

ALICE'S  
ADVENTURES IN  
WONDERLAND  
DECODED

THE FULL TEXT OF  
LEWIS CARROLL'S NOVEL  
WITH ITS MANY HIDDEN MEANINGS  
REVEALED BY

DAVID DAY



Chapter 4: The Rabbi's Son

Bill



A TEMPLE TO SCIENCE Alice again encounters the White Rabbit—but a White Rabbit who is no longer timid and does not flee from her. Formerly a magician's foil, the White Rabbit now seems to have assumed the authority of a magician himself. He doesn't live in a hole like a wild rabbit or in a hat like a magician's pet. He lives in a proper house with a brass plaque on the door. It reads: "W. RABBIT." This is the timid rabbit's *double* who has assumed an entirely different temperament.

The White Rabbit orders Alice around as if she were his housemaid—or perhaps a magician's assistant. He commands her to retrieve a couple of his magician's props: his white gloves and his fan. In fact, this whole scene and Alice's actions once she enters the house suggest Carroll has adopted the motif of the sorcerer's apprentice.

#### THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL.

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself, "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?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, "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!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake it had made.



Carroll knew Goethe's  
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

That tale was originally recorded in a collection entitled *Philopseudes* (Lover of Lies) by the second-century Greek author Lucian of Samosata. It was adapted by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in 1797 into what became one of his most famous ballads, "Der Zauberlehrling," or "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." It was widely

known throughout Europe during the nineteenth century, and Carroll's library included both Goethe's poem and Lucian's tale. Today, the story is best known in its adaption in the Disney film *Fantasia*.

In this tale, the apprentice is told to do chores in the sorcerer's house. Once alone, he decides to experiment with his master's wands and spells. The results nearly wreck the house. The moral, of course, is that you shouldn't meddle with things you don't understand.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen: "Miss Alice! Come here directly, and get ready for your walk!" 'Coming in a minute, nurse! But I've got to watch this mouse-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out.' Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that!"

Alice enters the White Rabbit's house on her errand to retrieve the gloves and fan, but then spots a little bottle next to a looking glass on the table. Like the apprentice, she decides to experiment without really understanding what she is doing—again with disastrous results. Once she drinks from the bottle, she grows so rapidly that she discovers her head pressing against the ceiling. In a couple more minutes she fills the entire room, and her every move threatens to

wreck the house.

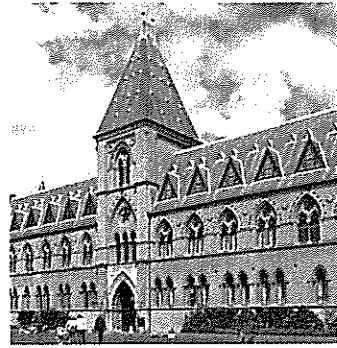
Throughout the episode, a very surprised Alice finds herself following the White Rabbit's orders, and fearing him when he commands her, even when she is "a thousand times as large as the Rabbit." She appears to have lost her identity and her place in the world as she contemplates the absurd idea of taking orders from her cat.

There is a clue to what is going on in Alice's search for her place in the natural order of things. As we have established the real-life identity of the White Rabbit as the Liddell family physician and Oxford's Regius Professor of Medicine Dr. Henry Wentworth Acland, it is reasonable to assume that the above-ground White Rabbit's house might be the newly constructed Oxford University Museum of Natural History—which was the target of at least two of Lewis Carroll's satirical political pamphlets.

Dr. Acland was the curator of the new museum, a pet project of his that was all about establishing the natural order of all life forms. An enthusiastic amateur naturalist, Acland

oversaw the museum's construction and the assemblage of its collection from 1855 to 1860. The building was Oxford University's remarkable new neo-Gothic temple to science.

In 1858, in the partially completed museum galleries, Dr. Acland gave a public lecture advocating the study of natural history as a means to understanding the designs of "the Supreme Master-Worker." Side-stepping the hot topic of evolution, Acland took the view that the study of nature was the study of "the Second Book of God."



Some hutch: The Oxford University Museum of Natural History.

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves: she took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more—As it is, I can't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

This was probably a judicious way of describing natural history, as the construction of this new temple to science had largely been financed by the Oxford University Press's sales of "the First Book of God," the Oxford Bible.

The museum was also the first major building project undertaken by Dean Liddell in an ambitious plan for the architectural expansion and transformation of the University of Ox-

ford. With Dean Liddell and Canon Arthur Stanley's recommendation, Dr. Acland was advised concerning the museum's architectural design and decor by John Ruskin, the high priest of the then fashionable neo-Gothic architecture.

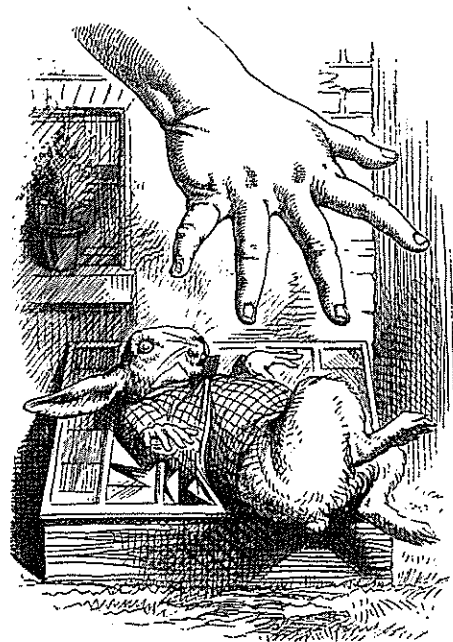
Carroll gives a clue to the identity of the White Rabbit's house when Alice hears "a crash of broken glass." Alice, we are told, assumes the White Rabbit has fallen through "a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort." After a few other crashes, she thinks: "What a number of cucumber frames there must be!"

To solve this riddle, we must look to popular key phrases of the time. "Cucumber frame" was the Victorian term for a glass greenhouse. One of the great events of this era was the 1851 Great Exhibition in the spectacular exhibition halls of the Crystal Palace, in London's Hyde Park. It was a building enthusiastically described in a letter by Carroll to his sister Elizabeth as a "fairyland." The Crystal Palace was the world's first massive prefabricated glass-and-iron structure.

Although it proved to be a great success, its initial detractors in the press frequently quoted John Ruskin's opinion that it was essentially "a cucumber frame between two chimneys."

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger: still it was very uncomfortable, and, as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.



The Natural History Museum's architects attempted to integrate this new technology into their High Gothic Revival structure by installing an iron-and-glass roof that would allow natural light into its central exhibition hall. However, the builders' expertise with this new technology was not on par with that of the Crystal Palace engineers, and the roof collapsed. At considerable cost, it had to be rebuilt. This explains Alice's remark: "I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off."

A decade later, Lewis Carroll wrote a satirical squib entitled "The Blank Cheque" that reflects on the construction of the "High Art" Gothic Natural History Museum. Besides its "cucumber frames," the White Rabbit's house appears to have a great number of

windows and chimneys in common with the neo-Gothic museum.

In "The Blank Cheque," a thinly veiled characterization of Dean Liddell's wife describes the construction of "houses that were all windows and chimneys—what they call 'High Art,' I believe. We tried a conservatory once on the High-Art principle, and (would you believe it?) the man

stuck the roof up on a lot of rods like so many knitting needles! Of course it soon came down about our ears, and we had to do it all over again." The conservatory would have been understood by all to be Oxford's Natural History Museum.







**ROSICRUCIAN RABBIT HOUSE** The natural history collection of the University of Oxford's Ashmolean Museum (including its unique dodo specimen) formed the basis of the new Oxford University Museum of Natural History. The founder and curator of the Ashmolean was the model for Carroll's theosophical White Rabbit, ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617–1692), who was also a physician, antiquary, astrologer, alchemist, Freemason and member of the Royal Society. Furthermore, he was the adopted son of William Backhouse, a Fellow of Carroll's own Christ Church and a celebrated early Rosicrucian alchemist.

Just as the Wonderland White Rabbit was a herald to the King of Hearts, so Elias Ashmole was appointed Windsor Herald—an officer of the College of Arms—to King James I. And like the White Rabbit in Wonderland's royal court, Elias Ashmole became an authority on court protocol and ceremony.

Ashmole is also easily linked to the mythological White Rabbit through his coat of arms, which is surmounted by the figure of the Greco-Roman god Hermes, or Mercury, the herald to the Olympian gods. Like the White Rabbit, Mercury was a psychopomp. He was the underworld guide for both dreamers and the dead. The White Rabbit guided Alice down into the underground world of Wonderland; Mercury guided Persephone from Hades back to the living world.

In the Hermetic alchemical tradition, Mercury was the Medieval Latin Mercurius, who was also the Greco-Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus: the father of alchemy and the supposed author of the sacred ancient alchemical text the Emerald Tablet. Curiously, the introductory engraving of Ashmole's most important alchemical work, *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum* (1652), displays an emblematic border with rabbits feeding in a garden.



Ashmole's coat of arms contains a clue to his other identity.

Like the White Rabbit, Mercury was a psychopomp, or "guide of souls."



Elias Ashmole was the model for the theosophical White Rabbit.

The title of this chapter, “The Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill,” is also directly related to the construction of the Museum of Natural History. Given that the Oxford White Rabbit, Dr. Acland, had to submit Dean Liddell’s expenditure bill to the Congregation—the university’s parliament of senior members—for payment (and keeping in mind that Liddell rhymes with “fiddle” and sounds like “little”) the title can be translated to read, “Dr. Acland Sends in a Liddell Bill.”

“Liddell Bill” it may have been, but it certainly wasn’t little. It was an enormous one that had to be reduced and redrafted. Carroll opposed the bill and wanted to know who was going to pay, and consequently allowed Alice to provide the indignant answer. Rather than footing the bill, she discovers she “can kick a little,” and soundly boots the unfortunate little lizard Bill—or “Liddell Bill”—out of the house.

An interesting aside to the disputes over the Liddell Bill suggests that the White Rabbit’s Pat the gardener was the Museum’s Irish stonemason JAMES O’SHEA. Under the direction of John Ruskin, O’Shea was charged with creating a “stone garden” in the form of decorative carvings of plants and animals throughout the museum. When funds ran low, the Congregation refused to pay for any further work. A vengeful O’Shea proceeded—without pay—to carve caricatures of college authorities on the faces of parrots and owls around the entrance to the building. Humourless Congregationalists had to pay to have the creatures’ faces removed.



“It was much pleasanter at home,” thought poor Alice, “when one wasn’t always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn’t gone down that rabbit-hole—and yet—and yet—it’s rather curious, you know, this sort of life! I do wonder what can have happened to me! When I used to read fairy tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened, and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up, I’ll write one—but I’m grown up now,” she added in a sorrowful tone; “at least there’s no room to grow up any more *here*.”

“But then,” thought Alice, “shall I never get any older than I am now? That’ll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then—always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn’t like *that*!”

“Oh, you foolish Alice!” she answered herself. “How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there’s hardly room for *you*, and no room at all for any lesson-books!”

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

James O’Shea: Revenge by gargoyle.

Disraeli: Finance minister and future PM.



The identity of Bill the Lizard gives this episode another level of interpretation—and we discover that we must also deal with another bill and another house entirely. On the level of national politics, Bill the Lizard was meant to be BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1804–1881), who became prime minister in 1874. The transformation of Benjamin Disraeli into Bill the Lizard can be achieved by taking the letters in “B. Lizard” and rearranging them to give us “B. Dzrali,” a phonetic anagram for “B. Disraeli.”



Gladstone: Brawls with Disraeli in *Looking-Glass*.

“Mary Ann! Mary Ann!” said the voice. “Fetch me my gloves this moment!” Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice’s elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself “Then I’ll go round and get in at the window.”

“*That you won’t!*” thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

The anagram is even more appropriate given that “Dizzy” was the nickname given him by the popular press. In one famous Punch cartoon, Dizzy is a circus entertainer climbing what he called “the greasy pole” of politics; in *Wonderland*, he is the Lizard climbing on ladders up onto the roof, then down

a chimney. In *Through the Looking-Glass*, Disraeli is caricatured twice, once as the man in the paper hat on the train with Alice, and in the second case as the Unicorn in a brawl with his great opponent the Lion—that other great Victorian prime minister, William Ewart Gladstone.



Illustration for  
*The Hunting of the  
Snark*—with  
lizard suggested  
by Carroll—by  
Henry Holiday  
(1839–1927).

Aside from anagrams and climbing skills, there is one other reason that Disraeli is portrayed as the Lizard. Just as Bill the Lizard was kicked out of the Wonderland house, in 1852 Disraeli was the chancellor of the exchequer—finance minister—who first introduced what is now the modern form of income tax—that is, a variable income-based taxation system. The income tax bill became law, but it caused such a furor that Dizzy was kicked out of the House as chancellor, and his party ended up in the opposition benches.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit’s—“Pat! Pat! Where are you?” And then a voice she had never heard before, “Sure then I’m here! Digging for apples, yer honour!”

“Digging for apples, indeed!” said the Rabbit angrily. “Here! Come and help me out of this!” (Sounds of more broken glass.)

“Now tell me, Pat, what’s that in the window?”

“Sure, it’s an arm, yer honour!” (He pronounced it “arrum.”)

“An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!”

“Sure, it does, yer honour: but it’s an arm for all that.”

“Well, it’s got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!”

Further confirmation that Disraeli is the Lizard comes in Carroll’s *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876). There we find an illustration with a little pickpocket lizard at work with his hand in someone’s pocket. He is obviously a tax-collecting lizard, as we can clearly see a paper labelled “income tax” protruding from his own pocket. It appears Carroll continued to blame Disraeli for the institution of the income-based taxation system. In another poem, Carroll carps that “the worst of human ills . . . are ‘little bills!’” This also goes some way toward explaining Alice’s comment, “Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill!”

The above-ground identity of the "enormous puppy" has always been something of a puzzle. A clue, though, may be in its habitat: the grounds of the Natural History Museum. The most celebrated event to take place in the newly constructed museum was the

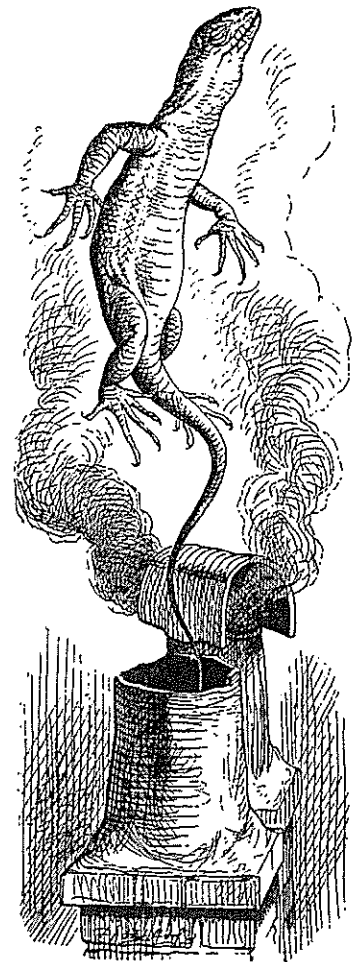
1860 debate between Thomas Huxley and Samuel Wilberforce, the bishop of Oxford, over Darwin's new theory of evolution.

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*! I'm sure I don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one. Bill's got the other—Bill! Fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they don't reach half high enough yet—Oh, they'll do well enough. Don't be particular—Here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, I shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's to go down—Here, Bill! The master says you're to go down the chimney!"

Like the sorcerer who returns to the chaos brought about by his apprentice, the White Rabbit tries to find a way to stop Alice from destroying his house. After many attempts, he finally orders delivery of a "barrowful" of white pebbles that transform into little cakes. When Alice eats one, she becomes small enough to escape through the door. Once outside, she flees from a mob of animals and runs off into a wood.

She finds, though, that her predicament is worse than ever. She has shrunk down to three inches and is almost trampled by an over-friendly giant puppy.



As the critic William Empson observes, Darwinian ideas permeate *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. This is especially evident in the Pool of Tears and, as we shall see, in the Duchess's kitchen. There must have been some reason for Carroll to illustrate apes with dodos and other animals emerging from the salty primeval waters of the Pool of Tears (in both the *Under Ground* and *Wonderland* versions).



Charles Darwin: His ideas permeate *Wonderland*.

"Oh! So Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I *think* I can kick a little!"

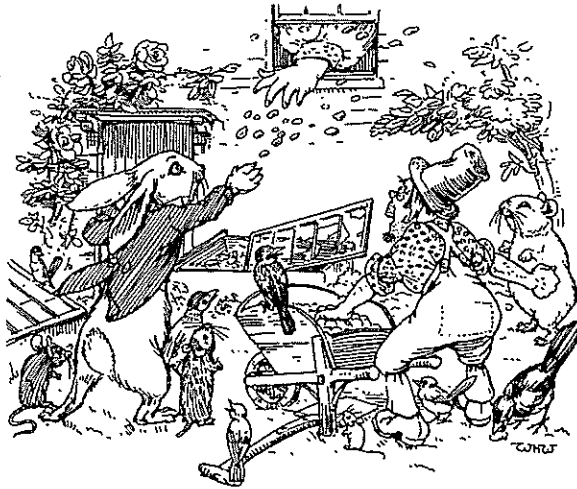
She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her: then, saying to herself "This is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of "There goes Bill!" then the Rabbit's voice along—"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence, and then another confusion of voices—"Hold up his head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about it!"

We do know that in the years before and during the composition of *Wonderland*, Carroll took considerable notice of the dispute over Darwin's 1859 publication of *On the Origin of Species*, and that Carroll's library contained twenty books on Darwinian evolution.

Indeed, one of these—an argument for what is now called creation science and intelligent design—was entitled *Paley's Evidence of Christianity*, which might have suggested the title of *Wonderland's* final chapter: "Alice's Evidence."

With all this in mind, it has been suggested that the "enormous puppy" was meant to be CHARLES DARWIN (1809–1882). The puppy in Carroll's mind (but not in that of his illustrator, John Tenniel) may have been a beagle, and consequently could have been an allusion both to Darwin's ship the *Beagle* and to his book (owned by Carroll) *The Voyage of the Beagle*.



**PEBBLES AND CALCULUS** What is being suggested by these “little pebbles” and their magical power to transform? The Latin for “pebble” is *calculus*, which is also the name of a branch of mathematics that concerns itself with change, and the manipulation of the infinitely large and the infinitely small. Notable as well is the delivery of a “barrowful” of pebbles: it was Isaac Barrow, in tandem with Isaac Newton, who discovered the formulation of infinitesimal calculus—a subject about which Alice has “not the smallest idea.”

Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice (“That’s Bill,” thought Alice), “Well, I hardly know—No more, thank ye; I’m better now—but I’m a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!”

“So you did, old fellow!” said the others.

“We must burn the house down!” said the Rabbit’s voice. And Alice called out as loud as she could, “If you do, I’ll set Dinah at you!”

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, “I wonder what they *will* do next! If they had any sense, they’d take the roof off.” After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, “A barrowful will do, to begin with.”

“A barrowful of *what*?” thought Alice. But she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. “I’ll put a stop to this,” she said to herself, and shouted out “You’d better not do that again!”, which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head. “If I eat one of these cakes,” she thought, “it’s sure to make *some* change in my size; and as it can’t possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.”

Why do the pebbles become cakes? The subject of Lewis Carroll’s essay “Feeding the Mind” (1884) suggests they may be metaphorically food for thought, an idea that relates to Plato’s observation that theorems “are to be enjoyed as much as possible, as if they were ambrosia and nectar.” Cakes are also treats, or in mathematical terminology, “treatments,” meaning experiments. This interpretation perhaps explains why the first cake eaten by Alice in the great hall had no effect until she decided to “set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.”



So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice dodged behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little

An alternative suggestion is that the enormous puppy was meant to be THOMAS HUXLEY (1825–1895), who—as the quintessential defender of the theory of evolution—became known as “Darwin’s Bulldog.”

Whether these allusions were intended or not, Lewis Carroll during the *Wonderland* years was very familiar with the issues and personalities involved in the debate over evolution.

What’s more, he photographed Thomas Huxley and Samuel Wilberforce along with virtually every significant participant and member of the audience at that famous debate in the White Rabbit’s house: the Oxford University Museum of Natural History.

Also, rather remarkably given that he was very much a skeptic about evolution, Carroll had previously written to Charles Darwin to offer his services as a photographer for a physiological study of apes and humans.

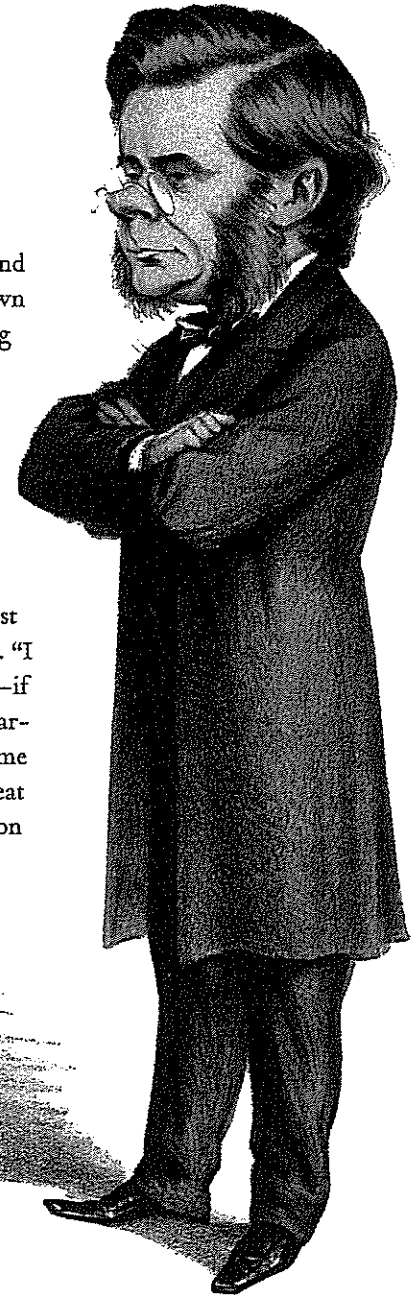
way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy’s bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

“And yet what a dear little puppy it was!” said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves. “I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I’d only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see—how is it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?”

The great question certainly was, what? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she did not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself; and, when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.



Thomas Huxley:  
Did he evolve into a puppy?