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Queen. 'I haven't opened it yet,' said the White Rabbit, 'but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to--to somebody.' 'It must have been that,' said the King, 'unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.' 'Who is it directed to?' said one of the jurymen. 'It isn't directed at all,' said the White Rabbit; 'in fact, there's nothing written on the OUTSIDE.' He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added 'It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.' 'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen. 'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.) 'He must have imitated somebody else's hand,' said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.) 'Please your Majesty,' said the Knave, 'I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did: there's no name signed at the end.' 'If you didn't sign it,' said the King, 'that only makes the matter worse. You MUST have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.' There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day. 'That PROVES his guilt,' said the Queen. 'It proves nothing of the sort!' said Alice. 'Why, you don't even know what they're about!' 'Read them,' said the King. The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' he asked. 'Begin at the beginning,' the King said gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end: then stop.' These were the verses the White Rabbit read:-- 'They told me you had been to her, And mentioned me to him: She gave me a good character, But said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone (We know it to be true): If she should push the matter on, What would become of you? I gave her one, they gave him two, You gave us three or more; They all returned from him to you, Though they were mine before. If I or she should chance to be Involved in this affair, He trusts to you to set them free, Exactly as we were. My notion was that you had been (Before she had this fit) An obstacle that came between Him, and ourselves, and it. Don't let him know she liked them best, For this must ever be A secret, kept from all the rest, Between yourself and me.' 'That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet,' said the King, rubbing his hands; 'so now let the jury--' 'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice, (she had grown to her full size by this time.) 'You're nothing but a pack of cards!' At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her: she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face. 'Wake up, Alice dear!' said her sister; 'Why, what a long sleep you've had!' 'Oh, I've had such a curious dream!' said.