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Opening extract from

The Nursery Alice

Written by

Lewis Carroll

Illustrated by

Sir John Tenniel

Published by

Macmillan Children's Books

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"I wrote to Macmillan to suggest a new idea: a 'Nursery Edition' of Alice with pictures printed in colour." – Lewis Carroll's diary, 15 February 1881

First published by Macmillan in 1890 under the title *The Nursery "Alice"*, this delightful version of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was adapted by the author himself, especially to appeal to younger children. Sir John Tenniel redrew twenty of his iconic illustrations for this new edition, which appeared in colour for the first time.

The present volume retains every word of the first 1890 edition, including the original preface and three additional works by the author, all of which appeared in this first edition. The original punctuation and spelling have been retained. The poem "A Nursery Darling" was written by the author especially for *The Nursery Alice*, and previously preceded the frontispiece. Carroll's "Christmas Greetings" were first published at Christmas 1871, inserted in leaflet form into copies of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and "An Easter Greeting" was bound into the first edition of *Through the Looking-Glass*, published in 1872. Also included are the advertisements that accompanied the original edition.

Sir John Tenniel's glorious images, along with delightful cover artwork by Emily Gertrude Thomson, have been restored to their original vibrancy, and the layout of text and illustrations appears exactly as Lewis Carroll intended. *The Nursery Alice* remains an enchanting introduction to *Alice* for readers of every age.

Macmillan Children's Books, 2015



THE NURSERY "ALICE"

CONTAINING TWENTY COLOURED ENLARGEMENTS
FROM
TENNIEL'S ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
"ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND"

WITH TEXT ADAPTED TO NURSERY READERS
BY
LEWIS CARROLL

THE COVER DESIGNED AND COLOURED
BY
E. GERTRUDE THOMSON

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1890
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A Nursery Darling.

A Mother's breast:
Safe refuge from her childish fears,
From childish troubles, childish tears,
Mists that enshroud her dawning years!
See how in sleep she seems to sing
A voiceless psalm — an offering
Raised, to the glory of her King,
In Love: for Love is Rest.

A Darling's kiss:
Dearest of all the signs that fleet
From lips that lovingly repeat
Again, again, their message sweet!
Full to the brim with girlish glee,
A child, a very child is she,
Whose dream of Heaven is still to be
At Home: for Home is Bliss.

PREFACE.

(ADDRESSED TO ANY MOTHER.)

I HAVE reason to believe that "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" has been read by some hundreds of English Children, aged from Five to Fifteen: also by Children, aged from Fifteen to Twenty-five: yet again by Children, aged from Twenty-five to Thirty-five: and even by Children —— for there *are* such —— Children in whom no waning of health and strength, no weariness of the solemn mockery, and the gaudy glitter, and the hopeless misery, of Life has availed to parch the pure fountain of joy that wells up in all child-like hearts —— Children of a "certain" age, whose tale of years must be left untold, and buried in respectful silence.

And my ambition *now* is (is it a vain one?) to be read by Children aged from Nought to Five. To be read? Nay, not so!

PREFACE *(continued).*

Say rather to be thumbed, to be cooed over, to be dogs'-eared, to be rumpled, to be kissed, by the illiterate, ungrammatical, dimpled Darlings, that fill your Nursery with merry uproar, and your inmost heart of hearts with a restful gladness!

Such, for instance, as a child I once knew, who —— having been carefully instructed that *one* of any earthly thing was enough for any little girl; and that to ask for *two* buns, *two* oranges, *two* of anything, would certainly bring upon her the awful charge of being "greedy" —— was found one morning sitting up in bed, solemnly regarding her *two* little naked feet, and murmuring to herself, softly and penitently, "deedy!"

Easter-tide, 1890.

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I.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl called Alice: and she had a very curious dream.

Would you like to hear what it was that she dreamed about?

Well, this was the *first* thing that happened. A White Rabbit came running by, in a great hurry; and, just as it passed Alice, it stopped, and took its watch out of its pocket.

Wasn't *that* a funny thing? Did *you* ever see a Rabbit that had a watch, and a pocket to put it in? Of course, when a Rabbit has a watch, it *must* have a pocket to put it in: it would never do to carry it about in its mouth ——and it wants its hands sometimes, to run about with.

Hasn't it got pretty pink eyes (I think *all* White Rabbits have pink eyes); and pink ears; and a nice brown coat; and you can just see its red pocket-handkerchief peeping out of its coat-pocket: and, what with its blue neck-tie and its yellow waistcoat, it really is *very* nicely dressed.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said the Rabbit. "I shall be too late!" *What* would it be too late *for*, I wonder? Well, you see, it had to go and visit the Duchess (you'll see a picture of the Duchess, soon, sitting in her kitchen): and the Duchess was a very cross old lady: and the Rabbit *knew* she'd be very angry indeed if he kept her waiting. So the poor thing was as frightened as frightened could be (Don't you see how he's trembling? Just shake the book a little,

from side to side, and you'll soon see him tremble), because he thought the Duchess would have his head cut off, for a punishment. That was what the Queen of Hearts used to do, when *she* was angry with people (you'll see a picture of *her*, soon): at least she used to *order* their heads to be cut off, and she always *thought* it was done, though they never *really* did it.

And so, when the White Rabbit ran away, Alice wanted to see what would happen to it: so she ran after it: and she ran, and she ran, till she tumbled right down the rabbit-hole.

And then she had a very long fall indeed. Down, and down, and down, till she began to wonder if she was going right *through* the World, so as to come out on the other side!

It was just like a very deep well: only there was no water in it. If anybody *really* had such a fall as that, it would kill them, most likely: but you know it doesn't hurt a bit to fall in a *dream*, because, all the time you *think* you're falling, you really *are* lying somewhere, safe and sound, and fast asleep!

However, this terrible fall came to an end at last, and down came Alice on a heap of sticks and dry leaves. But she wasn't a bit hurt, and up she jumped, and ran after the Rabbit again.

And so that was the beginning of Alice's curious dream. And, next time you see a White Rabbit, try and fancy *you're* going to have a curious dream, just like dear little Alice.



II.

HOW ALICE GREW TALL.

And so, after Alice had tumbled down the rabbit-hole, and had run a long long way under-ground, all of a sudden she found herself in a great hall, with doors all round it.

But all the doors were locked: so, you see, poor Alice couldn't get out of the hall: and that made her very sad.