

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 4.

THE 'EATHEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

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THE 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone ;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful ; 'e leaves 'em all about ;
An' then comes up the Regiment, an' pokes the 'eathen out.

*All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay,* kul,† and hazar-ho;‡
Mind yer keep your rifle an' your kit jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is matrass square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
An' then comes up 'is Company, an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard,
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard,
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by an' by.
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e talks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't found 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

*Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho;
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'is kit jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings,
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

* Not now. † To-morrow. ‡ Wait a bit.

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The cruel tyrant Sergeants, they watch 'im 'arf a year ;
 They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer ;
 They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,
 And the cruel tyrant Sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet ;
 'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get ;
 They rags 'im low and cunnin', each dirty trick they can ;
 But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper, an' 'e learns to know 'is man.

An', last, a Color Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
 'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade ;
 They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
 An' so 'e talks to Officers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain ;
 'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again ;
 'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk ;
 An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin', he'll see their socks are right ;
 An' when it comes to action, 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight ;
 'E knows their ways of thinkin' an' just what's in their mind ;
 'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corporal that leads a squad astray ;
 'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way ;
 'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
 An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust ;
 An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must ;
 So like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
 They moves 'em off by companies uncommonly stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
 Excep' the not retreatin', the step, an' keepin' touch.
 It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op ;
 But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em, they'd be all about the shop.

An' now it's "Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "Oo comes on?"
 An' now it's "Get the doolies;" an' now the Captain's gone ;
 An' now it's bloody murder ; but all the while they 'ear
 'Is voice, the same as barrack-drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are ; 'is 'eart is like to split ;
 But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit ;
 The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
 An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day !

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone ;
 'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;
 The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
 But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man !*

*Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess ;
 Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less ;
 Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho ;
 Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so !*

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—HENRI REGNAULT AND BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—JULES BRETON AND HIS LIMITATION.—MEISSONIER THE ACCEPTED LEADER OF HIS COUNTRY.—HÉBERT, CHAPLIN, AND CABANEL.—THE PORTRAITISTS BONNAT AND DURAN.—TWO EXAMPLES OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

BY WILL H. LOW.

TO reduce one's material to a strictly chronological and classified order is almost impossible when dealing with a subject so contemporaneous as the art of our own century. My effort in these papers has been thus far to put myself in the place of the reader interested in art and, divesting the subject of its purely technical aspect, to retrace the steps by which a general knowledge of modern painting has been acquired by me ; and it seems wise now to profit by the elasticity of the scheme adopted and take my readers still more into my confidence. In this and the following papers I shall endeavor to note down the impressions which the painting of Europe has made on the mind of a student of art, venturing to take myself as such typical student.

The American student of art whose lines were cast in Paris in the early seventies was fortunate. The great school of 1830 was firmly established, and many of its chief men were still alive, in the full force of production. The museums were filled with their works, their pupils seconded their masters' activity in the current exhibitions, and throughout the city the dealers' galleries were rich in examples of the great modern painters. In opposition to this, giving the spice which variety brings, was the nascent school of Impression-



SALOME. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI REGNAULT.

It was Salome who, at the instigation of her mother Herodias, obtained the gift of the head of John the Baptist in a charger. This picture created a profound sensation at the time of its exhibition at the Salon. It is an audacious experiment in color : the draperies, costume, and the golden charger on the knees of the figure are painted in different tones of yellow, with which the amber notes of the flesh and the purple black hair contrast effectively.