

Before "Alice"—The Boyhood of Lewis Carroll.

BY STUART COLLINGWOOD.



PECULIAR interest belongs to the childhood of a man who has afterwards become famous, for just

As Earth e'er blossoming
Thrills

With far daffodils,
And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceived wheat,

so is the boy in his tastes and tendencies prophetic of the man. It is so easy to feel the truth of this afterwards, so difficult to appreciate it at the time. They were all children once—these famous writers and lawyers and statesmen; but it is more than probable that hardly any of those who knew them in their early days were able to dissociate them from the other children with whom they worked and played. Their mothers, no doubt, felt convinced that they were the cleverest and most attractive of all conceivable boys; but then, so do all mothers, and we can, therefore, give them no credit for acumen.

Now, it is not part of my present task to emphasize the importance and originality of Lewis Carroll's work. That has been done already by men who have far more right than I to speak on such a subject. Enough for me that he made a definite mark upon his generation. It is my aim, in this little paper, to show the beginnings of those talents which distinguished his later literary work, and the means that I shall use are the writings and drawings which he himself produced when he was a boy.

Miss Beatrice Hatch, to whom we are all indebted for some delightful reminiscences of Lewis Carroll, which appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE last April, alluded to this early

literary work of his, but only cursorily. I am able to speak more fully on the subject, as the work of writing his biography¹ has devolved upon my unworthy shoulders, and has thus made it necessary for me to examine the mass of unpublished writings and sketches which he left behind him.

When the boy was about eleven years old, his father, afterwards Archdeacon Dodgson, was presented to the living of Croft. Shortly after this Lewis Carroll began to show great taste for drawing; he kept a little book in which he used to sketch roughly any humorous ideas that occurred to him, and these pictures were afterwards painted by his brothers and sisters, who all regarded him as a paragon of wit and cleverness. No wonder, for from the first he was always the leader in their amusements, and was continually inventing all sorts of games to please himself and them.

In "The Deceitfull Coachman" we have one of these early drawings of his. It represents a scene which is, I hope, uncommon enough



The deceitfull coachman

nowadays, though, as Dickens bears witness, it was no rare occurrence fifty years ago. A

¹"The Life of Lewis Carroll," shortly to be published by T. Fisher Unwin.

"country cousin"—who else but one of that ilk would carry a spotted carpet-bag in the Strand?—is anxious to reach Charing Cross, and we see him on the point of being misguided into a 'bus, which is ostentatiously labelled "Bank." Why do not these things happen now? Are we to suppose that the race of country cousins has died out, or that they have unanimously resolved that London is no place for them, or can it really be that 'bus-conductors have learnt to tell the truth?

"The Wild Horse" is a drawing of a more ambitious character; in the former picture

the intention of kicking him severely in the chest.

It is a curious fact that though so many different sorts of animals figure in Lewis Carroll's books, and even play more or less important rôles, as the white rabbit in "Alice's Adventures," yet he never seemed to care about animals himself. He hated, indeed, to see them ill-treated in any way, and would go out of his way to relieve their distress when he could, while the preface to "Sylvie and Bruno" contains an emphatic denunciation of "sport" when it involves suffering to animals. But he never kept pets of any

sort, and very much resented it if any of his friends kept that unpleasant species of dog which makes a point of barking at everyone who comes up to the house. Even as a child, he did not care much about the rabbits and chickens and other such creatures which his brothers and sisters were so fond of. It must be recorded, however, that in very early youth the charms of snails and earth-worms proved too much for him, and he



The wild Horse.

the artist appears to have thought that, as the 'bus-horse is not an essential part of the tragedy, and is moreover a quadruped whose proportions are exceedingly difficult to represent, it would be justifiable to omit it. Here he has not only given us a horse, but a horse in such a position as must have taxed his powers to the utmost extent—indeed, one is inclined to wonder which had the harder task to perform: the artist who drew the attitude, or the horse which assumed it! One cannot but admire the air of stolid calm which rests upon the countenance of the dealer, although the infuriated beast is obviously elongating its right foreleg with

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used to try to add to their "joy of living" by providing them with sticks to fight with "if so disposed!" But he soon overcame any such amiable weaknesses, and used, as we shall see, to make fun of the other members of the family about their pets.

Somewhere about the year 1845 he felt the first stirrings of literary ambition, and started a magazine called "Useful and Instructive Poetry." Of this periodical—it has unfortunately been lost—he was the editor and contributor-in-chief; its circulation was limited by the walls of Croft Rectory, and it died an untimely death after a life of only six months. It was followed by a host of equally short-lived ventures, in the following order: "The Rectory Magazine," "The Comet," "The Rosebud," "The Star," "The Will-o'-the Wisp," and "The Rectory

Umbrella." This last, the sole survivor, was started on its career about 1849. Lewis Carroll wrote all the articles, and drew all the pictures himself, and I think everyone will agree that for a boy of seventeen to have produced them is a proof that he was already gifted with very remarkable talent.

The frontispiece, here reproduced, was no doubt suggested in part by Leech's well-known design for the outside page of *Punch*; but the introduction of the umbrella as a

believe the only thing that can put an end to the delusion will be the issue of the 'Umbrella.' We now in full confidence enter on our present duties.—EDITOR."

A serial story, "The Walking-Stick of Destiny," ran through the "Umbrella." It was a tale of the good, old-fashioned sort, full of blood and horror; two of the most important characters were a bold, bad baron, who killed his man in the first chapter, and a magician, up whose flowing locks spiders used to crawl,



FRONTISPIECE TO "THE RECTORY UMBRELLA."

protection against the horrid little imps that would disturb the old gentleman's peace of mind is very clever and original. The magazine was ushered in with a blare of trumpets, so to speak, in the shape—how is one to avoid a mixed metaphor here?—of the following preface:—

"We venture once more before the public, hoping to receive the same indulgence and support which has been hitherto bestowed upon our editorial efforts. Our success in former magazines has been decided; each has been more admired than its predecessor, and the last, the 'Comet'—(the editor wisely ignores the 'Rosebud,' 'Star,' and 'Will-o'-the-Wisp,' which were more or less unsuccessful)—has been so universally believed to be the *ne plus ultra* of magazines, that we

and who used to mix "three drops of everything" together, after the receipt of the celebrated Martin Wagner, in order to make the cup of death. "Ye Fatale Cheyse" also depends upon the mediæval point of view for its interest; the last four stanzas with their accompanying illustrations have been photographed from the original.

Y^E FATALLE CHEYSE.

I.

Ytte was a mirke an dreiry cave,
Weet scroggis¹ owr ytte creepe,
Gurgles withyn ye flowan wave
Throw channel braid and deip.

II.

Never withyn that dreir recess
Wes sene ye lyghte of daye,
Qubhat bode azont² yt's mirkinesse³
Nane kend an nane mote saye.

¹ Bushes. ² Beyond. ³ Darkness.

III.
Ye monarche rade owr brake an brae,
And drave ye yellynge packe,
Hiz meany¹ au', richte cadgily²,
Are wendinge³ yn hiz tracke.

IV.
Wi' eager iye, wi' yalpe and crye,
Ye hondes yode⁴ down ye rocks :
Ahead of au' their companie
Kenneth ye pauky⁵ foxe.

V.
Ye foxe has soughte that cave of awe,
Foreweariet⁶ wi' hiz rin,
Quha nou ys he sae bauld an braw⁷
To dare to enter yn?

VI.
Wi' eager bounde hes ilka honde
Gane till that cavern dreir,
Fou⁸ many a yow⁹ ys¹⁰ hearde arounde,
Fou many a screech of feir.

picture stands, it seems about five to four on his becoming a prey to the savage monster ; if the timid gentleman who is represented as drawing his sword would only get hold of the king's other foot, one feels that he would have a better chance of escape.

There were two papers on "Difficulties" in the "Umbrella," which, I think, may interest some STRAND readers. The first was a favourite problem of Lewis Carroll's:—

"DIFFICULTIES.

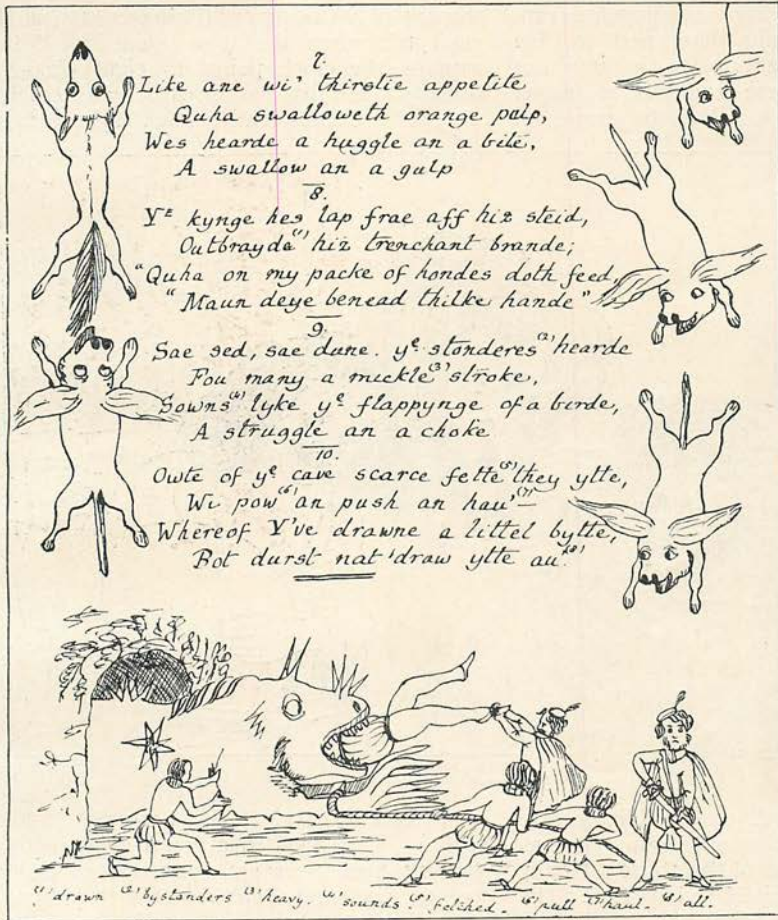
"No. 1.

"Half of the world, or nearly so, is always in the light of the sun. As the world turns round, this hemisphere of light shifts round too, and passes over each part of it in succession.

"Supposing on Tuesday it is morning at London, in another hour it would be Tuesday morning at the west of England. If the whole world were land, we might go on tracing¹ Tuesday morning, Tuesday morning, all the way round, till in twenty-four hours we get to London again. But we know that at London, twenty-four hours after Tuesday morning, it is Wednesday morning. Where, then, in its passage round the earth, does the day change its name? Where does it lose its identity?

"Practically, there is no difficulty in it, because a great part of its journey is over water, and what it

does out at sea no one can tell; and, besides, there are so many different lan-



THE CONCLUSION OF "YE FATALLE CHEYSE."

We cannot help regretting that the last illustration leaves us in so much doubt as to the ultimate fate of the "kynge"; as the

¹ Company. ² Merrily. ³ Going, journeying. ⁴ Went. ⁵ Cunning. ⁶ Much wearied. ⁷ Brave. ⁸ Full. ⁹ Howl. ¹⁰ Is.

¹ The best way is to imagine yourself walking round with the sun, and asking the inhabitants as you go, "What morning is this?" If you suppose them living all the way round, and all speaking one language, the difficulty is obvious.

guages, that it would be hopeless to attempt to trace the name of any one day all round. But is the case inconceivable that the same land and the same language should continue all round the world? I cannot see that it is; in that case either¹ there would be no distinction at all between each successive day, and so week, month, etc., so that we should have to say, 'The Battle of Waterloo happened to-day, about two million hours ago,' or some line would have to be fixed, where the change should take place, so that the inhabitant of one house would wake and say, 'Heigh-ho!² Tuesday morning!' and the inhabitant of the next (over the line), a few miles to the west, would wake a few minutes afterwards and say, 'Heigh-ho! Wednesday morning!' What hopeless confusion the people who happened to live *on* the line would always be in, it is not for me to say. There would be a quarrel every morning as to what the name of the day should be.

I can imagine no third case, unless everybody was allowed to choose for themselves, which state of things would be rather worse than either of the other two.

"I am aware that this idea has been started before, namely, by the unknown author of that beautiful poem beginning, 'If all the world were apple pie,'³ etc. The particular result here discussed does not appear to have occurred to him;

as he confines himself to the difficulties in obtaining drink which would certainly ensue.

"Any good solution of the above difficulty will be thankfully received and inserted. The second 'difficulty' is one which would only appear to be difficult to a very young child, one would think, as it is purely a verbal complexity.

¹This is clearly an impossible case, and is only put as an hypothesis. ²The usual exclamation at waking; generally said with a yawn. ³If all the world were apple pie,

And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What *should* we have to drink?

"No. 2.

"Which is the best: a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice every day? 'The latter,' you reply, 'unquestionably.' Very good, reader, now attend.

"I have two clocks: one doesn't go at all, and the other loses a minute a day; which would you prefer? 'The losing one,' you answer, 'without a doubt.' Now observe: the one which loses a minute a day has to lose twelve hours, or seven hundred and twenty minutes, before it is right again; consequently, it is only right once in two years, whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to comes round, which happens twice a day. So you've contradicted yourself *once*. 'Ah, but,' you say, 'what's the use of its being right twice a day, if I can't tell when the time comes?' Why, suppose the clock points to eight o'clock, don't you see that the clock is right *at* eight o'clock? Consequently, when eight comes



W. ETTY, P.A. PAINTER

THE DUETT
from the picture in the Vernon Gallery

A BELL ENGRAVER.

your clock is right. 'Yes, I see *that!*' you reply.¹ Very good, then you've contradicted yourself *twice*: now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it."

¹You might go on to ask, "How am I to know when eight o'clock does come? My clock will not tell me." Be patient, reader; you know that when eight o'clock comes your clock is right. Very good; then your rule is this: keep your eye fixed on your clock, and *the very moment it is right* it will be eight o'clock. "But—" you say. There, that'll do, reader; the more you argue the farther you get from the point, so it will be as well to stop.

"The Duett" is a fanciful reproduction of one of the pictures in the Vernon Gallery. As a work of art it would probably be assigned to the Pre-Raphaelite School, were it not that the curly-haired gentleman—apparently of African origin—who is holding the music, has certainly not got the elongated neck which the late Sir E. Burne-Jones usually affected.

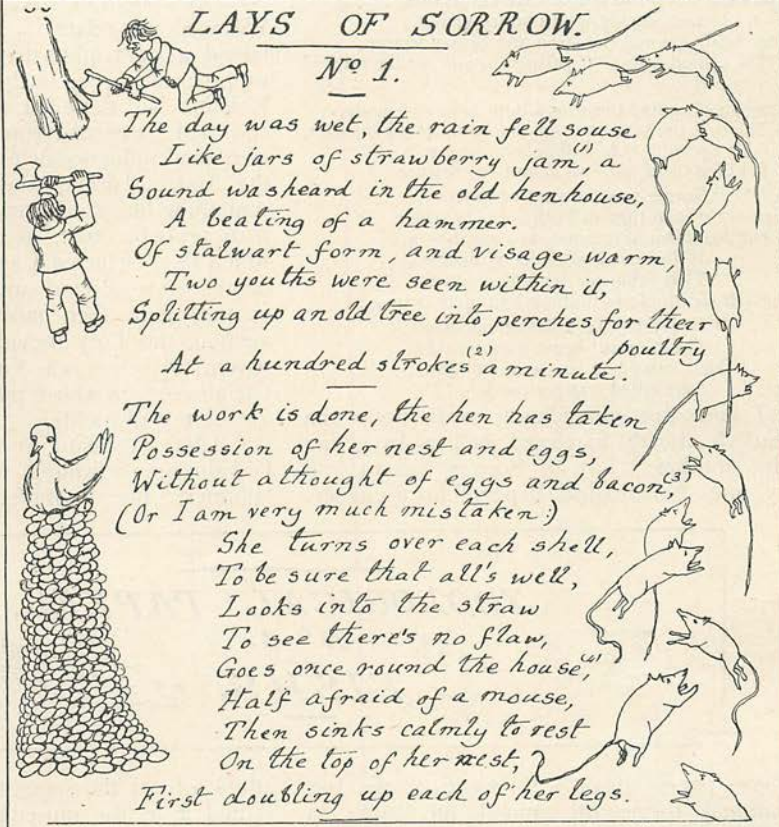
The "Umbrella" also contained two mournful poems on certain pseudo-tragic events which occurred in connection with the Rectory party; these were called "Lays of Sorrow," and, as I have just said, there were only two of them, either because the fount of tears at the readers' disposal had temporarily run dry, or because the stock of sorrows had been exhausted.

No. 1 deals with the untimely death of a chicken; if all the Croft hens laid such a pile of eggs as that depicted in our illustration, the decease of one chicken could only be regarded as a matter of regret from a sentimental point of view. It need hardly be stated that the two youths hacking away at the old tree are two of the author's younger brothers. We give in reduced facsimile the opening of this "Lay," which continues as follows:—

Time rolled away, and so did every shell,
 "Small by degrees and beautifully less,"
 As the sage mother with a powerful spell¹
 Forced each in turn its contents to "express"²;
 But, ah! "imperfect is expression,"
 Some poet said, I don't care who,
 If you want to know you must go elsewhere,
 One fact I can tell, if you're willing to hear,
 He never attended a Parliament Session,
 For I'm certain that if he had ever been there,

LAYS OF SORROW.

No. 1.



The day was wet, the rain fell souse
 Like jars of strawberry jam⁽¹⁾, a
 Sound was heard in the old henhouse,
 A beating of a hammer.
 Of stalwart form, and visage warm,
 Two youths were seen within it,
 Splitting up an old tree into perches for their poultry
 At a hundred strokes a minute.⁽²⁾

The work is done, the hen has taken
 Possession of her nest and eggs,
 Without a thought of eggs and bacon,
 (Or I am very much mistaken.)
 She turns over each shell,
 To be sure that all's well,
 Looks into the straw
 To see there's no flaw,
 Goes once round the house,⁽³⁾
 Half afraid of a mouse,
 Then sinks calmly to rest
 On the top of her nest,
 First doubling up each of her legs.

⁽¹⁾ i.e. the jam without the jars: observe the beauty of this rhyme.
⁽²⁾ at the rate of a stroke and two thirds in a second.
⁽³⁾ unless the hen was a poacher, which is unlikely. ⁽⁴⁾ the hen = house.

THE FIRST PAGE OF "LAYS OF SORROW."

Full quickly would he have changed his ideas,
 With the hissings, the hootings, the groans and the
 cheers.

And as to his name, it is pretty clear
 That it wasn't me and it wasn't you!

And so it fell upon a day
 (That is, it never rose again),
 A chick was found upon the hay,
 It's little life had ebbed away,
 No longer frolicsome and gay,
 No longer could it run or play.

"And must we, chicken, must we part?"
 Its master³ cried, with bursting heart,
 And voice of agony and pain.

So one, whose ticket⁴ marked "Return"⁴
 When to the lonely road-side station
 He flies in fear and perturbation,
 Thinks of his home—the hissing urn—
 Then runs with flying hat and hair,
 And entering, finds to his despair,
 He's missed the very latest train!⁵

¹ Beak and claw.
² Press out.

³ Probably one of the two stalwart youths.

⁴ The system of return tickets is an excellent one. People are conveyed, on particular days, there and back again for one fare.

⁵ An additional vexation would be that his "return" ticket would be no use the next day.

Too long it were to tell of each conjecture
Of chicken suicide, and poultry victim,
The deadly frown, the stern and dreary lecture,
The timid guess, "perhaps some needle pricked
him!"

The din of voice, the words both loud and many,
The sob, the tear, the sigh that none could smother,
Till all agreed: "A shilling to a penny
It killed itself, and we acquit the mother!"

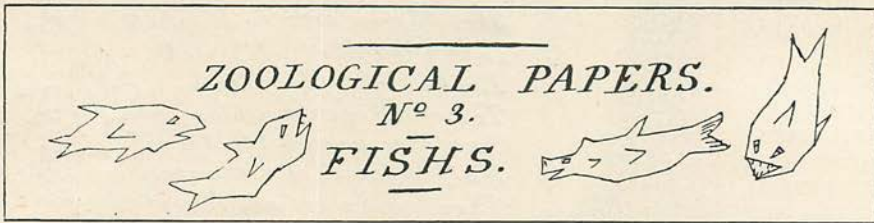
Scarce was the verdict spoken
When that still calm was broken:
A childish form hath burst into the throng,
With tears and looks of sadness,
That bring no news of gladness,
But tell too surely something hath gone wrong!

"The sight that I have come upon
The stoutest¹ heart would sicken,
That nasty hen has been and gone
And killed *another* chicken!"

I dare not immediately work upon the
reader's already harrowed feelings by giving
him another "Lay of Sorrow," so we will
try some "Zoological Papers" for a change.

Southey's poem of 'The Curse of Kehama.'
We need not relate its history therein con-
tained, as our readers may see it themselves, so
we proceed at once to the conclusion. When
Kehama had done for the rest of the gods,
and had been thereupon scorched by the
combined influence of Seeva's angry eye and
the Amreeta drink, which must have been
something like fluid curry powder, it is more
than probable that, in the universal smash
which then occurred, Cambeo's affairs, among
others, were wound up. His goods and
chattels were then most likely put up to
auction, the Lory included, which we have
reason to believe was knocked down to the
Glendoveer¹, in whose possession it remained
for the rest of its life.

"After its death we conjecture that the
Glendoveer, unwilling to lose sight of its
'plumery,' had it stuffed, and some years



These papers dealt with some of the less
common forms of animal life, such as
"Pixies," "The One-eyed Dove," "The
Lory," and "Fishes." As the Lory figures
in "Alice in Wonderland"—it was the bird
that "positively refused to tell its age"—it
is interesting to read Lewis Carroll's notes
upon its life-history:—

"This creature is, we believe, a species
of parrot. Southey informs us that it is a
'bird of gorgeous plumery,'² and it is our
private opinion that there never existed more
than one, whose history as far as practicable
we will now lay before our readers.

"The time and place of the Lory's birth is
uncertain: the egg from which it was hatched
was most probably, to judge from the colour
of the bird, one of those magnificent Easter
eggs³ which our readers have doubtless
often seen; the experiment of hatching an
Easter egg is at any rate worth trying.

"That it came into the possession of
Cambeo, or Cupid, at a very early age, is
evident from its extreme docility, as we find
him using it, by all accounts, without saddle
or bridle⁴, for a kind of shooting pony in

afterwards, at the suggestion of Kailyal, pre-
sented it to the museum at York, where it
may now be seen by the inquiring reader,
admittance one shilling. Having thus stated
all we know, and a good deal we don't know,
on this interesting subject, we must conclude.
Our next subject will probably be 'Fishes.'

The next article was "Fishes" (carefully
to be distinguished from fishes); "fishs" are
those metallic little creatures—made, no
doubt, in Germany—which children play
with in a basin of water, attracting them
hither and thither with a magnet.

"The facts we have collected about this
strange race of creatures are drawn partly
from observation, partly from the works of a
German author, whose name has not been
given to the world. We believe that they² are
only to be found in Germany. Our author
tells us that they have 'ordinarily³ angles⁴
at them,' by which they 'can be fanged and
heaved out of the water.' The specimens
which fell under our observation had *not*
angles, as will shortly be seen, and, therefore,
this sketch⁵ is founded on mere conjecture.

"What the 'fanging' consists of we can-

¹ Perhaps even the "bursting" heart of its master. ² Plumage, feathers. ³ Of these a full description may be found in the sixth number of the "Comet." ⁴ A bridle would be useless.

¹ A happy spirit, with large, blue wings like an aerial machine. ² *i.e.*, Fishs. ³ As he spells it. ⁴ Or corners. ⁵ The "angles," however, may be supposed to be correct.

not exactly say: if it is anything like a dog 'fanging' a bone, it is certainly a strange mode of capture, but perhaps the writer refers to otters. The 'heaving out of the water' we have likewise attempted to portray, though here, again, fancy is our only guide. The reader, probably, will ask, 'Why put a crane into the picture?' Our answer is, 'The only "heaving" we ever saw done was by means of a crane.'

"This part of the subject, however, will be more properly treated of in the next paper. Another fact our author gives us is that 'they will very readily swim' after the pleasing direction of the staff'; this is easier to understand, as the simplest reader at once perceives that the only 'staff' answering to this description is a stick of barley sugar².

"We will now attempt to describe the 'fishes' which we examined. Skin, hard and metallic; colour brilliant, and of many hues; body hollow (surprising as this fact may appear, it is perfectly true); eyes large and meaningless; fins fixed, and perfectly useless. They are wonderfully light, and have a sort of

beak or snout of a metallic substance; as this is solid, and they have no other mouth, their hollowness is thus easily accounted for.

"The colour is sticky and comes off on the fingers, and they can swim back downwards just as easily as in the usual way. All these facts prove that they must not on any account

¹ "Float" would be a better word, as their fins are immovable. ² There is an objection to this solution, as "fishes" have no mouths.

be confounded with the English 'fishes,' which the similarity of names might at first lead us to do. They are a peculiar race of animals¹, and must be treated as such."

"Lays of Sorrow, No. 2," refers to a doughty feat performed by one of Lewis Carroll's brothers; while it is an obvious (and very ingenious) parody on one of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," it is hard to see where the "sorrow" comes in. The illustration reproduced below shows Croft Rectory

LAYS OF SORROW.

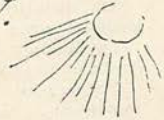
N^o 2

Fair stands the ancient⁽¹⁾ Rectory,
The Rectory of Croft,
The sun shines bright upon it,
The breezes whisper soft.
From all the house and garden
It's inhabitants come forth,
And muster in the road without,
And pace in twos and threes about
The children of the North.

Some are waiting in the garden,
Some are waiting at the door,
And some are following behind,
And some have gone before.

But wherefore all this mustering?
Wherefore this vast array?

A gallant feat of horsemanship
Will be performed today.



⁽¹⁾ This Rectory has been supposed to have been built in the time of Edward the sixth, but recent discoveries clearly assign its origin to a much earlier period. A stone has been found in an island formed by the river Tees, on which is inscribed the letter "A," which is justly conjectured to stand for the name of the great king Alfred, in whose reign this house was probably built.

OPENING OF "LAYS OF SORROW, NO. 2.

on a scale of magnificence—to judge from the number of windows—which is in no way consistent with facts, nor are the family portraits to be regarded as anything more than ideal representations. The poem continues:—

To eastward and to westward,
The crowd divides amain.
Two youths are leading on the steed,
Both tugging at the rein:

¹ An incorrect expression; "creatures" would be better.

And sorely do they labour,
 For the steed is very strong,
 And backward moves its stubborn feet,
 And backward ever doth retreat,
 And drags its guides along.
 And now the knight hath mounted
 Before the admiring band ;
 Hath got the stirrups on his feet,
 The bridle in his hand.
 Yet, oh ! beware, sir horseman !
 And tempt thy fate no more,
 For such a steed as thou hast got
 Was never rid before !
 The rabbits bow before thee,
 And cower in the straw ;
 The chickens are submissive,
 And own thy will for law ;
 Bullfinches and canary
 Thy bidding do obey,
 And e'en the tortoise in its shell
 Doth never say thee nay.
 But thy steed will hear no master,
 Thy steed will bear no stick,
 And woe to those that beat her,
 And woe to those that kick !
 For though her rider smite her,
 As hard as he can hit,
 And strive to turn her from the yard,
 She stands in silence, pulling hard
 Against the pulling bit.
 And now the road to Dalton
 Hath felt their coming tread ;
 The crowd are speeding on before,
 And all have gone ahead.
 Yet often look they backward,
 And cheer him on, and bawl,
 For slower still and still more slow,
 That horseman and that charger go,
 And scarce advance at all.
 And now two roads to choose from
 Are in that rider's sight :
 In front, the road to Dalton,
 And New Croft upon the right.
 " I can't get by ! " he bellows,
 " I really am not able !
 Though I pull my shoulder out of joint,
 I cannot get him past this point,
 For it leads unto his stable ! "
 Then out spoke Ulfrid Longbow,
 A valiant youth was he :
 " Lo ! I will stand on thy right hand,
 And guard the pass for thee. "
 And out spake fair Flureeza,
 His sister eke was she,
 " I will abide on thy other side,
 And turn thy steed for thee. "
 And now commenced a struggle
 Between that steed and rider,
 For all the strength that he hath left
 Doth not suffice to guide her.
 Though Ulfrid and his sister
 Have kindly stopped the way,
 And all the crowd have cried aloud,
 " We can't wait here all day ! "
 Round turned he, as not deigning
 Their words to understand,
 But he slipped the stirrups from his feet,
 The bridle from his hand,
 And grasped the mane full lightly,
 And vaulted from his seat,
 And gained the road in triumph,
 And stood upon his feet.

All firmly till that moment
 Had Ulfrid Longbow stood,
 And faced the foe right valiantly,
 As every warrior should.
 But when safe on terra firma
 His brother he did spy :
 " What *did* you do that for ? " he cried,
 Then unconcerned he stepped aside,
 And let it canter by.
 They gave him bread and butter¹,
 That was of public right,
 As much as four strong rabbits,
 Could munch from morn to night ;
 For he'd done a deed of daring,
 And faced that savage steed,
 And therefore cups of coffee sweet,
 And everything that was a treat,
 Were but his right and meed.
 And often in the evenings,
 When the fire is blazing bright,
 When books bestrew the table,
 And moths obscure the light ;
 When crying children go to bed,
 A struggling, kicking load,
 We'll talk of Ulfrid Longbow's deed,
 How, in his brother's utmost need,
 Back to his aid he flew with speed,
 And how he faced the fiery steed,
 And kept the New Croft Road.

The " Umbrella " concluded, or shut up,
 with a valedictory poem, called " The Poet's
 Farewell," which ran as follows :—

All day he had sat without a hat,
 The comical old feller,
 Shading his form from the driving storm
 With the " Rectory Umbrella. "
 When the storm had passed by, and the
 ground was dry,
 And the sun shone bright on the plain,
 He rose from his seat, and he stood on his feet,
 And sang a melting strain :
 All is o'er ! the sun is setting,
 Soon will sound the dinner bell ;
 Thou hast saved me from a wetting,
 Here I'll take my last farewell !
 Far dost thou eclipse the maga-
 zines which came before thy day,
 And thy coming made them stagger,
 Like the stars at morning ray.
 Let me call again the phantoms,
 And their voices long gone by,
 Like the crow of distant bantams,
 Or the buzzing of a fly.
 First in age, but not in merit,
 Stands the " Rect'ry Magazine " ;
 All its wit thou dost inherit,
 Though the " Comet " came between.
 Novelty was in its favour,
 And mellifluous its lays,
 All, with eager plaudits, gave a
 Vote of honour in its praise.
 Next in order comes the " Comet, "
 Like some vague and feverish dream,
 Gladly, gladly turn I from it,
 To behold thy rising beam !
 When I first began to edit
 In the " Rect'ry Magazine, "
 Each one wrote therein who read it,
 Each one read who wrote therein.

¹ Much more acceptable to a true knight than " cornland, " which the Roman people were so foolish as to give to their daring champion, Horatius.

When the "Comet" next I started,

They grew lazy as a drone :

Gradually all departed,

Leaving me to write alone.

But in thee—let future ages

Mark the fact which I record—

No one helped me in *thy* pages,

Even with a single word !

But the wine has left the cellar,

And I hear the dinner bell ;

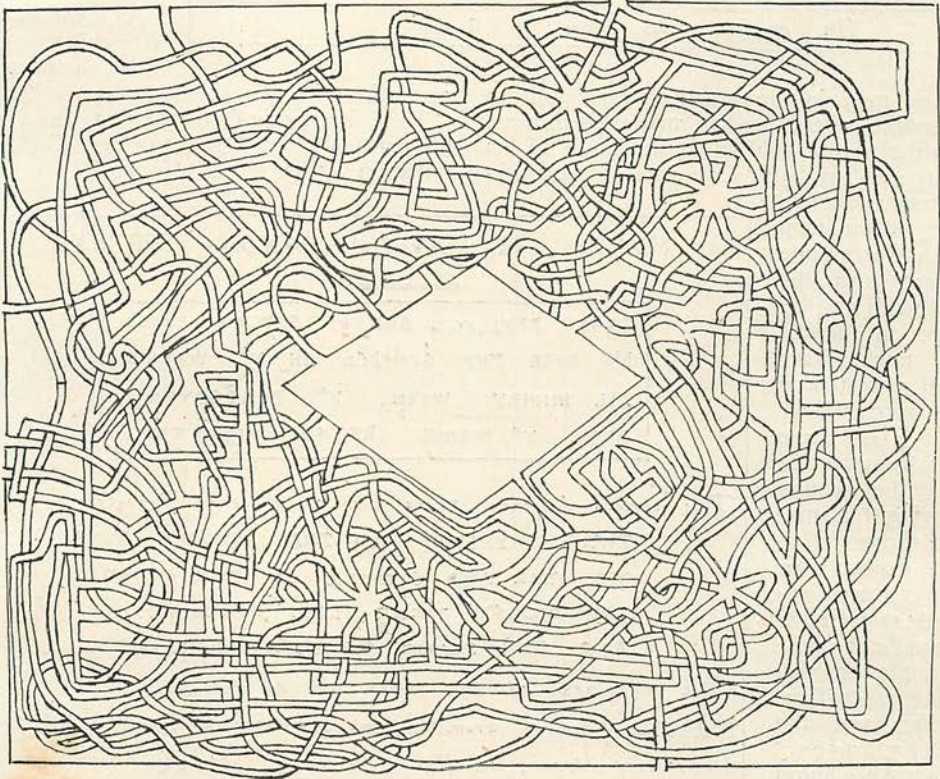
So fare thee well, my old "Umbrella,"

Dear "Umbrella," fare thee well !

Some years after the decease of the "Umbrella," Lewis Carroll, now upon the verge of manhood, started his last family magazine, "Misch-Masch." The name is

placed paths. When in the course of your wanderings—or, rather, the wanderings of your pencil point—you come to a *single* line across the path you have elected to follow, you must turn back and retrace your steps, for *that* way is blocked. But where one path crosses another, you are to suppose that there is a convenient tunnel or bridge by which you may proceed.

"Misch-Masch" also contained a series of "Studies from English Poets," whose object was to elucidate obscure passages by means of pictorial representation. Fortunately for the existence of the "Browning



A LABYRINTH.

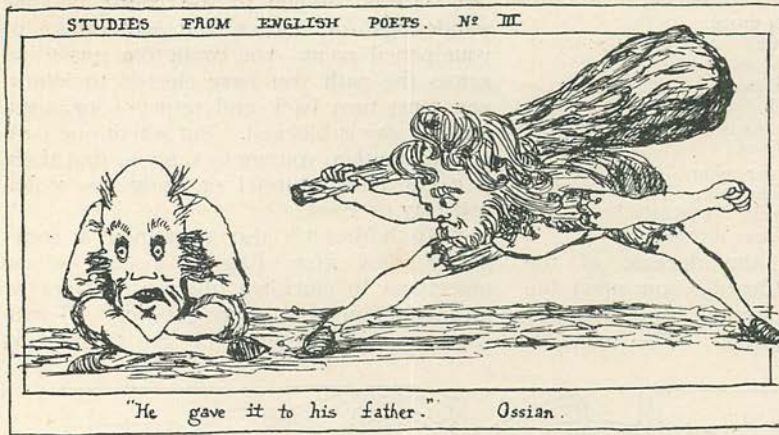
German, and is equivalent to "hodge-podge." It consisted largely of printed stories and verses, which he had written for "The Oxonian Advertiser" and "The Whitby Gazette," but a good part of it was then "published" for the first time. All the extracts from it which occur in this article belong to the latter category.

Here is a maze or labyrinth which he designed ; the puzzle, of course, is to make your way into the central space or "home" by means of some of the winding and inter-

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Society," the works of that very devious poet were not entrenched upon. But any single line taken at random from any volume of poems whatsoever may present difficulties.

Take, for instance, such a phrase as, "He gave it to his father," which quite possibly occurs in the works of Ossian ; what are we to make of so ambiguous an expression ? The unaided intellect might have boldly conjectured that it was a sum of money which thus changed hands, and a pathetic scene might have been conjured up of the



young man just returned from a visit to Klondike, where he had made his fortune, pouring untold gold into the hands of his hoary sire—probably a denizen of the work-house—while tears of mingling joy and gratitude stream down the old man's cheeks. Such an idea, I say, might have been suggested by the words: how far it would have been from the true one, the accompanying illustration shows.

I expect that most STRAND readers will remember that quaint poem beginning, "Twas bryllig, and the slithy toves," which Alice found written in a book in Looking-Glass House; it was not, however, entirely composed for "Alice Through the Looking-Glass"; on the contrary, the first verse was written long before Lewis Carroll had ever thought of "Wonderland." It is probably the best known of all his poems, and has even been translated into Latin Elegiacs, by the late Mr. A. A. Vansittart, with wonderful success.

Some of the new words in it—for instance,

was written in, who should?

Here is a facsimile of the first verse, with his explanations of the words. The continuation is then given in print.

STANZA OF ANGL O - SAXON POETRY.

TWAS BRYLLYG, AND Y^E SLYTHY TOVES
 DID GYRE AND GYMBLE IN Y^E WABE;
 ALL MIMSY WERE Y^E BOROGOVES;
 AND Y^E HOHME RATHS OUTGRABE.

This curious fragment reads thus in modern characters:

TWAS BRYLLYG, AND THE SLYTHY TOVES
 DID GYRE AND GYMBLE IN THE WABE!
 ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES;
 AND THE HOHME RATHS OUTGRABE.

The meanings of the words are as follows:

BRYLLYG. (derived from the verb to BRYL or BROIL). "the time of broiling dinner, i.e. the close of the afternoon."

SLYTHY. (compounded of SLIMY and LITHE). "smooth and active."

TOVE. a species of Badger. They had smooth white hair, long

THE FIRST IDEA OF LEWIS CARROLL'S MOST FAMOUS LINES.

hind legs, and short horns like a stag: lived chiefly on cheese.

GYRE, verb (derived from GYAOUR or GIAOUR, "a dog"), "to scratch like a dog."

GYMBLE (whence GIMBLET), "to screw out holes in anything."

WABE (derived from the verb to SWAB or SOAK), "the side of a hill" (from its being soaked by the rain).

MIMSY (whence MIMSERABLE and MISERABLE), "unhappy."

BOROGROVE, an extinct kind of parrot. They

"galumphing" and "chortled"—have found their way into the common English of the day, and will, no doubt, ere long be included in our dictionaries. But the fact about it which is most curious is that it is really an Anglo-Saxon poem—at least, so Lewis Carroll says, and if he doesn't know what language it

had no wings, beaks turned up, and made their nests under sundials : lived on veal.

MOME (hence SOLEMOME, SOLEMONE, and SOLEMN), "grave."

RATH, a species of land-turtle. Head erect ; mouth like a shark ; the fore legs curved out so that the animal walked on his knees ; smooth green body : lived on swallows and oysters.

OUTGRABE, past tense of the verb to OUTGRIBE (it is connected with the old verb to GRIKE or SHRIKE, from which are derived "shriek" and "creak"), "squeaked."

Hence the literal English of the passage is, "It was evening, and the smooth, active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hill-side ; all unhappy were the parrots ; and the green turtles squeaked out."

There were probably sundials on the top of the hill, and the "borogroves" were afraid that their nests would be undermined. The hill was, probably, full of the nests of "raths," which ran out, squeaking with fear, on hearing the "toves" scratching outside. This is an obscure, but yet deeply-affecting, relic of ancient poetry.—[Croft, 1855.—ED.]

People who are well up in the "Alice" books will notice that several of these interpretations differ materially from those vouchsafed by "Humpty Dumpty" ("Through the Looking-Glass," pp. 127-129.)

Our last illustration is another of the "Studies from English Poets." This time Keats is the author whom our artist has honoured, and surely the shade of that much-neglected

songster owes something to a picture which must popularize one passage at least in his works.

The only way I can account for the lady's hazardous position is by supposing her to have attempted to cross a frozen lake after a violent thaw had set in. The goose, whose long neck projects from her basket, proves that she has just returned from market ; probably the route across the lake was her shortest way home. We are to suppose that

for some time she proceeded without any knowledge of the risk she was running, when suddenly she felt the ice giving way under her. By frantic exertions she succeeded in reaching the notice-board, to which she clung for days and nights together, till the ice was all melted, and a deluge of rain caused the water to rise so many feet, that at last she was compelled for dear life to climb on to the top of the post ! Whether she sustained life by eating raw goose is uncertain ; at least, she did not follow Father Williams's example by devouring the beak. The question naturally suggests itself : Why was she not rescued ? My answer is that either such a dense fog enveloped the whole neighbourhood that even *her* bulky form was invisible, or that she was so unpopular a character that each man feared the hatred of the rest if he should go to her succour.

I will conclude this paper with one last extract from "Misch-Masch" ; it is a riddle,

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"She did so, but 'tis doubtful how or whence,—" Keats.

to which I for one do not know the answer. I can only hope, for the future sanity of any who may attempt to solve it, that it does not belong to the same class of conundrums as "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"—

A monument—men all agree—

Am I in all sincerity :

Half cat, half hindrance made.

If head and tail removed should be,

Then most of all you strengthen me ;

Replace my head, the stand you see

On which my tail is laid.