

# **The Hunting of the Snark**

**by**

*Lewis Carroll*

**[Web-Books.Com](http://Web-Books.Com)**

# The Hunting of the Snark

Preface.....	3
Fit the First: The Landing .....	5
Fit the Second: The Bellman's Speech .....	8
Fit the Third: The Baker's Tale .....	11
Fit the Fourth: The Hunting .....	13
Fit the Fifth: The Beaver's Lesson.....	16
Fit the Sixth: The Barrister's Dream.....	20
Fit the Seventh: The Banker's Fate.....	23
Fit the Eighth: The Vanishing.....	25

## Preface

IF—and the thing is wildly possible—the charge of writing nonsense were ever brought against the author of this brief but instructive poem, it would be based, I feel convinced, on the line (in p.4)

“Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes.”

In view of this painful possibility, I will not (as I might) appeal indignantly to my other writings as a proof that I am incapable of such a deed: I will not (as I might) point to the strong moral purpose of this poem itself, to the arithmetical principles so cautiously inculcated in it, or to its noble teachings in Natural History—I will take the more prosaic course of simply explaining how it happened.

The Bellman, who was almost morbidly sensitive about appearances, used to have the bowsprit unshipped once or twice a week to be revarnished, and it more than once happened, when the time came for replacing it, that no one on board could remember which end of the ship it belonged to. They knew it was not of the slightest use to appeal to the Bellman about it—he would only refer to his Naval Code, and read out in pathetic tones Admiralty Instructions which none of them had ever been able to understand—so it generally ended in its being fastened on, anyhow, across the rudder. The helmsman used to stand by with tears in his eyes; he knew it was all wrong, but alas! Rule 42 of the Code, “No one shall speak to the Man at the Helm,” had been completed by the Bellman himself with the words “and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one.” So remonstrance was impossible, and no steering could be done till the next varnishing day. During these bewildering intervals the ship usually sailed backwards.

As this poem is to some extent connected with the lay of the Jabberwock, let me take this opportunity of answering a question that has often been asked me, how to pronounce “slithy toves.” The “i” in “slithy” is long, as in “writhe”; and “toves” is pronounced so as to rhyme with “groves.” Again, the first “o” in “borogoves” is pronounced like the “o” in “borrow.” I have heard people try to give it the sound of the “o” in “worry.” Such is Human Perversity.

This also seems a fitting occasion to notice the other hard words in that poem. Humpty-Dumpty’s theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all.

For instance, take the two words “fuming” and “furious.” Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards “fuming,” you will say “fuming-furious;” if they turn, by even a hair’s breadth, towards “furious,” you will say “furious-

fuming;" but if you have the rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say "frumious."

Supposing that, when Pistol uttered the well-known words—

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

Justice Shallow had felt certain that it was either William or Richard, but had not been able to settle which, so that he could not possibly say either name before the other, can it be doubted that, rather than die, he would have gasped out "Rilchiam!"

## Fit the First: The Landing

“Just the place for a Snark!” the Bellman cried,  
As he landed his crew with care;  
Supporting each man on the top of the tide  
By a finger entwined in his hair.

“Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:  
That alone should encourage the crew.  
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:  
What I tell you three times is true.”

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—  
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—  
A Barrister, brought to arrange their disputes—  
And a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense,  
Might perhaps have won more than his share—  
But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,  
Had the whole of their cash in his care.

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,  
Or would sit making lace in the bow:  
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from wreck,  
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of things  
He forgot when he entered the ship:  
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,  
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,  
With his name painted clearly on each:  
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,  
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because  
He had seven coats on when he came,  
With three pairs of boots—but the worst of it was,  
He had wholly forgotten his name.

He would answer to “Hi!” or to any loud cry,  
Such as “Fry me!” or “Fritter my wig!”

To “What-you-may-call-um!” or “What-was-his-name!”  
But especially “Thing-um-a-jig!”

While, for those who preferred a more forcible word,  
He had different names from these:  
His intimate friends called him “Candle-ends,”  
And his enemies “Toasted-cheese.”

“His form is ungainly—his intellect small—”  
(So the Bellman would often remark)  
“But his courage is perfect! And that, after all,  
Is the thing that one needs with a Snark.”

He would joke with hyenas, returning their stare  
With an impudent wag of the head:  
And he once went a walk, paw-in-paw, with a bear,  
“Just to keep up its spirits,” he said.

He came as a Baker: but owned, when too late—  
And it drove the poor Bellman half-mad—  
He could only bake Bridecake—for which, I may state,  
No materials were to be had.

The last of the crew needs especial remark,  
Though he looked an incredible dunce:  
He had just one idea—but, that one being “Snark,”  
The good Bellman engaged him at once.

He came as a Butcher: but gravely declared,  
When the ship had been sailing a week,  
He could only kill Beavers. The Bellman looked scared,  
And was almost too frightened to speak:

But at length he explained, in a tremulous tone,  
There was only one Beaver on board;  
And that was a tame one he had of his own,  
Whose death would be deeply deplored.

The Beaver, who happened to hear the remark,  
Protested, with tears in its eyes,  
That not even the rapture of hunting the Snark  
Could atone for that dismal surprise!

It strongly advised that the Butcher should be  
Conveyed in a separate ship:  
But the Bellman declared that would never agree

With the plans he had made for the trip:

Navigation was always a difficult art,  
    Though with only one ship and one bell:  
And he feared he must really decline, for his part,  
    Undertaking another as well.

The Beaver's best course was, no doubt, to procure  
    A second-hand dagger-proof coat—  
So the Baker advised it—and next, to insure  
    Its life in some Office of note:

This the Banker suggested, and offered for hire  
    (On moderate terms), or for sale,  
Two excellent Policies, one Against Fire,  
    And one Against Damage From Hail.

Yet still, ever after that sorrowful day,  
    Whenever the Butcher was by,  
The Beaver kept looking the opposite way,  
    And appeared unaccountably shy.

## Fit the Second: The Bellman's Speech

The Bellman himself they all praised to the skies—  
Such a carriage, such ease and such grace!  
Such solemnity, too! One could see he was wise,  
The moment one looked in his face!

He had bought a large map representing the sea,  
Without the least vestige of land:  
And the crew were much pleased when they found it to be  
A map they could all understand.

“What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,  
Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?”  
So the Bellman would cry: and the crew would reply  
“They are merely conventional signs!

“Other maps are such shapes, with their islands and capes!  
But we've got our brave Captain to thank”  
(So the crew would protest) “that he's bought us the best—  
A perfect and absolute blank!”

This was charming, no doubt; but they shortly found out  
That the Captain they trusted so well  
Had only one notion for crossing the ocean,  
And that was to tingle his bell.

He was thoughtful and grave—but the orders he gave  
Were enough to bewilder a crew.  
When he cried “Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard!”  
What on earth was the helmsman to do?

Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes:  
A thing, as the Bellman remarked,  
That frequently happens in tropical climes,  
When a vessel is, so to speak, “snarked.”

But the principal failing occurred in the sailing,  
And the Bellman, perplexed and distressed,  
Said he had hoped, at least, when the wind blew due East,  
That the ship would not travel due West!

But the danger was past—they had landed at last,  
With their boxes, portmanteaus, and bags:

Yet at first sight the crew were not pleased with the view,  
Which consisted of chasms and crags.

The Bellman perceived that their spirits were low,  
And repeated in musical tone  
Some jokes he had kept for a season of woe—  
But the crew would do nothing but groan.

He served out some grog with a liberal hand,  
And bade them sit down on the beach:  
And they could not but own that their Captain looked grand,  
As he stood and delivered his speech.

“Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!”  
(They were all of them fond of quotations:  
So they drank to his health, and they gave him three cheers,  
While he served out additional rations).

“We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks,  
(Four weeks to the month you may mark),  
But never as yet ('tis your Captain who speaks)  
Have we caught the least glimpse of a Snark!

“We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days,  
(Seven days to the week I allow),  
But a Snark, on the which we might lovingly gaze,  
We have never beheld till now!

“Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again  
The five unmistakable marks  
By which you may know, wheresoever you go,  
The warranted genuine Snarks.

“Let us take them in order. The first is the taste,  
Which is meagre and hollow, but crisp:  
Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,  
With a flavour of Will-o'-the-wisp.

“Its habit of getting up late you'll agree  
That it carries too far, when I say  
That it frequently breakfasts at five-o'clock tea,  
And dines on the following day.

“The third is its slowness in taking a jest.  
Should you happen to venture on one,  
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed:

And it always looks grave at a pun.

“The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines,  
Which it constantly carries about,  
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes—  
A sentiment open to doubt.

“The fifth is ambition. It next will be right  
To describe each particular batch:  
Distinguishing those that have feathers, and bite,  
And those that have whiskers, and scratch.

“For, although common Snarks do no manner of harm,  
Yet, I feel it my duty to say,  
Some are Boojums—” The Bellman broke off in alarm,  
For the Baker had fainted away.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

