

INTRODUCTION

And when quarrels arose – as one frequently finds
Quarrels will, spite of every endeavour –
The song of the Jubjub recurred to their minds,
And cemented their friendship for ever!

The Hunting of the Snark

Ι

In 1865, an unknown author calling himself Lewis Carroll compelled a leading publishing house, Macmillan & Company, to suppress the first edition of a children's book entitled Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. In 1886, the same author, better established, instructed the same publisher to discard the first edition of The Game of Logic, also meant for children. In 1889, Carroll condemned the entire first run of ten thousand copies of The Nursery "Alice"; and in 1893, he ordered Macmillan to scuttle an entire printing of the Alice sequel, Through the Looking-Glass.

No publisher today could or would countenance such behavior even from his most treasured author, and ordinarily no Victorian publisher would have done either. That the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a shy mathematics don, could issue such commands from his Oxford aerie and have them carried out to the letter in the bustling offices of the London publisher says much about the character of both Dodgson and the firm of Macmillan, their relationship, and the state of publishing at the height of the Victorian age.

The association between Dodgson and the House of Macmillan began some two years before *Alice* was published, and in spite of some tempests that came close to splitting author and publisher asunder, their ties endured to the very end of Dodgson's life, thirty-five years later.

Those years and the course of the Dodgson-Macmillan collaboration are documented in Dodgson's surviving diaries¹ and in two caches of letters: the original Dodgson letters to Macmillan, now part of the Lewis Carroll archive at the Rosenbach Museum & Library in Philadelphia; and letter books containing copies of the publisher's outgoing letters to Dodgson which Messrs. Macmillan

¹ Nine of thirteen manuscript volumes survive and are now, with an accompanying index, in the British Library. They cover Dodgson's life from January 2 to September 25, 1855; January 1, 1856, to April 17, 1858; and May 9, 1862, to Dodgson's death in January 1898. Roger Lancelyn Green's two-volume edition of the *Diaries* contains almost three-fourths of the text. Works cited frequently in the notes that follow are abbreviated; their full particulars appear in the list of short titles on p. 31.

I



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deposited in the British Library in 1964-5. Although four volumes of Dodgson's manuscript diaries are lost to us and the correspondence in the Rosenbach and the British Library archives contains cavernous gaps, the surviving material provides a clear and salient record of the remarkable relationship between the gifted don and his far-from-ordinary publisher.

The purpose of this volume, restricted though it is by publishing costs to a selection of the extant material, is to record the annals of collaboration between author and publisher. It is an engaging tale that throws light not only upon the mind and character of one of the world's most famous writers, but also on the policies and practices of a distinguished publishing house, even as it opens a window onto a period of writing and book production that deserves illuminating. The second half of the Victorian age was a baffling time for both authors and publishers, and we hope that this record will add useful facts and flavors to an important, if eccentric, chapter of author–publisher relations and chart a voyage on the seas of Victorian literature and book publishing as curious as the one conducted in search of the Snark.

The saga opens in Oxford on October 19, 1863, at the first recorded meeting between Dodgson and the head of the publishing firm, Alexander Macmillan. Dodgson mentions it in his Diaries: "Went to Combe's in the evening to meet the publisher Macmillan and get . . . [Combe] to print me some of Blake's Songs of Innocence, etc., on large paper." Thomas Combe (1797-1872), who brought Dodgson and Macmillan together, was an eminent Oxford figure, director of the Clarendon Press and Printer to Oxford University, a strikingly handsome man and a patron of the arts. Dodgson was well acquainted with him and his wife, was a frequent guest in their home, and had already photographed Combe.² Having verses, pamphlets, cards, letters, even menus printed for private use to send to more than one recipient was customary among people of means in Victorian England, and Dodgson indulged himself in this practice all his life. As for getting Combe to print Blake's Songs of Innocence, these verses had a special place in Dodgson's affections, for he held with Blake a cherished view of childhood and child innocence. He wished to share with friends his admiration for the verses by giving or sending them printed copies.

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The early life of Alexander Macmillan (1818–96), whom Dodgson was to meet that evening at Combe's, was closely bound to the life of his brother Daniel (1813–57). They were the younger sons of a Scottish farmer and his loving, literate wife. The father died in 1823, when Daniel was ten and Alexander five. That left the boys' upbringing in the hands of their mother, who encouraged their intellectual and literary leanings. Before long, Daniel was apprenticed for

¹ P. 206. ² For Dodgson's photograph of Combe, see Letters, facing p. 508.



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seven years to a bookseller, one Maxwell Dick, in their home town of Irvine, Ayrshire. From Dick, Daniel learned selling, buying and binding – and more: "to groom and ride horses, to stain and varnish wood, and many things not specified in his indenture." All the time, however, Daniel was reading voraciously, and he filled the gaps in his formal learning with a close acquaintance with the classics and the works of the authors of his time.

After his seven years' hard with Dick, Daniel went as a bookseller's assistant to Stirling, and thence, "full of ambition and hoping for a partnership," to another bookdealer in Glasgow. But, perhaps from overwork, he grew desperately ill with the dread lung disease so prevalent in Victorian times and had to return to Irvine to be nursed by his mother. He recovered slowly, but when he was well enough, he left Irvine and once more set out to make his fortune, this time in London, a "foreign land." After much unsuccessful searching, he eventually found a place with the publishers Simpkin & Marshall. But the endless hours required ("from Saturday they worked through to six on Sunday morning") were intolerable, and when a Mr. Johnson, a Cambridge bookseller, offered him a post at £30 a year, even though the wages were only half of what he was already earning and despite his reluctance to leave London, he took it.

Daniel spent three years in Cambridge, an important time for him, when he learned about every book on the shelves and grew acquainted with the interesting clientele. They, in turn, were impressed by him: "Learned men came to . . . [the] shop . . . because the wise young Scot was good – and perhaps amusing – company when they were in quest of books," Morgan records. Then he got an offer of another London post, with Seeley's bookshop in Fleet Street, at £60 a year, and he took that. He remained with Seeley's for six years and prospered despite recurring bouts of illness that forced him to return to Scotland to convalesce.

Alexander Macmillan's childhood and early manhood were also burdened by the family's poverty. He attended Irvine High School, but, unable to go on to university, he followed his older brother's example and read hungrily on his own. For two or three years, he taught tough colliery lads in village schools, though, as an usher he had "all the early and most drudgical part of the work. The last year – 1838–9," Alexander noted, "– I had 130 children under my care of the poorest, [in] a school in a mining district, many of them Irish." He soon learned that schoolmastering did not suit him, and he made "spasmodic efforts to enter two widely different professions, the medical and the nautical." For a time, he became an assistant in a chemist's shop in Glasgow and began to know a good deal about medicines and drugs. Then, in what he later called "a somewhat foolish attempt at being a sailor," he impetuously signed on to the

¹ Morgan, p. 8. ² Ibid., p. 11. ³ Ibid., p. 13. ⁴ Ibid., p. 16. ⁵ P. 18.

⁶ Macmillan, p. xvii. ⁷ Ibid., p. xviii. ⁸ Ibid., p. xv.



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crew of a ship bound for America. That journey cured him of any romantic notions that he had about the sea, and he returned to Glasgow penniless. He turned back to the work he knew, teaching, and took another job as usher at 5s. a week.

In October 1839, as Alexander was approaching his twenty-first birthday, he was summoned to London by brother Daniel, who had procured for him, sight unseen, a post as a clerk at Seeley's at the remarkably good starting salary of £60 a year. The two men shared living quarters and got on well. But their native ambition led them to hope of owning their own bookshop one day. In February 1843, they took a shop in Aldersgate Street, Daniel staying on at Seeley's to insure some income while they established themselves in the new venture. Soon enough, however, they realized that, while holding their own, they could not attract to Aldersgate Street customers comparable in quantity or quality to those of West End bookshops, and they cast about for means of improving their position. Nonetheless, one great event occurred in Aldersgate Street: in November 1843, Daniel and Alexander published the first book to bear the Macmillan family imprint.

Four months after starting the Aldersgate enterprise, the brothers Macmillan heard that the business of an established bookseller in Cambridge was on the market, and with the help of Archdeacon Julius Charles Hare (1795–1855), Fellow of Trinity College and classical lecturer at Cambridge, they bought Newby's at 17 Trinity Street. In 1844 they issued their first catalogue from this address.

At first, the brothers were plagued by debts and creditors. But the new shop's sales began to go well, and they pushed their enterprise forward. Indeed, from the very moment of launch, Daniel dreamed of expanding the publishing side of the business.

I wonder that Cambridge University never sends out good editions of English theologians [he wrote to Hare on June 21, 1844], while Oxford sends out so many, and such handsome books, and so many of them by Cambridge men. If Cambridge were to republish the writings of the best of her sons what a noble array of books we should have. It would be an easy matter to do it. . . . With a subscription of £2 25. a year, it would be easy to get nearly all the professional men in England and Scotland who had ever been Cambridge men. Jeremy Taylor, or Fuller, or Barrow, would be good books to begin with. . . . Donne, Henry Moore, John Smith, Cudworth, and others might follow. I don't know whether Milton and Howe would have any chance, but a good edition of Milton's complete works is wanted.²

With these lofty thoughts about the future, the brothers headed full-sail into the risky seas of publishing. Soon they bought up the business of Messrs Bowes at 1

¹ It was The Philosophy of Training, "with the suggestions of the necessity of normal schools for teachers to the wealthier classes, and strictures on the prevailing mode of teaching languages," a 92-page treatise by A. R. Craig of Barford Street Institution, Islington, and late Classical Master in Glasgow Normal Seminary (Private Department). See Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan and Co.'s Publications from 1843 to 1889 (1891), p. 1. ² Hughes, pp. 163-5.



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Trinity Street, where they lived in ample quarters above the shop and took in undergraduates as lodgers to help pay for the upkeep of the house. As early as February 2, 1847, Daniel, writing to his patron, Hare, could assure him: "Things go very smoothly and very prosperously with us, and my brother is a very great comfort and help to me."

The brothers were, in their way, extremely gifted, and, true to their upbringing, possessed the virtues of honesty, thrift, shrewdness and modesty. Still it is remarkable how, coming as they did from a background of poverty and hardship, they pulled themselves up in the world by their boot straps. It was not easy, but it was enormously stimulating and gratifying. Daniel, by now intimately acquainted with the philosophical and the theological controversies of his time, spoke and wrote elegantly about them and could hold his own with the best minds he encountered in Cambridge. Alexander had already edited a volume of Shelley's poetry, which he published anonymously in 1840.²

They were clearly more than ordinary booksellers, and the Cambridge community became aware of it. William Wordsworth visited the shop, Thackeray lunched with them, and Charles Kingsley showed them the manuscript of Alton Locke. Gradually, Macmillan's took on the aura of pleasant amiability; all were welcome and many came, not merely as customers, but as members of the university community, people with intellectual interests, taste, and convictions, eager to read, to converse, and to dispute. Masters, dons, churchmen, writers, students—all were encouraged to loiter, to browse, to "have a pipe and a chat." An "upper room . . . became a common-room where young men and old men assembled to discuss books or God or social reform"; the bookshop became "a little college in itself." Strong associations were fashioned, deep friendships forged.

That the university elect of Cambridge came to gather under the Macmillans' roof was a tribute to their self-taught learning, their wise judgment in both literary and business affairs, and, perhaps most of all, to a disarming inborn charm that was in no way diminished by their Scots Doric speech.

The poet-journalist Sebastian Evans (1830–1909) later recalled the Macmillan brothers' "genius for faithful friendship." However, the most remarkable element in the Macmillan amalgam was probably high principles. They were far from being mere businessmen; they were men with a mission in life, and perhaps that mission is best set out in a letter that Daniel, still a bookseller's assistant, wrote in 1843, to a friend and fellow bookman in Glasgow:

Bless your heart..., you never surely thought you were merely working for bread! Don't you know that you are cultivating good taste amongst the natives of Glasgow helping to unfold a love of the beautiful among those who are slaves to the useful, or what they call the useful? I look on you as a great teacher or prophet, doing work just of the kind that God has appointed you to do. ... We destroy, and are helping to destroy, all kinds of confusion, and are aiding our great Taskmaster to reduce the world into order, and

¹ Ibid., p. 170. ² Graves, p. 22. ³ Morgan, p. 30. ⁴ Graves, p. 100.



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beauty, and harmony. Bread we must have, and gain it by the sweat of our brow, or of our brain, and that is noble, because God-appointed. Yet that is not all. As truly as God is, we are His ministers, and help to minister to the wellbeing of the spirits of men. At the same time it is our duty to manage our affairs wisely, keep our minds easy, and not trade beyond our means.¹

With financial security came hopes of marriage and family life. In September 1850, Daniel married Frances Orridge, daughter of a Cambridge chemist and magistrate; in August 1851, Alexander wed Caroline Brimley, daughter of a local merchant who later was Mayor of Cambridge. Her brother was George Brimley, librarian of Trinity College and friend of the Macmillans. In time, Daniel fathered four children and Alexander five.²

As highly as the brothers valued the book trade, they grew convinced that their true vocations lay in publishing and were delighted when "men who came into the shop to buy books stayed in the publishing house to write them." Their early successes were encouraging. F. D. Maurice (1805–72), whom they knew through Hare, became one of their authors. In 1852 they published his *Prophets and Kings*; it "sold so rapidly . . . that Daniel believed for a little while that even Maurice might be popular." They also brought out Charles Kingsley's *Phaeton* and Isaac Todhunter's *Differential Calculus*; both proved "solid" investments. In 1855, they published Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*, in 1857 Thomas Hughes' *Tom Brown's School Days*—and each won a large reading public. These two along with Kingsley's later works set the firm on a secure course and helped establish its artistic and financial reliability and independence.

But while the brothers prospered, they still had to contend with ill health. Alexander suffered from sciatica, Daniel from recurring bouts of lung-sickness that forced him to retreat to the south for sea air and to take numerous "cures." Eventually Daniel realized that his illness would never abate fully and, sooner rather than later, would prove fatal. On September 19, 1855, he wrote from Torquay:

At one time I hoped that the long rests I have been able to take, and the wise advice of the best physicians, and the constant care of the most self-denying and loving of wives, and the most rigid attention to all the means prescribed ... would have restored me to health by God's blessing. But now I have no such hope.... every year finds me weaker, and ... the disease of the lungs increases. So, instead of ever hoping for health, all I can hope for is to maintain a constant stand-up fight with death.⁵

Daniel succumbed less than two years later, on May 27, 1857, but he died knowing that he had established a publishing firm that would survive him and that his brother-partner would look after it and his widow and children. Frank A. Mumby draws an apt comparison between the lives of Daniel Macmillan and Robert Louis Stevenson:

- ¹ Hughes, pp. 115-16.
- ² Alexander Macmillan's wife died on July 21, 1871, and in the autumn of 1872 he married Emma Pignatel, by whom he had another daughter and son.
- ³ Morgan, pp. 33-4. ⁴ Ibid., p. 39. ⁵ Hughes, pp. 277-8.



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Each of them became a master of his craft in the face of physical distress which would have broken the hearts of most men; each knew that he was at death's door, or not very far from it, through the greater part of his life; each passed through that inevitable doorway at the same untimely age – forty-four. And yet each found life good and sweet, and did his best to make it so for others.¹

Daniel's wife and four children immediately moved into Alexander's home, and the two families became virtually one from then onwards.

Daniel and Alexander had often spoken of opening a branch of the business in London, and it may even have been the notion of establishing a fitting memorial to Daniel that spurred Alexander to pursue this goal vigorously after Daniel's death. He made the dream a reality in 1858 when he opened a branch of the firm at 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The London office was managed by two of the experienced employees from Cambridge, and Alexander kept in close touch by spending Thursday nights in London. On those evenings he held what came to be known as "Tobacco Parliaments," where the door was open to "any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters." A round oak table that Alexander had made for his Parliaments bears the autograph signatures of some of the great men that gathered round it, including William Allingham, Thomas Hughes, T. H. Huxley, Francis Palgrave, Coventry Patmore, Herbert Spencer, and Alfred Tennyson.

Another innovation came a year later when Alexander founded Macmillan's Magazine, the first shilling monthly ever published. The initial number appeared in November 1859, two months before the Cornhill was born. The contents of the Magazine were often discussed and decided upon at the Thursday evening Parliaments. Later Alexander also founded the Practitioner and Nature, and in 1869, he opened a branch in New York. Meanwhile he pushed ahead with the Golden Treasury series, the Cambridge Shakespeare, a series called Vacation Tourists, and a number of other major ventures that took root, flowered, and further enhanced the Macmillan list. By 1863, Macmillan realized that London, rather than Cambridge, was the fitter place for the firm's headquarters. He found a spacious house in Upper Tooting for his large double family and, once settled there, inaugurated "feasts of Talk, Tobacco and Tipple."

When, in that same year, Alexander Macmillan first met Charles Dodgson at Combe's, the story of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland had already sprung from the mind of the quiet, modest, gifted young don. The famous river journey that he had taken with the three daughters of his college Dean and Robinson Duckworth, the friend who sang so well, had occurred more than a year earlier, on July 4, 1862. He had promised the Dean's second daughter, Alice Liddell, then aged ten, to write out the story he had invented on that river journey, and,

¹ The Romance of Book Selling: A History from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century (1967), p. 390.

² Macmillan, p. xxx. ³ Graves, p. 224.



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ever true to his word, had gone laboriously about the task, setting the text down in a green leather notebook. Dodgson noted in his *Diaries* (p. 554) the progress he made with the story:

Headings written out (on my way to London)

M.S. copy begun

text finished before

July 5, 1862

Nov. 13 (Th) ditto
Feb. 10, 1863.

Sometime during 1863 Dodgson's friends convinced him that he should publish his fantasy. Alexander Macmillan was a publisher on the qui vive, Dodgson an unknown author with an unpublished manuscript on his hands. We do not know if Combe brought publisher and author together with something more than social affability in mind, whether Dodgson, having heard that Macmillan was to visit Combe, asked Combe for the introduction, whether Macmillan, having heard about the unpublished manuscript, asked Combe for an introduction to its author, or whether the Alice manuscript was accidentally mentioned during the evening at Combe's. Whatever the case, we know that the meeting was successful, and soon author and publisher were talking business.

TTT

Dodgson was some fourteen years younger than Alexander Macmillan. He was born on January 27, 1832, at Daresbury in Cheshire, where his father was Perpetual Curate. In 1843, Dodgson père was made Rector of Croft, Yorkshire, and the rectory there became the family home for the next quarter-century. Third of eleven children and the eldest son, Charles enjoyed a happy and lively, if serious and disciplined, upbringing. Unlike the self-educated Macmillan, he received a solid grounding in mathematics and Latin as well as religion from his father even before he entered Richmond School at the age of twelve. From Richmond he went to Rugby, and from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, where he lived and worked until his death, 47 years later, in 1898. From 1855 he was Senior Student (the equivalent of Fellow elsewhere); in 1861 he was ordained deacon. But he chose not to take a priesthood or curacy: he was a shy man encumbered by deafness in his right ear and a stammer, handicaps not conducive to parish work.

He had eclectic interests. He was drawn to gadgets and even invented a few himself: all matters mechanical, technological, scientific, and medical fascinated him. He was a better-than-amateur artist and took a continuing interest in art movements of the day. He was an early art photographer before whose lens sat an array of celebrities including Tennyson, the Rossettis, Ruskin, John Everett Millais, and Ellen Terry. He spoke out courageously for the theater as a wholesome source of entertainment and education in an age when the Church usually opposed it. He spent considerable time in London attending theatrical performances, visiting galleries, friends, relatives; he went regularly to



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Guildford, where his brothers and sisters lived after their father's death in 1868; and he spent summers on writing holidays at the seaside, usually at Eastbourne.

All his life Dodgson was deeply and genuinely religious, but unlike Alexander Macmillan, he stood apart from the theological storms of the time. He never married, though he wished to and would probably have been happier had he done so. He lived an orderly, careful life, ate little, and, like Macmillan, chose hard work as his road to salvation. He was a compulsive record-keeper: his letter register showed that in the last thirty-five years of his life he sent and received 98,721 letters.

During his entire mature life, Dodgson sought close friendships with a coterie of female children. In spite of some gossip and suspicions about his motives, these were innocent relationships, grounded in an aesthetic that he inherited from the Romantics. The object of his worship was his child friends' beauty and purity. He loved the child's unspoiled, untutored naturalness and what he saw as her proximity to God. He knew instinctively how to speak a child's language, how to capture his young friends' interest, how to engage them in conversation, how to move them, and, best of all, how to make them happy and evoke peals of laughter from them. For his part, he lost his awkwardness—and his stammer—in their presence. These fairy creatures sparked his creative energies, and for them he composed his masterpieces: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865), Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There (1872), The Hunting of the Snark (1876), Sylvie and Bruno (1889), and Sylvie and Bruno Concluded (1893).

Dodgson fancied himself in a small way a poet: two volumes of verse, in addition to the *Snark*, appeared in his lifetime and one posthumously: *Phantasmagoria and Other Poems* (1869), *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883); and *Three Sunsets and Other Poems* (1898).

Many of Dodgson's publications, however, were the work of a professional mathematician. They include A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry, published in 1860, three years before he met Macmillan; Euclid and His Modern Rivals (1879); Curiosa Mathematica (1888, 1893); and Symbolic Logic, Part I (1896). He also published a number of works for the amusement and education of young people, including Word-Links (1878), Doublets (1879), Mischmasch (1882), A Tangled Tale (1885), The Game of Logic (1886), and Syzygies and Lanrick (1893).

Dodgson's reputation as an original mathematical thinker has risen in recent years, but his fame rests upon his two great children's classics, the *Alice* books, where his genius for nonsense, parody, satire, irony, paradox – and most of all, that particular brand of Carrollian whimsy – flowered. These books transcend nationality, space, time, and somehow enthrall readers of all ages to this day.

Dodgson died of pneumonia on January 14, 1898, in his family's home at Guildford and was buried in Guildford.

¹ The reappraisal resulted from the publication of *Symbolic Logic*, *Part II*, the book that Dodgson virtually completed before his death in 1898 but that remained unpublished until 1977. See W. W. Bartley III, ed., *Lewis Carroll's Symbolic Logic*, *Part I and Part II* (1977).



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ΙV

It may seem surprising that Macmillan would have had the temerity to take on an unknown author like Lewis Carroll, but he had supreme confidence in his own judgment, and that faith was one of his greatest assets. His son assures us that, during these early years and for many later ones, Macmillan "himself read practically every manuscript . . . submitted to him." He chose the books that the firm would publish, sought out unsolicited works that he believed should bear the Macmillan imprint, and he pursued writers, known and unknown, whom he wanted to grace his list. He "seemed to have an instinctive perception of what constituted excellence . . . irrespective of his own sympathies," wrote Edith Sichel.² If he believed in a work, he contracted for it, and he was far more often right than wrong to do so.³

Indeed, Alexander Macmillan's singular independence, his personal resourcefulness, his keen judgment, his willingness to rely solely upon it, and his unbounded mental and physical energies clearly marked the man and lived happily alongside his humility, strong religious faith, and uncompromising generosity.

Actually, the risk that Macmillan was running probably did not seem great to him. Five months before Dodgson and Macmillan first met, Macmillan had brought out Kingsley's *The Water Babies*. Its success may well have encouraged him to consider further forays into children's literature, even as it may have encouraged Dodgson to discuss his manuscript with Kingsley's publisher.

Unfortunately, the record of the beginning of the Dodgson-Macmillan relationship consists entirely of the brief entries in Dodgson's *Diaries*. The first known surviving letter (or, to be more exact, the earliest copy, as virtually all of Macmillan's letters to Dodgson that appear here are copies that Macmillan himself routinely made in the Macmillan letter books) is from Alexander Macmillan to Dodgson, dated September 19, 1864, more than a year after the initial meeting between the two men. It went from London to Dodgson's family home, Croft Rectory, Darlington, Yorkshire, where Dodgson was to be found at the end of the summer vacation, and it shows that much had already passed between author and publisher and that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* was well along towards being produced.

The letter is typically in Alexander's own hand and full of the sort of suggestions that he was accustomed to make to his authors: "I don't like any of the title pages," Macmillan began. "I will try to get a new specimen and send it

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¹ Macmillan, p. xxxii. ² The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger (1906), p. 63.

³ He was not infallible, however, and, like other publishers, turned down manuscripts he must later have wished he had taken on. He rejected Thomas Hardy's first novel, turned away Shaw and Barrie, refused to meet Mrs. Humphry Ward's terms for *Robert Elsmere*, and turned down A Shropshire Lad (see Graves, pp. 288–92, 396; Morgan, pp. 119, 127–34; and Henry Maas, ed., The Letters of A. E. Housman (1971), p. 35).