

**ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN
WONDERLAND: WITH
FORTY-TWO
ILLUSTRATIONS**

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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland: With Forty-Two Illustrations by Lewis Carroll & John Tenniel

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LEWIS CARROLL & JOHN TENNIEL

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**ALICE'S ADVENTURES
IN WONDERLAND**

**BY
LEWIS CARROLL**

*WITH FORTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS
BY JOHN TENNIEL*

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1920

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PREFACE
TO THE
EIGHTY-SIXTH THOUSAND

ENQUIRIES have been so often addressed to me, as to whether any answer to the Hatter's Riddle (see p. 97) can be imagined, that I may as well put on record here what seems to me to be a fairly appropriate answer, viz. "Because it can produce a few notes, though they are *very flat*; and it is never put with the wrong end in front!" This, however, is merely an after-thought: the Riddle, as originally invented, had no answer at all.

For this eighty-sixth thousand, fresh electrotypes have been taken from the wood-blocks (which, never having been used for printing from, are in as good condition as when first cut in 1865), and the whole book has been set up afresh with new type. If the artistic qualities of this re-issue fall short, in any particular, of those possessed by the original issue, it will not be for want of painstaking on the part of author, publisher, or printer.

I take this opportunity of announcing that the Nursery "Alice," hitherto priced at four shillings, net, is now to be had on the same terms as the ordinary shilling picture-books—although I feel sure that it is, in every quality (except the *text* itself, on which I am not qualified to pronounce), greatly superior to them. Four shillings was a perfectly reasonable price to charge, considering the very heavy initial outlay I had incurred: still, as the Public have practically said "We will *not* give more than a shilling for a picture-book, however artistically got-up", I am content to reckon my outlay on the book as so much dead loss, and, rather than let the little ones, for whom it was written, go without it, I am selling it at a price which is, to me, much the same thing as *giving* it away.

Christmas, 1896.

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide ;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three ! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather !
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together ?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin it";
In gentler tones Secunda hopes
"There will be nonsense in it!"
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not *more* than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
"The rest next time—" "It is next time!"
The happy voices cry.