ALICE'S ADVENTURES
UNDER GROUND.
ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND

BEING A FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MS. BOOK
AFTERWARDS DEVELOPED INTO "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND"

BY

LEWIS CARROLL

WITH THIRTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR

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"Who will Jiddle me the How and the Why?"

So questions one of England’s sweetest singers. The “How?” has already been told, after a fashion, in the verses prefixed to “Alice in Wonderland”; and some other memories of that happy summer day are set down, for those who care to see them, in this little book—the germ that was to grow into the published volume. But the “Why?” cannot, and need not, be put into words. Those for whom a child’s mind is a sealed book, and who see no divinity in a child’s smile, would read such words in vain: while for any one that has ever loved one true child, no words are needed. For he will have known the awe that falls on one in the presence of a spirit fresh from God’s hands, on whom no shadow of sin, and but the outermost fringe of the shadow of sorrow, has yet fallen: he will have felt the bitter contrast between the haunting selfishness that spoils his best deeds and the life that is but an overflowing love—for I think a child’s first attitude to the world is a simple love for all living things: and he will have learned that the best work a man can do is when he works for love’s sake only, with no thought of name, or gain, or earthly reward. No deed of ours, I suppose, on this side the grave, is really unselfish: yet if one can put forth all one’s powers in a task where nothing of reward is
hoped for but a little child's whispered thanks, and the airy touch of a little child's pure lips, one seems to come somewhere near to this.

There was no idea of publication in my mind when I wrote this little book; that was wholly an afterthought, pressed on me by the "perhaps too partial friends" who always have to hear the blame when a writer rushes into print: and I can truly say that no praise of theirs has ever given me one hundredth part of the pleasure it has been to think of the sick children in hospitals (where it has been a delight to me to send copies) forgetting, for a few bright hours, their pain and weariness—perhaps thinking lovingly of the unknown writer of the tale—perhaps even putting up a childish prayer (and oh, how much it needs!) for one who can but dimly hope to stand, some day, not quite out of sight of those pure young faces, before the great white throne. "I am very sure," writes a lady-visitor at a Home for Sick Children, "that there will be many loving earnest prayers for you on Easter morning from the children."

I would like to quote further from her letters, as embodying a suggestion that may perhaps thus come to the notice of some one able and willing to carry it out.

"I went you to send me one of your Easter Greetings for a very dear child who is dying at our Home. She is just fading away, and 'Alice' has brightened some of the weary hours in her illness, and I know that letter would be such a delight to her—especially if you would put 'Minnie' at the top, and she could know you had sent it for her. She knows you, and would so value it. . . . She suffers so much that I long for what I know would so please her: . . . . "Thank you very much for sending me the letter, and for
writing Minnie's name. . . I am quite sure that all these children will say a loving prayer for the 'Alice-man' on Easter Day: and I am sure the letter will help the little ones to the real Easter joy. How I do wish that you, who have won the hearts and confidence of so many children, would do for them what is so very near my heart, and yet what no one will do, viz. write a book for children about GOD and themselves, which is not goody, and which begins at the right end, about religion, to make them see what it really is. I get quite miserable very often over the children I come across: hardly any of them have an idea of really knowing that God loves them, or of loving and confiding in Him. They will love and trust me, and be sure that I want them to be happy, and will not let them suffer more than is necessary: but as for going to Him in the same way, they would never think of it. They are dreadfully afraid of Him, if they think of Him at all, which they generally only do when they have been naughty, and they look on all connected with Him as very grave and dull: and, when they are full of fun and thoroughly happy, I am sure they unconsciously hope He is not looking. I am sure I don't wonder they think of Him in this way, for people never talk of Him in connection with what makes their little lives the brightest. If they are naughty, people put on solemn faces, and say He is very angry or shocked, or something which frightens them: and, for the rest, He is talked about only in a way that makes them think of church and having to be quiet. As for being taught that all Joy and all Gladness and Brightness is His Joy—that He is wearily for them to be happy, and is not hard and stern, but always doing things to make their days brighter, and caring for them so tenderly, and wanting them to run to Him with all their little joys and sorrows, they are not
taught that. I do so long to make them trust Him as they trust us, to feel that He will 'take their part' as they do with us in their little woes, and to go to Him in their plays and enjoyments and not only when they say their prayers. I was quite grateful to one little dot, a short time ago, who said to his mother 'when I am in bed, I put out my hand to see if I can feel Jesus and my angel. I thought perhaps in the dark they'd touch me, but they never have yet.' I do so want them to want to go to Him, and to feel how, if He is there, it must be happy.'

Let me add—for I feel I have drifted into far too serious a vein for a preface to a fairy-tale—the deliciously naive remark of a very dear child-friend, whom I asked, after an acquaintance of two or three days, if she had read 'Alice' and the 'Looking-Glass.' "Oh yes," she replied readily, "I've read both of them! And I think" (this more slowly and thoughtfully) "I think 'Through the Looking-Glass' is more stupid than 'Alice's Adventures.' Don't you think so?" But this was a question I felt it would be hardly discreet for me to enter upon.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Dec. 1886.
POSTSCRIPT.

The profits, if any, of this book will be given to Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children: and the accounts, down to June 30 in each year, will be published in the St. James's Gazette, on the second Tuesday of the following December.

P.P.S.—The thought, so prettily expressed by the little boy, is also to be found in Longfellow's "Hiawatha," where he appeals to those who believe

"That the feeble hands and helpless,

Gropping blindly in the darkness,

Touch God's right hand in that darkness,

And are lifted up and strengthened."
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A Christmas Gift to a Dear Child in Memory of a Summer Day.
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and what is the use of a book,
it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, full of curiosity, she hurried across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In a moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly, that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself, before she found herself falling down what seemed a very deep well. Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what would happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything: then, she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves: here and there were maps and pictures hung on pegs. She took a jar down off one of the shelves as she passed: it was labelled
"Orange Marmalade," but to her great disappointment it was empty; she did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house! (which was most likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" said she aloud, "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see, that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for you see Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity of showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to hear her, still it was good practice to say it over.) "yes, that's the right distance, but then what Longitude or Latitude-line shall I be in?" (Alice had no idea —)
what Longitude was, or Latitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again: "I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll be to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" and she tried to curtsey as she spoke, (fancy curtseying as you're falling through the air! do you think you could manage it?) and what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down: there was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah will miss me very much tonight, I should think!" (Dinah was the cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time! Oh, dear Dinah, I wish I had you here! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know, my dear. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and kept on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way "do cats eat bats? do cats eat bats?" and sometimes,
"Do bats eat cats?" for, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, my dear, tell me the truth. Did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly, bump! bump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and shavings, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and jumped on to her feet directly; she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the white rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and just heard it say, as it turned a corner, "my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She turned the corner after it, and instantly found herself in a long, low hall, lit up by a row of lamps which hung from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all round it, and tried them all, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering
up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin. For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice began to think very few things indeed were really impossible.

There was nothing else to do, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting up people like telescopes: this time there was a little bottle on it—"which certainly was not there before," said Alice—and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words DRINK ME beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "drink me," "but I'll look first," said the wise little Alice, "and see whether the bottle's marked "poison" or not," for Alice had read several nice little stories about children that got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had given them, such as, that if you eat paint or ink, it will burn you, and that, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it generally bleeds, and...
she had never forgotten that, if you drink a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was not marked poison, so Alice tasted it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

* * * * *

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice, "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"

It was so indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up as it occurred to her that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see whether she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this, "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle, and what should I be like then? I wonder?" and she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out,
ember having ever
thing more happened,
ring into the garden
poor Alice! when she
and she had forgotten
when she went back
she found she
sh it. she could
through the glass,
to climb up one of
it was too slippery,
herself out with
ring sat down and cried.
"Come! there's
no use in crying!"
said Alice to herself
rather sharply, "I
advice you to leave
off this minute!" she
generally gave herself
very good advice, and
sometimes scolded
bring tears into her
numbened loving her
in unkind to herself
in a game of croquet she was playing with herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.) but it's no use now, thought poor Alice, to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!

Soon her eyes fell on a little ebony box lying under the table; she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which was lying a card with the words EAT ME beautifully printed on it, in large letters. "I'll eat," said Alice, "and if it makes me larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can creep under the door, so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!"

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself "which way? which way?" and laid her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure this is what generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, and it seemed
"they must go by the carrier," she thought, "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look! ALICE'S RIGHT FOOT, ESQ.

THE CARPET,

with ALICE'S LOVE.

oh dear! what nonsense I am talking!

Just at this moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall; in fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key, and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! it was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye, but to get through was more hopeless than ever: she sat down and cried again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, 'a great girl like you, (she might well say this,) to cry in this way! Stop this instant, I tell you!" But she cried on, all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool, about four inches deep, all round her, and reaching half way across the hall. After a time, she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and,
dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the white rabbit coming back again, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand, and a nosegay in the other, to ask help of any kind, and as the rabbit spoke in a low, timid voice, the rabbit started into the roof of the house. The voice seemed to come, nosegay and the white gloves away into the dark. I'd go.

The nosegay and gloves, so delicious that she kept all the time she possessed—"Dear, dear!—today and yesterday just as usual; didn't any one come in the night? The same when I I think I remember
feeling rather different. But if I'm not the same, who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Gertrude," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all — and I'm sure I can't be Florence, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, she's she, and I'm I, and — oh dear! how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is fourteen — oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at this rate! But the Multiplication Table don't signify — let's try Geography. London is the capital of France, and Rome is the capital of Yorkshire, and Paris — oh dear! dear! that's all wrong. I'm certain! I must have been changed for Florence! I'll try and say "How doth the little," and she crossed her hands on her
lap, and began, but her voice sounded, heard, and strange, and the words did not sound the same as they used to do:

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve its shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully it seems to grin!
How neatly spreads its claws!
And welcome little fishes in
With gently-smiling jaws!"

"I'm sure those are not the right words," said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought "I must be Florence after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No! I've made up my mind about it: if I'm Florence, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying come up, dear! I shall only look up and say
who am I, then? answer me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I’ll come up: if not I’ll stay down here till I’m somebody else — but oh dear!” cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, “I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so tired of being all alone here!”

As she said this, she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to find she had put on one of the rabbit’s little gloves while she was talking. “How can I have done that?” thought she, “I must be growing small again.” She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: soon she found out that the reason of it was the marmalade she held in her hand: she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether, and found that she was now only three inches high.

“Now for the garden!” cried Alice,
to the little door, 
was locked again, and 
lying on the glass 
are worse. 
The poor little girl, 
small as this before, 
it's too bad, it is!"

At this moment 
her foot slipped, 
and splash! She 
was up to her chin 
in salt water. Her 
first idea was 
that she had 
fallen into the 
sea: then she 
remembered that 
she was under 
ground, and she 
was the pool of tears she 
was feet high. "I wish 
I could," said Alice, as she 
and her way out, "I 
know, I suppose, by 
tears! Well! that'll
be a queer thing, to be sure! However, every
thing is queer today. Very soon she saw
something splashing about in the pool
near her: at first she thought it must
be a walrus or a hippopotamus, but then
she remembered how small she was herself,
and soon made out that it was only a
mouse, that had slipped in like herself.

"Would it be any use, now," thought
Alice, "to speak to this mouse? The rabbit
is something quite out-of-the-way, no doubt,
and so have I been, ever since I came down
here, but that is no reason why the mouse
should not be able to talk. I think I may
as well try."

So she began: "Oh Mouse, do you
know how to get out of this pool? I am very
tired of swimming about here, oh Mouse!"
The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively,
and seemed to her to wink with one of its
little eyes, but it said nothing.

"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I dare say it's a French mouse,
come over with William the Conqueror!" (for,
with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened,) so she began again: “Où est "ma chatte?" which was the first sentence out of her French lesson-book. The mouse gave a sudden jump in the pool, and seemed to quiver with fright: "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings, "I quite forgot you didn't like cats!"

"Not like cats!" cried the mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice, "would you like cats if you were me?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Alice in a soothing tone, "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah: I think you'd take a fancy to cats if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," said Alice, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool; "she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face: and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse, and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh! I beg your pardon!" cried poor Alice.
again, for this time the mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain that it was really offended, "have I offended you?"

"Offended indeed!" cried the mouse, who seemed to be positively trembling with rage, 'our family always hated cats! Nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't talk to me about them any more!"

"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the conversation, "are you— are you — fond of — dogs?" The mouse did not answer, so Alice went on eagerly: "there is such a nice little dog near our house. I should like to show you! A little bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh! such long curly brown hair! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things — I can't remember half of them — and it belongs to a farmer, and he says it kills all the rats and — oh dear!" said Alice sadly, "I'm afraid I've offended it again!" for the mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.
So she called softly after it: "Mouse
dear! Do come back again, and we won't
talk about cats and dogs any more, if
you don't like them!" When the mouse heard
this, it turned and swam slowly back to
her; its face was quite pale, (with passion,
Alice thought,) and it said in a trembling
low voice "Let's get to the shore, and then
I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand
why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was
getting quite full of birds and animals that
had fallen into it. There was a Duck and a
Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several
other curious creatures. Alice led the way,
and the whole party swam to the shore.
They were indeed serious-looking; that assembled on bank — the with dragged ears, the animals their fur clinging to them — all uncomfortable. The, how to get dry; set this, and Alice at finding her the birds, as her life. Indeed, command with the bulky, and would you, and must would not admit Lory was, and God to tell it be said.
At last the mouse, who seemed to have some authority among them, called out "sit down, all of you, and attend to me! I'll soon make you dry enough?" They all sat down at once, shivering, in a large ring, Alice in the middle, with her eyes anxiously fixed on the mouse, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the mouse, with a self-important air, "are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please!

"William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria —"

"Ugh!" said the Lory with a shiver.

"I beg your pardon?" said the mouse, frowning, but very politely, "did you speak?"

"Not I!" said the Lory hastily.

"I thought you did," said the mouse, "I proceed. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him: