushing, matters looked a little better.

Dinner was served in due course, and every fresh dish seemed to increase the good-humour of the Baron: but all efforts, to get him to express his opinion as to Uggug's cleverness, were in vain, until that interesting youth had left the room, and was seen from the open window, prowling about the lawn with a little basket, which he was filling with frogs.

“So fond of Natural History as he is, dear boy!” said the doting mother. “Now do tell us, Baron, what you think of him!”

“To be perfectly candid,” said the cautious Baron, “I would like a little more evidence. I think you mentioned his skill in-”

“Music?” said the Vice-Warden. “Why, he's simply a prodigy! You shall hear him play the piano.” And he walked to the window. “Ug- I mean my boy! Come in for a minute, and bring the music-master with you! To turn over the music for him,” he added as an explanation.

Uggug, having filled his basket with frogs, had no objection to obey, and soon appeared in the room, followed by a fierce-looking little man, who asked the Vice-Warden “Vot music vill you haf?”

“The Sonata that His Highness plays so charmingly,” said the Vice-Warden.

“His Highness haf not-” the music-master began, but was sharply stopped by the Vice-Warden.

“Silence, Sir! Go and turn over the music for His Highness. My dear,” (to the Wardeness) “will you show him what to do? And meanwhile, Baron, I’ll just show you a most interesting map we have- of Outland, and Fairyland, and that sort of thing.”

By the time my Lady had returned from explaining things to the music-master, the map had been hung up, and the Baron was already much bewildered by the Vice-Warden’s habit of pointing to one place while he shouted out the name of another.

My Lady joining in, pointing out other places, and shouting other names, only made matters worse; and at last the Baron, in despair, took to pointing out places for himself, and feebly asked “Is that great yellow splotch Fairyland?”

“Yes, that’s Fairyland,” said the Vice-Warden: “and you might as well give him a hint.” he muttered to my Lady, “about going back to-morrow. He eats like a shark! It would hardly do for me to mention it.”

His wife caught the idea, and at once began giving hints of the most subtle and delicate kind. “Just see what a short way it is back to Fairyland! Why, if you started to-morrow morning, you’d get there in very little more than a week!”

The Baron looked incredulous. “It took me a full month to come,” he said.

“But it’s ever so much shorter, going back, you know!”

The Baron looked appealingly to the Vice-Warden, who chimed in readily. “You can go back five times, in the time it took you to come here once- if you start to-morrow morning!”

All this time the Sonata was pealing through the room. The Baron could not help admitting to himself that it was being magnificently played: but he tried in vain to get a glimpse of the youthful performer. Every time he had nearly succeeded in catching sight of him, either the Vice-Warden or his wife was sure to get in the way, pointing out some new place on the map, and deafening him with some new name.

He gave in at last, wished a hasty good-night, and left the room, while his host and hostess interchanged looks of triumph.

“Deftly done!” cried the Vice-Warden. “Craftily contrived! But what means all that tramping on the stairs?” He half-opened the door, looked out, and added in a tone of dismay, “The Baron’s boxes are being carried down!”

“And what means all that rumbling of wheels?” cried my Lady. She peeped through the window curtains. “The Baron’s carriage has come round!” she groaned.

At this moment the door opened: a fat, furious face looked in: a voice, hoarse with passion, thundered out the words “My room is full of frogs- I leave you!” and the door closed again.

And still the noble Sonata went pealing through the room: but it was Arthur's masterly touch that roused the echoes, and thrilled my very soul with the tender music of the immortal "Sonata Pathetique": and it was not till the last note had died away that the tired but happy traveler could bring himself to utter the words "goodnight!" and to seek his much-needed pillow.

CHAPTER VIII

A Ride on a Lion

THE next day glided away, pleasantly enough, partly in settling myself in my new quarters, and partly in strolling round the neighbourhood, under Arthur's guidance, and trying to form a general idea of Elveston and its inhabitants. When five o'clock arrived, Arthur proposed- without any embarrassment this time- to take me with him up to "the Hall", in order that I might make acquaintance with the Earl of Ainslie, who had taken it for the season, and renew acquaintance with his daughter Lady Muriel.

My first impressions of the gentle, dignified, and yet genial old man were entirely favourable: and the real satisfaction that showed itself on his daughter's face, as she met me with the words "this is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure!", was very soothing for whatever remains of personal vanity the failures and disappointments of many long years, and much buffeting with a rough world, had left in me.

Yet I noted, and was glad to note, evidence of a far deeper feeling than mere friendly regard, in her meeting with Arthur- though this was, as I gathered, an almost daily occurrence- and the conversation between them, in which the Earl and I were only occasional sharers, had an ease and a spontaneity rarely met with except between very old friends: and, as I knew that they had not known each other

for a longer period than the summer which was now rounding into autumn, I felt certain that “Love”, and Love alone, could explain the phenomenon.

“How convenient it would be”, Lady Muriel laughingly remarked, a propos of my having insisted on saving her the trouble of carrying a cup of tea across the room to the Earl, “if cups of tea had no weight at all! Then perhaps ladies would sometimes be permitted to carry them for short distances!”

“One can easily imagine a situation”, said Arthur, “where things would necessarily have no weight, relatively to each other, though each would have its usual weight, looked at by itself.”

“Some desperate paradox!” said the Earl. “Tell us how it could be. We shall never guess it.”

“Well, suppose this house, just as it is, placed a few billion miles above a planet, and with nothing else near enough to disturb it: of course it falls to the planet?”

The Earl nodded. “Of course- though it might take some centuries to do it.”

“And is five-o’clock-tea to be going on all the while?” said Lady Muriel.

“That, and other things,” said Arthur. “The inhabitants would live their lives, grow up and die, and still the house would be falling, falling, falling! But now as to the relative weight of things. Nothing can be heavy, you know, except by trying to fall, and being prevented from doing so. You all grant that?”

We all granted that.

“Well, now, if I take this book, and hold it out at arm’s length, of course I feel its weight. It is trying to fall, and I prevent it. And, if I let go, it falls to the floor. But, if we were all falling together, it couldn’t be trying to fall any quicker, you know: for, if I let go, what more could it do than fall? And, as my hand would be falling too- at the same rate- it would never leave it, for that would be to get ahead of it in the race. And it could never overtake the falling floor!”

“I see it clearly,” said Lady Muriel. “But it makes one dizzy to think of such things! How can you make us do it?”

“There is a more curious idea yet,” I ventured to say. “Suppose a cord fastened to the house, from below, and pulled down by some one on the planet. Then of course the house goes faster than its natural rate of falling: but the furniture- with our noble selves- would go on falling at their old pace, and would therefore be left behind.”

“Practically, we should rise to the ceiling,” said the Earl. “The inevitable result of which would be concussion of brain.”

“To avoid that,” said Arthur, “let us have the furniture fixed to the floor, and ourselves tied down to the furniture. Then the five-o’clock-tea could go on in peace.”

“With one little drawback!” Lady Muriel gaily interrupted. “We should take the cups down with us: but what about the tea?”

“I had forgotten the tea,” Arthur confessed. “That, no doubt, would rise to the ceiling- unless you chose to drink it on the way!”

“Which, I think, is quite nonsense enough for one while!” said the Earl. “What news does this gentleman bring us from the great world of London?”

This drew me into the conversation, which now took a more conventional tone. After a while, Arthur gave the signal for our departure, and in the cool of the evening we strolled down to the beach, enjoying the silence, broken only by the murmur of the sea and the far-away music of some fishermen’s song, almost as much as our late pleasant talk.

We sat down among the rocks, by a little pool, so rich in animal, vegetable, and zoophytic- or whatever is the right word- life, that I became entranced in the study of it, and, when Arthur proposed returning to our lodgings, I begged to be left there for a while, to watch and muse alone.

The fishermen’s song grew ever nearer and clearer, as their boat stood in for the beach; and I would have gone down to see them land their cargo of fish, had not the microcosm at my feet stirred my curiosity yet more keenly.

One ancient crab, that was for ever shuffling frantically from side to side of the pool, had particularly fascinated me: there was a vacancy in its stare, and an aimless violence in its behaviour, that irresistibly recalled the Gardener who had befriended Sylvie and Bruno: and, as I gazed, I caught the concluding notes of the tune of his crazy song.

The silence that followed was broken by the sweet voice of Sylvie. "Would you please let us out into the road?"

"What! After that old beggar again?" the Gardener yelled, and began singing:

"He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
'Were I to swallow this', he said,
'I should be very ill!'"

"We don't want him to swallow anything," Sylvie explained. "He's not hungry. But we want to see him. So will you please-"

"Certainly!" the Gardener promptly replied. "I always please. Never displeases nobody. There you are!" And he flung the door open, and let us out upon the dusty highroad.

We soon found our way to the bush, which had so mysteriously sunk into the ground: and here Sylvie drew the Magic Locket from its hiding-place, turned it over with a thoughtful air, and at last appealed to Bruno in a rather helpless way. "What was it we had to do with it, Bruno? It's all gone out of my head!"

“Kiss it!” was Bruno’s invariable recipe in cases of doubt and difficulty. Sylvie kissed it, but no result followed.

“Rub it the wrong way,” was Bruno’s next suggestion.

“Which is the wrong way?” Sylvie most reasonably enquired. The obvious plan was to try both ways.

Rubbing from left to right had no visible effect whatever.

From right to left- “Oh, stop, Sylvie!” Bruno cried in sudden alarm. “Whatever is going to happen?”

For a number of trees, on the neighbouring hillside, were moving slowly upwards, in solemn procession: while a mild little brook, that had been rippling at our feet a moment before, began to swell, and foam, and hiss, and bubble, in a truly alarming fashion.

“Rub it some other way!” cried Bruno. “Try up-and-down! Quick!”

It was a happy thought. Up-and-down did it: and the landscape, which had been showing signs of mental aberration in various directions, returned to its normal condition of sobriety- with the exception of a small yellowish-brown mouse, which continued to run wildly up and down the road, lashing its tail like a little lion.

“Let’s follow it,” said Sylvie: and this also turned out a happy thought. The mouse at once settled down into a business-like jog-trot, with which we could easily keep pace. The only phenomenon, that gave me any uneasiness, was the rapid

increase in the size of the little creature we were following, which became every moment more and more like a real lion.

Soon the transformation was complete: and a noble lion stood patiently waiting for us to come up with it. No thought of fear seemed to occur to the children, who patted and stroked it as if it had been a Shetland-pony.

“Help me up!” cried Bruno. And in another moment Sylvie had lifted him upon the broad back of the gentle beast, and seated herself behind him, pillion-fashion. Bruno took a good handful of mane in each hand, and made believe to guide this new kind of steed. “Gee-up!” seemed quite sufficient by way of verbal direction: the lion at once broke into an easy canter, and we soon found ourselves in the depths of the forest. I say “we”, for I am certain that I accompanied them—though how I managed to keep up with a cantering lion I am wholly unable to explain. But I was certainly one of the party when we came upon an old beggar-man cutting sticks, at whose feet the lion made a profound obeisance, Sylvie and Bruno at the same moment dismounting, and leaping into the arms of their father.

“From bad to worse!” the old man said to himself, dreamily, when the children had finished their rather confused account of the Ambassador’s visit, gathered no doubt from general report, as they had not seen him themselves. “From bad to worse! That is their destiny. I see it, but I cannot alter it. The selfishness of a mean and crafty man— the selfishness of an ambitious and silly woman— the selfishness of a spiteful and loveless child— all tend one way, from bad to worse! And

you, my darlings, must suffer it awhile, I fear. Yet, when things are at their worst, you can come to me. I can do but little as yet-”

Gathering up a handful of dust and scattering it in the air, he slowly and solemnly pronounced some words that sounded like a charm, the children looking on in awestruck silence:

“Let craft, ambition, spite,
Be quenched in Reason’s night,
Till weakness turn to might,
Till what is dark be light,
Till what is wrong be right!”

The cloud of dust spread itself out through the air, as if it were alive, forming curious shapes that were for ever changing into others.

“It makes letters! It makes words!” Bruno whispered, as he clung, half-frightened, to Sylvie. “Only I ca’n’t make them out! Read them, Sylvie!”

“I’ll try,” Sylvie gravely replied. “Wait a minute- if only I could see that word-”

“I should be very ill!” a discordant voice yelled in our ears.

“Were I to swallow this’, he said,

'I should-be very ill!'"

CHAPTER IX

A Jester and a Bear

YES, we were in the garden once more: and, to escape that horrid discordant voice, we hurried indoors, and found ourselves in the library- Uggug blubbering, the Professor standing by with a bewildered air, and my Lady, with her arms clasped round her son's neck, repeating, over and over again, "and did they give him nasty lessons to learn? My own pretty pet!"

"What's all this noise about?" the Vice-Warden angrily enquired, as, he strode into the room. "And who put the hat-stand here?" And he hung his hat up on Bruno, who was standing in the middle of the room, too much astonished by the sudden change of scene to make any attempt at removing it, though it came down to his shoulders, making him look something like a small candle with a large extinguisher over it.

The Professor mildly explained that His Highness had been graciously pleased to say he wouldn't do his lessons.

"Do your lessons this instant, you young cub!" thundered the Vice-Warden. "And take this!" and a resounding box on the ear made the unfortunate Professor reel across the room.

"Save me!" faltered the poor old man, as he sank, half-fainting, at my Lady's feet.

“Shave you? Of course I will!” my Lady replied, as she lifted him into a chair, and pinned an anti-macassar round his neck. “Where’s the razor?”

The Vice-Warden meanwhile had got hold of Uggug, and was belabouring him with his umbrella. “Who left this loose nail in the floor?” he shouted. “Hammer it in, I say! Hammer it in!” Blow after blow fell on the writhing Uggug, till he dropped howling to the floor.

Then his father turned to the “shaving” scene which was being enacted, and roared with laughter. “Excuse me, dear, I ca’n’t help it!” he said as soon as he could speak. “You are such an utter donkey! Kiss me, Tabby!”

And he flung his arms round the neck of the terrified Professor, who raised a wild shriek, but whether he received the threatened kiss or not I was unable to see, as Bruno, who had by this time released himself from his extinguisher, rushed headlong out of the room, followed by Sylvie; and I was so fearful of being left alone among all these crazy creatures that I hurried after them.

“We must go to Father!” Sylvie panted, as they ran down the garden. “I’m sure things are at their worst! I’ll ask the Gardener to let us out again.”

“But we ca’n’t walk all the way!” Bruno whimpered. “How I wiss we had a coach-and-four, like Uncle!”

And, shrill and wild, rang through the air the familiar voice:

“He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four

That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
'Poor thing,' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!'"

"No, I ca'n't let you out again!" he said, before the children could speak.
"The Vice-Warden gave it me, he did, for letting you out last time! So be off with you!" And, turning away from them, he began digging frantically in the middle of a gravel-walk, singing, over and over again,

"'Poor thing,' he said, 'poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!'"

but in a more musical tone than the shrill screech in which he had begun.

The music grew fuller and richer at every moment: other manly voices joined in the refrain: and soon I heard the heavy thud that told me the boat had touched the beach, and the harsh grating of the shingle as the men dragged it up. I roused myself, and, after lending them a hand in hauling up their boat, I lingered yet awhile to watch them disembark a goodly assortment of the hard-won "treasures of the deep".

When at last I reached our lodgings I was tired and sleepy, and glad enough to settle down again into the easy-chair, while Arthur hospitably went to his cupboard, to get me out some cake and wine, without which, he declared, he could not, as a doctor, permit my going to bed.

And how that cupboard-door did creak! It surely could not be Arthur, who was opening and shutting it so often, moving so restlessly about, and muttering like the soliloquy of a tragedy-queen!

No, it was a female voice. Also the figure- half-hidden by the cupboard-door- was a female figure, massive, and in flowing robes. Could it be the landlady? The door opened, and a strange man entered the room.

“What is that donkey doing?” he said to himself, pausing, aghast, on the threshold.

The lady, thus rudely referred to, was his wife. She had got one of the cupboards open, and stood with her back to him, smoothing down a sheet of brown paper on one of the shelves, and whispering to herself “So, so! Deftly done! Craftily contrived!”

Her loving husband stole behind her on tip-toe, and tapped her on the head. “Boh!” he playfully shouted at her ear. “Never tell me again I ca’n’t say ‘boh’ to a goose!”

My Lady wrung her hands. “Discovered!” she groaned. “Yet no- he is one of us! Reveal it not, oh Man! Let it bide its time!”

“Reveal what not?” her husband testily replied, dragging out the sheet of brown paper. “What are you hiding here, my Lady? I insist upon knowing!”

My Lady cast down her eyes, and spoke in the littlest of little voices. “Don’t make fun of it, Benjamin!” she pleaded. “It’s- it’s- don’t you understand? It’s a DAGGER!”

“And what’s that for?” sneered His Excellency. “We’ve only got to make people think he’s dead! We haven’t got to kill him! And made of tin, too!” he snarled, contemptuously bending the blade round his thumb. “Now, Madam, you’ll be good enough to explain. First, what do you call me Benjamin for?”

“It’s part of the Conspiracy, Love! One must have an alias, you know-”

“Oh, an alias, is it? Well! And next, what did you get this dagger for? Come, no evasions? You ca’n’t deceive me!”

“I got it for- for- for-” the detected Conspirator stammered, trying her best to put on the assassin-expression that she had been practising at the looking-glass. “For-”

“For what, Madam!”

“Well, for eighteenpence, if you must know, dearest! That’s what I got it for, on my-”

“Now don’t say your Word and Honour!” groaned the other Conspirator. “Why, they aren’t worth half the money, put together!”

“On my birthday,” my Lady concluded in a meek whisper. “One must have a dagger, you know. It’s part of the-”

“Oh, don’t talk of Conspiracies!” her husband savagely interrupted, as he tossed the dagger into the cupboard. “You know about as much how to manage a Conspiracy as if you were a chicken. Why, the first thing is to get a disguise. Now, just look at this!”

And with pardonable pride he fitted on the cap and bells, and the rest of the Fool’s dress, and winked at her, and put his tongue in his cheek. “Is that the sort of thing, now?” he demanded.

My Lady’s eyes flashed with all a Conspirator’s enthusiasm. “The very thing!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands. “You do look, oh, such a Perfect Fool!”

The Fool smiled a doubtful smile. He was not quite clear whether it was a compliment or not, to express it so plainly. “You mean a Jester? Yes, that’s what I intended. And what do you think your disguise is to be?” And he proceeded to unfold the parcel, the lady watching him in rapture.

“Oh how lovely!” she cried, when at last the dress was unfolded. “What a splendid disguise! An Esquimaux peasant-woman!”

“An Esquimaux peasant, indeed!” growled the other. “Here, put it on, and look at yourself in the glass. Why, it’s a Bear, ca’n’t you use your eyes?” He checked himself suddenly, as a harsh voice yelled through the room

“He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head!”

But it was only the Gardener, singing under the open window. The Vice-Warden stole on tip-toe to the window, and closed it noiselessly, before he ventured to go on. “Yes, Lovey, a Bear: but not without a head, I hope! You’re the Bear, and me the Keeper. And if any one knows us, they’ll have sharp eyes, that’s all!”

“I shall have to practise the steps a bit,” my Lady said, looking out through the Bear’s mouth: “one ca’n’t help being rather human just at first, you know. And of course you’ll say, ‘Come up, Bruin!’, won’t you?”

“Yes, of course,” replied the Keeper, laying hold of the chain, that hung from the Bear’s collar, with one hand, while with the other he cracked a little whip. “Now go round the room in a sort of a dancing attitude. Very good, my dear, very good. Come up, Bruin! Come up, I say!”

He roared out the last words for the benefit of Uggug, who had just come into the room, and was now standing, with his hands spread out, and eyes and mouth wide open, the very picture of stupid amazement. “Oh, my!” was all he could gasp out.

The Keeper pretended to be adjusting the bear’s collar, which gave him an opportunity of whispering, unheard by Uggug, “my fault, I’m afraid! Quite forgot to

fasten the door. Plot's ruined if he finds it out! Keep it up, a minute or two longer. Be savage!" Then, while seeming to pull it back with all his strength, he let it advance upon the scared boy: my Lady, with admirable presence of mind, kept up what she no doubt intended for a savage growl, though it was more like the purring of a cat: and Uggug backed out of the room with such haste that he tripped over the mat, and was heard to fall heavily outside- an accident to which even his doting mother paid no heed, in the excitement of the moment.

The Vice-Warden shut and bolted the door. "Off with the disguises!" he panted. "There's not a moment to lose. He's sure to fetch the Professor, and we couldn't take him in, you know!" And in another minute the disguises were stowed away in the cupboard, the door unbolted, and the two Conspirators seated lovingly side-by-side on the sofa, earnestly discussing a book the Vice-Warden had hastily snatched off the table, which proved to be the City-Directory of the capital of Outland.

The door opened, very slowly and cautiously, and the Professor peeped in, Uggug's stupid face being just visible behind him.

"It is a beautiful arrangement!" the Vice-Warden was saying with enthusiasm. "You see, my precious one, that there are fifteen houses in Green Street, before you turn into West Street."

"Fifteen houses! Is it possible?" my Lady replied. "I thought it was fourteen!" And, so intent were they on this interesting question, that neither of them even looked up till the Professor, leading Uggug by the hand, stood close before them.

My Lady was the first to notice their approach. “Why, here’s the Professor!” she exclaimed in her blandest tones. “And my precious child too! Are lessons over?”

“A strange thing has happened!” the Professor began in a trembling tone. “His Exalted Fatness” (this was one of Uggug’s many titles) “tells me he has just seen, in this very room, a Dancing-Bear and a Court-Jester!”

The Vice-Warden and his wife shook with well-acted merriment.

“Not in this room, darling!” said the fond mother. “We’ve been sitting here this hour or more, reading-,” here she referred to the book lying on her lap, “-reading the- the City-Directory.”

“Let me feel your pulse, my boy!” said the anxious father. “Now put out your tongue. Ah, I thought so! He’s a little feverish, Professor, and has had a bad dream. Put him to bed at once, and give him a cooling draught.”

“I ain’t been dreaming!” his Exalted Fatness remonstrated, as the Professor led him away.

“Bad grammar, Sir!” his father remarked with some sternness. “Kindly attend to that little matter, Professor, as soon as you have corrected the feverishness. And, by the way, Professor!” (The Professor left his distinguished pupil standing at the door, and meekly returned.) “There is a rumour afloat, that the people wish to elect an- in point of fact, an- you understand that I mean an-”

“Not another Professor!” the poor old man exclaimed in horror.

“No! Certainly not!” the Vice-Warden eagerly explained. “Merely an Emperor, you understand.”

“An Emperor!” cried the astonished Professor, holding his head between his hands, as if he expected it to come to pieces with the shock. “What will the Warden-”

“Why, the Warden will most likely be the new Emperor!” my Lady explained. “Where could we find a better? Unless, perhaps-” she glanced at her husband.

“Where, indeed!” the Professor fervently responded, quite failing to take the hint.

The Vice-Warden resumed the thread of his discourse. “The reason I mentioned it, Professor, was to ask you to be so kind as to preside at the Election. You see it would make the thing respectable- no suspicion of anything underhand-”

“I fear I ca’n’t, your Excellency!” the old man faltered. “What will the Warden-”

“True, true!” the Vice-Warden interrupted. “Your position, as Court-Professor, makes it awkward, I admit. Well, well! Then the Election shall be held without you.”

“Better so, than if it were held within me!” the Professor murmured with a bewildered air, as if he hardly knew what he was saying. “Bed, I think your Highness said, and a cooling-draught?” And he wandered dreamily back to where Uggug sulkily awaited him.

I followed them out of the room, and down the passage, the Professor murmuring to himself, all the time, as a kind of aid to his feeble memory, “C, C, C; Couch, Cooling-Draught, Correct-Grammar”, till, in turning a corner, he met Sylvie and Bruno, so suddenly that the startled Professor let go of his fat pupil, who instantly took to his heels.

CHAPTER X

The Other Professor

“WE were looking for you!” cried Sylvie, in a tone of great relief. “We do want you so much, you ca’n’t think!”

“What is it, dear children?” the Professor asked, beaming on them with a very different look from what Uggug ever got from him.

“We want you to speak to the Gardener for us,” Sylvie said, as she and Bruno took the old man’s hands and led him into the hall.

“He’s ever so unkind!” Bruno mournfully added. “They’s all unkind to us, now that Father’s gone. The Lion were much nicer!”

“But you must explain to me, please,” the Professor said with an anxious look, “which is the Lion, and which is the Gardener. It’s most important not to get two such animals confused together. And one’s very liable to do it in their case- both having mouths, you know-”

“Doos oo always confuses two animals together?” Bruno asked.

“Pretty often, I’m afraid,” the Professor candidly confessed. “Now, for instance, there’s the rabbit-hutch and the hall-clock.” The Professor pointed them out. “One gets a little confused with them- both having doors, you know. Now,

only yesterday- would you believe it?- I put some lettuces into the clock, and tried to wind up the rabbit!”

“Did the rabbit go, after oo wounded it up?” said Bruno.

The Professor clasped his hands on the top of his head, and groaned. “Go? I should think it did go! Why, it’s gone! And where ever it’s gone to- that’s what I ca’n’t find out! I’ve done my best- I’ve read all the article ‘Rabbit’ in the great dictionary- Come in!”

“Only the tailor, Sir, with your little bill,” said a meek voice outside the door.

“Ah, well, I can soon settle his business,” the Professor said to the children, “if you’ll just wait a minute. How much is it, this year, my man?” The tailor had come in while he was speaking.

“Well, it’s been a doubling so many years, you see,” the tailor replied, a little gruffly, “and I think I’d like the money now. It’s two thousand pound, it is!”

“Oh. that’s nothing!” the Professor carelessly remarked, feeling in his pocket, as if he always carried at least that amount about with him. “But wouldn’t you like to wait just another year, and make it four thousand? just think how rich you’d be! Why, you might be a King, if you liked!”

“I don’t know as I’d care about being a King,” the man said thoughtfully. “But it dew sound a powerful sight o’ money! Well, I think I’ll wait-”

“Of course you will!” said the Professor. “There’s good sense in you, I see. Good-day to you, my man!”

“Will you ever have to pay him that four thousand pounds?” Sylvie asked as the door closed on the departing creditor.

“Never, my child!” the Professor replied emphatically. “He’ll go on doubling it, till he dies. You see it’s always worth while waiting another year, to get twice as much money! And now what would you like to do, my little friends? Shall I take you to see the Other Professor? This would be an excellent opportunity for a visit,” he said to himself, glancing at his watch: “he generally takes a short rest- of fourteen minutes and a half- about this time.”

Bruno hastily went round to Sylvie, who was standing at the other side of the Professor, and put his hand into hers. “I think we’d like to go,” he said doubtfully: “only please let’s go all together. It’s best to be on the safe side, oo know!”

“Why, you talk as if you were Sylvie!” exclaimed the Professor.

“I know I did,” Bruno replied very humbly. “I quite forgotted I wasn’t Sylvie. Only I fought he might be rarer fierce!”

The Professor laughed a jolly laugh. “Oh, he’s quite tame!” he said. “He never bites. He’s only a little- a little dreamy, you know.” He took hold of Bruno’s other hand, and led the children down a long passage I had never noticed before- not that there was anything remarkable in that: I was constantly coming on new rooms and passages in that mysterious Palace, and very seldom succeeded in finding the old ones again.

Near the end of the passage the Professor stopped. "This is his room" he said, pointing to the solid wall.

"We ca'n't get in through there!" Bruno exclaimed.

Sylvie said nothing, till she had carefully examined whether the wall opened anywhere. Then she laughed merrily. "You're playing us a trick, you dear old thing!" she said. "there's no door here!"

"There isn't any door to the room," said the Professor. "We shall have to climb in at the window."

So we went into the garden, and soon found the window of the Other Professor's room. It was a ground-floor window, and stood invitingly open: the Professor first lifted the two children in, and then he and I climbed in after them.

The Other Professor was seated at a table, with a large book open before him, on which his forehead was resting: he had clasped his arms round the book, and was snoring heavily. "He usually reads like that", the Professor remarked, "when the book's very interesting: and then sometimes it's very difficult to get him to attend!"

This seemed to be one of the difficult times: the Professor lifted him up, once or twice, and shook him violently: but he always returned to his book the moment he was let go of, and showed by his heavy breathing that the book was as interesting as ever.

“How dreamy he is!” the Professor exclaimed. “He must have got to a very interesting part of the book!” And he rained quite a shower of thumps on the Other Professor’s back, shouting “Hoy! Hoy!” all the time. “Isn’t it wonderful that he should be so dreamy?” he said to Bruno.

“If he’s always as sleepy as that,” Bruno remarked, “a course he’s dreamy!”

“But what are we to do?” said the Professor. “You see he’s quite wrapped up in the book!”

“Suppose oo shuts the book?” Bruno suggested.

“That’s it!” cried the delighted Professor. “Of course that’ll do it!” And he shut up the book so quickly that he caught the Other Professor’s nose between the leaves, and gave it a severe pinch.

The Other Professor instantly rose to his feet, and carried the book away to the end of the room, where he put it back in its place in the book-case. “I’ve been reading for eighteen hours and three-quarters,” he said, “and now I shall rest for fourteen minutes and a half. Is the Lecture all ready?”

“Very nearly,” the Professor humbly replied. “I shall ask you to give me a hint or two- there will be a few little difficulties-”

“And a Banquet, I think you said?”

“Oh, yes! The Banquet comes first, of course. People never enjoy Abstract Science, you know, when they’re ravenous with hunger. And then there’s the Fancy-Dress-Ball. Oh, there’ll be lots of entertainment!”

“Where will the Ball come in?” said the Other Professor.

“I think it had better come at the beginning of the Banquet- it brings people together so nicely, you know.”

“Yes, that’s the right order. First the Meeting: then the Eating: then the Treating- for I’m sure any Lecture you give us will be a treat!” said the Other Professor, who had been standing with his back to us all this time, occupying himself in taking the books out, one by one, and turning them upside-down. An easel, with a blackboard on it, stood near him: and, every time that he turned a book upside-down, he made a mark on the board with a piece of chalk.

“And as to the ‘Pig-Tale- which you have so kindly promised to give us-” the Professor went on, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. “I think that had better come at the end of the Banquet: then people can listen to it quietly.”

“Shall I sing it?” the Other Professor asked, with a smile of delight.

“If you can,” the Professor replied, cautiously.

“Let me try,” said the Other Professor, seating himself at the pianoforte. “For the sake of argument, let us assume that it begins on A flat.” And he struck the note in question. “La, la, la! I think that’s within an octave of it.” He struck the note again, and appealed to Bruno, who was standing at his side. “Did I sing it like that, my child?”

“No, oo didn’t,” Bruno replied with great decision. “It were more like a duck.”

“Single notes are apt to have that effect,” the Other Professor said with a sigh.
“Let me try a whole verse.

There was a Pig, that sat alone,
Beside a ruined Pump.
By day and night he made his moan:
It would have stirred a heart of stone
To see him wring his hoofs and groan,
Because he could not jump.

“Would you call that a tune, Professor?” he asked, when he had finished.

The Professor considered a little. “Well,” he said at last, some of the notes are the same as others- and some are different- but I should hardly call it a tune.

“Let me try it a bit by myself,” said the Other Professor. And he began touching the notes here and there, and humming to himself like an angry bluebottle.

“How do you like his singing?” the Professor asked the children in a low voice.

“It isn’t very beautiful,” Sylvie said, hesitatingly.

“It’s very extremely ugly!” Bruno said, without any hesitation at all.

“All extremes are bad” the Professor said, very gravely. “For instance, Sobriety is a very good thing, when practised in moderation: but even Sobriety, when carried to an extreme, has its disadvantages.”

“What are its disadvantages?” was the question that rose in my mind- and, as usual, Bruno asked it for me. “What are its lizard bandages?”

“Well, this is one of them,” said the Professor. “When a man’s tipsy (that’s one extreme, you know), he sees one thing as two. But, when he’s extremely sober (that’s the other extreme), he sees two things as one. It’s equally inconvenient, whichever happens.”

“What does ‘inconvenient’ mean?” Bruno whispered to Sylvie.

“The difference between ‘convenient’ and ‘inconvenient’ is best explained by an example,” said the Other Professor, who had overheard the question. “If you’ll just think over any Poem that contains the two words- such as-”

The Professor put his hands over his ears, with a look of dismay. “If you once let him begin a Poem,” he said to Sylvie, “he’ll never leave off again! He never does!”

“Did he ever begin a Poem and not leave off again?” Sylvie enquired.

“Three times,” said the Professor.

Bruno raised himself on tiptoe, till his lips were on a level with Sylvie’s ear.

“What became of them three Poems?” he whispered. “Is he saying them all now?”

“Hush!” said Sylvie. “The Other Professor is speaking!”

“I’ll say it very quick,” murmured the Other Professor, with downcast eyes, and melancholy voice, which contrasted oddly with his face, as he had forgotten to leave off smiling. (“At least it wasn’t exactly a smile,” as Sylvie said afterwards: “it looked as if his mouth was made that shape.”)

“Go on then,” said the Professor. “What must be must be.”

“Remember that!” Sylvie whispered to Bruno. “It’s a very good rule for whenever you hurt yourself.”

“And it’s a very good rule for whenever I make a noise,” said the saucy little fellow. “So you remember it too, Miss!”

“Whatever do you mean?” said Sylvie, trying to frown, a thing she never managed particularly well.

“Oftens and oftens,” said Bruno, “haven’t oo told me ‘There mustn’t be so much noise, Bruno!’ when I’ve tolded oo ‘There must!’ Why, there isn’t no rules at all about ‘There mustn’t’! But oo never believes me!”

“As if any one could believe you, you wicked wicked boy!” said Sylvie. The words were severe enough, but I am of opinion that, when you are really anxious to impress a criminal with a sense of his guilt, you ought not to pronounce the sentence with your lips quite close to his cheek- since a kiss at the end of it, however accidental, weakens the effect terribly.

CHAPTER XI

Peter and Paul

“AS I was saying,” the Other Professor resumed, “if you’ll just think over any Poem, that contains the words- such as

‘Peter is poor,’ said noble Paul,
‘And I have always been his friend:
And, though my means to give are small,
At least I can afford to lend.
How few, in this cold age of greed,
Do good, except on selfish grounds!
But I can feel for Peter’s need,
And I WILL LEND HIM FIFTY POUNDS!’

How great was Peter’s joy to find
His friend in such a genial vein!
How cheerfully the bond he signed,
To pay the money back again!
‘We ca’n’t’, said Paul, ‘be too precise:
‘Tis best to fix the very day:
So. by a learned friend’s advice.

I've made it Noon, the Fourth of May.'

'But this is April!' Peter said.

'The First of April, as I think.

Five little weeks will soon be fled:

One scarcely will have time to wink!

Give me a year to speculate-

To buy and sell- to drive a trade-'

Said Paul 'I cannot change the date.

On May the Fourth it must be paid.'

'Well, well!' said Peter, with a sigh.

'Hand me the cash, and I will go.

I'll form a Joint-Stock Company,

And turn an honest pound or so.'

'I'm grieved', said Paul, 'to seem unkind:

The money shall of course be lent:

But, for a week or two, I find

It will not be convenient.'

So, week by week, poor Peter came

And turned in heaviness away;

For still the answer was the same,

'I cannot manage it to-day.'
And now the April showers were dry-
The five short weeks were nearly spent-
Yet still he got the old reply,
'It is not quite convenient!'

The Fourth arrived, and punctual Paul
Came, with his legal friend, at noon.
'I thought it best', said he, 'to call:
One cannot settle things too soon.'
Poor Peter shuddered in despair:
His flowing locks he wildly tore:
And very soon his yellow hair
Was lying all about the floor.

The legal friend was standing by,
With sudden pity half unmanned:
The tear-drop trembled in his eye,
The signed agreement in his hand:
But when at length the legal soul
Resumed its customary force,
'The Law', he said, 'we can't control:
Pay, or the Law must take its course!'

Said Paul 'How bitterly I rue
That fatal morning when I called!
Consider, Peter, what you do!
You wo'n't be richer when you're bald!
Think you, by rending curls away,
To make your difficulties less?
Forbear this violence, I pray:
You do but add to my distress!'

'Not willingly would I inflict',
Said Peter, 'on that noble heart
One needless pang. Yet why so strict?
Is this to act a friendly part?
However legal it may be
To pay what never has been lent,
This style of business seems to me
Extremely inconvenient!

'No Nobleness of soul have I,
Like some that in this Age are found!'
(Paul blushed in sheer humility,
And cast his eyes upon the ground.)

'This debt will simply swallow all,
And make my life a life of woe!'
'Nay, nay, my Peter!' answered Paul.
'You must not rail on Fortune so!

'You have enough to eat and drink:
You are respected in the world:
And at the barber's, as I think,
You often get your whiskers curled.
Though Nobleness you ca'n't attain-
To any very great extent-
The path of Honesty is plain,
However inconvenient!'

'Tis true', said Peter, 'I'm alive:
I keep my station in the world:
Once in the week I just contrive
To get my whiskers oiled and curled.
But my assets are very low:
My little income's overspent:
To trench on capital, you know,
Is always inconvenient!'

'But pay your debts!' cried honest Paul.
'My gentle Peter, pay your debts
What matter if it swallows all
That you describe as your "assets"?
Already you're an hour behind:
Yet Generosity is best.
It pinches me- but never mind!
I WILL NOT CHARGE YOU INTEREST!'

'How good! How great!' poor Peter cried.
'Yet I must sell my Sunday wig-
The scarf-pin that has been my pride-
My grand piano- and my Pig!'
Full soon his property took wings:
And daily, as each treasure went,
He sighed to find the state of things
Grow less and less convenient.

Weeks grew to months, and months to years:
Peter was worn to skin and bone:
And once he even said, with tears,
'Remember, Paul, that promised Loan!'
Said Paul 'I'll lend you, when I can,

All the spare money I have got-
Ah, Peter, you're a happy man!
Yours is an enviable lot!

'I'm getting stout, as you may see:
It is but seldom I am well:
I cannot feel my ancient glee
In listening to the dinner-bell:
But you, you gambol like a boy,
Your figure is so spare and light:
The dinner-bell's a note of joy
To such a healthy appetite!'

Said Peter 'I am well aware
Mine is a state of happiness:
And yet how gladly could I spare
Some of the comforts I possess!
What you call healthy appetite
I feel as Hunger's savage tooth:
And, when no dinner is in sight,
The dinner-bell's a sound of ruth!

'No scare-crow would accept this coat:

Such boots as these you seldom see,
Ah, Paul, a single five-pound note
Would make another man of me!
Said Paul 'It fills me with surprise
To hear you talk in such a tone:
I fear you scarcely realize
The blessings that are all your own!

'You're safe from being overfed:
You're sweetly Picturesque in rags:
You never know the aching head
That comes along with money-bags:
And you have time to cultivate
That best of qualities, Content-
For which you'll find your present state
Remarkably convenient!'

Said Peter 'Though I cannot sound
The depths of such a man as you,
Yet in your character I've found
An inconsistency or two.
You seem to have long years to spare
When there's a promise to fulfil:

And yet how punctual you were
In calling with that little bill!

‘One ca’n’t be too deliberate’,
Said Paul, ‘in parting with one’s pelf.
With bills, as you correctly state,
I’m punctuality itself.
A man may surely claim his dues:
But, when there’s money to be lent,
A man must be allowed to choose
Such times as are convenient!’

It chanced one day, as Peter sat
Gnawing a crust- his usual meal-
Paul bustled in to have a chat,
And grasped his hand with friendly zeal
‘I knew’, said he, ‘your frugal ways:
So, that I might not wound your pride
By bringing strangers in to gaze,
I’ve left my legal friend outside!

‘You well remember, I am sure,
When first your wealth began to go,

And people sneered at one so poor,
I never used my Peter so!
And when you'd lost your little all,
And found yourself a thing despised,
I need not ask you to recall
How tenderly I sympathized!

'Then the advice I've poured on you,
So full of wisdom and of wit:
All given gratis, though 'tis true
I might have fairly charged for it!
But I refrain from mentioning
Full many a deed I might relate-
For boasting is a kind of thing
That I particularly hate.

'How vast the total sum appears
Of all the kindnesses I've done,
From Childhood's half-forgotten years
Down to that Loan of April One!
That Fifty Pounds! You little guessed
How deep it drained my slender store:
But there's a heart within this breast,

And I WILL LEND YOU FIFTY MORE!’

‘Not so,’ was Peter’s mild reply,
His cheeks all wet with grateful tears:
‘No man recalls, so well as I,
Your services in bygone years:
And this new offer, I admit,
Is very very kindly meant-
Still, to avail myself of it
Would not be quite convenient!’

“You’ll see in a moment what the difference is between ‘convenient’ and ‘inconvenient’. You quite understand it now, don’t you?” he added, looking kindly at Bruno, who was sitting, at Sylvie’s side, on the floor.

“Yes,” said Bruno, very quietly. Such a short speech was very unusual, for him: but just then he seemed, I fancied, a little exhausted. In fact, he climbed up into Sylvie’s lap as he spoke, and rested his head against her shoulder. “What a many verses it was!” he whispered.

CHAPTER XII

A Musical Gardener

THE Other Professor regarded him with some anxiety. "The smaller animal ought to go to bed at once," he said with an air of authority.

"Why at once?" said the Professor.

"Because he ca'n't go at twice," said the Other Professor.

The Professor gently clapped his hands. "Isn't he wonderful!" he said to Sylvie. "Nobody else could have thought of the reason, so quick. Why, of course he ca'n't go at twice! It would hurt him to be divided."

This remark woke up Bruno, suddenly and completely. "I don't want to be divided," he said decisively.

"It does very well on a diagram," said the Other Professor. "I could show it you in a minute, only the chalk's a little blunt."

"Take care!" Sylvie anxiously exclaimed, as he began, rather clumsily, to point it. "You'll cut your finger off, if you hold the knife so!"

"If oo cuts it off, will oo give it to me, please?" Bruno thoughtfully added.

"It's like this," said the Other Professor, hastily drawing a long line upon the black board, and marking the letters "A", "B", at the two ends, and "C" in the middle: "let me explain it to you. If AB were to be divided into two parts at C-

“It would be drowned,” Bruno pronounced confidently.

The Other Professor gasped. “What would be drowned?”

“Why the bumble-bee, of course!” said Bruno. “And the two bits would sink down in the sea!”

Here the Professor interfered, as the Other Professor was evidently too much puzzled to go on with his diagram.

“When I said it would hurt him, I was merely referring to the action of the nerves-”

The Other Professor brightened up in a moment. “The action of the nerves”, he began eagerly, “is curiously slow in some people. I had a friend, once, that if you burnt him with a red-hot poker, it would take years and years before he felt it!”

“And if you only pinched him?” queried Sylvie.

“Then it would take ever so much longer, of course. In fact, I doubt if the man himself would ever feel it, at all. His grandchildren might.”

“I wouldn’t like to be the grandchild of a pinched grandfather, would you, Mister Sir?” Bruno whispered. “It might come just when you wanted to be happy!”

That would be awkward, I admitted, taking it quite as a matter of course that he had so suddenly caught sight of me. “But don’t you always want to be happy, Bruno?”

“Not always,” Bruno said thoughtfully. “Sometimes, when I’s too happy, I wants to be a little miserable. Then I just tell Sylvie about it, oo know, and Sylvie sets me some lessons. Then it’s all right.”

“I’m sorry you don’t like lessons,” I said. “You should copy Sylvie. She’s always as busy as the day is long!”

“Well, so am I!” said Bruno.

“No, no!” Sylvie corrected him. “You’re as busy as the day is short!”

“Well, what’s the difference?” Bruno asked. “Mister Sir, isn’t the day as short as it’s long? I mean, isn’t it the same length?”

Never having considered the question in this light, I suggested that they had better ask the Professor; and they ran off in a moment to appeal to their old friend. The Professor left off polishing his spectacles to consider. “My dears,” he said after a minute, “the day is the same length as anything that is the same length as it.” And he resumed his never-ending task of polishing.

The children returned, slowly and thoughtfully, to report his answer. “Isn’t he wise?” Sylvie asked in an awe-struck whisper. “If I was as wise as that, I should have a headache all day long, I know I should!”

“You appear to be talking to somebody- that isn’t here” the Professor said, turning round to the children, “Who is it?”

Bruno looked puzzled. “I never talks to nobody when he isn’t here!” he replied. “It isn’t good manners. Oo should always wait till he comes, before oo talks to him!”

The Professor looked anxiously in my direction, and seemed to look through and through me without seeing me. “Then who are you talking to?” he said. “There isn’t anybody here, you know, except the Other Professor and he isn’t here!” he added wildly, turning round and round like a teetotum. “Children! Help to look for him! Quick! He’s got lost again!”

The children were on their feet in a moment.

“Where shall we look?” said Sylvie.

“Anywhere!” shouted the excited Professor. “Only be quick about it!” And he began trotting round and round the room, lifting up the chairs, and shaking them.

Bruno took a very small book out of the bookcase, opened it, and shook it in imitation of the Professor. “He isn’t here,” he said.

“He ca’n’t be there, Bruno!” Sylvie said indignantly.

“Course he ca’n’t!” said Bruno. “I should have shooked him out, if he’d been in there!”

“Has he ever been lost before?” Sylvie enquired, turning up a corner of the hearth-rug, and peeping under it.

“Once before,” said the Professor: “he once lost himself in a wood-”

“And couldn’t he find his-self again?” said Bruno. “Why didn’t he shout? He’d be sure to hear his-self, cause he couldn’t be far off, oo know.”

“Let’s try shouting,” said the Professor.

“What shall we shout?” said Sylvie.

“On second thoughts, don’t shout,” the Professor replied. “The Vice-Warden might hear you. He’s getting awfully strict!”

This reminded the poor children of all the troubles, about which they had come to their old friend. Bruno sat down on the floor and began crying. “He is so cruel!” he sobbed. “And he lets Uggug take away all my toys! And such horrid meals!”

“What did you have for dinner to-day?” said the Professor.

“A little piece of a dead crow,” was Bruno’s mournful reply.

“He means rook-pie,” Sylvie explained.

“It were a dead crow,” Bruno persisted. “And there were a apple-pudding- and Uggug ate it all- and I got nuffin but a crust! And I asked for a orange- and- didn’t get it!” And the poor little fellow buried his face in Sylvie’s lap, who kept gently stroking his hair, as she went on. “It’s all true, Professor dear! They do

treat my darling Bruno very badly! And they're not kind to me either," she added in a lower tone, as if that were a thing, of much less importance.

The Professor got out a large red silk handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. "I wish I could help you, dear children!" he said. "But what can I do?"

"We know the way to Fairyland- where Father's gone- quite well," said Sylvie: "if only the Gardener would let us out."

"Wo'n't he open the door for you?" said the Professor.

"Not for us," said Sylvie: "but I'm sure he would for you. Do come and ask him, Professor dear!"

"I'll come this minute!" said the Professor.

Bruno sat up and dried his eyes. "Isn't he kind, Mister Sir?"

"He is indeed," said I. But the Professor took no notice of my remark. He had put on a beautiful cap with a long tassel, and was selecting one of the Other Professor's walking sticks, from a stand in the corner of the room. "A thick stick in one's hand makes people respectful," he was saying to himself. "Come along, dear children!" And we all went out into the garden together.

"I shall address him, first of all" the Professor explained as we went along, "with a few playful remarks on the weather. I shall then question him about the Other Professor. This will have a double advantage. First, it will open the conversation (you ca'n't even drink a bottle of wine without opening it first): and sec-

only, if he's seen the Other Professor, we shall find him that way: and, if he hasn't, we sha'n't."

On our way, we passed the target, at which Uggug had been made to shoot during the Ambassador's visit.

"See!" said the Professor, pointing out a hole in the middle of the bull's-eye. "His Imperial Fatness had only one shot at it; and he went in just here!"

Bruno carefully examined the hole. "Couldn't go in there," he whispered to me. "He are too fat!"

We had no sort of difficulty in finding the Gardener. Though he was hidden from us by some trees, that harsh voice of his served to direct us; and, as we drew nearer, the words of his song became more and more plainly audible:

"He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
'You'd best be getting home,' he said:
'The nights are very damp!'"

"Would it be afraid of catching cold?" said Bruno.

“If it got very damp”, Sylvie suggested, “it might stick to something, you know.”

“And that somefin would have to go by the post, whatever it was!” Bruno eagerly exclaimed. “Suppose it was a cow! Wouldn’t it be dreadful for the other things!”

“And all these things happened to him,” said the Professor. “That’s what makes the song so interesting.”

“He must have had a very curious life,” said Sylvie.

“You may say that!” the Professor heartily rejoined.

“Of course she may!” cried Bruno.

By this time we had come up to the Gardener, who was standing on one leg, as usual, and busily employed in watering a bed of flowers with an empty watering-can.

“It hasn’t got no water in it!” Bruno explained to him, pulling his sleeve to attract his attention.

“It’s lighter to hold,” said the Gardener. “A lot of water in it makes one’s arms ache.” And he went on with his work, singing softly to himself

“The nights are very damp!”

“In digging things out of the ground- which you probably do now and then,” the Professor began in a loud voice; “in making things into heaps- which no doubt you often do; and in kicking things about with one heel which you seem never to leave off doing; have you ever happened to notice another Professor, something like me, but different?”

“Never!” shouted the Gardener, so loudly and violently that we all drew back in alarm. “There ain’t such a thing!”

“We will try a less exciting topic,” the Professor mildly remarked to the children. “You were asking-”

“We asked him to let us through the garden-door,” said Sylvie: “but he wouldn’t: but perhaps he would for you!”

The Professor put the request, very humbly and courteously.

“I wouldn’t mind letting you out,” said the Gardener. “But I mustn’t open the door for children. D’you think I’d disobey the Rules? Not for one-and-sixpence!”

The Professor cautiously produced a couple of shillings.

“That’ll do it!” the Gardener shouted, as he hurled the watering-can across the flower-bed, and produced a handful of keys- one large one, and a number of small ones.

“But look here, Professor dear!” whispered Sylvie. “He needn’t open the door for us, at all. We can go out with you.”

“True, dear child!” the Professor thankfully replied, as he replaced the coins in his pocket. “That saves two shillings!” And he took the children’s hands, that they might all go out together when the door was opened. This, however, did not seem a very likely event, though the Gardener patiently tried all the small keys, over and over again.

At last the Professor ventured on a gentle suggestion. “Why not try the large one? I have often observed that a door unlocks much more nicely with its own key.”

The very first trial of the large key proved a success: the Gardener opened the door, and held out his hand for the money.

The Professor shook his head. “You are acting by Rule”, he explained, “in opening the door for me. And now it’s open, we are going out by Rule- the Rule of Three.”

The Gardener looked puzzled, and let us go out; but, as he locked the door behind us, we heard him singing thoughtfully to himself:

“He thought he saw a Garden-Door
That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
A Double Rule of Three:
‘And all its mystery’, he said,

‘Is clear as day to me!’”

“I shall now return,” said the Professor, when we had walked a few yards: “you see, it’s impossible to read here, for all my books are in the house.”

But the children still kept fast hold of his hands. “Do come with us!” Sylvie entreated with tears in her eyes.

“Well, well!” said the good-natured old man. “Perhaps I’ll come after you, some day soon. But I must go back, now. You see I left off at a comma, and it’s so awkward not knowing how the sentence finishes! Besides, you’ve got to go through Dogland first, and I’m always a little nervous about dogs. But it’ll be quite easy to come, as soon as I’ve completed my new invention- for carrying one’s-self, you know. It wants just a little more working out.”

“Won’t that be very tiring, to carry yourself?” Sylvie enquired.

“Well, no, my child. You see, whatever fatigue one incurs by carrying, one saves by being carried! Good-bye, dears! Good-bye, Sir!” he added to my intense surprise, giving my hand an affectionate squeeze.

“Good-bye, Professor!” I replied, but my voice sounded strange and far away, and the children took not the slightest notice of our farewell. Evidently they neither saw me nor heard me, as, with their arms lovingly twined round each other, they marched boldly on.

CHAPTER XIII

A Visit to Dogland

“THERE’S a house, away there to the left,” said Sylvie after we had walked what seemed to me about fifty miles. “Let’s go and ask for a night’s lodging.”

“It looks a very comfable house,” Bruno said, as we turned into the road leading up to it. “I doos hope the Dogs will be kind to us, I is so tired and hungry!”

A Mastiff, dressed in a scarlet collar, and carrying a musket, was pacing up and down, like a sentinel, in front of the entrance. He started, on catching sight of the children, and came forwards to meet them, keeping his musket pointed straight at Bruno, who stood quite still, though he turned pale and kept tight hold of Sylvie’s hand, while the Sentinel walked solemnly round and round them, and looked at them from all points of view.

“Oobooh, hoooh boohooyah!” he growled at last. “Woobah yahwah oobooh! Bow wahbah woobooyah? Bow wow?” he asked Bruno, severely.

Of course Bruno understood all this, easily enough. All Fairies understand Doggee- that is, Dog-language. But, as you may find it a little difficult, just at first, I had better put it into English for you. “Humans, I verily believe! A couple of stray Humans! What Dog do you belong to? What do you want?”

“We don’t belong to a Dog!” Bruno began, in Doggee. (“Peoples never belongs to Dogs!” he whisnered to Svlvie.)

But Sylvie hastily checked him, for fear of hurting the Mastiff's feelings. "Please, we want a little food, and a night's lodging- if there's room in the house," she added timidly. Sylvie spoke Doggee very prettily: but I think it's almost better, for you, to give the conversation in English.

"The house, indeed!" growled the Sentinel. "Have you never seen a Palace in your life? Come along with me! His Majesty must settle what's to be done with you."

They followed him through the entrance-hall, down a long passage, and into a magnificent Saloon, around which were grouped dogs of all sorts and sizes. Two splendid Blood-hounds were solemnly sitting up, one on each side of the crown-bearer. Two or three Bull-dogs- whom I guessed to be the Body-Guard of the King- were waiting in grim silence: in fact the only voices at all plainly audible were those of two little dogs, who had mounted a settee, and were holding a lively discussion that looked very like a quarrel.

"Lords and Ladies in Waiting, and various Court Officials," our guide gruffly remarked, as he led us in. Of me the Courtiers took no notice whatever: but Sylvie and Bruno were the subject of many inquisitive looks, and many whispered remarks, of which I only distinctly caught one- made by a sly-looking Dachshund to his friend- "Bah wooh wahyah hoobah Oooh, hah bah?" ("She's not such a bad-looking Human, is she?")

Leaving the new arrivals in the centre of the Saloon, the Sentinel advanced to a door, at the further end of it, which bore an inscription, painted on it in Doggee, “Royal Kennel- Scratch and Yell.”

Before doing this, the Sentinel turned to the children, and said “Give me your names.”

“We’d rather not!” Bruno exclaimed, pulling Sylvie away from the door. “We want them ourselves. Come back, Sylvie! Come quick!”

“Nonsense!” said Sylvie very decidedly: and gave their names in Doggee.

Then the Sentinel scratched violently at the door, and gave a yell that made Bruno shiver from head to foot.

“Hooyah wah!” said a deep voice inside. (That’s Doggee for “Come in!”)

“It’s the King himself!” the Mastiff whispered in an awestruck tone. “Take off your wigs, and lay them humbly at his paws.” (What we should call “at his feet”.)

Sylvie was just going to explain, very politely, that really they couldn’t perform that ceremony, because their wigs wouldn’t come off, when the door of the Royal Kennel opened, and an enormous Newfoundland Dog put his head out. “Bow wow?” was his first question.

“When His Majesty speaks to you”, the Sentinel hastily whispered to Bruno, “you should prick up your ears!”

Bruno looked doubtfully at Sylvie. "I'd rather not, please," he said. "It would hurt."

"It doesn't hurt a bit!" the Sentinel said with some indignation. "Look! It's like this!" And he pricked up his ears like two railway signals.

Sylvie gently explained matters. "I'm afraid we ca'n't manage it," she said in a low voice. "I'm very sorry: but our ears haven't got the right-" she wanted to say "machinery" in Doggee: but she had forgotten the word, and could only think of "steam-engine".

The Sentinel repeated Sylvie's explanation to the King.

"Ca'n't prick up their ears without a steam-engine!" His Majesty exclaimed. "They must be curious creatures! I must have a look at them!" And he came out of his Kennel, and walked solemnly up to the children.

What was the amazement- not to say the horror- of the whole assembly, when Sylvie actually patted His Majesty on the head, while Bruno seized his long ears and pretended to tie them together under his chin!

The Sentinel groaned aloud: a beautiful Greyhound- who appeared to be one of the Ladies in Waiting- fainted away: and all the other Courtiers hastily drew back, and left plenty of room for the huge Newfoundland to spring upon the audacious strangers, and tear them limb from limb.

Only- he didn't. On the contrary His Majesty actually smiled- so far as a Dog can smile- and (the other Dogs couldn't believe their eyes, but it was true, all the same) His Majesty wagged his tail!

“Yah! Hoooh hahwooh!” (that is “Well! I never!”) was the universal cry.

His Majesty looked round him severely, and gave a slight growl, which produced instant silence. “Conduct my friends to the banqueting-hall!” he said, laying such an emphasis on “my friends” that several of the dogs rolled over helplessly on their backs and began to lick Bruno's feet.

A procession was formed, but I only ventured to follow as far as the door of the banqueting-hall, so furious was the uproar of barking dogs within. So I sat down by the King, who seemed to have gone to sleep, and waited till the children returned to say good-night, when His Majesty got up and shook- himself.

“Time for bed!” he said with a sleepy yawn. “The attendants will show you your room,” he added, aside, to Sylvie and Bruno. “Bring lights!” And, with a dignified air, he held out his paw for them to kiss.

But the children were evidently not well practised in Court-manners. Sylvie simply stroked the great paw: Bruno hugged it: the Master of Ceremonies looked shocked.

All this time Dog-waiters, in splendid livery, were running up with lighted candles: but, as fast as they put them upon the table, other waiters ran away with them, so that there never seemed to be one for me, though the Master kept nudg-

ing me with his elbow, and repeating “I ca’n’t let you sleep here! You’re not in bed, you know!”

I made a great effort, and just succeeded in getting out the words “I know I’m not. I’m in an arm-chair.”

“Well, forty winks will do you no harm,” the Master said, and left me. I could scarcely hear his words: and no wonder: he was leaning over the side of a ship, that was miles away from the pier on which I stood. The ship passed over the horizon, and I sank back into the armchair.

The next thing I remember is that it was morning: breakfast was just over: Sylvie was lifting Bruno down from a high chair, and saying to a Spaniel, who was regarding them with a most benevolent smile, “Yes, thank you, we’ve had a very nice breakfast. Haven’t we, Bruno?”

“There was too many bones in the-” Bruno began, but Sylvie frowned at him, and laid her finger on her lips, for, at this moment, the travelers were waited on by a very dignified officer, the Head-Growler, whose duty it was, first to conduct them to the King to bid him farewell, and then to escort them to the boundary of Dogland. The great Newfoundland received them most affably, but, instead of saying “good-bye”, he startled the Head-Growler into giving three savage growls, by announcing that he would escort them himself.

“It is a most unusual proceeding, your Majesty!” the Head-Growler exclaimed, almost choking with vexation at being set aside, for he had put on his best Court-suit, made entirely of cat-skins, for the occasion.

“I shall escort them myself,” His Majesty repeated, gently but firmly, laying aside the Royal robes, and changing his crown for a small coronet, “and you may stay at home.”

“I are glad!” Bruno whispered to Sylvie, when they had got well out of hearing. “He were so welly cross!” And he not only patted their Royal escort, but even hugged him round the neck in the exuberance of his delight.

His Majesty calmly wagged the Royal tail. “It’s quite a relief”, he said, “getting away from that Palace now and then! Royal Dogs have a dull life of it, I can tell you! Would you mind” (this to Sylvie, in a low voice, and looking a little shy and embarrassed) “would you mind the trouble of just throwing that stick for me to fetch?”

Sylvie was too much astonished to do anything for a moment: it sounded such a monstrous impossibility that a King should wish to run after a stick. But Bruno was equal to the occasion, and with a glad shout of “Hi then! Fetch it, good Doggie!” he hurled it over a clump of bushes. The next moment the Monarch of Dogland had bounded over the bushes, and picked up the stick, and came galloping back to the children with it in his mouth. Bruno took it from him with great decision. “Beg for it”! he insisted; and His Majesty begged. “Paw!” commanded Sylvie; and His Majesty gave his paw. In short, the solemn ceremony of escorting

the travelers to the boundaries of Dogland became one long uproarious game of play!

“But business is business!” the Dog-King said at last. “And I must go back to mine. I couldn’t come any further,” he added, consulting a dog-watch, which hung on a chain round his neck, “not even if there were a Cat in sight!”

They took an affectionate farewell of His Majesty, and trudged on.

“That were a dear dog!” Bruno exclaimed. “Has we to go far, Sylvie? I’s tired!”

“Not much further, darling!” Sylvie gently replied. “Do you see that shining, just beyond those trees? I’m almost sure it’s the gate of Fairyland! I know it’s all golden- Father told me so- and so bright, so bright!” she went on dreamily.

“It dazzles!” said Bruno, shading his eyes with one little hand, while the other clung tightly to Sylvie’s hand, as if he we’re half-alarmed at her strange manner.

For the child moved on as if walking in her sleep, her large eyes gazing into the far distance, and her breath coming and going in quick pantings of eager delight. I knew, by some mysterious mental light, that a great change was taking place in my sweet little friend (for such I loved to think her) and that she was passing from the condition of a mere Outland Sprite into the true Fairy-nature.

Upon Bruno the change came later: but it was completed in both before they reached the golden gate, through which I knew it would be impossible for me to

follow. I could but stand outside, and take a last look at the two sweet children, ere they disappeared within, and the golden gate closed with a bang.

And with such a bang! "It never will shut like any other cupboard-door," Arthur explained. "There's something wrong with the hinge. However, here's the cake and wine. And you've had your forty winks. So you really must get off to bed, old man! You're fit for nothing else. Witness my hand, Arthur Forester, M.D."

By this time I was wide-awake again. "Not quite yet!" I pleaded. "Really I'm not sleepy now. And it isn't midnight yet."

"Well, I did want to say another word to you," Arthur replied in a relenting tone, as he supplied me with the supper he had prescribed. "Only I thought you were too sleepy for it to-night."

We took our midnight meal almost in silence; for an unusual nervousness seemed to have seized on my old friend.

"What kind of a night is it?" he asked, rising and undrawing the window-curtains, apparently to change the subject for a minute. I followed him to the window, and we stood together, looking out, in silence.

"When I first spoke to you about-" Arthur began, after a long and embarrassing silence, "that is, when we first talked about her- for I think it was you that introduced the subject- my own position in life forbade me to do more than worship her from a distance: and I was turning over plans for leaving this place finally,

and settling somewhere out of all chance of meeting her again. That seemed to be my only chance of usefulness in life.”

“Would that have been wise?” I said. “To leave yourself no hope at all?”

“There was no hope to leave,” Arthur firmly replied, though his eyes glittered with tears as he gazed upwards into the midnight sky, from which one solitary star, the glorious “Vega”, blazed out in fitful splendour through the driving clouds. “She was like that star to me- bright, beautiful, and pure, but out of reach, out of reach!”

He drew the curtains again, and we returned to our places by the fireside.

“What I wanted to tell you was this,” he resumed. “I heard this evening from my solicitor. I can’t go into the details of the business, but the upshot is that my worldly wealth is much more than I thought, and I am (or shall soon be) in a position to offer marriage, without imprudence, to any lady, even if she brought nothing, I doubt if there would be anything on her side: the Earl is poor, I believe. But I should have enough for both, even if health failed.”

“I wish you all happiness in your married life!” I cried. “Shall you speak to the Earl to-morrow?”

“Not yet awhile,” said Arthur. “He is very friendly, but I dare not think he means more than that, as yet. And as for- as for Lady Muriel, try as I may, I cannot read her feelings towards me. If there is love. she is hiding it! No, I must wait, I must wait!”

I did not like to press any further advice on my friend, whose judgment, I felt, was so much more sober and thoughtful than my own; and we parted without more words on the subject that had now absorbed his thoughts, nay, his very life.

The next morning a letter from my solicitor arrived, summoning me to town on important business.

CHAPTER XIV

Fairy-Sylvie

FOR a full month the business, for which I had returned to London, detained me there: and even then it was only the urgent advice of my physician that induced me to leave it unfinished and pay another visit to Elveston.

Arthur had written once or twice during the month; but in none of his letters was there any mention of Lady Muriel. Still, I did not augur ill from his silence: to me it looked like the natural action of a lover, who, even while his heart was singing "She is mine", would fear to paint his happiness in the cold phrases of a written letter, but would wait to tell it by word of mouth. "Yes," I thought, "I am to hear his song of triumph from his own lips!"

The night I arrived we had much to say on other matters: and, tired with the journey, I went to bed early, leaving the happy secret still untold. Next day, however, as we chatted on over the remains of luncheon, I ventured to put the momentous question. "Well, old friend, you have told me nothing of Lady Muriel- nor when the happy day is to be?"

"The happy day", Arthur said, looking unexpectedly grave, "is yet in the dim future. We need to know- or, rather, she needs to know me better. I know her sweet nature, thoroughly, by this time. But I dare not speak till I am sure that my love is returned."

“Don’t wait too long!” I said gaily. “Faint heart never won fair lady!”

“It is ‘faint heart’ perhaps. But really I dare not speak just yet.”

“But meanwhile”, I pleaded, “you are running a risk that perhaps you have not thought of. Some other man-”

“No,” said Arthur firmly. “She is heart-whole: I am sure of that. Yet, if she loves another better than me, so be it! I will not spoil her happiness. The secret shall die with me. But she is my first- and my only love!”

“That is all very beautiful sentiment,” I said, “but it is not practical. It is not like you.

He either fears his fate too much
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

“I dare not ask the question whether there is another!” he said passionately. “It would break my heart to know it!”

“Yet is it wise to leave it unasked? You must not waste your life upon an ‘if!’”

“I tell you I dare not!”

“May I find it out for you?” I asked, with the freedom of an old friend.

“No, no!” he replied with a pained look. “I entreat you to say nothing. Let it wait.”

“As you please,” I said: and judged it best to say no more just then. “But this evening”, I thought, “I will call on the Earl. I may be able to see how the land lies, without so much as saying a word!”

It was a very hot afternoon- too hot to go for a walk or do anything- or else it wouldn't have happened, I believe.

In the first place, I want to know- dear Child who reads this!- why Fairies should always be teaching us to do our duty, and lecturing us when we go wrong, and we should never teach them anything? You can't mean to say that Fairies are never greedy, or selfish, or cross, or deceitful, because that would be nonsense, you know. Well then, don't you think they might be all the better for a little lecturing and punishing now and then?

I really don't see why it shouldn't be tried, and I'm almost sure that, if you could only catch a Fairy, and put it in the corner, and give it nothing but bread and water for a day or two, you'd find it quite an improved character- it would take down its conceit a little, at all events.

The next question is, what is the best time for seeing Fairies? I believe I can tell you all about that.

The first rule is, that it must be a very hot day- that we may consider as settled: and you must be just a little sleepy- but not too sleepy to keep your eyes

open, mind. Well, and you ought to feel a little- what one may call “fairyish”- the Scotch call it “eerie”, and perhaps that’s a prettier word; if you don’t know what it means, I’m afraid I can hardly explain it; you must wait till you meet a Fairy, and then you’ll know.

And the last rule is, that the crickets should not be chirping. I can’t stop to explain that: you must take it on trust for the present.

So, if all these things happen together, you have a good chance of seeing a Fairy- or at least a much better chance than if they didn’t.

The first thing I noticed, as I went lazily along through an open place in the wood, was a large Beetle lying struggling on its back, and I went down upon one knee to help the poor thing to its feet again. In some things, you know, you ca’n’t be quite sure what an insect would like: for instance, I never could quite settle, supposing I were a moth, whether I would rather be kept out of the candle, or be allowed to fly straight in and get burnt- or again, supposing I were a spider, I’m not sure if I should be quite pleased to have my web torn down, and the fly let loose- but I feel quite certain that, if I were a beetle and had rolled over on my back, I should always be glad to be helped up again.

So, as I was saying, I had gone down upon one knee and was just reaching out a little stick to turn the Beetle over, when I saw a sight that made me draw back hastily and hold my breath, for fear of making any noise and frightening the little creature away.

Not that she looked as if she would be easily frightened: she seemed so good and gentle that I'm sure she would never expect that any one could wish to hurt her. She was only a few inches high, and was dressed in green, so that you really would hardly have noticed her among the long grass; and she was so delicate and graceful that she quite seemed to belong to the place, almost as if she were one of the flowers. I may tell you, besides, that she had no wings (I don't believe in Fairies with wings), and that she had quantities of long brown hair and large earnest brown eyes, and then I shall have done all I can to give you an idea of her.

Sylvie (I found out her name afterwards) had knelt down, just as I was doing, to help the Beetle; but it needed more than a little stick for her to get it on its legs again; it was as much as she could do, with both arms, to roll the heavy thing over; and all the while she was talking to it, half scolding and half comforting, as a nurse might do with a child that had fallen down.

“There, there! You needn't cry so much about it. You're not killed yet- though if you were, you couldn't cry, you know, and so it's a general rule against crying, my dear! And how did you come to tumble over? But I can see well enough how it was- I needn't ask you that walking over sand-pits with your chin in the air, as usual. Of course if you go among sand-pits like that, you must expect to tumble. You should look.”

The Beetle murmured something that sounded like “I did look,” and Sylvie went on again.

“But I know you didn’t! You never do! You always walk with your chin up- you’re so dreadfully conceited. Well, let’s see how many legs are broken this time. Why, none of them, I declare! And what’s the good of having six legs, my dear, if you can only kick them all about in the air when you tumble? Legs are meant to walk with, you know. Now don’t begin putting out your wings yet; I’ve more to say. Go to the frog that lives behind that buttercup- give him my compliments- Sylvie’s compliments- can you say ‘compliments’?”

The Beetle tried, and, I suppose, succeeded.

“Yes, that’s right. And tell him he’s to give you some of that salve I left with him yesterday. And you’d better get him to rub it in for you. He’s got rather cold hands, but you mustn’t mind that.”

I think the Beetle must have shuddered at this idea, for Sylvie went on in a graver tone. “Now you needn’t pretend to be so particular as all that, as if you were too grand to be rubbed by a frog. The fact is, you ought to be very much obliged to him. Suppose you could get nobody but a toad to do it, how would you like that?”

There was a little pause, and then Sylvie added “Now you may go. Be a good beetle, and don’t keep your chin in the air.” And then began one of those performances of humming, and whizzing, and restless banging about, such as a beetle indulges in when it has decided on flying, but hasn’t quite made up its mind which way to go. At last, in one of its awkward zig-zags, it managed to fly right into my face, and, by the time I had recovered from the shock, the little Fairy was gone.

I looked about in all directions for the little creature, but there was no trace of her- and my “eerie” feeling was quite gone off, and the crickets were chirping again merrily- so I knew she was really gone.

And now I’ve got time to tell you the rule about the crickets. They always leave off chirping when a Fairy goes by- because a Fairy’s a kind of queen over them, I suppose- at all events it’s a much grander thing than a cricket- so whenever you’re walking out, and the crickets suddenly leave off chirping, you may be sure that they see a Fairy.

I walked on sadly enough, you may be sure. However, I comforted myself with thinking “It’s been a very wonderful afternoon, so far. I’ll just go quietly on and look about me, and I shouldn’t wonder if I were to come across another Fairy somewhere.”

Peering about in this way, I happened to notice a plant with rounded leaves, and with queer little holes cut in the middle of several of them. “Ah, the leafcutter bee!” I carelessly remarked- you know I am very learned in Natural History (for instance, I can always tell kittens from chickens at one glance)- and I was passing on, when a sudden thought made me stoop down and examine the leaves.

Then a little thrill of delight ran through me- for I noticed that the holes were all arranged so as to form letters; there were three leaves side by side, with “B”, “R”, and “U” marked on them, and after some search I found two more, which contained an “N” and an “O”.

And then, all in a moment, a flash of inner light seemed to illumine a part of my life that had all but faded into oblivion- the strange visions I had experienced during my journey to Elveston: and with a thrill of delight I thought “Those visions are destined to be linked with my waking life!”

By this time the “eerie” feeling had come back again, and I suddenly observed that no crickets were chirping, so I felt quite sure that “Bruno” was somewhere very near.

And so indeed he was- so near that I had very nearly walked over him without seeing him; which would have been dreadful, always supposing that Fairies can be walked over- my own belief is that they are something of the nature of Will-o'-the-Wisps: and there's no walking over them.

Think of any pretty little boy you know, with rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, and tangled brown hair, and then fancy him made small enough to go comfortably into a coffee-cup, and you'll have a very fair idea of him.

“What's your name, little one?” I began, in as soft a voice as I could manage. And, by the way, why is it we always begin by asking little children their names? Is it because we fancy a name will help to make them a little bigger? You never thought of asking a real large man his name, now, did you? But, however that may be, I felt it quite necessary to know his name; so, as he didn't answer my question, I asked it again a little louder. “What's your name, my little man?”

“What's yours?” he said, without looking up.

I told him my name quite gently, for he was much too small to be angry with.

“Duke of Anything?” he asked, just looking at me for a moment, and then going on with his work.

“Not Duke at all,” I said, a little ashamed of having to confess it.

“Oo’re big enough to be two Dukes,” said the little creature. “I suppose oo’re Sir Something, then?”

“No,” I said, feeling more and more ashamed. “I haven’t got any title.”

The Fairy seemed to think that in that case I really wasn’t worth the trouble of talking to, for he quietly went on digging, and tearing the flowers to pieces.

After a few minutes I tried again. “Please tell me what your name is.”

“Bruno,” the little fellow answered, very readily. “Why didn’t oo say ‘please’ before?”

“That’s something like what we used to be taught in the nursery,” I thought to myself, looking back through the long years (about a hundred of them, since you ask the question), to the time when I was a little child. And here an idea came into my head, and I asked him “Aren’t you one of the Fairies that teach children to be good?”

“Well, we have to do that sometimes,” said Bruno, “and a dreadful bother it is.” As he said this, he savagely tore a heartsease in two, and trampled on the pieces.

“What are you doing there, Bruno?” I said.

“Spoiling Sylvie’s garden,” was all the answer Bruno would give at first. But, as he went on tearing up the flowers, he muttered to himself “The nasty cross thing wouldn’t let me go and play this morning- said I must finish my lessons first- lessons, indeed! I’ll vex her finely, though!”

“Oh, Bruno, you shouldn’t do that!” I cried. “Don’t you know that’s revenge? And revenge is a wicked, cruel, dangerous thing!”

“River-edge?” said Bruno. “What a funny word! I suppose oo call it cruel and dangerous ‘cause, if oo wented too far and tumbleded in, oo’d get drowned.”

“No, not river-edge,” I explained: “revenge” (saying the word very slowly). But I couldn’t help thinking that Bruno’s explanation did very well for either word.

“Oh!” said Bruno, opening his eyes very wide, but without trying to repeat the word.

“Come! Try to pronounce it, Bruno!” I said, cheerfully. “Re-venge, re-venge.”

But Bruno only tossed his little head, and said he couldn’t; that his mouth wasn’t the right shape for words of that kind. And the more I laughed, the more sulky the little fellow got about it.

“Well, never mind, my little man!” I said. “Shall I help you with that job?”

“Yes, please,” Bruno said, quite pacified. “Only I wiss I could think of somefin to vex her more than this. Oo don’t know how hard it is to make her angry!”

“Now listen to me, Bruno, and I’ll teach you quite a splendid kind of re-venge!”

“Somefin that’ll vex her finely?” he asked with gleaming eyes.

“Something that will vex her finely. First, we’ll get up all the weeds in her garden. See, there are a good many at this end- quite hiding the flowers.”

“But that won’t vex her!” said Bruno.

“After that”, I said, without noticing the remark, “we’ll water this highest bed-up here. You see it’s getting quite dry and dusty.”

Bruno looked at me inquisitively, but he said nothing this time.

“Then after that,” I went on, “the walks want sweeping a bit; and I think you might cut down that tall nettle- it’s so close to the garden that it’s quite in the way-”

“What is oo talking about?” Bruno impatiently interrupted me. “All that won’t vex her a bit!”

“Won’t it?” I said, innocently. “Then, after that, suppose we put in some of those coloured pebbles- just to mark the divisions between the different kinds of flowers, you know. That’ll have a very pretty effect.”

Bruno turned round and had another good stare at me. At last there came an odd little twinkle into his eyes, and he said, with quite a new meaning in his voice, "That'll do nicely. Let's put 'em in rows- all the red together, and all the blue together."

"That'll do capitally," I said; "and then- what kind of flowers does Sylvie like best?"

Bruno had to put his thumb in his mouth and consider a little before he could answer. "Violets," he said, at last.

"There's a beautiful bed of violets down by the brook-"

"Oh, let's fetch 'em!" cried Bruno, giving a little skip into the air. "Here! Catch hold of my hand, and I'll help oo along. The grass is rather thick down that way."

I couldn't help laughing at his having so entirely forgotten what a big creature he was talking to. "No, not yet, Bruno," I said: "we must consider what's the right thing to do first. You see we've got quite a business before us."

"Yes, let's consider," said Bruno, putting his thumb into his mouth again, and sitting down upon a dead mouse.

"What do you keep that mouse for?" I said. "You should either bury it, or else throw it into the brook."

“Why, it’s to measure with!” cried Bruno. “How ever would oo do a garden without one? We make each bed three mouses and a half long, and two mouses wide.”

I stopped him, as he was dragging it off by the tail to show me how it was used, for I was half afraid the “eerie” feeling might go off before we had finished the garden, and in that case I should see no more of him or Sylvie. “I think the best way will be for you to weed the beds, while I sort out these pebbles, ready to mark the walks with.”

“That’s it!” cried Bruno. “And I’ll tell oo about the caterpillars while we work.”

“Ah, let’s hear about the caterpillars,” I said as I drew the pebbles together into a heap and began dividing them into colours.

And Bruno went on in a low, rapid tone, more as if he were talking to himself. “Yesterday I saw two little caterpillars, when I was sitting by the brook, just where oo go into the wood. They were quite green, and they had yellow eyes, and they didn’t see me. And one of them had got a moth’s wing to carry- a great brown moth’s wing, oo know, all dry, with feathers. So he couldn’t want it to eat, I should think- perhaps he meant to make a cloak for the winter?”

“Perhaps,” I said, for Bruno had twisted up the last word into a sort of question, and was looking at me for an answer.

One word was quite enough for the little fellow, and he went on merrily. “Well, and so he didn’t want the other caterpillar to see the moth’s wing, oo know- so what must he do but try to carry it with all his left legs, and he tried to walk on the other set. Of course he toppled over after that.”

“After what?” I said, catching at the last word, for, to tell the truth, I hadn’t been attending much.

“He toppled over,” Bruno repeated, very gravely, “and if oo ever saw a caterpillar topple over, oo’d know it’s a welly serious thing, and not sit grinning like that- and I sha’n’t tell oo no more!”

“Indeed and indeed, Bruno, I didn’t mean to grin. See, I’m quite grave again now.”

But Bruno only folded his arms, and said “Don’t tell me. I see a little twinkle in one of oor eyes- just like the moon.”

“Why do you think I’m like the moon, Bruno?” I asked.

“Oor face is large and round like the moon,” Bruno answered, looking at me thoughtfully. “It doesn’t shine quite so bright- but it’s more cleaner.”

I couldn’t help smiling at this. “You know I sometimes wash my face, Bruno. The moon never does that.”

“Oh, doosn’t she though!” cried Bruno; and he leant forwards and added in a solemn whisper, “The moon’s face gets dirtier and dirtier every night, till it’s

black all across. And then, when it's dirty all over- so-" (he passed his hand across his own rosy cheeks as he spoke) "then she washes it."

"Then it's all clean again, isn't it?"

"Not all in a moment," said Bruno. "What a deal of teaching oo wants! She washes it little by little- only she begins at the other edge, oo know."

By this time he was sitting quietly on the dead mouse with his arms folded, and the weeding wasn't getting on a bit: so I had to say "Work first, pleasure afterwards: no more talking till that bed's finished."

CHAPTER XV

Bruno's Revenge

AFTER that we had a few minutes of silence, while I sorted out the pebbles, and amused myself with watching Bruno's plan of gardening. It was quite a new plan to me: he always measured each bed before he weeded it, as if he was afraid the weeding would make it shrink; and once, when it came out longer than he wished, he set to work to thump the mouse with his little fist, crying out "There now! It's all gone wrong again! Why don't oo keep oor tail straight when I tell oo!"

"I'll tell oo what I'll do," Bruno said in a half-whisper, as we worked. "Oo like Fairies, don't oo?"

"Yes," I said: "of course I do, or I shouldn't have come here. I should have gone to some place where there are no Fairies."

Bruno laughed contemptuously. "Why, oo might as well say oo'd go to some place where there wasn't any air- supposing oo didn't like air!"

This was a rather difficult idea to grasp. I tried a change of subject. "You're nearly the first Fairy I ever saw. Have you ever seen any people besides me?"

"Plenty!" said Bruno. "We see 'em when we walk in the road."

"But they ca'n't see you. How is it they never tread on you?"

“Ca’n’t tread on us,” said Bruno, looking amused at my ignorance. “Why, suppose oo’re walking, here- so-” (making little marks on the ground) “and suppose there’s a Fairy- that’s me- walking here. Very well then, oo put one foot here, and one foot here, and so oo doesn’t tread on the Fairy.”

This was all very well as an explanation, but it didn’t convince me. “Why shouldn’t I put one foot on the Fairy?” I asked.

“I don’t know why,” the little fellow said in a thoughtful tone. “But I know oo wouldn’t. Nobody never walked on the top of a Fairy. Now I’ll tell oo what I’ll do, as oo’re so fond of Fairies. I’ll get oo an invitation to the Fairy-King’s dinner-party. I know one of the headwaiters.”

I couldn’t help laughing at this idea. “Do the waiters invite the guests?” I asked.

“Oh, not to sit down!” Bruno said. “But to wait at table. Oo’d like that, wouldn’t oo? To hand about plates, and so on.”

“Well, but that’s not so nice as sitting at the table, is it?”

“Of course it isn’t,” Bruno said, in a tone as if he rather pitied my ignorance; “but if oo’re not even Sir Anything, oo ca’n’t expect to be allowed to sit at the table, oo know.”

I said, as meekly as I could, that I didn’t expect it, but it was the only way of going to a dinner-party that I really enjoyed. And Bruno tossed his head, and said,

in a rather offended tone, that I might do as I pleased- there were many he knew that would give their ears to go.

“Have you ever been yourself, Bruno?”

“They invited me once, last week,” Bruno said, very gravely. “It was to wash up the soup-plates- no, the cheese-plates I mean- that was grand enough. And I waited at table. And I didn’t hardly make only one mistake.”

“What was it?” I said. “You needn’t mind telling me.”

“Only bringing scissors to cut the beef with,” Bruno said carelessly. “But the grandest thing of all was, I fetched the King a glass of cider!”

“That was grand!” I said, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing.

“Wasn’t it?” said Bruno, very earnestly. “Oo know it isn’t every one that’s had such an honour as that!”

This set me thinking of the various queer things we call “an honour” in this world, but which, after all, haven’t a bit more honour in them than what Bruno enjoyed, when he took the King a glass of cider.

I don’t know how long I might not have dreamed on in this way, if Bruno hadn’t suddenly roused me. “Oh, come here quick!” he cried, in a state of the wildest excitement. “Catch hold of his other horn! I ca’n’t hold him more than a minute!”

He was struggling desperately with a great snail, clinging to one of its horns, and nearly breaking his poor little back in his efforts to drag it over a blade of grass.

I saw we should have no more gardening if I let this sort of thing go on, so I quietly took the snail away, and put it on a bank where he couldn't reach it. "We'll hunt it afterwards, Bruno," I said, "if you really want to catch it. But what's the use of it when you've got it?"

"What's the use of a fox when oo've got it?" said Bruno. "I know oo big things hunt foxes."

I tried to think of some good reason why "big things" should hunt foxes, and he should not hunt snails, but none came into my head: so I said at last, "Well, I suppose one's as good as the other. I'll go snail-hunting myself some day."

"I should think oo wouldn't be so silly", said Bruno, "as to go snail-hunting by oorself. Why, oo'd never get the snail along, if oo hadn't somebody to hold on to his other horn!"

"Of course I sha'n't go alone," I said, quite gravely. "By the way, is that the best kind to hunt, or do you recommend the ones without shells?"

"Oh, no, we never hunt the ones without shells," Bruno said, with a little shudder at the thought of it. "They're always so cross about it; and then, if oo tumbles over them, they're ever so sticky!"



"Rise, oh, rise! The daylight dies:
The owls are hooting, ting, ting, ting!..."

CARROLL: SYLVIE AND BRUNO

By this time we had nearly finished the garden. I had fetched some violets, and Bruno was just helping me to put in the last, when he suddenly stopped and said "I'm tired."

"Rest then," I said: "I can go on without you, quite well."

Bruno needed no second invitation: he at once began arranging the dead mouse as a kind of sofa. "And I'll sing oo a little song," he said, as he rolled it about.

"Do," said I: "I like songs very much."

"Which song will oo choose?" Bruno said, as he dragged the mouse into a place where he could get a good view of me. "'Ting, ting, ting' is the nicest."

There was no resisting such a strong hint as this: however, I pretended to think about it for a moment, and then said "Well, I like 'Ting, ting, ting' best of all."

"That shows oo're a good judge of music," Bruno said, with a pleased look. "How many hare-bells would oo like?" And he put his thumb into his mouth to help me to consider.

As there was only one cluster of hare-bells within easy reach, I said very gravely that I thought one would do this time, and I picked it and gave it to him. Bruno ran his hand once or twice up and down the flowers, like a musician trying an instrument, producing a most delicious delicate tinkling as he did so. I had never heard flower-music before- I don't think one can, unless one's in the

“eerie” state- and I don’t know quite how to give you an idea of what it was like, except by saying that it sounded like a peal of bells a thousand miles off. When he had satisfied himself that the flowers were in tune, he seated himself on the dead mouse (he never seemed really comfortable anywhere else), and, looking up at me with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he began. By the way, the tune was rather a curious one, and you might like to try it yourself, so here are the notes.

(See illustration.)

“Rise, oh, rise! The daylight dies:
The owls are hooting, ting, ting, ting!
Wake, oh, wake! Beside the lake
The elves are fluting, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our Fairy King,
We sing, sing, sing.”

He sang the first four lines briskly and merrily, making the hare-bells chime in time with the music; but the last two he sang quite slowly and gently, and merely waved the flowers backwards and forwards. Then he left off to explain. “The Fairy-King is Oberon, and he lives across the lake- and sometimes he comes in a little boat- and we go and meet him- and then we sing this song, you know.”

“And then you go and dine with him?” I said, mischievously.

“Oo shouldn’t talk,” Bruno hastily said: “it interrupts the song so.”

I said I wouldn’t do it again.

“I never talk myself when I’m singing,” he went on very gravely: “so oo shouldn’t either.” Then he tuned the hare-bells once more, and sang:

“Hear, oh, hear! From far and near
The music stealing, ting, ting, ting!
Fairy bells adown the dells
Are merrily pealing, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our Fairy King,
We ring, ring, ring.

“See, oh, see! On every tree
What lamps are shining, ting, ting, ting!
They are eyes of fiery flies
To light our dining, ting, ting, ting!
Welcoming our Fairy King
They swing, swing, swing.

“Haste, oh, haste, to take and taste
The, dainties waiting, ting, ting, ting!
Honey-dew is stored-”

“Hush, Bruno!” I interrupted in a warning whisper. “She’s coming!”

Bruno checked his song, and, as she slowly made her way through the long grass, he suddenly rushed out headlong at her like a little bull, shouting “Look the other way! Look the other way!”

“Which way?” Sylvie asked, in rather a frightened tone, as she looked round in all directions to see where the danger could be.

“That way!” said Bruno, carefully turning her round with her face to the wood. “Now, walk backwards- walk gently- don’t be frightened: oo sha’n’t trip!”

But Sylvie did trip notwithstanding: in fact he led her, in his hurry, across so many little sticks and stones, that it was really a wonder the poor child could keep on her feet at all. But he was far too much excited to think of what he was doing.

I silently pointed out to Bruno the best place to lead her to, so as to get a view of the whole garden at once: it was a little rising ground, about the height of a potato; and, when they had mounted it, I drew back into the shade, that Sylvie mightn’t see me.

I heard Bruno cry out triumphantly “Now oo may look!” and then followed a clapping of hands, but it was all done by Bruno himself. Sylvie was silent- she only stood and gazed with her hands clasped together, and I was half afraid she didn’t like it after all.

Bruno too was watching her anxiously, and when she jumped down off the mound, and began wandering up and down the little walks, he cautiously followed her about, evidently anxious that she should form her own opinion of it all, without any hint from him. And when at last she drew a long breath, and gave her verdict- in a hurried whisper, and without the slightest regard to grammar- “It’s the loveliest thing as I never saw in all my life, before!” the little fellow looked as well pleased as if it had been given by all the judges and juries in England put together.

“And did you really do it all by yourself, Bruno?” said Sylvie. “And all for me?”

“I was helped a bit,” Bruno began, with a merry little laugh at her surprise. “We’ve been at it all the afternoon- I thought oo’d like-” and here the poor little fellow’s lip began to quiver, and all in a moment he burst out crying, and running up to Sylvie he flung his arms passionately round her neck, and hid his face on her shoulder.

There was a little quiver in Sylvie’s voice too, as she whispered “Why, what’s the matter, darling?” and tried to lift up his head and kiss him.

But Bruno only clung to her, sobbing, and wouldn’t be comforted till he had confessed. “I tried- to spoil oor garden- first- but I’ll never- never-” and then came another burst of tears, which drowned the rest of the sentence. At last he got out the words “I liked- putting in the flowers- for oo, Sylvie- and I never was so

happy before.” And the rosy little face came up at last to be kissed, all wet with tears as it was.

Sylvie was crying too by this time, and she said nothing but “Bruno, dear!” and “I never was so happy before,” though why these two children who had never been so happy before should both be crying was a mystery to me.

I felt very happy too, but of course I didn’t cry: “big things” never do, you know- we leave all that to the Fairies. Only I think it must have been raining a little just then, for I found a drop or two on my cheeks.

After that they went through the whole garden again, flower by flower, as if it were a long sentence they were spelling out, with kisses for commas, and a great hug by way of a full-stop when they got to the end.

“Doos oo know, that was my river-edge, Sylvie?” Bruno solemnly began.

Sylvie laughed merrily. “What do you mean?” she said. And she pushed back her heavy brown hair with both hands, and looked at him with dancing eyes in which the big tear-drops were still glittering.

Bruno drew in a long breath, and made up his mouth for a great effort. “I mean re-venge,” he said: “now oo under’tand.” And he looked so happy and proud at having said the word right at last, that I quite envied him. I rather think Sylvie didn’t “under’tand” at all; but she gave him a little kiss on each cheek, which seemed to do just as well.

So they wandered off lovingly together, in among the buttercups, each with an arm twined round the other, whispering and laughing as they went, and never so much as once looked back at poor me. Yes, once, just before I quite lost sight of them, Bruno half turned his head, and nodded me a saucy little good-bye over one shoulder. And that was all the thanks I got for my trouble. The very last thing I saw of them was this- Sylvie was stooping down with her arms round Bruno's neck, and saying coaxingly in his ear, "Do you know, Bruno, I've quite forgotten that hard word. Do say it once more. Come! Only this once, dear!"

But Bruno wouldn't try it again.

CHAPTER XVI

A Changed Crocodile

THE Marvellous- the Mysterious- had quite passed out of my life for the moment: and the Common-place reigned supreme. I turned in the direction of the Earl's house, as it was now "the witching hour" of five, and I knew I should find them ready for a cup of tea and a quiet chat.

Lady Muriel and her father gave me a delightfully warm welcome. They were not of the folk we meet in fashionable drawing-rooms- who conceal all such feelings as they may chance to possess beneath the impenetrable mask of a conventional placidity. "The Man with the Iron Mask" was, no doubt, a rarity and a marvel in his own age: in modern London no one would turn his head to give him a second look! No, these were real people. When they looked pleased, it meant that they were pleased: and when Lady Muriel said, with a bright smile, "I'm very glad to see you again!" I knew that it was true.

Still I did not venture to disobey the injunctions- crazy as I felt them to be- of the love-sick young Doctor, by so much as alluding to his existence: and it was only after they had given me full details of a projected Picnic, to which they invited me, that Lady Muriel exclaimed, almost as an after-thought, "and do, if you can, bring Doctor Forester with you! I'm sure a day in the country would do him good. I'm afraid he studies too much--"

It was “on the tip of my tongue” to quote the words “His only books are woman’s looks!” but I checked myself just in time- with something of the feeling of one who has crossed a street, and has been all but run over by a passing “Hansom”.

“-and I think he has too lonely a life,” she went on, with a gentle earnestness that left no room whatever to suspect a double meaning. “Do get him to come! And don’t forget the day, Tuesday week. We can drive you over. It would be a pity to go by rail- there is so much pretty scenery on the road. And our open carriage just holds four.”

“Oh, I’ll persuade him to come!” I said with confidence- thinking “it would take all my powers of persuasion to keep him away!”

The Picnic was to take place in ten days: and though Arthur readily accepted the invitation I brought him, nothing that I could say would induce him to call- either with me or without me- on the Earl and his daughter in the meanwhile. No: he feared to “wear out his welcome”, he said: they had “seen enough of him for one while”: and, when at last the day for the expedition arrived- he was so childishly nervous and uneasy that I thought it best so to arrange our plans that we should go separately to the house- my intention being to arrive some time after him, so as to give him time to get over a meeting.

With this object I purposely made a considerable circuit on my way to the Hall (as we called the Earl’s house): “and if I could only manage to lose my way a bit,” I thought to myself, “that would suit me capitally!”

In this I succeeded better, and sooner, than I had ventured to hope for. The path through the wood had been made familiar to me, by many a solitary stroll, in my former visit to Elveston; and how I could have so suddenly and so entirely lost it- even though I was so engrossed in thinking of Arthur and his lady-love that I heeded little else- was a mystery to me. “And this open place”, I said to myself, “seems to have some memory about it I cannot distinctly recall- surely it is the very spot where I saw those Fairy-Children! But I hope there are no snakes about!” I mused aloud, taking my seat on a fallen tree. “I certainly do not like snakes- and I don’t suppose Bruno likes them, either!”

“No, he doesn’t like them!” said a demure little voice at my side. “He’s not afraid of them, you know. But he doesn’t like them. He says they’re too waggly!”

Words fail me to describe the beauty of the little group- couched on a patch of moss, on the trunk of the fallen tree, that met my eager gaze: Sylvie reclining with her elbow buried in the moss, and her rosy cheek resting in the palm of her hand, and Bruno stretched at her feet with his head in her lap.

“Too waggly?” was all I could say in so sudden an emergency.

“I’m not particular,” Bruno said carelessly: “but I do like straight animals best-”

“But you like a dog when it wags its tail,” Sylvie interrupted. “You know you do, Bruno!”

“But there’s more of a dog, isn’t there, Mister Sir?” Bruno appealed to me. “You wouldn’t like to have a dog if it hadn’t got nuffin but a head and a tail?”

I admitted that a dog of that kind would be uninteresting.

“There isn’t such a dog as that,” Sylvie thoughtfully remarked.

“But there would be,” cried Bruno, “if the Professor shortened it up for us!”

“Shortened it up?” I said. “That’s something new. How does he do it?”

“He’s got a curious machine-” Sylvie was beginning to explain.

“A welly curious machine,” Bruno broke in, not at all willing to have the story thus taken out of his mouth, “and if oo puts in- somefinoruvver- at one end, oo know- and he turns the handle- and it comes out at the uvver end, oh, ever so short!”

“As short as short!” Sylvie echoed.

“And one day- when we was in Outland, oo know- before we came to Fairy-land- me and Sylvie took him a big Crocodile. And he shortened it up for us. And it did look so funny! And it kept looking round, and saying ‘wherever is the rest of me got to?’ And then its eyes looked unhappy-”

“Not both its eyes,” Sylvie interrupted.

“Course not!” said the little fellow. “Only the eye that couldn’t see wherever the rest of it had got to. But the eye that could see wherever-”

“How short was the Crocodile?” I asked, as the story was getting a little complicated.

“Half as short again as when we caught it- so long,” said Bruno, spreading out his arms to their full stretch.

I tried to calculate what this would come to, but it was too hard for me. Please make it out for me, dear Child who reads this!

“But you didn’t leave the poor thing so short as that, did you?”

“Well, no. Sylvie and me took it back again and we got it stretched to- to- how much was it, Sylvie?”

“Two times and a half, and a little bit more,” said Sylvie.

“It wouldn’t like that better than the other way, I’m afraid?”

“Oh, but it did though!” Bruno put in eagerly. “It were proud of its new tail! Oo never saw a Crocodile so proud! Why it could go round and walk on the top of its tail, and along its back, all the way to its head!”

“Not quite all the way,” said Sylvie. “It couldn’t, you know.”

“Ah, but it did, once!” Bruno cried triumphantly. “Oo weren’t looking- but I watched it. And it walked on tippety-toe, so as it wouldn’t wake itself, ‘cause it thought it were asleep. And it got both its paws on its tail. And it walked and it walked all the way along its back. And it walked and it walked on its forehead. And it walked a tiny little way down its nose! There now!”

This was a good deal worse than the last puzzle. Please, dear Child, help again!

“I don’t believe no Crocodile never walked along its own forehead!” Sylvie cried, too much excited by the controversy to limit the number of her negatives.

“Oo don’t know the reason why it did it!” Bruno scornfully retorted. “It had a welly good reason. I heard it say ‘Why shouldn’t I walk on my own forehead?’ So a course it did, oo know!”

“If that’s a good reason, Bruno,” I said, “why shouldn’t you get up that tree?”

“Shall, in a minute,” said Bruno: “soon as we’ve done talking. Only two peoples ca’n’t talk comfably togevver, when one’s getting up a tree, and the other isn’t!”

It appeared to me that a conversation would scarcely be “comfable” while trees were being climbed, even if both the “peoples” were doing it: but it was evidently dangerous to oppose any theory of Bruno’s; so I thought it best to let the question drop, and to ask for an account of the machine that made things longer.

This time Bruno was at a loss, and left it to Sylvie. “It’s like a mangle,” she said: “if things are put in, they get squoze-”

“Squeezeled!” Bruno interrupted.

“Yes.” Sylvie accepted the correction, but did not attempt to pronounce the word, which was evidently new to her. “They get- like that- and they come out, oh, ever so long!”

“Once,” Bruno began again, “Sylvie and me wroted-”

“Wrote!” Sylvie whispered.

“Well, we wroted a Nursery-Song, and the Professor mangled it longer for us. It were ‘There was a little Man, And he had a little gun, And the bullets-’”

“I know the rest,” I interrupted. “But would you say it long- I mean the way that it came out of the mangle?”

“We’ll get the Professor to sing it for you,” said Sylvie.

“It would spoil it to say it.”

“I would like to meet the Professor!” I said. “And I would like to take you all with me, to see some friends of mine, that live near here. Would you like to come?”

“I don’t think the Professor would like to come.” said Sylvie. “He’s very shy. But we’d like it very much. Only we’d better not come this size, you know.”

The difficulty had occurred to me already: and I had felt that perhaps there would be a slight awkwardness in introducing two such tiny friends into Society. “What size will you be?” I enquired.

“We’d better come as- common children,” Sylvie thoughtfully replied. “That’s the easiest size to manage.”

“Could you come to-day?” I said, thinking “then we could have you at the Picnic!”

Sylvie considered a little. “Not to-day,” she replied. “We haven’t got the things ready. We’ll come on- Tuesday next, if you like. And now, really, Bruno, you must come and do your lessons.”

“I wiss oo wouldn’t say ‘really Bruno!’” the little fellow pleaded, with pouting lips that made him look prettier than ever. “It always shows there’s something horrid coming! And I wo’n’t kiss you, if you’re so unkind.”

“Ah, but you have kissed me!” Sylvie exclaimed in merry triumph.

“Well then, I’ll unkiss you!” And he threw his arms round her neck for this novel, but apparently not very painful, operation.

“It’s very like kissing!” Sylvie remarked, as soon as her lips were again free for speech.

“Oo don’t know nuffin about it! It were just the conkery!” Bruno replied with much severity, as he marched away.

Sylvie turned her laughing face to me. “Shall we come on Tuesday?” she said.

“Very well,” I said: “let it be Tuesday next. But where is the Professor? Did he come with you to Fairyland?”

“No,” said Sylvie. “But he promised he’d come and see us, some day. He’s getting his Lecture ready. So he has to stay at home.”

“At home?” I said dreamily, not feeling quite sure what she had said.

“Yes, Sir. His Lordship and Lady Muriel are at home. Please to walk this way.”

CHAPTER XVII

The Three Badgers

STILL more dreamily I found myself following this imperious voice into a room where the Earl, his daughter, and Arthur, were seated. “So you’re come at last!” said Lady Muriel, in a tone of playful reproach.

“I was delayed,” I stammered. Though what it was that had delayed me I should have been puzzled to explain! Luckily no questions were asked.

The carriage was ordered round, the hamper, containing our contribution to the Picnic, was duly stowed away, and we set forth.

There was no need for me to maintain the conversation. Lady Muriel and Arthur were evidently on those most delightful of terms, where one has no need to check thought after thought, as it rises to the lips, with the fear “this will not be appreciated- this will give offence- this will sound too serious- this will sound flippant”: like very old friends, in fullest sympathy, their talk rippled on.

“Why shouldn’t we desert the Picnic and go in some other direction?” she suddenly suggested. “A party of four is surely self-sufficing? And as for food, our hamper-”

“Why shouldn’t we? What a genuine lady’s argument!” laughed Arthur. “A lady never knows on which side the onus probandi- the burden of proving- lies!”

“Do men always know?” she asked with a pretty assumption of meek docility.

“With one exception- the only one I can think of- Dr. Watts, who has asked the senseless question

‘Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?’

Fancy that as an argument for Honesty! His position seems to be ‘I’m only honest because I see no reason to steal.’ And the thief’s answer is of course complete and crushing. ‘I deprive my neighbour of his goods because I want them myself. And I do it against his will because there’s no chance of getting him to consent to it!’”

“I can give you one other exception,” I said: “an argument I heard only to-day- and not by a lady. ‘Why shouldn’t I walk on my own forehead?’”

“What a curious subject for speculation!” said Lady Muriel, turning to me, with eyes brimming over with laughter. “May we know who propounded the question? And did he walk on his own forehead?”

“I ca’n’t remember who it was that said it!” I faltered. “Nor where I heard it!”

“Whoever it was, I hope we shall meet him at the Picnic!” said Lady Muriel. “It’s a far more interesting question than ‘Isn’t this a picturesque ruin?’ ‘Aren’t

those autumn-tints lovely?' I shall have to answer those two questions ten times, at least, this afternoon!"

"That's one of the miseries of Society!" said Arthur.

"Why ca'n't people let one enjoy the beauties of Nature without having to say so every minute? Why should Life be one long Catechism?"

"It's just as bad at a picture-gallery," the Earl remarked. "I went to the R.A. last May, with a conceited young artist: and he did torment me! I wouldn't have minded his criticizing the pictures himself: but I had to agree with him- or else to argue the point, which would have been worse!"

"It was depreciatory criticism, of course?" said Arthur.

"I don't see the 'of course' at all."

"Why, did you ever know a conceited man dare to praise a picture? The one thing he dreads (next to not being noticed) is to be proved fallible! If you once praise a picture, your character for infallibility hangs by a thread. Suppose it's a figure-picture, and you venture to say 'draws well'. Somebody measures it, and finds one of the proportions an eighth of an inch wrong. You are disposed of as a critic! 'Did you say he draws well?' your friends enquire sarcastically, while you hang your head and blush. No. The only safe course, if any one says 'draws well', is to shrug your shoulders. 'Draws well?' you repeat thoughtfully. 'Draws well? Humph!' That's the way to become a great critic!"

Thus airily chatting, after a pleasant drive through a few miles of beautiful scenery, we reached the rendezvous- a ruined castle- where the rest of the picnic-party were already assembled. We spent an hour or two in sauntering about the ruins: gathering at last, by common consent, into a few random groups, seated on the side of a mound, which commanded a good view of the old castle and its surroundings.

The momentary silence, that ensued, was promptly taken possession of- or, more correctly, taken into custody- by a Voice; a voice so smooth, so monotonous, so sonorous, that one felt, with a shudder, that any other conversation was precluded, and that, unless some desperate remedy were adopted, we were fated to listen to a Lecture, of which no man could foresee the end!

The Speaker was a broadly-built man, whose large, flat, pale face was bounded on the North by a fringe of hair, on the East and West by a fringe of whisker, and on the South by a fringe of beard- the whole constituting a uniform halo of stubbly whitey-brown bristles. His features were so entirely destitute of expression that I could not help saying to myself- helplessly, as if in the clutches of a night-mare- “they are only penciled in: no final touches as yet!” And he had a way of ending every sentence with a sudden smile, which spread like a ripple over that vast blank surface, and was gone in a moment, leaving behind it such absolute solemnity that I felt impelled to murmur “it was not he: it was somebody else that smiled!”

“Do you observe?” (such was the phrase with which the wretch began each sentence) “Do you observe the way in which that broken arch, at the very top of the ruin, stands out against the clear sky? It is placed exactly right: and there is exactly enough of it. A little more, or a little less, and all would be utterly spoiled!”

“Oh gifted architect!” murmured Arthur, inaudibly to all but Lady Muriel and myself. “Foreseeing the exact effect his work would have, when in ruins, centuries after his death!”

“And do you observe, where those trees slope down the hill,” (indicating them with a sweep of the hand, and with all the patronising air of the man who has himself arranged the landscape), “how the mists rising from the river fill up exactly those intervals where we need indistinctness, for artistic effect? Here, in the foreground, a few clear touches are not amiss: but a back-ground without mist, you know! It is simply barbarous! Yes, we need indistinctness!”

The orator looked so pointedly at me as he uttered these words, that I felt bound to reply, by murmuring something to the effect that I hardly felt the need myself- and that I enjoyed looking at a thing, better, when I could see it.

“Quite so!” the great man sharply took me up. “From your point of view, that is correctly put. But for any one who has a soul for Art, such a view is preposterous. Nature is one thing. Art is another. Nature shows us the world as it is. But Art- as a Latin author tells us- Art, you know- the words have escaped my memory-”

“Ars est celare Naturam,” Arthur interposed with a delightful promptitude.

“Quite so!” the orator replied with an air of relief. “I thank you! Ars est celare Naturam- but that isn’t it.” And, for a few peaceful moments, the orator brooded, frowningly, over the quotation. The welcome opportunity was seized, and another voice struck into the silence.

“What a lovely old ruin it is!” cried a young lady in spectacles, the very embodiment of the March of Mind, looking at Lady Muriel, as the proper recipient of all really original remarks. “And don’t you admire those autumn-tints on the trees? I do, intensely!”

Lady Muriel shot a meaning glance at me; but replied with admirable gravity. “Oh yes indeed, indeed! So true!”

“And isn’t it strange”, said the young lady, passing with startling suddenness from Sentiment to Science, “that the mere impact of certain coloured rays upon the Retina should give us such exquisite pleasure?”

“You have studied Physiology, then?” a certain young Doctor courteously enquired.

“Oh, yes! Isn’t it a sweet Science?” Arthur slightly smiled. “It seems a paradox, does it not,” he went on, “that the image formed on the Retina should be inverted?”

“It is puzzling,” she candidly admitted. “Why is it we do not see things upside-down?”

“You have never heard the Theory, then, that the Brain also is inverted?”

“No indeed! What a beautiful fact! But how is it proved?”

“Thus,” replied Arthur, with all the gravity of ten Professors rolled into one.

“What we call the vertex of the Brain is really its base: and what we call its base is really its vertex: it is simply a question of nomenclature.”

This last polysyllable settled the matter. “How truly delightful!” the fair Scientist exclaimed with enthusiasm. “I shall ask our Physiological Lecturer why he never gave us that exquisite Theory!”

“I’d give something to be present when the question is asked!” Arthur whispered to me, as, at a signal from Lady Muriel, we moved on to where the hampers had been collected, and devoted ourselves to the more substantial business of the day.

We “waited” on ourselves, as the modern barbarism (combining two good things in such a way as to secure the discomforts of both and the advantages of neither) of having a picnic with servants to wait upon you, had not yet reached this out-of-the-way region- and of course the gentlemen did not even take their places until the ladies had been duly provided with all imaginable creature-comforts. Then I supplied myself with a plate of something solid and a glass of something fluid, and found a place next to Lady Muriel.

It had been left vacant- apparently, for Arthur, as a distinguished stranger: but he had turned shy, and had placed himself next to the young lady in spectacles,

whose high rasping voice had already cast loose upon Society such ominous phrases as “Man is a bundle of Qualities!”, “the Objective is only attainable through the Subjective!”. Arthur was bearing it bravely: but several faces wore a look of alarm, and I thought it high time to start some less metaphysical topic.

“In my nursery days,” I began, “when the weather didn’t suit for an out-of-doors picnic, we were allowed to have a peculiar kind, that we enjoyed hugely. The table cloth was laid under the table, instead of upon it: we sat round it on the floor: and I believe we really enjoyed that extremely uncomfortable kind of dinner more than we ever did the orthodox arrangement!”

“I’ve no doubt of it,” Lady Muriel replied. “There’s nothing a well-regulated child hates so much as regularity. I believe a really healthy boy would thoroughly enjoy Greek Grammar- if only he might stand on his head to learn it! And your carpet-dinner certainly spared you one feature of a picnic, which is to me its chief drawback.”

“The chance of a shower?” I suggested.

“No, the chance- or rather the certainty- of live things occurring in combination with one’s food! Spiders are my bugbear. Now my father has no sympathy with that sentiment- have you, dear?” For the Earl had caught the word and turned to listen.

“To each his sufferings, all are men,” he replied in the sweet sad tones that seemed natural to him: “each has his pet aversion.”

“But you’ll never guess his!” Lady Muriel said, with that delicate silvery laugh that was music to my ears.

I declined to attempt the impossible.

“He doesn’t like snakes!” she said, in a stage whisper. “Now, isn’t that an unreasonable aversion? Fancy not liking such a dear, coaxingly, clingingly affectionate creature as a snake!”

“Not like snakes!” I exclaimed. “Is such a thing possible?”

“No, he doesn’t like them,” she repeated with a pretty mock-gravity. “He’s not afraid of them, you know. But he doesn’t like them. He says they’re too waggly!”

I was more startled than I liked to show. There was something so uncanny in this echo of the very words I had so lately heard from that little forest-sprite, that it was only by a great effort I succeeded in saying, carelessly, “Let us banish so unpleasant a topic. Wo’n’t you sing us something, Lady Muriel? I know you do sing without music.”

“The only songs I know- without music- are desperately sentimental, I’m afraid! Are your tears all ready?”

“Quite ready! Quite ready!” came from all sides, and Lady Muriel- not being one of those lady-singers who think it de rigueur to decline to sing till they have been petitioned three or four times, and have pleaded failure of memory, loss of voice, and other conclusive reasons for silence- began at once:

“There be three Badgers on a mossy stone,
Beside a dark and covered way:
Each dreams himself a monarch on his throne,
And so they stay and stay-
Though their old Father languishes alone,
They stay, and stay, and stay.

“There be three Herrings loitering around,
Longing to share that mossy seat:
Each Herring tries to sing what she has found
That makes Life seem so sweet.
Thus, with a grating and uncertain sound,
They bleat, and bleat, and bleat.

“The Mother-Herring, on the salt sea-wave,
Sought vainly for her absent ones:
The Father-Badger, writhing in a cave,
Shrieked out ‘Return, my sons!
You shall have buns’, he shrieked, ‘if you’ll behave!
Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!’

“‘I fear’, said she, ‘your sons have gone astray?’

My daughters left me while I slept.'
'Yes'm,' the Badger said: 'it's as you say.'
'They should be better kept.'
Thus the poor parents talked the time away,
And wept, and wept, and wept."

Here Bruno broke off suddenly. "The Herrings' Song wants anuvver tune, Sylvie," he said. "And I ca'n't sing it- not wizout oo plays it for me!"

Instantly Sylvie seated herself upon a tiny mushroom, that happened to grow in front of a daisy, as if it were the most ordinary musical instrument in the world, and played on the petals as if they were the notes of an organ. And such delicious tiny music it was! Such teeny-tiny music!

Bruno held his head on one side, and listened very gravely for a few moments until he had caught the melody. Then the sweet childish voice rang out once more:

"Oh, dear beyond our dearest dreams,
Fairer than all that fairest seems!
To feast the rosy hours away,
To revel in a roundelay!
How blest would be
A life so free-
Ipwergis-Pudding to consume,

And drink the subtle Azzigoom!

“And if, in other days and hours,
Mid other fluffs and other flowers,
The choice were given me how to dine-
‘Name what thou wilt: it shall be thine!’
Oh, then I see
The life for me-
Ipwergis-Pudding to consume,
And drink the subtle Azzigoom!”

“Oo may leave off playing now, Sylvie. I can do the uvver tune much better wizout a compliment.”

“He means ‘without accompaniment,’” Sylvie whispered, smiling at my puzzled, look: and she pretended to shut up the stops of the organ.

“The Badgers did not care to talk to Fish:
They did not dote on Herrings’ songs:
They never had experienced the dish
To which that name belongs:
‘And oh, to pinch their tails’, (this was their wish),
‘With tongs, yea, tongs, and tongs!’”

I ought to mention that he marked the parenthesis, in the air, with his finger. It seemed to me a very good plan. You know there's no sound to represent it- any more than there is for a question.

Suppose you have said to your friend "You are better to-day," and that you want him to understand that you are asking him a question, what can be simpler than just to make a "?" in the air with your finger? He would understand you in a moment!

"And are not these the Fish,' the Eldest sighed
'Whose Mother dwells beneath the foam?'
'They are the Fish!' the Second one replied.
'And they have left their home!'
'Oh wicked Fish,' the Youngest Badger cried,
'To roam, yea, roam, and roam!'

"Gently the Badgers trotted to the shore-
The sandy shore that fringed the bay:
Each in his mouth a living Herring bore-
Those aged ones waxed gay:
Clear rang their voices through the ocean's roar,
'Hooray, hooray, hooray!'"

“So they all got safe home again,” Bruno said, after waiting a minute to see if I had anything to say: he evidently felt that some remark ought to be made. And I couldn’t help wishing there were some such rule in Society, at the conclusion of a song- that the singer herself should say the right thing, and not leave it to the audience. Suppose a young lady has just been warbling (“with a grating and uncertain sound”) Shelley’s exquisite lyric “I arise from dreams of thee”: how much nicer it would be, instead of your having to say “Oh, thank you, thank you!” for the young lady herself to remark, as she draws on her gloves, while the impassioned words “Oh, press it to thine own, or it will break at last!” are still ringing in your ears, “-but she wouldn’t do it, you know. So it did break at last.”

“And I knew it would!” she added quietly, as I started at the sudden crash of broken glass. “You’ve been holding it sideways for the last minute, and letting all the champagne run out! Were you asleep, I wonder? I’m so sorry my singing has such a narcotic effect!”

CHAPTER XVIII

Queer Street, Number Forty

LADY MURIEL was the speaker. And, for the moment, that was the only fact I could clearly realize. But how she came to be there- and how I came to be there- and how the glass of champagne came to be there- all these were questions which I felt it better to think out in silence, and not commit myself to any statement till I understood things a little more clearly.

“First accumulate a mass of Facts: and then construct a Theory.” That, I believe, is the true Scientific Method. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, and began to accumulate Facts.

A smooth grassy slope, bounded, at the upper end, by venerable ruins half buried in ivy, at the lower, by a stream seen through arching trees- a dozen gaily-dressed people, seated in little groups here and there- some open hampers- the debris of a picnic- such were the Facts accumulated by the Scientific Researcher. And now, what deep, far-reaching Theory was he to construct from them? The Researcher found himself at fault. Yet stay! One Fact had escaped his notice. While all the rest were grouped in twos and in threes, Arthur was alone: while all tongues were talking, his was silent: while all faces were gay, his was gloomy and despondent. Here was a Fact indeed! The Researcher felt that a Theory must be constructed without delay.

Lady Muriel had just risen and left the party. Could that be the cause of his despondency? The Theory hardly rose to the dignity of a Working Hypothesis. Clearly more Facts were needed.

The Researcher looked round him once more: and now the Facts accumulated in such bewildering profusion, that the Theory was lost among them. For Lady Muriel had gone to meet a strange gentleman, just visible in the distance: and now she was returning with him, both of them talking eagerly and joyfully, like old friends who have been long parted: and now she was moving from group to group, introducing the new hero of the hour: and he, young, tall and handsome, moved gracefully at her side, with the erect bearing and firm tread of a soldier. Verily, the Theory looked gloomy for Arthur! His eye caught mine, and he crossed to me.

“He is very handsome,” I said.

“Abominably handsome!” muttered Arthur: then smiled at his own bitter words. “Lucky no one heard me but you!”

“Doctor Forester,” said Lady Muriel, who had just joined us, “let me introduce to you my cousin Eric Lindon- Captain Lindon, I should say.”

Arthur shook off his ill-temper instantly and completely, as he rose and gave the young soldier his hand. “I have heard of you,” he said. “I’m very glad to make the acquaintance of Lady Muriel’s cousin.”

“Yes, that’s all I’m distinguished for, as yet!” said Eric (so we soon got to call him) with a winning smile. “And I doubt”, glancing at Lady Muriel, “if it even amounts to a good-conduct-badge! But it’s something to begin with.”

“You must come to my father, Eric,” said Lady Muriel. “I think he’s wandering among the ruins.” And the pair moved on.

The gloomy look returned to Arthur’s face: and I could see it was only to distract his thoughts that he took his place at the side of the metaphysical young lady, and resumed their interrupted discussion.

“Talking of Herbert Spencer,” he began, “do you really find no logical difficulty in regarding Nature as a process of involution, passing from definite coherent homogeneity to indefinite incoherent heterogeneity?”

Amused as I was at the ingenious jumble he had made of Spencer’s words, I kept as grave a face as I could.

“No physical difficulty,” she confidently replied: “but I haven’t studied Logic much. Would you state the difficulty?”

“Well,” said Arthur, “do you accept it as self-evident? Is it as obvious, for instance, as that ‘things that are greater than the same are greater than one another’?”

“To my mind,” she modestly replied, “it seems quite as obvious. I grasp both truths by intuition. But other minds may need some logical- I forget the technical terms.”

“For a complete logical argument”, Arthur began with admirable solemnity, “we need two prim Misses-”

“Of course!” she interrupted. “I remember that word now. And they produce-?”

“A Delusion,” said Arthur.

“Ye-es?” she said dubiously. “I don’t seem to remember that so well. But what is the whole argument called?”

“A Sillygism.”

“Ah, yes! I remember now. But I don’t need a Sillygism, you know, to prove that mathematical axiom you mentioned.”

“Nor to prove that ‘all angles are equal’, I suppose?”

“Why, of course not! One takes such a simple truth as that for granted!”

Here I ventured to interpose, and to offer her a plate of strawberries and cream. I felt really uneasy at the thought that she might detect the trick: and I contrived, unperceived by her, to shake my head reprovingly at the pseudo-philosopher. Equally unperceived by her, Arthur slightly raised his shoulders, and spread his hands abroad, as who should say “What else can I say to her?” and moved away leaving her to discuss her strawberries by “involution”, or any other way she preferred.

By this time the carriages, that were to convey the revelers to their respective homes, had begun to assemble outside the Castle-grounds: and it became evident now that Lady Muriel's cousin had joined our party- that the problem, how to convey five people to Elveston, with a carriage that would only hold four, must somehow be solved.

The Honourable Eric Lindon, who was at this moment walking up and down with Lady Muriel, might have solved it at once, no doubt, by announcing his intention of returning on foot. Of this solution there did not seem to be the very smallest probability.

The next best solution, it seemed to me, was that I should walk home: and this I at once proposed.

"You're sure you don't mind?" said the Earl. "I'm afraid the carriage wo'n't take us all, and I don't like to suggest to Eric to desert his cousin so soon."

"So far from minding it," I said, "I should prefer it. It will give me time to sketch this beautiful old ruin."

"I'll keep you company," Arthur suddenly said. And, in answer to what I suppose was a look of surprise on my face, he said in a low voice, "I really would rather. I shall be quite de trop in the carriage!"

"I think I'll walk too," said the Earl. "You'll have to be content with Eric as your escort," he added, to Lady Muriel, who had joined us while he was speaking.

“You must be as entertaining as Cerberus- ‘three gentlemen rolled into one’-” Lady Muriel said to her companion. “It will be a grand military exploit!”

“A sort of Forlorn Hope?” the Captain modestly suggested.

“You do pay pretty compliments!” laughed his fair cousin. “Good day to you, gentlemen three- or rather deserters three!” And the two young folk entered the carriage and were driven away.

“How long will your sketch take?” said Arthur.

“Well,” I said, “I should like an hour for it. Don’t you think you had better go without me? I’ll return by train. I know there’s one in about an hour’s time.”

“Perhaps that would be best,” said the Earl. “The Station is quite close.”

So I was left to my own devices, and soon found a comfortable seat, at the foot of a tree, from which I had a good view of the ruins.

“It is a very drowsy day,” I said to myself, idly turning over the leaves of the sketch-book to find a blank page. “Why, I thought you were a mile off by this time!” For, to my surprise, the two walkers were back again.

“I came back to remind you”, Arthur said, “that the trains go every ten minutes-”

“Nonsense!” I said. “It isn’t the Metropolitan Railway!”

“It is the Metropolitan Railway,” the Earl insisted. “This is a part of Kensington.”

“Why do you talk with your eyes shut?” said Arthur. “Wake up!”

“I think it’s the heat that makes me so drowsy,” I said, hoping, but not feeling quite sure, that I was talking sense. “Am I awake now?”

“I think not,” the Earl judicially pronounced. “What do you think, Doctor? He’s only got one eye open!”

“And he’s snoring like anything!” cried Bruno. “Do wake up, you dear old thing!” And he and Sylvie set to work, rolling the heavy head from side to side, as if its connection with the shoulders was a matter of no sort of importance.

And at last the Professor opened his eyes, and sat up, blinking at us with eyes of utter bewilderment. “Would you have the kindness to mention”, he said, addressing me with his usual old-fashioned courtesy, “whereabouts we are just now- and who we are, beginning with me?”

I thought it best to begin with the children. “This is Sylvie, Sir; and this is Bruno.”

“Ah, yes! I know them well enough!” the old man murmured. “It’s myself I’m most anxious about. And perhaps you’ll be good enough to mention, at the same time, how I got here?”

“A harder problem occurs to me,” I ventured to say: “and that is, how you’re to get back again.”

“True, true!” the Professor replied. “That’s the Problem, no doubt. Viewed as a Problem, outside of oneself, it is a most interesting one. Viewed as a portion of

one's own biography, it is, I must admit, very distressing!" He groaned, but instantly added, with a chuckle, "As to myself, I think you mentioned that I am—"

"Oo're the Professor!" Bruno shouted in his ear. "Didn't oo know that? Oo've come from Outland! And it's ever so far away from here!"

The Professor leapt to his feet with the agility of a boy. "Then there's no time to lose!" he exclaimed anxiously. "I'll just ask this guileless peasant, with his brace of buckets that contain (apparently) water, if he'll be so kind as to direct us. Guileless peasant!" he proceeded in a louder voice. "Would you tell us the way to Outland?"

The guileless peasant turned with a sheepish grin. "Hey?" was all he said.

"The- way- to- Outland!" the Professor repeated.

The guileless peasant set down his buckets and considered. "Ah, dunnot—"

"I ought to mention," the Professor hastily put in, "that whatever you say will be used in evidence against you."

The guileless peasant instantly resumed his buckets. "Then ah says nowt!" he answered briskly, and walked away at a great pace.

The children gazed sadly at the rapidly vanishing figure. "He goes very quick!" the Professor said with a sigh. "But I know that was the right thing to say. I've studied your English Laws. However, let's ask this next man that's coming. He is not guileless, and he is not a peasant- but I don't know that either point is of vital importance."

It was, in fact, the Honourable Eric Lindon, who had apparently fulfilled his task of escorting Lady Muriel home, and was now strolling leisurely up and down the road outside the house, enjoying a solitary cigar.

“Might I trouble you, Sir, to tell us the nearest way to Outland!” Oddity as he was, in outward appearance, the Professor was, in that essential nature which no outward disguise could conceal, a thorough gentleman.

And, as such, Eric Lindon accepted him instantly. He took the cigar from his mouth, and delicately shook off the ash, while he considered. “The name sounds strange to me,” he said. “I doubt if I can help you.”

“It is not very far from Fairyland”, the Professor suggested.

Eric Lindon’s eye-brows were slightly raised at these words, and an amused smile, which he courteously tried to repress, flitted across his handsome face. “A trifle cracked!” he muttered to himself. “But what a jolly old patriarch it is!” Then he turned to the children. “And ca’n’t you help him, little folk?” he said, with a gentleness of tone that seemed to win their hearts at once. “Surely you know all about it?”

‘How many miles to Babylon?
Three-score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again!’”

To my surprise, Bruno ran forwards to him, as if he were some old friend of theirs, seized the disengaged hand and hung on to it with both of his own: and there stood this tall dignified officer in the middle of the road, gravely swinging a little boy to and fro, while Sylvie stood ready to push him, exactly as if a real swing had suddenly been provided for their pastime.

“We don’t want to get to Babylon, oo know!” Bruno explained as he swung.

“And it isn’t candlelight: it’s daylight!” Sylvie added, giving the swing a push of extra vigour, which nearly took the whole machine off its balance.

By this time it was clear to me that Eric Lindon was quite unconscious of my presence. Even the Professor and the children seemed to have lost sight of me: and I stood in the midst of the group, as unconcernedly as a ghost, seeing but unseen.

“How perfectly isochronous!” the Professor exclaimed with enthusiasm. He had his watch in his hand, and was carefully counting Bruno’s oscillations. “He measures time quite as accurately as a pendulum!”

“Yet even pendulums,” the good-natured young soldier observed, as he carefully released his hand from Bruno’s grasp, “are not a joy for ever! Come, that’s enough for one bout, little man! Next time we meet, you shall have another. Meanwhile you’d better take this old gentleman to Queer Street, Number-”

“We’ll find it!” cried Bruno eagerly, as they dragged the Professor away.

“We are much indebted to you!” the Professor said, looking over his shoulder.

“Don’t mention it!” replied the officer, raising his hat as a parting salute.

“What number did you say!” the Professor called from the distance.

The officer made a trumpet of his two hands. “Forty!” he shouted in stentorian tones. “And not piano, by any means!” he added to himself. “It’s a mad world, my masters, a mad world!” He lit another cigar, and strolled on towards his hotel.

“What a lovely evening!” I said, joining him as he passed me.

“Lovely indeed,” he said. “Where did you come from? Dropped from the clouds?”

“I’m strolling your way,” I said: and no further explanation seemed necessary.

“Have a cigar?”

“Thanks: I’m not a smoker.”

“Is there a Lunatic Asylum near here?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Thought there might be. Met a lunatic just now. Queer old fish as ever I saw!”

And so, in friendly chat, we took our homeward ways, and wished each other “good-night” at the door of his hotel.

Left to myself, I felt the “eerie” feeling rush over me again, and saw, standing at the door of Number Forty, the three figures I knew so well.

“Then it’s the wrong house?” Bruno was saying.

“No, no! It’s the right house,” the Professor cheerfully replied: “but it’s the wrong street. That’s where we’ve made our mistake! Our best plan, now will be to-”

It was over. The street was empty. Commonplace life was around me, and the “eerie” feeling had fled.

CHAPTER XIX

How to Make a Phlizz

THE week passed without any further communication with the “Hall”, as Arthur was evidently fearful that we might “wear out our welcome”; but when, on Sunday morning, we were setting out for church, I gladly agreed to his proposal to go round and enquire after the Earl, who was said to be unwell.

Eric, who was strolling in the garden, gave us a good report of the invalid, who was still in bed, with Lady Muriel in attendance.

“Are you coming with us to church?” I enquired.

“Thanks, no,” he courteously replied. “It’s not exactly- in my line, you know. It’s an excellent institution- for the poor. When I’m with my own folk, I go, just to set them an example. But I’m not known here: so I think I’ll excuse myself sitting out a sermon. Country preachers are always so dull!”

Arthur was silent till we were out of hearing. Then he said to himself, almost inaudibly, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”

“Yes,” I assented: “no doubt that is the principle on which church-going rests.”

“And when he does go,” he continued (our thoughts ran so much together, that our conversation was often slightly elliptical), “I suppose he repeats the words ‘I believe in the Communion of Saints’?”

But by this time we had reached the little church, into which a goodly stream of worshippers, consisting mainly of fishermen and their families, was flowing.

The service would have been pronounced by any modern aesthetic religionist-or religious aesthete, which is it?- to be crude and cold: to me, coming fresh from the ever-advancing developments of a London church under a soi-disant “Catholic” Rector, it was unspeakably refreshing.

There was no theatrical procession of demure little choristers, trying their best not to simper under the admiring gaze of the congregation: the people’s share in the service was taken by the people themselves, unaided, except that a few good voices, judiciously posted here and there among them, kept the singing from going too far astray.

There was no murdering of the noble music, contained in the Bible and the Liturgy, by its recital in a dead monotone, with no more expression than a mechanical talking-doll.

No, the prayers were prayed, the lessons were read, and- best of all- the sermon was talked; and I found myself repeating, as we left the church, the words of Jacob, when he “awaked out of his sleep”. ““Surely the Lord is in this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.””

“Yes,” said Arthur, apparently in answer to my thoughts, “those ‘high’ services are fast becoming pure Formalism. More and more the people are beginning to regard them as ‘performances’, in which they only ‘assist’ in the French sense. And it is specially bad for the little boys. They’d be much less self-conscious as pantomime-fairies. With all that dressing-up, and stagy-entrances and exits, and being always en evidence, no wonder if they’re eaten up with vanity, the blatant little coxcombs!”

When we passed the Hall on our return, we found the Earl and Lady Muriel sitting out in the garden. Eric had gone for a stroll.

We joined them, and the conversation soon turned on the sermon we had just heard, the subject of which was “selfishness”.

“What a change has come over our pulpits”, Arthur remarked, “since the time when Paley gave that utterly selfish definition of virtue, ‘the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness’!”

Lady Muriel looked at him enquiringly, but she seemed to have learned by intuition, what years of experience had taught me, that the way to elicit Arthur’s deepest thoughts was neither to assent nor dissent, but simply to listen.

“At that time!” he went on, “a great tidal wave of selfishness was sweeping over human thought. Right and Wrong had somehow been transformed into Gain and Loss, and Religion had become a sort of commercial transaction. We may be thankful that our preachers are beginning to take a nobler view of life.”

“But is it not taught again and again in the Bible?” I ventured to ask.

“Not in the Bible, as a whole,” said Arthur. “In the Old Testament, no doubt, rewards and punishments are constantly appealed to as motives for action. That teaching is best for children, and the Israelites seem to have been, mentally, utter children. We guide our children thus, at first: but we appeal, as soon as possible, to their innate sense of Right and Wrong: and, when that stage is safely past, we appeal to the highest motive of all, the desire for likeness to, and union with, the Supreme Good. I think you will find that to be the teaching of the Bible, as a whole, beginning with ‘that thy days may be long in the land’, and ending with ‘be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is Perfect’.”

We were silent for awhile, and then Arthur went off on another tack. “Look at the literature of Hymns, now. How cankered it is, through and through, with selfishness! There are few human compositions more utterly degraded than some modern Hymns!”

I quoted the stanza.

“Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold shall be,
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all!”

“Yes,” he said grimly: “that is the typical stanza. And the very last charity-sermon I heard was infected with it. After giving many good reasons for charity, the preacher wound up with ‘and, for all you give, you will be repaid a thousand-fold!’ Oh, the utter meanness of such a motive, to be put before men who do know what self-sacrifice is, who can appreciate generosity and heroism! Talk of Original Sin!” he went on with increasing bitterness. “Can you have a stronger proof of the Original Goodness there must be in this nation, than the fact that Religion has been preached to us, as a commercial speculation, for a century, and that we still believe in a God?”

“It couldn’t have gone on so long”, Lady Muriel musingly remarked, “if the Opposition hadn’t been practically silenced- put under what the French call la censure. Surely in any lecture-hall, or in private society, such teaching would soon have been hooted down?”

“I trust so,” said Arthur: “and, though I don’t want to see ‘brawling in church’ legalized, I must say that our preachers enjoy an enormous privilege- which they ill deserve, and which they misuse terribly. We put our man into a pulpit, and we virtually tell him ‘Now, you may stand there and talk to us for half-an-hour. We wo’n’t interrupt you by so much as a word! You shall have it all your own way!’ And what does he give us in return? Shallow twaddle, that, if it were addressed to you over a dinner-table, you would think ‘Does the man take me for a fool?’”

The return of Eric from his walk checked the tide of Arthur’s eloquence, and, after a few minutes’ talk on more conventional topics, we took our leave. Lady

Muriel walked with us to the gate. "You have given me much to think about," she said earnestly, as she gave Arthur her hand. "I'm so glad you came in!" And her words brought a real glow of pleasure into that pale worn face of his.

On the Tuesday, as Arthur did not seem equal to more walking, I took a long stroll by myself, having stipulated that he was not to give the whole day to his books, but was to meet me at the Hall at about tea-time. On my way back, I passed the Station just as the afternoon-train came in sight, and sauntered down the stairs to see it come in. But there was little to gratify my idle curiosity: and, when the train was empty, and the platform clear, I found it was about time to be moving on, if I meant to reach the Hall by five.

As I approached the end of the platform, from which a steep irregular wooden staircase conducted to the upper world, I noticed two passengers, who had evidently arrived by the train, but who, oddly enough, had entirely escaped my notice, though the arrivals had been so few. They were a young woman and a little girl: the former, so far as one could judge by appearances, was a nursemaid, or possibly a nursery-governess, in attendance on the child, whose refined face, even more than her dress, distinguished her as of a higher class than her companion.

The child's face was refined, but it was also a worn and sad one, and told a tale (or so I seemed to read it) of much illness and suffering, sweetly and patiently borne. She had a little crutch to help herself along with: and she was now standing, looking wistfully up the long staircase, and apparently waiting till she could muster courage to begin the toilsome ascent.

There are some things one says in life- as well as things one does- which come automatically, by reflex action, as the physiologists say (meaning, no doubt, action without reflection, just as lucus is said to be derived “a non lucendo”). Closing one’s eyelids, when something seems to be flying into the eye, is one of those actions, and saying “May I carry the little girl up the stairs?” was another. It wasn’t that any thought of offering help occurred to me, and that then I spoke: the first intimation I had, of being likely to make that offer, was the sound of my own voice, and the discovery that the offer had been made. The servant paused, doubtfully glancing from her charge to me, and then back again to the child. “Would you like it, dear?” she asked her. But no such doubt appeared to cross the child’s mind: she lifted her arms eagerly to be taken up. “Please!” was all she said, while a faint smile flickered on the weary little face. I took her up with scrupulous care, and her little arm was at once clasped trustfully round my neck.

She was a very light weight- so light, in fact, that the ridiculous idea crossed my mind that it was rather easier going up, with her in my arms, than it would have been without her: and, when we reached the road above, with its cart-ruts and loose stones- all formidable obstacles for a lame child- I found that I had said “I’d better carry her over this rough place”, before I had formed any mental connection between its roughness and my gentle little burden. “Indeed it’s troubling you too much, Sir!” the maid exclaimed. “She can walk very well on the flat.” But the arm, that was twined about my neck, clung just an atom more closely at

the suggestion, and decided me to say “She’s no weight, really. I’ll carry her a little further. I’m going your way.”

The nurse raised no further objection: and the next speaker was a ragged little boy, with bare feet, and a broom over his shoulder, who ran across the road, and pretended to sweep the perfectly dry road in front of us. “Give us a ‘ap’ny!” the little urchin pleaded, with a broad grin on his dirty face.

“Don’t give him a ‘ap’ny!” said the little lady in my arms. The words sounded harsh: but the tone was gentleness itself. “He’s an idle little boy!” And she laughed a laugh of such silvery sweetness as I had never yet heard from any lips but Sylvie’s. To my astonishment, the boy actually joined in the laugh, as if there were some subtle sympathy between them, as he ran away down the road and vanished through a gap in the hedge.

But he was back in a few moments, having discarded his broom and provided himself, from some mysterious source, with an exquisite bouquet of flowers. “Buy a posy, buy a posy! Only a ‘ap’ny!” he chanted, with the melancholy drawl of a professional beggar.

“Don’t buy it!” was Her Majesty’s edict as she looked down, with a lofty scorn that seemed curiously mixed with tender interest, on the ragged creature at her feet.

But this time I turned rebel, and ignored the royal commands. Such lovely flowers, and of forms so entirely new to me, were not to be abandoned at the bid-

ding of any little maid, however imperious. I bought the bouquet: and the little boy, after popping the halfpenny into his mouth, turned head-over-heels, as if to ascertain whether the human mouth is really adapted to serve as a money-box.

With wonder, that increased every moment, I turned over the flowers, and examined them one by one: there was not a single one among them that I could remember having ever seen before. At last I turned to the nursemaid. "Do these flowers grow wild about here? I never saw-" but the speech died away on my lips. The nursemaid had vanished!

"You can put me down, now, if you like," Sylvie quietly remarked.

I obeyed in silence, and could only ask myself "Is this a dream?", on finding Sylvie and Bruno walking one on either side of me, and clinging to my hands with the ready confidence of childhood.

"You're larger than when I saw you last!" I began. "Really I think we ought to be introduced again! There's so much of you that I never met before, you know."

"Very well!" Sylvie merrily replied. "This is Bruno. It doesn't take long. He's only got one name!"

"There's another name to me!" Bruno protested, with a reproachful look at the Mistress of the Ceremonies. "And it's- 'Esquire'!"

"Oh, of course. I forgot," said Sylvie. "Bruno Esquire!"

"And did you come here to meet me, my children?" I enquired.

“You know I said we’d come on Tuesday,” Sylvie explained. “Are we the proper size for common children?”

“Quite the right size for children,” I replied, (adding mentally “though not common children, by any means!”) “But what became of the nursemaid?”

“It are gone!” Bruno solemnly replied.

“Then it wasn’t solid, like Sylvie and you?”

“No. Oo couldn’t touch it, oo know. If oo walked at it, oo’d go right froo!”

“I quite expected you’d find it out, once,” said Sylvie. “Bruno ran it against a telegraph post, by accident. And it went in two halves. But you were looking the other way.”

I felt that I had indeed missed an opportunity: to witness such an event as a nursemaid going “in two halves” does not occur twice in a life-time!

“When did oo guess it were Sylvie?” Bruno enquired.

“I didn’t guess it, till it was Sylvie,” I said. “But how did you manage the nursemaid?”

“Bruno managed it,” said Sylvie. “It’s called a Phlizz.”

“And how do you make a Phlizz, Bruno?”

“The Professor teached me how,” said Bruno. “First oo takes a lot of air-”

“Oh, Bruno!” Sylvie interposed. “The Professor said you weren’t to tell!”

“But who did her voice?” I asked.

“Indeed it’s troubling you too much, Sir! She can walk very well on the flat.”

Bruno laughed merrily as I turned hastily from side to side, looking in all directions for the speaker. “That were me!” he gleefully proclaimed, in his own voice.

“She can indeed walk very well on the flat,” I said. “And I think I was the Flat.”

By this time we were near the Hall. “This is where my friends live,” I said. “Will you come in and have some tea with them?”

Bruno gave a little jump of joy: and Sylvie said “Yes, please. You’d like some tea, Bruno, wouldn’t you? He hasn’t tasted tea”, she explained to me, “since we left Outland.”

“And that weren’t good tea!” said Bruno. “It were so welly weak!”

CHAPTER XX

Light Come, Light Go

LADY MURIEL'S smile of welcome could not quite conceal the look of surprise with which she regarded my new companions.

I presented them in due form. "This is Sylvie, Lady Muriel. And this is Bruno."

"Any surname?" she enquired, her eyes twinkling with fun.

"No," I said gravely. "No surname."

She laughed, evidently thinking I said it in fun; and stooped to kiss the children- a salute to which Bruno submitted with reluctance: Sylvie returned it with interest.

While she and Arthur (who had arrived before me) supplied the children with tea and cake, I tried to engage the Earl in conversation: but he was restless and distraught, and we made little progress. At last, by a sudden question, he betrayed the cause of his disquiet.

"Would you let me look at those flowers you have in your hand?"

"Willingly!" I said, handing him the bouquet. Botany was, I knew, a favourite study of his: and these flowers were to me so entirely new and mysterious, that I was really curious to see what a botanist would say of them.

They did not diminish his disquiet. On the contrary, he became every moment more excited as he turned them over. "These are all from Central India!" he said, laying aside part of the bouquet. "They are rare, even there: and I have never seen them in any other part of the world. These two are Mexican- This one-" (He rose hastily and carried it to the window, to examine it in a better light, the flush of excitement mounting to his very forehead) "-is, I am nearly sure- but I have a book of Indian Botany here-" He took a volume from the book-shelves, and turned the leaves with trembling fingers. "Yes! Compare it with this picture! It is the exact duplicate! This is the flower of the Upas-tree, which usually grows only in the depths of forests; and the flower fades so quickly after being plucked, that it is scarcely possible to keep its form or colour even so far as the outskirts of the forest! Yet this is in full bloom! Where did you get these flowers?" he added with breathless eagerness.

I glanced at Sylvie, who, gravely and silently, laid her finger on her lips, then beckoned to Bruno to follow her, and ran out into the garden; and I found myself in the position of a defendant whose two most important witnesses have been suddenly taken away. "Let me give you the flowers!" I stammered out at last, quite "at my wit's end" as to how to get out of the difficulty. "You know much more about them than I do!"

"I accept them most gratefully! But you have not yet told me-" the Earl was beginning, when we were interrupted, to my great relief, by the arrival of Eric London.

To Arthur, however, the newcomer was, I saw clearly, anything but welcome. His face clouded over: he drew a little back from the circle, and took no further part in the conversation, which was wholly maintained, for some minutes, by Lady Muriel and her lively cousin, who were discussing some new music that had just arrived from London.

“Do just try this one!” he pleaded. “The music looks easy to sing at sight, and the song’s quite appropriate to the occasion.”

“Then I suppose it’s

‘Five o’clock tea!
Ever to thee
Faithful I’ll be,
Five o’clock tea!’”

laughed Lady Muriel, as she sat down to the piano, and lightly struck a few random chords.

“Not quite: and yet it is a kind of ‘ever to thee faithful I’ll be!’ It’s a pair of hapless lovers: he crosses the briny deep: and she is left lamenting.”

“That is indeed appropriate!” she replied mockingly, as he placed the song before her. “And am I to do the lamenting? And who for, if you please?”

She played the air once or twice through, first in quick, and finally in slow, time; and then gave us the whole song with as much graceful ease as if she had been familiar with it all her life:

“He steps so lightly to the land,
All in his manly pride:
He kissed her cheek, he pressed her hand,
Yet still she glanced aside.
‘Too gay he seems,’ she darkly dreams,
‘Too gallant and too gay
To think of me- poor simple me-
When he is far away!’

‘I bring my Love this goodly pearl
Across the seas,’ he said:
‘A gem to deck the dearest girl
That ever sailor wed!’
She clasps it tight: her eyes are bright:
Her throbbing heart would say
‘He thought of me- he thought of me-
When he was far away!’

The ship has sailed into the West:
Her ocean-bird is flown:
A dull dead pain is in her breast,
And she is weak and lone:
Yet there's a smile upon her face,
A smile that seems to say
'He'll think of me- he'll think of me-
When he is far away!

'Though waters wide between us glide,
Our lives are warm and near:
No distance parts two faithful hearts-
Two hearts that love so dear:
And I will trust my sailor-lad,
For ever and a day,
To think of me- to think of me-
When he is far away!'"

The look of displeasure, which had begun to come over Arthur's face when the young Captain spoke of Love so lightly, faded away as the song proceeded, and he listened with evident delight. But his face darkened again when Eric de-

murely remarked “Don’t you think ‘my soldier-lad’ would have fitted the tune just as well?”

“Why, so it would!” Lady Muriel gaily retorted. “Soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, what a lot of words would fit in! I think ‘my tinker-lad’ sounds best. Don’t you?”

To spare my friend further pain, I rose to go, just as the Earl was beginning to repeat his particularly embarrassing question about the flowers.

“You have not yet-”

“Yes, I’ve had some tea, thank you!” I hastily interrupted him. “And now we really must be going. Good evening, Lady Muriel!” And we made our adieux, and escaped, while the Earl was still absorbed in examining the mysterious bouquet.

Lady Muriel accompanied us to the door. “You couldn’t have given my father a more acceptable present!” she said, warmly. “He is so passionately fond of Botany. I’m afraid I know nothing of the theory of it, but I keep his Hortus Siccus in order. I must get some sheets of blotting-paper, and dry these new treasures for him before they begin to fade.”

“That wo’n’t be no good at all!” said Bruno, who was waiting for us in the garden.

“Why wo’n’t it?” said I. “You know I had to give the flowers, to stop questions.”

“Yes, it ca’n’t be helped,” said Sylvie: “but they will be sorry when they find them gone!”

“But how will they go?”

“Well, I don’t know how. But they will go. The nose-gay was only a Phlizz, you know. Bruno made it up.”

These last words were in a whisper, as she evidently did not wish Arthur to hear. But of this there seemed to be little risk: he hardly seemed to notice the children, but paced on, silent and abstracted; and when, at the entrance to the wood, they bid us a hasty farewell and ran off, he seemed to wake out of a day-dream.

The bouquet vanished, as Sylvie had predicted; and when, a day or two afterwards, Arthur and I once more visited the Hall, we found the Earl and his daughter, with the old housekeeper, out in the garden, examining the fastenings of the drawing-room window.

“We are holding an Inquest,” Lady Muriel said, advancing to meet us: “and we admit you, as Accessories before the Fact, to tell us all you know about those flowers.”

“The Accessories before the Fact decline to answer any questions,” I gravely replied. “And they reserve their defence.”

“Well then, turn Queen’s Evidence, please! The flowers have disappeared in the night,” she went on, turning to Arthur, “and we are quite sure no one in the house has meddled with them. Somebody must have entered by the window-”

“But the fastenings have not been tampered with,” said the Earl.

“It must have been while you were dining, my Lady,” said the housekeeper.

“That was it,” said the Earl. “The thief must have seen you bring the flowers”, turning to me, “and have noticed that you did not take them away. And he must have known their great value- they are simply priceless!” he exclaimed, in sudden excitement.

“And you never told us how you got them!” said Lady Muriel.

“Some day,” I stammered, “I may be free to tell you. Just now, would you excuse me?”

The Earl looked disappointed, but kindly said “Very well, we will ask no questions”.

“But we consider you a very bad Queen’s Evidence,” Lady Muriel added playfully, as we entered the arbour. “We pronounce you to be an accomplice: and we sentence you to solitary confinement, and to be fed on bread and- butter. Do you take sugar?”

“It is disquieting, certainly,” she resumed, when all “creature-comforts” had been duly supplied, “to find that the house has been entered by a thief- in this out-of-the-way place. If only the flowers had been eatables, one might have suspected a thief of quite another shape-”

“You mean that universal explanation for all mysterious disappearances, ‘the cat did it’?” said Arthur.

“Yes,” she replied. “What a convenient thing it would be if all thieves had the same shape! It’s so confusing to have some of them quadrupeds and others bipeds!”

“It has occurred to me”, said Arthur, “as a curious problem in Teleology- the Science of Final Causes,” he added, in answer to an enquiring look from Lady Muriel.

“And a Final Cause is-?”

“Well, suppose we say- the last of a series of connected events- each of the series being the cause of the next for whose sake the first event takes place.”

“But the last event is practically an effect of the first, isn’t it? And yet you call it a cause of it!”

Arthur pondered a moment. “The words are rather confusing, I grant you,” he said. “Will this do? The last event is an effect of the first: but the necessity for that event is a cause of the necessity for the first.”

“That seems clear enough,” said Lady Muriel. “Now let us have the problem.”

“It’s merely this. What object can we imagine in the arrangement by which each different size (roughly speaking) of living creatures has its special shape? For instance, the human race has one kind of shape- bipeds. Another set, ranging from the lion to the mouse, are quadrupeds. Go down a step or two further, and you come to insects with six legs- hexapods- a beautiful name, is it not? But beauty, in our sense of the word, seems to diminish as we go down: the creature

becomes more- I won't say 'ugly' of any of God's creatures- more uncouth. And, when we take the microscope, and go a few steps lower still, we come upon animalculae, terribly uncouth, and with a terrible number of legs!"

"The other alternative," said the Earl, "would be a diminuendo series of repetitions of the same type. Never mind the monotony of it: let's see how it would work in other ways. Begin with the race of men, and the creatures they require: let us say horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs- we don't exactly require frogs and spiders, do we, Muriel?"

Lady Muriel shuddered perceptibly: it was evidently a painful subject. "We can dispense with them," she said gravely.

"Well, then we'll have a second race of men, half-a yard high-"

"-who would have one source of exquisite enjoyment, not possessed by ordinary men!" Arthur interrupted.

"What source?" said the Earl.

"Why, the grandeur of scenery! Surely the grandeur of a mountain, to me, depends on its size, relative to me? Double the height of the mountain, and of course it's twice as grand. Halve my height, and you produce the same effect."

"Happy, happy, happy Small!" Lady Muriel murmured rapturously. "None but the Short, none but the Short, none but the Short enjoy the Tall!"

"But let me go on," said the Earl. "We'll have a third race of men, five inches high; a fourth race, an inch high-"

“They couldn’t eat common beef and mutton, I’m sure!” Lady Muriel interrupted.

“True, my child, I was forgetting. Each set must have its own cattle and sheep.”

“And its own vegetation,” I added. “What could a cow, an inch high, do with grass that waved far above its head?”

“That is true. We must have a pasture within a pasture, so to speak. The common grass would serve our inch-high cows as a green forest of palms, while round the root of each tall stem would stretch a tiny carpet of microscopic grass. Yes, I think our scheme will work fairly well. And it would be very interesting, coming into contact with the races below us. What sweet little things the inch-high bull-dogs would be! I doubt if even Muriel would run away from one of them!”

“Don’t you think we ought to have a crescendo series, as well?” said Lady Muriel. “Only fancy being a hundred yards high! One could use an elephant as a paper-weight, and a crocodile as a pair of scissors!”

“And would you have races of different sizes communicate with one another?” I enquired. “Would they make war on one another, for instance, or enter into treaties?”

“War we must exclude, I think. When you could crush a whole nation with one blow of your fist, you couldn’t conduct war on equal terms. But anything, in-

volving a collision of minds only, would be possible in our ideal world- for of course we must allow mental powers to all, irrespective of size. Perhaps the fairest rule would be that, the smaller the race, the greater should be its intellectual development!"

"Do you mean to say", said Lady Muriel, "that these manikins of an inch high are to argue with me?"

"Surely, surely!" said the Earl. "An argument doesn't depend for its logical force on the size of the creature that utters it!"

She tossed her head indignantly. "I would not argue with any man less than six inches high!" she cried. "I'd make him work!"

"What at?" said Arthur, listening to all this nonsense with an amused smile.

"Embroidery!" she readily replied. "What lovely embroidery they would do!"

"Yet, if they did it wrong," I said, "you couldn't argue the question. I don't know why: but I agree that it couldn't be done."

"The reason is," said Lady Muriel, "one couldn't sacrifice one's dignity so far."

"Of course one couldn't!" echoed Arthur. "Any more than one could argue with a potato. It would be altogether- excuse the ancient pun- infra dig.!"

"I doubt it," said I. "Even a pun doesn't quite convince me."

“Well, if that is not the reason,” said Lady Muriel, “what reason would you give?”

I tried hard to understand the meaning of this question: but the persistent humming of the bees confused me, and there was a drowsiness in the air that made every thought stop and go to sleep before it had got well thought out: so all I could say was “That must depend on the weight of the potato”.

I felt the remark was not so sensible as I should have liked it to be. But Lady Muriel seemed to take it quite as a matter of course. “In that case-” she began, but suddenly started, and turned away to listen. “Don’t you hear him?” she said. “He’s crying. We must go to him, somehow.”

And I said to myself “That’s very strange! I quite thought it was Lady Muriel talking to me. Why, it’s Sylvie all the while!” And I made another great effort to say something that should have some meaning in it. “Is it about the potato?”

CHAPTER XXI

Through the Ivory Door

“I DON’T know,” said Sylvie. “Hush! I must think. I could go to him, by myself, well enough. But I want you to come too.”

“Let me go with you,” I pleaded. “I can walk as fast as you can, I’m sure.”

Sylvie laughed merrily. “What nonsense!” she cried. “Why, you ca’n’t walk a bit! You’re lying quite flat on your back! You don’t understand these things.”

“I can walk as well as you can,” I repeated. And I tried my best to walk a few steps: but the ground slipped away backwards, quite as fast as I could walk, so that I made no progress at all. Sylvie laughed again.

“There, I told you so! You’ve no idea how funny you look, moving your feet about in the air, as if you were walking! Wait a bit. I’ll ask the Professor what we’d better do.” And she knocked at his study-door.

The door opened, and the Professor looked out. “What’s that crying I heard just now?” he asked. “Is it a human animal?”

“It’s a boy,” Sylvie said.

“I’m afraid you’ve been teasing him?”

“No, indeed I haven’t!” Sylvie said, very earnestly. “I never tease him!”

“Well, I must ask the Other Professor about it.” He went back into the study, and we heard him whispering “small human animal- says she hasn’t been teasing him— the kind that’s called Boy-”

“Ask her which Boy,” said a new voice. The Professor came out again.

“Which Boy is it that you haven’t been teasing?”

Sylvie looked at me with twinkling eyes. “You dear old thing!” she exclaimed, standing on tip-toe to kiss him, while he gravely stooped to receive the salute. “How you do puzzle me! Why, there are several boys I haven’t been teasing!”

The Professor returned to his friend: and this time the voice said “Tell her to bring them here- all of them!”

“I ca’n’t, and I wo’n’t!” Sylvie exclaimed, the moment he reappeared. “It’s Bruno that’s crying: and he’s my brother: and, please, we both want to go: he ca’n’t walk, you know: he’s- he’s dreaming, you know” (this in a whisper, for fear of hurting my feelings). “Do let’s go through the Ivory Door!”

“I’ll ask him,” said the Professor, disappearing again. He returned directly. “He says you may. Follow me, and walk on tip-toe.”

The difficulty with me would have been, just then, not to walk on tip-toe. It seemed very hard to reach down far enough to just touch the floor, as Sylvie led me through the study.

The Professor went before us to unlock the Ivory Door. I had just time to glance at the Other Professor, who was sitting reading, with his back to us, before the Professor showed us out through the door, and locked it behind us. Bruno was standing with his hands over his face, crying bitterly.

“What’s the matter, darling?” said Sylvie, with her arms round his neck.

“Hurted mine self welly much!” sobbed the poor little fellow.

“I’m so sorry, darling! How ever did you manage to hurt yourself so?”

“Course I managed it!” said Bruno, laughing through his tears. “Does oo think nobody else but oo ca’n’t manage things?”

Matters were looking distinctly brighter, now Bruno had begun to argue. “Come, let’s hear all about it!” I said.

“My foot took it into its head to slip-” Bruno began.

“A foot hasn’t got a head!” Sylvie put in, but all in vain.

“I slipted down the bank. And I tripted over a stone. And the stone hurted my foot! And I trod on a Bee. And the Bee stinged my finger!” Poor Bruno sobbed again. The complete list of woes was too much for his feelings. “And it knewed I didn’t mean to trod on it!” he added, as the climax.

“That Bee should be ashamed of itself!” I said severely, and Sylvie hugged and kissed the wounded hero till all tears were dried.

“My finger’s quite unstung now!” said Bruno. “Why doos there be stones? Mister Sir, doos oo know?”

“They’re good for something,” I said: “even if we don’t know what. What’s the good of dandelions, now?”

“Dindledums?” said Bruno. “Oh, they’re ever so pretty! And stones aren’t pretty, one bit. Would oo like some dindledums, Mister Sir?”

“Bruno!” Sylvie murmured reproachfully. “You mustn’t say ‘Mister’ and ‘Sir’ both at once! Remember what I told you!”

“You telled me I were to say ‘Mister’ when I spoked about him, and I were to say ‘Sir’ when I spoked to him!”

“Well, you’re not doing both, you know.”

“Ah, but I is doing bofe, Miss Praticular!” Bruno exclaimed triumphantly. “I wishted to speak about the Gemplun- and I wishted to speak to the Gemplun. So a course I said ‘Mister Sir’!”

“That’s all right, Bruno,” I said.

“Course it’s all right!” said Bruno. “Sylvie just knows nuffin at all!”

“There never was an impertinenter boy!” said Sylvie, frowning till her bright eyes were nearly invisible.

“And there never was an ignoranter girl!” retorted Bruno. “Come along and pick some dindledums. That’s all she’s fit for!” he added in a very loud whisper to me.

“But why do you say ‘Dindledums’, Bruno? Dandelions is the right word.”

“It’s because he jumps about so,” Sylvie said, laughing.

“Yes, that’s it,” Bruno assented. “Sylvie tells me the words, and then, when I jump about, they get shaken up in my head- till they’re all froth!”

I expressed myself as perfectly satisfied with this explanation. “But aren’t you going to pick me any dindledums, after all?”

“Course we will!” cried Bruno. “Come along, Sylvie!” And the happy children raced away, bounding over the turf with the fleetness and grace of young antelopes.

“Then you didn’t find your way back to Outland?” I said to the Professor.

“Oh yes, I did!” he replied, “We never got to Queer Street; but I found another way. I’ve been backwards and forwards several times since then. I had to be present at the Election, you know, as the author of the new Money-Act. The Emperor was so kind as to wish that I should have the credit of it. ‘Let come what come may,’ (I remember the very words of the Imperial Speech) ‘if it should turn out that the Warden is alive, you will bear witness that the change in the coinage is the Professor’s doing, not mine!’ I never was so glorified in my life, before!”

Tears trickled down his cheeks at the recollection, which apparently was not wholly a pleasant one.

“Is the Warden supposed to be dead?”

“Well, it’s supposed so: but, mind you, I don’t believe it! The evidence is very weak- mere hear-say. A wandering Jester, with a Dancing-Bear (they found their way into the Palace, one day) has been telling people he comes from Fairyland, and that the Warden died there. I wanted the Vice-Warden to question him, but, most unluckily, he and my Lady were always out walking when the Jester came round. Yes, the Warden’s supposed to be dead!” And more tears trickled down the old man’s cheeks.

“But what is the new Money-Act?”

The Professor brightened up again. “The Emperor started the thing,” he said. “He wanted to make everybody in Outland twice as rich as he was before- just to make the new Government popular. Only there wasn’t nearly enough money in the Treasury to do it. So I suggested that he might do it by doubling the value of every coin and bank-note in Outland. It’s the simplest thing possible. I wonder nobody ever thought of it before! And you never saw such universal joy. The shops are full from morning to night. Everybody’s buying everything!”

“And how was the glorifying done?”

A sudden gloom overcast the Professor’s jolly face. “They did it as I went home after the Election,” he mournfully replied. “It was kindly meant- but I

didn't like it! They waved flags all round me till I was nearly blind: and they rang bells till I was nearly deaf: and they strewed the road so thick with flowers that I lost my way!" And the poor old man sighed deeply.

"How far is it to Outland?" I asked, to change the subject.

"About five days' march. But one must go back- occasionally. You see, as Court-Professor, I have to be always in attendance on Prince Uggug. The Empress would be very angry if I left him, even for an hour."

"But surely, every time you come here, you are absent ten days, at least?"

"Oh, more than that!" the Professor exclaimed. "A fortnight, sometimes. But of course I keep a memorandum of the exact time when I started, so that I can put the Court-time back to the very moment!"

"Excuse me", I said. "I don't understand."

Silently the Professor drew from his pocket a square gold watch, with six or eight hands, and held it out for my inspection. "This", he began, "is an Outlandish Watch-"

"So I should have thought."

"-which has the peculiar property that, instead of its going with the time, the time goes with it. I trust you understand me now?"

"Hardly," I said.

“Permit me to explain. So long as it is let alone, it takes its own course. Time has no effect upon it.”

“I have known such watches,” I remarked.

“It goes, of course, at the usual rate. Only the time has to go with it. Hence, if I move the hands, I change the time. To move them forwards, in advance of the true time, is impossible: but I can move them as much as a month backwards- that is the limit. And then you have the events all over again- with any alterations experience may suggest.”

“What a blessing such a watch would be”, I thought, “in real life! To be able to unsay some heedless word- to undo some reckless deed! Might I see the thing done?”

“With pleasure!” said the good natured Professor. “When I move this hand back to here”, pointing out the place, “History goes back fifteen minutes!”

Trembling with excitement, I watched him push the hand round as he described.

“Hurted mine self welly much!”

Shrilly and suddenly the words rang in my ears, and, more startled than I cared to show, I turned to look for the speaker.

Yes! There was Bruno, standing with the tears running down his cheeks, just as I had seen him a quarter of an hour ago; and there was Sylvie with her arms round his neck!

I had not the heart to make the dear little fellow go through his troubles a second time, so hastily begged the Professor to push the hands round into their former position. In a moment Sylvie and Bruno were gone again, and I could just see them in the far distance, picking “dindledums”.

“Wonderful, indeed!” I exclaimed.

“It has another property, yet more wonderful,” said the Professor. “You see this little peg? That is called the ‘Reversal Peg’. If you push it in, the events of the next hour happen in the reverse order. Do not try it now. I will lend you the Watch for a few days, and you can amuse yourself with experiments.”

“Thank you very much!” I said as he gave me the Watch. “I’ll take the greatest care of it- why, here are the children again!”

“We could only but find six dindledums,” said Bruno, putting them into my hands, “’cause Sylvie said it were time to go back. And here’s a big blackberry for ooself! We couldn’t only find but two!”

“Thank you: it’s very nice,” I said. “And I suppose you ate the other, Bruno?”

“No, I didn’t,” Bruno said, carelessly. “Aren’t they pretty dindledums, Mister Sir?”

“Yes, very: but what makes you limp so, my child?”

“Mine foot’s come hurted again!” Bruno mournfully replied. And he sat down on the ground, and began nursing it.

The Professor held his head between his hands- an attitude that I knew indicated distraction of mind. “Better rest a minute!” he said. “It may be better then- or it may be worse. If only I had some of my medicines here! I’m Court-Physician, you know,” he added, aside to me.

“Shall I go and get you some blackberries, darling?” Sylvie whispered, with her arms round his neck; and she kissed away a tear that was trickling down his cheek.

Bruno brightened up in a moment. “That are a good plan!” he exclaimed. “I thinks my foot would come quite unhurted, if I eated a blackberry- two or three blackberries- six or seven blackberries-”

Sylvie got up hastily. “I’d better go”, she said, aside to me, “before he gets into the double figures!”

“Let me come and help you,” I said. “I can reach higher up than you can.”

“Yes, please,” said Sylvie, putting her hand into mine: and we walked off together.

“Bruno loves blackberries,” she said, as we paced slowly along by a tall hedge, that looked a promising place for them, “and it was so sweet of him to make me eat the only one!”

“Oh, it was you that ate it, then? Bruno didn’t seem to like to tell me about it.”

“No; I saw that,” said Sylvie. “He’s always afraid of being praised. But he made me eat it, really! I would much rather he- oh, what’s that?” And she clung

to my hand, half-frightened, as we came in sight of a hare, lying on its side with legs stretched out, just in the entrance to the wood.

“It’s a hare, my child. Perhaps it’s asleep.”

“No, it isn’t asleep,” Sylvie said, timidly going nearer to look at it: “it’s eyes are open. Is it- is it-” her voice dropped to an awe-struck whisper. “is it dead, do you think?”

“Yes, it’s quite dead,” I said, after stooping to examine it. “Poor thing! I think it’s been hunted to death. I know the harriers were out yesterday. But they haven’t touched it. Perhaps they caught sight of another, and left it to die of fright and exhaustion.”

“Hunted to death?” Sylvie repeated to herself, very slowly and sadly. “I thought hunting was a thing they played at- like a game. Bruno and I hunt snails: but we never hurt them when we catch them!”

“Sweet angel!” I thought. “How am I to get the idea of Sport into your innocent mind?” And as we stood, hand-in-hand, looking down at the dead hare, I tried to put the thing into such words as she could understand. “You know what fierce wild-beasts lions and tigers are?” Sylvie nodded. “Well, in some countries men have to kill them, to save their own lives, you know.”

“Yes,” said Sylvie: “if one tried to kill me, Bruno would kill it- if he could.”

“Well, and so the men- the hunters- get to enjoy it, you know: the running, and the fighting, and the shouting, and the danger.”

“Yes,” said Sylvie. “Bruno likes danger.”

“Well, but, in this country, there aren’t any lions and tigers, loose: so they hunt other creatures, you see.” I hoped, but in vain, that this would satisfy her, and that she would ask no more questions.

“They hunt foxes,” Sylvie said, thoughtfully. “And I think they kill them, too. Foxes are very fierce. I daresay men don’t love them. Are hares fierce?”

“No,” I said, “A hare is a sweet, gentle, timid animal- almost as gentle as a lamb.”

“But, if men love hares, why- why-” her voice quivered, and her sweet eyes were brimming over with tears.

“I’m afraid they don’t love them, dear child.”

“All children love them,” Sylvie said. “All ladies love them.”

“I’m afraid even ladies go to hunt them sometimes.”

Sylvie shuddered. “Oh, no, not ladies!” she earnestly pleaded. “Not Lady Muriel!”

“No, she never does, I’m sure- but this is too sad a sight for you, dear. Let’s try and find some-”

But Sylvie was not satisfied yet. In a hushed, solemn tone, with bowed head and clasped hands, she put her final question. “Does GOD love hares?”

“Yes!” I said. “I’m sure He does! He loves every living thing. Even sinful men. How much more the animals, that cannot sin!”

“I don’t know what ‘sin’ means,” said Sylvie. And I didn’t try to explain it.

“Come, my child,” I said, trying to lead her away. “Wish good-bye to the poor hare, and come and look for blackberries.”

“Good-bye, poor hare!” Sylvie obediently repeated, looking over her shoulder at it as we turned away. And then, all in a moment, her self-command gave way. Pulling her hand out of mine, she ran back to where the dead hare was lying, and flung herself down at its side in such an agony of grief as I could hardly have believed possible in so young a child.

“Oh, my darling, my darling!” she moaned over and over again. “And GOD meant your life to be so beautiful!”

Sometimes, but always keeping her face hidden on the ground, she would reach out one little hand, to stroke the poor dead thing, and then once more bury her face in her hands, and sob as if her heart would break.

I was afraid she would really make herself ill: still I thought it best to let her weep away the first sharp agony of grief: and, after a few minutes, the sobbing gradually ceased, and Sylvie rose to her feet, and looked calmly at me, though tears were still streaming down her cheeks.

I did not dare to speak again, just yet; but simply held out my hand to her, that we might quit the melancholy spot.

“Yes, I’ll come now,” she said. Very reverently she kneeled down, and kissed the dead hare; then rose and gave me her hand, and we moved on in silence.

A child’s sorrow is violent, but short; and it was almost in her usual voice that she said, after a minute, “Oh, stop, stop! Here are some lovely blackberries!”

We filled our hands with fruit, and returned in all haste to where the Professor and Bruno were seated on a bank, awaiting our return.

Just before we came within hearing-distance, Sylvie checked me. “Please don’t tell Bruno about the hare!” she said.

“Very well, my child! But why not?”

Tears again glittered in those sweet eyes, and she turned her head away, so that I could scarcely hear her reply. “He’s- he’s very fond of gentle creatures, you know. And he’d- he’d be so sorry! I don’t want him to be made sorry.”

“And your agony of sorrow is to count for nothing, then, sweet unselfish child!” I thought to myself. But no more was said till we had reached our friends; and Bruno was far too much engrossed, in the feast we had brought him, to take any notice of Sylvie’s unusually grave manner.

“I’m afraid it’s getting rather late, Professor?” I said.

“Yes, indeed,” said the Professor. “I must take you all through the Ivory Door again. You’ve stayed your full time.”

“Mightn’t we stay a little longer!” pleaded Sylvie.

“Just one minute!” added Bruno.

But the Professor was unyielding. “It’s a great privilege, coming through at all,” he said. “We must go now.” And we followed him obediently to the Ivory Door, which he threw open, and signed to me to go through first.

“You’re coming too, aren’t you?” I said to Sylvie.

“Yes,” she said: “but you wo’n’t see us after you’ve gone through.”

“But suppose I wait for you outside?” I asked, as I stepped through the doorway.

“In that case,” said Sylvie, “I think the potato would be quite justified in asking your weight. I can quite imagine a really superior kidney-potato declining to argue with any one under fifteen stone!”

With a great effort I recovered the thread of my thoughts. “We lapse very quickly into nonsense!” I said.

CHAPTER XXII

Crossing the Line

“LET us lapse back again,” said Lady Muriel. “Take another cup of tea? I hope that’s sound common sense?”

“And all that strange adventure” I thought, “has occupied the space of a single comma in Lady Muriel’s speech! A single comma, for which grammarians tell us to ‘count one’!” (I felt no doubt that the Professor had kindly put back the time for me, to the exact point at which I had gone to sleep.)

When a few minutes afterwards, we left the house, Arthur’s first remark was certainly a strange one. “We’ve been there just twenty minutes,” he said, “and I’ve done nothing but listen to you and Lady Muriel talking: and yet, somehow, I feel exactly as if I had been talking with her for an hour at least!”

And so he had been, I felt no doubt: only, as the time had been put back to the beginning of the tete-a-tete he referred to, the whole of it had passed into oblivion, if not into nothingness! But I valued my own reputation for sanity too highly to venture on explaining to him what had happened.

For some cause, which I could not at the moment divine, Arthur was unusually grave and silent during our walk home. It could not be connected with Eric Lindon, I thought, as he had for some days been away in London: so that, having Lady Muriel almost “all to himself”- for I was only too glad to hear those two

conversing, to have any wish to intrude any remarks of my own- he ought, theoretically, to have been specially radiant and contented with life. "Can he have heard any bad news?" I said to myself. And, almost as if he had read my thoughts, he spoke.

"He will be here by the last train," he said, in the tone of one who is continuing a conversation rather than beginning one.

"Captain Lindon, do you mean?"

"Yes- Captain Lindon," said Arthur: "I said 'he', because I fancied we were talking about him. The Earl told me he comes to-night, though to-morrow is the day when he will know about the Commission that he's hoping for. I wonder he doesn't stay another day to hear the result, if he's really so anxious about it as the Earl believes he is."

"He can have a telegram sent after him," I said: "but it's not very soldier-like, running away from possible bad news!"

"He's a very good fellow," said Arthur: "but I confess it would be good news for me, if he got his Commission, and his Marching Orders all at once! I wish him all happiness- with one exception. Good night!" (We had reached home by this time.) "I'm not good company to-night- better be alone."

It was much the same, next day. Arthur declared he wasn't fit for Society, and I had to set forth alone for an afternoon-stroll. I took the road to the Station, and,

at the point where the road from the “Hall” joined it, I paused, seeing my friends in the distance, seemingly bound for the same goal.

“Will you join us?” the Earl said, after I had exchanged greetings with him, and Lady Muriel, and Captain Lindon. “This restless young man is expecting a telegram, and we are going to the Station to meet it.”

“There is also a restless young woman in the case,” Lady Muriel added.

“That goes without saying, my child,” said her father. “Women are always restless!”

“For generous appreciation of all one’s best qualities,” his daughter impressively remarked, “there’s nothing to compare with a father, is there, Eric?”

“Cousins are not ‘in it’,” said Eric: and then somehow the conversation lapsed into two duologues, the younger folk taking the lead, and the two old men following with less eager steps.

“And when are we to see your little friends again?” said the Earl. “They are singularly attractive children.”

“I shall be delighted to bring them, when I can,” I said. “But I don’t know, myself, when I am likely to see them again.”

“I’m not going to question you,” said the Earl: “but there’s no harm in mentioning that Muriel is simply tormented with curiosity! We know most of the people about here, and she has been vainly trying to guess what house they can possibly be staying at.”

“Some day I may be able to enlighten her: but just at present-”

“Thanks. She must bear it as best she can. I tell her it’s a grand opportunity for practising patience. But she hardly sees it from that point of view. Why, there are the children!”

So indeed they were: waiting (for us; apparently) at a stile, which they could not have climbed over more than a few moments, as Lady Muriel and her cousin had passed it without seeing them. On catching sight of us, Bruno ran to meet us, and to exhibit to us, with much pride, the handle of a clasp-knife- the blade having been broken off- which he had picked up in the road.

“And what shall you use it for, Bruno?” I said.

“Don’t know,” Bruno carelessly replied: “must think.”

“A child’s first view of life”, the Earl remarked, with that sweet sad smile of his, “is that it is a period to be spent in accumulating portable property. That view gets modified as the years glide away.” And he held out his hand to Sylvie, who had placed herself by me, looking a little shy of him.

But the gentle old man was not one with whom any child, human or fairy, could be shy for long; and she had very soon deserted my hand for his- Bruno alone remaining faithful to his first friend. We overtook the other couple just as they reached the Station, and both Lady Muriel and Eric greeted the children as old friends- the latter with the words “So you got to Babylon by candlelight, after all?”

“Yes, and back again!” cried Bruno.

Lady Muriel looked from one to the other in blank astonishment. “What, you know them, Eric?” she exclaimed. “This mystery grows deeper every day!”

“Then we must be somewhere in the Third Act,” said Eric. “You don’t expect the mystery to be cleared up till the Fifth Act, do you?”

“But it’s such a long drama!” was the plaintive reply. “We must have got to the Fifth Act by this time!”

“Third Act, I assure you,” said the young soldier mercilessly. “Scene, a railway-platform. Lights down. Enter Prince (in disguise, of course) and faithful Attendant. This is the Prince-” (taking Bruno’s hand) “and here stands his humble Servant! What is your Royal Highness’s next command?” And he made a most courtier-like low bow to his puzzled little friend.

“Oo’re not a Servant!” Bruno scornfully exclaimed. Oo’re a Gemplun!”

“Servant, I assure your Royal Highness!” Eric respectfully insisted. “Allow me to mention to your Royal Highness my various situations- past, present, and future.”

“What did oo begin wiz?” Bruno asked, beginning to enter into the jest. “Was oo a shoe-black?”

“Lower than that, your Royal Highness! Years ago, I offered myself as a Slave- as a ‘Confidential Slave’, I think it’s called?” he asked, turning to Lady Muriel.

But Lady Muriel heard him not: something had gone wrong with her glove, which entirely engrossed her attention.

“Did oo get the place?” said Bruno.

“Sad to say, your Royal Highness, I did not! So I had to take a situation as- as Waiter, which I have now held for some years- haven’t I?” He again glanced at Lady Muriel.

“Sylvie dear, do help me to button this glove!” Lady Muriel whispered, hastily stooping down, and failing to hear the question.

“And what will oo be next?” said Bruno.

“My next place will, I hope, be that of Groom. And after that-”

“Don’t puzzle the child so!” Lady Muriel interrupted. “What nonsense you talk!”

“-after that,” Eric persisted, “I hope to obtain the situation of Housekeeper, which- Fourth Act!” he proclaimed, with a sudden change of tone. “Lights turned up. Red lights. Green lights. Distant rumble heard. Enter a passenger-train!”

And in another minute the train drew up alongside of the platform, and a stream of passengers began to flow out from the booking office and waiting-rooms.

“Did you ever make real life into a drama?” said the Earl. “Now just try. I’ve often amused myself that way. Consider this platform as our stage. Good en-

trances and exits on both sides, you see. Capital background scene: real engine moving up and down. All this bustle, and people passing to and fro, must have been most carefully rehearsed! How naturally they do it! With never a glance at the audience! And every grouping is quite fresh, you see. No repetition!”

It really was admirable, as soon as I began to enter into it from this point of view. Even a porter passing, with a barrow piled with luggage, seemed so realistic that one was tempted to applaud. He was followed by an angry mother, with hot red face, dragging along two screaming children, and calling, to some one behind, “John! Come on!” Enter, John, very meek, very silent, and loaded with parcels. And he was followed, in his turn, by a frightened little nursemaid, carrying a fat baby, also screaming. All the children screamed.

“Capital byplay!” said the old man aside. “Did you notice the nursemaid’s look of terror? It was simply Perfect!”

“You have struck quite a new vein,” I said. “To most of us Life and its pleasures seem like a mine that is nearly worked out.”

“Worked out!” exclaimed the Earl. “For any one with true dramatic instincts, it is only the Overture that is ended! The real treat has yet to begin. You go to a theatre, and pay your ten shillings for a stall, and what do you get for your money? Perhaps it’s a dialogue between a couple of farmers- unnatural in their overdone caricature of farmers’ dress- more unnatural in their constrained attitudes and gestures- most unnatural in their attempts at ease and geniality in their talk. Go instead and take a seat in a third-class railway-carriage, and you’ll get the

same dialogue done to the life! Front- seats- no orchestra to block the view- and nothing to pay!”

“Which reminds me,” said Eric. “There is nothing to pay on receiving a telegram! Shall we enquire for one?” And he and Lady Muriel strolled off in the direction of the Telegraph-Office.

“I wonder if Shakespeare had that thought in his mind”, I said, “when he wrote ‘All the world’s a stage’?”

The old man sighed. “And so it is,” he said, “look at it as you will. Life is indeed a drama; a drama with but few encores- and no bouquets!” he added dreamily. “We spend one half of it in regretting the things we did in the other half!”

“And the secret of enjoying it” he continued, resuming his cheerful tone, “is intensity!”

“But not in the modern aesthetic sense, I presume? Like the young lady, in Punch, who begins a conversation with ‘Are you intense?’”

“By no means!” replied the Earl. “What I mean is intensity of thought-a concentrated attention. We lose half the pleasure we might have in Life, by not really attending. Take any instance you like: it doesn’t matter how trivial the pleasure may be- the principle is the same. Suppose A and B are reading the same second-rate circulating-library novel. A never troubles himself to master the relationships of the characters, on which perhaps all the interest of the story depends: he ‘skips’ over all the descriptions of scenery, and every passage that looks rather dull: he

doesn't half attend to the passages he does read: he goes on reading- merely from want of resolution to find another occupation- for hours after he ought to have put the book aside: and reaches the 'FINIS' in a state of utter weariness and depression! B puts his whole soul into the thing- on the principle that 'whatever is worth doing is worth doing well': he masters the genealogies: he calls up pictures before his 'mind's eye' as he reads about the scenery: best of all, he resolutely shuts the book at the end of some chapter, while his interest is yet at its keenest, and turns to other subjects; so that, when next he allows himself an hour at it, it is like a hungry man sitting down to dinner: and, when the book is finished, he returns to the work of his daily life like 'a giant refreshed'!"

"But suppose the book were really rubbish- nothing to repay attention?"

"Well, suppose it," said the Earl. "My theory meets that case, I assure you! A never finds out that it is rubbish, but maunders on to the end, trying to believe he's enjoying himself. B quietly shuts the book, when he's read a dozen pages, walks off to the Library, and changes it for a better! I have yet another theory for adding to the enjoyment of Life- that is, if I have not exhausted your patience? I'm afraid you find me a very garrulous old man."

"No indeed!" I exclaimed earnestly. And indeed I felt as if one could not easily tire of the sweet sadness of that gentle voice.

"It is, that we should learn to take our pleasures quickly, and our pains slowly."

“But why? I should have put it the other way, myself.”

“By taking artificial pain- which can be as trivial as you please- slowly, the result is that, when real pain comes, however severe, all you need do is to let it go at its ordinary pace, and it’s over in a moment!”

“Very true,” I said, “but how about the pleasure?”

“Why, by taking it quick, you can get so much more into life. It takes you three hours and a half to hear and enjoy an opera. Suppose I can take it in, and enjoy it, in half-an-hour. Why, I can enjoy seven operas, while you are listening to one!”

“Always supposing you have an orchestra capable of playing them,” I said. “And that orchestra has yet to be found!”

The old man smiled. “I have heard an air played,” he said, “and by no means a short one- played right through, variations and all, in three seconds!”

“When? And how?” I asked eagerly, with a half-notion that I was dreaming again.

“It was done by a little musical-box,” he quietly replied. “After it had been wound up, the regulator, or something, broke, and it ran down, as I said, in about three seconds. But it must have played all the notes, you know!”

“Did you enjoy it?” I asked, with all the severity of a cross-examining barrister.

“No, I didn’t!” he candidly confessed. “But then, you know, I hadn’t been trained to that kind of music!”

“I should much like to try your plan,” I said, and, as Sylvie and Bruno happened to run up to us at the moment, I left them to keep the Earl company, and strolled along the platform, making each person and event play its part in an extempore drama for my especial benefit. “What, is the Earl tired of you already?” I said, as the children ran past me.

“No!” Sylvie replied with great emphasis. “He wants the evening-paper. So Bruno’s going to be a little news-boy!”

“Mind you charge a good price for it!” I called after them.

Returning up the platform, I came upon Sylvie alone.

“Well, child,” I said, “where’s your little news-boy? Couldn’t he get you an evening-paper?”

“He went to get one at the book-stall at the other side,” said Sylvie; “and he’s coming across the line with it- oh, Bruno, you ought to cross by the bridge!” for the distant thud, thud, of the Express was already audible. Suddenly a look of horror came over her face. “Oh, he’s fallen down on the rails!” she cried, and darted past me at a speed that quite defied the hasty effort I made to stop her.

But the wheezy old Station-Master happened to be close behind me: he wasn’t good for much, poor old man, but he was good for this; and, before I could turn round, he had the child clasped in his arms, saved from the certain death she was

rushing to. So intent was I in watching this scene, that I hardly saw a flying figure in a light grey suit, who shot across from the back of the platform, and was on the line in another second. So far as one could take note of time in such a moment of horror, he had about ten clear seconds, before the Express would be upon him, in which to cross the rails and to pick up Bruno. Whether he did so or not it was quite impossible to guess: the next thing one knew was that the Express had passed, and that, whether for life or death, all was over. When the cloud of dust had cleared away, and the line was once more visible, we saw with thankful hearts that the child and his deliverer were safe.

“All right!” Eric called to us cheerfully, as he recrossed the line. “He’s more frightened than hurt!”

He lifted the little fellow up into Lady Muriel’s arms, and mounted the platform as gaily as if nothing had happened: but he was as pale as death, and leaned heavily on the arm I hastily offered him, fearing he was about to faint. “I’ll just sit down. a moment-” he said dreamily: “-where’s Sylvie?”

Sylvie ran to him, and flung her arms round his neck, sobbing as if her heart would break. “Don’t do that, my darling!” Eric murmured, with a strange look in his eyes. “Nothing to cry about now, you know. But you very nearly got yourself killed for nothing!”

“For Bruno!” the little maiden sobbed. “And he would have done it for me. Wouldn’t you, Bruno?”

“Course I would!” Bruno said, looking round with a bewildered air.

Lady Muriel kissed him in silence as she put him down out of her arms. Then she beckoned Sylvie to come and take his hand, and signed to the children to go back to where the Earl was seated. “Tell him,” she whispered with quivering lips, “tell him- all is well!” Then she turned to the hero of the day. “I thought it was death,” she said. “Thank God, you are safe! Did you see how near it was?”

“I saw there was just time!” Eric said lightly. “A soldier must learn to carry his life in his hand, you know. I’m all right now. Shall we go to the telegraph-office again? I daresay it’s come by this time.”

I went to join the Earl and the children, and we waited- almost in silence, for no one seemed inclined to talk, and Bruno was half-asleep on Sylvie’s lap- till the others joined us. No telegram had come.

“I’ll take a stroll with the children,” I said, feeling that we were a little de trop, “and I’ll look in, in the course of the evening.”

“We must go back into the wood, now,” Sylvie said, as soon as we were out of hearing. “We ca’n’t stay this size any longer.”

“Then you will be quite tiny Fairies, again, next time we meet?”

“Yes,” said Sylvie: “but we’ll be children again some day- if you’ll let us. Bruno’s very anxious to see Lady Muriel again.”

“She are welly nice,” said Bruno.

“I shall be very glad to take you to see her again,” I said. “Hadn’t I better give you back the Professor’s Watch? It’ll be too large for you to carry when you’re Fairies, you know.”

Bruno laughed merrily. I was glad to see he had quite recovered from the terrible scene he had gone through. “Oh, no, it wo’n’t!” he said. “When we go small, it’ll go small!”

“And then it’ll go straight to the Professor,” Sylvie added, “and you wo’n’t be able to use it any more: so you’d better use it all you can, now. We must go small when the sun sets. Good-bye!”

“Good-bye!” cried Bruno. But their voices sounded very far away, and, when I looked round, both children had disappeared.

“And it wants only two hours to sunset!” I said as I strolled on. “I must make the best of my time!”

CHAPTER XXIII

An Outlandish Watch

AS I entered the little town, I came upon two of the fishermen's wives interchanging that last word "which never was the last": and it occurred to me, as an experiment with the Magic Watch, to wait till the little scene was over, and then to "encore" it.

"Well, good night t'ye! And ye winna forget to send us word when your Martha writes?"

"Nay, ah winna forget. An' if she isn't suited, she can but coom back. Good night t'ye!"

A casual observer might have thought "and there ends the dialogue!" That casual observer would have been mistaken.

"Ah, she'll like 'em, I war'n' ye! They'll not treat her bad, yer may depend. They're varry canny fowk. Good night!"

"Ay, they are that! Good night!"

"Good night! And ye'll send us word if she writes?"

"Aye, ah will, yer may depend! Good night t'ye!"

And at last they parted. I waited till they were some twenty yards apart, and then put the Watch a minute back. The instantaneous change was startling: the two figures seemed to flash back into their former places.

“-isn’t suited, she can but coom back. Good night t’ye!” one of them was saying: and so the whole dialogue was repeated, and, when they had parted for the second time, I let them go their several ways, and strolled on through the town.

“But the real usefulness of this magic power”, I thought, “would be to undo some harm, some painful event, some accident-” I had not long to wait for an opportunity of testing this property also of the Magic Watch, for, even as the thought passed through my mind, the accident I was imagining occurred. A light cart was standing at the door of the “Great Millinery Depot” of Elveston, laden with card-board packing-cases, which the driver was carrying into the shop, one by one. One of the cases had fallen into the street. but it scarcely seemed worth while to step forward and pick it up, as the man would be back again in a moment. Yet, in that moment, a young man riding a bicycle came sharp round the corner of the street and, in trying to avoid running over the box, upset his machine, and was thrown headlong against the wheel of the spring-cart. The driver ran out to his assistance, and he and I together raised the unfortunate cyclist and carried him into the shop. His head was cut and bleeding; and one knee seemed to be badly injured; and it was speedily settled that he had better be conveyed at once to the only Surgery in the place. I helped them in emptying the cart, and placing in it some pillows for the wounded man to rest on; and it was only when

the driver had mounted to his place, and was starting for the Surgery, that I be-
thought me of the strange power I possessed of undoing all this harm.

“Now is my time!” I said to myself, as I moved back the hand of the Watch,
and saw, almost without surprise this time, all things restored to the places they
had occupied at the critical moment when I had first noticed the fallen packing-
case.

Instantly I stepped out into the street, picked up the box, and replaced it in the
cart: in the next moment the bicycle had spun round the corner, passed the cart
without let or hindrance, and soon vanished in the distance, in a cloud of dust.

“Delightful power of magic!” I thought. “How much of human suffering I
have- not only relieved, but actually annihilated!” And, in a glow of conscious vir-
tue, I stood watching the unloading of the cart, still holding the Magic Watch
open in my hand, as I was curious to see what would happen when we again
reached the exact time at which I had put back the hand.

The result was one that, if only I had considered the thing carefully, I might
have foreseen: as the hand of the Watch touched the mark, the spring-cart-which
had driven off, and was by this time half-way down the street, was back again at
the door, and in the act of starting, while- oh woe for the golden dream of world-
wide benevolence that had dazzled my dreaming fancy!- the wounded youth was
once more reclining on the heap of pillows, his pale face set rigidly in the hard
lines that told of pain resolutely endured.

“Oh mocking Magic Watch!” I said to myself, as I passed out of the little town, and took the seaward road that led to my lodgings. “The good I fancied I could do is vanished like a dream: the evil of this troublesome world is the only abiding reality!”

And now I must record an experience so strange, that I think it only fair, before beginning to relate it, to release my much-enduring reader from any obligation he may feel to believe this part of my story, I would not have believed it, I freely confess, if I had not seen it with my own eyes: then why should I expect it of my reader, who, quite possibly, has never seen anything of the sort?

I was passing a pretty little villa, which stood rather back from the road, in its own grounds, with bright flower-beds in front- creepers wandering over the walls and hanging in festoons about the bow-windows- an easy-chair forgotten on the lawn, with a newspaper lying near it- a small pug-dog “couchant” before it, resolved to guard the treasure even at the sacrifice of life- and a front-door standing invitingly half-open. “Here is my chance”, I thought, “for testing the reverse action of the Magic Watch!” I pressed the “reversal-peg” and walked in. In another house, the entrance of a stranger might cause surprise- perhaps anger, even going so far as to expel the said stranger with violence: but here, I knew, nothing of the sort could happen. The ordinary course of events- first, to think nothing about me; then, hearing my footsteps to look up and see me; and then to wonder what business I had there- would be reversed by the action of my Watch. They would first wonder who I was, then see me, then look down, and think no more about me.

And as to being expelled with violence, that event would necessarily come first in this case. "So, if I can once get in", I said to myself, "all risk of expulsion will be over!"

The pug-dog sat up, as a precautionary measure, as I passed; but, as I took no notice of the treasure he was guarding, he let me go by without even one remonstrant bark. "He that takes my life," he seemed to be saying, wheezily, to himself, "takes trash: But he that takes the Daily Telegraph-!" But this awful contingency I did not face.

The party in the drawing-room- I had walked straight in, you understand, without ringing the bell, or giving any notice of my approach- consisted of four laughing rosy children, of ages from about fourteen down to ten, who were, apparently, all coming towards the door (I found they were really walking backwards), while their mother, seated by the fire with some needle-work on her lap, was saying, just as I entered the room, "Now, girls, you may get your things on for a walk."

To my utter astonishment- for I was not yet accustomed to the action of the Watch- "all smiles ceased" (as Browning says) on the four pretty faces, and they all got out pieces of needle-work, and sat down. No one noticed me in the least, as I quietly took a chair and sat down to watch them.

When the needle-work had been unfolded, and they were all ready to begin, their mother said "Come, that's done, at last! You may fold up your work, girls." But the children took no notice whatever of the remark; on the contrary, they set to work at once sewing- if that is the proper word to describe an operation such as

I had never before witnessed. Each of them threaded her needle with a short end of thread attached to the work, which was instantly pulled by an invisible force through the stuff, dragging the needle after it: the nimble fingers of the little sempstress caught it at the other side, but only to lose it again the next moment. And so the work went on, steadily undoing itself, and the neatly-stitched little dresses, or whatever they were, steadily falling to pieces. Now and then one of the children would pause, as the recovered thread became inconveniently long, wind it on a bobbin, and start again with another short end.

At last all the work was picked to pieces and put away, and the lady led the way into the next room, walking backwards, and making the insane remark "Not yet-, dear: we must get the sewing done first." After which, I was not surprised to see the children skipping backwards after her, exclaiming "Oh, mother, it is such a lovely day for a walk!"

In the dining-room, the table had only dirty plates and empty dishes on it. However the party- with the addition of a gentleman, as good-natured, and as rosy, as the children- seated themselves at it very contentedly.

You have seen people eating cherry-tart. and every now and then cautiously conveying a cherry-stone from their lips to their plates? Well, something like that went on all through this ghastly- or shall we say "ghostly"?- banquet. An empty fork is raised to the lips: there it receives a neatly-cut piece of mutton, and swiftly conveys it to the plate, where it instantly attaches itself to the mutton already there. Soon one of the plates, furnished with a complete slice of mutton and two

potatoes, was handed up to the presiding gentleman, who quietly replaced the slice on the joint, and the potatoes in the dish.

Their conversation was, if possible, more bewildering than their mode of dining. It began by the youngest girl suddenly, and without provocation, addressing her eldest sister. "Oh, you wicked story-teller!" she said.

I expected a sharp reply from the sister; but, instead of this, she turned laughingly to her father, and said, in a very loud stage-whisper, "To be a bride!"

The father, in order to do his part in a conversation that seemed only fit for lunatics, replied "Whisper it to me, dear."

But she didn't whisper (these children never did anything they were told): she said, quite loud, "Of course not! Everybody knows what Dolly wants!"

And little Dolly shrugged her shoulders, and said, with a pretty pettishness, "Now, Father, you're not to tease! You know I don't want to be bride's-maid to anybody!"

"And Dolly's to be the fourth," was her father's idiotic reply.

Here Number Three put in her oar. "Oh, it is settled, Mother dear, really and truly! Mary told us all about it. It's to be next Tuesday four weeks- and three of her cousins are coming to be bride's-maids- and-"

"She doesn't forget it Minnie!" the Mother laughingly replied. "I do wish they'd get it settled! I don't like long engagements."

And Minnie wound up the conversation- if so chaotic a series of remarks deserves the name- with “Only think! We passed the Cedars this morning, just exactly as Mary Davenant was standing at the gate, wishing good-bye to Mister- I forget his name. Of course we looked the other way.”

By this time I was so hopelessly confused that I gave up listening, and followed the dinner down into the kitchen.

But to you, O hypercritical reader, resolute to believe no item of this weird adventure, what need to tell how the mutton was placed on the spit, and slowly unroasted- how the potatoes were wrapped in their skins, and handed over to the gardener to be buried- how, when the mutton had at length attained to rawness, the fire, which had gradually changed from red-heat to a mere blaze, died down so suddenly that the cook had only just time to catch its last flicker on the end of a match- or how the maid, having taken the mutton off the spit, carried it (backwards, of course) out of the house, to meet the butcher, who was coming (also backwards) down the road?

The longer I thought over this strange adventure, the more hopelessly tangled the mystery became: and it was a real relief to meet Arthur in the road, and get him to go with me up to the Hall, to learn what news the telegraph had brought. I told him, as we went, what had happened at the Station, but as to my further adventures I thought it best, for the present, to say nothing.

The Earl was sitting alone when we entered. “I am glad you are come in to keep me company,” he said. “Muriel is gone to bed- the excitement of that terrible

scene was too much for her- and Eric has gone to the hotel to pack his things, to start for London by the early train.”

“Then the telegram has come” I said.

“Did you not hear? Oh, I had forgotten: it came in after you left the Station. Yes, it’s all right: Eric has got his commission; and, now that he has arranged matters with Muriel, he has business in town that must be seen to at once.”

“What arrangement do you mean?” I asked with a sinking heart, as the thought of Arthur’s crushed hopes came to my mind. “Do you mean that they are engaged?”

“They have been engaged- in a sense-for two years,” the old man gently replied: “that is, he has had my promise to consent to it, so soon as he could secure a permanent and settled line in life. I could never be happy with my child married to a man without an object to live for- without even an object to die for!”

“I hope they will be happy,” a strange voice said. The speaker was evidently in the room, but I had not heard the door open, and I looked around in some astonishment. The Earl seemed to share my surprise. “Who spoke?” he exclaimed.

“It was I,” said Arthur, looking at us with a worn, haggard face, and eyes from which the light of life seemed suddenly to have faded. “And let me wish you joy also, dear friend,” he added, looking sadly at the Earl, and speaking in the same hollow tones that had startled us so much.

“Thank you,” the old man said, simply and heartily.

A silence followed: then I rose, feeling sure that Arthur would wish to be alone, and bade our gentle host "Good night": Arthur took his hand, but said nothing: nor did he speak again, as we went home, till we were in the house and had lit our bed-room candles. Then he said, more to himself than to me, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness. I never understood those words till now."

The next few days passed wearily enough. I felt no inclination to call again, by myself, at the Hall; still less to propose that Arthur should go with me: it seemed better to wait till Time- that gentle healer of our bitterest sorrows- should have helped him to recover from the first shock of the disappointment that had blighted his life.

Business, however, soon demanded my presence in town; and I had to announce to Arthur that I must leave him for a while. "But I hope to run down again in a month," I added. "I would stay now, if I could. I don't think it's good for you to be alone."

"No, I ca'n't face solitude, here, for long," said Arthur. "But don't think about me. I have made up my mind to accept a post in India, that has been offered me. Out there, I suppose I shall find something to live for; I ca'n't see anything at present. 'This life of mine I guard, as God's high gift, from scathe and wrong, Not greatly care to lose!'"

"Yes," I said: "your name-sake bore as heavy a blow, and lived through it."

“A far heavier one than mine,” said Arthur. “The woman he loved proved false. There is no such cloud as that on my memory of- of-” He left the name unuttered, and went on hurriedly. “But you will return, will you not?”

“Yes, I shall come back for a short time.”

“Do,” said Arthur: “and you shall write and tell me of our friends. I’ll send you my address when I’m settled down.”

CHAPTER XXIV

The Frogs' Birthday-Treat

AND so it came to pass that, just a week after the day when my Fairy-friends first appeared as Children, I found myself taking a farewell-stroll through the wood, in the hope of meeting them once more. I had but to stretch myself on the smooth turf, and the "eerie" feeling was on me in a moment.

"Put oor ear welly low down," said Bruno, "and I'll tell oo a secret! It's the Frogs' Birthday-Treat- and we've lost the Baby!"

"What Baby?" I said, quite bewildered by this complicated piece of news.

"The Queen's Baby, a course!" said Bruno. "Titania's Baby. And we's welly sorry. Sylvie, she's- oh so sorry!"

"How sorry is she?" I asked, mischievously.

"Three-quarters of a yard," Bruno replied with perfect solemnity. "And I'm a little sorry too," he added, shutting his eyes so as not to see that he was smiling.

"And what are you doing about the Baby?"

"Well, the soldiers are all looking for it- up and down- everywhere."

"The soldiers?" I exclaimed.

“Yes, a course!” said Bruno. “When there’s no fighting to be done, the soldiers doo any little odd jobs, oo know.”

I was amused at the idea of its being a “little odd job” to find the Royal Baby. “But how did you come to lose it?” I asked.

“We put it in a flower,” Sylvie, who had just joined us, explained with her eyes full of tears. “Only we ca’n’t remember which!”

“She says us put it in a flower,” Bruno interrupted, “‘cause she doesn’t want I to get punished. But it were really me what put it there. Sylvie were picking Dindledums.”

“You shouldn’t say ‘us put it in a flower’,” Sylvie very gravely remarked.

“Well, hus, then,” said Bruno. “I never can remember those horrid H’s!”

“Let me help you to look for it,” I said. So Sylvie and I made a “voyage of discovery” among all the flowers; but there was no Baby to be seen.

“What’s become of Bruno?” I said, when we had completed our tour.

“He’s down in the ditch there,” said Sylvie, “amusing a young Frog.”

I went down on my hands and knees to look for him, for I felt very curious to know how young Frogs ought to be amused. After a minute’s search, I found him sitting at the edge of the ditch, by the side of the little Frog, and looking rather disconsolate.

“How are you getting on, Bruno?” I said, nodding to him as he looked up.

“Ca’n’t amuse it no more,” Bruno answered, very dolefully, “‘cause it wo’n’t say what it would like to do next! I’ve showed it all the duck-weeds- and a live caddis-worm- but it wo’n’t say nuffin! What- would oo- like?” he shouted into the ear of the Frog: but the little, creature sat quite still, and took no notice of him. “It’s deaf, I think!” Bruno said, turning away with a sigh. “And it’s time to get the Theatre ready.”

“Who are the audience to be?”

“Only but Frogs,” said Bruno. “But they haven’t comed yet. They wants to be drove up, like sheep.”

“Would it save time”, I suggested, “if I were to walk round with Sylvie, to drive up the Frogs, while you get the Theatre ready?”

“That are a good plan!” cried Bruno. “But where are Sylvie?”

“I’m here!” said Sylvie, peeping over the edge of the bank. “I was just watching two Frogs that were having a race.”

“Which won it?” Bruno eagerly enquired.

Sylvie was puzzled. “He does ask such hard questions!” she confided to me.

“And what’s to happen in the Theatre?” I asked.

“First they have their Birthday-Feast,” Sylvie said: “then Bruno does some Bits of Shakespeare; then he tells them a Story.”

“I should think the Frogs like the Feast best. Don’t they?”

“Well, there’s generally very few of them that get any. They will keep their mouths shut so tight! And it’s just as well they do,” she added, “because Bruno likes to cook it himself: and he cooks very queerly. Now they’re all in. Would you just help me to put them with their heads the right way?”

We soon managed this part of the business, though the Frogs kept up a most discontented croaking all the time.

“What are they saying?” I asked Sylvie.

“They’re saying ‘Fork! Fork!’ It’s very silly of them! You’re not going to have forks!” she announced with some severity. “Those that want any Feast have just got to open their mouths, and Bruno’ll put some of it in!”

At this moment Bruno appeared, wearing a little white apron to show that he was a Cook, and carrying a tureen full of very queer-looking soup. I watched very carefully as he moved about among the Frogs; but I could not see that any of them opened their mouths to be fed- except one very young one, and I’m nearly sure it did it accidentally, in yawning. However, Bruno instantly put a large spoonful of soup into its mouth, and the poor little thing coughed violently for some time.

So Sylvie and I had to share the soup between us, and to pretend to enjoy it, for it certainly was very queerly cooked.

I only ventured to take one spoonful of it (“Sylvie’s Summer-Soup,” Bruno said it was), and must candidly confess that it was not at all nice; and I could not feel surprised that so many guests had kept their mouths shut up tight.

“What’s the soup made of, Bruno?” said Sylvie, who had put a spoonful of it to her lips, and was making a wry face over it.

And Bruno’s answer was anything but encouraging. “Bits of things!”

The entertainment was to conclude with “Bits of Shakespeare”, as Sylvie expressed it, which were all to be done by Bruno, Sylvie being fully engaged in making the Frogs keep their heads towards the stage: after which Bruno was to appear in his real character, and tell them a Story of his own invention.

“Will the Story have a Moral to it?” I asked Sylvie, while Bruno was away behind the hedge, dressing for the first “Bit”.

“I think so,” Sylvie replied doubtfully. “There generally is a Moral, only he puts it in too soon.”

“And will he say all the Bits of Shakespeare?”

“No, he’ll only act them,” said Sylvie. “He knows hardly any of the words. When I see what he’s dressed like, I’ve to tell the Frogs what character it is. They’re always in such a hurry to guess! Don’t you hear them all saying ‘What? What?’” And so indeed they were: it had only sounded like croaking, till Sylvie explained it, but I could now make out the “Wawt? Wawt?” quite distinctly.

“But why do they try to guess it before they see it?”

“I don’t know,” Sylvie said: “but they always do. Sometimes they begin guessing weeks and weeks before the day!”

(So now, when you hear the Frogs croaking in a particularly melancholy way, you may be sure they’re trying to guess Bruno’s next Shakespeare “Bit”. Isn’t that interesting?)

However, the chorus of guessing was cut short by Bruno, who suddenly rushed on from behind the scenes, and took a flying leap down among the Frogs, to re-arrange them.

For the oldest and fattest Frog- who had never been properly arranged so that he could see the stage, and so had no idea what was going on- was getting restless, and had upset several of the Frogs, and turned others round with their heads the wrong way. And it was no good at all, Bruno said, to do a “Bit” of Shakespeare when there was nobody to look at it (you see he didn’t count me as anybody). So he set to work with a stick, stirring them up, very much as you would stir up tea in a cup, till most of them had at least one great stupid eye gazing at the stage.

“Oo must come and sit among them, Sylvie,” he said in despair, “I’ve put these two side-by-side, with their noses the same way, ever so many times, but they do squarrel so!”

So Sylvie took her place as “Mistress of the Ceremonies”, and Bruno vanished again behind the scenes, to dress for the first “Bit”.

“Hamlet!” was suddenly proclaimed, in the clear sweet tones I knew so well. The croaking all ceased in a moment, and I turned to the stage, in some curiosity to see what Bruno’s ideas were as to the behaviour of Shakespeare’s greatest Character.

According to this eminent interpreter of the Drama, Hamlet wore a short black cloak (which he chiefly used for muffling up his face, as if he suffered a good deal from toothache), and turned out his toes very much as he walked. “To be or not to be!” Hamlet remarked in a cheerful tone, and then turned head-over-heels several times, his cloak dropping off in the performance.

I felt a little disappointed: Bruno’s conception of the part seemed so wanting in dignity. “Wo’n’t he say any more of the speech?” I whispered to Sylvie.

“I think not,” Sylvie whispered in reply. “He generally turns head-over-heels when he doesn’t know any more words.”

Bruno had meanwhile settled the question by disappearing from the stage; and the Frogs instantly began enquiring the name of the next Character.

“You’ll know directly!” cried Sylvie, as she adjusted two or three young Frogs that had struggled round with their backs to the stage. “Macbeth!” she added, as Bruno re-appeared.

Macbeth had something twisted round him, that went over one shoulder and under the other arm, and was meant, I believe, for a Scotch plaid. He had a thorn in his hand, which he held out at arm’s length, as if he were a little afraid of it. “Is

this a dagger?" Macbeth enquired, in a puzzled sort of tone: and instantly a chorus of "Thorn! Thorn!" arose from the Frogs (I had quite learned to understand their croaking by this time).

"It's a dagger!" Sylvie proclaimed in a peremptory tone. "Hold your tongues!" and the croaking ceased at once.

Shakespeare has not told us, so far as I know, that Macbeth had any such eccentric habit as turning head-over-heels in private life: but Bruno evidently considered it quite an essential part of the character, and left the stage in a series of somersaults. However, he was back again in a few moments, having tucked under his chin the end of a tuft of wool (probably left on the thorn by a wandering sheep), which made a magnificent beard, that reached nearly down to his feet.

"Shylock!" Sylvie proclaimed. "No, I beg your pardon!" she hastily corrected herself, "King Lear! I hadn't noticed the crown." (Bruno had very cleverly provided one, which fitted him exactly, by cutting out the centre of a dandelion to make room for his head.)

King Lear folded his arms (to the imminent peril of his beard) and said, in a mild explanatory tone, "Ay, every inch a king!" and then paused, as if to consider how this could best be proved. And here, with all possible deference to Bruno as a Shakespearean critic, I must express my opinion that the poet did not mean his three great tragic heroes to be so strangely alike in their personal habits; nor do I believe that he would have accepted the faculty of turning head-over-heels as any proof at all of royal descent. Yet it appeared that King Lear, after deep meditation,

could think of no other argument by which to prove his kingship: and, as this was the last of the “Bits” of Shakespeare (“We never do more than three!” Sylvie explained in a whisper), Bruno gave the audience quite a long series of somersaults before he finally retired, leaving the enraptured Frogs all crying out “More! More!” which I suppose was their way of encoring a performance. But Bruno wouldn’t appear again, till the proper time came for telling the Story.

When he appeared at last in his real character, I noticed a remarkable change in his behaviour. He tried no more somersaults. It was clearly his opinion that, however suitable the habit of turning head-over-heels might be to such petty individuals as Hamlet and King Lear, it would never do for Bruno to sacrifice his dignity to such an extent. But it was equally clear that he did not feel entirely at his ease, standing all alone on the stage, with no costume to disguise him: and though he began, several times, “There were a Mouse-”, he kept glancing up and down, and on all sides, as if in search of more comfortable quarters from which to tell the Story. Standing on one side of the stage, and partly overshadowing it, was a tall fox-glove, which seemed, as the evening breeze gently swayed it hither and thither, to offer exactly the sort of accommodation that the orator desired. Having once decided on his quarters, it needed only a second or two for him to run up the stem like a tiny squirrel, and to seat himself astride on the topmost bend, where the fairy-bells clustered most closely, and from whence he could look down on his audience from such a height that all shyness vanished, and he began his Story merrily.

“Once there were a Mouse and a Crocodile and a Man and a Goat and a Lion.” I had never heard the “dramatis personae” tumbled into a story with such profusion and in such reckless haste; and it fairly took my breath away. Even Sylvie gave a little gasp, and allowed three of the Frogs, who seemed to be getting tired of the entertainment, to hop away into the ditch, without attempting to stop them.

“And the Mouse found a Shoe, and it thought it were a Mouse-trap. So it got right in, and it stayed in ever so long.”

“Why did it stay in?” said Sylvie. Her function seemed to be much the same as that of the Chorus in a Greek Play: she had to encourage the orator, and draw him out, by a series of intelligent questions.

“‘Cause it thought it couldn’t get out again,” Bruno explained. “It were a clever mouse. It knew it couldn’t get out of traps!”

“But why did it go in at all?” said Sylvie.

“-and it jamp, and it jamp,” Bruno proceeded, ignoring this question, “and at last it got right out again. And it looked at the mark in the Shoe. And the Man’s name were in it. So it knew it wasn’t its own Shoe.”

“Had it thought it was?” said Sylvie.

“Why, didn’t I tell oo it thought it were a Mouse-trap?” the indignant orator replied. “Please, Mister Sir, will oo make Sylvie attend?” Sylvie was silenced, and

was all attention: in fact, she and I were most of the audience now, as the Frogs kept hopping away, and there were very few of them left.

“So the Mouse gave the Man his Shoe. And the Man were welly glad, ‘cause he hadn’t got but one Shoe, and he were hopping to get the other.”

Here I ventured on a question. “Do you mean ‘hopping’, or ‘hoping’?”

“Bofe,” said Bruno. “And the Man took the Goat out of the Sack.” (“We haven’t heard of the sack before,” I said. “Now you wo’n’t hear of it again,” said Bruno.) “And he said to the Goat, ‘Oo will walk about here till I comes back.’ And he went and he tumbled into a deep hole. And the Goat walked round and round. And it walked under the Tree. And it wug its tail. And it looked up in the Tree. And it sang a sad little Song. Oo never heard such a sad little Song!”

“Can you sing it, Bruno?” I asked.

“Iss, I can,” Bruno readily replied. “And I sa’n’t. It would make Sylvie cry-”

“It wouldn’t!” Sylvie interrupted in great indignation.

“And I don’t believe the Goat sang it at all!”

“It did, though!” said Bruno. “It singed it right froo. I sawed it singing with its long beard-”

“It couldn’t sing with its beard,” I said, hoping to puzzle the little fellow: “a beard isn’t a voice.”

“Well then, oo couldn’t walk with Sylvie!” Bruno cried triumphantly. “Sylvie isn’t a foot!”

I thought I had better follow Sylvie’s example, and be silent for a while. Bruno was too sharp for us.

“And when it had singed all the Song, it ran away- for to get along to look for the Man, oo know. And the Crocodile got along after it- for to bite it, oo know. And the Mouse got along after the Crocodile.”

“Wasn’t the Crocodile running?” Sylvie enquired. She appealed to me. “Crocodiles do run, don’t they?”

I suggested “crawling” as the proper word.

“He wasn’t running,” said Bruno, “and he wasn’t crawling. He went struggling along like a portmanteau. And he held his chin ever so high in the air-”

“What did he do that for?” said Sylvie.

“Cause he hadn’t got a toofache!” said Bruno. “Ca’n’t oo make out nuffin wizout I ‘splain it? Why, if he’d had a toofache, a course he’d have held his head down- like this- and he’d have put a lot of warm blankets round it!”

“If he’d had any blankets,” Sylvie argued.

“Course he had blankets!” retorted her brother. “Doos oo think Crocodiles goes walks wizout blankets? And he frowned with his eyebrows. And the Goat was welly flightened at his eyebrows!”

“I’d never be afraid of eyebrows!” exclaimed Sylvie.

“I should think oo would, though, if they’d got a Crocodile fastened to them, like these had! And so the Man jump, and he jump, and at last he got right out of the hole.”

Sylvia gave another little gasp: this rapid dodging about among the characters of the Story had taken away her breath.

“And he runned away- for to look for the Goat, oo know. And he heard the Lion grunting-”

“Lions don’t grunt,” said Sylvie.

“This one did,” said Bruno. “And its mouth were like a large cupboard. And it had plenty of room in its mouth. And the Lion runned after the Man- for to eat him, oo know. And the Mouse runned after the Lion.”

“But the Mouse was running after the Crocodile,” I said: “he couldn’t run after both!”

Bruno sighed over the density of his audience, but explained very patiently. “He did runned after bofe: ‘cause they went the same way! And first he caught the Crocodile, and then he didn’t catch the Lion. And when he’d caught the Crocodile, what doos oo think he did- ‘cause he’d got pincers in his pocket?”

“I ca’n’t guess,” said Sylvie.

“Nobody couldn’t guess it!” Bruno cried in high glee.

“Why, he wrenched out that Crocodile’s toof!”

“Which tooth?” I ventured to ask.

But Bruno was not to be puzzled. “The toof he were going to bite the Goat with, a course!”

“He couldn’t be sure about that”, I argued, “unless he wrenched out all its teeth.”

Bruno laughed merrily, and half sang, as he swung himself backwards and forwards, “He did- wrenched- out- all its teef!”

“Why did the Crocodile wait to have them wrenched out?” said Sylvie.

“It had to wait,” said Bruno.

I ventured on another question. “But what became of the Man who said ‘You may wait here till I come back’?”

“He didn’t say ‘Oo may’,” Bruno explained. “He said, ‘Oo will.’ just like Sylvie says to me ‘Oo will do oor lessons till twelve o’clock.’ Oh, I wiss,” he added with a little sigh, “I wiss Sylvie would say ‘Oo may do oor lessons’!”

This was a dangerous subject for discussion, Sylvie seemed to think. She returned to the Story. “But what became of the Man?”

“Well, the Lion springed at him. But it came so slow, it were three weeks in the air-”

“Did the Man wait for it all that time?” I said.

“Course he didn’t!” Bruno replied, gliding head-first down the stem of the fox-glove, for the Story was evidently close to its end. “He sold his house, and he packed up his things, while the Lion were coming. And he went and he lived in another town. So the Lion ate the wrong man.”

This was evidently the Moral: so Sylvie made her final proclamation to the Frogs. “The Story’s finished! And whatever is to be learned from it,” she added, aside to me, “I’m sure I don’t know!”

I did not feel quite clear about it myself, so made no suggestion: but the Frogs seemed quite content, Moral or no Moral, and merely raised a husky chorus of “Off! Off!” as they hopped away.

CHAPTER XXV

Looking Eastward

“IT’S just a week”, I said, three days later, to Arthur, “since we heard of Lady Muriel’s engagement. I think I ought to call, at any rate, and offer my congratulations. Wo’n’t you come with me?”

A pained expression passed over his face. “When must you leave us?” he asked.

“By the first train on Monday.”

“Well- yes, I will come with you. It would seem strange and unfriendly if I didn’t. But this is only Friday. Give me till Sunday afternoon. I shall be stronger then.”

Shading his eyes with one hand, as if half-ashamed of the tears that were coursing down his cheeks, he held the other out to me. It trembled as I clasped it.

I tried to frame some words of sympathy; but they seemed poor and cold, and I left them unspoken. “Good night!” was all I said.

“Good night, dear friend!” he replied. There was a manly vigour in his tone that convinced me he was wrestling with, and triumphing over, the great sorrow that had so nearly wrecked his life- and that, on the stepping-stone of his dead self, he would surely rise to higher things!

There was no chance, I was glad to think, as we set out on Sunday afternoon, of meeting Eric at the Hall, as he had returned to town the day after his engagement was announced. His presence might have disturbed the calm- the almost unnatural calm- with which Arthur met the woman who had won his heart, and murmured the few graceful words of sympathy that the occasion demanded.

Lady Muriel was perfectly radiant with happiness: sadness could not live in the light of such a smile: and even Arthur brightened under it, and, when she remarked “You see I’m watering my flowers, though it is the Sabbath-Day,” his voice had almost its old ring of cheerfulness as he replied “Even on the Sabbath-Day works of mercy are allowed. But this isn’t the Sabbath-Day. The Sabbath-Day has ceased to exist.”

“I know it’s not Saturday,” Lady Muriel replied: “but isn’t Sunday often called ‘the Christian Sabbath’?”

“It is so called, I think, in recognition of the spirit of the Jewish institution, that one day in seven should be a day of rest. But I hold that Christians are freed from the literal observance of the Fourth Commandment.”

“Then where is our authority for Sunday observance?”

“We have, first, the fact that the seventh day was ‘sanctified’, when God rested from the work of Creation. That is binding on us as Theists. Secondly, we have the fact that ‘the Lord’s Day’ is a Christian institution. That is binding on us as Christians.”

“And your practical rules would be-?”

“First, as Theists, to keep it holy in some special way, and to make it, so far as is reasonably possible, a day of rest: Secondly, as Christians, to attend public worship.”

“And what of amusements?”

“I would say of them, as of all kinds of work, whatever is innocent on a week-day, is innocent on Sunday, provided it does not interfere with the duties of the day.”

“Then you would allow children to play on Sunday?”

“Certainly I should. Why make the day irksome to their restless natures?”

“I have a letter somewhere,” said Lady Muriel, “from an old friend, describing the way in which Sunday was kept in her younger days. I will fetch it for you.”

“I had a similar description, *viva voce*, years ago,” Arthur said when she had left us, “from a little girl. It was really touching to hear the melancholy tone in which she said ‘On Sunday I mustn’t play with my doll! On Sunday I mustn’t run on the sands! On Sunday I mustn’t dig in the garden!’ Poor child! She had indeed abundant cause for hating Sunday!”

“Here is the letter,” said Lady Muriel, returning. “Let me read you a piece of it.”

“When, as a child, I first opened my eyes on a Sunday-morning, a feeling of dismal anticipation, which began at least on the Friday, culminated. I knew what was before me, and my wish, if not my word, was ‘Would God it were evening!’ It was no day of rest, but a day of texts, of catechisms (Watts’), of tracts about converted swearers, godly char-women, and edifying deaths of sinners saved.

“Up with the lark, hymns and portions of Scripture had to be learned by heart till 8 o’clock, when there were family-prayers, then breakfast, which I was never able to enjoy, partly from the fast already undergone, and partly from the outlook I dreaded.

“At 9 came Sunday-School; and it made me indignant to be put into the class with the village-children, as well as alarmed lest, by some mistake of mine, I should be put below them.

“The Church-Service was a veritable Wilderness of Zin. I wandered in it, pitching the tabernacle of my thoughts on the lining of the square family-pew, the fidgets of my small brothers, and the horror of knowing that, on the Monday, I should have to write out, from memory, jottings of the rambling disconnected extempore sermon, which might have any text but its own, and to stand or fall by the result.

“This was followed by a cold dinner at 1 (servants to have no work), Sunday-School again from 2 to 4, and Evening-Service at 6. The intervals were perhaps

the greatest trial of all, from the efforts I had to make, to be less than usually sinful, by reading books and sermons as barren as the Dead Sea. There was but one rosy spot, in the distance, all that day: and that was 'bed-time', which never could come too early!"

"Such teaching was well meant, no doubt," said Arthur; "but it must have driven many of its victims into deserting the Church-Services altogether."

"I'm afraid I was a deserter this morning," she gravely said. "I had to write to Eric. Would you- would you mind my telling you something he said about Prayer? It had never struck me in that light before."

"In what light?" said Arthur.

"Why, that all Nature goes by fixed, regular laws- Science has proved that. So that asking God to do anything (except of course praying for spiritual blessings) is to expect a miracle: and we've no right to do that. I've not put it as well as he did: but that was the outcome of it, and it has confused me. Please tell me what you can say in answer to it."

"I don't propose to discuss Captain Lindon's difficulties," Arthur gravely replied; "specially as he is not present. But, if it is your difficulty," (his voice unconsciously took a tender tone) "then I will speak."

"It is my difficulty," she said anxiously.

“Then I will begin by asking ‘Why did you except spiritual blessings?’ Is not your mind a part of Nature?”

“Yes, but Free-Will comes in there- I can choose this or that; and God can influence my choice.”

“Then you are not a Fatalist?”

“Oh, no!” she earnestly exclaimed.

“Thank God!” Arthur said to himself, but in so low a whisper that only I heard it. “You grant then that I can, by an act of free choice, move this cup”, suiting the action to the word, “this way or that way?”

“Yes, I grant it.”

“Well, let us see how far the result is produced by fixed laws. The cup moves because certain mechanical forces are impressed on it by my hand. My hand moves because certain forces- electric, magnetic, or whatever ‘nerve-force’ may prove to be- are impressed on it by my brain. This nerve-force, stored in the brain, would probably be traceable, if Science were complete, to chemical forces supplied to the brain by the blood, and ultimately derived from the food I eat and the air I breathe.”

“But would not that be Fatalism? Where would Free-Will come in?”

“In choice of nerves,” replied Arthur. “The nerve-force in the brain may flow just as naturally down one nerve as down another. We need something more than

a fixed Law of Nature to settle which nerve shall carry it. That ‘something’ is Free-Will.”

Her eyes sparkled. “I see what you mean!” she exclaimed. “Human Free-Will is an exception to the system of fixed Law. Eric said something like that. And then I think he pointed out that God can only influence Nature by influencing Human Wills. So that we might reasonably pray ‘give us this day our daily bread’, because many of the causes that produce bread are under Man’s control. But to pray for rain, or fine weather, would be as unreasonable as-” she checked herself, as if fearful of saying something irreverent.

In a hushed, low tone, that trembled with emotion, and with the solemnity of one in the presence of death, Arthur slowly replied “Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? Shall we, ‘the swarm that in the noon-tide beam were born,’ feeling in ourselves the power to direct, this way or that, the forces of Nature- of Nature, of which we form so trivial a part- shall we, in our boundless arrogance, in our pitiful conceit, deny that power to the Ancient of Days? Saying, to our Creator, ‘Thus far and no further. Thou madest, but thou canst not rule!’?”

Lady Muriel had covered her face in her hands, and did not look up. She only murmured “Thanks, thanks!” again and again.

We rose to go. Arthur said, with evident effort, “One word more. If you would know the power of Prayer- in anything and everything that Man can need- try it. Ask, and it shall be given you. I- have tried it. I know that God answers prayer!”

Our walk home was a silent one, till we had nearly reached the lodgings: then Arthur murmured- and it was almost an echo of my own thoughts- "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

The subject was not touched on again. We sat on, talking, while hour after hour, of this our last night together, glided away unnoticed. He had much to tell me about India, and the new life he was going to, and the work he hoped to do. And his great generous soul seemed so filled with noble ambition as to have no space left for any vain regret or selfish repining.

"Come, it is nearly morning!" Arthur said at last, rising and leading the way upstairs. "The sun will be rising in a few minutes: and, though I have basely defrauded you of your last chance of a night's rest here, I'm sure you'll forgive me: for I really couldn't bring myself to say 'Good night' sooner. And God knows whether you'll ever see me again, or hear of me!"

"Hear of you I am certain I shall!" I warmly responded, and quoted the concluding lines of that strange poem "Waring":

"Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar!
Look East, where whole new thousands are!
In Vishnu-land what Avatar?"

“Aye, look Eastward!” Arthur eagerly replied, pausing at the stair-case window, which commanded a fine view of the sea and the eastward horizon. “The West is the fitting tomb for all the sorrow and the sighing, all the errors and the follies of the Past: for all its withered Hopes and all its buried Loves! From the East comes new strength, new ambition, new Hope, new Life, new Love! Look Eastward! Aye, look Eastward!”

His last words were still ringing in my ears as I entered my room, and undrew the window-curtains, just in time to see the sun burst in glory from his ocean-prison, and clothe the world in the light of a new day.

“So may it be for him, and me, and all of us!” I mused.

“All that is evil, and dead, and hopeless, fading with the Night that is past! All that is good, and living, and hopeful, rising with the dawn of Day!

“Fading, with the Night, the chilly mists, and the noxious vapours, and the heavy shadows, and the wailing gusts, and the owl’s melancholy hootings: rising, with the Day, the darting shafts of light, and the wholesome morning breeze, and the warmth of a dawning life, and the mad music of the lark! Look Eastward!

“Fading, with the Night, the clouds of ignorance, and the deadly blight of sin, and the silent tears of sorrow: and ever rising, higher, higher, with the Day, the radiant dawn of knowledge, and the sweet breath of purity, and the throb of a world’s ecstasy! Look Eastward!

“Fading, with the Night, the memory of a dead love, and the withered leaves of a blighted hope, and the sickly repinings and moody regrets that numb the best energies of the soul: and rising, broadening, rolling upward like a living flood, the manly resolve, and the dauntless will, and the heavenward gaze of faith- the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen!

“Look Eastward! Aye, look Eastward!”

THE END

1862

STOLEN WATERS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Stolen Waters (1862) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: The light was faint, and soft the air / That breathed around the place;...

STOLEN WATERS

THE light was faint, and soft the air That breathed around the place; And she was lithe, and tall, and fair, And with a wayward grace Her queenly head she bare.

With glowing cheek, with gleaming eye, She met me on the way: My spirit owned the witchery Within her smile that lay: I followed her, I know not why.

The trees were thick with many a fruit, The grass with many a flower: My soul was dead, my tongue was mute, In that accursed hour.

And, in my dream, with silvery voice, She said, or seemed to say, "Youth is the season to rejoice" I could not choose but stay: I could not say her nay.

She plucked a branch above her head; With rarest fruitage laden: "Drink of the juice, Sir Knight," she said: "Tis good for knight and maiden."

Oh, blind mine eye that would not trace Oh, deaf mine ear that would not heed The mocking smile upon her face, The mocking voice of greed!

I drank the juice; and straightway felt A fire within my brain:

My soul within me seemed to melt In sweet delirious pain.

"Sweet is the stolen draught," she said: "Hath sweetness stint or measure? Pleasant the secret hoard of bread:

What bars us from our pleasure?"

"Yea, take we pleasure while we may," I heard myself replying.

In the red sunset, far away, My happier life was dying:

My heart was sad, my voice was gay.

And unawares, I knew not how, I kissed her dainty finger-tips, I
kissed her on the lily brow, I kissed her on the false, false lips
That burning kiss, I feel it now!

"True love gives true love of the best: Then take", I cried, "my
heart to thee!" The very heart from out my breast I plucked, I gave
it willingly: Her very heart she gave to me
Then died the glory from the west.

In the gray light I saw her face, And it was withered, old, and gray;
The flowers were fading in their place, Were fading with the
fading day.

Forth from her, like a hunted deer, Through all that ghastly night I
fled, And still behind me seemed to hear Her fierce unflagging
tread; And scarce drew breath for fear.

Yet marked I well how strangely seemed The heart within my
breast to sleep: Silent it lay, or so I dreamed, With never a throb or
leap.

For hers was now my heart, she said, The heart that once had been
mine own: And in my breast I bore instead A cold, cold heart of
stone.

So grew the morning overhead.

The sun shot downward through the trees

His old familiar flame: All ancient sounds upon the breeze From
copse and meadow came
But I was not the same.

They call me mad: I smile, I weep, Uncaring how or why:

Yea, when one's heart is laid asleep, What better than to die? So
that the grave be dark and deep.

To die! To die? And yet, methinks, I drink of life, to-day, Deep as
the thirsty traveler drinks Of fountain by the way: My voice is sad,
my heart is gay.

When yestereve was on the wane, I heard a clear voice singing So
sweetly that, like summer-rain, My happy tears came springing:

My human heart returned again.

“A rosy child, Sitting and singing, in a garden fair, The joy of hearing, seeing, The simple joy of being
Or twining rosebuds in the golden hair That ripples free and wild.

“A sweet pale child Wearily looking to the purple West Waiting the great For-ever That suddenly shall sever The cruel chains that hold her from her rest
By earth-joys unbeguiled.

“An angel-child Gazing with living eyes on a dead face: N The mortal form forsaken, That none may now awaken, That lieth painless, moveless in her place, As though in death she smiled!

“Be as a child So shalt thou sing for very joy of breath So shalt thou wait thy dying, In holy transport lying
So Pass rejoicing through the gate of death, In garment undefiled.”

Then call me what they will, I know That now my soul is glad: If this be madness, better so, Far better to be mad, Weeping or smiling as I go.

For if I weep, it is that now I see how deep a loss is mine, And feel how brightly round my brow The coronal might shine, Had I but kept mine early vow:

And if I smile, it is that now I see the promise of the years The garland waiting for my brow, That must be won with tears, With pain- with death- I care not how.

May 9, 1862.

THE END

1853

SOLITUDE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Solitude (1853) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. This poem marked the first use of the "Lewis Carroll" pseudonym. Opening lines: I love the stillness of the wood: / I love the music of the rill:...

SOLITUDE

I LOVE the stillness of the wood:
 I love the music of the rill:
 I love to couch in pensive mood
 Upon some silent hill.

Scarce heard, beneath yon arching trees,
 The silver-crested ripples pass;
 And, like a mimic brook, the breeze
 Whispers among the grass.

Here from the world I win release,
 Nor scorn of men, nor footstep rude,
 Break in to mar the holy peace
 Of this great solitude.
 Here may the silent tears I weep
 Lull the vexed spirit into rest,
 As infants sob themselves to sleep
 Upon a mother's breast.

But when the bitter hour is gone,
 And the keen throbbing pangs are still,
 Oh, sweetest then to couch alone
 Upon some silent hill!

To live in joys that once have been,
 To put the cold world out of sight,
 And deck life's drear and barren scene
 With hues of rainbow-light.

For what to man the gift of breath,
 If sorrow be his lot below;
 If all the day that ends in death
 Be dark with clouds of woe?

Shall the poor transport of an hour
 Repay long years of sore distress
 The fragrance of a lonely flower
 Make glad the wilderness?

Ye golden hours of Life's young spring,

Of innocence, of love and truth!
Bright, beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy-dream of youth!

I'd give all wealth that years have piled,
The slow result of Life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one bright summer-day.
March 16, 1853.

THE END

1863

SIZE AND TEARS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *Size and Tears* (1863) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: When on the sandy shore I sit, / Beside the salt sea-wave,...

SIZE AND TEARS

WHEN on the sandy shore I sit, Beside the salt sea-wave, And falling into a weeping fit Because I dare not shave A little whisper at my ear Enquires the reason of my fear.

I answer "If that ruffian Jones Should recognise me here, He'd bellow out my name in tones Offensive to the ear: He chaffs me so on being stout (A thing that always puts me out)."

Ah me! I see him on the cliff!

Farewell, farewell to hope, If he should look this way, and if He's got his telescope!

To whatsoever place I flee, My odious rival follows me!

For every night, and everywhere, I meet him out at dinner; And when I've found some charming fair, And vowed to die or win her, The wretch (he's thin and I am stout) Is sure to come and cut me out!

The girls (just like them!) all agree To praise J. Jones, Esquire: I ask them what on earth they see About him to admire? They cry " He is so sleek and slim, It's quite a treat to look at him!"

They vanish in tobacco smoke, Those visionary maids I feel a sharp and sudden poke Between the shoulder-blades "Why, Brown, my boy! You're growing stout!" (I told you he would find me out!)

"My growth is not your business, Sir!" "No more it is, my boy!"

But if it's yours, as I infer, Why, Brown, I give you joy!

A man, whose business prospers so, Is just the sort of man to know!

“It’s hardly safe, though, talking here I’d best get out of reach: For such a weight as yours, I fear, Must shortly sink the beach!” Insult me thus because I’m stout!

I vow I’ll go and call him out!

THE END

1845

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Rules and Regulations (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: A short direction / To avoid dejection,...

RULES AND REGULATIONS

A SHORT direction To avoid dejection, By variations In occupations, And prolongation Of relaxation, And combinations Of recreations, And disputation On the state of the nation In adaptation To your station, By invitations To friends and relations, By evitation Of amputation, By permutation In conversation, And deep reflection You'll avoid dejection.

Learn well your grammar, And never stammer, Write well and neatly, And sing most sweetly, Be enterprising, Love early rising, Go walk of six miles, Have ready quick smiles, With lightsome laughter, Soft flowing after.

Drink tea, not coffee; Never eat toffy.

Eat bread with butter.

Once more, don't stutter.

Don't waste your money, Abstain from honey.

Shut doors behind you, (Don't slam them, mind you.) Drink beer, not porter.

Don't enter the water Till to swim you are able.

Sit close to the table.

Take care of a candle.

Shut a door by the handle, Don't push with your shoulder Until you are older.

Lose not a button.

Refuse cold mutton.

Starve your canaries.

Believe in fairies.

If you are able, Don't have a stable With any mangers.
Be rude to strangers.
Moral: Behave.

THE END

1883

RHYME? AND REASON?

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Rhyme? and Reason? (1883) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines:
"I'm EMInent in RHYME!" she said. / "I make WRY Mouths of RYE-Meal
gruel!"

RHYME? AND REASON?

(To Miss Emmie Drury.)

“I’m EMInent in RHYME!” she said.

“I make WRY Mouths of RYE-Meal gruel!”

The Poet smiled, and shook his head:

“Is REASON, then, the missing jewel?”

THE END

1870

PUZZLES FROM WONDERLAND

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Puzzles from Wonderland (1870) - Seven puzzles written in verse with solutions.

Opening lines of the first puzzle: Dreaming of apples on a wall, /
And dreaming often, dear,...

PUZZLES FROM WONDERLAND

I

DREAMING of apples on a wall, And dreaming often, dear, I
dreamed that, if I counted all, -How many would appear?

II

***A stick I found that weighed two pound: I sawed it up one day In
pieces eight of equal weight!***

How much did each piece weigh? (Everybody says "a quarter of a
pound", which is wrong.)

III

John gave his brother James a box: About it there were many locks.

James woke and said it gave him pain; So gave it back to John
again.

The box was not with lid supplied, Yet caused two lids to open
wide: And all these locks had never a key
What kind of a box, then,
could it be?

IV

What is most like a bee in May? "Well, let me think: perhaps-" you
say Bravo! You're guessing well to-day!

V

Three sisters at breakfast were feeding the cat, The first gave it sole- Puss was grateful for that: The next gave it salmon- which Puss thought a treat: The third gave it herring- which Puss wouldn't eat.

(Explain the conduct of the cat.)

VI

Said the Moon to the Sun, "Is the daylight begun?" Said the Sun to the Moon, "Not a minute too soon."

"You're a Full Moon," said he.

She replied with a frown, "Well! I never did see So uncivil a clown!" (Query. Why was the moon so angry?)

VII

WHEN the King found that his money was nearly all gone, and that he really must live more economically, he decided on sending away most of his Wise Men. There were some hundreds of them- very fine old men, and magnificently dressed in green velvet gowns with gold buttons: if they had a fault, it was that they always contradicted one another when he asked for their advice and they certainly ate and drank enormously. So, on the whole, he was rather glad to get rid of them. But there was an old law, which he did not dare to disobey, which said that there must always be

"Seven blind of both eyes: Two blind of one eye:

Four that see with both eyes: Nine that see with one eye." (Query. How many did he keep?)

SOLUTIONS

I

Ten.

II

In Shylock's bargain for the flesh was found No mention of the blood that flowed around: So when the stick was sawed in eight, The sawdust lost diminished from the weight.

III

As curly-headed Jemmy was sleeping in bed, His brother John gave him a blow on the head; James opened his eyelids, and spying his brother, Doubled his fist, and gave him another.

This kind of box then is not so rare; The lids are the eyelids, the locks are the hair, And so every schoolboy can tell to his cost, The key to the tangles is constantly lost.

IV

'Twixt "Perhaps" and "May be" Little difference we see: Let the question go round, The answer is found.

V

That salmon and sole Puss should think very grand Is no such remarkable thing.

For more of these dainties Puss took up her stand; But when the third sister stretched out her fair hand Pray why should Puss swallow her ring?

VI

"In these degenerate days", we oft hear said, "Manners are lost and chivalry is dead!" No wonder, since in high exalted spheres

The same degeneracy, in fact, appears.

The Moon, in social matters interfering, Scolded the Sun, when early in appearing; And the rude Sun, her gentle sex ignoring, Called her a fool, thus her pretensions flooring.

VII

Five seeing, and seven blind Give us twelve, in all, we find; But all of these, 'tis very plain, Come into account again.

For take notice, it may be true, That those blind of one eye are blind for two; And consider contrariwise, That to see with your eye you may have your eyes; So setting one against the other For a mathematician no great bother And working the sum, you will understand That sixteen wise men still trouble the land.

THE END

1869

PUZZLE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Puzzle (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: When .a.y and I.a told .a..ie they'd seen a / Small ..ea.u.e with .i..., dressed in crimson and blue,...

PUZZLE

(To Mary, Ina, and Harriet or "Hartie" Watson.) WHEN .a.y and I.a told .a..ie they'd seen a Small ..ea.u.e with .i..., dressed in crimson and blue, .a..ie cried "'Twas a.ai.y! Why, I.a and .a.y, I should have been happy if I had been you!" Said .a.y "You wouldn't." Said I.a "You shouldn't. Since you ca'n't be us, and we couldn't be you. You are one, my dear .a..ie, but we are a.a.y, And a.i...e.i. tells us that one isn't two."

THE END

1845

PUNCTUALITY

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Punctuality (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Man naturally loves delay, / And to procrastinate;...

PUNCTUALITY

MAN naturally loves delay, And to procrastinate; Business put off
from day to day Is always done too late.

Let every hour be in its place Firm fixed, nor loosely shift, And
well enjoy the vacant space, As though a birthday gift.

And when the hour arrives, be there, Where'er that "there" may
be; Uncleanly hands or ruffled hair Let no one ever see.

If dinner at "half-past" be placed, At "half-past" then be dressed.

If at a "quarter-past" make haste To be down with the rest.

Better to be before your time, Than e'er to be behind; To ope the
door while strikes the chime, That shows a punctual mind.

Moral Let punctuality and care Seize every flitting hour, So shalt
thou cull a floweret fair, E'en from a fading flower.

THE END

1891

PUCK LOST AND FOUND

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Puck Lost and Found (1891) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. An acrostic. Opening lines: Puck has fled the haunts of men: / Ridicule has made him weary:...

PUCK LOST AND FOUND ACROSTIC

["Inscribed in two books... presented to a little girl and boy, as a sort of memento of a visit paid by them to the author one day, on which occasion he taught them the pastime of folding paper 'pistols'."]

PUCK has fled the haunts of men: Ridicule has made him wary:

In the woods, and down the glen, No one meets a Fairy!

"Cream!" the greedy Goblin cries
Empties the deserted dairy
Steals the spoons, and off he flies.

Still we seek our Fairy!

Ah! What form is entering? Lovelit eyes and laughter airy!

Is not this a better thing, Child, whose visit thus I sing,

Even than a Fairy? Nov. 22, 1891.

PUCK has ventured back agen: Ridicule no more affrights him:

In the very haunts of men Newer sport delights him.

Capering lightly to and fro, Ever frolicking and funning
"Crack!" the mimic pistols go!

Hark! The noise is stunning!

All too soon will Childhood gay Realize Life's sober sadness.

Let's be merry while we may, Innocent and happy Fay!

Elves were made for gladness!

Nov. 25, 1891.

THE END

1863

POETA FIT, NON NASCITUR

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Poeta Fit, non Nascitur (1860-63) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines:

"How shall I be a poet? / How shall I write in rhyme:...

POETA FIT NON NASCITUR

“HOW shall I be a poet?
 How shall I write in rhyme:
 You told me once ‘the very wish
 Partook of the sublime’.
 Then tell me how! Don’t put me off
 With your ‘another time!’”

The old man smiled to see him,
 To hear his sudden sally;
 He liked the lad to speak his mind
 Enthusiastically;
 And thought “There’s no hum-drum in him,
 Nor any shilly-shally.”

“And would you be a poet
 Before you’ve been to school?
 Ah, well I hardly thought you
 So absolute a fool.
 First learn to be spasmodic-

A very simple rule.

“For first you write a sentence,
 And then you chop it small;
 Then mix the bits, and sort them out
 Just as they chance to fall:
 The order of the phrases makes
 No difference at all.

“Then, if you’d be impressive,
 Remember what I say,
 That abstract qualities begin
 With capitals alway:
 The True, the Good, the Beautiful
 Those are the things that pay!

“Next, when you are describing
 A shape, or sound, or tint;
 Don’t state the matter plainly,
 But put it in a hint;

And learn to look at all things
With a sort of mental squint.”

“For instance, if I wished, Sir,
Of mutton-pies to tell,
Should I say ‘dreams of fleecy flocks
Pent in a wheaten cell?’”
“Why, yes,” the old man said: “that phrase
Would answer very well.

“Then fourthly, there are epithets
That suit with any word
As well as Harvey’s Reading Sauce
With fish, or flesh, or bird
Of these, ‘wild’, ‘lonely’, ‘weary’, ‘strange’,
Are much to be preferred.”

“And will it do, O will it do
To take them in a lump
As ‘the wild man went his weary way
To a strange and lonely pump?’”
“Nay, nay! You must not hastily
To such conclusions jump.

“Such epithets, like pepper,

Give zest to what you write;
And, if you strew them sparely,
They whet the appetite:
But if you lay them on too thick,
You spoil the matter quite!

“Last, as to the arrangement:
Your reader, you should show him,
Must take what information he
Can get, and look for no im-
mature disclosure of the drift
And purpose of your poem.

“Therefore, to test his patience
How much he can endure
Mention no places, names, or dates,
And evermore be sure
Throughout the poem to be found

Consistently obscure.

“First fix upon the limit
To which it shall extend:
Then fill it up with ‘Padding’
(Beg some of any friend):
Your great SENSATION-STANZA
You place towards the end.”

“And what is a Sensation,
Grandfather, tell me, pray?
I think I never heard the word
So used before to-day:
Be kind enough to mention one
‘Exempli gratia’.”

And the old man, looking sadly
Across the garden-lawn,
Where here and there a dew-drop
Yet glittered in the dawn,
Said “Go to the Adelphi,
And see the ‘Colleen Bawn’.

“The word is due to Boucicault
The theory is his,
Where life becomes a Spasm,

And History a Whiz:
If that is not Sensation,
I don’t know what it is.

“Now try your hand, ere Fancy
Have lost its present glow-“
“And then”, his grandson added,
“We’ll publish it, you know:
Green cloth- gold-lettered at the back
In duodecimo!”

Then proudly smiled that old man
To see the eager lad
Rush madly for his pen and ink
And for his blotting-pad
But, when he thought of publishing,
His face grew stern and sad.

THE END

1855

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Photography Extraordinary (1855) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Alas! she would not hear my prayer! / Yet it were rash to tear my hair;...

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY

The Milk and Water School
 ALAS! she would not hear my prayer!
 Yet it were rash to tear my hair; Disfigured, I should be less fair.
 She was unwise, I may say blind; Once she was lovingly inclined;
 Some circumstance has changed her mind.

The Strong Minded or Matter of Fact School
 Well! so my offer was no go!
 She might do worse, I told her so; She was a fool to answer "No".
 However, things are as they stood; Nor would I have her if I could,
 For there are plenty more as good.
 The Spasmodic or German School
 Firebrands and daggers! hope hath fled!
 To atoms dash the doubly dead!
 My brain is fire- my heart is lead!
 Her soul is flint, and what am I? Scorch'd by her fierce, relentless
 eye, Nothingness is my destiny!

THE END

1869

PHANTASMAGORIA

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *Phantasmagoria* (1869) - A seven canto poem about a friendly ghost who expounds on "Hys Fyve Rules" for haunting. Opening lines: One winter night, at half-past nine, / Cold, tired, and cross, and muddy,...

CANTO I

The Trystyng

ONE winter night, at half-past nine, Cold, tired, and cross, and muddy, I had come home, too late to dine, And supper, with cigars and wine, Was waiting in the study.

There was a strangeness in the room, And Something white and wavy Was standing near me in the gloom I took it for the carpet-broom Left by that careless slavey.

But presently the Thing began To shiver and to sneeze:

On which I said "Come, come, my man!"

That's a most inconsiderate plan, Less noise there, if you please!"

"I've caught a cold", the Thing replies, "Out there upon the landing." I turned to look in some surprise, And there, before my very eyes, A little Ghost was standing!

He trembled when he caught my eye, And got behind a chair.

"How came you here," I said, "and why? I never saw a thing so shy.

Come out! Don't shiver there!"

He said "I'd gladly tell you how, And also tell you why; But" (here he gave a little bow) "You're in so bad a temper now, You'd think it all a lie.

“And as to being in a fright, Allow me to remark That Ghosts have just as good a right, In every way, to fear the light, As Men to fear the dark.”

“No plea”, said I, “can well excuse Such cowardice in you: For Ghosts can visit when they choose, Whereas we Humans ca’n’t refuse To grant the interview.”

He said “A flutter of alarm Is not unnatural, is it? I really feared you meant some harm: But, now I see that you are calm, Let me explain my visit.

“Houses are classed, I beg to state, According to the number Of Ghosts that they accommodate: (The Tenant merely counts as weight, With Coals and other lumber).

“This is a ‘one-ghost’ house, and you, When you arrived last summer, May have remarked a Spectre who Was doing all that Ghosts can do To welcome the new-comer.

“In Villas this is always done However cheaply rented: For, though of course there’s less of fun When there is only room for one, Ghosts have to be contented.

“That Spectre left you on the Third Since then you’ve not been haunted: For, as he never sent us word, ‘Twas quite by accident we heard That any one was wanted.

“A Spectre has first choice, by right, In filling up a vacancy;

Then Phantom, Goblin, Elf, and Sprite If all these fail them, they invite The nicest Ghoul that they can see.

“The Spectres said the place was low, And that you kept bad wine:

So, as a Phantom had to go, And I was first, of course, you know, I couldn’t well decline.”

“No doubt”, said I, “they settled who Was fittest to be sent:

Yet still to choose a brat like you, To haunt a man of forty-two, Was no great compliment!”

“I’m not so young, Sir,” he replied, “As you might think. The fact is, In caverns by the water-side, And other places that I’ve tried, I’ve had a lot of practice:

“But I have never taken yet A strict domestic part, And in my flurry I forget The Five Good Rules of Etiquette We have to know by heart.”

My sympathies were warming fast Towards the little fellow:

He was so utterly aghast At having found a Man at last, And
looked so scared and yellow.

“At least”, I said, “I’m glad to find A Ghost is not a dumb thing!

***But pray sit down: you’ll feel inclined (If, like myself, you have
not dined) To take a snack of something: “Though, certainly, you
don’t appear A thing to offer food to!***

And then I shall be glad to hear If you will say them loud and clear
The Rules that you allude to.”

“Thanks! You shall hear them by and by.

This is a piece of luck!” “What may I offer you?” said I.

“Well, since you are so kind, I’ll try A little bit of duck.

“One slice! And may I ask you for Another drop of gravy?” I sat
and looked at him in awe, For certainly I never saw A thing so
white and wavy.

And still he seemed to grow more white, More vapoury, and
wavier Seen in the dim and flickering light, As he proceeded to
recite His “Maxims of Behaviour”.

CANTO II

Hys Fyve Rules

“MY First- but don’t suppose”, he said, “I’m setting you a riddle Is-
if your Victim be in bed, Don’t touch the curtains at his head, But
take them in the middle, “And wave them slowly in and out, While
drawing them asunder; And in a minute’s time, no doubt, He’ll
raise his head and look about With eyes of wrath and wonder.

“And here you must on no pretence Make the first observation.

Wait for the Victim to commence: No Ghost of any common sense
Begins a conversation.

“If he should say ‘How came you here?’ (The way that you began,
Sir), In such a case your course is clear ‘On the bat’s back, my little
dear!’ Is the appropriate answer.

“If after this he says no more, You’d best perhaps curtail your
Exertions- go and shake the door, And then, if he begins to snore,
You’ll know the thing’s a failure.

“By day, if he should be alone At home or on a walk You merely
give a hollow groan, To indicate the kind of tone In which you
mean to talk.

“But if you find him with his friends, The thing is rather harder.

In such a case success depends On picking up some candle-ends,
Or butter, in the larder.

“With this you make a kind of slide (It answers best with suet), On
which you must contrive to glide, And swing yourself from side to
side One soon learns how to do it.

“The Second tells us what is right In ceremonious calls: ‘First burn a
blue or crimson light’ (A thing I quite forgot to-night), ‘Then
scratch the door or walls.’”

I said “You’ll visit here no more, If you attempt the Guy.

I’ll have no bonfires on my floor And, as for scratching at the door,
I’d like to see you try!”

“The Third was written to protect The interests of the Victim, And
tells us, as I recollect, To treat him with a grave respect, And not to
contradict him.”

“That’s plain”, said I, “as Tare and Tret, To any comprehension:

I only wish some Ghosts I’ve met Would not so constantly forget
The maxim that you mention!”

“Perhaps”, he said, “you first transgressed The laws of hospitality;
All Ghosts instinctively detest The Man that fails to treat his guest
With proper cordiality.

“If you address a Ghost as ‘Thing!’ Or strike him with a hatchet, He
is permitted by the King To drop all formal parleying And then
you’re sure to catch it!

“The Fourth prohibits trespassing Where other Ghosts are
quartered: And those convicted of the thing (Unless when
pardoned by the King) Must instantly be slaughtered.

“That simply means ‘be cut up small’:

Ghosts soon unite anew: The process scarcely hurts at all Not more
than when you’re what you call ‘Cut up’ by a Review.

“The Fifth is one you may prefer That I should quote entire: The
King must be addressed as ‘Sir’.

This, from a simple courtier, Is all the Laws require:

“But, should you wish to do the thing With out-and-out politeness, Accost him as ‘My Goblin King!’ And always use, in answering, The phrase ‘Your Royal Whiteness.....!’

“I’m getting rather hoarse, I fear, After so much reciting:

So if you don’t object, my dear, We’ll try a glass of bitter beerI think it looks inviting.”

CANTO III

Scarmoges

“AND did you really walk”, said I, “On such a wretched night? I always fancied Ghosts could flyIf not exactly in the sky, Yet at a fairish height.”

“It’s very well”, said he, “for Kings To soar above the earth:

But Phantoms often find that wingsLike many other pleasant thingsCost more than they are worth.

“Spectres of course are rich, and so Can buy them from the Elves:

But we prefer to keep belowThey’re stupid company, you know, For any but themselves: “For, though they claim to be exempt From pride, they treat a Phantom As something quite beneath contemptJust as no Turkey ever dreamt Of noticing a Bantam.”

“They seem too proud”, said I, “to go To houses such as mine.

Pray, how did they contrive to know So quickly that ‘the place was low’, And that I ‘kept bad wine’?”

“Inspector Kobold came to you-” The little Ghost began.

Here I broke in- “Inspector who? Inspecting Ghosts is something new!

Explain yourself, my man!”

“His name is Kobald,” said my guest:

“One of the Spectre order: You’ll very often see him dressed In a yellow gown, a crimson vest, And a night-cap with a border.

“He tried the Brocken business first, But caught a sort of chill; So came to England to be nursed, And here it took the form of thirst, Which he complains of still.

“Port-wine, he says, when rich and sound, Warms his old bones like nectar: And as the inns, where it is found, Are his especial hunting-ground, We call him the Inn-Spectre.”

I bore it- bore it like a man This agonizing witticism!

And nothing could be sweeter than My temper, till the Ghost
began Some most provoking criticism.

“Cooks need not be indulged in waste; Yet still you’d better teach
them Dishes should have some sort of taste.

Pray, why are all the cruets placed Where nobody can reach them?

“That man of yours will never earn His living as a waiter!

Is that queer thing supposed to burn? (It’s far too dismal a concern
To call a Moderator.)

“The duck was tender, but the peas Were very much too old:

And just remember, if you please, The next time you have toasted
cheese, Don’t let them send it cold.

“You’ll find the bread improved, I think, By getting better flour:

And have you anything to drink That looks a little less like ink,
And isn’t quite so sour?”

Then, peering round with curious eyes, He muttered “Goodness
gracious!” And so went on to criticize “Your room’s an
inconvenient size: It’s neither snug nor spacious.

“That narrow window, I expect, Serves but to let the dusk in-“ “But
please”, said I, “to recollect “Twas fashioned by an architect Who
pinned his faith on Ruskin!”

“I don’t care who he was, Sir, or On whom he pinned his faith!

Constructed by whatever law, So poor a job I never saw, As I’m a
living Wraith!

“What a re-markable cigar!

How much are they a dozen?” I growled “No matter what they
are!

You’re getting as familiar As if you were my cousin!

“Now that’s a thing I will not stand, And so I tell you flat.” “Aha,”
said he, “we’re getting grand!” (Taking a bottle in his hand) “I’ll
soon arrange for that!”

And here he took a careful aim, And gaily cried “Here goes!” I
tried to dodge it as it came, But somehow caught it, all the same,
Exactly on my nose.

And I remember nothing more That I can clearly fix, Till I was
sitting on the floor, Repeating “Two and five are four,
But five and two are six.”

What really passed I never learned, Nor guessed: I only know
That, when at last my sense returned, The lamp, neglected, dimly
burnedThe fire was getting lowThrough driving mists I seemed to
see A Thing that smirked and smiled: And found that he was
giving me A lesson in Biography, As if I were a child.

CANTO IV

Hys Nouryture

“OH, when I was a little Ghost, A merry time had we!
Each seated on his favourite post, We chumped and chawed the
buttered toast They gave us for our tea.”
“That story is in print!” I cried “Don’t say it’s not, because It’s
known as well as Bradshaw’s Guide!” (The Ghost uneasily replied
He hardly thought it was.)

“It’s not in Nursery Rhymes? And yet I almost think it is“Three
little Ghosteses’ were set ‘On posteses’, you know, and ate Their
‘buttered toasteses’.

“I have the book; so if you doubt it-” I turned to search the shelf.

“Don’t stir!” he cried. “We’ll do without it I now remember all
about it; I wrote the thing myself.

“It came out in a ‘Monthly’, or At least my agent said it did:

Some literary swell, who saw It, thought it seemed adapted for The
Magazine he edited.

“My father was a Brownie, Sir; My mother was a Fairy.

The notion had occurred to her, The children would be happier, If
they were taught to vary.

“The notion soon became a craze; And, when it once began, she
Brought us all out in different waysOne was a Pixy, two were Fays,
Another was a Banshee; “The Fetch and Kelpie went to school And
gave a lot of trouble; Next came a Poltergeist and Ghoul, And then
two Trolls (which broke the rule), A Goblin, and a Double“ (If that’s
a snuff-box on the shelf,” He added with a yawn, “I’ll take a
pinch)- next came an Elf, And then a Phantom (that’s myself), And
last, a Leprechaun.

“One day, some Spectres chanced to call, Dressed in the usual white: I stood and watched them in the hall, And couldn’t make them out at all, They seemed so strange a sight.

“I wondered what on earth they were, That looked all head and sack; But Mother told me not to stare, And then she twitched me by the hair, And punched me in the back.

“Since then I’ve often wished that I Had been a Spectre born.

But what’s the use?” (He heaved a sigh.) “They are the ghost-nobility, And look on us with scorn.

“My phantom-life was soon begun: When I was barely six, I went out with an older one And just at first I thought it fun, And learned a lot of tricks.

“I’ve haunted dungeons, castles, towers Wherever I was sent:

I’ve often sat and howled for hours, Drenched to the skin with driving showers, Upon a battlement.

“It’s quite old-fashioned now to groan When you begin to speak:

This is the newest thing in tone-“ And here (it chilled me to the bone) He gave an awful squeak.

“Perhaps”, he added, “to your ear That sounds an easy thing? Try it yourself, my little dear!

It took me something like a year, With constant practising.

“And when you’ve learned to squeak, my man, And caught the double sob, You’re pretty much where you began: Just try and gibber if you can!

That’s something like a job! “I’ve tried it, and can only say I’m sure you couldn’t do it, even if you practised night and day, Unless you have a turn that way, And natural ingenuity.

“Shakespeare I think it is who treats Of Ghosts, in days of old, Who ‘gibbered in the Roman streets’, Dressed, if you recollect, in sheets They must- have found it cold.

“I’ve often spent ten pounds on stuff, In dressing as a Double; But, though it answers as a puff, It never has effect enough To make it worth the trouble.

“Long bills soon quenched the little thirst I had for being funny.

The setting-up is always worst: Such heaps of things you want at first, One must be made of money!

“For instance, take a Haunted Tower, With skull, cross-bones, and sheet; Blue lights to burn (say) two an hour, Condensing lens of

extra power, And set of chains complete: “What with the things
you have to hireThe fitting on the robeAnd testing all the coloured
fireThe outfit of itself would tire The patience of a Job!

“And then they’re so fastidious, The Haunted-House Committee:
I’ve often known them make a fuss Because a Ghost was French, or
Russ, Or even from the City!

“Some dialects are objected toFor one, the Irish brogue is: And
then, for all you have to do, One pound a week they offer you, And
find yourself in Bogies!”

CANTO V

Byckermert

“DON’T they consult the ‘Victims’, though?” I said. “They should,
by rights, Give them a chance- because, you know, The tastes of
people differ so, Especially in Sprites.”

The Phantom shook his head and smiled.

“Consult them? Not a bit!

‘Twould be a job to drive one wild, To satisfy one single
childThere’d be no end to it!”

“Of course you ca’n’t leave children free”, Said I, “to pick and
choose:But, in the case of men like me, I think ‘Mine Host’ might
fairly be Allowed to state his views.”

He said “It really wouldn’t payFolk are so full of fancies.

We visit for a single day, And whether then we go, or stay,
Depends on circumstances.

“And, though we don’t consult ‘Mine Host’ Before the thing’s
arranged, Still, if he often quits his post, Or is not a well-mannered
Ghost, Then you can have him changed.

“But if the host’s a man like youI mean a man of sense; And if the
house is not too new-“ “Why, what has that”, said I, “to do With
Ghost’s convenience?”

“A new house does not suit, you knowIt’s such a job to trim it: But,
after twenty years or so, The wainscotings begin to go, So twenty is
the limit.”

“To trim” was not a phrase I could Remember having heard:

“Perhaps”, I said, “you’ll be so good As tell me what is understood
Exactly by that word?”

“It means the loosening all the doors,” The Ghost replied, and laughed: “It means the drilling holes by scores In all the skirting-boards and floors, To make a thorough draught.

“You’ll sometimes find that one or two Are all you really need To let the wind come whistling through But here there’ll be a lot to do!” I faintly gasped “Indeed!

“If I’d been rather later, I’ll Be bound,” I added, trying (Most unsuccessfully) to smile, “You’d have been busy all this while, Trimming and beautifying?”

“Why, no,” said he; “perhaps I should Have stayed another minute But still no Ghost, that’s any good, Without an introduction would Have ventured to begin it.

“The proper thing, as you were late, Was certainly to go:

But, with the roads in such a state, I got the Knight-Mayor’s leave to wait For half an hour or so.”

“Who’s the Knight-Mayor?” I cried. Instead Of answering my question, “Well, if you don’t know that,” he said, “Either you never go to bed, Or you’ve a grand digestion!

“He goes about and sits on folk That eat too much at night:

His duties are to pinch, and poke, And squeeze them till they nearly choke.” (I said “It serves them right!”)

“And folk who sup on things like these-” He muttered, “eggs and bacon Lobster- and duck- and toasted cheese If they don’t get an awful squeeze, I’m very much mistaken!

“He is immensely fat, and so Well suits the occupation:

In point of fact, if you must know, We used to call him years ago, The Mayor and Corporation!

“The day he was elected Mayor I know that every Sprite meant To vote for me, but did not dare He was so frantic with despair And furious with excitement.

“When it was over, for a whim, He ran to tell the King; And being the reverse of slim, A two-mile trot was not for him A very easy thing.

“So, to reward him for his run (As it was baking hot, And he was over twenty stone), The King proceeded, half in fun, To knight him on the spot.”

“’Twas a great liberty to take!” (I fired up like a rocket.) “He did it just for punning’s sake:

‘The man’, says Johnson, ‘that would make
A pun, would pick a pocket!’”

“A man” said he, “is not a King.” I argued for a while, And did my best to prove the thing
The Phantom merely listening With a contemptuous smile.

At last, when, breath and patience spent, I had recourse to smoking
“Your aim”, he said, “is excellent:

But- when you call it argumentOf course you’re only joking?”

Stung by his cold and snaky eye, I roused myself at length To say,
“At least I do defy The veriest sceptic to deny That union is strength!”

“That’s true enough,” said he, “yet stay-” I listened in all meekness-
“Union is strength, I’m bound to say; In fact, the thing’s as clear as day;
But onions are a weakness.”

CANTO VI

Discomfyture

AS one who strives a hill to climb, Who never climbed before:

Who finds it, in a little time, Grow every moment less sublime,
And votes the thing a bore: Yet, having once begun to try, Dares not desert his quest,
But, climbing, ever keeps his eye On one small hut against the sky
Wherein he hopes to rest: Who climbs till nerve and force are spent,
With many a puff and pant: Who still, as rises the ascent,
In language grows more violent, Although in breath more scant:
Who, climbing, gains at length the place That crowns the upward track:
And, entering with unsteady pace, Receives a buffet in the face
That lands him on his back:

And feels himself, like one in sleep, Glide swiftly down again, A helpless weight,
from steep to steep, Till, with a headlong giddy sweep,
He drops upon the plainSo I, that had resolved to bring Conviction to a ghost,
And found it quite a different thing From any human arguing,
Yet dared not quit my post.

But, keeping still the end in view To which I hoped to come, I strove to prove the matter true
By putting everything I knew

Into an axiom: Commencing every single phrase
With "therefore" or "because", I blindly reeled, a hundred ways,
About the syllogistic maze, Unconscious where I was.

Quoth he "That's regular clap-trap: Don't bluster any more.
Now do be cool and take a nap!

Such a ridiculous old chap Was never seen before!

"You're like a man I used to meet, Who got one day so furious
In arguing, the simple heat Scorched both his slippers off his feet!" I
said "That's very curious!"

"Well, it is curious, I agree, And sounds perhaps like fibs:

But still it's true as true can be As sure as your name's Tibbs," said
he.

I said "My name's not Tibbs."

"Not Tibbs!" he cried- his tone became A shade or two less
hearty "Why, no," said I. "My proper name Is Tibbets- " "Tibbets?"
"Aye, the same." "Why, then YOU'RE NOT THE PARTY!"

With that he struck the board a blow That shivered half the glasses.

"Why couldn't you have told me so Three quarters of an hour ago,
You prince of all the asses?

"To walk four miles through mud and rain, To spend the night in
smoking, And then to find that it's in vain And I've to do it all
again It's really too provoking!

"Don't talk!" he cried, as I began To mutter some excuse.

"Who can have patience with a man That's got no more discretion
than An idiotic goose?

"To keep me waiting here, instead Of telling me at once That this
was not the house!" he said.

"There, that'll do- be off to bed!

Don't gape like that, you dunce!"

"It's very fine to throw the blame On me in such a fashion!

Why didn't you enquire my name The very minute that you
came?" I answered in a passion.

"Of course it worries you a bit To come so far on foot But how was I
to blame for it?" "Well, well!" said he. "I must admit

That isn't badly put.

"And certainly you've given me The best of wine and
victual Excuse my violence," said he, "But accidents like this, you
see, They put one out a little.

“’Twas my fault after all, I find
Shake hands, old Turnip-top!” The
name was hardly to my mind, But, as no doubt he meant it kind, I
let the matter drop.

“Good-night, old Turnip-top, good-night!”

When I am gone, perhaps They’ll send you some inferior Sprite,
Who’ll keep you in a constant fright And spoil your soundest naps.

“Tell him you’ll stand no sort of trick; Then, if he leers and
chuckles, You just be handy with a stick (Mind that it’s pretty hard
and thick) And rap him on the knuckles!

“Then carelessly remark ‘Old coon!’

Perhaps you’re not aware That if you don’t behave, you’ll soon Be
chuckling to another tune And so you’d best take care!’

“That’s the right way to cure a Sprite Of such-like goings-on But
gracious me! It’s getting light!

Good-night, old Turnip-top, good-night!” A nod, and he was gone.

CANTO VII

Sad Souvenaunce

“WHAT’S this?” I pondered. “Have I slept? Or can I have been
drinking?” But soon a gentler feeling crept Upon me, and I sat and
wept An hour or so, like winking.

“No need for Bones to hurry so!” I sobbed. “In fact, I doubt If it
was worth his while to go And who is Tibbs, I’d like to know, To
make such work about?

“If Tibbs is anything like me, It’s possible”, I said, “He won’t be
over-pleased to be Dropped in upon at half-past three, After he’s
snug in bed.

“And if Bones plagues him anyhow Squeaking and all the rest of it,
As he was doing here just now I prophesy there’ll be a row, And
Tibbs will have the best of it!”

Then, as my tears could never bring The friendly Phantom back, It
seemed to me the proper thing To mix another glass, and sing The
following Coronach.

“And art thou gone, beloved Ghost? Best of Familiars!

Nay, then, farewell, my duckling roast, Farewell, farewell, my tea
and toast, My meerschaum and cigars!

***The hues of life are dull and gray, The sweets of life insipid, When
thou, my charmer, art away Old Brick, or rather, let me say, Old
Parallelepiped!”***

Instead of singing Verse the Third, I ceased- abruptly, rather:

But, after such a splendid word I felt that it would be absurd To try
it any farther.

So with a yawn I went my way To seek the welcome downy, And
slept, and dreamed till break of day Of Poltergeist and Fetch and
Fay And Leprechaun and Brownie!

For years I’ve not been visited By any kind of Sprite; Yet still they
echo in my head, Those parting words, so kindly said, “Old
Turnip-top, good-night!”

THE END

1862

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Only a Woman's Hair (1862) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: "Only a woman's hair!" Fling it aside! / A bubble on life's mighty stream:...

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR

["After the death of Dean Swift, there was found among his papers a small packet containing a single lock of hair and inscribed with the above words."]

"ONLY a woman's hair!" Fling it aside!

A bubble on Life's mighty stream:

Heed it not, man, but watch the broadening tide
Bright with the western beam.

Nay! In those words there rings from other years
The echo of a long low cry,
Where a proud spirit wrestles with its tears
In loneliest agony.

And, as I touch that lock, strange visions throng
Upon my soul with dreamy grace
Of woman's hair, the theme of poet's song
In every time and place.

A child's bright tresses, by the breezes kissed
To sweet disorder as she flies,
Veiling, beneath a cloud of golden mist,
Flushed cheek and laughing eyes
Or fringing, like a shadow, raven-black,
The glory of a queen-like face
Or from a gipsy's sunny brow tossed back
In wild and wanton grace
Or crown-like on the hoary head of Age,
Whose tale of life is well-nigh told
Or, last, in dreams I make my pilgrimage
To Bethany of old.

I see the feast- the purple and the gold;
The gathering crowd of Pharisees,
Whose scornful eyes are centred to behold
Yon woman on her knees.

The stifled sob rings strangely on mine ears, Wrung from the depth
of sin's despair: And still she bathes the sacred feet with tears, And
wipes them with her hair.

He scorned not then the simple loving deed Of her, the lowest and
the last; Then scorn not thou, but use with earnest heed This relic
of the past.

The eyes that loved it once no longer wake: So lay it by with
reverent care Touching it tenderly for sorrow's sake It is a woman's
hair.

Feb. 17, 1862.

THE END

1861

ODE TO DAMON

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Ode to Damon (1861) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: "Oh, do not forget the day when we met / At the fruiterer's shop in the city:..."

ODE TO DAMON

(From Chloe, who Understands His Meaning.)

“OH, do not forget the day when we met
At the fruiterer’s shop in the city:
When you said I was plain and excessively vain,
But I knew that you meant I was pretty.

“Recollect, too, the hour when I purchased the flour
(For the dumplings, you know) and the suet;
Whilst the apples I told my dear Damon to hold,
(just to see if you knew how to do it).

“Then recall to your mind how you left me behind,
And went off in a ‘bus with the pippins;
When you said you’d forgot, but I knew you had not;
(It was merely to save the odd threepence!).

“Don’t forget your delight in the dumplings that night,
Though you said they were tasteless and doughy:
But you winked as you spoke, and I saw that the joke
(If it was one) was meant for your Chloe!

“Then remember the day when Joe offered to pay
For us all at the Great Exhibition;
You proposed a short cut, and we found the thing shut,
(We were two hours too late for admission).

“Your ‘short cut’, dear, we found took us seven miles round
(And Joe said exactly what we did):
Well, I helped you out then- it was just like you men
Not an atom of sense when it’s needed!

“You said ‘What’s to be done?’ and I thought you in fun
(Never dreaming you were such a ninny).
‘Home directly!’ said I, and you paid for the fly,
(And I think that you gave him a guinea).

“Well, that notion, you said, had not entered your head:
You proposed ‘The best thing, as we’re come, is
(Since it opens again in the morning at ten)
To wait’ - Oh, you Prince of all dummies!

“And when Joe asked you ‘Why, if a man were to die,
Just as you ran a sword through his middle,
You’d be hung for the crime?’ and you said ‘Give me time!’
And brought to your Chloe the riddle

“Why, remember, you dunce, how I solved it at once
(The question which Joe had referred to you),
Why, I told you the cause, was ‘the force of the laws’,
And you said ‘It had never occurred to you.’

“This instance will show that your brain is too slow,
And (though your exterior is showy),
Yet so arrant a goose can be no sort of use
To society- come to your Chloe!

“You’ll find no one like me, who can manage to see
Your meaning, you talk so obscurely:
Why, if once I were gone, how would you get on?
Come, you know what I mean, Damon, surely.”

1861.

THE END

1862

MY FANCY

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. My Fancy (1862) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: I painted her a gushing thing, / With years perhaps a score;...

MY FANCY

I PAINTED her a gushing thing, With years perhaps a score; I little thought to find they were At least a dozen more; My fancy gave her eyes of blue, A curly auburn head: I came to find the blue a green, The auburn turned to red.

She boxed my ears this morning, They tingled very much; I own that I could wish her A somewhat lighter touch; And if you were to ask me how Her charms might be improved, I would not have them added to, But just a few removed!

She has the bear's ethereal grace, The bland hyena's laugh, The footstep of the elephant, The neck of the giraffe; I love her still, believe me, Though my heart its passion hides; "She's all my fancy painted her," But oh! how much besides!

Mar. 15, 1862.

THE END

1845

MY FAIRY

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. My Fairy (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: I have a fairy by my side Which says I must not sleep,...

MY FAIRY

I HAVE a fairy by my side Which says I must not sleep, When once in pain I loudly cried It said "You must not weep".

If, full of mirth, I smile and grin, It says "You must not laugh"; When once I wished to drink some gin It said "You must not quaff".

When once a meal I wished to taste It said "You must not bite"; When to the wars I went in haste It said "You must not fight".

"What may I do?" at length I cried, Tired of the painful task.

The fairy quietly replied, And said "You must not ask".

Moral: "You mustn't." (1845)

THE END

1850

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *Misunderstandings* (1850) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: If such a thing had been my thought, / I should have told you so before,...

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

IF such a thing had been my thought, I should have told you so before,
 But as I didn't, then you ought To ask for such a thing no more,
 For to teach one who has been taught Is always thought an awful bore.

Now to commence my argument, I shall premise an observation,
 On which the greatest kings have leant When striving to subdue a nation,
 And e'en the wretch who pays no rent By it can solve a hard equation.

Its truth is such, the force of reason Can not avail to shake its power,
 Yet e'en the sun in summer season Doth not dispel so mild a shower
 As this, and he who sees it, sees on Beyond it to a sunny bower
 No more, when ignorance is treason, Let wisdom's brows be cold and sour.

THE END

1845

MELODIES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Melodies (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: There was an old farmer of Readall, / Who made holes in his face with a needle,...

MELODIES

I

THERE was an old farmer of Readall, Who made holes in his face with a needle, Then went far deeper in Than to pierce through the skin, And yet strange to say he was made beadle.

II

There was an eccentric old draper, Who wore a hat made of brown paper, It went up to a point, Yet it looked out of joint, The cause of which he said was "vapour".

III

There was once a young man of Oporta, Who daily got shorter and shorter, The reason he said Was the hod on his head, Which was filled with the heaviest mortar.

His sister, named Lucy O'Finner, Grew constantly thinner and thinner; The reason was plain, She slept out in the rain, And was never allowed any dinner.

THE END

1869

MELANCHOLETTA

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Melancholetta (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: With saddest music all day long / She soothed her secret sorrow:...

MELANCHOLETTA

WITH saddest music all day long She soothed her secret sorrow:
At night she sighed "I fear 'twas wrong Such cheerful words to borrow.

Dearest, a sweeter, sadder song I'll sing to thee to-morrow."

I thanked her, but I could not say That I was glad to hear it: I left the house at break of day, And did not venture near it Till time, I hoped, had worn away Her grief, for nought could cheer it!

My dismal sister! Couldst thou know The wretched home thou keepest!

Thy brother, drowned in daily woe, Is thankful when thou sleepest; For if I laugh, however low, When thou'rt awake, thou weepest!

I took my sister t'other day (Excuse the slang expression) To Sadler's Wells to see the play In hopes the new impression Might in her thoughts, from grave to gay Effect some slight digression.

I asked three gay young dogs from town To join us in our folly, Whose mirth, I thought, might serve to drown My sister's melancholy: The lively Jones, the sportive Brown, And Robinson the jolly.

The maid announced the meal in tones That I myself had taught her, Meant to allay my sister's moans Like oil on troubled water:

I rushed to Jones, the lively Jones, And begged him to escort her.

***Vainly he strove, with ready wit, To joke about the weather
To ventilate the last "on dit" To quote the price of leather
She groaned
"Here I and Sorrow sit: Let us lament together!"***

I urged "You're wasting time, you know Delay will spoil the venison." "My heart is wasted with my woe!

There is no rest- in Venice, on The Bridge of Sighs!" she quoted low
From Byron and from Tennyson.

I need not tell of soup and fish In solemn silence swallowed, The sobs that ushered in each dish, And its departure followed, Nor yet my suicidal wish To be the cheese I hollowed.

Some desperate attempts were made

To start a conversation; "Madam," the sportive Brown essayed, "Which kind of recreation, Hunting or fishing, have you made Your special occupation?"

Her lips curved downwards instantly, As if of india-rubber.

"Hounds in full cry I like," said she: (Oh, how I longed to snub her!) "Of fish, a whale's the one for me, It is so full of blubber!"

The night's performance was "King John".

"It's dull", she wept, "and so-so!" Awhile I let her tears flow on, She said they soothed her woe so!

At length the curtain rose upon "Bombastes Furioso".

In vain we roared; in vain we tried To rouse her into laughter:

Her pensive glances wandered wide From orchestra to rafter "Tier upon tier!" she said, and sighed; And silence followed after.

THE END

1876

ACROSTIC: MAIDEN, THOUGH THY HEART MAY
QUAIL

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Acrostic: Maiden, though thy heart may quail (1876) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: Maiden, though my heart may quail / And thy quivering lip grow pale,...

ACROSTIC: MAIDEN THOUGH THY HEART MAY QUAIL

(To Miss Marion Terry.)

MAIDEN, though thy heart may quail
And thy quivering lip grow pale,
Read the Bellman's tragic tale!

Is it life of which it tells?
Of a pulse that sinks and swells
Never lacking chime of bells?

Bells of sorrow, bells of cheer,
Easter, Christmas, glad New Year,
Still they sound, afar, anear.

So may Life's sweet bells for thee,
In the summers yet to be,
Evermore make melody!

Aug. 15, 1876.

THE END

1876

ACROSTIC: MAIDENS! IF YOU LOVE THE TALE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Acrostic: Maidens! if you love the tale (1876) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: "Maidens! if you love the tale, / If you love the Snark,...

ACROSTIC: MAIDENS IF YOU LOVE THE TALE

(To the Misses Drury.)

“MAIDENS! if you love the tale,
If you love the Snark,
Need I urge you, spread the sail,
Now, while freshly blows the gale,
In your ocean-barque!

“English Maidens love renown,
Enterprise, and fuss!”
Laughingly those Maidens frown;
Laughingly, with eyes cast down;
And they answer thus:

“English Maidens fear to roam.
Much we dread the dark;
Much we dread what ills might come,
If we left our English home,
Even for a Snark!”

Apr. 6, 1876.

THE END

1889

MAGGIE'S VISIT TO OXFORD (June 9th to 13th, 1889)

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Maggie's Visit to Oxford (1889) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Written for Maggie Bowman. Opening lines: When Maggie once to Oxford came, / On tour as "Bootles Baby," ...

MAGGIE'S VISIT TO OXFORD (Written for Maggie Bowman.)

WHEN Maggie once to Oxford came, On tour as "Bootles' Baby",
She said, "I'll see this place of fame, However dull the day be."

So with her friend she visited The sights that it was rich in: And
first of all she popped her head Inside the Christ Church kitchen.

The Cooks around that little child Stood waiting in a ring: And
every time that Maggie smiled Those Cooks began to sing
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!

"Roast, boil and bake, For Maggie's sake: Bring cutlets fine For her
to dine, Meringues so sweet For her to eat
For Maggie may be Bootles' Baby!"

Then hand in hand in pleasant talk They wandered and admired
The Hall, Cathedral and Broad Walk, Till Maggie's feet were tired:
To Worcester Garden next they strolled, Admired its quiet lake:
Then to St. John, a college old, Their devious way they take.

In idle mood they sauntered round Its lawn so green and flat, And
in that garden Maggie found A lovely Pussy-Cat!

A quarter of an hour they spent In wandering to and fro: And
everywhere that Maggie went, The Cat was sure to go
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!

"Maiow! Maiow!

Come, make your bow, Take off your hats, Ye Pussy-Cats!
And purr and purr, To welcome her, For Maggie may be Bootles'
Baby!"

So back to Christ Church, not too late For them to go and see A
Christ Church undergraduate, Who gave them cakes and tea.

Next day she entered with her guide The garden called "Botanic",
 And there a fierce Wild Boar she spied, Enough to cause a panic:
 But Maggie didn't mind, not she, She would have faced, alone,
 That fierce wild boar, because, you see, The thing was made of
 stone.

On Magdalen walls they saw a face That filled her with delight, A
 giant face, that made grimace And grinned with all its might.

A little friend, industrious, Pulled upwards all the while The
 corner of its mouth, and thus He helped that face to smile!

"How nice", thought Maggie, "it would be If I could have a friend
 To do that very thing for me And make my mouth turn up with
 glee, By pulling at one end."

In Magdalen Park the deer are wild With joy, that Maggie brings
 Some bread a friend had given the child, To feed the pretty things.

They flock round Maggie without fear: They breakfast and they
 lunch, They dine, they sup, those happy deer Still, as they munch
 and munch, Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom!

"Yes, Deer are we, And dear is she!"

We love this child So sweet and mild: We all rejoice At Maggie's
 voice: We all are fed With Maggie's bread...

For Maggie may be Bootles' Baby!"

They met a Bishop on their way...

A Bishop large as life, With loving smile that seemed to say "Will
 Maggie be my wife?"

Maggie thought not, because, you see, She was so very young, And
 he was old as old could be...

So Maggie held her tongue.

"My Lord, she's Bootles' Baby, we Are going up and down", Her
 friend explained, "that she may see The sights of Oxford Town."

"Now say what kind of place it is," The Bishop gaily cried.

"The best place in the Provinces!" That little maid replied.

Away, next morning, Maggie went From Oxford town: but yet The
 happy hours she there had spent She could not soon forget.

The train is gone, it rumbles on: The engine-whistle screams; But
 Maggie deep in rosy sleep...

And softly in her dreams, Whispers the Battle-cry of Freedom.

"Oxford, good-bye!" She seems to sigh.

"You dear old City, With gardens pretty, And lanes and flowers,
 And college-towers, And Tom's great Bell..."

Farewell- farewell: For Maggie may be Bootles' Baby!"

THE END

1891

MAGGIE B

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Maggie B (1891) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Written for Maggie Bowman. Opening lines: Written by Maggie B / Bought by me:...

MAGGIE B

(To Maggie Bowman.)

WRITTEN by Maggie B Bought by me:

A present to Maggie B Sent by me:

But who can Maggie be? Answered by me:

"She is she."

Aug. 13, 1891.

THE END

1877

MADRIGAL

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Madrigal (1877) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: He shouts amain, he shouts again, / (Her brother, fierce, as bluff King Hal),...

MADRIGAL

(To Miss May Forshall.) HE shouts amain, he shouts again, (Her brother, fierce, as bluff King Hal), "I tell you flat, I shall do that!" She softly whispers "'May' for 'shall'!"

He wistful sighed one eventide (Her friend, that made this Madrigal), "And shall I kiss you, pretty Miss!" Smiling she answered "'May' for 'shall'!"

With eager eyes my reader cries, "Your friend must be indeed a val-uable child, so sweet, so mild!

What do you call her?" "May For shall."

Dec. 24, 1877.

THE END

1876

**ACROSTIC: LOVE-LIGHTED EYES, THAT WILL NOT
START**

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Acrostic: Love-lighted eyes, that will not start (1876) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: Love-lighted eyes, that will not start / At frown of rage or malice!...

ACROSTIC: LOVE LIGHTED EYES THAT WILL NOT START

LOVE-lighted eyes, that will not start
 At frown of rage or malice!
 Uplifted brow, undaunted heart
 Ready to dine on raspberry-tart
 Along with fairy Alice!

In scenes as wonderful as if
 She'd flitted in a magic skiff
 Across the sea to Calais:
 Be sure this night, in Fancy's feast,
 Even till Morning gilds the east,
 Laura will dream of Alice!

Perchance, as long years onward haste,
 Laura will weary of the taste
 Of Life's embittered chalice:
 May she, in such a woeful hour,
 Endued with Memory's mystic power,
 Recall the dreams of Alice!

June 17, 1876.

THE END

1878

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Love among the Roses (1878) - An acrostic. An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: "Seek ye Love, ye fairy-sprites? / Ask where reddest roses grow...."

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES

"SEEK ye Love, ye fairy-sprites? Ask where reddest roses grow.

Rosy fancies he invites, And in roses he delights, Have ye found him?" "No!"

"Seek again, and find the boy In Childhood's heart, so pure and clear.

Now the fairies leap for joy, Crying, "Love is here!"

"Love has found his proper nest; And we guard him while he dozes In a dream of peace and rest Rosier than roses."

Jan. 3, 1878.

THE END

1861

ACROSTICS: LITTLE MAIDENS, WHEN YOU LOOK

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Acrostic: Little maidens, when you look (1861) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: Little maidens, when you look / On this little story-book,...

ACROSTICS: LITTLE MAIDENS, WHEN YOU LOOK

LITTLE maidens, when you look
On this little story-book,
Reading with attentive eye
Its enticing history,
Never think that hours of play
Are your only HOLIDAY,
And that in a HOUSE of joy
Lessons serve but to annoy:
If in any HOUSE you find
Children of a gentle mind,
Each the others pleasing ever
Each the others vexing never
Daily work and pastime daily
In their order taking gaily
Then be very sure that they
Have a life of HOLIDAY.
Christmas 1861.

THE END

1855

LAYS OF MYSTERY IMAGINATION AND HUMOUR

NUMBER 1: THE PALACE OF HUMBUG

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Lays of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour, No. 1: The Palace of Humbug (1855)
One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, / And each damp thing that creeps and crawls...

NUMBER 1: THE PALACE OF HUMBUG

I DREAMT I dwelt in marble halls, And each damp thing that
creeps and crawls Went wobble-wobble on the walls.

Faint odours of departed cheese, Blown on the dank, unwholesome
breeze, Awoke the never-ending sneeze.

Strange pictures decked the arras drear, Strange characters of woe
and fear, The humbugs of the social sphere.

One showed a vain and noisy prig, That shouted empty words and
big At him that nodded in a wig.

And one, a dotard grim and gray, Who wasteth childhood's happy
day In work more profitless than play.

Whose icy breast no pity warms, Whose little victims sit in swarms,
And slowly sob on lower forms.

And one, a green thyme-honoured Bank, Where flowers are
growing wild and rank, Like weeds that fringe a poisoned tank.

All birds of evil omen there Flood with rich Notes the tainted air,
The witless wanderer to snare.

The fatal Notes neglected fall, No creature heeds the treacherous
call, For all those goodly Strawn Baits Pall.

The wandering phantom broke and fled, Straightway I saw within
my head A vision of a ghostly bed, Where lay two worn decrepit

men, The fictions of a lawyer's pen, Who never more might breathe again.

The serving-man of Richard Roe Wept, inarticulate with woe: She wept, that waited on John Doe.

"Oh rouse", I urged, "the waning sense With tales of tangled evidence, Of suit, demurrer, and defence."

"Vain", she replied, "such mockeries: For morbid fancies, such as these, No suits can suit, no plea can please."

And bending o'er that man of straw, She cried in grief and sudden awe, Not inappropriately, "Law!"

The well-remembered voice he knew, He smiled, he faintly muttered "Sue!" (Her very name was legal too.)

The night was fled, the dawn was nigh:

A hurricane went raving by, And swept the Vision from mine eye.

Vanished that dim and ghostly bed, (The hangings, tape; the tape was red:) 'Tis o'er, and Doe and Roe are dead!

Oh, yet my spirit inly crawls, What time it shudderingly recalls That horrid dream of marble halls!

Oxford, 1855.

THE END

1850

HORRORS

Lewis Carroll

Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Horrors (1850) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Methought I walked a dismal place / Dim horrors all around;...

HORRORS

METHOUGHT I walked a dismal place
Dim horrors all around;
The air was thick with many a face,
And black as night the ground.

I saw a monster come with speed,
Its face of grimmiest green,
On human beings used to feed,
Most dreadful to be seen.

I could not speak, I could not fly,
I fell down in that place,
I saw the monster's horrid eye
Come leering in my face!

Amidst my scarcely-stifled groans,
Amidst my moanings deep,
I heard a voice, "Wake! Mr. Jones,
You're screaming in your sleep!"

(1850)

THE END

1857

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Hiawatha's Photographing (1857) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Composed in the "easy running meter of 'The Song of Hiawatha.'" Opening lines: From his shoulder Hiawatha / Took the camera of rosewood,...

HIAWATHAS PHOTOGRAPHING

[In an age of imitation, I can claim no special merit for this slight attempt at doing what is known to be so easy. Any fairly practised writer, with the slightest ear for rhythm, could compose, for hours together, in the easy running metre of "The Song of Hiawatha".

Having, then, distinctly stated that I challenge no attention in the following little poem to its merely verbal jingle, I must beg the candid reader to confine his criticism to its treatment of the subject.] FROM his shoulder Hiawatha Took the camera of rosewood, Made of sliding, folding rosewood; Neatly put it all together.

In its case it lay compactly, Folded into nearly nothing; But he opened out the hinges, Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges, Till it looked all squares and oblongs, Like a complicated figure In the Second Book of Euclid.

This he perched upon a tripod-

Crouched beneath its dusky cover Stretched his hand, enforcing silence Said, "Be motionless, I beg you!" Mystic, awful was the process.

All the family in order Sat before him for their pictures:

Each in turn as he was taken, Volunteered his own suggestions, His ingenious suggestions.

First the Governor, the Father: He suggested velvet curtains
 Looped about a massy pillar; And the corner of a table, Of a
 rosewood dining-table.

He would hold a scroll of something, Hold it firmly in his left-
 hand; He would keep his right-hand buried (Like Napoleon) in his
 waistcoat; He would contemplate the distance With a look of
 pensive meaning, As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion:

Yet the picture failed entirely:

Failed, because he moved a little, Moved, because he couldn't help
 it.

Next, his better half took courage; She would have her picture
 taken.

She came dressed beyond description, Dressed in jewels and in
 satin Far too gorgeous for an empress.

Gracefully she sat down sideways, With a simper scarcely human,
 Holding in her hand a bouquet Rather larger than a cabbage.

All the while that she was sitting, Still the lady chattered,
 chattered, Like a monkey in the forest.

"Am I sitting still?" she asked him.

"Is my face enough in profile? Shall I hold the bouquet higher?
 Will it come into the picture?" And the picture failed completely.

Next the Son, the Stunning-Cantab: He suggested curves of beauty,
 Curves pervading all his figure, Which the eye might follow
 onward, Till they centred in the breast-pin, Centred in the gold en
 breast-pin.

He had learnt it all from Ruskin (Author of "The Stones of Venice",
 "Seven Lamps of Architecture", "Modern Painters", and some
 others); And perhaps he had not fully Understood his author's
 meaning; But, whatever was the reason, All was fruitless, as the
 picture Ended in an utter failure.

Next to him the eldest daughter:

She suggested very little, Only asked if he would take her With her
 look of "passive beauty".

Her idea of passive beauty Was a squinting of the left-eye, Was a
 drooping of the right-eye, Was a smile that went up sideways To
 the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him, Took no notice of the question,
 Looked as if he hadn't heard it; But, when pointedly appealed to,
 Smiled in his peculiar manner, Coughed and said it "didn't
 matter", Bit his lip and changed the subject.

Nor in this was he mistaken, As the picture failed completely.
 So in turn the other sisters.

Last, the youngest son was taken: Very rough and thick his hair
 was, Very round and red his face was, Very dusty was his jacket,
 Very fidgety his manner.

And his overbearing sisters Called him names he disapproved of:

Called him Johnny, "Daddy's Darling", Called him Jacky,
 "Scrubby School-boy".

And, so awful was the picture, In comparison the others Seemed, to
 one's bewildered fancy, To have partially succeeded.

Finally my Hiawatha Tumbled all the tribe together, ("Grouped" is
 not the right expression), And, as happy chance would have it Did
 at last obtain a picture Where the faces all succeeded:

Each came out a perfect likeness.

Then they joined and all abused it, Unrestrainedly abused it, As
 the worst and ugliest picture They could possibly have dreamed of.

"Giving one such strange expressions Sullen, stupid, pert
 expressions.

Really anyone would take us (Anyone that did not know us) For
 the most unpleasant people!" (Hiawatha seemed to think so,
 Seemed to think it not unlikely.) All together rang their voices,
 Angry, loud, discordant voices, As of dogs that howl in concert,

As of cats that wail in chorus.

But my Hiawatha's patience, His politeness and his patience,
 Unaccountably had vanished, And he left that happy party.

Neither did he leave them slowly, With the calm deliberation, The
 intense deliberation Of a photographic artist:

But he left them in a hurry, Left them in a mighty hurry, Stating
 that he would not stand it, Stating in emphatic language What he'd
 be before he'd stand it.

Hurriedly he packed his boxes:

Hurriedly the porter trundled On a barrow all his boxes:

Hurriedly he took his ticket:

Hurriedly the train received him:
Thus departed Hiawatha.

THE END

1869

FOUR RIDDLES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Four Riddles (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems, consisting of two double acrostics and two charades. Opening lines: There was an ancient City, stricken down / With a strange frenzy, and for many a day

FOUR RIDDLES

(These consist of two Double Acrostics and two Charades.

No. I. was written at the request of some young friends, who had gone to a ball at an Oxford Commemoration- and also as a specimen of what might be done by making the Double Acrostic a connected poem instead of what it has hitherto been, a string of disjointed stanzas, on every conceivable subject, and about as interesting to read straight through as a page of a Cyclopaedia. The first two stanzas describe the two main words, and each subsequent stanza one of the cross "lights".

No. II. was written after seeing Miss Ellen Terry perform in the play of "Hamlet". In this case the first stanza describes the two main words.

No. III. was written after seeing Miss Marion Terry perform in Mr. Gilbert's play of "Pygmalion and Galatea". The three stanzas respectively describe "My First", "My Second", and "My Whole".)

I THERE was an ancient City, stricken down With a strange frenzy,
and for many a day They paced from morn to eve the crowded
town, And danced the night away.

I asked the cause: the aged man grew sad: They pointed to a
building gray and tan, And hoarsely answered "Step inside, my
lad, And then you'll see it all."

Yet what are all such gaities to me Whose thoughts are full of
indices and surds? $x^2 + 7x + 5311 = 3$

But something whispered "It will soon be done:

Bands cannot always play, nor ladies smile:

Endure with patience the distasteful fun For just a little while!"

A change came o'er my Vision- it was night: We clove a pathway through a frantic throng:

The steeds, wild-plunging, filled us with affright:

The chariots whirled along.

Within a marble hall a river ran A living tide, half muslin and half cloth:

And here one mourned a broken wreath or fan, Yet swallowed down her wrath:

And here one offered to a thirsty fair (His words half-drowned amid those thunders tuneful) Some frozen viand (there were many there), A tooth-ache in each spoonful.

There comes a happy pause, for human strength Will not endure to dance without cessation; And every one must reach the point at length Of absolute prostration.

At such a moment ladies learn to give, To partners who would urge them overmuch, A flat and yet decided negative Photographers love such.

There comes a welcome summons- hope revives, And fading eyes grow bright, and pulses quicken:

Incessant pop the corks, and busy knives Dispense the tongue and chicken.

Flushed with new life, the crowd flows back again:

And all is tangled talk and mazy motion Much like a waving field of golden grain, Or a tempestuous ocean.

And thus they give the time, that Nature meant For peaceful sleep and meditative snores, To ceaseless din and mindless merriment And waste of shoes and floors.

And One (we name him not) that flies the flowers, That dreads the dances, and that shuns the salads, They doom to pass in solitude the hours, Writing acrostic-ballads.

How late it grows! The hour is surely past That should have warned us with its double knock? The twilight wanes, and morning comes at last "Oh, Uncle, what's o'clock?"

The Uncle gravely nods, and wisely winks.

It may mean much, but how is one to know? He opes his mouth- yet out of it, methinks, No words of wisdom flow.

Answer: Commemoration, Monstrosities.

II

EMPRESS of Art, for thee I twine This wreath with all too slender skill.

Forgive my Muse each halting line, And for the deed accept the will!

O day of tears! Whence comes this spectre grim, Parting, like Death's cold river, souls that love? Is not he bound to thee, as thou to him, By vows, unwhispered here, yet heard above?

And still it lives, that keen and heavenward flame, Lives in his eye, and trembles in his tone:

And these wild words of fury but proclaim A heart that beats for thee, for thee alone!

But all is lost: that mighty mind o'erthrown, Like sweet bells jangled, piteous sight to see!

"Doubt that the stars are fire," so runs his moan, "Doubt Truth herself, but not my love for thee!"

A sadder vision yet: thine aged sire Shaming his hoary locks with treacherous wile!

And dost thou now doubt Truth to be a liar? And wilt thou die, that hast forgot to smile?

Nay, get thee hence! Leave all thy winsome ways And the faint fragrance of thy scattered flowers: In holy silence wait the appointed days, And weep away the leaden-footed hours.

Answer: Ellen Terry.

III

THE air is bright with hues of light And rich with laughter and with singing:

Young hearts beat high in ecstasy, And banners wave, and bells are ringing:

But silence falls with fading day, And there's an end to mirth and play. Ah, well-a-day!

Rest your old bones, ye wrinkled crones!

The kettle sings, the firelight dances.
 Deep be it quaffed, the magic draught That fills the soul with
 golden fancies!
 For Youth and Pleasance will not stay, And ye are withered, worn,
 and gray.

Ah, well-a-day!

O fair cold face! O form of grace, For human passion madly
 yearning!

**O weary air of dumb despair, From marble won, to marble
 turning!**

“Leave us not thus!” we fondly pray.
 “We cannot let thee pass away!” Ah, well-a-day!
 Answer: Galatea (Gala-tea).

IV

MY First is singular at best:

**More plural is my Second: My Third is far the pluralest So plural-
 plural, I protest It scarcely can be reckoned!**

My First is followed by a bird:

My Second by believers In magic art: my simple Third
 Follows, not often, hopes absurd And plausible deceivers.
 My First to get at wisdom tries A failure melancholy!
 My Second men revered as wise:

My Third from heights of wisdom flies To depths of frantic folly.

My First is ageing day by day:

My Second’s age is ended:

My Third enjoys an age, they say, That never seems to fade away,
 Through centuries extended.

My Whole? I need a poet’s pen To paint her myriad phases:

The monarch, and the slave, of men A mountain-summit, and a den
 Of dark and deadly mazes A flashing light- a fleeting shade

Beginning, end, and middle Of all that human art hath made Or
 wit devised! Go, seek her aid, If you would read my riddle!

Answer. Imagination (I-Magi-nation).

THE END

1876

FAME'S PENNY TRUMPET

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Fame's Penny-Trumpet (1876) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. This poem, an attack on men who value money above learning, was privately published by Carroll after numerous rejections. Opening lines: Blow, blow your trumpets till they crack, / Ye little men of little souls

FAME'S PENNY TRUMPET[Affectionately dedicated to all "original researchers" who pant for "endowment".]

BLOW, blow your trumpets till they crack, Ye little men of little souls!

And bid them huddle at your backGold-sucking leeches, shoals on shoals!

Fill all the air with hungry wails "Reward us, ere we think or write!

Without your Gold mere Knowledge fails To sate the swinish appetite!"

And, where great Plato paced serene, Or Newton paused with wistful eye, Rush to the chace with hoofs unclean And Babel-clamour of the sty.

Be yours the pay: be theirs the praise: We will not rob them of their due, Nor vex the ghosts of other days By naming them along with you.

They sought and found undying fame: They toiled not for reward nor thanks: Their cheeks are hot with honest shame For you, the modern mountebanks!

Who preach of Justice- plead with tears That Love and Mercy should abound While marking with complacent ears The moaning of some tortured hound: Who prate of Wisdom- nay, forbear, Lest

Wisdom turn on you in wrath, Trampling, with heel that will not spare,
The vermin that beset her path!

Go, throng each other's drawing-rooms, Ye idols of a petty clique:
Strut your brief hour in borrowed plumes

And make your penny-trumpets squeak: Deck your dull talk with pilfered shreds
Of learning from a nobler time, And oil each other's little heads
With mutual Flattery's golden slime: And when the topmost height ye gain,
And stand in Glory's ether clear, And grasp the prize of all your pain
So many hundred pounds a year
Then let Fame's banner be unfurled!

Sing Paeans for a victory won!

Ye tapers, that would light the world, And cast a shadow on the Sun-
Who still shall pour His rays sublime, One crystal flood, from East to West,
When ye have burned your little time And feebly flickered into rest!

THE END

1845

FACTS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Facts (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Were I to take an iron gun, / And fire it off towards the sun;... FACTS

FACTS

WERE I to take an iron gun, And fire it off towards the sun; I grant
it would reach its mark at last, But not till many years had passed.

But should that bullet change its force, And to the planets take its
course, 'Twould never reach the nearest star, Because it is so very
far.

THE END

1860

FACES IN THE FIRE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Faces in the Fire (1860) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: The night creeps onward, sad and slow: / In these red embers' dying glow

FACES IN THE FIRE

THE night creeps onward, sad and slow: In these red embers' dying glow
The forms of Fancy come and go.

An island-farm- broad seas of corn Stirred by the wandering breath of morn
The happy spot where I was born.

The picture fades in its place: Amid the glow I seem to trace
The shifting semblance of a face.

'Tis now a little childish form
Red lips for kisses pouted warm
And elf-locks tangled in the storm.

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid, At her own beauty half afraid,
Shrinking, and willing to be stayed.

Oh, Time was young, and Life was warm, When first I saw that
fairy-form, Her dark hair tossing in the storm.

And fast and free these pulses played, When last I met that gentle
maid
When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to gray, And she is strange and far
away
That might have been mine own to-day
That might have been mine own, my dear, Through many and many a happy year
That might have sat beside me here.

Ay, changeless through the changing scene, The ghostly whisper
rings between, The dark refrain of "might have been". The race is
o'er I might have run: The deeds are past I might have done; And
sere the wreath I might have won.

Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze: The vision of departed days
Is vanished even as I gaze.

The pictures, with their ruddy light, Are changed to dust and ashes
white, And I am left alone with night.

Jan. 1860.

THE END

1883

ECHOES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Echoes (1883) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Lady Clara Vere de Vere / Was eight years old, she said

ECHOES

LADY Clara Vere de Vere Was eight years old, she said: Every ringlet, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden thread.

She took her little porringer: Of me she shall not win renown:

For the baseness of its nature shall have strength to drag her down.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid? There stands the Inspector at thy door: Like a dog, he hunts for boys who know not two and two are four."

"Kind hearts are more than coronets," She said, and wondering looked at me: "It is the dead unhappy night, and I must hurry home to tea."

THE END

1869

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC: I SING A PLACE WHEREIN
AGREE**

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Acrostic: Little maidens, when you look (1861) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening lines: Little maidens, when you look / On this little story-book,...

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC: I SING A PLACE WHEREIN
AGREE**

(To Miss E. M. Argles.)

I SING a place wherein agree
All things on land that fairest be,
All that is sweetest of the sea.

Nor can I break the silken knot
That binds my memory to the spot
And friends too dear to be forgot.

On rocky brow we loved to stand
And watch in silence, hand in hand,

The shadows veiling sea and land.

Then dropped the breeze; no vessel passed:
So silent stood each taper mast,
You would have deemed it chained and fast.

Above the blue and fleecy sky:
Below, the waves that quivering lie,
Like crisped curls of greenery.

“A sail!” resounds from every lip.
Mizen, no, square-sail- ah, you trip!
Edith, it cannot be a ship!

So home again from sea and beach,
One nameless feeling thrilling each.
A sense of beauty, passing speech.

Let lens and tripod be unslung!
“Dolly!” ‘s the word on every tongue;
Dolly must sit, for she is young!

Photography shall change her face,
Distort it with uncouth grimace
Make her bloodthirsty, fierce, and base.

I end my song while scarce begun;
For I should want, ere all was done,

Four weeks to tell the tale of one:

And I should need as large a hand,
To paint a scene so wild and grand,
As he who traversed Egypt's land.

What say you, Edith? Will it suit ye?
Reject it, if it fails in beauty:
know your You literary duty!

On the rail between Torquay and Guildford, Sep. 28, 1869.

THE END

1854

CORONACH

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Coronach (1854) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines:
"She is gone by the Hilda, / She is lost unto Whitby

CORONACH

"SHE is gone by the Hilda, She is lost unto Whitby, And her name is Matilda, Which my heart it was smit by; Tho' I take the Goliah, I learn to my sorrow That 'it wo'n't', said the crier, 'Be off till tomorrow.

"She called me her 'Neddy', (Tho' there mayn't be much in it,) And I should have been ready, If she'd waited a minute; I was following behind her When, if you recollect, I Merely ran back to find a Gold pin for my neck-tie.

"Rich dresser of suet!
Prime hand at a sausage!
I have lost thee, I rue it, And my fare for the passage!
Perhaps she thinks it funny, Aboard of the Hilda, But I've lost purse and money, And thee, oh, my "Tilda!"

His pin of gold the youth undid And in his waistcoat-pocket hid,
Then gently folded hand in hand, And dropped asleep upon the sand.

THE END

1845

BROTHER AND SISTER

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Brother and Sister (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: "Sister, sister, go to bed! / Go and rest your weary head."

BROTHER AND SISTER

"SISTER, sister, go to bed!

Go and rest your weary head." Thus the prudent brother said.

"Do you want a battered hide, Or scratches to your face applied?"

"Thus his sister calm replied.

"Sister, do not raise my wrath.

I'd make you into mutton broth As easily as kill a moth!"

The sister raised her beaming eye And looked on him indignantly

And sternly answered, "Only try!"

Off to the cook he quickly ran.

"Dear Cook, please lend a frying-pan To me as quickly as you can."

"And wherefore should I lend it you?" "The reason, Cook, is plain to view.

I wish to make an Irish stew."

"What meat is in that stew to go?" "My sister'll be the contents!"

"Oh!" "You'll lend the pan to me, Cook?" "No!" Moral: Never stew your sister.

THE END

1862

BEATRICE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. Beatrice (1862) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: In her eyes is the living light / Of a wanderer to earth

BEATRICE

IN her eyes is the living light Of a wanderer to earth From a far celestial height: Summers five are all the span Summers five since Time began To veil in mists of human night A shining angel-birth.

Does an angel look from her eyes? Will she suddenly spring away, And soar to her home in the skies? Beatrice! Blessing and blessed to be! Beatrice! Still, as I gaze on thee, Visions of two sweet maids arise, Whose life was of yesterday: Of a Beatrice pale and stern, With the lips of a dumb despair, With the innocent eyes that yearn

Yearn for the young sweet hours of life, Far from sorrow and far from strife, For the happy summers, that never return, When the world seemed good and fair: Of a Beatrice glorious, bright Of a sainted, ethereal maid, Whose blue eyes are deep fountains of light, Cheering the poet that broodeth apart, Filling with gladness his desolate heart, Like the moon when she shines thro' a cloudless night On a world of silence and shade.

And the visions waver and faint, And the visions vanish away That my fancy delighted to paint She is here at my side, a living child, With the glowing cheek and the tresses wild, Nor death-pale martyr, nor radiant saint, Yet stainless and bright as they.

For I think, if a grim wild beast

Were to come from his charnel-cave, From his jungle-home in the East Stealthily creeping with bated breath, Stealthily creeping with eyes of death He would all forget his dream of the feast, And crouch at her feet a slave.

She would twine her hand in his mane: She would prattle in
 silvery tone, Like the tinkle of summer-rain
 Questioning him with
 her laughing eyes, Questioning him with a glad surprise, Till she
 caught from those fierce eyes again The love that lit her own.

And be sure, if a savage heart, In a mask of human guise, Were to
 come on her here apart Bound for a dark and a deadly deed,
 Hurrying past with pitiless speed He would suddenly falter and
 guiltily start At the glance of her pure blue eyes.

Nay, be sure, if an angel fair, A bright seraph undefiled, Were to
 stoop from the trackless air, Fain would she linger in glad
 amaze Lovingly linger to ponder and gaze, With a sister's love and
 a sister's care, On the happy, innocent child.

Dec. 4, 1862.

THE END

1880

A TANGLED TALE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *A Tangled Tale* (1880) - This work consists of ten puzzles or "knots" that were originally published serially in "The Monthly Packet."

ANSWERS TO KNOT VI 38
ANSWERS TO KNOT VII
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
ANSWERS TO KNOT VIII
ANSWERS TO KNOT IX 48

TANGLED TALE

TO MY PUPIL

Beloved Pupil! Tamed by thee, Addish-, Subtrac-, Multiplica-tion, Division, Fractions, Rule of Three, Attest thy deft manipulation! Then onward! Let the voice of Fame From Age to Age repeat thy story, Till thou hast won thyself a name Exceeding even Euclid's glory.

THIS Tale originally appeared as a serial in The Monthly Packet beginning in April 1880. The writer's intention was to embody in each Knot (like the medicine so dexterously, but ineffectually, concealed in the jam of our early childhood) one or more mathematical questions- in Arithmetic, Algebra, or Geometry, as the case might be- for the amusement, and possible edification, of the fair readers of that magazine.

L. C.

December 1885

KNOT I

Excelsior

Goblin, lead them up and down

THE ruddy glow of sunset was already fading into the sombre shadows of night, when two travelers might have been observed swiftly- at a pace of six miles in the hour- descending the rugged side of a mountain; the younger bounding from crag to crag with the agility of a fawn, while his companion, whose aged limbs seemed ill at ease in the heavy chain armour habitually worn by tourists in that district, toiled on painfully at his side.

As is always the case under such circumstances, the younger knight was the first to break the silence.

“A goodly pace, I trow!” he exclaimed. “We sped not thus in the ascent!” “Goodly, indeed!” the other echoed with a groan. “We clomb it but at three miles in the hour.” “And on the dead level our pace is-?” the younger suggested; for he was weak in statistics, and left all such details to his aged companion.

“Four miles in the hour,” the other wearily replied. “Not an ounce more,” he added, with that love of metaphor so common in old age, “and not a farthing less!” “’Twas three hours past high noon when we left our hostelry,” the young man said, musingly. “We shall scarce be back by supper-time. Perchance mine host will roundly deny us all food!” “He will chide our tardy return,” was the grave reply, “and such a rebuke will be meet.” “A brave conceit!” cried the other, with a merry laugh. “And should we bid him bring us yet another course, I trow his answer will be tart!” “We shall but get our deserts,” sighed the elder knight, who had never seen a joke in his life, and was somewhat displeased at his companion’s untimely levity.

“’Twill be nine of the clock”, he added in an undertone, “by the time we regain our hostelry. Full many a mile shall we have plodded this day!” “How many? How many?” cried the eager youth, ever athirst for knowledge.

The old man was silent.

“Tell me”, he answered, after a moment’s thought, “what time it was when we stood together on yonder peak. Not exact to the

minute!" he added hastily, reading a protest in the young man's face. "An thy guess be within one poor half-hour of the mark, 'tis all I ask of thy mother's son! Then will I tell thee, true to the last inch, how far we shall have trudged betwixt three and nine of the clock."

A groan was the young man's only reply; while his convulsed features and the deep wrinkles that chased each other across his manly brow, revealed the abyss of arithmetical agony into which one chance question had plunged him.

KNOT II

Eligible Apartments

Straight down the crooked lane, And all round the square.

“LET’S ask Balbus about it,” said Hugh.

“All right,” said Lambert.

“He can guess it,” said Hugh.

“Rather,” said Lambert.

No more words were needed: the two brothers understood each other perfectly.

Balbus was waiting for them at the hotel: the journey down had tired him, he said: so his two pupils had been the round of the place, in search of lodgings, without the old tutor who had been their inseparable companion from their childhood. They had named him after the hero of their Latin exercise-book, which overflowed with anecdotes of that versatile genius- anecdotes whose vagueness in detail was more than compensated by their sensational brilliance. “Balbus has overcome all his enemies” had been marked by their tutor, in the margin of the book, “Successful Bravery.” In this way he had tried to extract a moral from every anecdote. about Balbus- sometimes one- of warning, as in, “Balbus had borrowed a healthy dragon,” against which he had written, “Rashness in Speculation”- sometimes of encouragement, as in the words, “Influence of Sympathy in United Action,” which stood opposite to the anecdote, “Balbus was assisting his mother-in-law to convince the dragon”- and sometimes it dwindled down to a single word, such as “Prudence”, which was all he could extract from the touching record that “Balbus, having scorched the tail of the dragon, went away”. His pupils liked the short morals best, as it left them more room for marginal illustrations, and in this instance they required all the space they could get to exhibit the rapidity of the hero’s departure.

Their report of the state of things was discouraging. That most fashionable of watering-places, Little Mendip, was “chock-full” (as the boys expressed) from end to end. But in one Square they had seen no less than four cards, in different houses, all announcing in flaming capitals, “ELIGIBLE APARTMENTS.” “So there’s plenty of choice, after all, you see,” said spokesman Hugh in conclusion.

“That doesn’t follow from the data,” said Balbus, as he rose from the easychair, where he had been dozing over *The Little Mendip Gazette*. “They may be all single rooms. However, we may as well see them. I shall be glad to stretch my legs a bit.” An unprejudiced bystander might have objected that the operation was needless, and that this long lank creature would have been all the better with even shorter legs: but no such thought occurred to his loving pupils. One on each side, they did their best to keep up with his gigantic strides, while Hugh repeated the sentence in their father’s letter, just received from abroad, over which he and Lambert had been puzzling. “He says a friend of his, the Governor of- what was that name again, Lambert?” (“Kgovjni,” said Lambert.) “Well, yes. The Governor ofwhat-you-may-call-it- wants to give a very small dinner-party, and he means to ask his father’s brother-in-law, his brother’s father-in-law, his father-in-law’s brother, and his brother-in-law’s father: and we’re to guess how many guests there will be.” There was an anxious pause. “How large did he say the pudding was to be?” Balbus said at last. “Take its cubical contents, divide by the cubical contents of what each man can eat, and the quotient-” “He didn’t say anything about pudding,” said Hugh, “-and here’s the Square,” as they turned a corner and came into sight of the “eligible apartments”.

“It is a Square!” was Balbus’s first cry of delight, as he gazed around him.

“Beautiful! Beau-ti-ful! Equilateral! And rectangular!” The boys looked round with less enthusiasm. “Number Nine is the first with a card,” said prosaic Lambert; but Balbus would not so soon awake from his dream of beauty.

“See, boys!” he cried. “Twenty doors on a side! What symmetry! Each side divided into twenty-one equal parts! It’s delicious!” “Shall I knock, or ring?” said Hugh, looking in some perplexity at a square brass plate which bore the simple inscription, “RING ALSO.”

“Both,” said Balbus. “That’s an Ellipsis, my boy. Did you never see an Ellipsis before?” “I couldn’t hardly read it,” said Hugh evasively. “It’s no good having an Ellipsis, if they don’t keep it clean.” “Which there is one room, gentlemen,” said the smiling landlady. “And a sweet room too! As snug a little backroom-” “We will see it,” said Balbus gloomily, as they followed her in. “I knew how it would be! One room in each house! No view, I suppose?” “Which indeed there is, gentlemen!” the landlady indignantly

protested, as she drew up the blind, and indicated the back-garden.

“Cabbages, I perceive,” said Balbus. “Well, they’re green, at any rate.” “Which the greens at the shops”, their hostess explained, “are by no means dependable upon. Here you has them on the premises, and of the best.” “Does the window open?” was always Balbus’s first question in testing a lodging; and, “Does the chimney smoke?” his second. Satisfied on all points, he secured the refusal of the room, and they moved on to Number Twenty-five.

This landlady was grave and stern. “I’ve nobbut one room left,” she told them: “and it gives on the back gyardin.” “But there are cabbages?” Balbus suggested.

The landlady visibly relented. “There is, sir,” she said: “and good ones, though I say it as shouldn’t. We ca’n’t rely on the shops for greens. So we grows them ourselves.” “A singular advantage,” said Balbus; and, after the usual questions, they went on to Fifty-two.

“And I’d gladly accommodate you all, if I could,” was the greeting that met them. “We are but mortal” (“Irrelevant!” muttered Balbus), “and I’ve let all my rooms but one.” “Which one is a back-room, I perceive,” said Balbus: “and looking out on- on cabbages, I presume?” “Yes, indeed, sir!” said their hostess. “Whatever other folks may do, we grows our own. For the shops-” “An excellent arrangement!” Balbus interrupted. “Then one can really depend on their being good. Does the window open?” The usual questions were answered satisfactorily: but this time Hugh added one of his own invention- “Does the cat scratch?” The landlady looked round suspiciously, as if to make sure the cat was not listening. “I will not deceive you, gentlemen,” she said. “It do scratch, but not without you pulls its whiskers! It’ll never do it”, she repeated slowly, with a visible effort to recall the exact words of some written agreement between herself and the cat, “Without you pulls its whiskers!”

“Much may be excused in a cat so treated,” said Balbus, as they left the house and crossed to Number Seventy three, leaving the landlady curtsying on the doorstep, and still murmuring to herself her parting words, as if they were a form of blessing, “-not without you pulls its whiskers!” At Number Seventy-three they found only a small shy girl to show the house, who said “yes’m” in answer to all questions.

“The usual room,” said Balbus, as they marched in “the usual back-garden, the usual cabbages. I suppose you can’t get them good at the shops?” “Yes’m,” said the girl.

“Well, you may tell your mistress we will take the room, and that her plan of growing her own cabbages is simply admirable!” “Yes’m!” said the girl, as she showed them out.

“One day-room and three bedrooms,” said Balbus, as they returned to the hotel. “We will take as our day-room the one that gives us the least walking to do to get to it.” “Must we walk from door to door, and count the steps?” said Lambert.

“No, no! Figure it out, my boys, figure it out!” Balbus gayly exclaimed, as he put pens, ink, and paper before his hapless pupils, and left the room.

“I say! It’ll be a job!” said Hugh.

“Rather!” said Lambert.

KNOT III

Mad Mathesis

I waited for the train

“WELL, they call me so because I am a little mad, I suppose,” she said, goodhumouredly, in answer to Clara’s cautiously worded question as to how she came by so strange a nickname. “You see, I never do what sane people are expected to do nowadays. I never wear long trains (talking of trains, that’s the Charing Cross Metropolitan Station- I’ve something to tell you about that), and I never play lawn-tennis. I ca’n’t cook an omelette. I ca’n’t even set a broken limb! There’s an ignoramus for you!” Clara was her niece, and full twenty years her junior; in fact she was still attending a High School- an institution of which Mad Mathesis spoke with undisguised aversion. “Let a woman be meek and lowly!” she would say. “None of your High Schools for me!” But it was vacation-time just now, and Clara was her guest, and Mad Mathesis was showing her the sights of that Eighth Wonder of the world- London.

“The Charing Cross Metropolitan Station!” she resumed, waving her hand towards the entrance as if she were introducing her niece to a friend. “The Bayswater and Birmingham Extension is just completed, and the trains now run round and round continuously- skirting the border of Wales, just touching at York, and so round by the east coast back to London. The way the trains run is most peculiar. The westerly ones go round in two hours; the easterly ones take three; but they always manage to start two trains from here, opposite ways, punctually every quarter of an hour.” “They part to meet again,” said Clara, her eyes filling with tears at the romantic thought.

“No need to cry about it!” her aunt grimly remarked. “They don’t meet on the same line of rails, you know. Talking of meeting, an idea strikes me!” she added, changing the subject with her usual abruptness. “Let’s go opposite ways round, and see which can meet most trains. No need for a chaperon- ladies’ saloon, you know. You shall go whichever way you like, and we’ll have a bet about it!” “I never make bets,” Clara said very gravely. “Our excellent preceptress has often warned us-” “You’d be none the

worst if you did!" Mad Mathesis interrupted. "In fact, you'd be the better, I'm certain!" "Neither does our excellent preceptress approve of puns," said Clara. "But we'll have a match, if you like. Let me choose my train," she added after a brief mental calculation, "and I'll engage to meet exactly half as many again as you do."

"Not if you count fair," Mad Mathesis bluntly interrupted. "Remember, we only count the trains we meet on the way. You mustn't count the one that starts as you start, nor the one that arrives as you arrive." "That will only make the difference of one train," said Clara, as they turned and entered the station. "But I never travelled alone before. There'll be no one to help me to alight. However, I don't mind. Let's have a match." A ragged little boy overheard her remark, and came running after her. "Buy a box of cigar-lights, Miss!" he pleaded, pulling her shawl to attract her attention.

Clara stopped to explain.

"I never smoke cigars," she said in a meekly apologetic tone. "Our excellent preceptress-" But Mad Mathesis impatiently hurried her on, and the little boy was left gazing after her with round eyes of amazement.

The two ladies bought their tickets and moved slowly down the central platform. Mad Mathesis prattling on as usual- Clara silent, anxiously reconsidering the calculation on which she rested her hopes of winning the match.

"Mind where you go, dear!" cried her aunt, checking her just in time. "One step more, and you'd have been in that pail of cold water!" "I know, I know," Clara said dreamily. "The pale, the cold, and the moony-" "Take your places on the spring-boards!" shouted a porter.

"What are they for!" Clara asked in a terrified whisper.

"Merely to help us into the trains." The elder lady spoke with the nonchalance of one quite used to the process. "Very few people can get into a carriage without help in less than three seconds, and the trains only stop for one second." At this moment the whistle was heard, and two trains rushed into the station. A moment's pause, and they were gone again; but in that brief interval several hundred passengers had been shot into them, each flying straight to his place with the accuracy of a Minie bullet- while an equal number were showered out upon the side-platforms.

Three hours had passed away, and the two friends met again on the Charing Cross platform, and eagerly compared notes. Then Clara turned away with a sigh.

To young impulsive hearts, like hers, disappointment is always a bitter pill. Mad Mathesis followed her, full of kindly sympathy.

“Try again, my love!” she said cheerily. “Let us vary the experiment. We will start as we did before, but not begin counting till our trains meet. When we see each other, we will say ‘One!’ and so count on till we come here again.” Clara brightened up. “I shall win that”, she exclaimed eagerly, “if I may choose my train!” Another shriek of engine whistles, another upheaving of spring-boards, another living avalanche plunging into two trains as they flashed by and the travelers were off again.

Each gazed eagerly from her carriage window, holding up her handkerchief as a signal to her friend. A rush and a roar. Two trains shot past each other in a tunnel, and two travelers leaned back in their corners with a sigh- or rather with two sighs- of relief “One!” Clara murmured to herself. “Won! It’s a word of good omen. This time, at any rate, the victory will be mine!” But was it?

KNOT IV

The Dead Reckoning

I did dream of money-bags to-night

NOONDAY on the open sea within a few degrees of the Equator is apt to be oppressively warm; and our two travelers were now airily clad in suits of dazzling white linen, having laid aside the chain-armor which they had found not only endurable in the cold mountain air they had lately been breathing, but a necessary precaution against the daggers of the banditti who infested the heights. Their holiday-trip was over, and they were now on their way home, in the monthly packet which plied between the two great ports of the island they had been exploring.

Along with their armor, the tourists had laid aside the antiquated speech it had pleased them to affect while in knightly disguise, and had returned to the ordinary style of two country gentlemen of the twentieth century.

Stretched on a pile of cushions, under the shade of a huge umbrella, they were lazily watching some native fishermen, who had come on board at the last landing-place, each carrying over his shoulder a small but heavy sack. A large weighing-machine, that had been used for cargo at the last port, stood on the deck; and round this the fishermen had gathered, and, with much unintelligible jabber, seemed to be weighing their sacks.

“More like sparrows in a tree than human talk, isn’t it?” the elder tourist remarked to his son, who smiled feebly, but would not exert himself so far as to speak. The old man tried another listener.

“What have they got in those sacks, Captain?” he enquired, as that great being passed them in his never-ending parade to and fro on the deck.

The Captain paused in his march, and towered over the travelers-tall, grave, and serenely self-satisfied.

“Fishermen”, he explained, “are often passengers in My ship. These five are from Mhruxi- the place we last touched at- and that’s the way they carry their money. The money of this island is heavy, gentlemen, but it costs little, as you may guess. We buy it

from them by weight- about five shillings a pound. I fancy a ten-pound note would buy all those sacks." By this time the old man had closed his eyes- in order, no doubt, to concentrate his thoughts on these interesting facts; but the Captain failed to realize his motive, and with a grunt resumed his monotonous march.

Meanwhile the fishermen were getting so noisy over the weighing-machine that one of the sailors took the precaution of carrying off all the weights, leaving them to amuse themselves with such substitutes in the form of winch-handles, belaying-pins, etc., as they could find. This brought their excitement to a speedy end: they carefully hid their sacks in the folds of the jib that lay on the deck near the tourists, and strolled away.

When next the Captain's heavy footfall passed, the younger man roused himself to speak.

"What did you call the place those fellows came from, Captain?" he asked.

"Mhruxi, sir." "And the one we are bound for?" The Captain took a long breath, plunged into the word, and came out of it nobly. "They call it Kgovjni, sir." "K- I give it up!" the young man faintly said.

He stretched out his hand for a glass of iced water which the compassionate steward had brought him a minute ago, and had set down, unluckily, just outside the shadow of the umbrella. It was scalding hot, and he decided not to drink it.

The effort of making this resolution, coming close on the fatiguing conversation he had just gone through, was too much for him; he sank back among the cushions in silence.

His father courteously tried to make amends for his nonchalance.

"Whereabout are we now, Captain?" said he. "Have you any idea?" The Captain cast a pitying look on the ignorant landsman. "I could tell you that, sir," he said, in a tone of lofty condescension, "to an inch!" "You don't say so!" the old man remarked, in a tone of languid surprise.

"And mean to," persisted the Captain. "Why, what do you suppose would become of My ship, if I were to lose My longitude and My latitude? Could you make anything of My Dead Reckoning?" "Nobody could, I'm sure!" the other heartily rejoined. But he had overdone it.

"It's perfectly intelligible", the Captain said, in an offended tone, "to anyone that understands such things." With these words he

moved away, and began giving orders to the men, who were preparing to hoist the jib.

Our tourists watched the operation with such interest that neither of them remembered the five money-bags, which in another moment, as the wind filled out the jib, were whirled overboard and fell heavily into the sea.

But the poor fishermen had not so easily forgotten their property. In a moment they had rushed to the spot, and stood uttering cries of fury, and pointing, now to the sea, and now to the sailors who had caused the disaster.

The old man explained it to the Captain.

“Let us make it up among us,” he added in conclusion.

“Ten pounds will do it, I think you said?” But the Captain put aside the suggestion with a wave of the hand.

“No, sir!” he said, in his grandest manner. “You will excuse Me, I am sure; but these are My passengers. The accident has happened on board My ship, and under My orders. It is for Me to make compensation.” He turned to the angry fishermen. “Come here, my men!” he said, in the Mhruxian dialect. “Tell me the weight of each sack. I saw you weighing them just now.” Then ensued a perfect Babel of noise, as the five natives explained, all screaming together, how the sailors had carried off the weights, and they had done what they could with whatever came handy.

Two iron belaying-pins, three blocks, six holy stones, four winch-handles, and a large hammer, were now carefully weighed, the Captain superintending and noting the results. But the matter did not seem to be settled, even then: an angry discussion followed, in which the sailors and the five natives all joined: and at last the Captain approached our tourists with a disconcerted look, which he tried to conceal under a laugh.

“It’s an absurd difficulty,” he said. “Perhaps one of you gentlemen can suggest something. It seems they weighed the sacks two at a time!” “If they didn’t have five separate weighings, of course you ca’n’t value them separately,” the youth hastily decided.

“Let’s hear all about it,” was the old man’s more cautious remark.

“They did have five separate weighings,” the Captain said, “but-well, it beats me entirely!” he added, in a sudden burst of candour. “Here’s the result: First and second sacks weighed twelve pounds; second and third, thirteen and a half; third and fourth, eleven and a half; fourth and fifth, eight; and then they say they had only the

large hammer left, and it took three sacks to weigh it down- that's the first, third, and fifth-and they weighed sixteen pounds. There, gentlemen! Did you ever hear anything like that?" The old man muttered under his breath, "If only my sister were here!" and looked helplessly at his son. His son looked at the five natives. The five natives looked at the Captain. The Captain looked at nobody: his eyes were cast down, and he seemed to be saying softly to himself, "Contemplate one another, gentlemen, if such be your good pleasure. I contemplate Myself!"

KNOT V

Oughts and Crosses

Look here, upon this picture, and on this

“AND what made you choose the first train, Goosey?” said Mad Mathesis, as they got into the cab. “Couldn’t you count better than that?” “I took an extreme case,” was the tearful reply. “Our excellent preceptress always says, ‘When in doubt, my dears, take an extreme case.’ And I was in doubt.” “Does it always succeed?” her aunt inquired.

Clara sighed. “Not always,” she reluctantly admitted. “And I ca’n’t make out why. One day she was telling the little girls- they make such a noise at tea, you know- ‘The more noise you make, the less jam you will have, and vice versa.’ And I thought they wouldn’t know what vice versa’ meant: so I explained it to them. I said, ‘If you make an infinite noise, you’ll get no jam: and if you make no noise, you’ll get an infinite lot of jam.’ But our excellent preceptress said that wasn’t a good instance. Why wasn’t it?” she added plaintively.

Her aunt evaded the question. “One sees certain objections to it,” she said.

“But how did you work it with the Metropolitan trains? None of them go infinitely fast, I believe.”

“I called them hares and tortoises,” Clara said- a little timidly, for she dreaded being laughed at. “And I thought there couldn’t be so many hares as tortoises on the Line: so I took an extreme case- one hare and an infinite number of tortoises.” “An extreme case, indeed,” her aunt remarked with admirable gravity: “and a most dangerous state of things!” “And I thought, if I went with a tortoise, there would be only one hare to meet: but if I went with the hare you know there were crowds of tortoises!” “It wasn’t a bad idea,” said the elder lady, as they left the cab, at the entrance of Burlington House. “You shall have another chance to-day. We’ll have a match in marking pictures.” Clara brightened up. “I should like to try again, very much,” she said. “I’ll take more care this time. How are we to play?” To this question Mad Mathesis made no reply: she was busy drawing lines down the margins of the

catalogue. "See," she said after a minute, "I've drawn three columns against the names of the pictures in the long room, and I want you to fill them with oughts and crosses- crosses for good marks and oughts for bad.

The first column is for choice of subject, the second for arrangement, the third for colouring. And these are the conditions of the match: You must give three crosses to two or three pictures. You must give two crosses to four or five-" "Do you mean only two crosses?" said Clara. "Or may I count the three-cross pictures among the two-cross pictures?"

"Of course you may," said her aunt. "Anyone that has three eyes, may be said to have two eyes, I suppose?" Clara followed her aunt's dreamy gaze across the crowded gallery, half-dreading to find that there was a three-eyed person in sight.

"And you must give one cross to nine or ten." "And which wins the match?" Clara asked, as she carefully entered these conditions on a blank leaf in her catalogue.

"Whichever marks fewest pictures." "But suppose we marked the same number?" "Then whichever uses most marks." Clara considered. "I don't think it's much of a match," she said. "I shall mark nine pictures, and give three crosses to three of them, two crosses to two more, and one, cross each to all the rest." "Will you, indeed?" said her aunt. "Wait till you've heard all the conditions, my impetuous child. You must give three oughts to one or two pictures, two oughts to three or four, and one ought to eight or nine. I don't want you to be too hard on the R. A.'s." Clara quite gasped as she wrote down all these fresh conditions. "It's a great deal worse than Circulating Decimals!" she said. "But I'm determined to win, all the same!"

Her aunt smiled grimly. "We can begin here," she said, as they paused before a gigantic picture, which the catalogue informed them was the "Portrait of Lieutenant Brown, mounted on his favourite elephant".

"He looks awfully conceited!" said Clara. "I don't think he was the elephant's favourite Lieutenant. What a hideous picture it is! And it takes up room enough for twenty!" "Mind what you say, my dear!" her aunt interposed. "It's by an R. A.!" But Clara was quite reckless. "I don't care who it's by!" she cried. "And I shall give it three bad marks!" Aunt and niece soon drifted away from each other in the crowd, and for the next half-hour Clara was hard at work, putting in marks and rubbing them out again, and hunting

up and down for a suitable picture. This she found the hardest part of all. "I ca'n't find the one I want!" she exclaimed at last, almost crying with vexation.

"What is it you want to find, my dear?" The voice was strange to Clara, but so sweet and gentle that she felt attracted to the owner of it, even before she had seen her; and when she turned, and met the smiling looks of two little old ladies, whose round dimpled faces, exactly alike, seemed never to have known a care, it was as much as she could do- as she confessed to Aunt Mattie afterwards- to keep herself from hugging them both. "I was looking for a picture", she said, "that has a good subject- and that's well arranged- but badly coloured."

The little old ladies glanced at each other in some alarm. "Calm yourself, my dear," said the one who had spoken first, "and try to remember which it was.

What was the subject?" "Was it an elephant, for instance?" the other sister suggested. They were still in sight of Lieutenant Brown.

"I don't know, indeed!" Clara impetuously replied. "You know it doesn't matter a bit what the subject is, so long as it's a good one!" Once more the sisters exchanged looks of alarm, and one of them whispered something to the other, of which Clara caught only the one word "mad".

"They mean Aunt Mattie, of course," she said to herself- fancying, in her innocence, that London was like her native town, where everybody knew everybody else. "If you mean my aunt," she added aloud, "she's there- just three pictures beyond Lieutenant Brown." "Ah, well! Then you'd better go to her, my dear!" her new friend said soothingly. "She'll find you the picture you want. Good-bye, dear!" "Good-bye, dear!" echoed the other sister. "Mind you don't lose sight of your aunt!" And the pair trotted off into another room, leaving Clara rather perplexed at their manner.

"They're real darlings!" she soliloquized. "I wonder why they pity me so!" And she wandered on, murmuring to herself, "It must have two good marks, and-

KNOT VI

Her Radiancy

One piecee thing that my have got, Maskee 1 that thing my no can do.

You talkee you no sabey what? Bamboo.

THEY landed, and were at once conducted to the Palace. About half-way they were met by the Governor, who welcomed them in English- a great relief to our travelers, whose guide could speak nothing but Kgovjnian.

“I don’t half like the way they grin at us- as we go by!” the old man whispered to his son. “And why do they say ‘Bamboo’ so often?” “It alludes to a local custom,” replied the Governor, who had overheard the question. “Such persons as happen in any way to displease Her Radiancy are usually beaten with rods.”

1 “Maskee”, in Pigeon-English, means “Without”.

The old man shuddered. “A most objectionable local custom!” he remarked with strong emphasis. “I wish we had never landed! Did you notice that black fellow, Norman, opening his great mouth at us? I verily believe he would like to eat us!” Norman appealed to the Governor, who was walking at his other side. “Do they often eat distinguished strangers here?” he said, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

“Not often- not ever!” was the welcome reply. “They are not good for it. Pigs we eat, for they are fat. This old man is thin.” “And thankful to be so!” muttered the elder traveler. “Beaten we shall be without a doubt. It’s a comfort to know it won’t be Beaten without the B! My dear boy, just look at the peacocks!” They were now walking between two unbroken lines of those gorgeous birds, each held in check, by means of a golden collar and chain, by a black slave, who stood well behind, so as not to interrupt the view of the glittering tail, with its network of rustling feathers and its hundred eyes.

The Governor smiled proudly. “In your honour,” he said, “Her Radiancy has ordered up ten thousand additional peacocks. She will, no doubt, decorate you, before you go, with the usual Star

and Feathers.” “It’ll be Star without the S” faltered one of his hearers.

“Come, come! Don’t lose heart!” said the other. “All this is full of charm for me.” “You are young, Norman,” sighed his father; “young and light-hearted. For me, it is Charm without the C.” “The old one is sad” the Governor remarked with some anxiety. “He has, without doubt, effected some fearful crime?” “But I haven’t!” the poor old gentleman hastily exclaimed. “Tell him I haven’t, Norman!” “He has not, as yet,” Norman gently explained. And the Governor repeated, in a satisfied tone, “Not as yet.” “Yours is a wondrous country!” the Governor resumed, after a pause. “Now here is a letter from a friend of mine, a merchant, in London. He and his brother went there a year ago, with a thousand pounds apiece; and on New Year’s Day they had sixty thousand pounds between them!” “How did they do it?” Norman eagerly exclaimed. Even the elder traveler looked excited.

The Governor handed him the open letter. “Anybody can do it, when once they know how,” so ran this oracular document. “We borrowed nought: we stole nought. We began the year with only a thousand pounds apiece: and last New Year’s Day we had sixty thousand pounds between us- sixty thousand golden sovereigns!”

Norman looked grave and thoughtful as he handed back the letter. His father hazarded one guess. “Was it by gambling?” “A Kgovjnian never gambles,” said the Governor gravely, as he ushered them through the palace gates. They followed him in silence down a long passage, and soon found themselves in a lofty hall, lined entirely with peacocks’ feathers. In the centre was a pile of crimson cushions, which almost concealed the figure of Her Radiancy-a plump little damsel, in a robe of green satin dotted with silver stars, whose pale round face lit up for a moment with a half-smile as the travelers bowed before her, and then relapsed into the exact expression of a wax doll, while she languidly murmured a word or two in the Kgovjnian dialect.

The Governor interpreted: “Her Radiancy welcomes you. She notes the Impenetrable Placidity of the old one, and the Imperceptible Acuteness of the youth.” Here the little potentate clapped her hands, and a troop of slaves instantly appeared, carrying trays of coffee and sweetmeats, which they offered to the guests, who had, at a signal from the Governor, seated themselves on the carpet.

“Sugar-plums!” muttered the old man. “One might as well be at a confectioner’s! Ask for a penny bun, Norman!” “Not so loud!” his

son whispered. "Say something complimentary!" For the Governor was evidently expecting a speech.

"We thank Her Exalted Potency," the old man timidly began. "We bask in the light of her smile, which-

"The words of old men are weak!" the Governor interrupted angrily. "Let the youth speak!" "Tell her," cried Norman, in a wild burst of eloquence, "that, like two grasshoppers in a volcano, we are shrivelled up in the presence of Her Spangled Vehemence!" "It is well," said the Governor, and translated this into Kgovjnian. "I am now to tell you", he proceeded, "what Her Radiancy requires of you before you go.

The yearly competition for the post of Imperial Scarf-maker is just ended; you are the judges. You will take account of the rate of work, the lightness of the scarves, and their warmth. Usually the competitors differ in one point only. Thus, last year, Fifi and Gogo made the same number of scarves in the trial-week, and they were equally light; but Fifi's were twice as warm as Gogo's and she was pronounced twice as good. But this year, woe is me, who can judge it? Three competitors are here, and they differ in all points! While you settle their claims, you shall be lodged, Her Radiancy bids me say, free of expense- in the best dungeon, and abundantly fed on the best bread and water." The old man groaned. "All is lost!" he wildly exclaimed. But Norman heeded him not: he had taken out his notebook, and was calmly jotting down the particulars.

"Three they be," the Governor proceeded. "Lolo, Mimi, and Zuzu. Lolo makes 5 scarves while Mimi makes 2; but Zuzu makes 4 while Lolo makes 3! Again, so fairy-like is Zuzu's handiwork, 5 of her scarves weigh no more than one of Lolo's; yet Mimi's is lighter still- 5 of hers will but balance 3 of Zuzu's! And for warmth one of Mimi's is equal to 4 of Zuzu's; yet one of Lolo's is as warm as 3 of Mimi's!" Here the little lady once more clapped her hands.

"It is our signal of dismissal!" the Governor hastily said. "Pay Her Radiancy your farewell compliments- and walk out backwards." The walking part was all the elder tourist could manage. Norman simply said, "Tell Her Radiancy we are transfixed by the spectacle of Her Serene Brilliance, and bid an agonized farewell to her Condensed Milkiness!" "Her Radiancy is pleased," the Governor reported, after duly translating this.

"She casts on you a glance from Her Imperial Eyes, and is confident that you will catch it!" "That I warrant we shall!" the elder traveler moaned to himself distractedly.

Once more they bowed low, and then followed the Governor down a winding staircase to the Imperial Dungeon, which they found to be lined with coloured marble, lighted from the roof, and splendidly though not luxuriously furnished with a bench of polished malachite. "I trust you will not delay the calculation," the Governor said, ushering them in with much ceremony. "I have known great inconvenience- great and serious inconvenience- result to those unhappy ones who have delayed to execute the commands of Her Radiancy! And on this occasion she is resolute: she says the thing must and shall be done: and she has ordered up ten thousand additional bamboos!" With these words he left them, and they heard him lock and bar the door on the outside.

"I told you how it would end!" moaned the elder traveler, wringing his hands' and quite forgetting in his anguish that he had himself proposed the expedition, and had never predicted anything of the sort. "Oh, that we were well out of this miserable business!" "Courage!" cried the younger cheerily. "Haec olim meminisse juvabit! The end of all this will be glory!" "Glory without the L!" was all the poor old man could say, as he rocked himself to and fro on the malachite bench. "Glory without the L!"

KNOT VII

Petty Cash

Base is the slave that pays

“AUNT MATTIE!” “My child?” “Would you mind writing it down at once? I shall be quite certain to forget it if you don’t!” “My dear, we really must wait till the cab stops. How can I possibly write anything in the midst of all this jolting?” “But really I shall be forgetting it!” Clara’s voice took the plaintive tone that her aunt never knew how to resist, and with a sigh the old lady drew forth her ivory tablets and prepared to record the amount that Clara had just spent at the confectioner’s shop. Her expenditure was always made out of her aunt’s purse, but the poor girl knew, by bitter experience, that sooner or later “Mad Mathesis” would expect an exact account of every penny that had gone, and she waited, with ill-concealed impatience, while the old lady turned the tablets over and over, till she had found the one headed “PETTY CASH”.

“Here’s the place,” she said at last, “and here we have yesterday’s luncheon duly entered. One glass lemonade (Why can’t you drink water, like me?), three sandwiches (They never put in half mustard enough. I told the young woman so, to her face; and she tossed her head- like her impudence!), and seven biscuits. Total one-and-twopence. Well, now for to-day’s?” “One glass of lemonade-” Clara was beginning to say, when suddenly the cab drew up, and a courteous railway-porter was handing out the bewildered girl before she had had time to finish her sentence.

Her aunt pocketed the tablets instantly. “Business first,” she said: “petty cash which is a form of pleasure, whatever you may think afterwards.” And she proceeded to pay the driver, and to give voluminous orders about the luggage, quite deaf to the entreaties of her unhappy niece that she would enter the rest of the luncheon account. “My dear, you really must cultivate a more capacious mind!” was all the consolation she vouchsafed to the poor girl. “Are not the tablets of your memory wide enough to contain the record of one single luncheon?” “Not wide enough! Not half wide enough!” was the passionate reply.

The words came in aptly enough, but the voice was not that of Clara, and both ladies turned in some surprise to see who it was that had so suddenly struck into their conversation. A fat little old lady was standing at the door of a cab, helping the driver to extricate what seemed an exact duplicate of herself: it would have been no easy task to decide which was the fatter or which looked the more goodhumoured of the two sisters.

“I tell you the cab-door isn’t half wide enough!” she repeated, as her sister finally emerged, somewhat after the fashion of a pellet from a pop-gun, and she turned to appeal to Clara. “Is it, dear?” she said, trying hard to bring a frown into a face that dimpled all over with smiles.

“Some folks is too wide for ‘em,” growled the cab-driver.

“Don’t provoke me, man!” cried the little old lady, in what she meant for a tempest of fury. “Say another word and I’ll put you into the County Court, and sue you for a Habeas Corpus!” the cabman touched his hat, and marched off, grinning.

“Nothing like a little Law to cow the ruffians, my dear!” she remarked confidentially to Clara. “You saw how he quailed when I mentioned the Habeas Corpus? Not that I’ve any idea what it means, but it sounds very grand, doesn’t it?” “It’s very provoking,” Clara replied, a little vaguely.

“Very!” the little old lady eagerly replied. “And we’re very much provoked indeed. Aren’t we, sister?” “I never was so provoked in all my life!” the fatter sister assented radiantly.

By this time Clara had recognized her picture-gallery acquaintances, and, drawing her aunt aside, she hastily whispered her reminiscences. “I met them first in the Royal Academy- and they were very kind to me- and they were lunching at the next table to us, just now, you know- and they tried to help me to find the picture I wanted- and I’m sure they’re dear old things!”

“Friends of yours, are they?” said Mad Mathesis. “Well I like their looks. You can be civil to them, while I get the tickets. But do try and arrange your ideas a little more chronologically!” And so it came to pass that the four ladies found themselves seated side by side on the same bench waiting for the train, and chatting as if they had known one another for years.

“Now this I call quite a remarkable coincidence!” exclaimed the smaller and more talkative of the two sisters- the one whose legal knowledge had annihilated the cab-driver. “Not only that we

should be waiting for the same train, and at the same station- that would be curious enough- but actually on the same day, and the same hour of the day! That's what strikes me so forcibly!" She glanced at the fatter and more silent sister, whose chief function in life seemed to be to support the family opinion, and who meekly responded "And me too, sister!" "Those are not independent coincidences-" Mad Mathesis was just beginning, when Clara ventured to interpose.

"There's no jolting here," she pleaded meekly. "Would you mind writing it down now?" Out came the ivory tablets once more. "What was it, then?" said her aunt.

"One glass of lemonade, one sandwich, one biscuit- Oh, dear me!" cried poor Clara, the historical tone suddenly changing to a wail of agony.

"Toothache?" said her aunt calmly, as she wrote down the items. The two sisters instantly opened their reticules and produced two different remedies for neuralgia, each marked "unequaled".

"It isn't that!" said poor Clara. "Thank you very much. It's only that I ca'n't remember how much I paid!" "Well, try and make it out, then," said her aunt. "You've got yesterday's luncheon to help you, you know. And here's the luncheon we had the day before- the first day we went to that shop- one glass lemonade, four sandwiches, ten biscuits.

Total, one-and-fivepence." She handed the tablets to Clara, who gazed at them with eyes so dim with tears that she did not at first notice that she was holding them upside down.

The two sisters had been listening to all this with the deepest interest, and at this juncture the smaller one softly laid her hand on Clara's arm.

"Do you know, my dear," she said coaxingly, "my sister and I are in the very same predicament! Quite identically the very same predicament! Aren't we, sister?" "Quite identically and absolutely the very-" began the fatter sister, but she was constructing her sentence, on too large a scale, and the little one would not wait for her to finish it.

"Yes, my dear," she resumed; "we were lunching at the very same shop as you were- and we had two, glasses of lemonade and three sandwiches and five biscuits- and neither of us has the least idea what we paid. Have we, sister?" "Quite identically and absolutely-" murmured the other, who evidently considered that she was now

a whole sentence in arrears, and that she ought to discharge one obligation before contracting any fresh liabilities; but the little lady broke in again, and she retired from the conversation a bankrupt.

“Would you make it out for us, my dear?” pleaded the little old lady.

“You can do Arithmetic, I trust?” her aunt said, a little anxiously, as Clara turned from one tablet to another, vainly trying to collect her thoughts. Her mind was a blank, and all human expression was rapidly fading out of her face.

A gloomy silence ensued.

KNOT VIII

De Omnibus Rebus

This little pig went to market: This little pig staid at home.

“BY Her Radiancy’s express command,” said the Governor, as he conducted the travelers, for the last time, from the Imperial presence, “I shall now have the ecstasy of escorting you as far as the outer gate of the Military Quarter, where the agony of parting- if indeed Nature can survive the shock- must be endured! From that gate grurmstipths start every quarter of an hour, both ways-” “Would you mind repeating that word?” said Norman. “Grunn-?” “Grurmstipths,” the Governor, repeated. “You call them omnibuses in England. They run both ways, and you can travel by one of them all the way down to the harbour.” The old man breathed a sigh of relief; four hours of courtly ceremony had wearied him, and he had been in constant terror lest something should call into use the ten thousand additional bamboos.

In another minute they were crossing a large quadrangle, paved with marble, and tastefully decorated with a pigsty in each corner. Soldiers, carrying pigs, were marching in all directions: and in the middle stood a gigantic officer giving orders in a voice of thunder, which made itself heard above all the uproar of the pigs.

“It is the Commander-in-Chief!” the Governor hurriedly whispered to his companions, who at once followed his example in prostrating themselves before the great man. The Commander gravely bowed in return. He was covered with gold lace from head to foot: his face wore an expression of deep misery: and he had a little black pig under each arm. Still the gallant fellow did his best, in the midst of the orders he was every moment issuing to his men, to bid a courteous farewell to the departing guests.

“Farewell, O old one!- carry these three to the South corner- and farewell to thee, thou young one- put this fat one on the top of the others in the Western stymay your shadows never be less- woe is me, it is wrongly done! Empty out all the sties, and begin again!” And the soldier leant upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

“He is in distress,” the Governor explained as they left the court. “Her Radiancy has commanded him to place twenty-four pigs in those four sties, so that, as she goes round the court, she may

always find the number in each sty nearer to ten than the number in the last." "Does she call ten nearer to ten than nine is?" said Norman.

"Surely," said the Governor. "Her Radiancy would admit that ten is nearer to ten than nine is- and also nearer than eleven is."

"Then I think it can be done," said Norman.

The Governor shook his head. "The Commander has been transferring them in vain for four months," he said. "What hope remains? And Her Radiancy has ordered up ten thousand additional-" "The pigs don't seem to enjoy being transferred," the old man hastily interrupted. He did not like the subject of bamboos.

"They are only provisionally transferred, you know," said the Governor. "In most cases they are immediately carried back again: so they need not mind it.

And all is done with the greatest care, under the personal superintendence of the Commander-in-Chief." "Of course she would only go once round?" said Norman.

"Alas, no!" sighed their conductor. "Round and round. Round and round.

These are Her Radiancy's own words. But oh, agony! Here is the outer gate, and we must part!" He sobbed as he shook hands with them, and the next moment was briskly walking away.

"He might have waited to see us off!" said the old man piteously.

"And he needn't have begun whistling the very moment he left us!" said the young one severely. "But look sharp- here are two what's-his-names in the act of starting!"

Unluckily, the sea-bound omnibus was full. "Never mind!" said Norman cheerily. "We'll walk on till the next one overtakes us," They trudged on in silence, both thinking over the military problem, till they met an omnibus coming from the sea. The elder traveler took out his watch. "Just twelve minutes and a half since we started," he remarked in an absent manner.

Suddenly the vacant face brightened; the old man had an idea. "My boy!" he shouted, bringing his hand down upon Norman's shoulder so suddenly as for a moment to transfer his centre of gravity beyond the base of support.

Thus taken off his guard, the young man wildly staggered forwards, and seemed about to plunge into space: but in another

moment he had gracefully recovered himself. "Problem in Precession and Nutation," he remarked- in tones where filial respect only just managed to conceal a shade of annoyance. "What is it?" he hastily added, fearing his father might have been taken ill. "Will you have some brandy?" "When will the next omnibus overtake us? When? When?" the old man cried, growing more excited every moment.

Norman looked gloomy. "Give me time," he said. "I must think it over." And once more the travelers passed on in silence- a silence only broken by the distant squeals of the unfortunate little pigs, who were still being provisionally transferred from sty to sty, under the personal superintendence of the Commander-inChief.

KNOT IX

A Serpent with Corners

Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.

“IT’LL just take one more pebble.” “Whatever are you doing with those buckets?” The speakers were Hugh and Lambert. Place, the beach of Little Mendip.

Time 1:30 P.M. Hugh was floating a bucket in another a size larger, and trying how many pebbles it would carry without sinking. Lambert was lying on his back, doing nothing.

For the next minute or two Hugh was silent, evidently deep in thought. Suddenly he started. “I say, look here, Lambert!” he cried.

“If it’s alive, and slimy, and with legs, I don’t care to,” said Lambert.

“Didn’t Balbus say this morning that, if a body is immersed in liquid it displaces as much liquid as is equal to its own bulk?” said Hugh.

“He said things of that sort,” Lambert vaguely replied.

“Well, just look here a minute. Here’s the little bucket almost quite immersed: so the water displaced ought to be just about the same bulk. And now just look at it!” He took out the little bucket as he spoke, and handed the big one to Lambert.

“Why, there’s hardly a teacupful! Do you mean to say that water is the same bulk as the little bucket?” “Course it is,” said Lambert.

“Well, look here again!” cried Hugh, triumphantly, as he poured the water from the big bucket into the little one. “Why, it doesn’t half fill it!” “That’s its business,” said Lambert. “If Balbus says it’s the same bulk, why, it is the same bulk, you know.” “Well, I don’t believe it,” said Hugh.

“You needn’t,” said Lambert. “Besides, it’s dinner-time. Come along.” They found Balbus waiting dinner for them, and to him Hugh at once propounded his difficulty.

“Let’s get you helped first,” said Balbus, briskly cutting away at the joint.

“You know the old proverb, ‘Mutton first, mechanics afterwards’?” The boys did not know the proverb, but they accepted it in perfect good faith, as they did every piece of information, however startling, that came from so infallible an authority as their tutor. They ate on steadily in silence, and, when dinner was over, Hugh set out the usual array of pens, ink, and paper, while Balbus repeated to them the problem he had prepared for their afternoon’s task.

“A friend of mine has a flower-garden- a very pretty one, though no great size” “How big is it?” said Hugh.

“That’s what you have to find out!” Balbus gaily replied, “All I tell you is that it is oblong in shape- just half a yard longer than its width- and that a gravel-walk, one yard wide, begins at one corner and runs all round it.” “Joining into itself?” said Hugh.

“Not joining into itself, young man. Just before doing that, it turns a corner, and runs round the garden again, alongside of the first portion, and then inside that again, winding in and in, and each lap touching the last one, till it has used up the whole of the area.” “Like a serpent with corners?” said Lambert.

“Exactly so. And if you walk the whole length of it, to the last inch, keeping in the centre of the path, it’s exactly two miles and half a furlong. Now, while you find out the length and breadth of the garden, I’ll see if I can think out that seawater puzzle.” “You said it was a flower-garden?” Hugh inquired, as Balbus was leaving the room.

“I did,” said Balbus.

“Where do the flowers grow?” said Hugh. But Balbus thought it best not to hear the question. He left the boys to their problem, and, in the silence of his own room, set himself to unravel Hugh’s mechanical paradox.

“To fix our thoughts,” he murmured to himself, as, with hands deep-buried in his pockets, he paced up and down the room, “we will take a cylindrical glass jar, with a scale of inches marked up the side, and fill it with water up to the 10-inch mark: and we will assume that every inch depth of jar contains a pint of water. We will now take a solid cylinder, such that every inch of it is equal in bulk to half a pint of water, and plunge 4 inches of it into the water, so that the end of the cylinder comes down to the 6-inch mark. Well, that displaces 2 pints of water. What becomes of them? Why, if there were no more cylinder, they would be comfortably on the top, and fill the jar up to the 12-inch mark. But unfortunately

there is more cylinder, occupying half the space between the 10-inch and the 12-inch marks, so that only one pint of water can be accommodated there. What becomes of the other pint? Why, if there were no more cylinder, it would lie on the top, and fill the jar up to the 13-inch mark. But unfortunately- Shade of Newton!" he exclaimed, in sudden accents of terror. "When does the water stop rising?" A bright idea struck him. "I'll write a little essay on it," he said.

BALBUS'S ESSAY.

"When a solid is immersed in a liquid, it is well known that it displaces a portion of the liquid equal to itself in bulk, and that the level of the liquid rises just so much as it would rise if a quantity of liquid had been added to it, equal in bulk to the solid. Lardner says precisely the same process occurs when a solid is partially immersed: the quantity of liquid displaced, in this case, equalling the portion of the solid which is immersed, and the rise of the level being in proportion.

"Suppose a solid held above the surface of a liquid and partially immersed: a portion of the liquid is displaced, and the level of the liquid rises. But, by this rise of level, a little bit more of the solid is of course immersed, and so there is a new displacement of a second portion of the liquid, and a consequent rise of level.

Again, this second rise of level causes a yet further immersion, and by consequence another displacement of liquid and another rise. It is self-evident that this process must continue till the entire solid is immersed, and that the liquid will then begin to immerse whatever holds the solid, which, being connected with it, must for the time be considered a part of it. If you hold a stick, six feet long, with its ends in a tumbler of water, and wait long enough, you must eventually be immersed. The question as to the source from which the water is supplied- which belongs to a high branch of mathematics, and is therefore beyond our present scope does not apply to the sea. Let us therefore take the familiar instance of a man standing at the edge of the sea, at ebb-tide, with a solid in his hand, which he partially immerses: he remains steadfast and unmoved, and we all know that he must be drowned. The multitudes who daily perish in this manner to attest a philosophical truth, and whose bodies the unreasoning wave casts sullenly upon our thankless shores, have a truer claim to be called the martyrs of science than a Galileo or a Kepler. To use Kossuth's eloquent phrase, they are the unnamed demigods of the nineteenth century." 2

“There’s a fallacy somewhere,” he murmured drowsily, as he stretched his long legs upon the sofa. “I must think it over again.” He closed his eyes, in order to concentrate his attention more perfectly, and for the next hour or so his slow and regular breathing bore witness to the careful deliberation with which he was investigating this new and perplexing view of the subject.

2 For the above essay I am indebted to a dear friend, now deceased.

KNOT X

Chelsea Buns

Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!

Old Song.

“HOW very, very sad!” exclaimed Clara; and the eyes of the gentle girl filled with tears as she spoke.

“Sad- but very curious when you come to look at it arithmetically,” was her aunt’s less romantic reply. “Some of them have lost an arm in their country’s service, some a leg, some an ear, some an eye-” “And some, perhaps, all!” Clara murmured dreamily, as they passed the long rows of weather-beaten heroes basking in the sun. “Did you notice that very old one, with a red face, who was drawing a map in the dust with ‘his wooden leg, and all the others watching? I think it was a plan of a battle-” “The Battle of Trafalgar, no doubt,” her aunt interrupted briskly.

“Hardly that, I think,” Clara ventured to say. “You see, in that case, he couldn’t well be alive-” “Couldn’t well be alive!” the old lady contemptuously repeated. “He’s as lively as you and me put together! Why, if drawing a map in the dust- with one’s wooden leg- doesn’t prove one to be alive, perhaps you’ll kindly mention what does prove it!” Clara did not see her way out of it. Logic had never been her forte.

“To return to the arithmetic,” Mad Mathesis resumed- the eccentric old lady never let slip an opportunity of driving her niece into a calculation- “what percentage do you suppose must have lost all four- a leg, an arm, an eye, and an ear?” “How can I tell?” gasped the terrified girl. She knew well what was coming.

“You ca’n’t, of course, without data,” her aunt replied: “but I’m just going to give you-” “Give her a Chelsea bun, miss! That’s what most young ladies like best!” The voice was rich and musical, and the speaker dexterously whipped back the snowy cloth that covered his basket, and disclosed a tempting array of the familiar square buns, joined together in rows, richly egged and browned, and glistening in the sun.

“No, sir! I shall give her nothing so indigestible! Be off!” The old lady waved her parasol threateningly: but nothing seemed to

disturb the good humour of the jolly old man, who marched on, chanting his melodious refrain: (See illustration.)

“Far too indigestible, my love!” said the old lady. “Percentages will agree with you ever so much better!” Clara sighed, and there was a hungry look in her eyes as she watched the basket lessening in the distance; but she meekly listened to the relentless old lady, who at once proceeded to count off the data on her fingers.

“Say that 70 per cent have lost an eye- 75 per cent an ear- 80 per cent an arm- 85 per cent a leg- that’ll do it beautifully. Now, my dear, what percentage, at least, must have lost all four?” No more conversation occurred- unless a smothered exclamation of, “Piping hot!” which escaped from Clara’s lips as the basket vanished round a corner could be counted as such- until they reached the old Chelsea mansion, where Clara’s father was then staying, with his three sons and their old tutor.

Balbus, Lambert, and Hugh had entered the house only a few minutes before them. They had been out walking, and Hugh had been propounding a difficulty which had reduced Lambert to the depths of gloom, and had even puzzled Balbus.

“It changes from Wednesday to Thursday at midnight, doesn’t it?” Hugh had begun.

“Sometimes,” said Balbus cautiously.

“Always,” said Lambert decisively.

“Sometimes,” Balbus gently insisted. “Six midnights out of seven, it changes to some other name.”

“I meant, of course,” Hugh corrected, “when it does change from Wednesday to Thursday, it does it at midnight- and only at midnight.” “Surely,” said Balbus. Lambert was silent.

“Well, now, suppose it’s midnight here in Chelsea. Then it’s Wednesday west of Chelsea (say in Ireland or America), where midnight hasn’t arrived yet: and it’s Thursday east of Chelsea (say in Germany or Russia), where midnight has just passed by?” “Surely,” Balbus said again. Even Lambert nodded his time.

“But it isn’t midnight anywhere else; so it ca’n’t be changing from one day to another anywhere else. And yet, if Ireland and America and so on call it Wednesday, and Germany and Russia and so on call it Thursday, there must be some place- not Chelsea- that has different days on the two sides of it. And the worst of it is, the people there get their days in the wrong order: they’ve got Wednesday east of them, and Thursday west- just as if their day had changed from Thursday to Wednesday!” “I’ve heard that

puzzle before!” cried Lambert. “And I’ll tell you the explanation. When a ship goes round the world from east to west, we know that it loses a day in its reckoning: so that when it gets home and calls its day Wednesday, it finds people here calling it Thursday, because we’ve had one more midnight than the ship has had. And when you go the other way round you gain a day.”

“I know all that,” said Hugh, in reply to this not very lucid explanation: “but it doesn’t help me, because the ship hasn’t proper days. One way round, you get more than twenty-four hours to the day, and the other way you get less: so of course the names get wrong: but people that live on in one place always get twenty-four hours to the day.” “I suppose there is such a place,” Balbus said, meditatively, “though I never heard of it. And the people must find it queer, as Hugh says, to have the old day east of them, and the new one west: because, when midnight comes round to them, with the new day in front of it and the old one behind it, one doesn’t see exactly what happens. I must think it over.” So they had entered the house in the state I have described- Balbus puzzled, and Lambert buried in gloomy thought.

“Yes, m’m, Master is at home, m’m,” said the stately old butler. (N.B.- It is only a butler of experience who can manage a series of three M’s together, without any interjacent vowels.) “And the ole party is a-waiting for you in the libery.” “I don’t like his calling your father an old party,” Mad Mathesis whispered to her niece, as they crossed the hall. And Clara had only just time to whisper in reply, “He meant the whole party,” before they were ushered into the library, and the sight of the five solemn faces there assembled chilled her into silence.

Her father sat at the head of the table, and mutely signed to the ladies to take the two vacant chairs, one on each side of him. His three sons and Balbus completed the party. Writing materials had been arranged round the table, after the fashion of a ghostly banquet: the butler had evidently bestowed much thought on the grim device. Sheets of quarto paper, each flanked by a pen on one side and a pencil on the other, represented the plates- penwipers did duty for rolls of breadwhile ink-bottles stood in the places usually occupied by wine-glasses. The piece de resistance was a large green baize bag, which gave forth, as the old man restlessly lifted it from side to side, a charming jingle, as of innumerable golden guineas.

“Sister, daughter, sons- and Balbus-” the old man began, so nervously that Balbus put in a gentle “Hear, hear!” while Hugh

drummed on the table with his fists. This disconcerted the unpractised orator. "Sister-" he began again, then paused a moment, moved the bag to the other side, and went on with a rush, "I mean- this being- a critical occasion- more or less- being the year when one of my sons comes of age-," he paused again in some confusion, having evidently got into the middle of his speech sooner than he intended: but it was too late to go back. "Hear, hear!" cried Balbus. "Quite so,-" said the old gentleman, recovering his self-possession a little: "when first I began this annual custom- my friend Balbus will correct me if I am wrong-" (Hugh whispered, "With a strap!" but nobody heard him except Lambert, who only frowned and shook his head at him) "-this annual custom of giving each of my sons as many guineas as would represent his age- it was a critical time- so Balbus informed me- as the ages of two of you were together equal to that of the third- so on that occasion I made a speech-" He paused so long that Balbus thought it well to come to the rescue with the words, "It was a most-" but the old man checked him with a warning look: "yes, made a speech," he repeated. "A few years after that, Balbus pointed out-I say pointed out-" ("Hear, hear!" cried Balbus. "Quite so," said the grateful old man.) "-that it was another critical occasion. The ages of two of you were together double that of the third. So I made another speech- another speech. And now again it's a critical occasion- so Balbus says- and I am making-" (here Mad Mathesis pointedly referred to her watch) "all the haste I can!" the old man cried, with wonderful presence of mind. "Indeed, sister, I'm coming to the point now! The number of years that have passed since that first occasion is just two-thirds of the numbers of guineas I then gave you. Now, my boys, calculate your ages from the data, and you shall have the money!" "But we know our ages!" cried Hugh.

"Silence, sir!" thundered the old man, rising to his full height (he was exactly five-foot five) in his indignation. "I say you must use the data only! You mustn't even assume which it is that comes of age!" He clutched the bag as he spoke, and with tottering steps (it was about as much as he could do to carry it) he left the room.

"And you shall have a similar cadeau", the old lady whispered to her niece, "when you've calculated that percentage!" And she followed her brother.

Nothing could exceed the solemnity with which the old couple had risen from the table, and yet was it- was it a grin with which the father turned away from his unhappy sons? Could it be- could it be a wink with which the aunt abandoned her despairing niece? And

were those- were those sounds of suppressed chuckling which floated into the room, just before Balbus (who had followed them out) closed the door? Surely not: and yet the butler told the cook- but no, that was merely idle gossip, and I will not repeat it.

The shades of evening granted their unuttered petition, and “closed not o’er” them (for the butler brought in the lamp); the same obliging shades left them a “lonely bark” (the wail of a dog, in the back-yard, baying the moon) for “a while”: but neither “morn, alas”, nor any other epoch, seemed likely to “restore” them- to that peace of mind which had once been theirs ere ever these problems had swooped upon them, and crushed them with a load of unfathomable mystery!

“It’s hardly fair,” muttered Hugh, “to give us such a jumble as this to work out!” “Fair?” Clara echoed bitterly. “Well!” And to all my readers I can but repeat the last words of gentle Clara:

FARE-WELL!

APPENDIX

“A knot,” said Alice. “Oh, do let me help to undo it!”

ANSWERS TO KNOT I

Problem.- Two travelers spend from 3 o'clock till 9 in walking along a level road, up a hill, and home again: their pace on the level being 4 miles an hour, up hill 3, and down hill 6. Find the distance walked: also (within half an hour) time of reaching top of hill.

Answer.- 24 miles: half-past 6.

Solution.- A level mile takes $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, up hill $\frac{1}{3}$, down hill $\frac{1}{6}$. Hence to go and return over the same mile, whether on the level or on the hillside, takes $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Hence in 6 hours they went 12 miles out and 12 back. If the 12 miles out had been nearly all level, they would have taken a little over 3 hours; if nearly all up hill, a little under 4. Hence $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours must be within $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour of the time taken in reaching the peak; thus, as they started at 3, they got there within $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour of $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6.

Twenty-seven answers have come in. Of these, 9 are right, 16 partially right, and 2 wrong. The 16 give the distance correctly, but they have failed to grasp the fact that the top of the hill might have been reached at any moment between 6 o'clock and 7.

The two wrong answers are from GERTY VERNON and A NIHILIST. The former makes the distance “23 miles”, while her revolutionary companion puts it at “27”. GERTY VERNON says, “they had to go 4 miles along the plain, and got to the foot of the hill at 4 o'clock.” They might have done so, I grant; but knotyou have no ground for saying they did so. “It was $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the top of the hill, and they reached that at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 7 o'clock.” Here you go wrong in your arithmetic, and I must, however reluctantly, bid you farewell. $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at 3 miles an hour, would not require $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. A NIHILIST says, “Let x denote the whole number of miles; y the number of hours to hill-top; therefore $3y =$ number of miles to hill-top, and $x-3y =$ number of miles on the other side.” You bewilder me. The other side of what? “Of the hill,” you say. But then, how did they get home again? However, to accommodate your views

we will build a new hostelry at the foot of the hill on the opposite side, and also assume (what I grant you is possible, though it is not necessarily true) that there was no level road at all. Even then you go wrong. You say:

$x-3y$ “ $y = 6$ (i); 6

$x = 6$ (ii).”

$4 \frac{1}{2}$

I grant you (i), but I deny (ii): it rests on the assumption that to go part of the time at 3 miles an hour, and the rest at 6 miles an hour, comes to the same result as going the whole time at $4 \frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. But this would only be true if the “part” were in exact half, i.e. if they went up hill for 3 hours, and down hill for the other 3: which they certainly did not do.

The sixteen who are partially right, are AGNES BAILEY, F. K., FIFEE, G. E.

B., H. P., KIT, M. E. T., MYSIE, A MOTHER’S SON, NAIRAM, A REDRUTHIAN, A SOCIALIST, SPEAR MAIDEN, T. B. C., VIS INERTIAE, and YAK. Of these, F. K., FIFEE, T. B. C., and VIS INERTIAE do not attempt the second part at all. F. K. and H. P. give no working. The rest make particular assumptions, such as that there was no level road- that there were 6 miles of level road- and so on, all leading to particular times being fixed for reaching the hilltop. The most curious assumption is that of AGNES BAILEY, who says, “Let x = number of hours occupied in ascent; then $x/2$ = hours occupied in descent; and $4x/3$ = hours occupied on the level.” I suppose you were thinking of the relative rates, up hill and on the level; which we might express by saying that, if they went x miles up hill in a certain time, they would go $4x/3$ miles on the level in the same time. You have, in fact, assumed that they took the same time on the level that they took in ascending the hill. FIFEE assumed that, when the aged knight said they had gone “four miles in the hour” on the level, he meant that four miles

was the distance gone, not merely the rate. This would have been- if FIFEE will excuse the slang expression- a “sell”, ill-suited to the dignity of the hero.

And now, “descend, ye classic Nine!” who have solved the whole problem, and let me sing your praises. Your names are BLITHE, E. W., L. B., A MARLBOROUGH BOY, O. V. L., PUTNEY WALKER, ROSE, SEA-BREEZE, SIMPLE SUSAN, and MONEY-SPINNER. (These last two I count as one, as they send a joint answer.) ROSE and SIMPLE SUSAN and Co. do not actually state that the hill-top was reached sometime between 6 and 7, but, as they have clearly

grasped the fact that a mile, ascended and descended, took the same time as two level miles, I mark them as "right". A MARLBOROUGH BOY and PUTNEY WALKER deserve honourable mention for their algebraic solutions, being the only two who have perceived that the question leads to an indeterminate equation. E. W. brings a charge of untruthfulness against the aged knight- a serious charge, for he was the very pink of chivalry! She says, "According to the data given, the time at the summit affords no clue to the total distance. It does not enable us to state precisely to an inch how much level and how much hill there was on the road." "Fair damsel," the aged knight replies, "-if, as I surmise, thy initials denote Early Womanhood- bethink thee that the word 'enable' is thine, not mine.

I did but ask the time of reaching the hill-top as my condition for further parley. If now thou wilt not grant that I am a truth-loving man, then will I affirm that those same initials denote Envenomed Wickedness!"

CLASS LIST.

I.

A MARLBOROUGH BOY. PUTNEY WALKER.

II.

BLITHE. ROSE.

E. W. SEA-BREEZE.

L. B. SIMPLE SUSAN.

O. V. L. MONEY-SPINNER.

BLITHE has made so ingenious an addition to the problem, and SIMPLE SUSAN and Co. have solved it in such tuneful verse, that I record both their answers in full. I have altered a word or two in BLITHE's- which I trust she will excuse; it did not seem quite clear as it stood.

"Yet say," said the youth, as a gleam of inspiration lighted up the relaxing muscles of his quiescent features. "Stay. Methinks it matters little when we reached that summit, the crown of our toil. For in the space of time wherein we clambered up one mile and bounded down the same on our return, we could have trudged the twain on the level. We have plodded, then, four-and-twenty miles in these six mortal hours; for never a moment did we stop for catching of fleeting breath or for gazing on the scene around!" "Very good," said the old man. "Twelve miles out and twelve

miles in. And we reached the top sometime between six and seven of the clock. Now mark me! For every five minutes that had fled since six of the clock when we stood on yonder peak, so many miles had we toiled upwards on the dreary mountain-side!" The youth moaned and rushed into the hostel.

BLITHE.

The elder and the younger knight They sallied forth at three; How far they went on level ground It matters not to me; What time they reached the foot of hill, When they began to mount, Are problems which I hold to be Of very small account.

The moment that each waved his hat Upon the topmost peak To trivial query such as this No answer will I seek.

Yet can I tell the distance well They must have travelled o'er:

On hill and plain, 'twixt three and nine, The miles were twenty-four.

Four miles an hour their steady pace Along the level track, Three when they climbed- but six when they Came swiftly striding back A down the hill; and little skill It needs, methinks, to show, Up hill and down together told, Four miles an hour they go.

For whether long or short the time Upon the hill they spent, Two thirds were passed in going up, One third in the descent.

Two thirds at three, one third at six, If rightly reckoned o'er, Will make one whole at four- the tale Is tangled now no more.

SIMPLE SUSAN.

MONEY-SPINNER.

ANSWERS TO KNOT II

SS 1. THE DINNER PARTY

Problem.- The Governor of Kgovjni wants to give a very small dinner party, and invites his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother, and his brother-in-law's father. Find the number of guests.

Answer.- One.

In this genealogy, males are denoted by capitals, and females by small letters.

The Governor is E and his guest C.

$A = a$ $b = B$, $D = d$, $C = c$ $e = E$, $g = G$ $F = f$

Ten answers have been received. Of these, one is wrong, GALANTHUS NIVALIS MAJOR, who insists on inviting two guests, one being the Governor's wife's brother's father. If she had taken his sister's husband's father instead, she would have found it possible to reduce the guests to one.

Of the nine who send right answers, SEA-BREEZE is the very faintest breath that ever bore the name! She simply states that the Governor's uncle might fulfil all the conditions "by intermarriages"! "Wind of the western sea", you have had a very narrow escape! Be thankful to appear in the Class List at all! BOG-OAK and BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE use genealogies which require 16 people instead of 14, by inviting the Governor's father's sister's husband instead of his father's wife's brother. I cannot think this so good a solution as one that requires only 14. CAIUS and VALENTINE deserve special mention as the only two who have supplied genealogies.

CLASS LIST.

I.

BEE. M. M. OLD CAT.

CAIUS. MATTHEW MATTICKS. VALENTINE.

II.

BOG-OAK. BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.

III.

SEA-BREEZE.

SS 2. THE LODGINGS.

Problem.- A Square has 20 doors on each side, which contains 21 equal parts.

They are numbered all round, beginning at one corner. From which of the four, Nos. 9, 25, 52, 73, is the sum of the distances, to the other three, least?

Answer.- From No. 9.

(See illustration.)

Hence the sum of distances from A is between 46 and 47; from B, between 54 and 55; from C, between 56 and 57; from D, between 48 and 51. (Why not "between 48 and 49"? Make this out for yourselves.) Hence the sum is least for A.

Twent-five solutions have been received. Of these, 15 must be marked "zero", 5 are partly right, and 5 right. Of the 15, I may dismiss ALPHABETICAL PHANTOM, BOG-OAK, DINAH MITE, FIFEE, GALANTHUS NIVALIS MAJOR (I fear the cold spring has blighted our SNOWDROP), Guy, H. M. S. PINAFORE, JANET, and VALENTINE with the simple remark that they insist on the unfortunate lodgers keeping to the Pavement. (I used the words "crossed to Number Seventy-three" for the special purpose of showing that short cuts were possible.) SEA-BREEZE does the same, and adds that "the result would be the same" even if they crossed the Square, but gives no proof of this. M. M. draws a diagram, and says that No. 9 is the house, "as the diagram shows". I cannot see how it does so. OLD CAT assumes that the house must be No. 9 or No. 73. She does not explain how she estimates the distances. BEE'S arithmetic is faulty: she makes the square root of 169 plus the square root of 442 plus the square root of 130 equal 741. (I suppose you mean the square root of 742, which would be a little nearer the truth. But roots cannot be added in this manner. Do you think the square root of 9 plus the square root of 16 is 25, or even the square root of 25?) But AYR'S state is more perilous still: she draws illogical conclusions with a frightful calmness. After pointing out (rightly) that AC is less than BD, she says, "therefore the nearest house to the other three must be A or C." And again, after pointing out (rightly) that B and D are both within the half-square containing A, she says, "therefore" $AB+AD$ must be less than $BC+CD$. (There is no logical force in either "therefore". For the first, try Nos. 1, 21, 60, 70: this will make your premiss true, and your conclusion false. Similarly, for the second, try Nos. 1, 30, 51, 71.) Of the five partly-right solutions, RAGS AND TATTERS and MAD HATTER (who send one answer between them) make No.

25, 6 units from the corner instead of 5. CHEAM, E. R. D. L., and MEGGY POTTS leave openings at the corners of the Square, which are not in the data: moreover CHEAM gives values for the distances without any hint that they are only approximations. CROPHI AND MOPHI make the bold and unfounded assumption that there were really 21 houses on each side, instead of 20 as stated by Balbus. "We may assume", they add, "that the doors of Nos. 21, 42, 63, 84, are invisible from the centre of the Square"! What is there, I wonder, that CROPHI AND MOPHI would not assume? Of the five who are wholly right, I think BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE, CAIUS, CLIFTON C., and MARTREB deserve special praise for their full analytical solutions. MATTHEW MATTICKS picks out No. 9, and proves it to be the right house in two ways, very neatly and ingeniously, but why he picks it out does not appear. It is an excellent synthetical proof, but lacks the analysis which the other four supply.

CLASS LIST.

I.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.

CAIUS.

CLIFTON C.

MARTREB.

II.

MATTHEW MATTICKS.

III.

CHEAM. MEGGY POTTS.

CROPHI AND MOPHI. RAGS AND TATTERS.

E. R. D. L. MAD HATTER.

A remonstrance has reached me from SCRUTATOR on the subject of Knot I, which he declares was "no problem at all". "Two questions", he says, "are put. To solve one there is no data: the other answers itself." As to the first point, SCRUTATOR is mistaken; there are (not "is") data sufficient to answer the question. As to the other, it is interesting to know that the question "answers itself", and I am sure it does the question great credit: still I fear I cannot enter it on the list of winners, as this competition is only open to human beings.

ANSWERS TO KNOT III

Problem.- (1) Two travelers, starting at the same time, went opposite ways round a circular railway. Trains start each way every 15 minutes, the easterly ones going round in 3 hours, the westerly in 2. How many trains did each meet on the way, not counting trains met at the terminus itself? (2) They went round, as before, each traveler counting as "one" the train containing the other traveler. How many did each meet? Answers.- (1) 19. (2) The easterly traveler met 12; the other 8.

The trains one way took 180 minutes, the other way 120. Let us take the l.c.m., 360, and divide the railway into 360 units. Then one set of trains went at the rate of 2 units a minute and at intervals of 30 units; the other at the rate of 3 units a minute and at intervals of 45 units. An easterly train starting has 45 units between it and the first train it will meet: it does $\frac{2}{5}$ of this while the other does $\frac{3}{5}$, and thus meets it at the end of 18 units, and so all the way round. A westerly train starting has 30 units between it and the first train it will meet: it does $\frac{3}{5}$ of this while the other does $\frac{2}{5}$, and thus meets it at the end of 18 units, and so all the way round. Hence if the railway be divided, by 19 posts, into 20 parts, each containing 18 units, trains meet at every post, and, in (1) each traveler passes 19 posts in going round, and so meets 19 trains. But, in (2), the easterly traveler only begins to count after traversing $\frac{2}{5}$ of the journey, i.e. on reaching the 8th post, and so counts 12 posts: similarly, the other counts 8. They meet at the end of $\frac{2}{5}$ of 3 hours, or $\frac{3}{5}$ of 2 hours, i.e. 72 minutes.

Forty-five answers have been received. Of these, 12 are beyond the reach of discussion, as they give no working. I can but enumerate their names, ARDMORE, E. A., F. A. D., L. D., MATTHEW MATTICKS, M. E. T., POO-POO, and THE RED QUEEN are all wrong. BETA and ROWENA have got (1) right and (2) wrong. CHEEKY BOB and NAIRAM give the right answers, but it may perhaps make the one less cheeky, and induce the other to take a less inverted view of things, to be informed that, if this had been a competition for a prize, they would have got no marks. (N.B.- I have not ventured to put E. A.'s name in full, as she only gave it provisionally, in case her answer should prove right.) Of the 33 answers for which the working is given, 10 are wrong; 11 halfwrong and half-right; 3 right, except that they cherish the

delusion that it was Clara who traveled in the easterly train- a point which the data do not enable us to settle; and 9 wholly right.

The 10 wrong answers are from BO-PEEP, FINANCIER, I. W. T., KATE B., M. A. H., Q. Y. Z., SEA-GULL, THISTLE-DOWN, TOM-QUAD, and an unsigned one. BO-PEEP rightly says that the easterly traveler met all trains which started during the 3 hours of her trip, as well as all which started during the previous 2 hours, i.e. all which started at the commencements of 20 periods of 15 minutes each; and she is right in striking out the one she met at the moment of starting; but wrong in striking out the last train, for she did not meet this at the terminus, but 15 minutes before she got there. She makes the same mistake in (2).

FINANCIER thinks that any train, met for the second time, is not to be counted.

- I. W. T. finds, by a process which is not stated, that the travelers met at the end of 71 minutes and $26 \frac{1}{2}$ seconds. KATE B. thinks the trains which are met on starting and on arriving are never to be counted, even when met elsewhere. Q. Y. Z.

tries a rather complex algebraic solution, and succeeds in finding the time of meeting correctly: all else is wrong. SEA-GULL seems to think that, in (1), the easterly train stood still for 3 hours; and says that, in (2) the travelers meet at the end of 71 minutes 40 seconds. THISTLE-DOWN nobly confesses to having tried no calculation, but merely having drawn a picture of the railway and counted the trains; in (1) she counts wrong; in (2) she makes them meet in 75 minutes. TOMQUAD omits (1); in (2) he makes Clara count the train she met on her arrival.

The unsigned one is also unintelligible; it states that the travelers go "1/24 more than the total distance to be traversed"! The "Clara" theory, already referred to, is adopted by 5 of these, viz., BO-PEEP, FINANCIER, KATE B., TOM-QUAD, and the nameless writer.

The 11 half-right answers are from BOG-OAK, BRIDGET, CASTOR, CHESHIRE CAT, G. E. B., Guy, MARY, M. A. H., OLD MAID, R. W., and VENDREDI. All these adopt the "Clara" theory. CASTOR omits (1). VENDREDI gets (1) right, but in (2) makes the same mistake as BO-PEEP. I notice in your solution a marvellous proportion-sum: "300 miles : 2 hours:: one mile : 24

seconds." May I venture to advise your acquiring, as soon as possible, an utter disbelief in the possibility of a ratio existing

between miles and hours? Do not be disheartened by your two friends' sarcastic remarks on your "roundabout ways".

Their short method, of adding 12 and 8, has the slight disadvantage of bringing the answer wrong: even a "roundabout" method is better than that! M. A. H., in (2), makes the travelers count "one" after they met, not when they met. CHESHIRE CAT and OLD MAID get "20" as answer for (1), by forgetting to strike out the train met on arrival. The others all get "18" in various ways. BOG-OAK, GUY, and R. W. divide the trains which the westerly traveler has to meet into 2 sets, viz., those already on the line, which they (rightly) make "11", and those which started during her 2 hours' journey (exclusive of train met on arrival), which they (wrongly) make "7"; and they make a similar mistake with the easterly train. BRIDGET (rightly) says that the westerly traveler met a train every 6 minutes for 2 hours, but (wrongly) makes the number "20"; it should be "21". G.

E. B. adopts BO-PEEP'S method, but (wrongly) strikes out (for the easterly traveler) the train which started at the commencement of the previous 2 hours.

MARY thinks a train met on arrival must not be counted, even when met on a previous occasion.

The 3 who are wholly right but for the unfortunate "Clara" theory, are F. LEE, G. S. C., and X. A. B.

And now "descend, ye classic ten!" who have solved the whole problem.

Your names are AIX-LES-BAINS, AL-GERNON BRAY (thanks for a friendly remark, which comes with a heart-warmth that not even the Atlantic could chill), ARVON, BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE, FIFEE, H. L. R., J. L. O., OMEGA, S. S. G., and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN. Several of these have put Clara, provisionally, into the easterly train: but they seem to have understood that the data do not decide that point.

CLASS LIST.

I.

AIX-LES-BAINS. H. L. R.

AL-GERNON BRAY. OMEGA.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. S. S. G.

FIFEE. WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

II.

ARVON. J. L. O.

III.

F. *LEE. G. S. C. X. A. B.*

ANSWERS TO KNOT IV

Problem.- There are 5 sacks, of which Nos. 1, 2, weigh 12 lbs.; Nos. 2, 3, 13

$\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; Nos. 3, 4, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; Nos. 4, 5, 8 lbs.; Nos. 1, 3, 5, 16 lbs.
Required the weight of each sack.

Answer.- 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, 7, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The sum of all the weighings, 61 lbs., includes sack No. 3 thrice and each other twice. Deducting twice the sum of the 1st and 4th weighings, we get 21 lbs.

for thrice No. 3, i.e. 7 lbs. for No. 3. Hence, the 2nd and 3rd weighings give 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. for Nos. 2, 4; and hence again, the 1st and 4th weighings give 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., for Nos. 1, 5.

Ninety-seven answers have been received. Of these, 15 are beyond the reach of discussion, as they give no working. I can but enumerate their names, and I take this opportunity of saying that this is the last time I shall put on record the names of competitors who give no sort of clue to the process by which their answers were obtained. In guessing a conundrum, or in catching a flea, we do not expect the breathless victor to give us afterwards, in cold blood, a history of the mental or muscular efforts by which he achieved success; but a mathematical calculation is another thing. The names of this "mute inglorious" band are COM-

MON SENSE, D. E. R., DOUGLAS, E. L., ELLEN, I. M. T., J. M. C., JOSEPH, KNOT I, LUCY, MEEK, M. F. C., PYRAMUS, SHAH, VERITAS.

Of the eighty-two answers with which the working, or some approach to it, is supplied, one is wrong: seventeen have given solutions which are (from one cause or another) practically valueless: the remaining sixty-four I shall try to arrange in a Class List, according to the varying degrees of shortness and neatness to which they seem to have attained.

The solitary wrong answer is from NELL. To be thus "alone in a crowd" is a distinction- a painful one, no doubt, but still a distinction. I am sorry for you, my dear young lady, and I seem to hear your tearful exclamation, when you read these lines, "Ah! This is the knell of all my hopes!" Why, oh why, did you assume that the 4th and 5th bags weighed 4 lbs. each? And why did you not

test your answers? However, please try again: and please don't change your nom-deplume: let us have NELL in the First Class next time!

The seventeen whose solutions are practically valueless are ARDMORE, A READY RECKONER, ARTHUR, BOG-LARK, BOG-OAK, BRIDGET, FIRST ATTEMPT, J. L. C., M. E. T., ROSE, ROWENA, SEA-BREEZE, SYLVIA, THISTLEDOWN, THREE-FIFTHS ASLEEP, VENDREDI, and WINIFRED.

BOG-LARK tries it by a sort of "rule of false", assuming experimentally that Nos. 1, 2, weigh 6 lbs. each, and having thus produced $17\frac{1}{2}$, instead of 16, as the weight of 1, 3, and 5, she removes "the superfluous pound and a half", but does not explain how she knows from which to take it. THREE-FIFTHS ASLEEP says that (when in that peculiar state) "it seemed perfectly clear" to her that, "3 out of the 5 sacks being weighed twice over, $\frac{3}{5}$ of 45 = 27, must be the total weight of the 5 sacks." As to which I can only say, with the Captain, "it beats me entirely!" WINIFRED, on the plea that "one must have a starting-point", assumes (what I fear is a mere guess) that No. 1 weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The rest all do it, wholly or partly, by guess-work.

The problem is of course (as any algebraist sees at once) a case of "simultaneous simple equations". It is, however, easily soluble by arithmetic only; and, when this is the case, I hold that it is bad workmanship to use the more complex method. I have not, this time, given more credit to arithmetical solutions; but in future problems I shall (other things being equal) give the highest marks to those who use the simplest machinery. I have put into Class I those whose answers seemed specially short and neat, and into Class III those that seemed specially long or clumsy. Of this last set, A. C. M., FURZE-BUSH, JAMES, PARTRIDGE, R. W., and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN, have sent long wandering solutions, the substitutions have no definite method, but seeming to have been made to see what would come of it. CHILPOME and DUBLIN BOY omit some of the working.

ARVON MARLBOROUGH BOY only finds the weight of one sack.

CLASS LIST.

I.

B. E. D. NUMBER FIVE.

C. H. PEDRO.

CONSTANCE JOHNSON. R. E. X.

- GREYSTEAD. SEVEN OLD MEN.
 GUY. VIS INERTIAE.
 HOOPOE. WILLY B.
 J. F. A. YAHOO.
 M. A. H.
 II.
 AMERICAN SUBSCRIBER. J. B. B.
 AN APPRECIATIVE SCHOOL-MA'AM KGOVJNI.
 AYR. LAND LUBRER.
 BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. L. D.
 CHEAM. MAGPIE.
 C. M. G. MARY.
 DINAH MITE. MHRUXI.
 DUCKWING. MINNIE.
 E. C. M. MONEY-SPINNER.
 E. N. LOWRY. NAIRAM.
 ERA. OLD CAT.
 EUROCLYDON. POLICHINELLE.
 F. H. W. SIMPLE SUSAN.
 FIFEE. S. S. G.
 G. E. B. THISBE.
 HARLEQUIN. VERENA.
 HAWTHORN. WAMBA.
 HOUGH GREEN. WOLFE.
 J. A. B. WYKEHAMICUS.
 JACK TAR. Y. M. A. H.
 III.
 A. C. M. JAMES.
 ARVON MARLEBOROUGH BOY. PARTRIDGE.
 CHILPOME. R. W.
 DUBLIN BOY. WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.
 FURZE-BUSH.

ANSWERS TO KNOT V

Problem.- To mark pictures, giving 3 X's to 2 or 3, 2 to 4 or 5, and 1 to 9 or 10; also giving 3 O's to 1 or 2, 2 to 3 or 4, and 1 to 8 or 9; so as to mark the smallest possible number of pictures, and to give them the largest possible number of marks.

Answer.- 10 pictures; 29 marks; arranged thus:

X, X, X, X, X, X, X, X, X, O X, X, X, X, X, O, O, O, O X, X, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O

Solution.- By giving all the X's possible, putting into brackets the optional ones, we get 10 pictures marked thus:

X, X, X, X, X, X, X, X, X, (X) X, X, X, X, (X) X, X, (X)

By then assigning O's in the same way, beginning at the other end, we get 9 pictures marked thus:

(O) O (O) O, O, O (O) O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O

All we have now to do is to run these two wedges as close together as they will go, so as to get the minimum number of pictures-erasing optional marks where by so doing we can run them closer, but otherwise letting them stand.

There are 10 necessary marks in the 1st row, and in the 3rd; but only 7 in the 2nd.

Hence we erase all optional marks in the 1st and 3rd rows, but let them stand in the 2nd.

Twenty-two answers have been received. Of these, 11 give no working; so, in accordance with what I announced in my last review of answers, I leave them unnamed, merely mentioning that 5 are right and 6 wrong.

Of the eleven answers with which some working is supplied, 3 are wrong. C.

H. begins with the rash assertion that under the given conditions "the sum is impossible. For", he or she adds (these initialed correspondents are dismally vague beings to deal with: perhaps "it" would be a better pronoun), "10 is the least possible number of pictures" (granted): "therefore we must either give 2 X's to 6, or 2 O's to 5". Why "must," O alphabetical phantom? It is nowhere ordained that every picture "must" have 3 marks! FIFEE

sends a folio page of solution, which deserved a better fate: she offers three answers, in each of which 10 pictures are marked, with 30 marks; in one she gives 2 X's to 6 pictures; in another to 7; in the third she gives 2 O's to 5; thus in every case ignoring the conditions. (I pause to remark that the condition "2 X's to 4 or 5 pictures" can only mean "either to 4 or else to 5": if, as one competitor holds, it might mean any number not less than 4, the words "or 5" would be superfluous.) I. E. A. (I am happy to say that none of these bloodless phantoms appear this time in the class-list. Is it IDEA with the "D" left out?) gives 2 X's to 6 pictures. She then takes me to task for using the word "ought" instead of "nought". No doubt, to one who thus rebels against the rules laid down for her guidance, the word must be distasteful. But does not I. E.

A. remember the parallel case of "adder"? That creature was originally "a nadder": then the two words took to bandying the poor "n" backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock, the final state of the game being "an adder". May not "a nought" have similarly become "an ought"? Anyhow, "oughts and crosses" is a very old game. I don't think I ever heard it called "noughts and crosses".

In the following Class List, I hope the solitary occupant of III will sheathe her claws when she hears how narrow an escape she has had of not being named at all. Her account of the process by which she got the answer is so meagre that, like the nursery tale of "Jack-a-Minory" (I trust I. E. A. will be merciful to the spelling), it is scarcely to be distinguished from "zero".

CLASS LIST.

I.

GUY. OLD CAT. SEA-BREEZE.

II.

AYR. F. LEE.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. H. VERNON.

III.

CAT.

ANSWERS TO KNOT VI

Problem 1.- A and B began the year with only L1000 apiece. They borrowed nought; they stole nought. On the next New Year's Day they had L60,000 between them. How did they do it?

Solution.- They went that day to the Bank of England. A stood in front of it, while B went round and stood behind it.

Two answers have been received, both worthy of much honour. ADDLEPATE makes them borrow "zero" and steal "zero", and uses both cyphers by putting them at the right-hand end of the L1000, thus producing L100,000, which is well over the mark. But (or to express it in Latin) AT SPES INFRACTA has solved it even more ingeniously: with the first cypher she turns the "1" of the L1000 into a "9", and adds the result to the original sum, thus getting L10,000: and in this, by means of the other "zero", she turns the "1" into a "6" thus hitting the exact L60,000.

CLASS LIST.

I.

AT SPES INFRACTA.

II.

ADDLEPATE.

Problem 2.- L makes 5 scarves, while M makes 2: Z makes 4, while L makes

3. Five scarves of Z's weigh one of L's; 5 of M's weigh 3 of Z's. One of M's is as warm as 4 of Z's and one of L's as warm as 3 of M's. Which is best, giving equal weight in the result of rapidity of work, lightness, and warmth?

Answer.- The order is M, L, Z.

Solution.- As to rapidity.(other things being constant), L's merit is to M's in the ratio of 5 to 2: Z's to L's in the ratio of 4 to 3. In order to get one set of 3 numbers fulfilling these conditions, it is perhaps simplest to take the one that occurs twice as unity, and reduce the others to fractions: this gives, for L, M, and Z, the marks 1, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{4}{3}$. In estimating for lightness, we observe that the greater the weight, the less the merit, so that Z's merit is to L's as 5 to 1. Thus the marks for lightness are $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{5}{3}$, 1. And similarly, the marks for warmth are 3, 1, $\frac{1}{4}$. To get the total result, we must multiply L's 3

marks together, and do the same for M and for Z. The final numbers are $1 \times \frac{1}{5} \times 3$, $\frac{2}{5} \times \frac{5}{3} \times 1$, $\frac{4}{3} \times 1 \times \frac{1}{4}$; i.e. $\frac{3}{5}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{1}{3}$; i.e. multiplying throughout by 15 (which will not alter the proportion), 9, 10, 5; showing the order of merit to be M, L, Z.

Twenty-nine answers have been received, of which five are right, and twentyfour wrong. These hapless ones have all (with three exceptions) fallen into the error of adding the proportional numbers together, for each candidate, instead of multiplying. Why the latter is right, rather than the former, is fully proved in textbooks, so I will not occupy space by stating it here; but it can be illustrated very easily by the case of length, breadth, and depth. Suppose A and B are rival diggers of rectangular tanks: the amount of work done is evidently measured by the number of cubical feet dug out. Let A dig a tank 10 feet long, 10 wide, 2 deep: let B dig one 6 feet long, 5 wide, 10 deep. The cubical contents are 200, 300; i.e. B is best digger in the ratio of 3 to 2. Now try marking for length, width, and depth, separately; giving a maximum mark of 10 to the best in each contest, and then adding the results!

Of the twenty-four malefactors, one gives no working, and so has no real claim to be named; but I break the rule for once, in deference to its success in Problem 1: he, she, or it, is ADDLEPATE. The other twenty-three may be divided into five groups.

First and worst are, I take it, those who put the rightful winner last; arranging them as "Lolo, Zuzu, Mimi". The names of these desperate wrong-doers are AYR, BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE, FURZE-BUSH, and POLLUX (who send a joint answer), GREYSTEAD, GUY, OLD HEN, and SIMPLE SUSAN.

The latter was once best of all; the OLD HEN has taken advantage of her simplicity, and beguiled her with the chaff which was the bane of her own chickenhood.

Secondly, I point the finger of scorn at those who have put the worst candidate at the top; arranging them as "Zuzu, Mimi, Lolo". They are GRAECIA, M.

M., OLD CAT, and R. E. X. "'Tis Greece, but-" The third set have avoided both these enormities, and have even succeeded in putting the worst last, their answer being "Lolo, Mimi, Zuzu". Their names are AYR (who also appears among the "quite too too"), CLIFTON C., F. B., FIFEE, GRIG, JANET, and MRS. SAIREY GAMP. F. B. has not fallen into the common error; she multiplies together the proportionate number she gets- but in getting them she goes wrong, by reckoning warmth as a de-merit. Possibly she is

“Freshly Burnt”, or comes “From Bombay”. JANET and MRS. SAIREY GAMP have also avoided this error: the method they have adopted is shrouded in mystery- I scarcely feel competent to criticise it. MRS. GAMP says, “If Zuzu makes 4 while Lolo makes 3, Zuzu makes 6 while Lolo makes 5 [bad reasoning], while Mimi makes 2.” From this she concludes, “Therefore Zuzu excels in speed by 1” (i.e. when compared with Lolo? but what about Mimi?). She then compares the 3 kinds of excellence, measured on this mystic scale. JANET takes the statement that “Lolo makes 5 while Mimi makes 2”, to prove that “Lolo makes 3 while Mimi makes 1 and Zuzu 4” (worse reasoning than MRS. GAMP’s), and thence concludes that “Zuzu excels in speed by $1/8$ ”! JANET should have been ADELINÉ, “mystery of mysteries!” The fourth set actually put Mimi at the top, arranging them as “Mimi, Zuzu, Lolo”. They are MARQUIS AND CO., MARTREB, S. B. B. (first initial scarcely legible: may be meant for “J”), and STANZA.

The fifth set consists of AN ANCIENT FISH and CAMEL. These ill-assorted comrades, by dint of foot and fin, have scrambled into the right answer, but, as their method is wrong, of course it counts for nothing. Also AN ANCIENT FISH has very ancient and fishlike ideas as to how numbers represent merit: she says, “Lolo gains $2\frac{1}{2}$ on Mimi.” Two and a half what? Fish, fish, art thou in thy duty? Of the five winners I put BALBUS and THE ELDER TRAVELLER slightly below the other three- BALBUS for defective reasoning, the other for scanty working. BALBUS gives two reasons for saying that addition of marks is not the right method, and then adds, “It follows that the decision must be made by multiplying the marks together”. This is hardly more logical than to say, “This is not Spring: therefore it must be Autumn”.

CLASS LIST.

I.

DINAH MITE. E. B. D. L. JORAM.

II.

BALBUS. THE ELDER TRAVELLER.

With regard to Knot V, I beg to express to VIS INERTIAE and to any others, who, like her, understood the condition to be that every marked picture must have three marks, my sincere regret that the unfortunate phrase “fill the columns with oughts and crosses” should have caused them to waste so much time and trouble.

I can only repeat that a literal interpretation of “fill” would seem to me to require that every picture in the gallery should be marked. VIS INERTIAE would have been in the First Class if she had sent in the solution she now offers.

ANSWERS TO KNOT VII

Problem.- Given that one glass of lemonade, 3 sandwiches, and 7 biscuits, cost 1s. 2d.; and that one glass of lemonade, 4 sandwiches, and 10 biscuits, cost 1s. 5d.: find the cost of (1) a glass of lemonade, a sandwich, and a biscuit; and (2) 2 glasses of lemonade, 3 sandwiches, and 5 biscuits.

Answer.- (1) 8d.; (2) 1s. 7d.

Solution.- This is best treated algebraically. Let x = the cost (in pence) of a glass of lemonade, y of a sandwich, and z of a biscuit. Then we have $x+3y+7z=14$, and $x+4y+10z=17$. And we require the values of $x+y+z$, and of $2x+3y+5z$. Now, from two equations only, we cannot find, separately, the values of three unknowns: certain combinations of them may, however, be found. Also we know that we can, by the help of the given equations, eliminate 2 of the 3 unknowns from the quantity whose value is required, which will then contain one only. If, then, the required value is ascertainable at all, it can only be by the 3rd unknown vanishing of itself: otherwise the problem is impossible.

Let us then eliminate lemonade and sandwiches, and reduce everything to biscuits- a state of things even more depressing than "if all the world were applepie"- by subtracting the 1st equation from the 2nd, which eliminates lemonade, and gives $y+3z=3$, or $y=3-3z$; and then substituting this value of y in the 1st, which gives $x-2z=5$, i.e. $x=5+2z$. Now if we substitute these values of x , y , in the quantities whose values are required, the first becomes $(5+2z)+(3-3z)+z$, i.e. 8:

and the second becomes $2(5+2z)+3(3-3z)+5z$, i.e. 19. Hence the answers are (1) 8d., (2) 1s. 7d.

The above is a universal method: that is, it is absolutely certain either to produce the answer, or to prove that no answer is possible. The question may also be solved by combining the quantities whose values are given, so as to form those whose values are required. This is merely a matter of ingenuity and good luck: and as it may fail, even when the thing is possible, and is of no use in proving it impossible, I cannot rank this method as equal in value with the other. Even when it succeeds, it may prove a very tedious process. Suppose the 26 competitors who have sent in what I may call accidental solutions, had had a question to deal with where every number contained 8 or 10 digits! I suspect it would have been a case of "silvered is the raven hair" (see Patience)

before any solution would have been hit on by the most ingenious of them.

Forty-five answers have come in, of which 44 give, I am happy to say, some sort of working, and therefore deserve to be mentioned by name, and to have their virtues, or vices, as the case may be, discussed. Thirteen have made assumptions to which they have no right, and so cannot figure in the Class List, even though, in 10 of the 12 cases, the answer is right. Of the remaining 28, no less than 26 have sent in accidental solutions, and therefore fall short of the highest honours.

I will now discuss individual cases, taking the worst first, as my custom is.

FROGGY gives no working- at least this is all he gives: after stating the given equations, he says, "Therefore the difference, 1 sandwich + 3 biscuits, = 3d.": then follow the amounts of the unknown bills, with no further hint as to how he got them. FROGGY has had a very narrow escape of not being named at all!

Of those who are wrong, VIS INERTIAE has sent in a piece of incorrect working. Peruse the horrid details, and shudder! She takes x (call it "y") as the cost of a sandwich, and concludes (rightly enough) that a biscuit will cost

$$3-y$$

$$3$$

She then subtracts the second equation from the first, and deduces

$$3-y, 3-y$$

$$3y + 7x \quad 4y + 10x = 3.$$

$$33$$

By making two mistakes in this line, she brings out

$$3y = 2$$

Try it again, O VIS INERTIAE! Away with INERTIAE: infuse a little more VIS: and you will bring out the correct (though uninteresting) result, $O = O$! This will show you that it is hopeless to try to coax any one of these 3 unknowns to reveal its separate value. The other competitor who is wrong throughout, is either J.

M. C. or T. M. C.: but, whether he be a Juvenile Mis-Calculator or a True Mathematician Confused, he makes the answers 7d. and 1s. 5d. He assumes with Too Much Confidence, that biscuits were $1/2d.$ each, and that Clara paid for 8, though she only ate 7!

We will now consider the 13 whose working is wrong, though the answer is right: and, not to measure their demerits too exactly, I will take them in alphabetical order. ANITA finds (rightly) that "1

sandwich and 3 biscuits cost 3d.” and proceeds, “therefore 1 sandwich = $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 3 biscuits = $1\frac{1}{2}d.$, 1 lemonade = 6d.” DINAH MITE begins like ANITA: and thence proves (rightly) that a biscuit costs less than 1d.: whence she concludes (wrongly) that it must cost $\frac{1}{2}d.$ F. C. W. is so beautifully resigned to the certainty of a verdict of “guilty”, that I have hardly the heart to utter the word, without adding a “recommended to mercy owing to extenuating circumstances”. But really, you know, where are the extenuating circumstances? She begins by assuming that lemonade is 4d. a glass, and sandwiches 3d.

each (making with the 2 given equations, four conditions to be fulfilled by three miserable unknowns!) And, having (naturally) developed this into a contradiction, she then tries 5d. and 2d. with a similar result. (N.B.- This process might have been carried on through the whole of the Tertiary Period, without gratifying one single Megatherium.) She then, by a “happy thought”, tries halfpenny biscuits, and so obtains a consistent result. This may be a good solution, viewing the problem as a conundrum: but it is not scientific. JANET identifies sandwiches with biscuits! “One sandwich + 3 biscuits” she makes equal to “4”. Four what? MAYFAIR makes the astounding assertion that the equation, $s+3b=3$, “is evidently only satisfied by $s = \frac{3}{2}$, $b = \frac{1}{2}$ ”! OLD CAT believes that the assumption that a sandwich costs $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ is “the only way to avoid unmanageable fractions”.

But why avoid them? Is there not a certain glow of triumph in taming such a fraction? “Ladies and gentlemen, the fraction now before you is one that for years defied all efforts of a refining nature: it was, in a word, hopelessly vulgar. Treating it as a circulating decimal (the treadmill of fractions) only made matters worse. As a last resource, I reduced it to its lowest terms and extracted its square root!” Joking apart, let me thank OLD CAT for some very kind words of sympathy, in reference to a correspondent (whose name I am happy to say I have now forgotten) who had found fault with me as a discourteous critic. O. V. L. is beyond my comprehension. He takes the given equations as (1) and (2): thence, by the process [(2)(1)], deduces (rightly) equation (3), viz., $s+3b=3$: and thence again, by the process [x3] (a hopeless mystery), deduces $3s+4b=4$. I have nothing to say about it: I give it up. SEA-BREEZE says, “It is immaterial to the answer” (why?) “in what proportion 3d. is divided between the sandwich and the 3 biscuits”: so she assumes $s = 1\frac{1}{2}d.$, $b = \frac{1}{2}d.$ STANZA is one of a very irregular metre. At first she (like JANET) identifies sandwiches with biscuits. She then tries two assumptions ($s = 1$, $b =$

$2/3$ and $s = 1/2$, $b = 5/6$.) and (naturally) ends in contradictions. Then she returns to the first assumption, and finds the 3 unknowns separately: quod est absurdum. STILETTO identifies sandwiches and biscuits, as “articles”. Is the word ever used by confectioners? I fancied, “What is the next article, ma’am?” was limited to linendrapers. TWO SISTERS first assume that biscuits are 4 a penny, and then that they are 2 a penny, adding that “the answer will of course be the same in both cases”. It is a dreamy remark, making one feel something like Macbeth grasping at the spectral dagger. “Is this a statement that I see before me?” If you were to say, “We both walked the same way this morning,” and I were to say, “One of you walked the same way, but the other didn’t,” which of the three would be the most hopelessly confused? TURTLE PYATE (what is a Turtle Pyate, please?) and OLD CROW, who send a joint answer, and Y. Y., adopt the same method. Y. Y. gets the equation $s+3b=3$: and then says, “This sum must be apportioned in one of the three following ways.” It may be, I grant you: but Y. Y. do you say “must”? I fear it is possible for Y. Y. to be two Y’s. The other two conspirators are less positive: they say it “can” be so divided: but they add “either of the three prices being right”! This is bad grammar and bad arithmetic at once, O mysterious birds!

Of those who win honours, THE SHETLAND SNARK must have the Third Class all to himself. He has only answered half the question, viz. the amount of Clara’s luncheon: the two little old ladies he pitilessly leaves in the midst of their “difficulty”. I beg to assure him (with thanks for his friendly remarks) that entrance-fees and subscriptions are things unknown in that most economical of clubs, “The Knot-Untiers.” The authors of the 26 “accidental” solutions differ only in the number of steps they have taken between the data and the answers. In order to do them full justice I have arranged the Second Class in sections, according to the number of steps.

The two Kings are fearfully deliberate! I suppose walking quick, or taking short cuts, is inconsistent with kingly dignity: but really, in reading THESEUS’ solution, one almost fancied he was “marking time”, and making no advance at all! The other King will, I hope, pardon me for having altered “Coal” into “Cole”.

King Coilus, or Coil, seems to have reigned soon after Arthur’s time. Henry of Huntingdon identifies him with the King Coel who first built walls round Colchester, which was named after him. In the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester we read: Aftur Kyng Aruirag, of wam we habbeth y told, Marius ys sone was kyng, quoynte mon

& bold, And ys sone was aftur hym, Coil was ys name, Bothe it were quoynte men, & of noble fame.

BALBUS lays it down as a general principle that “in order to ascertain the cost of any one luncheon, it must come to the same amount upon two different assumptions”. (Query. Should not “it” be “we”? Otherwise the luncheon is represented as wishing to ascertain its own cost!) He then makes two assumptions one, that sandwiches cost nothing; the other, that biscuits cost nothing (either arrangement would lead to the shop being inconveniently crowded!)- and brings out the unknown luncheons as 8d. and 19d. on each assumption. He then concludes that this agreement of results “shows that the answers are correct”. Now I propose to disprove his general law by simply giving one instance of its failing. One instance is quite enough. In logical language, in order to disprove a “universal affirmative”, it is enough to prove its contradictory, which is a “particular negative”. (I must pause for a digression on Logic, and especially on Ladies’ Logic. The universal affirmative, “Everybody says he’s a duck,” is crushed instantly by proving the particular negative, “Peter says he’s a goose,” which is equivalent to “Peter does not say he’s a duck”.

And the universal negative, “Nobody calls on her,” is well met by the particular affirmative, “I called yesterday.” In short, either of two contradictories disproves the other: and the moral is that, since a particular proposition is much more easily proved than a universal one, it is the wisest course, in arguing with a lady, to limit one’s own assertions to “particulars”, and leave her to prove the “universal” contradictory, if she can. You will thus generally secure a logical victory: a practical victory is not to be hoped for, since she can always fall back upon the crushing remark, “That has nothing to do with it!”- a move for which Man has not yet discovered any satisfactory answer. Now let us return to BALBUS.) Here is my “particular negative”, on which to test his rule: Suppose the two recorded luncheons to have been “2 buns, one queen-cake, 2 sausage-rolls, and a bottle of Zoedone: total, one-and-ninepence”, and “one bun, 2 queen-cakes, a sausage-roll, and a bottle of Zoedone: total, one-and-fourpence”. And suppose Clara’s unknown luncheon to have been “3 buns, one queen-cake, one sausage-roll, and 2 bottles of Zoedone”: while the two little sisters had been indulging in “8 buns, 4 queen-cakes, 2 sausage-rolls, and 6 bottles of Zoedone”. (Poor souls, how thirsty they must have been!) If BALBUS will kindly try this by his principle of “two assumptions”, first assuming that a bun is 1d. and a queen-cake 2d., and then that a bun is 3d. and a queen-cake 3d., he will bring

out the other two luncheons, on each assumption, as “one-and-ninepence” and “four-and-tenpence” respectively, which harmony of results, he will say, “shows that the answers are correct.” And yet, as a matter of fact, the buns were 2d. each, the queen-cakes 3d., the sauserolls 6d., and the Zoedone 2d. a bottle: so that Clara’s third luncheon had cost oneand-sevenpence, and her thirsty friends had spent four-and-fourpence!

Another remark of BALBUS I will quote and discuss: for I think that it also may yield a moral for some of my readers. He says, “It is the same thing in substance whether in solving this problem we use words and call it arithmetic, or use letters and signs and call it algebra.” Now this does not appear to me a correct description of the two methods: the arithmetical method is that of “synthesis” only; it goes from one known fact to another, till it reaches its goal: whereas the algebraical method is that of “analysis”; it begins with the goal, symbolically represented, and so goes backwards, dragging its veiled victim with it, till it has reached the full daylight of known facts, in which it can tear off the veil and say, “I know you!” Take an illustration: Your house has been broken into and robbed, and you appeal to the policeman who was on duty that night. “Well, mum, I did see a chap getting out over your garden wall: but I was a good bit off, so I didn’t chase him, like. I just cut down the short way to the ‘Chequers’, and who should I meet but Bill Sykes, coming full split round the corner. So I just ups and says, ‘My lad, you’re wanted.’ That’s all I says. And he says, ‘I’ll go along quiet, Bobby,’ he says, ‘without the darbies,’ he says.” There’s your Arithmetical policeman. Now try the other method: “I seed somebody a-running, but he was well gone or ever I got nigh the place. So I just took a look round in the garden. And I noticed the footmarks, where the chap had come right across your flowerbeds. They was good big footmarks sure-ly. And I noticed as the left foot went down at the heel, ever so much deeper than the other. And I says to myself, ‘The chap’s been a big hulking chap: and he goes lame on his left foot’. And I rubs my hand on the wall where he got over, and there was soot on it, and no mistake. So I says to myself, ‘Now where can I light on a big man, in the chimbley-sweep line, what’s lame of one foot?’ And I flashes up permiscuous: and I says, ‘It’s Bill Sykes!’ says I.” There is your Algebraical policeman- a higher intellectual type, to my thinking, than the other.

LITTLE JACK’s solution calls for a word of praise, as he has written out what really is an algebraical proof in words, without representing any of his facts as equations.

If it is all his own, he will make a good algebraist in the time to come. I beg to thank SIMPLE SUSAN for some kind words of sympathy, to the same effect as those received from OLD CAT.

HECLA and MARTREB are the only two who have used a method certain either to produce the answer, or else to prove it impossible: so they must share between them the highest honours.

CLASS LIST.

I.

HECLA. MARTREB.

II.

SS 1 (2 steps) SS 2 (3 steps)- continued ADELAIDE THE RED QUEEN.

CLIFTON C.... WALL-FLOWER.

E. K. C.

GUY. SS 3 (4 steps) L'INCONNU. HAWTHORN.

LITTLE JACK. JORAM.

NIL DESPERANDUM. S. S. G.

SIMPLE SUSAN.

YELLOW-HAMMER. SS 4 (5 steps) WOOLLY ONE. A STEPNEY COACH.

SS 2 (3 steps) SS 5 (6 steps)

A. A. BAY LAUREL.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.

AFTERNOON TEA.

AN APPRECIATIVE SS 6 (9 steps) SCHOOL-MA'AM OLD KING COLE.

BABY.

BALBUS. SS 7 (14 steps) BOG-OAK. THESEUS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I HAVE received several letters on the subjects of Knots II and VI, which lead me to think some further explanation desirable.

In Knot II, I had intended the numbering of the houses to begin at one corner of the Square, and this was assumed by most, if not all, of the competitors. TROJANUS, however, says, "Assuming, in

default of any information, that the street enters the square in the middle of each side, it may be supposed that the numbering begins at a street." But surely the other is the more natural assumption? In Knot VI, the first Problem was, of course a mere jeu de mots, whose presence I thought excusable in a series of Problems whose aim is to entertain rather than to instruct: but it has not escaped the contemptuous criticisms of two of my correspondents, who seem to think that Apollo is in duty bound to keep his bow always on the stretch. Neither of them has guessed it: and this is true human nature. Only the other day- the 31st of September, to be quite exact- I met my old friend Brown, and gave him a riddle I had just heard. With one great effort of his colossal mind, Brown guessed it. "Right!" said I. "Ah," said he, "it's very neatvery neat. And it isn't an answer that would occur to everybody. Very neat indeed." A few yards farther on, I fell in with Smith, and to him I propounded the same riddle. He frowned over it for a minute, and then gave it up. Meekly I faltered out the answer. "A poor thing, sir!" Smith growled, as he turned away. "A very poor thing! I wonder you care to repeat such rubbish!" Yet Smith's mind is, if possible, even more colossal than Brown's.

The second Problem of Knot VI is an example in ordinary Double Rule of Three, whose essential feature is that the result depends on the variation of several elements, which are so related to it that, if all but one be constant, it varies as that one: hence, if none be constant, it varies as their product. Thus, for example, the cubical contents of a rectangular tank vary as its length, if breadth and depth be constant, and so on; hence, if none be constant, it varies as the product of the length, breadth, and depth.

When the result is not thus connected with the varying elements, the problem ceases to be double Rule of Three and often becomes one of great complexity.

To illustrate this, let us take two candidates for a prize, A and B, who are to compete in French, German, and Italian:

(a) Let it be laid down that the result is to depend on their relative knowledge of each subject, so that, whether their marks, for French, be "1, 2" or "100, 200", the result will be the same: and let it also be laid down that, if they get equal marks on 2 papers, the final marks are to have the same ratio as those of the 3rd paper. This is a case of ordinary Double Rule of Three. We multiply A's 3 marks together, and do the same for B. Note that, if A gets a single "zero", his final mark is "zero", even if he gets full marks for 2 papers while B gets only one mark for each paper. This of course

would be very unfair on A, though a correct solution under the given conditions.

(b) The result is to depend, as before, on relative knowledge; but French is to have twice as much weight as German or Italian. This is an unusual form of question. I should be inclined to say, "The resulting ratio is to be nearer to the French ratio than if we multiplied as in (a), and so much nearer that it would be necessary to use the other multipliers twice to produce the same result as in (a)": e.g., if the French ratio were $9/10$, and the others $4/9$, $1/9$, so that the ultimate ratio, by method (a), would be $3/45$, I should multiply instead by $2/3$, $1/3$, giving the result, $1/5$, which is nearer to $9/10$ than if we had used method (a).

(c) The result is to depend on actual amount of knowledge of the 3 subjects collectively. Here we have to ask two questions: (1) What is to be the "unit" (i.e. "standard to measure by") in each subject? (2) Are these units to be of equal, or unequal, value? The usual "unit" is the knowledge shown by answering the whole paper correctly; calling this "100", all lower amounts are represented by numbers between "zero", and "100". Then, if these units are to be of equal value, we simply add A's 3 marks together, and do the same for B.

(d) The conditions are the same as ©, but French is to have double weight.

Here we simply double the French marks, and add as before.

(e) French is to have such weight that, if other marks be equal, the ultimate ratio is to be that of the French paper, so that a "zero" in this would swamp the candidate: but the other two subjects are only to affect the result collectively, by the amount of knowledge shown, the two being reckoned of equal value. Here I should add A's German and Italian marks together, and multiply by his French mark.

But I need not go on: the problem may evidently be set with many varying conditions, each requiring its own method of solution. The Problem in Knot VI was meant to belong to variety (a), and to make this clear, I inserted the following passage: "Usually the competitors differ in one point only. Thus, last year, Fifi and Gogo made the same number of scarves in the trial week, and they were equally light; but Fifi's were twice as warm as Gogo's, and she was pronounced twice as good." What I have said will suffice, I hope, as an answer to BALBUS, who holds that (a) and © are the only possible varieties of the problem, and that to say, "We cannot use addition, therefore we must be intended to use multiplication," is "no more illogical than, from knowledge that one was not born in

the night, to infer that he was born in the daytime”; and also to FIFEE, who says, “I think a little more consideration will show you that our ‘error of adding the proportional numbers together for each candidate instead of multiplying’ is no error at all.” Why, even if addition had been the right method to use, not one of the writers (I speak from memory) showed any consciousness of the necessity of fixing a “unit” for each subject. “No error at all”! They were positively steeped in error!

One correspondent (I do not name him, as the communication is not quite friendly in tone) writes thus: “I wish to add, very respectfully, that I think it would be in better taste if you were to abstain from the very trenchant expressions which you are accustomed to indulge in when criticising the answer. That such a tone must not be” (“be not”?) “agreeable to the persons concerned who have made mistakes may possibly have no great weight with you, but I hope you will feel that it would be as well not to employ it, unless you are quite certain of being correct yourself.” The only instances the writer gives of the “trenchant expressions” are “hapless” and “malefactors”. I beg to assure him (and any others who may need the assurance: I trust there are none) that all such words have been used in jest, and with no idea that they could possibly annoy any one, and that I sincerely regret any annoyance I may have thus inadvertently given. May I hope that in future they will recognize the distinction between severe language used in sober earnest, and the “words of unmeant bitterness”, which Coleridge has alluded to in that lovely passage beginning, “A little child, a limber elf”? If the writer will refer to that passage, or to the Preface to *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, he will find the distinction, for which I plead, far better drawn out than I could hope to do in any words of mine.

The writer’s insinuation that I care not how much annoyance I give to my readers I think it best to pass over in silence; but to his concluding remark I must entirely demur. I hold that to use language likely to annoy any of my correspondents would not be in the least justified by the plea that I was “quite certain of being correct”. I trust that the knot-untiers and I are not on such terms as those!

I beg to thank G. B. for the offer of a puzzle-which, however, is too like the old one, “Make four 9’s into 100.”

ANSWERS TO KNOT VIII

SS 1. THE PIGS.

Problem.- Place twenty-four pigs in four sties so that, as you go round and round, you may always find the number in each sty nearer to ten than the number in the last.

Answer.- Place 8 pigs in the first sty, 10 in the second, nothing in the third, and 6 in the fourth: 10 is nearer ten than 8; nothing is nearer ten than 10; 6 is nearer ten than nothing; and 8 is nearer ten than 6.

This problem is noticed by only two correspondents. BALBUS says, "It certainly cannot be solved mathematically, nor do I see how to solve it by any verbal quibble." NOLENS VOLENS makes Her Radiancy change the direction of going round; and even then is obliged to add, "the pig must be carried in front of her"!

SS 2. THE GRURMSTIPHS.

Problem.- Omnibuses start from a certain point, both ways, every 15 minutes.

A traveler, starting on foot along with one of them, meets one in $12\frac{1}{2}$ minutes:

when will he be overtaken by one?

Answer.- In $6\frac{1}{4}$ minutes.

Solution.- Let "a" be the distance an omnibus goes in 15 minutes, and "x" the distance from the starting-point to where the traveler is overtaken. Since the omnibus met is due at the starting-point in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, it goes in that time as far as the traveler walks in $12\frac{1}{2}$, i.e., it goes 5 times as fast. Now the overtaking omnibus is "a" behind the traveler when he starts, and therefore goes "a+x" while he goes "x". Hence $a+x = 5x$; i.e. $4x = a$, and $x = a/4$. This distance would be traversed by an omnibus in $15/4$ minutes, and therefore by the traveler in

15

5×4

Hence he is overtaken in $18\frac{3}{4}$ minutes after starting, i.e. in $6\frac{1}{4}$ minutes after meeting the omnibus.

Four answers have been received, of which two are wrong. DINAH MITE rightly states that the overtaking omnibus reached the point where they met the other omnibus 5 minutes after they

left, but wrongly concludes that, going 5 times as fast, it would overtake them in another minute. The travelers are 5 minutes' walk ahead of the omnibus, and must walk $\frac{1}{4}$ of this distance farther before the omnibus overtakes them, which will be $\frac{1}{5}$ of the distance traversed by the omnibus in the same time: this will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ minutes more. NOLENS VOLENS tries it by a process like "Achilles and the Tortoise". He rightly states that, when the overtaking omnibus leaves the gate, the travelers are $\frac{1}{5}$ of "a" ahead, and that it will take the omnibus 3 minutes to traverse this distance; "during which time" the travelers, he tells us, go $\frac{1}{15}$ of "a" (this should be $\frac{1}{25}$). The travelers being now $\frac{1}{15}$ of "a" ahead, he concludes that the work remaining to be done is for the travelers to go $\frac{1}{60}$ of "a", while the omnibus goes $\frac{1}{12}$. The principle is correct, and been applied earlier.

CLASS LIST.

I.

BALBUS. DELTA.

ANSWERS TO KNOT IX

SS 1. THE BUCKETS.

Problem.- Lardner states that a solid, immersed in a fluid, displaces an amount equal to itself in bulk. How can this be true of a small bucket floating in a larger one?

Solution.- Lardner means, by “displaces”, “occupies a space which might be filled with water without any change in the surroundings.” If the portion of the floating bucket, which is above the water, could be annihilated, and the rest of it transformed into water, the surrounding water would not change its position: which agrees with Lardner’s statement.

Five answers have been received, none of which explains the difficulty arising from the well-known fact that a floating body is the same weight as the displaced fluid. HECLA says that “Only that portion of the smaller bucket which descends below the original level of the water can be properly said to be immersed, and only an equal bulk of water is displaced.” Hence, according to HECLA, a solid whose weight was equal to that of an equal bulk of water, would not float till the whole of it was below “the original level” of the water: but, as a matter of fact, it would float as soon as it was all under water. MAGPIE says the fallacy is “the assumption that one body can displace another from a place where it isn’t”, and that Lardner’s assertion is incorrect, except when the containing vessel “was originally full to the brim”. But the question of floating depends on the present state of things, not on past history. OLD KING COLE takes the same view as HECLA.

TYMPANUM and VINDEK assume that “displaced” means “raised above its original level”, and merely explain how it comes to pass that the water, so raised, is less in bulk than the immersed portion of bucket, and thus land themselves- or rather set themselves floating- in the same boat as HECLA.

I regret that there is no Class List to publish for this Problem.

SS 2. BALBUS’S ESSAY.

Problem.- Balbus states that if a certain solid be immersed in a certain vessel of water, the water will rise through a series of distances, two inches, one inch, half an inch, etc., which series has

no end. He concludes that the water will rise without limit. Is this true?

Solution.- No. This series can never reach 4 inches, since, however many terms we take, we are always short of 4 inches by an amount equal to the last term taken.

Three answers have been received- but only two seem to me worthy of honours.

TYMPANUM says that the statement about the stick “is merely a blind, to which the old answer may well be applied, solvitur ambulando, or rather mergendo”. I trust TYMPANUM will not test this in his own person, by taking the place of the man in Balbus’s Essay! He would infallibly be drowned.

OLD KING COLE rightly points out that the series, 2, 1, etc., is a decreasing geometrical progression: while VINDEX rightly identifies the fallacy as that of “Achilles and the Tortoise”.

CLASS LIST.

I.

OLD KING COLE. VINDEX.

SS 3. THE GARDEN.

Problem.- An oblong garden, half a yard longer than wide, consists entirely of a gravel walk, spirally arranged, a yard wide and 3630 yards long. Find the dimensions of the garden.

Answer.- 60, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Solution.- The number of yards and fractions of a yard traversed in walking along a straight piece of walk, is evidently the same as the number of square yards and fractions of a square yard contained in that piece of walk: and the distance traversed in passing through a square yard at a corner, is evidently a yard.

Hence the area of the garden is 3630 square yards: i.e. if x be the width, $x(x+1/2)=3630$. Solving this quadratic, we find $x=60$. Hence the dimensions are

60, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Twelve answers have been received- seven right and five wrong.

C. G. L., NABOB, OLD CROW, and TYMPANUM assume that the number of yards in the length of the path is equal to the number of square yards in the garden. This is true, but should have been proved. But each is guilty of darker deeds.

C. G. L.'s "working" consists of dividing 3630 by 60. Whence came this divisor, O Segiel? Divination? Or was it a dream? I fear this solution is worth noting.

OLD CROW's is shorter, and so (if possible) worth rather less: He says the answer "is at once seen to be $60 \times 60 \frac{1}{2}$ "! NABOB'S calculation is short, but "as rich as a NABOB" in error. He says that the square root of 3630, multiplied by 2, equals the length plus the breadth. That is $60.25 \times 2 = 120 \frac{1}{2}$. His first assertion is only true of a square garden. His second is irrelevant, since 60.25 is not the square root of 3630! Nay, Bob, this will not do! TYMPANUM says that, by extracting the square root of 3630, we get 60 yards with a remainder of $30/60$, or half a yard, which we add so as to make the oblong $60 \times 60 \frac{1}{2}$. This is very terrible: but worse remains behind. TYMPANUM proceeds thus: "But why should there be the half-yard at all? Because without it there would be no space at all for flowers. By means of it, we find reserved in the very centre a small plot of ground, two yards long by half a yard wide, the only space not occupied by walk." But Balbus expressly said that the walk "used up the whole of the area", O TYMPANUM! My tympa is exhausted: my brain is num! I can say no more.

HECLA indulges, again and again, in that most fatal of all habits in computation- the making two mistakes which cancel each other. She takes x as the width of the garden, in yards, and $x + \frac{1}{2}$ as its length, and makes her first "coil" the sum of $x - \frac{1}{2}$, $x - \frac{1}{2}$, $x - 1$, $x - 1$, i.e. $4x - 3$: but the fourth term should be $x - 1$

$\frac{1}{2}$, so that her first coil is $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard too long. Her second coil is the sum of $x - 2$

$\frac{1}{2}$, $x - 2 \frac{1}{2}$, $x - 3$, $x - 3$: here the first term should be $x - 2$ and the last $x - 3 \frac{1}{2}$:

these two mistakes cancel and this coil is therefore right. And the same thing is true of every other coil but the last, which needs an extra half-yard to reach the end of the path: and this exactly balances the mistake in the first coil. Thus the sumtotal of the coils comes right though the working is all wrong.

Of the seven who are right, DINAH MITE, JANET, MAGPIE, and TAFFY make the same assumption as C. G. L. and Co. They then solve by a quadratic.

MAGPIE also tries it by arithmetical progression, but fails to notice that the first and last "coils" have special values.

ALUMNUS ETONAE attempts to prove what C. G. L. assumes by a particular instance, taking a garden 6 by $5 \frac{1}{2}$. He ought to have

proved it generally: what is true of one number is not always true of others. OLD KING COLE solves

it by an arithmetical progression. It is right, but too lengthy to be worth as much as a quadratic.

VINDEX proves it very neatly, by pointing out that a yard of walk measured along the middle represents a square yard of garden, "whether we consider the straight stretches of walk, or the square yards at the angles, in which the middle line goes half a yard in one direction and then turns a right angle and goes half a yard in another direction.

CLASS LIST.

I.

VINDEX.

II.

ALUMNUS ETONAE. OLD KING COLE.

III.

DINAH MITE. MAGPIE.

JANET. TAFFY.

APPENDIX |

ANSWERS_KNOT_X | SS_1

ANSWERS TO KNOT X

SS 1. THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

Problem.- If 70 per cent have lost an eye, 75 per cent an ear, 80 per cent an arm, 85 per cent a leg: what percentage, at least, must have lost all four?

Answer.- Ten.

Solution.- (I adopt that of POLAR STAR, as being better than my own.) Adding the wounds together, we get $70+75+80+85=310$, among 100 men; which gives 3 to each, and 4 to 10 men. Therefore the least percentage is 10.

Nineteen answers have been received. One is "5", but, as no working is given with it, it must, in accordance with the rule, remain "a deed without a name".

JANET makes it “35 7/10”. I am sorry she has misunderstood the question, and has supposed that those who had lost an ear were 75 per cent of those who had lost an eye; and so on. Of course, on this supposition, the percentages must all be multiplied together. This she has done correctly, but I can give her no honours, as I do not think the question will fairly bear her interpretation. THREE SCORE AND TEN makes it “19 3/8”. Her solution has given me- I will not say “many anxious days and sleepless nights”, for I wish to be strictly truthful, but- some trouble in making any sense at all of it. She makes the number of “pensioners

wounded once” to be 310 (“per cent,” I suppose!): dividing by 4, she gets 77 ½ as “average percentage”: again dividing by 4, she gets 19 3/8 as “percentage wounded four times”. Does she suppose wounds of different kinds to absorb” each other, so to speak? Then, no doubt, the data are equivalent to 77 pensioners with one wound each and a half-pensioner with a half-wound. And does she then suppose these concentrated wounds to be transferable, so that ¾ of these unfortunates can obtain perfect health by handing over their wounds to the remaining ¼? Granting these suppositions, her answer is right; or rather if the question had been, “A road is covered with one inch of gravel, along 77 ½ per cent of it. How much of it could be covered 4 inches deep with the same material?” her answer would have been right. But alas, that wasn’t the question! DELTA makes some most amazing assumptions: “let every one who has not lost an eye have lost ear,” “let every one who has not lost both eyes and ears have lost an arm.” Her ideas of a battlefield are grim indeed. Fancy a warrior who would continue fighting after losing both eyes, both ears, and both arms! This is a case which she (or “it”?) evidently considers possible.

Next come eight writers who have made the unwarrantable assumption that, because 70 per cent have lost an eye, therefore 30 per cent have not lost one, so that they have both eyes. This is illogical. If you give me a bag containing 100 sovereigns, and if in an hour I come to you (my face not beaming with gratitude nearly so much as when I received the bag) to say, “I am sorry to tell you that 70 of these sovereigns are bad,” do I thereby guarantee the other 30 to be good? Perhaps I have not tested them yet. The sides of this illogical octagon are as follows, in alphabetical order: ALGERNON BRAY, DINAH MITE, G. S. C., JANE E., J.

- D. W., MAGPIE (who makes the delightful remark, “Therefore 90 per cent have two of something,” recalling to one’s memory that fortunate monarch with whom Xerxes was so much pleased that “he gave him ten of everything”!), S. S. G., and TOKIO.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE and T. R. do the question in a piecemeal fashion- on the principle that the 70 per cent and the 75 per cent, though commenced at opposite ends of the 100, must overlap by at least 45 per cent; and so on. This is quite correct working, but not, I think, quite the best way of doing it.

The other five competitors will, I hope, feel themselves sufficiently glorified by being placed in the first class, without my composing a Triumphal Ode for each!

CLASS LIST.

I.

OLD CAT. POLAR STAR.

OLD HEN. SIMPLE SUSAN.

WHITE SUGAR.

II.

BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE. T. R.

III.

ALGERNON BRAY. J. D. W.

DINAH MITE. MAGPIE.

G. S. C. S. S. G.

JANE E. TOKIO.

SS 2. CHANGE OF DAY.

I must postpone, sine die, the geographical problem- partly because I have not yet received the statistics I am hoping for, and partly because I am myself so entirely puzzled by it; and when an examiner is himself dimly hovering between a second class and a third, how is he to decide the position of others? SS 3. THE SON'S AGES.

Problem.- At first, two of the ages are together equal to the third. A few years afterwards, two of them are together double of the third. When the number of years since the first occasion is two-thirds of the sum of the ages on that occasion, one age is 21. What are the other two?

Answer.- 15 and 18.

Solution.- Let the ages at first be x , y , $(x+y)$. Now, if $a+b=2c$, then $(a-n)+(b-n)=2(c-n)$, whatever be, the value of n . Hence the second relationship, if ever true, was always true. Hence it was true at first. But it cannot be true that x and y are together double of $(x+y)$.

Hence it must be true of $(x+y)$, together with x or y ; and it does not matter which we take. We assume, then, $(x+y)+x=2y$; i.e. $y=2x$. Hence the three ages were, at first, x , $2x$, $3x$; and the number of years since that time is two-thirds of $6x$, i.e. is $4x$. Hence the present ages are $5x$, $6x$, $7x$. The ages are clearly integers, since this is only "the year when one of my sons comes of age".

Hence $7x=21$, $x=3$, and the other ages are 15, 18.

Eighteen answers have been received. One of the writers merely asserts that the first occasion was 12 years ago, that the ages were then 9, 6, and 3; and that on the second occasion they were 14, 11, and 8! As a Roman father, I ought to withhold the name of the rash writer; but respect for age makes me break the rule:

it is THREE SCORE AND TEN. JANE E. also asserts that the ages at first were 9, 6, 3: then she calculates the present ages, leaving the second occasion unnoticed. OLD HEN is nearly as bad; she "tried various numbers till I found one that fitted all the conditions"; but merely scratching up the earth, and pecking about, is not the way to solve a problem, O venerable bird! And close after OLD HEN prowls, with hungry eyes, OLD CAT, who calmly assumes, to begin with, that the son who comes of age is the eldest. Eat your bird, Puss, for you will get nothing from me!

There are yet two zeroes to dispose of. MINERVA assumes that, on every occasion, a son comes of age; and that it is only such a son who is "tipped with gold". Is it wise thus to interpret, "Now, my boys, calculate your ages, and you shall have the money"? BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE says "let" the ages at first be 9, 6, 3, then assumes that the second occasion was 6 years afterwards, and on these baseless assumptions brings out the right answers. Guide future travelers, an thou wilt; thou art no Bradshaw for this Age!

Of those who win honours, the merely "honourable" are two. DINAH MITE ascertains (rightly) the relationship between the three ages at first, but then assumes one of them to be "6", thus making the rest of her solution tentative. M. F.

C. does the algebra all right up to the conclusion that the present ages are $5z$, $6z$, and $7z$; it then assumes, without giving any reason, that $7z=21$.

Of the more honourable, DELTA attempts a novelty to discover which son comes of age by elimination: it assumes, successively, that it is the middle one, and that it is the youngest; and in each case it apparently brings out an absurdity.

Still, as the proof contains the following bit of algebra: " $63 = 7x + 4y$; therefore $21 = x + 4/7$ of y ," I trust it will admit that its proof is not quite conclusive. The rest of its work is good. MAGPIE betrays the deplorable tendency of her tribe- to appropriate any stray conclusion she comes across, without having any strict logical right to its Assuming A, B, C, as the ages at first, and E as the number of the years that have elapsed since then, she finds (rightly) the 3 equations, $2A=B$, $C=B+A$, $D=2B$. She then says, "Supposing that $A=1$, then $B=2$, $C=3$, and $D=4$."

Therefore for A, B, C, D, four numbers are wanted which shall be to each other as 1:2:3:4." It is in the "therefore" that I detect the unconscientiousness of this bird. The conclusion is true, but this is only because the equations are "homogeneous" (i.e. having one "unknown" in each term), a fact which I strongly suspect had not been grasped- I beg pardon, clawed- by her. Were I to lay this little pitfall: " $A+1=B$, $B+1=C$; supposing $A=1$, then $B=2$, and $C=3$. Therefore for A, B, C, three numbers are wanted which shall be to one another as 1:2:3," would you not flutter down into it, O MAGPIE! as amiably as a Dove? SIMPLE SUSAN is anything but simple to me. After ascertaining that the 3 ages at first are as 3:2:1, she says, "Then, as two-thirds of their sum, added to one of them, =21, the sum cannot exceed 30, and consequently the highest cannot exceed 15." I suppose her (mental) argument is something like this: "Two-thirds of sum, +one age, =21; therefore sum, +3 halves of one age, =31 ½. But 3 halves of one age cannot be less than 1 ½ [here I perceive that SIMPLE SUSAN would on no account present a guinea to a newborn baby!]; hence the sum cannot exceed 30. This is ingenious, but her proof, after that, is (as she candidly admits) "clumsy and roundabout". She finds that there are 5 possible sets of ages, and eliminates four of them. Suppose that, instead of 5, there had been 5 million possible sets! Would SIMPLE SUSAN have courageously ordered in the necessary gallon of ink and ream of paper? The solution sent in by C. R. is, like that of SIMPLE SUSAN, partly tentative, and so does not rise higher than being Clumsily Right.

Among those who have earned the highest honours, ALGERNON BRAY solves the problem quite correctly, but adds that there is nothing to exclude the supposition that all the ages were fractional. This would make the number of answers infinite. Let me meekly protest that I never intended my readers to devote the rest of their lives to writing out answers! E. M. RIX points out that, if fractional ages be admissible, any one of the three sons might be the one "come of age"; but she rightly rejects this supposition on the

ground that it would make the problem indeterminate. WHITE SUGAR is the only one who has detected an oversight of mine: I had forgotten the possibility (which of course ought to be allowed for) that the son who came of age that year, need not have done so by that day, so that he might be only 20. This gives a second solution, viz., 20, 24, 28.

Well said, pure Crystal! Verily, thy "fair discourse hath been as sugar"!

CLASS LIST.

I.

ALGERNON BRAY. S. S. G.

AN OLD FOGY. TOKIO E. M. Rix. T. R.

G. S. C. WHITE SUGAR.

II.

C. R. MAGPIE.

DELTA. SIMPLE SUSAN.

III.

DINAH MITE. M. F. C.

I have received more than one remonstrance on my assertion, in the Chelsea Pensioners' problem, that it was illogical to assume, from the datum, "70 per cent have lost an eye," that 30 per cent have not. ALGERNON BRAY states, as a paralel case, "Suppose Tommy's father gives him 4 apples, and he eats one of them, how many has he left?" and says, "I think we are justified in answering, 3." I think so too. There is no "must" here, and data are evidently meant to, fix the answer exactly: but, if the question were set me, "How many must he have left?" I should understand the data to be that his father gave him 4 at least, but may have given him more.

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have sent, along with their answers to the Tenth Knot, regrets that there are no more Knots to come, or petitions that I should recall my resolution to bring them to an end. I am most grateful for their kind words; but I think it wisest to end what, at best, was but a lame attempt. "The stretched metre of an antique song" is beyond my compass; and my puppets were neither distinctly in my life (like those I now address), nor yet (like Alice and the Mock Turtle) distinctly out of it. Yet let me at least fancy, as I lay down the pen, that I carry with me into my silent life, dear reader, a farewell smile from your unseen face, and a kindly farewell pressure from your unfelt hand!

And so, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say
“good night!” till it be morrow.

THE END

1869

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN-TOWN

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Atalanta in Camden-Town (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Ay, 'twas here, on this spot / In that summer of yore

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN TOWN

AY, 'twas here, on this spot, In that summer of yore, Atalanta did not Vote my presence a bore, Nor reply to my tenderest talk "She had heard all that nonsense before".

She'd the brooch I had bought And the necklace and sash on, And her heart, as I thought, Was alive to my passion; And she'd done up her hair in the style that the Empress had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play With my pearl of a PeriBut, for all I could say, She declared she was weary, That "the place was so crowded and hot, and she couldn't abide that Dundreary".

Then I thought "Lucky boy!
'Tis for you that she whimpers!" And I noted with joy Those sensational simpers: And I said "This is scrumptious!" - a phrase I had learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed "'Twill be said I'm a fortunate fellow, When the breakfast is spread, When the toppers are mellow, When the foam of the bride-cake is white, and the fierce orange blossoms are yellow!"

O that languishing yawn!

O those eloquent eyes!

I was drunk with the dawn Of a splendid surmise I was stung by a look, I was slain by a tear, by a tempest of sighs.

Then I whispered "I see The sweet secret thou keepest. And the yearning for ME That thou wistfully weapest!"

And the question is 'License or Banns?' though undoubtedly Banns are the cheapest."

"Be my Hero," said I, "And let me be Leander!" But I lost her reply Something ending with "gander" For the omnibus rattled so loud that no mortal could quite understand her.

THE END

1850

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. *As It Fell Upon a Day* (1850) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: As I was sitting on the hearth / (And O, but a hog is fat!)

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

AS I was sitting on the hearth (And O, but a hog is fat!) A man came hurrying up the path, (And what care I for that?)

When he came the house unto, His breath both quick and short he drew.

When he came before the door, His face grew paler than before.

When he turned the handle round, The man fell fainting to the ground.

When he crossed the lofty hall, Once and again I heard him fall.

When he came up to the turret stair, He shrieked and tore his raven hair.

When he came my chamber in, (And O, but a hog is fat!) I ran him through with a golden pin, (And what care I for that?)

THE END

1861

A SEA DIRGE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Sea Dirge (1861) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: There are certain things- as, a spider, a ghost, / The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three-...

SEA DIRGE

THERE are certain things- as, a spider, a ghost, The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most Is a thing they call the Sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be: Suppose it extended a mile or more, That's very like the Sea.

Beat a dog till it howls outright Cruel, but all very well for a spree:

Suppose that he did so day and night, That would be like the Sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids; Tens of thousands passed by me All leading children with wooden spades, And this was by the Sea.

Who invented those spades of wood? Who was it cut them out of the tree? None, I think, but an idiot could Or one that loved the Sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free": But, suppose you are very unwell in the boat, How do you like the Sea?

There is an insect that people avoid (Whence is derived the verb "to flee").

Where have you been by it most annoyed? In lodgings by the Sea.

If you like your coffee with sand for dregs, A decided hint of salt in your tea, And a fishy taste in the very eggs By all means choose the Sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat, You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree, And a chronic state of wet in your feet, Then- I recommend the Sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast Pleasant friends they are to me!

It is when I am with them I wonder most That anyone likes the Sea.

They take me a walk: though tired and stiff, To climb the heights I madly agree; And, after a tumble or so from the cliff, They kindly suggest the Sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool That they laugh with such an excess of glee, As I heavily slip into every pool That skirts the cold cold Sea.

THE END

1869

A RIDDLE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Riddle (1869) - A riddle in verse. Opening lines: My first lends his aid when I plunge into trade: / My second in jollifications:...

RIDDLE

(To Miss Gaynor Simpson.)

MY first lends his aid when I plunge into trade: My second in jollifications: My whole, laid on thinnish, imparts a neat finish To pictorial representations.

Answer: Copal.

THE ENDn1845

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Rules and Regulations (1845) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: A short direction / To avoid dejection,...

RULES AND REGULATIONS

A SHORT direction To avoid dejection, By variations In occupations, And prolongation Of relaxation, And combinations Of recreations, And disputation On the state of the nation In adaptation To your station, By invitations To friends and relations, By evitation Of amputation, By permutation In conversation, And deep reflection You'll avoid dejection.

Learn well your grammar, And never stammer, Write well and neatly, And sing most sweetly, Be enterprising, Love early rising,

Go walk of six miles, Have ready quick smiles, With lightsome
laughter, Soft flowing after.

Drink tea, not coffee; Never eat toffy.

Eat bread with butter.

Once more, don't stutter.

Don't waste your money, Abstain from honey.

Shut doors behind you, (Don't slam them, mind you.) Drink beer,
not porter.

Don't enter the water Till to swim you are able.

Sit close to the table.

Take care of a candle.

Shut a door by the handle, Don't push with your shoulder Until
you are older.

Lose not a button.

Refuse cold mutton.

Starve your canaries.

Believe in fairies.

If you are able, Don't have a stable With any mangers.

Be rude to strangers.

Moral: Behave.

THE END

1876

ACROSTIC: "ARE YOU DEAF, FATHER WILLIAM?"

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford.

Acrostic: "Are you deaf, Father William?" (1876) - An acrostic is a poem in which certain letters in the lines (often the first) taken in order form a name, a word, a motto, or an alphabetical sequence. Opening line: "Are you deaf, Father William?" the young man said,...

ACROSTIC: "ARE YOU DEAF, FATHER WILLIAM?"

"ARE you deaf, Father William!" the young man said,
"Did you hear what I told you just now?
"Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head
"Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!
"A little maid dwelling in Wallington Town,
"Is my friend, so I beg to remark:
"Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent down
"Entitled "The Hunt of the Snark?"

"Pack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,
"And seal it with olive-and-dove.
"I command you to do it!" he added with pride,
"Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside
"Easter Greetings, and give her my love."

1876.

THE END

1889

A NURSERY DARLING

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Nursery Darling (1889) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: A Mother's breast: / Safe refuge from her childish fears,...

A NURSERY DARLING

DEDICATION TO THE NURSERY "ALICE", 1889

A MOTHER'S breast: Safe refuge from her childish fears, From childish troubles, childish tears, Mists that enshroud her dawning years!

See how in sleep she seems to sing A voiceless psalm- an offering Raised, to the glory of her King, In Love: for Love is Rest.

A Darling's kiss: Dearest of all the signs that fleet From lips that lovingly repeat Again, again, their message sweet!

Full to the brim with girlish glee, A child, a very child is she, Whose dream of Heaven is still to be At Home: for Home is Bliss.

THE END

1869

A LIMERICK

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Limerick (1869) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: There was a young lady of station, "I love man" was her sole exclamation;...

LIMERICK

(To Miss Vera Beringer.)

THERE was a young lady of station,
"I love man" was her sole exclamation;
But when men cried, "You flatter,"
She replied, "Oh! no matter,
Isle of Man is the true explanation."

THE END

1888

A LESSON IN LATIN

Lewis Carroll

Carroll Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898)
 - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Lesson in Latin (1888) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Our Latin books, in motley row, / Invite us to our task-...

LESSON IN LATIN

***OUR Latin books, in motley row, Invite us to our task
 Gay Horace, stately Cicero: Yet there's one verb, when once we know, No higher skill we ask: This ranks all other lore above
 We've learned "Amare' means 'to love'!"***

So, hour by hour, from flower to flower, We sip the sweets of Life:
 Till, all too soon, the clouds arise, And flaming cheeks and flashing eyes
 Proclaim the dawn of strife: With half a smile and half a sigh,
 "Amare! Bitter One!" we cry.

Last night we owned, with looks forlorn, "Too well the scholar
 knows There is no rose without a thorn"-

But peace is made! We sing, this morn, "No thorn without a rose!"
 Our Latin lesson is complete: We've learned that Love is Bitter
 Sweet!

May 1888.

THE END

1883

A GAME OF FIVES

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Game of Fives (1883) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: Five little girls, of Five, Four, Three, Two, One: / Rolling on the hearthrug, full of tricks and fun....

A GAME OF FIVES

FIVE little girls of Five, Four, Three, Two, One: Rolling on the hearthrug, full of tricks and fun.

Five rosy girls, in years from Ten to Six:

Sitting down to lessons- no more time for tricks.

Five growing girls, from Fifteen to Eleven:

Music, Drawing, Languages, and food enough for seven!

Five winsome girls, from Twenty to Sixteen:

Each young man that calls, I say "Now tell me which you mean!"

Five dashing girls, the youngest Twenty-one:

But, if nobody proposes, what is there to be done?

Five showy girls- but Thirty is an age When girls may be engaging, but they somehow don't engage.

Five dressy girls, of Thirty-one or more:

So gracious to the shy young men they snubbed so much before!

Five Passe girls- Their age? Well, never mind!

We jog along together, like the rest of human kind:

But the quondam "careless bachelor" begins to think he knows The answer to that ancient problem "how the money goes"!

THE END

1861

AFTER THREE DAYS

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. After Three Days (1861) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. "Written after seeing Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple.'" Opening lines: I stood within the gate / Of a great temple, 'mid the living stream...

AFTER THREE DAYS

["Written after seeing Holman Hunt's picture, The Finding of Christ in the Temple."]

I STOOD within the gate Of a great temple, 'mid the living stream Of worshippers that thronged its regal state Fair-pictured in my dream.

Jewels and gold were there; And floors of marble lent a crystal sheen To body forth, as in a lower air, The wonders of the scene.

Such wild and lavish grace Had whispers in it of a coming doom; As richest flowers lie strown about the face Of her that waits the tomb.

The wisest of the land

Had gathered there, three solemn trysting-days, For high debate: men stood on either hand To listen and to gaze.

The aged brows were bent, Bent to a frown, half thought, and half annoy, That all their stores of subtlest argument Were baffled by a boy.

In each averted face I marked but scorn and loathing, till mine eyes Fell upon one that stirred not in his place, Tranced in a dumb surprise.

Surely within his mind Strange thoughts are born, until he doubts the lore Of those old men, blind leaders of the blind, Whose kingdom is no more.

Surely he sees afar A day of death the stormy future brings; The crimson setting of the herald-star That led the Eastern kings.

Thus, as a sunless deep Mirrors the shining heights that crown the bay, So did my soul create anew in sleep The picture seen by day.

Gazers came and went A restless hum of voices marked the spot In varying shades of critic discontent Prating they knew not what.

"Where is the comely limb, The form attuned in every perfect part, The beauty that we should desire in him?" Ah! Fools and slow of heart!

Look into those deep eyes, Deep as the grave, and strong with love divine; Those tender, pure, and fathomless mysteries, That seem to pierce through thine.

Look into those deep eyes, Stirred to unrest by breath of coming strife, Until a longing in thy soul arise That this indeed were life:

That thou couldst find Him there, Bend at His sacred feet thy willing knee, And from thy heart pour out the passionate prayer, "Lord, let me follow Thee!"

But see the crowd divide:

Mother and sire have found their lost one now:

The gentle voice, that fain would seem to chide, Whispers, "Son, why hast thou" In tone of sad amaze "Thus dealt with us, that art our dearest thing? Behold, thy sire and I, three weary days, Have sought thee sorrowing."

And I had stayed to hear The loving words, "How is it that ye sought?" -

But that the sudden lark, with matins clear, Severed the links of thought.

Then over all there fell Shadow and silence; and my dream was fled, As fade the phantoms of a wizard's cell When the dark charm is said.

Yet, in the gathering light, I lay with half-shut eyes that would not wake, Lovingly clinging to the skirts of night For that sweet vision's sake.

Feb. 16, 1861.

THE END

1860

A VALENTINE

Lewis Carroll

Carroll, Lewis (pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) (1832-1898) - English novelist, poet, photographer, and mathematician, best known for his fantastical childrens' classics. He was a mathematical lecturer at Oxford. A Valentine (1860) - One of Lewis Carroll's poems. Opening lines: And cannot pleasures, while they last, / Be actual unless, when past,...

A VALENTINE

[Sent to a friend who had complained that I was glad enough to see him when he came, but didn't seem to miss him if he stayed away.]

AND cannot pleasures, while they last, Be actual unless, when past, They leave us shuddering and aghast, With anguish smarting? And cannot friends be firm and fast, And yet bear parting? And must I then, at Friendship's call, Calmly resign the little all (Trifling, I grant, it is and small) I have of gladness, And lend my being to the thrall Of gloom and sadness?

And think you that I should be dumb, And full dolorum omnium, Excepting when you choose to come And share my dinner? At other times be sour and glum And daily thinner?

Must he then only live to weep, Who'd prove his friendship true and deep, By day a lonely shadow creep, At night-time languish, Oft raising in his broken sleep The moan of anguish?

The lover, if for certain days His fair one be denied his gaze, Sinks not in grief and wild amaze, But, wiser wooer, He spends the time in writing lays, And posts them to her.

And if the verse flow free and fast, Till even the poet is aghast, A touching Valentine at last The post shall carry,

When thirteen days are gone and past Of February.

Farewell, dear friend, and when we meet, In desert waste or crowded street, Perhaps before this week shall fleet, Perhaps tomorrow, I trust to find your heart the seat Of wasting sorrow.

THE END