

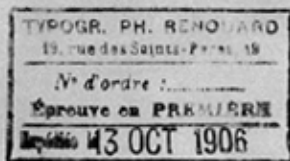
Compte
Cahier
Vincennes
Gardien

TYPOGR. PH. RENOIARD
19, rue des Saints-Pères, 19
N° d'ordre : _____
Épreuve en PREMIÈRE
Expédition le 13 OCT 1906

Xphotostat in
my collection p. 74

This is the first state. The copy of the proofs at
the University of Texas has proofs for editorial notes
to the end dated 7 Dec 1906. Pages are
numbered, individual sheet marks not broken
between pages and some but not all the
misprints corrected. The major differences
in the text. p. 74r:

ALEXANDRA



4955 — Alexandra

EDITORIAL NOTE

Pleesmi said my — Diaper's, not Mrs Cox's — sloppy slavey one brilliant November morning of last year, as the orangegold clouds of deliciously perfumed mist stole, in spite of the *Eighth* commandment, down my chimney in Fleet street; [of course Diaper does not live in a chimney: she has a deevie flat there and the flat has a chimney, two chimneys, in fact, O. C.] myav thister litafir?

Woman! I replied sternly, whence came it? My practised eye had already detected the indescribable cachet of a treasure trove — bene tomatoe, sin non veri similitudo! as the immortal Mantuan bardic anarch hath it — ah! dear, dear old Dante! Dunnom! — Oyusm! with a vivid blush through her smuts (Euphemia knows that she cannot hope to deceive me. What is my secret? A simple one: I always believe the worst: once in a thousand times I may be wrong, and it is only the next worst, but no matter.)

Without prolonging the agony, I may say that it shortly transpired that Euphemia Bugg — such is her name — has for years been the adored (Platonic if no Aristotelian) mistress of a distinguished litterateur, whom I have been able

ALEXANDRA

INTRODUCTORY PINDARIC ODE

BY O. C.

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Alexandra! Alexandra!
Lege! non ero Cassandra.
Ego scribam quæ me decet :
Xenophon non nimis fecit.
Alexandra! Alexandra!
Non ero mala Cassandra.
De te poetam, fac, ver, me!
Regne! Vive! Ama! Germe!
Alexandra! me inermem!

Regne! Ama! Germe! Vive!
Ex ad te it cupido cive.
Gratiam Deo demus mutuum
In cubili si te futuam.
Non ero mala Cassandra,
Alexandra! Alexandra!

Translation by Mr. A. B. Waukphast. Alexandra! Alexandra! Read!
I will not be a Cassandra. (i. e. a prophetess of evil.) I will write those
things which become me: Xenophon (an ancient writer... ah! did you
once see Shelley plain? is his extant masterpiece) did no more. Alexan-
dra! Alexandra! I will not be a bad Cassandra. (i. e., a seer of future

with difficulty (the maid is modest, as one would expect from the No 1 belle dame of either of these cicisbeos), with one of the gentlemen whose name is on our title-page. The student of style will be able to make his or her choice.

All we care about is that he or she should pay his or her money.

It is at least certainly not the posthumous work of Walter Pater or John Addington Symonds : only a crapulous mountebank would credit W. B. Yeats or Robert Bridges with it. The only question is : Did not perhaps the late Lord Tennyson foresee events, and leave it to be published when the right time came? But in this case, how account for Euphemia's possession of the dainty thing? Anyway, it's not Tennyson : don't worry : I was only teasing.

She had originally picked up the unfinished M. S. to use as curl-papers. It was indeed written, as will be obvious from the style, on sheets of thinnest softest (and I believe sterilized) paper of a delicate and pleasing pall canary colour, mullioned at the shorter edges like a postage stamp.

These she had placed on my mantelpiece for pipe-spills, and forgotten about them.

It is my pride and privilege through my old and esteemed consœur, as I suppose I may say for the lady of confrère, to give the providentially rescued masterpiece, alas ! too incomplete !! to the World of Society, though even the humblest may enjoy (A navvy, when they were repairing the street, whom I asked up to taste my delicious T. — I think the abbreviation is so clever, don't you? — and to whom I had read it, said : " B...y good, miss, b...y good ". A simple heart-felt tribute from the People).

(Mrs Cox's Latinity is sometimes not quite up to Fleet street mark : and these lines are decidedly not regular hexameters : Professor Jibb, to whom I submitted the point, was quite at one with me upon it, after a few days' consideration. But the acrostic is beautifully carried out : and the sentiment is throughout loyal, enthusiastic, generous, delicate, forceful, noble, svelte, admirable, delicate, reverently amorous, respectfully familiar (Mrs. Cox is in the very best set at Shanghai) and as I have elsewhere observed, above all, delicate.

In particular the male vigour of ll. 11-13 is all her own ; there is nothing like it in Sappho, at least in those of her works that I have hitherto had the glorious priveledge of perusing. It is, by the way, my favorite pastime when I have, as we say in Fleet street, the « blunt » to go down to Marlow or Maidenhead in a punt, and there lie in some shady favorite backwater with my favorite girl friend in front. What a thing friendship is, world without end ! And my favorite old black briar between my lips, and her sweet face fixed on my old favorite thumb worn — copy of Sappho, and pore over the deevie pages, hour after hour, bound by the Woman's Guild. No ! Sappho has nothing like this in all her scroll of gorgeous rhyme : Cox has, and I am proud to have been to her what I have,

Rosie Brooks. (Diaper.)

misfortunes). O spring ! make me a poet (poetess) concerning thee ! Reign ! Live ! Love ! Be fruitful ! Alexandra ! I being unarmed. (Ben cause Mrs Cox is a woman. Cf. Voltaire : " O che sciagura essere sicogl... ") Reign ! Love ! Be fruitful ! Live ! Out of the citizen desire goes to thee. We will give grateful mutual thanks to God if I shall... (I do not know what flutuam can mean. (Look up your Latin Dic., though I admit it is an unusual word in this connection, and may seem unjustifiable to those who have not seen my cl... O. C. (MS. illegible. Printer)... thee in bed. I will not be a bad Cassandra. (i. e., a prognosticatrix of calamity.) Alexandra ! Alexandra !

Alas! too incomplete. But something at least is saved,
— honour, which if you remember was all Sir George got
out of King Francis' great lion at the battle of Pavium —
you have read Mrs Browning's scrumptious poemlet, of
course.

"Diaper" will at least avoid the Infernum proscribed
for John Stuart Mill, Newton's dog, and Mr Warburton's
housemaid. Nunquam plaudite!

XII

Why did the heathen Hindoo's loyal roar
 Acclaim that dream brighter than bard e'er dreamt?¹
 He worshipped thee²:.....

.....

XIII

'Twas not thy George's viking frame that set
 Australia cheering : but their souls surmise
 The God within his magian deeply-set
 Mysterious eyes³

XIX

Thou with thy smile⁴ encouraged⁵ all the sages⁶
 Who strove to alleviate⁷ man's bitter lot⁸ :

1. Clearly refers to the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale.
2. Suggested restoration by Dr Verrall and Brugsch Bey :
 and made allowance for
 A first attempt.
3. v. l. ...his Hoffmann's violet.
 Aniline eyes.
4. v. l. You with your smile...with that smile.
5. v. l. encouragedst.
6. v. l. all the savantsin their trappy caverns.
 all the Magi. ...(Oh, anthropophagi!)
7. v. l. to 'meliorate.
8. It is an open secret that the late Herbert Spencer was solely inspired in his laborious labours by a desire to graify his august though bewitching sovereign. It is related that in his early days as a student Her Majesty was visiting the school where he studied. "What are you doing, Herbert?" asked the beautiful but insouciant girl, as she then, as she now is, was. "Studying philosophy, miss!" was the brusque yet courtly reply. "Why study it? Rather synthesize it!" observed the thoughtful though dazzling monarch. "I will, miss!" cried the youth, the flash of genius leaping to his eyes. And as we all know, he kept his word.

Thou saved¹ the pigeons in their trappy cages,
From being shot².

XXIV

Marriage declines (our sobbing statesmen³ own)
The birthrate shows mysterious $\lambda\eta\mu\alpha\pi$:
'Tis that each loyal bosom knows alone
Thy single sway.

XXV

Maidens and wives⁴ take tribute of our days :
We love them (nous leur jurons nos grands dieux!)
'Tis but (in von Krafft-Ebing's pregnant phrase)
Faute de mieux.

XXVI

With wives and sweethearts for awhile we dally :
We haunt the Empire⁵, pace the piteous Strand⁶ :

1. v. l. You saved, ...savedst.

2. It is said that on the occasion of an important shooting match at Hurlingham, in which the Prince of Wales was to take part, Queen Alexandra in full regalia rushed between No. 3 trap and the 24-yard mark, and, in noble imitation of the Empress Agrippina, smote herself in the region of the uterus and cried "Strike here!" From that moment the doom of pigeon-shooting (save the mark!) at least in England, ever leader of humanitarian exacerbation, was sealed.

3. v. l. ...our statisticians own ...our J. Holt Schoolings.

4. v. l. Maids, matross, mots...

5. V. l. Oxford.

6. I. L. we occupy various official positions in India and the Colonies. Strand : i. e., the foeign strand. Cf. Heber (not the Kenite) "India's coral strand". The phrase denotes homesickness. But the whole stanza is certainly obscure.

Vincennes, Ind.

TYPOGR. PH. BENOARD
19 rue des Saints-Pères, 49
N^o d'ordre : _____
Réserve en PREMIÈRE
le 13 OCT 1906

46353 — Alexandra

Or friendless, coinless, for a spurt we rally
The faltering hand¹.

XXVII

We prate of Pamela, we pipe of Polly²,
We stock the loved disciple's shady wood³ :
All this is merely visionary folly :
It does no good.

1: Probably waving to the distant shores of beloved Albion. But 'friendless, coinless' suggests rather the dead-beat rather than the Indian or Colonial official.

- 2. W. 11. We ask for Anne, we argue over Ada,
All is foredoomed to fail, like the Armada :

We bleat of Barbara, we bawl of Bertha,
All this is like an edict of Jug urtha.

We cuddle Clara, we caress Corinna,
They are not worth the simple "Ta' ala hinna!"

We chat of Chilperic, we chirp of Cholly,
(As in text)

We drivell of Derine, we drone of Dolly,
(As in text)

We eulogize Elaine, we egg on Emma,
They do not draw us from our drear dilemma :

We fiddle of Fifine, we fife of Fanny,
This is as gruesome as to grind one's granny :

We... Fifine, we... with Fanny.
This is as gruesome as to grind ones's granny :

We gloat on Gabrielle, we goo-goo Gertie,
This is unsatisfactory and dirty :

We howl of Helen, we hurrah for Hertha,
(As for B)

We inspan Ivy, we invoke Irene,
Like sound advice to Mr. Mantalini.

We joke with Julia, we jolly Jessie,
This is a proposition reelly messy :

We kiss Kathleen, we knock up Katherina,
Like Bonaparte's success at Beresina,

We leer at Lillian, we long for Lottie,
This is admittedly extremely dotty :

We maunder of Marie, we miaul of Molly,
(As in text)

We nuzzle up to Norah, we nudge Nancy,
All this is but the play of idle fancy :

We ogle Olive, we oblate to Olga,
This dodge in is vain as-dreams upon the Volga :

We quiz Querida, quarrel over Queenie,
(As for I)

We rave of Rowena, we rant of Rachel,
All's a mirage like sailors see in Seychelles :

We sing of Sue, we serenade Selina,
(As for K)

We talk of Tabitha, we troll of Thais,
Like Shelley's effort to save Adonais,

We undress Undine, we up Ugolina,
(As for K)

We violate Vivien, we vault on Vera,
All's an unsatisfactory chimaera :

We waste for Wilhelmine, we wail for Winnie,
The harmony is harsh, the tune is tinny :

We xylo Xenia, we X-ray Xantippe,
We disagree with Fra Filippo Lippi :

We xylo Xavier, we X-ray Xerxes,
This is a vision like a drunken Turk sees :

We yammer of Yvonne, we yell Yolande,
This is weak tea to Alexandra's brandy :

We' ve zeal for Zelma, zig-zag after Zaza,
No! happiness is never à la casa :

3. The loved disciple is perhaps St John. But Patmos is a rocky, not a wooded, island. Obscure.

XXVIII

We turn us from the tedious trivial traffic
To vests that hold (your choicest spoil, be sure,
O Illustrated London News or Graphic!)
Thy miniature¹.

XXIX

To Ann, Bess, Clara, Dora, Ethel, Florrie,
Grace, Helen, Ida, Jane, Kate, Lily, May,
Nan, Olga, Prudence, Queenie, we say « Sorry! »
And turn away.

XXX

Even from Rose, Sal, Tabs, Ulrica, Violet,
Winnie, Xantippe, Yolande, Zaza, we
Turn like the magnet to the sailor's eyelet²
To thee — to thee³.

1. Not a painted miniature, of course. More probably a black and white reproduction, a possibly a colored one, of a sketch or photograph. Only the gentlemen and noblemen about the court would be in a position to order a painting on ivory by an artist such as Sargent or Heckomer from such sketch or photograph.

2. This nautical reference is, on the authority of Lloyd's journal, obscure.

3. Cancelled passage, w, XXXI, XXXII.

XXXI

Who turn? Why, Arthur, Bertie, Charles, Dick, Edward,
Frank, George, Hal, Ike, John, Kenneth, Leonard, Mike,
Nat, Oliver, Pete, Quintus, wend them bedward
Alone, alike.

XXXIII

Hell...

Desunt cetera.

XXXIV

So Roger, Sam, Tom, Unus, Victor, Willie,
Xenocrates, Yeo, Zeno, frown on fun,
Disdain delight, cry: "Though you think us silly,
A. R. or none!"

The line "Alone, alike" resembled too nearly "Aloft, alone", in
the famous Diamond Jubilee Ode. Hence the whole passage had to go.