

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

A DREAM PLAY FOR CHILDREN,

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED UPON

MR. LEWIS CARROLL'S

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through
the Looking-Glass," with the express sanction
of the Author.

BY

H. Savile Clarke.

MUSIC BY

Walter Slaughter.

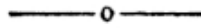


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CHARACTERS.

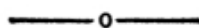


ACT I.

ALICE
WHITE RABBIT
CATERPILLAR
DUCHESS
COOK
CHESHIRE CAT
HATTER
HARE
DORMOUSE
KING OF HEARTS
QUEEN OF HEARTS
KNAVE OF HEARTS
EXECUTIONER
GRYPHON
MOCK TURTLE

Fairies, Court and plain Cards, &c.

CHARACTERS.



ACT II.

ALICE
WHITE KING
WHITE QUEEN.
WHITE KNIGHT
LILY
ROSE
RED QUEEN
RED KING
RED KNIGHT
TWEEDLEDUM
TWEEDLEDEE
HUMPTY-DUMPTY
LION
UNICORN
HARE
WALRUS
CARPENTER
HATTER
LEG OF MUTTON
PLUM PUDDING
OYSTERS
GHOSTS OF OYSTERS

Chessmen, Courtiers, Soldiers, &c.

To LEWIS CARROLL.

A nursery magician took
All little children by the hand,
And led them laughing through the book,
Where Alice walks in Wonderland.

Ours is the task, with elfin dance
And song, to give to childhood's gaze
That Wonderland ; and should it chance
To win a smile be thine the praise.

H. S. C.

Christmas, 1886.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Forest in Autumn. Alice asleep at foot of tree and Fairies dancing round her.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Sleep, maiden, sleep! as we circle around thee,
Lulled by the music of bird and of bee,
Safe in the forest since fairies have found thee
Here where we come to keep tryst by the tree.
Sleep, Alice, sleep! these are magical numbers,
Songs that we learnt from the mount and the
stream.
Ours be the task to keep watch o'er thy slumbers,
Wake, Alice, wake to the Wonderland dream.

[*Fairies troop off at each side, the Chorus dying softly away in the distance. Scene changes to Wonderland, Garden set. The CATERPILLAR discovered smoking on gigantic mushroom at side. ALICE wakes up, and goes up and down stage in great bewilderment. The white RABBIT crosses the stage hurriedly.*

RABBIT. Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!

ALICE. If you please, Sir—(RABBIT starts and exit dropping white kid gloves and fan.) Dear! Dear! How queer everything is to-day. And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night. Let me think, was I the same when I got up this morning. But if I'm not the same who am I? Ah! that's the puzzle. 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—Oh dear, I shall never get to twenty at that rate. I'll try "How doth the little busy bee."

SONG.—"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE."

ALICE.

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the water of the Nile
On every golden scale.
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws.

AL. Oh! dear I'm sure those are not the right words, and I'm so very tired of being all alone here!

[Comes opposite CATER.]

CATER. Who are you?

AL. I—I hardly know, Sir, just at present. At least I knew who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.

CATER. What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

AL. I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, Sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

CATER. I don't see.

AL. I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself to begin with.

CATER. You. Who are *you*?

AL. I think you ought to tell me who you are first.

CATER. Why? (ALICE tosses her head and is going off) Come back! I've something important to say. (AL. returns to him) Keep your temper.

AL. (*indignantly*) Is that all?

CATER. No. So you think you're changed, do you?

AL. I'm afraid I am, Sir. I can't remember things as I used.

CATER. Can't remember *what* things?

AL. Well I've tried "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different.



CATER. Try "You are old, Father William."

AL. With pleasure, Sir.

SONG.—"YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM."

ALICE.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said ;

 " And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head ;
 Do you think at your age it is right ?"

" In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

 " I feared it might injure the brain,
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again !"

" You are old," said the youth, " as I mentioned before,

 And have grown most uncommonly fat,
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door !
 Pray what is the reason of that ?"

" In my youth," said the sage as he shook his grey locks,

 " I kept all my limbs very supple,
By the use of this ointment, one shilling the box,
 Allow me to sell you a couple."

" You are old," said the youth, " and your jaws are too weak

 For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the beak !
 Pray how did you manage to do it ?"

" In my youth," said his father, " I took to the law,

 And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

" You are old," said the youth, " one would hardly suppose

 That your eye was as steady as ever,
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose !
 What made you so awfully clever ?"

" I have answered three questions and that is enough,"

 Said his father. " Don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
 Be off or I'll kick you down stairs."

CATER. That is not right.

AL. Not *quite* right, I'm afraid. Some of the words have got altered.

CATER. It's wrong from beginning to end. Good day.

[CATERPILLAR and Mushroom are drawn off.]

Enter WHITE RABBIT.

RAB. The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh! my fur and whiskers. She'll get me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets. Where can I have dropped them, I wonder?

AL. (*aside*) He's looking for his fan and gloves.

[*She also looks for them. The RABBIT then notices her.*]

RAB. Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick now!

AL. (*aside*) He takes me for his housemaid. How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am. But I'd better get him his fan and gloves.

[*picks up fan and gloves and gives them to RABBIT.*]

RAB. Thank you, Mary Ann, thank you. Now wait for the Duchess, she's coming here with the baby and the cook. [exit RABBIT.]

AL. Oh dear me! I'm Mary Ann now, and the Duchess is coming, and the baby, and the cook. Are they going to cook the baby, I wonder?

Enter DUCHESS carrying child. COOK with a saucepan and pepper castor, and CHESHIRE CAT.

AL. Please would you tell me why your cat grins like that?

duc. It's a Cheshire Cat, and that's why. (*to baby*) Pig!

AL. I didn't know that Cheshire Cats always grinned: in fact I didn't know that cats *could* grin.

duc. They all can, and most of 'em do.

AL. I don't know of any that do.

duc. You don't know much, and that's a fact.

COOK. There's nothing like pepper, say I. There's not half enough yet! Nor a quarter enough.

Boil it so easily,

Mix it so greasily,

Stir it so sneezily,

One, two, three.

One for the Missis, two for the cat, and three for the baby.

[*The Cook peppers soup and baby alternately.*

AL. Oh, *please* mind what you're doing? Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!

Duc. If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a great deal faster than it does.

AL. Which would *not* be an advantage. Just think what work it would make with the day and the night. You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—

Duc. Talking of axes, chop off her head!

AL. Twenty-four hours, I think—or is it twelve—

Duc. Oh don't bother *me*. I never could abide figures.

SONG.—“SPEAK ROUGHLY.”

DUCHESS.

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes,
He only does it to annoy
Because he thinks it teases.

CHO. (*in which ALICE, COOK, and CAT join*)

Wow, wow, wow,
Because he thinks it teases.

[*The DUCHESS tosses the baby furiously up and down.*

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases.

CHO. Wow, wow, wow,
The pepper when he pleases.

Duc. (*to Cook*) Off with you. (*exit Cook*) Here, catch! (*throws baby off stage*) I'm going to the Queen.

[*exeunt DUCHESS, CAT, and RABBIT.*

AL. And I wonder what I'm going to do. I hope the cook caught the baby.

[*The head of CHESHIRE CAT appears in tree.*

AL. Cheshire Puss. Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here ?

CAT. That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

AL. I don't much care where.

CAT. Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

AL. So long as I get *somewhere*.

CAT. Oh you're sure to do that, if you only walk long enough.

AL. What sort of people live about here ?

CAT. In one direction lives a hatter, and in the other a March Hare. Visit either you like—they're both mad.

AL. But I don't want to go among mad people.

CAT. Oh you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

AL. How do you know I'm mad ?

CAT. You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.

AL. And how do you know that you're mad ?

CAT. To begin with, a dog's not mad. You grant that ?

AL. I suppose so.

CAT. Well then. You see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.

AL. I call it *purring*, not growling.

CAT. Call it what you like : and say "thank you for the information."

DUET.

ALICE and CHESHIRE CAT.

AL. Cheshire Puss, my thanks to thee,
For the things you've told to me,
You've such information rare,
No cat with you can compare ;
How I wish my Dinah, too,
Could converse as well as you,

Both. For { my } answers come so pat,
 { your }
You're } a wondrous Cheshire Cat.
I'm }

[dance.]

CAT. Alice, you're extremely kind,
Thus to praise my active mind ;
Let your Dinah to me come,
At a reasonable sum ;
I will teach her all I know,
Make her manners *comme il faut* :

Both. Till folks marvel what $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I'm} \\ \text{he's} \end{array} \right\}$ at
 $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{I'm} \\ \text{He's} \end{array} \right\}$ a wondrous Cheshire Cat.

[*dance and exeunt.*]

Enter HATTER, MARCH HARE, and DORMOUSE with tea-table
which they set and seat themselves at it. Enter ALICE.

HATTER and HARE. No room ! No room !

AL. There's plenty of room.

[*sits in chair at head of table.*]

HARE. Have some wine.

AL. I don't see any wine.

HARE. There isn't any.

AL. (*angrily*) Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer
it.

HARE. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without
being invited.

AL. I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a
great many more than three.

HAT. Your hair wants cutting.

AL. (*severely*) You should learn not to make personal
remarks.

HAT. (*looking astonished*) Why is a raven like a
writing-desk ?

AL. I believe I can guess that.

HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out
the answer to it ?

AL. Exactly so.

HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

AL. I do—at least I mean what I say ; that's the
same thing, you know.

HAT. Not the same thing a bit. You might just as
well say that " I see what I eat " is the same thing as " I
eat what I see."

HARE. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like."

DOR. You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the thing as "I sleep when I breathe."

HAT. It is the same thing with you. (*to AL., taking out his watch.*) What day of the month is it?

AL. The fourth.

HAT. Two days wrong. (*to HARE*) I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

HARE. It was the best butter.

HAT. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

[*HARE takes watch and dips it in cup.*]

HARE. It was the *best* butter, you know.

AL. What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!

HAT. Why should it? Does *your* watch tell you what *year* it is?

AL. Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HAT. Which is just the case with mine. Have you guessed the riddle yet?

AL. No, I give it up. What's the answer?

HAT. I haven't the slightest idea.

HARE. Nor I.

AL. I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HAT. If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*.

AL. I don't know what you mean.

HAT. Of course you don't. I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

AL. Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HAT. Ah! that accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose that it were nine o'clock in the morning—just time to begin lessons, you'll only have to



whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in twinkling! Half-past one—time for dinner!

HARE. I only wish it was.

AL. That would be grand, certainly: but then I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HAT. Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.

AL. Is that the way *you* manage?

HAT. Not I. We quarrelled last March, just before he went mad, you know (*points at HARE*) it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

Twinkle, twinkle little bat,
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.

Well I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "He's murdering the time, off with his head."

AL. How dreadfully savage!

HAT. And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now.

AL. Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?

HAT. (*sighing*) Yes, that's it. It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

AL. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HAT. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

AL. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

HARE. Suppose we change the subject. Wake up, Dormouse, and tell us a story.

DOR. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—

AL. What did they live on?

DOR. They lived on treacle.

AL. They couldn't have done that, you know, they'd have been ill.

DOR. So they were—*very* ill.

HARE. Take some more tea.

AL. I've had nothing yet: so I can't take more.

HAT. You mean you can't take less. It's very easy to take more than nothing.

AL. Nobody asked your opinion.

HAT. Who's making personal remarks now?

AL. (to DORMOUSE) Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DOR. It was a treacle well.

AL. There's no such thing.

HAT. and HARE. Hush! Hush!

DOR. And so these three little sisters, they were learning to draw, you know—

AL. What did they draw?

DOR. Treacle.

HAT. I want a clean cup, let's all move one place on.

[HAT. moves, followed by DOR. and MARCH HARE,

AL. into MARCH HARE'S place.

AL. But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HAT. You can draw water out of a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—Eh, stupid?

AL. But they were *in* the well.

DOR. Of course they were, well in—they were learning to draw everything that begins with an M—

AL. Why with an M?

HARE. Why not?

DOR. (*half asleep, and pinched by HAT. gives a little shriek and goes on*)—that begins with an M; such as mouse-traps, and moon, and memory, and muchness, you know you say things are "much of a muchness," did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

AL. Really, now you ask me, I don't think—

HAT. Then you shouldn't talk.

AL. (*jumping up*) How rude you are!

[*all rise from table and come down stage.*]

COUPLETS AND CHORUS.—"SO THEY SAY."

HARE. That poor hatter's very bad,

All. So they say, so they say!

HARE. Most indubitably mad,

All. So they say!

HARE. Though why haters mad should be, dear,
Is a puzzle unto me, dear,
But they *are* mad, all agree, dear ;

All. So they say, so they say.

HAT. Hares in March get very queer,

All. So they say, so they say !

HAT. Though the reason is not clear,

All. So they say !

HAT. They are sane through all the Autumn,
But when Spring-tide winds have caught 'em
Very mad the world has thought 'em ;

All. So they say, so they say.

AL. He is very bad in March !

All. So they say, so they say !

AL. And he lives on soap and starch,

All. So they say !

AL. He is mad and so's the hatter,

And I do not wish to flatter

When I say it doesn't matter :

All. So they say, so they say.

[*All dance off*—HARE and HATTER *taking table away.*

Enter Two, Five and Seven of Clubs,) then KING, QUEEN and
KNAVE of Hearts and other Cards, also ALICE.—*Pro-*
cession goes round the stage. Two, Five and Seven lie
down at sides.

QUEEN. (to KNAVE) Who is this ? (KNAVE *only bows*)
Idiot ! (to ALICE) What's your name, child ?

AL. My name is Alice, so please your Majesty. (*aside*)
Why they're only a pack of cards ; I needn't be afraid of
them.

QUEEN. (*pointing to Two, Five and Seven*) And who are
these ?

AL. How should I know ? It's no business of mine.

QUEEN. (*glares at ALICE and then shouts*) Off with her
head ! off—

KING. Consider, my dear, she is only a child.

QUEEN. (to KNAVE) Turn them over ! (*Two, Five and*
Seven get up and bow rapidly to every one) Leave off that,
you make me giddy. Off with their heads !

AL. You shan't be beheaded. [*shows them off stage.*]

RAB. (to ALICE) It's—it's a very fine day.

AL. Very! Where's the Duchess?

RAB. Hush! Hush! She's under sentence of execution.

AL. What for?

RAB. Did you say what a pity?

AL. No I didn't. I don't think it at all a pity—I said what for?

RAB. She boxed the Queen's ears.

AL. Oh what fun!

RAB. Oh hush, the Queen will hear you!

QUEEN. Are their heads off?

KNAVE. Their heads are off, so please your Majesty.

QUEEN. Get to your places!

[KING gives ALICE his hand—KNAVE with QUEEN.
*Grand Gavotte of Court Cards. At end head of
CHESHIRE CAT appears in tree.*]

CAT. (to AL.) How do you like the Queen?

AL. Not at all. She's extremely—(QUEEN comes behind her) polite. [*QUEEN smiles and passes on.*]

KING. Who are you talking to?

AL. It's a friend of mine, a Cheshire Cat.

KING. A Cheshire Cat?

AL. Allow me to introduce it.

KING. I don't like the look of it at all. However it may kiss my hand if it likes.

CAT. I'd rather not.

KING. Don't be impertinent, and don't look at me like that. [*gets behind QUEEN.*]

AL. A cat may look at a King.

KING. Well it must be removed. (to QUEEN) My dear, I wish you would have this cat removed.

QUEEN. Off with his head!

KING. Hi! Executioner!

KNAVE. Here he is.

Enter EXECUTIONER.

KING. Off with that cat's head!

EX. Can't be done.

QUEEN. What!

EX. You can't cut a head off unless there's a body to

cut it off from. I never had to do such a thing before,
and I'm not going to begin at my time of life.

TRIO & CHORUS.—“HE IS THE EXECUTIONER.”

He is the executioner and thinks it very odd he
Is asked to cut a head off when it hasn't got
a body.

AL. He is the executioner and thinks it very odd he
Is asked to cut a head off when it hasn't got a
body,

KING. Of old my executioner indubitably said he'd
Be sure a thing that had a head could always be
beheaded.

AL. Of old his executioner indubitably said he'd
Be sure a thing that had a head could always be
beheaded.

QUEEN. With all this idle argument my temper isn't
suited.

If something isn't done at once you'll all be
executed;

AL. With all this idle argument her temper isn't suited.
If something isn't done at once we shall be
executed.

[*All go off to end of song. QUEEN stops to say to AL.*

QUEEN. Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?

AL. No, I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.

QUEEN. It's the thing Mock Turtle soup is made from.

AL. I never saw one or heard of one.

QUEEN. The Gryphon shall show you.

Enter GRYPHON.

Here, Gryphon, introduce this young lady to the Mock
Turtle. I must go and see after some executions I have
ordered. [*exit QUEEN*

GRY. What fun!

AL. What is the fun?

GRY. Why *she*. It's all her fancy that, they never exe-
cutes nobody, you know. Hi! Mock Turtle!

Enter MOCK TURTLE weeping.

AL. What is his sorrow?

GRY. It's all his fancy—that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. This here young lady she wants for to know your history, she do.

MOCK. I'll tell it her. Sit down, both of you. Once I was a real turtle!

GRY. Hjekrrh.

MOCK. When we were little we went to school in the Sea. The Master was an old Turtle, we used to call him Tortoise.

AL. Why did you call him tortoise if he wasn't one?

MOCK. We called him tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull.

GRY. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question.

MOCK. Yes, we went to school in the Sea; though you mayn't believe it—

AL. I never said I didn't.

MOCK. You did.

GRY. Hold your tongue!

MOCK. We had the best of educations, in fact we went to school every day.

AL. *I've* been to a day school too. You needn't be so proud as all that.

MOCK. With extras?

AL. Yes. We learned French and music.

MOCK. And washing?

AL. Certainly not.

MOCK. Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school. Now at ours they had at the end of the bill, French, music *and washing* extra.

AL. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

AL. What was that?

MOCK. Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of arithmetic. Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

AL. I never heard of Uglification. What is it?

GRY. Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose?

AL. Yes. It means to make anything prettier.

GRY. Well then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.

AL. What else had you to learn ?

MOCK. Well there was Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography, then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week, he taught us Drawling and Stretching, and Fainting in Coils,

AL. What was *that* like.

MOCK. Well I can't show it you myself. I'm too stiff : and the Gryphon never learned it.

GRY. Hadn't time. I went to the Classical master though. He was an old crab, *he* was.

MOCK. I never went to him : he taught laughing and grief, they used to say.

GRY. So he did. So he did.

[both creatures hide faces in their paws in sorrow.]

AL. And how many hours a day did you do lessons ?

MOCK. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

AL. What a curious plan !

GRY. That's the reason they're called lessons : because they lessen from day to day.

AL. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday ?

MOCK. Of course it was.

AL. And how did you manage on the twelfth ?

GRY. That's enough about lessons, sing her a song.

SONG AND CHORUS.

(Old Tune.)

MOCK TURTLE.

Beautiful soup so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who for such dainties would not stoop ?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup,
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup.
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop.
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening
 Beautiful, beautiful soup !

Beautiful soup ! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish ?
Who would not give all else for two p-
-ennyworth only of beautiful soup ?
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup ?
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop,
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop,
 Soo-oop of the-e-evening,
 Beautiful, beauti-FUL SOUP !

MOCK. You may not have lived much under the sea.

AL. I haven't !

MOCK. And perhaps you were never even introduced to
a lobster ?

AL. I once tasted—(*checks herself*) No, never !

MOCK. So you can have no idea what a delightful thing
a Lobster Quadrille is !

AL. No indeed ! What sort of a dance is it ?

GRY. Why, you first form into a line along the sea-
shore—

MOCK. Two lines ! Seals, turtles, salmon and so on ;
then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—

GRY. *That* generally takes some time !

MOCK. You advance twice—

GRY. Each with a lobster for a partner—

MOCK. Of course, advance twice, set to partners !

GRY. Change lobsters and retire in same order.

MOCK. Then you know you throw the—

GRY. The lobsters ! [*with a shout and bound into the air.*]

MOCK. As far out to sea as you can.

GRY. Swim after them !

MOCK. Turn a somersault in the sea ! [*capering about.*]

GRY. (*loudly*) Change lobsters again !

MOCK. Back to land again and that's all the first figure.

[*The two creatures who have been jumping about like
mad things, now sit down again and look at ALICE.*]

AL. It must be a very pretty dance !

MOCK. Would you like to see a bit more of it ?

AL. Very much indeed !

MOCK. (*to GRYPHON*) Come, let's try the first figure.
We can do it without lobsters, you know. You sing !

SOLO AND CHORUS.

(*Old Tune.*)

GRY. "Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting
to a snail :

"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's
treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all
advance;

They are waiting on the shingle, will you come
and join the dance?"

Chorus. Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance.

"You can really have no notion how delightful it
will be

When they take us up and throw us with the
lobsters out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far," and
gave a look askance.

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would
not join the dance.

Chorus. Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance!

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly
friend replied,

"There is another shore, you know, upon the
other side;

The further off from England the nearer is to
France :

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and
join the dance!"

Chorus. Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance.

AL. Thank you! It's a very interesting dance; and
I do so like that curious song about the whiting.

MOCK. Oh, as to the whiting—you've seen them, of course?

AL. Yes. I've often seen them at dinn—

MOCK. I don't know where Dinn may be, but if you've seen them so often of course you know what they're like.

AL. I believe so, they have their tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs.

MOCK. You're wrong about the crumbs, crumbs would all wash off in the sea; but they *have* their tails in their mouths.

GRY. The reason is they would go with the lobsters to the dance. *So* they got thrown out to sea *So* they had to fall a long way. *So* they got their tails fast in their mouths. *So* they couldn't get them out again.

AL. Thank you, it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.

GRY. Do you know why it's called a whiting?

AL. I never thought about it. Why?

GRY. It does the boots and shoes. [solemnly.]

AL. *Does* the boots and shoes?

GRY. Why, what are *your* shoes done with?—I mean what makes them so shiny?

AL. They're done with *blacking*, I believe.

GRY. Boots and shoes under the sea are done with *whiting*. Now you know.

AL. And what are they made of?

GRY. Soles and eels, of course, any shrimp could have told you that.

AL. If I'd been the whiting, I'd have said to the porpoise, keep back please, we don't want *you* with us.

MOCK. They were obliged to have him with them. No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

AL. Wouldn't it really?

MOCK. Of course not. Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey—I should say, with what porpoise?

AL. Don't you mean "purpose?"

MOCK. I mean what I say. Now let's hear some of *your* adventures.

AL. The queerest thing that happened to me to-day was

singing " You are old, Father William " to the caterpillar, and all the words came different.

MOCK. That's very curious.

GRY. It's about as curious as it can be.

MOCK. The words all came different. I should like to hear her try and sing something now.

GRY. Stand up and sing "'Tis the voice of the sluggard."

SONG.—" TIS THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER."

ALICE.

'Tis the voice of the Lobster, I heard him declare,
" You have baked me too brown I must sugar my hair ;"
As a duck with his eyelids so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns-out his toes,
When the sands are all dry he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous tones of the Shark ;
But when the tide rises and Sharks are around,
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.

I passed by his garden, and marked with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie ;
The Panther took pie-crust and gravy and meat,
While the Owl got the dish as his share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon ;
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet by eating the Owl.

GRY. It is time for the trial.

AL. What trial ?

MOCK. The trial of the Knave of Hearts.

[*Trumpets and March music. Enter KING and QUEEN of Hearts, Court Cards &c. WHITE RABBIT attired as Herald. KNAVE in chains, guarded by soldiers.*]

KING. Herald, read the accusation.

[*WHITE RABBIT blows three blasts on trumpet, unrolls a scroll and reads.*]

RAB. The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer day.

The knave of Hearts he stole those tarts
And took them quite away.

KING. Call the first witness.

RAB. (*blows trumpet*) First witness !

*Enter HATTER with teacup, and bread and butter. Also
MARCH HARE and DORMOUSE arm in arm.*

HAT. I beg your pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in, but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

KING. You ought to have finished. When did you begin ?

HAT. Fourteenth of March I *think* it was.

KING. Take off your hat.

HAT. It isn't mine.

KING. Stolen !

HAT. I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.

[*QUEEN puts on spectacles and glares at him and he fidgets.*

KING. Give your evidence and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.

[*HATTER fidgets and bites a piece out of his teacup instead of the bread and butter.*

QUEEN. Bring me the list of the singers at the last concert.

[*HATTER trembles so that he shakes his shoes off.*

KING. Give your evidence or I'll have you executed whether you're nervous or not.

HAT. I'm a poor man, your Majesty, and I hadn't begun my tea—not above a week or so, and what with the bread and butter getting so thin, and the twinkling of the tea—

KING. The twinkling of *what* ?

HAT. It *began* with the tea.

KING. Of course twinkling begins with a T. Do you take me for a dunce ? Go on.

HAT. I'm a poor man, and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—

HARE I didn't !

HAT. You did !

HARE. I deny it !

KING. He denies it, leave out that part !

HAT. Well at any rate the Dormouse said —

DOR. I didn't !

HAT. You did !

DOR. I deny it !

HAT. And after that I cut some more bread and butter.

KING. But *what* did the Dormouse say ?

HAT. That I can't remember.

KING. You must remember or I'll have you executed !

[HAT. *drops teacup, and bread and butter, and goes on his knees.*

HAT. I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

KING. You're a very poor speaker ! (*applause in Court*) and if that's all you know about it you may stand down.

HAT. I can't go no lower. I'm on the floor as it is.

KING. Then you may *sit* down !

HAT. I'd rather finish my tea.

KING. You may go— [HAT. *rushes out.*

QUEEN. And just take his head off outside !

KING. Call the next witness !

[*Enter the DUCHESS'S COOK with pepper pot—one or two sneezes heard near her.*

KING. Be good enough to take the time from me. Now all together. (*All sneeze. To Cook*) Give your evidence.

COOK. Shan't !

KING. What are these tarts made of ?

COOK. Pepper mostly.

DOR. Treacle !

QUEEN. Collar that Dormouse ! Behold that Dormouse ! Turn that Dormouse out of court ! Suppress him ! Pinch him ! Off with his whiskers !

[COOK *stands back.*

KING. Next witness !

RAB. (*Blows trumpet*) Alice !

KING. What do you know about this business ?

AL. Nothing !

KING. Nothing *whatever* ?

AL. Nothing *whatever* !

KING. That's very important ! In that case consider your verdict.

QUEEN. No, no, sentence first, verdict afterwards.

AL. Stuff and nonsense !

QUEEN. Hold your tongue !

AL. I won't.

QUEEN. Off with her head !

AL. Who cares for you ? My verdict is " Not guilty, but the Knave mustn't steal the tarts again."

All. Not guilty ! Hurrah !

FINALE.

AL. Not guilty I declare,
But let the knave take care
In future not to steal the tempting tarts.

KING. Not guilty, then I fear
You cannot now, my dear,
Behead for stealing that bad Knave of Hearts.

QUEEN. Not guilty ! Oh, it's shocking,
Miss Alice must be mocking,
Don't tell me that the tarts themselves ran off
and left the shelf.

AL. Yes, that's the view I've taken ;
If your nerves, my dear, are shaken,
I would venture to advise you just to execute
yourself.

All. It's very hard upon the Queen of Hearts,
Who vowed the Knave stole tarts ;
To find that Knave, by verdict of our friend,
Not guilty in the end.
Not guilty we declare,
But let the knave take care,
In future from the tarts to keep his hand ;
Not guilty ! Now we know,
Why these strange things are so,
And why our Alice came to Wonderland.

ACT-DROP

ACT II.

“ THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.”

SCENE I.—*Looking-glass Land. The garden of Live Flowers. Chessmen discovered on stage.*

CHESS CHORUS.

Here ranged in due order of battle we stand,
With red king and white king and queens on each
hand ;
The bishops move sideways to aid in the fight,
And see how erratic the course of the knight ;
The pawns are our privates and, both wings to guard,
The four sturdy castles keep due watch and ward.

[*Dance : at end of which one of the white pawns falls down, and the WHITE QUEEN rushes to her to pick her up, knocking the WHITE KING down in her haste.*

WHITE KING and QUEEN on floor. Enter ALICE.

AL. Why, the chessmen are walking about !

WHITE Q. My precious Lily ! My Imperial kitten !

[*tries to get up.*

WHITE K. (*sitting up and rubbing his nose*) Imperial fiddlestick.

[ALICE lifts WHITE QUEEN up to a standing position : also the pawn.

WHITE Q. (*to KING*) Mind the Volcano !

WHITE K. What Volcano ?

WHITE Q. It blew me up on to my legs. Mind you get up in the regular way, don't get blown up !

AL. (*lifting the KING up*) Why you'll be hours and hours getting up at that rate. (*the KING is struggling to rise*)

I'd far better help you! Hadn't I? (*helps the KING up hastily and dusts him. He makes faces*) Oh please don't make such faces, my dear! You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you. And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the dust will get into it! There, now I think you're tidy. (*Holds the KING upright, the moment she lets him go he falls flat on his back.*) Oh! he's fainted.

WHITE K. (*to QUEEN*) I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!

WHITE Q. You haven't got any whiskers.

WHITE K. The horror of that moment I shall never, never forget!

WHITE Q. You will though, if you don't make a memorandum of it.

[*KING gets up takes out memorandum book and tries to write. ALICE takes hold of his hand and pencil and helps him.*]

WHITE K. My dear, I really must get a thinner pencil! I can't manage this one a bit—it writes all manner of things I don't intend.

WHITE Q. (*taking it*) What manner of things? *That's not a memorandum of your feelings!* (*to ALICE*) Here, you read it, or sing it!

AL. Dear me! It's all in some language I don't know.

WHITE Q. (*to WHITE KNIGHT*) Then you read it!

SONG.—“JABBERWOCKY.”

WHITE KNIGHT.

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe,
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
“Beware the Jabberwock, my son,
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch,
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

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

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

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

“ And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

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

[*all rush off.* ALICE alone.

AL. Dear me! I wish they had stayed! (To LILY)
Oh Tiger-Lily, I wish you could talk!

LILY. We *can* talk, when there's anybody worth talking
to!

AL. (*almost in a whisper*) And can *all* the flowers talk?

LILY. As well as *you* can, and a great deal louder.

ROSE. It isn't manners for us to begin, you know, and
I really was wondering when you'd speak. Said I to
myself, "her face has got some sense in it, though it's
not a clever one." Still you're the right colour, and that
goes a long way.

LILY. I don't care about the colour! If only her
petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right!

AL. Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted
out here with nobody to take care of you?

ROSE. There's a tree, what else is it good for?

AL. But what could it do if any danger came?

ROSE. It could bark. It says "Bough-wough," and that's why its branches are called boughs.

AL. How is it that you can talk so nicely? I've been in many gardens before, but none of the flowers could talk!

LILY. Put your hand down and feel the ground, then you'll know why!

AL. (*feeling the ground*) It's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.

LILY. In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.

AL. I never thought of that before! Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

ROSE. There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you. I wonder how you do it: but she's more bushy than you are.

AL. Is she like me? (*aside*) There's another little girl in the garden somewhere.

ROSE. Well she has the same awkward shape as you, but she's redder, and her petals are shorter, I think.

LILY. Her petals are done up close, almost like a Dahlia—not tumbled about anyhow like yours!

AL. Does she ever come out here?

ROSE. I daresay you'll see her soon. She's one of the thorny kind!

AL. Where does she wear the thorns?

ROSE. Why all round her head, of course! I was wondering *you* hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule!

LILY. She's coming, I can hear her footstep thump, thump, along the gravel-walk!

Enter RED QUEEN.

RED Q. Where do you come from? And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely; and don't twiddle your fingers all the time.

AL. I've lost my way.

RED Q. I don't know what you mean by *your* way—all the ways about here belong to me,—but why did you come here at all? Curtsey while you're thinking what to say, it saves time.

AL. Indeed—I'll try it when I go home, the next time I'm a little late for dinner.

RED Q. It's time for you to answer now, open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak, and always say "Your Majesty."

AL. I wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty.

RED Q. (*patting ALICE's head.*) That's right, though when you say garden, *I've* seen gardens compared with which, this would be a wilderness.

AL. And I thought I'd try and find my way to the top of that hill.

RED Q. When you say "hill," *I* could show you hills in comparison with which you would call that a valley.

AL. No I shouldn't, a hill *can't* be a valley, you know. That would be nonsense.

RED Q. (*shaking her head*) You may call it nonsense, but *I've* heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary. Would you like to play Chess?

AL. (*curtseying*) Oh yes, your Majesty! What fun it would be. How I wish I was one of you. I wouldn't mind being a pawn if only I might join—though of course I should *like* to be a Queen best.

RED Q. That's easily managed. You can be White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play, and you're in the second square to begin with: when you get to the eighth square you'll be a Queen: come along! You'll see Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

[*Takes ALICE by the hand and both run off. Enter TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE solemnly, and take up position side by side, umbrella behind.*

DUET.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Agreed to have a battle.

For Tweedledum said Tweedledee

Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

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

Enter ALICE.

AL. Here they are! I suppose they've each got WEEDLE round at the back of the collar.

[They stand still and ALICE is going round to inspect the back of their collars.]

DUM. If you think we're waxworks you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to looked at for nothing. Nohow!

DEE. Contrariwise, if you think we're alive you ought to speak.

AL. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

DUM. I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, nohow.

DEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

AL. I was thinking which is the best way out of this wood. Would you tell me, please? *(They only look at each other and at her, and grin. ALICE points her finger at TWEEDLEDUM.)* First boy!

DUM. Nohow!

AL. Next boy!

DEE. Contrariwise!

DUM. You've begun wrong. The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do," and shake hands.

[They shake hands with each other and then each gives a hand to her. Then the music of "Here we go round the mulberry bush" commences, and all sing and dance round.]

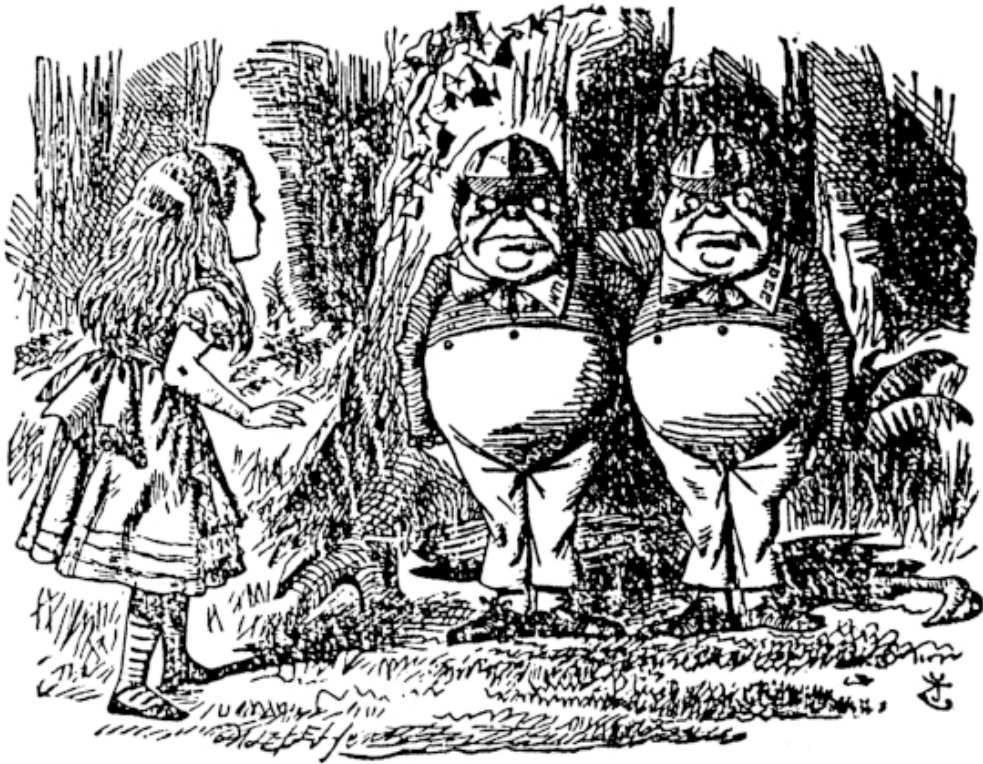
TRIO.—"HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH."

Here we go round the Mulberry Bush, the Mulberry Bush,
the Mulberry Bush,

Here we go round the Mulberry Bush

On a fine and frosty morning.

[suiling action to each verse.]



This is the way we wash our hands, wash our hands,
wash our hands ;

This is the way we wash our hands
On a fine and frosty morning.

(dance) Here we go round the Mulberry Bush, &c.

This is the way we wash our face !

[Repeat as before, with " Here we go round " and dance.

This is the way we brush our hair, &c.

[Repeat as before, &c.

This is the way we go to school, &c.

[Repeat as before, &c.

This is the way we come from school, &c.

[Repeat as before, &c. All stand still during verse,
and dance at " Here we go round, &c."

DUM. That's enough for one dance !

[Both stop suddenly out of breath, music also stops
suddenly and they drop her hands.

AL. (aside) It would never do to say, " How d'ye do " *now* ; we seem to have got beyond that somehow. (aloud) I hope you're not much tired ?

DUM. Nohow ! And thank you very much for asking.

DEE. Contrariwise ! So much obliged ! Can you repeat us some poetry ?

AL. (doubtfully) Perhaps I could !

DUM. Nohow !

DEE. Contrariwise ! Repeat " The Walrus and the Carpenter."

AL. I'm afraid I don't know it !

DUM. Then we'll tell it you.

[Scene opens and discloses sea-shore, and WALRUS and CARPENTER.

" THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER."

DUM. The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might ;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

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

DUM. The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry ;
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky :
No birds were flying overhead—

DEE. There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand :
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand :

CAR. If this were only cleared away,
O wouldn't it be grand !

WAL. If four small maids with four small mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose, O Carpenter,
That they could get it clear ?

CAR. I really doubt it very much !
Excuse a bitter tear.

WAL. O Oysters come and walk with us !
Your Walrus does beseech.
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach :
We cannot do with more than four,
'To give a hand to each.

DUM. The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said ;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
'To leave the oyster-bed.



- DEE. But four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat ;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.
- DUM. The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.
- WAL. The time has come, O Carpenter,
To talk of many things ;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.
- OY. But wait a bit, good gentlemen,
Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat !
- CAR. There is no hurry, little ones !
OY. We thank you much for that.
- WAL. Some butter and a loaf of bread
Is what we chiefly need ;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.
- OY. You surely will not feed on us,
Our very beards turn blue ;
After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do !
- WAL. The night is fine, dear oysters mine,
Do you admire the view ?

- It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice !
- CAR. Cut us another slice of bread !
(*louder*) Cut us another slice ;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice !
- WAL. It seems a shame, dear little things,
To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick !
- CAR. That may be ; but it seems to me
The butter's spread too thick !
- WAL. I weep for you, O oysterlings,
I deeply sympathise.
- DUM. With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-hankerchief
Before his streaming eyes.
- CAR. O little oysters ; don't you think
You've had a pleasant run ?
Shall we be trotting home again ?
- DEE. But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
- DUM. They'd eaten all but one.
- [WALRUS and CARPENTER put remains of feast into
basket, yawning and half asleep.
- DUM. The Carpenter he ceased to sob ;
The Walrus ceased to weep ;
They'd finished all the Oysters,
And they laid them down to sleep—
- DEE. And of their craft and cruelty
The punishment to reap."
- CAR. Forty winks for me ! [*lies down and snores.*
- WAL. Order another forty for me ! [*lies down.*
- [*ghost of first OYSTER appears.*
- 1st. OYS. The Carpenter is sleeping, the butter's on his
face,
The vinegar and pepper are all about the place !

Let oysters rock your cradle and lull you into
rest ;

And, if that will not do it, we'll sit upon your
chest ! [seats herself.

We'll sit upon your chest ! [CAR. groans.

We'll sit upon your chest !

The simplest way to do it is to sit upon your
chest !

[Ghost of second OYSTER appears.

2nd Oys. O woeful, weeping Walrus, your tears were all a
sham !

You're greedier for Oysters than children are for
jam.

You like to have an Oyster to give the meal a
zest—

Excuse me, wicked Walrus, for stamping on
your chest ! [stamps.

For stamping on your chest !

[stamps—WAL. groans.

For stamping on your chest ! [stamps.

Excuse me, wicked Walrus, for stamping on
your chest ! [stamps.

*[Seats herself on WALRUS. Ghost of third OYSTER
appears. The ghostly hornpipe, and ghosts go off.*

[Scene closes back to garden.

AL. I like the Walrus best, because you see he was a
little sorry for the poor oysters.

DEE. He ate more than the Carpenter though. You
see he held his handkerchief in front so that the Carpenter
couldn't count how many he took : Contrariwise !

AL. That was mean, then I like the Carpenter best—
if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

DUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

AL. *(lights rather down)* It's getting dark ! Do you
think it's going to rain ?

*[TWEEDLEDUM spreads large umbrella over himself
and brother.*

DUM. No! I don't think it is, at least, not under *here*
Nohow!

AL. But it may outside!

DEE. It may if it chooses, we've no objection. Con-
trariwise.

AL. Selfish things! I shall say good-bye.

[*turns to go when TWEEDLEDUM rushes from under um-
brella and seizes her by the wrist.*]

DUM. (*in a rage—pointing to small white rattle under tree*)
Do you see *that*?

AL. It's only a rattle—not a rattle-snake, you know—
only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

DUM. (*dancing about in rage, tearing his hair, &c.*) I
knew it was, it's spoilt of course.

AL. You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

DUM. But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you! I bought
it yesterday. (*screaming*) My nice new rattle!

[*during this TWEEDLEDEE tries to fold himself up in
the umbrella with only his head out, in a fright.*]

(*to him*) Of course you agree to have a battle!

DEE. (*sulkily, crawling out of umbrella*) I suppose so:
only *she* must help us to dress up, you know.

[*run off at opposite sides and bring on bolsters, blankets,
hearthrugs and coalscuttles.*]

DUM. I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying
strings. Everyone of these things has got to go on
somehow or other!

[*they bustle about and dress up, ALICE helping them.*]

AL. (*aside*) Really they'll be more like bundles of old
clothes by the time they're ready.

DEE. Now for the bolster to keep my head from being
cut off! (*ALICE tics it on*) You know it's one of the
most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a
battle—to get one's head cut off!

DEE. (*coming up to her to have coalscuttle tied on*) Do I
look very pale?

AL. Well—yes—a little.

DUM. I'm very brave generally, only to-day I happen
to have a headache!

DEE. And I've got a toothache, I'm far worse than you!

AL. Then you'd better not fight to-day!

DUM. We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long! What's the time now?

DEE. Half past four.

DUM. Let's fight till six and then have dinner!

DEE. Very well and *she* can watch us, only you'd better not come *very* close, I generally hit everything I can see when I get really excited.

DUM. And *I* hit everything within reach whether I see it or not!

AL. (*laughing*) You must hit the trees pretty often I should think.

DUM. I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far round by the time we've finished.

AL. And all about a rattle.

DUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

AL. (*aside*) I wish the monstrous crow would come.

DUM. (*to his brother*) There's only one sword. (*takes up wooden toy sword*) but you can have the umbrella. It's quite as sharp. (*Stage darker*) Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can. [*they fence up to each other.*]

DEE. And darker.

AL. What a thick black cloud that is, and how fast it comes! Why I do believe it's got wings.

DUM. It's the crow.

[*Both rush off frantically. Stage light again, WHITE QUEEN'S shawl flies across to ALICE who catches it.*]

AL. Dear me! Here's somebody's shawl being blown away.

Enter WHITE Q. and AL. puts the shawl on.

Am I addressing the White Queen?

WHITE Q. Well yes: if you call that a-dressing. It isn't my notion of the thing at all.

AL. If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can.

WHITE Q. But I don't want it done at all: I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

AL. (*aside*) Every single thing's crooked and she's all over pins. (*aloud*) May I put your shawl straight for you?

WHITE Q. I don't know what's the matter with it. It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here and pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it.

AL. (*putting QUEEN to rights*) Come, you look rather better now, but really you should have a lady's-maid.

WHITE Q. I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure. Two-pence a week and jam every other day.

AL. (*laughing*) I don't want you to hire *me*, and I don't care for jam.

WHITE Q. It's very good jam.

AL. Well I don't want any *to-day* at any rate.

WHITE Q. You couldn't have it if you *did* want it. The rule is jam to-morrow and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day.

AL. It must sometimes come to jam to-day.

WHITE Q. No it can't! It's jam every *other* day, and to-day isn't any *other* day you know.

AL. I don't understand you! It's dreadfully confusing!

WHITE Q. That's the effect of living backwards! It always makes one a little giddy at first.

AL. Living backwards—I never heard of such a thing!

WHITE Q. But there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways.

AL. I'm sure *mine* works only one way, I can't remember things before they happen!

WHITE Q. It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards. Try the other way, sing "Humpty Dumpty" and you'll see what will happen—Ta-Ta! [*exit WHITE Q.*]

AL. Sing "Humpty Dumpty?" I wonder what will happen!

SONG.—"HUMPTY DUMPTY."

ALICE.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

[*as she finishes, HUMPTY DUMPTY seats himself on the wall at back.*]

AL. Why, there he is I declare! And how exactly, like an egg he is!

HUM. It's very provoking to be called an egg! Very!

AL. I said you *looked* like an egg, sir! And some eggs are very pretty, you know.

HUM. Some people have no more sense than a baby! What's your name and business?

AL. My name is Alice!

HUM. It's a stupid name, what does it mean?

AL. *Must* a name mean something?

HUM. Of course it must! *my* name means the shape I am, and a good handsome shape it is too! With a name like yours you might be any shape almost.

AL. Why do you sit out here all alone?

HUM. Why, because there's nobody with me! Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another.

AL. Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?

HUM. What tremendously easy riddles you ask! Of course I don't think so! Why if ever I *did* fall off—which there's no chance of—the King has promised me, with his very own mouth—

AL. 'To send all his horses and all his men.

HUM. Now I declare that's too bad, you've been listening at doors, and behind trees, and down chimneys, or you couldn't have known it.

AL. I haven't indeed! It's in a book.

HUM. Ah well! They may write such things in a book. That's what you call a History of England that is! Now take a good look at me? I'm one that has spoken to a king, *I* am: mayhap you'll never see such another; and to show I'm not proud you may shake hands with me.

[*shakes hands with ALICE.*]

AL. What a beautiful belt you've got on!

HUM. (*in a deep growl*) It is a *most* provoking thing when a person does not know a cravat from a belt! It's a cravat, child, and the White King and Queen gave it me as an un-birthday present!

AL. I beg your pardon?

HUM. I'm not offended!

AL. I mean, what is an un-birthday present?

HUM. A present given when it isn't your birthday, of course.

AL. I like birthday presents best!

HUM. You don't know what you're talking about! How many days are there in a year?

AL. Three-hundred and sixty-five.

HUM. And how many birthdays have you?

AL. One.

HUM. And if you take one from from 365, what remains?

AL. 364, of course.

HUM. Well, that shows that there are 364 days when you might get un-birthday presents.

AL. Certainly.

HUM. And only one for birthday presents, That's all, good-bye.

AL. Good-bye till we meet again.

HUM. I shouldn't know you again if we *did* meet, you're so exactly like other people.

AL. The face is what one generally goes by.

HUM. That's just what I complain of. Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes—so, (*marking the places in the air with his thumb*) nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had two eyes on the same side of the nose for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be *some* help,

AL. It wouldn't look nice.

HUM. Wait till you've tried.

AL. Good-bye. (*going off*) Of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met—

[*Starts and runs off—for HUMPTY falls with a fearful crash off wall. Enter all the king's horses and all the king's men.*]

CHORUS.—“HUMPTY DUMPTY'S FALLEN
DOWN.”

Humpty Dumpty's fallen down,
Humpty Dumpty, Humpty Dumpty;
Humpty Dumpty's cracked his crown,
Humpty Dumpty, Humpty Dumpty.
But the king keeps his promise
The king keeps his promise.

The king keeps his promise though horses and men
Can't put Humpty Dumpty together again ;
Though all the king's horses and kings's men may
 race,
'Tis clear they can never restore to his place
 Humpty Dumpty, Humpty Dumpty.

Enter RED KING and ALICE.

RED K. I've sent them all. I couldn't send all the horses, you know, because they're wanted ; and I haven't sent the two messengers. They're both gone to the town. Just look along the road and tell me if you see either of them.

AL. I see nobody on the road.

RED K. I only wish I had such eyes. To be able to see Nobody ! And at that distance too, why it is as much as I can do to see real people.

AL. (*looking off*) I see somebody coming now ; but what curious attitudes !

RED K. Not at all ; He's an Anglo-Saxon messenger and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. (*Enter Messenger*) His name is Hare, and the other is Hatter. I must have two you know, one to come and one to go.

AL. I beg your pardon ?

RED K. It isn't respectable to beg.

AL. I only meant I didn't understand.

RED K. Didn't I tell you I must have two ; one to fetch and one to carry. (*To Messenger*) What's the matter ? You alarm me—I feel faint ! Give me a ham sandwich. (*Messenger hands one out of bag, KING eats it.*) Another sandwich.

HARE. There's nothing but hay left now.

RED. Hay then. (*Hay is handed him and he munches it*) (*to AL.*) There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint. (*to messenger*) Who did you pass on the road ?

HARE. Nobody !

RED K. Quite right, this young lady saw him too. So of course Nobody walks slower than you.

HARE. I do my best. I'm sure nobody walks faster than I do.

RED K. He can't do that, or he'd have been here first. However, tell us what's happened in the town.

HARE. I'll whisper it. (HARE makes a trumpet of his hands, and puts them to KING'S ear, then shouts loudly) They're at it again.

RED K. (jumps) Do you call *that* a whisper? If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered. It wen through and through my head like an earthquake.

AL. Who are at it again?

RED K. Why the Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown, and the best of the joke is that it's *my* crown all the time. Here they come!

Enter LION and UNICORN fighting.

UNI. (to KING) I had the best of it that time.

RED K. A little, a little!

UNI. Come fetch out the plum cake, old man, none of your brown bread for me. (HARE offers cake to LION, looking at KING) What a fight we might have for the crown now!

[KING trembles.]

LION. I should win easy.

UNI. I'm not so sure of that.

LION. Why I beat you all round the town, you know. Didn't I?

All. Yes! Yes!

CHORUS—"THE LION AND THE UNICORN."

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the
Crown,

The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town:

Some gave them white bread, and some gave them
brown,

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

[*Exeunt all but AL.*]

AL. If that doesn't drum them out of town nothing ever will.

Enter WHITE KNIGHT brandishing club.

WHITE KNT. Ahoy! Ahoy! Check! you're my prisoner.

AL. I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen.

Enter WHITE KNIGHT brandishing club.

WHITE KNT. Ahoy! Ahoy! Check! you're my prisoner.

AL. I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen.

WHITE KNT. So you shall presently.

AL. Thank you very much.

He has a little deal box fastened across his shoulders, upside-down, the lid hangs open. ALICE looks at it with curiosity.

WHITE KNT. I see you're admiring my little box. It's my own invention to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down so that the rain can't get in.

AL. But the things can *get* out. Do you know the lid's open?

WHITE KNT. I didn't know it! Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them. (*is going to throw it away, when as by sudden thought he hangs it to tree*) Can you guess why I did that? (*she shakes her head*) In hopes some bees may make a nest in it—then I should get the honey.

AL. Dear me! You must be very ingenious!

WHITE KNT. Oh, I am. But the cleverest thing of that sort I ever did, was inventing a new pudding during the meat course.

AL. In time to have it cooked for the next course, Well that *was* quick work certainly.

WHITE KNT. No, the fact is I don't believe that pudding ever *was* cooked, or ever *will* be cooked. But it was a very clever pudding to invent.

AL. What did you mean it to be made of?

WHITE KNT. (*sorrowfully*) It began with blotting paper.

AL. That wouldn't be very nice I'm afraid!

WHITE KNT. Not very nice alone—but you've no idea what a difference it makes mixing it with other things—such as gunpowder and sealing wax.

AL. (*puzzled*) What a curious pudding!

WHITE KNT. You are sad! Let me sing you a song to comfort you!

AL. Can you sing?

WHITE KNT. Yes; when I can get somebody to help me, and that's only once a year.

AL. I don't understand you.

WHITE KNT. Here they come!

Enter WHITE KING, WHITE QUEEN, and RED QUEEN.

Well, you see, as we only sing once a year, and there's such a long time between each performance, we call ourselves "The Waits."

CONCERTED PIECE—"THE WAITS."

WHITE KNIGHT, ALICE, WHITE QUEEN, RED QUEEN.

As custom was at Christmas time,
As ancient story states,
We wander, singing doleful rhyme,
And call ourselves the waits,
The waits, the waits,
And call ourselves the waits.

Chorus. Folks jump out of bed, and put out each head,
And straight begin to sneeze,
As waits we say, in the usual way,
"A trifle, if you please."

And, as in all the olden days,
We sing in joyous tone,
And wander in the midnight ways,
And play the gay trombone.
Trombone, trombone,
And play the gay trombone.

Chorus. Folks jump out of bed, &c.

We try the fiddle, and the drum,
And flute, and big bassoon,
Till all the little bow-wows come
And howl to see the moon.
The moon, the moon,
And howl to see the moon.

Chorus. Folks jump out of bed, &c.

[*Dance off. The WHITE KNIGHT crowns ALICE.*

AL. And now to be a Queen! But what is this on my head?—a golden crown! Well, this is grand!

[*struts up and down.*

Enter RED and WHITE QUEENS.

If I really am a Queen I shall be able to manage it quite well in time. (*to RED Q.*) Please would you tell me—

RED Q. Speak when you're spoken to.

AL. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything.

RED Q. Ridiculous! What right have you to call yourself a Queen? You can't be a Queen till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it the better.

WHITE Q. Can you do addition? What's one and one, and one and one, and one and one, and one and one, and one and one.

AL. I don't know. I lost count.

RED Q. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction—Take nine from eight.

AL. Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

WHITE Q. She can't do subtraction. Can you do Division. Divide a loaf by a knife, what's the answer to that?

AL. I suppose—

RED Q. Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: what remains?

AL. The bone wouldn't remain of course if I took it, and the dog wouldn't remain ; it would come to bite me, and I'm sure I shouldn't remain.

RED Q. Then you think nothing would remain.

AL. I think that's the answer.

RED Q. Wrong as usual. The dog's temper would remain. The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it ?

AL. Perhaps it would.

RED Q. Then if the dog went away—its temper would remain.

AL. They might go different ways.

RED Q. Of course you'll invite us to your party to-night ?

AL. I didn't know I was to have a party at all.

RED Q. Of course you are.

SCENE II.—*The Banqueting Hall.*

Grand procession for the feast—King's men and chessmen. Trumpets sound.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—“ TO THE LOOKING-GLASS WORLD.”

(*Old Tune.*)

ALICE.

To the Looking-glass world it was Alice that said,
I've a sceptre in hand, I've a crown on my head.
Let the Looking-glass creatures whatever they be,
Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White
Queen, and me.

Chorus. Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran !
Put cats in the coffee and mice in the tea,
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times
three.

AL. O Looking-glass creatures, I beg you'll draw
near,

'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear ;
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen,
and me.

Chorus. Then fillup the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink :
Mix sand with the cider and wool with the
wine,
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times
nine !

*ALICE and QUEENS take up position. Joint and
Pudding set before them.*

RED Q. We always miss the soup and fish. Put on
the joint. (*ALICE takes knife and fork, and hesitates*) You
look a little shy, let me introduce you to that leg of
mutton. Alice—mutton! Mutton—Alice.

[Leg of mutton gets up and bows.

AL. May I give you a slice ?

RED Q. Certainly not! It isn't etiquette to cut any-
one you've been introduced to. Remove the joint !

*[Mutton taken off by head and legs. Large plum-
pudding brought on.*

AL. I won't be introduced to the pudding, please,
or we shall get no dinner at all! May I give you
some ?

RED Q. (*sulkily, growling*) Pudding—Alice! Alice—
pudding! Remove the pudding!

[they are taking it out.

AL. Waiter, bring back the pudding! (*it is brought
back, ALICE cuts a slice and hands it to QUEEN*) Let me help
you!

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

RED Q. Now we'll drink your health. Queen Alice's
health!

All. Queen Alice's health!

CHORUS.—“ ALICE'S HEALTH.”

Alice's health,
Long life and wealth ;
Never a monarch so mighty was seen.
Gaily fill up
Beaker and cup ;
Drink to our Alice, to Alice the Queen.
[Gauzes down, and stage dark.]

FINAL CHORUS.

Wake ! Alice ! wake ! now no longer a rover,
Fast fade the Wonderland visions away ;
Wake at the Elves' call—the dream-play is over
Wake ! Alice ! wake ! to the world of to-day.

[ALICE discovered at foot of tree asleep as in first Act.

Slow music, she wakes and rubs her eyes.

AL. Oh, I've had such a curious dream !

CURTAIN.

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