

## "Lewis Carroll."

(CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON.)

BY BEATRICE HATCH.



HE REVEREND CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON died at Guildford on January 14th, 1898. When that sad announcement was made to the world on the morning of the 15th, hundreds of children knew and felt that they had lost a friend; not only those to whom Mr. Dodgson had been a living

Richmond, was born at Daresbury Parsonage, Cheshire, on January 27th, 1832; and it was there that he spent the first years of his childhood, afterwards removing to Croft Rectory, Yorkshire. He was a studious boy from his earliest years, yet to his three brothers and seven sisters Charles gave constant amusement by his witty and original remarks. It was to him that they looked for leadership in their youthful attempts at writing, and in the little private magazines which the children got up among themselves Charles would contribute by far the largest share, adorning the stories which he wrote with illustrations from his own pen. He was sent to school at Richmond, Yorkshire; from thence he went to Rugby, and to Christ Church, Oxford. Mathematics were then, as always, Mr. Dodgson's chief study. In 1854 he took a first-class in that subject, and in 1855 he was appointed Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church, which post he held till 1881. Several works were published by him on algebra, trigonometry, logic, etc., which are



CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (THE LATEST PORTRAIT).  
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

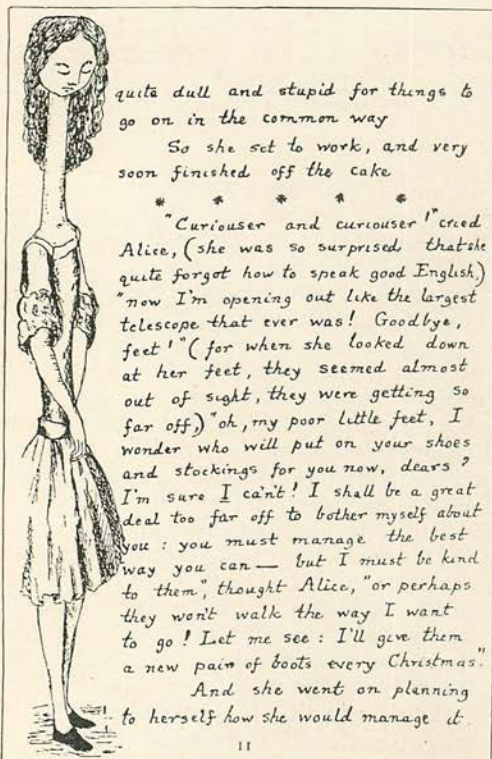
personal reality, but also the countless number in different parts of the world who knew him as "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

The world at large will think of him merely in the latter connection, as the writer of those inimitable books of wit and humour. Others will call to mind the somewhat prim college don, the hard-working mathematician, living in retirement in his corner of Tom Quad, Christ Church. But those of us who knew him best remember him as the kind and loving friend, who contributed so much to the happiness of our lives, and whom we shall truly mourn as one of the best of men.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the son of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, Archdeacon of



ALICE LIDDELL—AS A BEGGAR-GIRL.  
(THE ORIGINAL OF "ALICE.")  
From a Photo. by "Lewis Carroll."



quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake

\* \* \* \* \*

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English.) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off.) "oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it.

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REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES."

proof of his industry and originality. In 1861 Mr. Dodgson was made a senior student (*i.e.*, a fellow) of his college; and he remained at Christ Church in that capacity until his death. He had also been ordained deacon in the Church of England in the year 1861, but he never took priest's orders.

These are a few bare facts of Mr. Dodgson's history, which many will have read for themselves in the newspaper accounts. But it is from a "child-friend's" point of view that I wish to make a sketch of him, and to show something of what the real man was—not as lecturer, mathematician, or college don, but as a friend.

There are very many who could draw a similar picture of him, for never, surely, did any man make more friends among children than he did during the earlier and middle parts of his life. Latterly, however, he had not increased his acquaintance much, but the "child-friends" of past years were still honoured by the old title, even though childhood had long been left in the far distance. Boys did not share this honour, nor babies! They were only tolerated for their sisters' sakes; but girls, little and big,

were admitted into friendship at once. Sometimes on the sea-shore, sometimes in a railway carriage, the magnetic power began, and, in many cases, continued for life. It was impossible for Mr. Dodgson to pass by the smallest opportunity of speaking to a child, and his winning manner gained the hearts, and generally the tongues, of all whom he met.

It was this love for children, combined with his inventive faculty, that led him to tell that most original story which afterwards developed into "Alice in Wonderland," of world-wide fame. His audience consisted of the little daughters of Dean Liddell, who lived then in the opposite corner of the great quadrangle of Christ Church, and from one of them Mr. Dodgson borrowed the name to give to the heroine of those marvellous adventures. His friends begged him to write it down, and we may to-day see the published facsimile of the author's original MS. with his own illustrations. In that volume also appears the "Easter Greeting to every child who loves 'Alice'"—a letter written in the Easter of 1876, which shows us a beautiful side of "Lewis Carroll's" mind. "Alice in Wonderland" in its present form was published in

This time Alice waited quietly until it chose to speak again. In a few minutes the caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went: "the top will make you grow taller, and the stalk will make you grow shorter."

"The top of what? the stalk of what?" thought Alice.

"Of the mushroom," said the caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud, and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, and then picked it and carefully broke it in two,

taking the stalk in one hand, and the top in the other. "Which does the stalk do?" she said, and nibbled a little bit of it to try the next moment she felt a violent blow on her chin: it had struck her foot!



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES."

1865, and never has any book attained to a greater popularity. It was followed in 1872 by "Through the Looking Glass," which is as well known as its predecessor. In 1876 appeared the long poem (or rather "agony in eight fits"), called "The Hunting of the Snark" — "snark" being, as he told us, the "portmanteau - word" for snail and shark.

In other poetry he has given us "Phantasmagoria" and other poems (1870), among the best of which are "Hiawatha's Photography" and "A Sea-Dirge"; and "Rhyme and Reason," which came out in 1883. Besides the puzzle-book of "Doublets," the "Game of Logic," and other small works, Mr. Dodgson enlarged a fairy story of his that



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF "LEWIS CARROLL'S" DRAWING OF THE "GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE."

had appeared in "Aunt Judy's Magazine" in 1867, as "Bruno's Revenge," into the two big volumes of "Sylvie and Bruno," which, in its double story, so curiously interwoven, contains such a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. The dedicatory verses at the beginning of some of these volumes are worth notice for the ingenious way in which he has worked in the name of the girl-friend to whom the book is inscribed. In those in "The Hunting of the Snark" and in "Sylvie and Bruno" the first letter of each line, taken in succession, spell out the girl's name; and in the verse at the beginning of "Sylvie and Bruno, Concluded," the result is obtained by taking the *third* letter in each line.



"LEWIS CARROLL'S" ROOM AT OXFORD, IN WHICH "ALICE'S ADVENTURES" WAS WRITTEN.  
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

## A CHARADE.

[N.B. FIVE POUNDS will be given to any one who succeeds in writing an original poetical Charade, introducing the line "My First is followed by a bird," but making no use of the answer to this Charade. Ap. 8. 1878.

(signed)  
Lewis Carroll.]

My First is singular at best.  
More plural is my Second:  
My Third is far the pluralist—  
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, too often, hopes abroad,  
And plausible deceivers.

My First to get at wisdom tries—  
A failure melancholy!  
My Second men revere as wise:  
My Third from heights of wisdom flits  
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!



Puzzles and problems of all sorts were a delight to Mr. Dodgson. Many a sleepless night was occupied by what he called a "Pillow problem." In fact, his mathematical mind seemed to be always at work on something of the kind, and he loved to discuss and argue a point connected with his logic if he could but find a willing listener. Sometimes while paying an afternoon call he would borrow scraps of paper, and leave neat little diagrams or word puzzles to be worked out by his friends.

It may be interesting to some who do not know Mr. Dodgson's poetical charade to see the accompanying verses, with two

rough drawings by himself. Of late years, all Mr. Dodgson's time had been given to

his work on "Symbolic Logic," of which Part I. was published in February, 1896, and Parts II. and III. were still in process of completion when the unexpected end came. In his estimation, logic was a most important study for everyone. No pains were spared to make it clear and interesting to those who would but consent to learn of him, either in a class, that he begged to be allowed to hold in a school or college, or to a single individual girl, who showed the smallest inclination to profit by his instructions. He never spared

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 guess my riddle!



Three little maidens, weary of the Rail —  
 Three pair of little ears, listening to a tale —  
 Three little hands, held out in readiness  
 For three little puzzles, very hard to guess —  
 Three pair of little eyes, opened 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 —  
 Tho' whether they'll remember the friend, or book, or day,  
 For three little weeks, is more than I can say.

VERSE WRITTEN BY “LEWIS CARROLL” IN A COPY OF “ALICE’S ADVENTURES,” GIVEN TO  
 THREE CHILD-FRIENDS.

himself in any detail; everything was done in the neatest and most methodical manner. The arrangement of his papers, the classification of his photographs, the order of his books, the lists and registers that he kept about everything imaginable—all this betokened his well-ordered mind.

There was a wonderful letter-register of his own invention, which not only recorded the names of his correspondents, and the dates of their letters, but which also summarized the contents of each communication, so that in a few seconds Mr. Dodgson could tell you what you had written to him about on a certain day in years gone by.

The plan of this letter-register is explained by the inventor in his booklet called “Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letter Writing,” which he published together with an “Alice” Stamp-case in 1888. Let me give a few quotations from those “Wise Words” :—

“Address and stamp the envelope.—‘What! Before writing the letter?’ Most certainly; and I’ll tell you what will happen if you don’t. You will go on writing till the last moment, and, just in the middle of the last sentence, you will become aware that ‘time’s up!’ Then comes the hurried wind-up—the wildly-scrawled signature—the hastily-fastened envelope, which comes open in the post—the address a mere hieroglyphic—the horrible discovery that you’ve forgotten to replenish your stamp-case—the frantic appeal to everyone in the house to lend you a stamp—the headlong rush to the post-office, arriving hot and gasping just after the box has closed—and finally, a week afterwards, the return of the letter from the Dead Letter Office, marked ‘Address illegible!’”

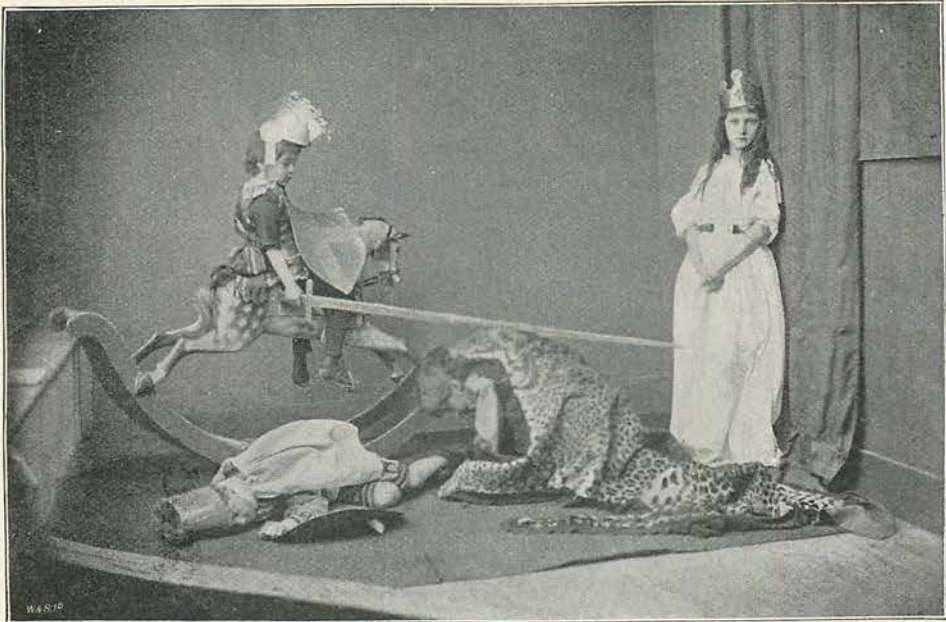
Vol. xv.—53

“Write legibly.—The average temper of the human race would be perceptibly sweetened if everybody obeyed this rule! A great deal of the bad writing in the world comes simply from writing *too quickly*. Of course you reply, ‘I do it to save time.’ A very good object, no doubt: but what right have you to do it at your friend’s expense? Isn’t *his* time as valuable as yours?

Years ago I used to receive letters from a friend—and very interesting letters, too—written in one of the most atrocious hands ever invented. It generally took me about a *week* to read one of his letters! I used to carry it about in my pocket, and take it out at leisure times, to puzzle over the riddles which composed it—holding it in different positions, and at different distances, till at last the meaning of some hopeless scrawl would flash upon me, when I at once wrote down the English under it; and, when several had been thus guessed, the context would help one with the others, till at last the whole series of hieroglyphics was deciphered. If *all* one’s friends wrote like that, life would be entirely spent in reading their letters!”

“My Ninth Rule.—When you get to the end of a note-sheet, and find you have more to say, take another piece of paper—a whole sheet, or a scrap, as the case may demand; but, whatever you do, *don’t cross!* Remember the old proverb, ‘Cross-writing makes cross reading.’ ‘The old proverb?’ you say, inquiringly. ‘How old?’ Well, not so *very* ancient, I must confess. In fact, I’m afraid I invented it while writing this paragraph. Still, you know, ‘old’ is a *comparative* term. I think you would be *quite* justified in addressing a chicken, just out of the shell, as ‘Old boy!’ *when compared* with another chicken, that was only half out!”

Another register contained a list of every menu supplied to every guest who dined at Mr. Dodgson’s table! This sounds like the doing of an epicure, but Mr. Dodgson was not that—far from it. His dinners were simple enough, and never of more than two



CHILD-FRIENDS OF "LEWIS CARROLL" IN FANCY COSTUME—"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."  
From a Photo. by "Lewis Carroll."

courses. But everything that he did must be done in the most perfect manner possible; and the same care and attention would be given to other people's affairs, if in any way he could assist or give them pleasure. If he took you up to London to see a play at the theatre, you were no sooner seated in the railway carriage than a game was produced from his bag, and all occupants of the compartment were invited to join in playing a kind of "halm a" or "draughts" of his own invention, on the little wooden board that had been specially made at his design for railway use, with "men" warranted not to tumble down, because they fitted into little holes in the board! And the rest of those happy days spent with him were remarkable for the consideration that was shown for your comfort and happi-

ness. If you went to see Mr. Dodgson in the morning you would find him, pen in hand, hard at work on neat packets of MS. carefully arranged round him on the table, but the pen would instantly be laid aside, and the most cheerful of smiles would welcome you in for a chat as long as you liked to stay. He was always full of interest, and generally had something fresh to show: an ingenious

invention of his own for filing papers, or lighting gas, or boiling a kettle!

My earliest recollections of Mr. Dodgson are connected with photography. He was very fond of this art at one time, though he had entirely given it up for many years latterly. He kept various costumes and "properties" with which to dress us up, and, of course, that added to the fun. What child would not thoroughly enjoy



Photo. by]

"A BEGGAR-CHILD,"

[ "Lewis Carroll."

My 14. 1843  
My dear Birdie,

I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said "Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was, all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some Vesta matches to eat, and a cup of

a visit from home, is an interesting specimen. The first page is here reproduced in reduced facsimile. "Emily" and "Mabel" were other dolls of mine, and known also by him, but though they have long since departed this life I need hardly say I still possess the doll "Alice":—

"MY DEAR BIRDIE,—I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said 'Why have you come here without Birdie?' So she said 'Birdie's gone! And Emily's gone! And Mabel isn't kind to me!' And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

"Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was, all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor little thing was very hungry and thirsty after her long walk. So I said 'Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat.' 'Oh, no! no!' she said. 'I'd much rather not! You know I do melt so very easily!' And she made me take her quite to the other side of the room, where it was very cold: and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was

personating a Japanese, or a beggar-child, or a gipsy, or an Indian? Several of these are reproduced in this article. Sometimes there were excursions on to the roof of the College, which was easily accessible from the windows of the studio. Or you might stand by your tall friend's side in the tiny dark room, and watch him while he poured the contents of several little, strong-smelling bottles on to the glass picture of yourself that looked so funny with its black face. And when you grew tired of this, there were many delights to be found in the cupboard in the big room downstairs. Musical boxes of different colours and different tunes, the dear old woolly bear that walked when he was wound up, toys, picture-books, and packets of photographs of other children who had also enjoyed these mornings of bliss.

The following letter written to me in 1873, about a large wax doll that Mr. Dodgson had presented to me, and which I had left behind me when I went on



From a Photo. by]

"A CHINAMAN,"

[“Lewis Carroll.”

afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"'You've no *idea* how careful we have to be—we dolls,' she said. 'Why, there was a sister of mine—would you believe it? She went up to the fire to warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped right off! There now!' 'Of course it dropped *right* off,' I said, 'because it was the *right* hand.' 'And how do you know it was the *right* hand, Mister Carroll?' the doll said. So I said, 'I think it must have been the *right* hand, because the other hand was *left*.'

"The doll said 'I sha'n't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why, even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that! And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I *can't* laugh, if I try ever so much!' 'Don't be cross about it,' I said, 'but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose. Which do you think Birdie will choose?' 'I don't know,' said the doll; 'you'd better ask her!' So I took her home in a hansom cab. Which would you like, do you think? Arthur as Cupid? or Arthur and Wilfrid together? Or, you and Ethel as beggar children? or, Ethel standing on a box? or, one of yourself?

"Your affectionate friend,

"LEWIS CARROLL."

Mr. Dodgson's chief form of entertaining during the last years of his life was giving dinner-parties. Do not misunderstand me, nor picture to yourself a long row of guests on either side of a gaily-decorated table. Mr. Dodgson's theory was that it was much more enjoyable to have your friends singly. Consequently these "dinner-parties," as he

liked to call them, consisted almost always of one guest only, and that one a "child-friend." One of his charming and characteristic little notes, written in his clear writing, often on a half-sheet of note-paper and signed with the C.L.D. monogram, which, as seen in the facsimile, began at the wrong end, would arrive, containing an invitation, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Ch. Ch. Nov. 21, '96.

"MY DEAR BEE,—The reason I have, for so long a time, not visited the hive, is a *logical* one, but is *not* (as you might imagine) that I think there is no more honey in it! Will you come again to dine with me? *Any* day would suit me, and I would fetch you at 6.30.

"Ever your affectionate C. L. D."

Let us suppose that this invitation has been accepted, and come with me to see the rooms in Christ Church, where Mr. Dodgson has lived and worked for more than forty years. After turning in at the door of No. 7 staircase, and mounting a rather steep and winding stair, we find ourselves outside a heavy, black door, of somewhat prison-like appearance, over which is painted "The Rev. C. L. Dodgson." Then a passage, then a door with glass panels, and at last we reach the familiar room that we love so well. It is large and lofty, and extremely cheerful-looking. All round the walls are book-cases, and under them the cupboards of which I have spoken, and which we, even now, long to see opened, that they may pour out their treasures.

Opposite to the big window, with its cushioned seat, is the fireplace; and this is worthy of some notice on account of the lovely red tiles, which represent the story of "The Hunting of the Snark." Over the

mantelpiece hang three painted portraits of child-friends, the one in the middle being a picture of a little girl in a blue coat and cap, who is carrying a pair of skates. But the room is a study, and not a drawing-room, and the big tables and the tall reading-desks bear evidence to the genuine work that is done there. A

Ch. Ch. Nov. 21/96  
 My dear Bee, I have, for so long a time, not visited the hive, is a *logical* one, but is *not* (as you might imagine) that I think there is no more honey in it! Will you come again to dine with me? *Any* day would suit me, & I wd fetch you at 6.30.  
 Ever your affectionate  
 (L)



photograph of this room is reproduced on page 415.

Mr. Dodgson seats his guest in a corner of the red sofa in front of the fireplace, and the few minutes before dinner are occupied with anecdotes about other “child-friends,” small or grown up, or anything particular that has happened to himself, such as more applications from interviewers, collectors of autographs, and other persecutors, all of whom were a special abhorrence of his. The requests of such people were never granted. Mr. Dodgson had a great horror of being “lionized,” and ingeniously silenced his tormentors by representing to them, indirectly, that “Lewis Carroll,” the author of “Alice,” and “Mr. Dodgson,” were two distinct persons. The latter had never put his name to any published work of fiction; and “Lewis Carroll” was not to be found at Christ Church, Oxford.

Dinner is served in a smaller room, which is also filled with book-cases and books. But we will imagine the repast concluded, for those who have had the privilege of enjoying a College dinner need not to be told how excellent it is, and we must not rouse envy in those who have not! The rest of the evening slips away very quickly, there is so much to be done, and to be shown. You may play a game—one of Mr. Dodgson’s own invention—such as “Mish - Mash,” “Landrick,” or others; or you may see pictures, lovely drawings of fairies, whom your host tells you “you can’t be sure don’t really exist.” Or you may have music, if you wish it, and Mr. Dodgson will himself perform. You look round (supposing you are a stranger) for the piano. There is none. But a large square box is brought forward, and this contains an organette. Another box holds the tunes, circular perforated cards, all carefully catalogued by their owner. One of the greatest favourites is “Santa Lucia,” and this will open the

concert. The handle is affixed through a hole in the side of the box, and the green baize lining of the latter helps to modulate the sound. The picture of the author of “Alice,” keenly enjoying every note, as he solemnly turns the handle, and raises or closes the lid of the box to vary the sound, is more worthy of your delight than the music itself. Never was there a more delightful host for a “dinner-party,” or one who took such pains for your entertainment, fresh and interesting to the last.

Sometimes I have spent an evening with Mr. Dodgson in conversation only. With all his humour he took a serious view of life, and had a very grave vein running through his mind. The simplicity of his faith, his deep reverence, and his child-like trust in the goodness of God were very striking. His look of surprise, and gentle reassurance to a girl who told him she was nervous when she travelled by rail, fearing an accident, come into my mind as I write. “But surely you *trust* God! Do you think He would let you come to harm? To be *afraid* is to distrust.” These and other similar words of his give us an insight into the pure and open mind, in whose clear waters Heaven’s sunshine could find an unsullied reflection.

Mr. Dodgson did not often preach, yet, when he did, he had the power to impress and captivate his hearers. There was no need for him to write out a sermon. Full of earnestness in his subject, the words came without difficulty. Neither was there any danger of his wandering from the direct point, for before the eye of his orderly and logical mind, his subject would arise in the form of a diagram to be worked out point by point. And he has told me how, by keeping a seemingly real drawing of this before him as he looked straight in front of him from the pulpit, he kept his headings perfectly clear and distinct.

For the last few years he lived a life of



Photo. by "DOLLY VARDEN." ["Lewis Carroll."]

great retirement, declining all invitations into society, and seldom associating with anyone, beyond dining in Hall. If you were very anxious to get him to come to your house on any particular day, the only chance was *not* to *invite* him, but only to *inform* him that you would be at home. Otherwise, he would say, "As you have *invited* me I cannot come, for I have made a rule to decline all *invitations*; but I will come the

next day." However, his frequent informal calls more than made up for this. In former years he would sometimes consent to go to a "party," if he was quite sure he was not to be "shown off," or introduced to anyone as the "Author of 'Alice.'" I must again quote from a note of his in answer to an invitation to tea:—

"What an awful proposition! To drink tea from four to six would tax the constitution

### Prologue.

[Enter Beatrice, leading Wilfred. She leaves him at centre (front), & after going round on tip-toe, to make sure they are not overheard, returns & takes his arm.]

- B. "Wiffie! I'm sure that something is the matter!  
All day there's been—oh, such a fuss and clatter!  
Mamma's been trying on a funny dress—  
I never saw the house in such a mess!  
(puts her arm round his neck)  
Is there a secret, Wiffie?"
- W. (shaking her off) "Yes, of course!"
- B. "And you won't tell it? (whimpered) Then you're very cross!  
(turns away from, & claps her hands, looking up ecstatically)  
I'm sure of this! It's something quite uncommon!"
- W. (stretching up his arms, with a mock-heroic air)  
"Oh, Curiosity! Thy name is Woman!  
(puts his arm round her coaxingly)  
Well, Birdie, then I'll tell! (mysteriously) What should you say  
if they were going to act—a little play?"
- B. (jumping and clapping her hands)  
"I'd say 'How nice!'"
- W. (pointing to audience)  
"But will it please the rest?"
- B. "Oh yes! Because, you know, they'll do their best!"  
[~~she~~ turns to audience]  
"You'll praise them, won't you, when you've seen the play?  
Just say 'How nice!' before you go away!"  
[they run away hand in hand].

Feb. 14, 1873..

even of a hardened tea-drinker. For me, who hardly ever touch it, it would probably be fatal."

One form in which Mr. Dodgson took his recreation was by going to the theatre, and with his strict views of morality, and refined taste, he was able many a time to induce stage-managers to correct, or omit, anything that might jar on sensitive ears. Of course, the plays that he cared to go to were very limited in number. He particularly enjoyed seeing children act, and many a little actress would receive a note or a card, accompanied by a copy of one of his books, handed in at the stage-door the morning after the performance; and this was often the beginning of much kindness shown to her and a true friendship.

I do not know that he ever wrote anything in the dramatic line, though he did once favour us years ago with a tiny Prologue, for our own special use, at some private theatricals which our elders were to perform. The Prologue, given in facsimile on the preceding page, was to be spoken by myself and my small brother:—

PROLOGUE.

(Enter BEATRICE, leading WILFRID. She leaves him at centre (front), and after going round on tiptoe, to make sure they are not overheard, returns and takes his arm.)

B. : Wiffie ! I'm sure that something *is* the matter !  
 All day there's been — oh, such a fuss and clatter !  
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 I never saw the house in such a mess !  
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 I'm sure of *this* ! It's something quite uncommon !

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 Oh, Curiosity ! Thy name is Woman !  
 (Puts his arm round her coaxingly.)  
 Well, Birdie, then I'll tell ! (Mysteriously)  
 What should you say  
 If they were going to act—a little play ?

B. (Jumping and clapping her hands.)

I'd say "How nice !"

W. (Pointing to audience.)

But will it please the rest ?

B. : Oh yes ! Because, you know, they'll do their best !

(Turns to audience.)

You'll praise them, won't you, when you've seen the play ?

Just say "How nice !" before you go away !

(They run away hand in hand.)

FEBRUARY 14, 1873.



Photo. by "A TURK." [Lewis Carroll.]

All these things belong now to the past, and we must open a new chapter in our lives, in which that well-known figure will not appear. But the benefaction which he bestowed upon the world is still with us—the benefaction of a wit that was never sarcastic, a humour that was always sympathetic; and the embodiment in himself of the

three essentials of Life: Faith, the light by which to live; Hope, the goal for which to labour; Charity, the wide horizon, to which his soul looked out in love.

MANY of Mr. Dodgson's friends are anxious that something special should be done to honour the memory of one who did so much for others, and to whom so many thousands of people owe a debt of gratitude for his gift to the world of the immortal "Alice." A scheme has, therefore, been organized to collect subscriptions for the endowment of a Cot in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, which shall be called the "Alice in Wonderland" Cot. This Cot shall be intended specially to benefit children connected with the theatrical profession, in whom Mr. Dodgson always showed great interest. The scheme is warmly supported by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Fife and H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife. Among the names on the General Committee are those of the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of Durham, Dr. George MacDonald, Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Liddell, Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves (the original "Alice"), and other old friends of "Lewis Carroll." Also those who were connected with him in his work, as Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Sir John Tenniel, and others. All readers of "Alice," old and young, are invited to contribute, and subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, J. T. Black, Esq., Soho Square; the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Herbert Fuller, 31, Palace Court, London, W., and Miss Beatrice Hatch, Christ Church, Oxford; and the London and County Bank and its Branches.