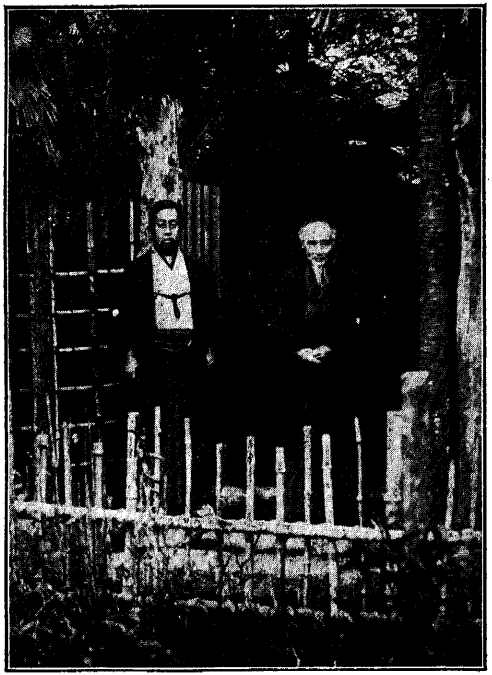

(*Photographed by the Author.*)

KATZ AWA AND IYESATO TOKUGAWA IN GATEWAY OF GARDEN—KATZ ON THE RIGHT.

KATZ AWA

"THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN"

OR THE STORY OF
A NOBLE LIFE

BY

E. WARREN CLARK

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THIS SAMPLE SKETCH
OF ONE OF THE NOBLEST CHARACTERS OF
MODERN HISTORY IN DAI NIPPON
IS

Dedicated

TO THE
CHILDREN OF JAPAN
BY
"CLARK-SAMA," THE "SHIDZ-U-O-KA - SEN-SI,"
WHO TAUGHT SOME OF THEM
IN TIMES PAST,
AND WHO IN MEMORY AND IN HOPE
STILL LOVES THEM ALL!

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"WHO is Katz Awa?" you ask.

"Is he a Christian?" No.

"Is he the product of our own civilization?" No.

"Did he ever have the advantages of churches, universities and libraries?" No.

"If he is neither Christian nor civilized in the popular occidental sense, possessing neither physical superiority, military glory, nor classic lore, who can he be?"

My answer, in the first place is, HE IS THE MAN I LOVE—the man to whom personally I owe more gratitude and respect than to any individual I ever met, and I have met great men both in heathen and in Christian lands.

Perhaps I love Katz Awa the best, because I know him the best, and now that within recent years he has gone to his rest, with the ancestors he so much honored

and venerated, it is my privilege to fulfil the last permission he gave me, in his modest home in Tokio, to write a short sketch of his life.

Not a biography, but only a simple statement of his simple life—a life spent in attaining worth not wealth, in illustrating the fact that some things are to be coveted and earnestly sought, though not included in any inventory of material possessions, and a life that made its impress upon his beloved country, and through his country upon the world.

"But not a Christian," you say.

Not a Christian, indeed; yet possessing more of the essential human characteristics of the lowly Nazarene than I have elsewhere seen in a world which I have thrice girdled.

Katz Awa's meekness and patience, his unspeakable self-sacrifice, his devotion to principles unpopular and at first misunderstood, his heroism in hours of danger and his silence in hours of suffering, his contempt of death and yet his caution in leadership, marked him from the first as the most noteworthy regenerator of a country

destined and defined in prophecy to be "Born in a day."

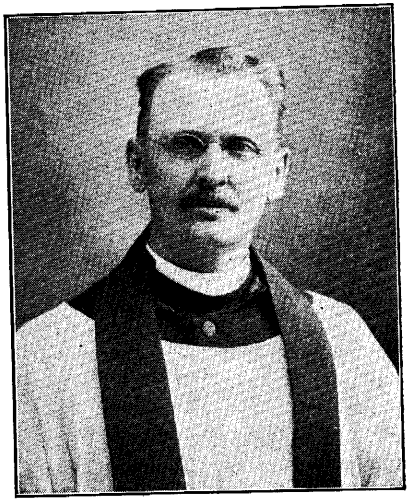
The Almighty declares of the pagan Cyrus, "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known ME." The unknown God, whom this man Katz Awa unwittingly served—whose infinite beauty and grace he recognized and rejoiced in, when a glimpse of the Divine was granted him before his death—this God, whose ways are past finding out, was doubtless using this man, as he used Cyrus of old, or else we fail in interpreting the spirit of St. Paul's declaration on Mars Hill.

"But can a person be truly great who is not the product of our own civilization?" you ask. Unhesitatingly I answer, "Yes."

When, in 1854, we sent our tactful and courteous Commodore Perry to unbar the closed gates of Japan, there was more there to "open" than some of us ever dreamed. As late as 1871, three of us American teachers—pioneers of what we call civilization, and living 300 miles from each other in the interior of Japan—simultaneously discovered this hidden fact. It was just at the close of the feudal days, and each

one of us resided more than a year at a time without seeing a white face or hearing the familiar accents of our English tongue.

Out of range of railroads, telegraphs and beefsteaks, we at least learned there were many things in Old Japan whose presence we scarcely suspected, and a few qualities —moral, social and material—we might well covet. Katz Awa it was who placed two out of the three in the distant provinces of the east and west coast and cheered us with his counsel. As there was no suitable house for me to occupy at Shidzuoka, the "St. Helena of Tycoonism," he told the Gon-Daisanje, or governors, to give me a large Buddhist temple in which to live. Subsequently, in the name of Iyesato Tokugawa (now President of the House of Peers), he built me a costly and substantial stone house on the corner of the castle-moat, which I furnished in palatial style, and which was certainly more comfortable than any residence occupied by himself or by the Tycoon in his palmiest day. Over this house—the first of its kind ever constructed in the interior—floated



E. WARREN CLARK.

two flags, suspended from two gigantic pine trees growing on the moat of Iyeas' former castle.

The Japanese call our ensign the "Flower Flag," and they say our stars match their Sun Flag, both pointing to a common destiny. [The fitness of this I saw recently, while paying my respects to Prince Fushimi, the adopted brother of the Mikado. Over the St. Regis Hotel, where he was stopping, in New York, floated the flag of the Sun Rising land, together with the Stars and Stripes, while the Chamber of Commerce did its best to entertain the Prince, and convince him that the commercial interests of the two countries were identical.]

It was while living in the old Buddhist temple referred to that my eyes were "opened" to a civilization older if not equal to my own, and that I innocently smiled at what the conservatives called "The White Peril" of my coming among them.

Peaceful, indeed, was the seclusion and poetic beauty of that moss-grown temple, with its pine groves, its cherry blossoms, its pagodas and its graves.

I have attended three theological institutions on two continents, but here I was getting my best insight and sweetest interpretation of the golden rule. Even the melody of those great bronze bells, booming every evening solemnly and slow, had kindness for their key-note, while the sighing of the wind through the feathery bamboo treetops seemed to whisper new accents of serenity and peace. Yes, here I learned as never before what kindness meant. Gratitude and obedience took on a new meaning; reverence and respect were a revelation to one fresh from the rude "rushes" and hazings of an American college; deference and filial courtesy to parents and superiors were novel characteristics to one accustomed to the collegiate vernacular of "Prex," the "old man," and similar slang phrases. Not one of the six hundred students under my charge ever approached my presence without a salutation of respect, and as for gifts and little tokens of affection and appreciation, they simply overwhelmed me.

My interpreter, Shimojo, lived with me, as well as the little ten-year-old son of

Governor Okubo of Tokio, also the son of a Japanese admiral who committed harikari on the bridge of his vessel when the old "Stonewall Jackson" (the first ironclad owned by the Japanese) rammed and sunk his ship in Hakodadi harbor.

Shimojo was the most refined Japanese I have ever seen. His features were finely chiselled, his dress immaculate, and his manners those of a Chesterfield. Yet his frail body contained the heart of a lion, and more than once he stood between me and personal danger. His own life was threatened by relatives for assisting in my first Bible class held in the interior, attended voluntarily by my students, and to which I even invited the priests of the temple. (The first self-supporting church in the interior of Japan resulted in after years from that Bible class in the Buddhist temple, where the students all sat on matted floors. The church now has pulpit and pews, cost $7,000, and supports a native pastor.)

Shimojo's face fairly beamed as he helped me explain the Gospels, or answered the fusillade of questions that came from

those previously instructed in pure Shintoism, ritualistic Buddhism, or conservative Confucianism, and whose eyes daily witnessed that the edict against Christianity, stigmatizing it as "the evil sect called Christian," was still in its place on the proclamation board. This original edict, by the way, I afterwards secured when it was "temporarily taken down," and I shipped it to the United States as a missionary souvenir.

Shimojo was acute in science as well as in religion, nor could I have expounded the intricacies of chemistry and physics without his aid. No experiment was so difficult or dangerous, but he was willing to stand with me "behind the gun" and take his chances. Two pictures on my table show not only the first Bible class, but the first chemical laboratory also—built for me by Katz Awa—where Shimojo and I made the preliminary explosives of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerin, dynamite, fulminate of mercury, and the Armstrong fuse composition, all of which with their improved successors have since been "heard from" at the front. If they act as energetically in prac-

tice as we found them in the laboratory, I wonder there are any Russians left!

Shimojo did not succumb to explosives, but he did die from over-study, and a huge stone slab in the Tokio cemetery now marks his grave. On the slab is carved a summary of Christian doctrine, written by Nakamura in Chinese characters. Nakamura himself was my most intimate friend at Shidzuoka. He had once been to England, and lived in London six months, he said, without a person "ever speaking a word to him about Christianity." He gave up an offer to go round the world with the Iwakura Embassy, in order to come with me to Shidzuoka and "search the Scriptures." He translated Smiles's "Self-help," John Stewart Mill "On Liberty," and "Primary Truths of Religion," written by my uncle, the late presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church. Nakamura also memorialized the government to give Christianity a "trial," and later he invited me to start a Bible class at "Kristion Zaki," or Christian slope in Tokio, which I did, and which developed into a church. Nakamura's grave is not far from Shimojo's,

and near the more recent sarcophagus of Katz Awa. The former's final message to me was "Your future and forever friend in the eternal world."

Hatakayama's grave, another example of over-study, is not far from Shimojo's. The former was once a student at New Brunswick, N. J., became a Christian, and joined the First Reformed Dutch Church there. Returning to Japan, he was appointed Director of the Imperial University, and he acted as my assistant and interpreter when, in 1873, I lectured on foreign countries before His Majesty the Mikado in the Imperial Palace, at Akasaka, Tokio. Dying of over-study (as I sadly predicted he would), he was buried with imposing Shinto ceremonial. Long, indeed, is the sad list, both in this country and in their native land, of the Japanese students sacrificed in their ambitious endeavors to attain in a day the intellectual results of centuries of thought and of toil.

They are just as much the heroes of patriotic devotion and endeavor as the victims sacrificed at Port Arthur. Katz Awa's own son, studying in the Naval Academy

at Annapolis, was another such instance, and seven or eight Japanese graves at New Brunswick tell the same story.

When Katz Awa sent me to Shidzuoka, he well knew that he was locating me in the hot-bed of the "Jo-ii" or anti-foreign party. At the time I was blissfully ignorant of the fact, and realized it only when shot at once or twice. Without unduly alarming me, Katz Awa ordered half a dozen Tokugawa Guards to remain night and day at my temple gate, "just to be within easy reach," he quietly said. In 1896, however, he told me frankly how anxious he and Governor Okubo used to be for my safety. Scores of the two-sworded and "unreconstructed" Samurai used to swarm around me, with their suggestive red scabbards at Shidzuoka, and my neck used to "itch" involuntarily whenever I rode past them.

It was the epoch of transition, when Sakuma-Shozen was assassinated for even proposing to the authorities the employment of foreign teachers, and when Katski, my former student in Albany, was beheaded at Saga for trying to steer his own

province into open rupture with Korea. Minister Okubo, who ordered the decapitation of Katski and his eleven accomplices, himself fell a victim subsequently to the "unreconstructed" assassins.

My own friend, Okubo-Ichio, left me in Shidzuoka to become governor of Tokio, presenting me, on parting, the long, steel sword, sharp as a razor, which had been an heir-loom in his family for three hundred years. Katz Awa also gave me his short (hari-kiri) sword, which he had worn when admiral of the Tokugawa Navy. He presented me also, as a sort of love token, a gold ring with an anchor-seal.

The short sword of Katz Awa I always kept (for good luck) under my pillow, and the long sword, which was so sharp I could have shaved with it, was a very suggestive reminder of what those red-scabbard swords could do if they tried.

Katz Awa himself was well schooled in this sort of thing, for although he personally never adopted European costume, as Sakuma-Shozan had done, or cut his hair in barbarian style, still his life was

repeatedly attempted, even before he committed that unpardonable sin of sending the first two foreign teachers into the provincial and interior strongholds of feudalism, viz., the future author of the "Mikado's Empire," at Fukui, and myself at Shidzuoka.

Here I learned, while Katz Awa was near by, as when he was called away from me to be privy counsellor to the Emperor, that he was himself the final type and product of that Tokugawa dual system that has been the enigma of foreigners, but is the real foundation of that diplomatic acumen and military success, which has recently surprised a world which at first thought it was "opening" some dark continent.

CHAPTER II

KATZ AWA'S YOUTH AND EARLY DAYS

LET us glance in this chapter at some of the events associated with Katz Awa's personal history—events which he controlled or modified in each successive crisis.

The statesmanship he exemplified in ultimately attaining the unification of the empire, has led to his being called "the Bismarck of Japan." There is this difference, however, that the unity of the former German confederation was only achieved through the outside pressure of a sanguinary Franco-Prussian War. It was after Sedan, and at Versailles itself, that German unity was declared. While in the case of Katz Awa there was no Sedan, and no humiliation to the vanquished, like that at Versailles. The surrender of military power on the part of Tokugawa Keiki, act-

MUTSUHITO, THE REIGNING MIKADO, IN MODERN DRESS.

ing solely on Katz Awa's advice, was voluntary, patriotic, and immediate.

Moreover, it secured by one stroke of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice conditions of a national unity which we at the same epoch in the "sixties" were struggling to attain in the United States at the cost of nearly a million lives. Provincialism and disgruntled sectionalism in Japan, in Germany, and in America had to be disposed of before the "restoration" of unity could be achieved. But it required a Bismarck backed by Von Moltke's bayonets to secure the one, and a civil war, sealed by the blood of an assassinated Lincoln, to accomplish the other. While, in Japan, the "Bismarck" of the occasion, though himself trained in military tactics and backed by the two-sworded chivalry resulting from three centuries of valor, voluntarily surrenders to a *principle,* and, with a patriotic loyalty unexampled in modern times, bids his master, the Shogun, to meekly step down and out, that his Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, may again be unveiled and step to the front as Emperor of a united kingdom.

Katz Awa, like our own Lincoln, was born of humble parentage, and worked his way up to prominence and usefulness.

He was born in the city of Shidzuoka, in January, 1826, and was the eldest son of a feudal retainer of the Shogunate. His father early retired from official life, and young "Rintaro Katsu," as Katz Awa was then called, was installed with official sanction to the headship of the family. The youth was then but sixteen years of age, and his father, having been of extravagant habits, left him nothing but debts. Thus early was responsibility placed upon one destined to carve his way through the world. "My first lesson as a young Samurai," he writes in a personal sketch he once gave me, "was in fencing. My family having practised fencing for generations, I was placed under the care of the most illustrious and skilful fencing master inYedo. During the winter nights we were ordered out to the suburbs of the city, where we would first sit down on a stone step in front of a shrine and meditate tranquilly. Then we would rise, brandish our long wooden swords, and fence until dawn.

Our instructor told us it was necessary to learn 'Zengaku,' one of the Buddhist philosophies, to attain the true art of fencing. So I studied it at the Temple of Kotokuji until I was nearly nineteen years of age."

Young Katsu also used his fencing skill in helping support the family, but found it slow work, so he commenced to study Dutch under Nagai, a Japanese teacher of Dutch then living in Yedo. Such was Katsu's application and diligence that he made great progress, and actually copied an entire Dutch dictionary three times, selling two of the copies to a local bookseller and realizing therefrom a goodly sum to pay his father's creditors. At another time, when the paternal creditors were pressing the youth for payment, he frankly opened the half-empty purse and poured the pittance contained therein on the floor, thus appealing to their liberality. Many humble expedients were early resorted to to help this frugal family fund. Meanwhile Katsu continued to study the foreign language with energy, patience and perseverance.

This terribly difficult task was the foun-

dation of his subsequent success, for it was through the Dutch language that he became acquainted with books on medicine, navigation, maps, charts, and foreign countries in general.

This was at an epoch when to know anything about foreign customs and ways of thinking was a golden opportunity and a rare attainment. People and Daimio princes were already becoming alarmed at the possible coming of the foreign "barbarians" to the sacred and secluded shores of Japan. In modern parlance the "white peril" was at its height, and every geographical and descriptive piece of information that could be obtained about these unwelcome invaders was treasured. Katsu soon became a sort of alien encyclopædia to be hastily consulted on emergencies and how to treat them. He was appointed translator of foreign books by the Shogun (Tycoon), then made chief of the bureau, and finally was promoted to be president of the naval training school at Nagasaki. This was when he was thirty-two years of age, and about a year before Commodore

Perry's advent with those barbarian ships in the Bay of Uraga.

At this early period only the Dutch were permitted to come to Japan. They had a little "concession" of a dozen acres or so, called Dezima, at Nagasaki. It is separated from the mainland by a moat, has substantial stone buildings and warehouses like those in Holland, and in walking the short and narrow streets, one might well imagine himself in the land of dykes.

It was here that Katsu had his first naval training school. His faculty consisted of six Dutch officers, sent by the King of Holland, and his students numbered about forty. Katsu conducted the naval school creditably, taught practical gunnery, distinguished himself as a naval officer, and produced graduates, some of whom have since been "heard from." Admiral Ito and General Saigo are among the number.

In 1854 Katsu stood on Kanagawa bluff, and saw Commodore Perry's ships coming up the Bay of Yedo against wind and tide, their black scarfs of smoke trailing behind. It was the first and finest illustration of steam-power he had yet witnessed. Turn-

ing to his attendants, he said, "People who can make ships that sail against wind and tide are not such barbarians after all."

And later he added, after hearing the salute of the howitzers on Perry's small boats accompanying the landing party, "People who can manifest such power and such patience at the same time—when we are trying to thwart them in their purpose —are a people whose friendship is worth cultivating."

A survivor of the Perry expedition, whom I recently met, narrated that when the "Susquehanna" and "Powhatan" first came up the bay, long lines of sanpan boats, sculled by naked oarsmen, attempted to girdle the ships with huge straw ropes and pull them back. Suddenly, by accident or design, the deep, sonorous whistle of the "Susquehanna" blew a shrill blast. Such a sound in heaven or earth had never been heard in that region before, and those sanpan boats disappeared in a twinkling. This gentleman gave me the original picture of Perry's landing, in which event he took part. I have made a small reproduction, and could also give, if necessary, the

photograph subsequently taken in the school laboratory which Katz Awa built for me at Shidzuoka, when he put me over a school similar to the one he had superintended twenty years before at Nagasaki. In this second picture are the scientific presents Perry brought to the "Tycoon," and they went with the ex-Tycoon to Shidzuoka—air-pumps, electric machines, model locomotive and steam-engine, horseshoe magnet, mariner's compass, barometer, empty bottles and all. Where they came from was a mystery to me, until I discovered the "Standard Yard of the U. S." in heavy brass, and the "Weights and Measures of the U. S." in iron and wood. Then I knew these things must have been given by Perry. They were hidden over one of the castle gates where I "happened" to find them.

The great event of Katsu's life, from a nautical point of view, was soon to happen. He was about to become a second Columbus and discover America. He actually sailed, or rather steamed, to San Francisco in a vessel of his own. In 1858—a full presidential term after Perry's landing

—the permanent treaty was to be ratified between America and Japan. The United States warship "Powhatan" was selected to carry the Japanese ambassador and his suite. (From the court of the "Tycoon," by the way, all of whom, as a child, I once saw, including "Tommy," riding up Broadway, N. Y., and most of whom returned to their chop-sticks and were subsequently "exiled" with me in Shidzuoka.)

Katsu, having obtained information about the intended Japanese embassy, was eager to be identified with it and try his ability as a navigator. He could only go as far with them as a ship could sail, but that would take him as far as San Francisco, where he would "see the world." He wrote to the Shogun (Tycoon), saying he wished to go. His request was at once granted.

But things moved slowly in those days. It was at first planned to send Japanese officials in native ceremonial costume, with swords, head-dresses and presents, in a real Japanese warship. But up to this time the building of large ships of any kind had been prohibited. The only vessel available

was a tiny steamer of scarcely 250 tons, built in Holland, and called the "Kanrin Maru." It was 162 feet long, 24 feet wide, had a nominal 100 horse-power, and carried 12 small guns. Katsu, who was still a young man, was appointed "captain" of this miniature progenitor of Admiral Togo's modern "Mikase" battleship. It required thirty-seven days sailing, with an unskilled crew, and in rough weather, for this belligerent little craft to reach San Francisco. Fortunately for the ambassador and his suite, they had sailed on the United States "Powhatan," although Katsu's warship was supposed to "protect" them!

Nothing could discount Katsu's youthful enthusiasm about this voyage. He writes of it "as the most brilliant event ever seen." It was certainly brilliant to him, for it taught him experimental navigation, how to manage a steamship and warship, how big the ocean is, and introduced him and his curious crew to the Western wonders of San Francisco, the only American city he ever saw. The city was less than a tenth the size that it is now. Still it compared favorably with the size of young

Katsu's "warship." The people were very hospitable, and entertained the strangers by showing them their streets and docks, forts and light-houses, hospitals and factories, gaslight and theatres, churches, schools and steam-cars, until Katsu's ideas of "civilization" became decidedly dazed. This was in February, 1860, preceding our Civil War, and ten years from the time I left the same city by personal invitation of Katz Awa to go to Japan.

A dozen light volumes on the "History of the Navy," which he presented to me during my last visit in Tokio, give interesting details of this pioneer voyage, including their visit to Honolulu on the return trip, where they were likewise entertained. The famous teacher Fukuzawa, now revered throughout Japan, was also permitted to go on this cruise, and has written a most graphic description. No one can doubt the intellectual and moral effect which this (Columbus-like) experience exerted upon the impressionable minds of young Katsu and Fukuzawa, or that the statesmanship of the one and the educa-

HARUKO, THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, IN ANCIENT COURT COSTUME.

tional enthusiasm of the other largely date from this remarkable voyage.

It was Katsu and Fukuzawa who afterwards started the School of Sciences at Shidzuoka, of which I became director, so that I owe them both a debt of gratitude for the privilege of being one of the three foreigners whom Japanese text-books today describe as "founders of the educational system of New Japan." Fukuzawa has himself declined every official appointment and adhered steadfastly to the work of instruction. His pupils, occupying the highest positions in the government, are his best testimonials. Katsu, also, on his return from America, was appointed President of the Naval College at Kobe. It was there that he instructed the late Count Mutsu, the present Admiral Ito, and men of similar character and influence. Here he "convinced the jingoists of their foolishness" by constructing fortifications of modern type, introducing European methods, and insisting that the separated ships of the Shogun and feudal lords should be unified into one great navy. He was the chief commissioner for systemizing and

centralizing military and naval affairs, and he planned a national programme in these matters, which, though delayed, has since been more than realized.

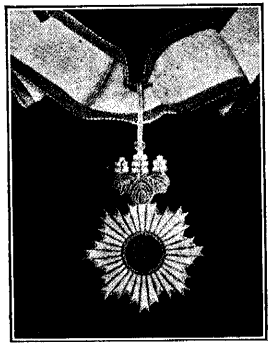
In June, 1862, Katz Awa was appointed President of the Naval College at Yedo, and in August of the same year he was made Minister of Marine. It was at this time that Sakamoto, the Tosa patriot of "strenuous" type, visited him at his home, carrying a concealed sword with the intention of killing him.

His host received him kindly, and frankly explained his views and reasons for the policy pursued, all of which was so convincing that Sakamoto relented, and, after confessing the object of his visit, begged Katz's forgiveness and asked to be accepted as his follower. He was ever after a faithful friend. It was through his endeavors that the court was persuaded to adopt advanced plans for the extension of the naval force, and that the Shogun himself came to Hiogo to select a naval base. Friendships made under circumstances like those of Sakamoto's visit are lasting,

though somewhat dangerous in the method of acquiring.

Katz Awa told me that he once had a similar visit from three Samurai armed with two swords each, and in full ceremonial dress, who politely sent in their names with the message that they had come to kill him. Without a moment's hesitation Katz Awa walked unarmed into the reception-room, where the unbidden guests were seated. After the usual salutations Katz Awa remarked quietly that before they proceded to carry out their threat he would like to explain a few things to them. He was at once so cool, so brave and so convincing, that they were converted as quickly as Sakamoto had been, apologized for their action and became his staunchest friends. Had they, on the contrary, carried out their threat, not one of them would have attempted to escape, but all three would have committed "hari-kari" on the spot. Katz Awa knew this and realized what sort of sincerity he was dealing with. The first item of news he received on shipboard when he returned

from America was that "Li," the Tycoon's prime minister, had been assassinated by the anti-foreign Mito clan for concluding the treaty with America, which Katz and the embassy had gone across the sea to ratify.



JEWEL OF THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN.

Grand Cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun. Decoration conferred upon Katz Awa, a month before his death.

CHAPTER III

KATZ AWA'S MILITARY PREARRANGEMENTS

A RECENT war correspondent in the *Outlook* discovers to his readers a peculiar fact which a few of us learned in Japan years ago, and which shows that military matters in that country do not go by haphazard. Mr. George Kennan remarks that Americans must have been struck with the frequent repetition of the words "as prearranged" in the official dispatches from the Yalu and Port Arthur.

Every strategic maneuver of the first Japanese army was thus described, and the same word is used again and again by Admiral Togo, who, by the way, occupies the top notch on the nautical step-ladder which Katz Awa "prearranged." "I have recently had an opportunity to see what 'prearrangement' means," writes Mr. Kennan,

"and inasmuch as the secret of Japanese success, both at sea and on land, seems to me to lie in this ONE WORD, or in the perfectly organized system which it represents, I purpose in this letter to describe it." At the close of his interesting article the same observer says: "Imagine my surprise. Here I saw a people who, fifty or sixty years ago, were using mediæval weapons and sailing the seas in junks. They could paint enamel, make porcelain, cast small bronzes, etc., but no one would have credited them with the capacity of doing big things in a big way. When, therefore, I find them creating great steel plants and gun-foundries, making 13-inch rifled cannon, building warships, constructing huge dry-docks, employing fifteen thousand skilled workmen in a single establishment, and managing, without foreign assistance, the most complicated and ponderous machinery,—my feeling is naturally of surprise." No doubt!

But it was the same physically fragile Katz Awa, who in those old "junk" days was building the precursors of these things and "prearranging" the advent of bigger

ones at Kobe and old Yedo. He it was who in 1896 gave me the permit admitting me to that revelation of naval strength, "Yokosuka," on the bay south of Yokohama, where buildings like those of the Brooklyn Navy Yard astonished me, where a white squadron (now gray) lay at anchor equal to our own, and where I went on board the captured Chinese warship "Chin Yen," which was being repaired in the largest stone dry-dock I had yet visited. To see these pigmy Japanese, lifting a massive steel turret entire from the deck of the battleship and depositing it as deftly and gently as a cheese-box on the shore, made me think of "Gulliver's Travels." But who was the Gulliver, I didn't know. They patched up a hole through which one of their own 13-inch shells had passed and killed thirty Chinamen, as if they were repairing an old lacquer tray, and the formidable and former Chinese flagship is now with the rest of Admiral Togo's squadron, which has likewise, by "prearrangement," been secretly repaired, and is now waiting to welcome the "Baltic Fleet." It was an almost irresistible temptation for

me to photograph that beautiful white squadron, lying in the sunlight so peacefully at anchor. But I was there "on my honor," and under the orders of the only man in the world I always and implicitly obeyed; so I left my big 12 by 24 camera in the vestibule.

Fully as great a surprise in "prearrangement," however, is furnished me in the tactics and descriptions I find contained in the personal sketch of Katz Awa's life, a translation of which he gave me after I returned from Yokosuka, and which, though invaluable in the light it sheds on recent Japanese history, I confess I never read nor appreciated until a few days ago. It is manifestly impossible, in the fragment of a chapter, to give more than the gist of this intensely interesting narrative, which is signed by Katz Awa himself.

The characteristic touches that come occasionally into this personal delineation of events of gravest importance, wherein the chief actor refers to himself with humility and modesty, reveal the nature of the man. Katz Awa's prelude embraces the list of houses culminating, in 1600, in

that of the Tokugawas, and the period of peace extending to the tragic "Fushimi affair" in the suburbs of Kioto, where the Tokugawa troops came finally to blows with the Satsuma men who had made themselves the self-constituted guardians of the hitherto inert Mikado.

This was the begining of political chaos, and the hated foreigners clamoring at the gates of Japan for admission made it doubly so. Keiki took ship for Yedo, and Saigo soon after advanced towards the city with the so-called Mikado's army, whose constant war-cry was, "Punish and depose the Tycoon, and expel the barbarians!" with whom he had dared to conclude a treaty. This was the critical juncture, when Katz Awa says modestly: "I was unexpectedly placed in a most responsible position. Looking back upon the long line of the Tokugawas, and foreseeing what consequences must attend their constrained surrender of power, but desiring above all the preservation of peace, the salvation of the people from suffering, and the successful continuance of our foreign relations, I had little time to think of the mere su-

premacy of the House of Tokugawa, compared with my true-hearted endeavor and desire to serve my country at large. In some things I bungled, and my management was less clumsy than I wished, and my wisdom sometimes failed to be equal to the sad emergency, for all of which I cannot help feeling my littleness."

Then follow twenty pages of personal narrative of the thrilling scenes of the "Last Days of the Bakufu." (Bakufu, Tokugawa, Keiki, and "Tycoon," all meaning the same thing.) On Keiki's return to Yedo, 1867 to 1868, great excitement prevailed, and so violent were the acts committed, that Katz says "it was like a huge hive of wild bees broken loose." At this period, he continues, "the inhabitants of Yedo numbered no less than 1,600,000. Groups of men gathered at the temples, 300 and 500 at a time, in fifty different places, and, brandishing their swords, cried out they would fight until death. The feudal lords of the provinces in sympathy with Tokugawa all declared that the so-called Imperial Army was made up of disaffected Satsuma and Choshu clans, who,

KEIKI TOKUGAWA—THE LAST OF THE "TYCOONS."

(Presented with his autograph.)

under the guise and cover of imperial authority, had the treacherous design of overthrowing the House of Tokugawa, only to set up a new Bakufu (or sort of Tycoonism) on its ruins, to be governed by their own lords. The outlook was gloomy, and Keiki summoned his ministers to a council of war, while the Imperial Army was already approaching the Hakone Pass.

Keiki said: "War is terrible to contemplate, and thousands of innocent people will suffer untold misery, but WHAT SAY YOU?"

"I kept silent, but being personally asked by Keiki for my humble opinion, I replied: 'To rise or fall, to exist or become extinct, depends upon conditions not controlled by any human power. Should war be declared, I am resolved to die for the cause of the Tokugawas. I should take the fleet to Surunga Bay (near Shidzuoka), land troops and entice the enemy towards Port Shimidzu, where the fleet would unexpectedly attack their flank.'" (This was surely war by "prearrangement" like Togo's subsequent tactics at Port Arthur.) "'I would then proceed to the Bay of Settsu with three or four ships of war,'

continues the belligerent Katz Awa, 'and cut communication between the western and middle provinces, both by land and sea, and if necessary the city of Osaka can be reduced to ashes by the fire of our ships. Thus the base of supply for provisions for Kioto being cut off, we may calmly view the situation and await the result.'"

This is certainly the most bellicose speech I ever knew Katz Awa to make. Had the plan been carried out, thousands of men on both sides would have perished. But this is precisely the sort of sectionalism that led, only six years previous, to our own Civil War—a war which our Lincoln tried to avert, but, unfortunately, was less successful as a peacemaker than Katz Awa.

Katz Awa's "better self" asserted itself when, after a day and a night's debate, he presented this other alternative, viz.: "The spirit of Kwanto (war) is, I confess, the spirit of passion. If we could only demonstrate our peaceful intentions, with the sole purpose of tranquillity, for the happiness and safety of the people, and are willing to sacrifice our personal interests and possessions, to surrender even our arms and

castles, thus leaving the fate of the House of the Tokugawas to the will of Heaven, and this for the sake of our common country, then will NOTHING be able to harm us." How near this comes to the Gospel statement in I Peter 3:13, viz., "And who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?"

"Keiki approved the last part of my counsel," continues Katz Awa, "and as there was no one with nerve enough to try and carry it out, I was prevailed upon to undertake the awful responsibility."

How well he performed the trust appears briefly and imperfectly in other parts of this sketch, and how well the present Mikado appreciates it appears in the closing paragraph of this little book.

What suffering and perplexity Katz Awa himself underwent few will ever know. The first response of the Tokugawa followers when they heard of his peaceful proposition was, "We will cut off Katz Awa's head and offer it as a sacrifice to the God of War, as he is surrendering us into the hands of the enemy."

"Not a shadow of doubt did I have,"

says Katz, a little later, "that I was proceeding right. I resolved that if, in the imminent danger to the city, we could not save the innocent multitude, we should, at least, be the first to sacrifice ourselves. I acted on it, and on the fourteenth day of the same month I visited Saigo, handing him the following letter, addressed To the General Staff Officer, Headquarters of the Imperial Army," etc., etc.

In this interview Katz said to Saigo: "If you are bent on threatening weak people with brutal force, we shall not shrink from accepting the challenge. Even as it is, we are making ourselves the laughing stock of foreign nations. If you will spare the city, I will be personally and officially grateful even unto death. When the Mikado is restored Yedo will naturally become the capital of the new empire; the castle and its equipments are yours, and the land yielding millions of koku of rice to the House of Tokugawa can help supply administrative expenditure. Besides, as foreign complications are now pending, we must beware that our helpless country does not follow the disastrous example and fate

of India and similar conquered countries. In the face of a common danger internal strife should give place to patriotic harmony and helpfulness; and foreign countries seeing this, their faith in us will be strengthened and their friendship augmented."

"Saigo immediately countermanded the order for the assault contemplated on the city on the morrow, and I returned alone on horseback to report to Keiki. I was not surprised to be fired on three times, at dusk, as I approached my house. Fortunately the bullets passed over my head, and I escaped. The insurgents had said if they could only kill Katz Awa and Saigo they would have BOTH leaders out of the way.

"Shortly after this I went to Yokohama and saw the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, and also Admiral Keppel, and told them privately of the situation. They heartily approved my views, but also mentioned a question pending between us concerning certain persons who had been imprisoned for adopting the Christian religion. I at once ordered their release. The Imperial Army not having yet arrived,

I dispatched several companies of Tokugawa troops to Kanagawa, to protect the foreign residents. These troops secretly agreed among themselves to attack the Imperial Army. Learning this, and knowing that Yokohama would be imperilled, I withdrew the troops, enlisted the services of the local police, and arranged with the British Minister to land marines (so as to preserve order) from the British battleship 'Iron Duke.' Thus access to the town was forbidden to the Imperial troops, except by producing English passports. The result was that order was maintained, foreign property protected, and thousands of refugees came from Yedo and settled there in peace. The Tokugawa army was organized under the French system, but the navy under the English system. We had official instructors from both countries in both departments.

"The head of the French military mission visited me in this crisis and said: 'Your officers and soldiers have had sufficient training and can be depended upon. I am sure you can win a complete victory in any fight with the raw Imperial troops,

and it is a great deal easier to make peace after a victory than before. Fight first and stipulate afterwards,' was his earnest advice. Then he lectured me how easily the Hakone Pass could be held, and that the Yedo Castle, with its triple line of moats, towers, and substantial stone walls, could be certainly more easily held from within than without. I thanked him for his advice, which he thrice repeated before leaving Yedo.

"On the other hand, the English instructor in our navy (Tracy) must have greatly sympathized with me in the onerous and difficult position in which I found myself, and he expressed to me many kind words, for which I still feel indebted.

"A few of our ships secretly deserted and went to Hakodadi, where an encounter afterwards occurred, and the "Stonewall Jackson" settled the matter by sinking two of the vagrants. In the Imperial proclamation, issued later from the Yedo Castle, it is definitely and unambiguously stated, that 'In view of the fact that the House of Tokugawa, since the days of its founder, Iyeas, has done the meritorious deed of

governing the country in peace—and that for more than two hundred years—His Majesty, the Mikado, is graciously pleased to allow the said house to be perpetuated and leniently treated, and the life of the Keiki to be spared in retirement and seclusion' (at Shidzuoka).

"I had succeeded in surrendering the castle without the Imperialists openly marching any soldiers into it. Meanwhile the fleet had left for Tateyama in Awa against my remonstrance. Asked by the Imperialists to recall them, I went to Awa, brought them back, and delivered the half of them to the Imperialists while the others fled to Hakodadi.

"After the delivery of the castle our officers scattered and deserted to the number of several thousand, being highly enraged at the turn affairs had taken. They allied themselves in groups with the feudal lords of Mutsu and Dewa, and still confederated in action against the Imperial arms. Hence the so-called 'battle of Uyeno' and other desultory skirmishes, in which the most beautiful temple grounds

were destroyed and some Samurai lives sacrificed.

"Future generations must judge," says Katz Awa in conclusion, "of what the difficulties were in bringing unity and order out of this complexity and chaos.

"In these later days of the Tokugawas, when warlike vigilance had slackened, when foreign commerce commenced, and general disquietude prevailed, there were ten years when the national safety was threatened because people were never united, the feudal lords were at variance, and the supreme authority in doubt. Owing at last to the natural turn of fortune, there has dawned the united era of Meiji, which, though due to the merits of Imperial virtue, owes much of its success to the heroic sacrifice of brave men, who forgot themselves, their own homes and lives, for the lasting good of their common country."

And we may add this postscript of Katz Awa personally, as Creasy says in his preface of the "Fourteen Decisive Battles of the World," starting with Marathon and

ending with Waterloo, "Of which, had the contrary event happened, it would materially have changed the history of the world in many of its subsequent stages."

Katz Awa not only effected the restoration of Imperial supremacy, but in addition to the castle equipments and the naval fleet, he also "restored" four million annual koku of rice to the Imperial treasury. This he advised them to use with discretion, otherwise the new regime was no better than the old, and would resemble the fable of a soldier who, "having fled from the enemy fifty steps, laughed at another soldier who had fled a hundred steps."

"Future generations must not rest content," he says, "with the meritorious deeds of the past, or abandon themselves to luxury and ease, satisfied simply with the restoration of the Imperial power, but should lay broad and deep the foundations of a progressive and military nation, elevating by united effort their country's prestige in the Far East, and not forgetting to let their power be felt in the world.

"Such is my hope, and could I but see it realized, I should not shudder at the

THE MIKADO, HIS GENERALS AND COUNSELLORS — ADMIRAL TOGO ON UPPER LEFT HAND.

thought of being beheaded or enduring any punishment, however severe.

"In fact, at the time of the Uyeno affair, I knew there could be no unity in the attack and no menace to the national safety. They were simply letting out their accumulated wrath; so the larger the crowd, the easier to crush it. Their conduct was like that of frightened children wearing hideous masks. Some of their staff officers said I was at the bottom of the whole business for surrendering my fleet to the Imperialists, so after their discomfiture at the Uyeno fight, they attacked my house with two hundred troops and plundered my weapons after firing into the house.

"Fortunately I was not at home, so my life was spared this time.

"However, I went to two of the princes and said, 'If I have committed any crime worthy of death summon me before the Imperial headquarters, and there behead me, but do not treat me like a culprit uncondemned.

"Whereupon the commander-in-chief expressed surprise at the occurrence, saying,

'We have never doubted your loyalty,' and steps were taken for my protection."

As late as 1872, when the wheels of the new Meiji Government were well in motion, Katz Awa was three times called from his seclusion at Shidzuoka, to become the trusted pilot in the increasing mists and mazes of foreign intercourse.

The new government simply could not get along (in its initial swaddling clothes) without him, and frankly told him so. But their gain was my loss, especially as they kept taking away my best students for official positions at the capital, and after two years and a half of exile in the interior, I yielded to Katz Awa's persuasion (which amounted to a command), and went to Tokio, too.

Then it was that he slightly modified his tactics in his daily contact with the Cabinet Ministers; and as he remarked to me one evening, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I have to treat some of them like school children, scolding them one day and praising them the next."

The reason the writer emphasizes a few historical facts here is that they have been

so little understood, all the data coming from ONE SIDE ONLY. It is not often that a man can see both sides at once, but Katz Awa did, and that is what made him a unique character. Slowly he is becoming appreciated, even by the native historians as well as by foreign writers. Mr. Okakura-Kakuzo, in his "Awakening of Japan" (Century Co., New York, 1904), is the first native writer I have seen to admit, on page 24, that "the Tokugawa Shogunate differed from those preceding it in that it was virtually a monarchy," which means that Keiki would now be emperor instead of Mutsuhito if it had kept on. It certainly sent the FIRST embassy to the United States, and it alone made the Commodore Perry Treaty. The same author admits, page 160, that "the late Count Katz Awa was the most trusted counsellor and Unionist leader, although Prince Keiki's other vassals were of a pronounced federal (or rather confederate) type."

Prince Keiki, by the way, still lives at Shidzuoka, and is fond of photography and falcon-hunting. I once invited him to go falcon-hunting with me with his own

hawks. He meekly declined, but sent me an autograph letter accompanying a present of an immense porcelain bowl worth a thousand dollars, and carried by eight men.

I got into it once and had my picture taken, whereupon Sam Patch, my servant, extemporized a bath-tub for me one day, putting hot water into it, when it resisted such plebeian proceedings and exploded with the report of a cannon.

Keiki gave me the accompanying picture, at Katz Awa's request, on my last visit to Shidzuoka, and also kindly sent his autograph. His successor, Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, who is now President of the House of Peers in Tokio, also sent me letters beautifully written in English. He told me, when I dined with him at Katz Awa's house, that he had studied in London. (He contributed 500,000 yen at that time to the first war fund.) He inherits the insignia and emoluments of the Tokugawa line, his unique position and privileges being conferred by enactment of the Imperial Court. After dinner at Katz Awa's, although it was late, I succeeded in getting the "last picture" of Katz Awa and Prince

Tokugawa standing in the gateway of the garden. Katz Awa is on the right, and has his hands crossed.

One would not think on looking at the quiet old gentleman that his life had been so frequently attempted near this very spot, and that in personal heroism and patriotism he "set the pace" for what we have since seen in Manchuria. Of this characteristic of native courage the writer Kakuzo, just quoted, says (page 173): "The contempt of death displayed by our people is not founded on some hope of future reward, like the Moslems, as a few Western writers suppose. It is the sense of duty alone that causes our men to march to certain death. Behind all lies devotion to the sovereign and love of country—a love which, like death, recognizes no limits." At the "restoration" he adds, "It was the spirit of self-sacrifice only that led the Samurai to give up his sword, the Daimio his fiefs, and the Shogun his hereditary authority." It was Katz Awa who "led the pace" in this matter also.

He was the pivot on which "Transition" turned.

Yet in criticism he was always just, though frequently sarcastic. His smile was inimitable, and his humor irresistible. He was ever fond of a joke. When I asked him for one of the marine bands to play at the Mikado's palace at my exhibition of stereopticon pictures there before the Imperial Court, he sent me *two* full bands, so that I had sixty pieces, making noise enough to deafen the Mikado, who afterwards sent me, however, the beautiful present seen in the picture.

CHAPTER IV

KATZ AWA'S DOMESTIC LIFE AND FINAL ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

THE Japanese may not improve Christianity, as they have some recent scientific innovations, but they will doubtless improve our ways of extending it.

What they demand is the simple story of the Cross, exemplified by the simple and consistent Christian life. They want a strenuous Christianity withal, for it suits their mental make-up.

Francis Xavier asked the Japanese refugee Anjiro, at Goa, as early as the sixteenth century, whether his countrymen would accept Christianity if sent to them.

He replied that they would listen to any reasonable preaching of the truth, watch how consistent the lives of those who proclaimed it were with their principles, and

embrace any religion thus proving itself to be genuine.

Somehow the letter I received this week from Baron Kentaro Kaneko, LL.D., a graduate of Harvard University, and a member of the House of Peers, sounds very much like Anjiro's answer, and suggests that Japan expects the same sort of evidence in the twentieth century, especially in the present crisis, as she did in the sixteenth century.

"We have had doctrines and sermons for fifty years since Perry's advent," writes the Baron, "and millions of dollars have been spent to proselyte us. The time has finally arrived when some of these excellent doctrines and beneficent sermons should be put into practice. How it pains me to hear that hundreds of our soldiers are daily being slaughtered in defence of their country, leaving behind dependent wives and children utterly helpless! To keep on simply 'preaching' under such heart-rending circumstances as these is certainly worse than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. One helpful act in such a sorrowful moment as this will be far

more effective than a thousand sermons later on. In a hundred years there will never again be such an opportunity, and Christian helpfulness rendered under present conditions will surely capture the hearts of all the Japanese people, and will never be forgotten."

In response to this and similar letters, has been sent out the Christmas appeal containing the words, "The sword unsheathed to-day in Japan, for the progress of the world has now, as ever, cut deeply into the family life." "We may not help belligerents, but we may help the suffering and distressed. The Red Cross of Pity is neutral in every clime, and the claims of helpless children are a challenge to Christian love and beneficence the world over." And the Master's words are added —a Master whose we are and whom we serve—when He distinctly declares that "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." While the sometimes forgotten postscript of our motto is that "Inasmuch as ye did it NOT unto the least of these, ye did it NOT unto me." A warning, the neglect of

which our Lord shows to be followed by wailing and gnashing of teeth, a more forcible simile than the quiet hint I have received from high sources, that if Christianity fails in practical helpfulness in this emergency it might as well withdraw its teachers of beneficence from Japan. We are on trial, as well as the Japanese, whether we realize it or not.

In Baron Kaneko's recent address before the Japan Club of Harvard, he says: "The very school children hoarding up their money and the pittance with which to purchase books, have carried these as offerings to the treasury department. The war will be long and terrible, and we realize it. This is shown by the fact that when a soldier or sailor is sent to the front, his family is taken care of by his neighbors or by the village community. Landlords make it a rule to collect no rent from his family, and doctors treat the sick family free of charge. In anticipation, also, of many thousand widows and orphans who must be left behind, a relief fund association has been established among the people them-

JAPANESE-AMERICAN GRANDCHILDREN OF KATZ AWA—WALTER AND BERTHA WHITNEY KAJI.

selves, who out of their poverty have already contributed 1,300,000 yen.

"This war is neither racial nor religious in character," continues the Baron. "It is a battle for Japan's national existence; a struggle for the advancement of Anglo-American civilization in the East, and undertaken to insure the peace of Asia." To call Russia "Christian" and Japan "pagan" in this crisis is reversing the story of the Good Samaritan.

Then the Baron quotes the story of a certain man who went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who left him wounded, stripped, and bleeding. The professional priest and Levite (Russian-like in their treatment of their wounded foes) "passed by on the other side." Whereupon the despised Samaritan, in the person of the "pagan" Japanese, comes along, dismounts, and binds up the wounds of even his enemy. And the narrator says, in perfect truth, that the performer of the Christ-like deed, and he who is obedient to the Christ-command, "Go thou and do likewise," is the one who loves his neighbor, and comes nearest to the standard set by

Christ Himself. In the light of the awful reports we have of the brutal treatment of Japanese wounded left in the few trenches the enemy have captured, and then calling the Russian Cossacks "Christian," we are reminded of Madame Roland's exclamation on the way to execution, viz., "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." Compare this with the care of the wounded of BOTH sides in the hands of these "pagan" Japanese, and see how the sanitary conditions, medical skill, freedom from disease, and percentage of recovery compare with any similar statistics in modern time. Dr. L. L. Seaman in his book, "From Tokio Through Manchuria with the Japanese," gives overwhelming evidence, from personal observation, that no such commendable record in the history of modern warfare can equal it. The Japanese Samaritan has outstripped every "Christian" competitor. And if the Lord Himself were here, He would say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Even if Japan is sometimes criticized for apparently commencing hostilities, rather than commended for the years and years of pa-

tience and self-control which preceded, we must remember that Russia "fired the first shot" of the war from the "Korietz," near the harbor of Chemulpo. The first shot at Fort Sumter was from the Confederate side, and whoever fires on the Sun Flag of Japan will henceforth find a spirit of determination behind it, like that which burst forth in behalf of the Stars and Stripes.

"If the Lord Himself were here," when, in the early seventies, the few Japanese converts to Christianity discovered that little verse in the 17th of St. John's Gospel, which is the key to all scriptural missionary success, He would have counselled them, I believe, as some of us Christian professors in the Imperial University tried to do, when they asked us in anxiety and perplexity, whether they should unify their feeble numbers in organizing simply a Church of Jesus Christ in Japan, or split themselves up in the fragmentary way their denominational teachers insisted and advised? Our advice was, "Go ahead in the spirit of the text, 'That they all may be one, . . . that the world may believe,'

etc." Whereupon they established a native Union Church at Yokohama, built on the very spot where Perry made his treaty, and the first thousand dollars contributed was given by the native converts of the Hawaiian Islands. The first object-lesson seen by the traveller in landing in Japan is this enduring stone edifice emblematic of Christian unity.

Near this spot it was that Katz Awa once liberated Catholic and Russian priests, imprisoned for their respective faiths, and that he also sent a messenger, Nakamura, to me from Tokio, saying, "You have broken down Japanese walls, for now you can teach us both science and Christianity." He had learned that the Department of State had inserted a clause in my contract (not in the original document which he himself had forwarded to America) forbidding me for three years to speak of or teach Christianity. I refused to sign it, though the stand I took put me in grave financial straits. Katz Awa and Iwakura (whose sons I had befriended in New Brunswick) knew this, and by their combined influence the Dai Jo-Kan receded,

and the objectionable clause was withdrawn.

So, too, a few years later, when I started two Bible classes in the Legal and Scientific departments of the Tokio University (held in my own house on Sundays only), Katz Awa smiled, admired my pluck, and gave me encouragement, while Hatakeyama, who was then President, quietly said: "Of course I cannot officially give you permission; but," he added, with a knowing look, "go ahead, and God bless you, and I will be diplomatically blind to your doings."

Japan has passed the darkest days of her religious history, and the brightest beams of spiritual light are yet to emanate from the land of the sun rising. The latent qualities for the intensive Christian life are there. Were I to seek conditions where the Holy Spirit delights to dwell, and where Pentecostal surprises, "as of the sound of a mighty rushing wind" are to be expected, I would seek it in Japan. I discovered more of the Spirit's presence and power in teaching His own Word on the matted floor of that old Buddhist temple,

where Katz Awa placed me, than I ever found in Christian pulpit or cushioned pew. My necessity was God's opportunity, and when He brings us to "the end of the rope," in difficulties of language, discipline and danger, or, later on perchance, into the deeper shades of our own Gethsemane, we learn adoringly who He is and whom we serve.

Not only in Dai Nippon, but in America I have used Japanese evangelists with marked success, for their sincerity of belief, earnestness of utterance and evident companionship with God gave them results in winning those whom some of us ministers had failed to reach. Japan is the freshest field of the Spirit's power to-day, and God will show what wonders He can do among the children of men.

When my good friend, Rev. Geo. C. Needham, went on an evangelistic tour through Japan a few years ago, I wrote him that I wanted him to go and see Katz Awa, in the quiet of that modest home, where so many noteworthy personages had called, whether they came to kill or to save. I sent Mr. Needham a letter of introduc-

tion, and he promptly called, attended by a native pastor as interpreter.

Katz Awa read the letter and received his religious visitors graciously. For an hour or more he listened to the truths of the Gospel as presented by Mr. Needham. The interview, though brief like that between Philip and the eunuch, was (as may be seen by a letter following) equally effective. At the close Mr. Needham, with some hesitation, asked Katz Awa if he would kneel in prayer. Katz immediately consented, the prayer being interpreted, sentence by sentence, by the native pastor. As they rose from their knees Katz stood with moistened eyes, and, grasping the evangelist's hand, thanked him, in a subdued voice, for the greatest privilege of his life. Japanese rarely show emotion, and the man, who in this very place had fearlessly faced would-be assassins, was conquered by the simple story of the Cross. The truth once seen was recognized as the power of God unto salvation.

It is a fact, not generally known, that Katz Awa's own son married Miss Clara Whitney, daughter of the late William C.

Whitney (U. S. A.), who assumed the name of Kaji, meaning "helm" or "rudder," and that, in compliance with Katz Awa's last request some of his grandchildren are now being educated in this country. From the mother of this interesting family I received a letter this week, inclosing beautiful pictures of these Japanese-American children, ranging from six to sixteen years of age. A photograph of the two elder children, fifteen and sixteen respectively, I have reproduced. The other group represents "three generations" of the Katz family, Madame Katz being near the centre. It was given to me by the old gentleman himself, at the close of a banquet in 1895 at his own house, at the close of which, as a special and unusual honor, he brought out his entire family and introduced them to me. Madame Katz Awa is the faithful wife of the subject of our sketch, both of whom are touchingly referred to in the above-mentioned letter, extracts from which are used by permission, viz.: "I wish you all success in writing the story of a life that was truly noble in every sense of the word. My acquaintance with

THREE GENERATIONS OF THE KATZ AWA FAMILY—GRANDMOTHER KATZ AT RIGHT.

the dear old gentleman began when I was thirteen years of age. Since which time my relations with the family have been most intimate and helpful. Of course I knew little of his political career, but in domestic life he was deeply venerated by all who came in contact with him.

"The Count was ever a kind adviser to me, and dearly loved my children. It was by his advice that I brought them to the United States. He told me that he would expect great things of them, because they were the grandchildren of Wm. C. Whitney, my saintly father, and the Count's good friend.

"Katz had four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, who studied at Annapolis, died in Tokio. The second son died in childhood. The fourth son died recently. My husband is the third son, and the only blood relative on the male side left. Preferring (for reasons stated) not to assume the responsibility of title to so honorable a family name, my husband took the name of Kaji.

"By the law of primogeniture in Japan the title would have lapsed on the Count's

death. To save it, the family decided to adopt Keiki's son, a boy of twelve, from the old Tokugawa stock at Shidzuoka, in place of Katz's eldest son deceased. This would be the last tribute of the grand old man to his ancient feudal lord. It was thought by the family a fitting and graceful close to a life of loyalty to lay his all at the feet of his former master. So Tokugawa Keiki's son, became heir of the title and estate of Katz Awa by a posthumous act of his. Katz Awa's youngest daughter, Madame Megata, is wife of the financial advisor of the Korean Government. The other daughters are widowed and live at home.

"My own children (there are six of them) held frequent interviews with their grandfather, and all of them are trying to be of credit to him and to their country. In writing his autograph in my album, the Count added a beautiful poem about the sacred lily, the lotus, growing in the mud of the moat, yet springing up into purity and fragrance, thus typifying how our lives can be sweet and pure in the midst of adverse surroundings.

"The leaflet you mention containing 'The Sayings of Count Katz Awa,' was prepared by Iwamoto, principal of the Christian Girls' School, Tokio. It treats of its subject with great tenderness and beauty, giving true insight into that nobility of character sometimes hidden under a brusque exterior.

"One incident I well remember. On 'Omisoka' night the Count would disguise himself and go to the homes of poor people who could not afford to buy the Mochi or New Year's cake, which brings good luck during the year, and without which evil is to be expected. At each of these houses he would silently hand a sealed paper containing money enough to buy the cake and a little over. Thus did he literally obey the Saviour's injunction (whether he knew it or not), 'Give to him that asketh.'

"These are precisely the kind of homes your present effort is trying to reach, and I wish you all success in the noble work, just as he would have done.

"My sympathies go out at this time to the thousands of poor little children left fatherless by this terrible war, and I do

wish we might do something to help them. May the God of the widows and orphans of every land lend you His aid.

"So earnest was the Count in this sort of benevolence, that he would frequently give away all the money he had. At such times, when poor students from Shidzuoka came appealingly to his gate, he would write a sentence or proverb on a piece of paper, draw a picture, and bid them sell it and supply their needs. His autograph alone would sell for five yen ($5) at any time.

"His magnanimity was wonderful towards those who had wronged or harmed him. He never retaliated, but with a laugh passed it by. If an accident occurred, he was never angered. I remember when a careless jinriksha coolie of the household, running his vehicle down the hill near the palace, collided with a cart, throwing his master out and badly bruising him. The Count exhibited no vexation, and only laughed. When we suggested discharging the coolie, the Count said, "No, he will be valuable now, for the lesson will make him more careful."

"Should you ever publish a more complete sketch of the Count, I would fain add my tribute to the lovely and faithful wife, who was his lifelong companion, trusted, tried and true. Her life, as she narrated it to me, sounds like a romance. I fully believe that her famous husband could not have shone so brilliantly if he had not possessed one at home in whom his heart could, under all circumstances, fully trust. She is also my own little Japanese mother-in-law, and combines all the excellent qualities of the Japanese women, with none of their faults. When my own (American) mother died, this dear little woman came to me—I was then but a child, and oh, so desolate and sad! Gently putting her hand on my shoulder, she said, 'Child, your mother has gone, God has called her. I will be your mother now.' Then she gathered me into her arms, and from that moment I felt that I had another mother. Yet this woman, I suppose, is what is called a 'heathen'!

"She is now old and feeble, but the love and kindness of her heart burn clear and true. I have known her so many years,

and found her so nearly perfect, that some time I, too, may be tempted to write a little book on the 'Woman I Love,' a life nobler even than his. I really do not know when to stop when I begin to speak, from the fulness of my heart, of my dear adopted parents, especially when speaking to one like yourself, who knew and loved the old gentleman so well.

"A week or two before Count Katz Awa's death, my brother heard from his lips a clear confession of personal belief in Christ. It gladdened our hearts, although we all felt he was not at any time far from the Kingdom. Some time previous (and after Evangelist Needham's visit) he would refer to Christianity pleasantly, adding in his characteristically humorous way, that he hardly dared to make a public profession of his faith, for fear the missionaries would make him 'preach all the time.' He was no Buddhist in these last days, even though he was buried with the impressive Buddhist ritual. His was a state funeral, and the family have nothing to say about it. I was present at his sudden death, and the terrible 'death wail' of the entire fam-

KATZ AWA'S HOUSEHOLD—MADAME KATZ IN CENTER.

ily (a thing which I did not know was ever practised in Japan) rings in my ears even yet.

"God bless you in your present work in behalf of the orphaned children of Japan. It is, I repeat, just what he would have done.

"Very sincerely yours,
"CLARA WHITNEY KAJI."

The "brother" referred to in this letter is Dr. Whitney, formerly of the United States Legation, who founded one of the first hospitals in Tokio, adjoining Katz Awa's house. The Dr. MacDonald, of the Toronto Wesleyan Mission, whom Katz Awa permitted to occupy my house, when I left Shidzuoka, established also the first hospital and dispensary, in the interior, in the very building that Katz Awa's kindness had provided. From this developed, later, the first self-supporting native church in the interior. So Katz Awa was, after all, a missionary in his own way.

In his closing days Katz was again, sympathetically on "both sides" at once. The old Chinese admiral who commanded in the

naval battle of Wei-hai-Wei, had visited him shortly before, and heard from his lips the story of "restoration" days. A strong friendship sprung up between the two old sailors. Soon after the ships of China and Japan fought at Wei-hai-Wei. Katz was very anxious, as his former pupil, Vice-Admiral Ito, commanded on the one side, while his newly-made Chinese friend commanded on the other. Again it was, therefore, that his sympathies and solicitude were with both combatants. He was greatly relieved upon learning that the Chinese admiral had surrendered in time to save two hundred of his promising young officers, not only for their own sakes, but for the future of China.

The *Japan Times* of January, 1899, says: "Count Katz Awa was attacked with brain fever of an alarming character soon after his bath at three o'clock in the afternoon. . . . All classes join in lamenting the death of the Count, the 'sage of Hikawa,' who passed away at the age of seventy-three, on the night of the 19th inst. In him Japan has lost one of the most prominent men of the present age. Born in humble

life, he worked his way up by sheer force of will and ability, until he became the most prominent figure of the Shogunate Government. He it was who completed the terms which peacefully transformed the reign of the Tokugawas to the present era of Meiji. Exercising as he did the most powerful influence over the Shogun Keiki, had he with misguided loyalty advised him to resist the Imperial Army by force of arms, the 'restoration,' if attained at all, would have been attended with disaster and bloodshed."

"In his death," says the *Japan Monthly Evangelist*, "Japan loses the most venerable figure in her public life. It was this statesman who became the first captain of the Japanese navy, established the first naval college in her history, and was made the first Minister of Marine. By his wisdom it was that the administrative power was restored to our present Emperor. And, in short, we may add that the 'Mikado's Empire,' became possible.

"In recognition of this it was that, in later years, Katz Awa was made a Peer, a Count, a Privy Counsellor, and a month or so before his death the Emperor also deco-

rated him with the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun.

"The Mikado defrayed the entire funeral expenses, His Majesty sending 3,000 yen ($3,000) for this purpose. He also sent his Lord Chamberlain with presents of flowers, sweet cakes, and three rolls of silk brocade for the family. (These are ceremonial gifts.) The service was according to the Buddhist ritual, simple and impressive, and most of the money was given to the poor, as the Count had left strict orders that all unnecessary pomp, ostentation and display should be avoided."

His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, sent the following message of condolence to the bereaved family, viz.:

"With wonderful foresight the deceased encouraged, during the last days of the Tokugawa regency, the creation of a navy for national defence.

"At the time of the 'restoration,' by tendering advice to his former Tokugawa master, he enabled him to peacefully surrender the power vested in him as a trust. Installed subsequently in many positions of responsibility, the deceased discharged

his duties with ever-increasing faithfulness.

"Now that the sad news of his death has reached us, we are overwhelmed with profound sorrow. We hereby dispatch our Lord Chamberlain to carry our condolence and gifts to the family of our late beloved subject.

"MUTSUHITO."