

7. The allusion is to Haggard's *Cleopatra* (1889).
8. The Iroquois Hotel was, when Kipling wrote, the newest hotel in downtown Buffalo, and he may have seen it under construction when he visited Buffalo earlier in the year. (W. E. J. Martin, "Kipling View of Buffalo as Pre-Kim", *Buffalo Courier*, CXVI [January 14, 1961], Section D, pp. 7-8; "Lakefront Enchanted Kipling on Visit to Buffalo in 1889," *Buffalo Evening News*, CXXXI [April 10, 1946], 39.)
9. Haggard visited the United States three times; Lang never. In 1889 "The Lounger," an American columnist writing in the *Critic*, publicly invited Lang to "come and see" America. Lang replied in his monthly column ("At the Sign of the Ship," *Longman's Magazine*, XXXII [June, 1898], 186): "Alas, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Like this hospitable author, I make a real distinction between visitors who come to make money by talking, 'and visitors who come for human pleasure.' I could not pretend to regard my 'talk' as an equivalent for dollars, and the American public might take the same view, above all if, as is too probable, they could not hear the talk, the talker being 'roopy,' as Steerforth said about David Copperfield." To which "The Lounger" replied (*Critic*, XXIX [N.S., June 25, 1898], 417), "It is not necessary to talk, my dear Mr. Lang; come and let us look at you—we will do the talking." And to that, another columnist added: "How little the 'Lounger' knows Mr. Lang. America's talking powers are just what he dreads." ("News and Notes", *Academy*, LIV [July 9, 1898], 37)

## END OF THE FALL

*Robert Stewart*

Down windy streets through leaves that fly I walk  
 while over all Connecticut October  
 is turning sober.  
 Drunkard of seasons, now let's sit and talk.

The step here looks presentable and warm  
 (west wind is chilly but this house will break it)  
 so why not take it  
 kindly, as offers made for love not form.

Will you excuse me if I seem abrupt,  
 I am not looking for a monstrous moral  
 and do not quarrel  
 with your intoxication—interrupt

if you feel moved to do so, time is ours,  
 the sun is not straight up yet. But my humour  
 (you know the rumour)  
 is to ask why brown leaves and faded flowers?

Season

I heard one rumour in the trees all night,  
 the wind of winter's killing breath loud blowing.  
 I must be going.  
 I naturally do not grudge his right.

I wear these not for death, much less for pleasure  
 I would repent. The red towns which I painted  
 I reacquainted  
 with that clear crop the monthly creatures measure.

Nature was blessed, wine was bright with the tang,  
 and I am not ungrateful for fruition.  
 No, my contrition  
 is not contrite, but lord! it has its pang.

Man

If you do not fear death and have no sins,  
 what makes you low, what makes you so hung-over?  
 Be like a lover  
 who thinks, if old love passes, new begins.

Season

Old pandar wisdom—but no use to me.  
 It is my brother comes again. The season  
 (and here's my reason)  
 once past is past like a broken wave at sea.

Man

True, true indeed, but in the winter dawn  
 came Christ the King across the shining portal  
 to make immortal  
 all joy that is although past time is gone.

## Season

Ah, I was not there then and that's the pain,  
 nor have I yet been called there since that coming.  
 You men, whose drumming  
 harries the nations to their arms again.

yours is that blessing; but you scuff the straw,  
 averse to what beset the star-bright stable,  
 turning a table  
 of hospitality back into law.

Of strength itself law splits the heart, cracks through  
 the soundest bones, sucking their lively marrow.  
 And lost that sparrow  
 the wan wolf spies fall far afield like you.

## Man

Absolute trust prevents the wolfish meal  
 for every sparrow in his single flying.  
 But there is dying  
 of others. Law is our prayer to heal.

The Lord have mercy on our failure, we  
 try to do things he could and would do. Loving,  
 we must be moving;  
 and moving, we turn our back on charity.

The pity of it—see—puts out the sun,  
 and you and I must thus consent to parting.  
 The snow, now starting,  
 brings round the prayer, and so our best is done.

## Prayer

Now O calm King, come out through the gold door,  
 come Christ, the peoples' hope, the peoples' saviour,  
 let fall behaviour  
 evoke your great re-entrance. Come once more.