MUTZUHITO, the Mikado, is the one hundred twenty-second sovereign of Japan and is in a direct line descended from the first emperor, Jimmu, who according to mythical traditions was a scion of the gods.

Some of the crowned families of Europe can boast of an ancestry that goes back to the eleventh and tenth, sometimes even the ninth century of the Christian era. The present king of England is a descendant, although not in direct line, from Rollo, the Norse adventurer who in the tenth century settled with his vikings in Normandy. The Emperor of Japan, however, can trace his descent in direct line back to the seventh century B.C., i.e., through two and a half millenniums. In comparison to the hoary antiquity of Asiatic traditions, the Hapsburgers, the Hohenzollerns, the Ruriks, and all other royal houses of Europe are mere modern upstarts. The Japanese naturally look up to their imperial family with pride and reverence, and we cannot doubt that even if times of misfortune should come the population would stand faithfully to their hereditary rulers.

We read in Japanese reports* that the Emperor’s style of living is remarkably frugal, and he is free from ostentation. The decorations of his palace are simple and almost severe. He is fond of riding, and the only luxury which he allows himself is to keep good horses. Like the Prussian kings he devotes much attention to military affairs and always appears at military reviews on horseback.

Mutzuhito, the present Mikado, is the first ruler who has again taken the government into his own hands. Since in 1603 Ieyasu, the Shogun, or Prime Minister, had after the fashion of the Frankish major domus usurped the power of the government and made

*The Russo-Japanese War, No. 1, Tokyo, 1904.
the Shogunate hereditary, the Mikados of Japan had been sovereigns only in name; but when Keki, the last of the Shoguns, had yielded to Commodore Perry, the people in their indignation forced him to

abdicate and called upon their hereditary ruler to resume the government, as it had been customary of yore.

This movement called Go Isshin, "the Great Revolution," or,
as it should more properly be called, "the Great Restoration," took place in 1868 and may be regarded as the birth of modern Japan.

The Mikado had been reinstated in order to undo the Shogun's policy; but when he with his counselors considered the beneficient
effects of Commodore Perry's plans, he carried out the Shogun's program, which led to an utter abolition of the mediaeval conditions and a reform according to the standard of Western civilisation. Since the Go Ishin Japan has become a constitutional monarchy. The old nobility has been changed into a modern aristocracy with titles imitating the degrees of English peerage.

Keki, the last Shogun, is still living, enjoying his enormous hereditary wealth and the respect of his countrymen. His son is the president of the House of Lords and the Shogun's family ranks immediately after the imperial princes.

The army has been reorganised after Prussian models and the troops were drilled by Prussian officers. The navy was practically created out of nothing, and here English and American examples were followed. Mutznhito nowhere thrust his person into the foreground, but he took an active and personal interest in all the changes
that were taking place under his auspices, and it appears that he has a high conception of his duties. We have reason to think that Mutzu Hito will forever be classed in the history of Japan as one of its most glorious and successful rulers.

MARQUIS OYAMA, FIELD MARSHALL AND HEAD OF THE GENERAL STAFF AT TOKYO.

[He is now leaving for Manchuria to assume the general command of the Japanese armies in the field.]

The proclamation which the Mikado addressed to the army and navy is characteristic of the spirit of his government. It reads as follows:
“We are your Commander-in-Chief. As such, We rely upon you as We do upon Our own hands, and desire you to look to Us as your head, so that the relation between us may be one of absolute and sincere confidence and trust. Whether We perform Our duty successfully or not, depends entirely on the manner in which you perform yours. If Our country fails to stand high in the opinion of other nations, We desire you to share Our sorrow. If it rises with

*Yamagata is now pretty well advanced in years and has retired from active service. His position at the head of the General Staff at Tokyo will pre-eminently be a place of honor, not of work, while the Japanese forces are concentrated in Manchuria.
honor, We will enjoy the fruits with you. Stand firm in your duty; assist Us in protecting the country; and the result must be the pros-

BARON KODAMA. *
Second chief of the General Staff at Tokyo and first assistant to Field Marshall Oyama.

perity of the nation and the enhancement of Our country's reputation."

*General Fukushima is the right hand of Baron Kodama, and thus he ranges in rank third highest in the Japanese army. We are sorry to say that we have not succeeded in procuring a good picture of General Fukushima.
GENERAL FUKUSHIMA.

Mr. Poulteny Bigelow has contributed to Harper's Weekly an interesting sketch of Fukushima, the Japanese Moltke, from which we quote the following passages:

"General Fukushima I met first in Germany—he was military attaché at the Court of the Kaiser, and as such was invited to attend the great autumn field operations of the army, which lasted a week or more, and which brought together some fifty to one hundred thousand men of all arms. Those were hard days, even for spectators. Whoever would keep up with such a host as his Imperial Majesty of Germany must rise early and
never want to lie down. There is a story current that William II. was once known to take a nap; it is unsupported by any but hearsay evidence. On the contrary, I have personal knowledge of his having passed many days without an opportunity for such an interruption.

"Many were the guests whom the Kaiser exhausted completely at these military operations. Even military attachés of other countries were heard to grumble as did Maréchal Lefèvre in ‘Madame Sans Gêne,’ when reciting to his wife a dinner with the great Napoleon. Many a foreign military guest
have I known to sneak away for a nap while his imperial host was on the bridge of a man-o'-war, or in the saddle, or, harder than all, sitting bold upright in the imperial box, listening to an interminable Hohenzollern drama, written with a view of stimulating patriotism.

"But Fukushima was here also an exception. I do not say he listened,

but he sat upright, his baby eyes serenely bent upon Nirvana, ostensibly devouring the turgid lines of a court drama, but in reality repeating to himself a list of the Russian regiments east of Moscow, and the names of their garrison towns.
"Fukushima discussed things with me, because we had friends in common in Japan. He evidently concluded that he could trust me, and when a Japanese gives you his confidence you may bank upon it, as though he were a Boer or a Briton.

"At that time this little Moltke was but a captain, and the smallest sol-

dier in uniform that had ever been seen in Germany outside of a museum. The Emperor had raked his stables in vain for a horse that could squeeze between the legs of his little guest. At last one was found; it came from a circus, and had spots all over. It was the smallest mount available, yet
small as it was the witty ones alleged that glove-stretchers had been used before the legs of the Oriental could be made to straddle with ease. Whatever may have been the truth of that, Fukushima managed always to stumble accidently upon the point of chief interest in the day's operations, whether it was an attack of cavalry, a massing of artillery, the bridging of a river, or something novel in ballooning. On the way to the point of meeting, usually

about four o'clock in the morning, the important colonels and generals who constituted the main body of imperial guests held forth learnedly on what would be done that day, and where they should go in order to see what was

*It will be interesting to our readers to learn that Admiral Ito is an intimate friend of Admiral Ting Ju Chang, Commander of the Chinese squadron which he defeated in the Yellow Sea.
important. Fukushima never said anything, but when councils diverged among the great and learned we soon came to seek light of our little Japanese captain; and when we did so, he invariably professed to know nothing, but would, in his childish manner, place his little finger as though at haphazard upon a point of his map; and those who steered for that point were never disappointed.

"He passed, however, for feeble in mental capacity, and he took pains to preserve that character. The Russian military attaché took him for stunted and stupid. The jovial British delegate regarded him as an idiot, and many of my friends asked me seriously how it was that I managed to waste so much time in his company. I told them I was an alienist, and besides that I was refreshing my knowledge of the language.

"Even then, and I am talking of a few years before the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894, Fukushima showed me photographs he had taken throughout the border country of Russia—about the Black Sea, down the Danube, in Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, etc. He knew all there was worth knowing
about the strength of Russia this side of Moscow and the Caspian, and as I had been twice in those territories I found a comparison of data very interesting.

"But he never allowed any one else at the Berlin Court to suspect that he was more than a commonplace piece of uniform. Though he spoke seven languages to my knowledge, he never allowed any one else in Berlin to suspect that he knew anything but a few garbled scraps of German. Here is a sample that I overheard:

"German General loquitur: 'Guten Morgen, Herr Hauptmann!'"
"Fukushima bowed politely and smiled, while he inhaled audibly.
"The General: 'Tell me, my dear Fukushima, how long would it take you in Japan to mobilize an army-corps and land it in Korea?'
"Fukushima: 'Thank you, Herr General, my health is very good!'  
"The General: 'I am very glad to hear it; but I wanted to know something about your mobilization!'

REAR-ADMIRAL KAMIMURA.
In Command of the squadron investing Vladivostok.

"Fukushima: 'You are quite right, Herr General, das Wetter ist heute sehr schön, but it may possibly rain to-morrow!'
"And so this conversation would go on, each day like the last, and each
questioner coming away with the impression that it was a shame for governments to send to Berlin representatives who could not speak a civilized tongue.

“One day little captain Fukushima disappeared from Berlin, and many moons later arrived on the shores of Manchuria, or Mongolia, I forget which. He had bought a little Cossack pony somewhere east of Moscow, and had steered his way across that vast Siberian plain, keeping his ears and eyes well open, and his mouth tight shut. He had note-books, but he wrote in figures that gave no comfort to any but himself. He counted the telegraph poles as he rode, he noted the bridges, and the wells, and the farms, and everything that might prove interesting to Japanese visitors who might come after him.

“Fortunately for him, Russia also despised his intellect, else he would have met with an accident in some lonely section of his long ride.

“You know the rest, how in 1894 Japan put an army afloat, landed in China, tumbled the forces of that empire head over heels, sank her battle-
ships and dictated terms of peace after a short campaign conducted in such a manner as to call forth the praise of military students no less than lovers of fair play on the battle-field.

"The next time that I saw Fukushima was in his own home; he was

the same sunny, moony, smiling, and sympathetic Fukushima, but had become a general, and was recognized as the hero of the great Chinese war. But to look at him, he was the very same man that had passed in Berlin and Petersburg for a harmless toy.
"He lived in Tokyo in a bandbox sort of a bamboo bungalow—all lacquer and matting, and fans, and dainty tea things. He wore the native gown spattered with storks or some such design, and in his arms was a baby—just like the Japanese dolls we see at Christmas. General Fukushima, as chief of a nursery, was worth coming to see, and he played his part with the same success as distinguishes him at the head of an army.

"Like all real men, and particularly real great men, he is the simplest of men. When all the world was praising Waldersee as a great soldier, it made me hesitate to accept this verdict, merely because Moltke had the simplicity, the modesty of greatness. At any court ball in Berlin it would have been hard to find Moltke, but harder still to avoid seeing Waldersee.

"And so it is with Fukushima; you find him most readily in his little family circle, playing with his children, or chatting with the few intimates whom he can trust.

"Our talk was interrupted by the announcement of a Chinese Embassy. So the baby was passed on to the nursery, and in came several big Chinese officers to pay their respects to the man who had humiliated their army more than all the hosts of the white man since the first settlement in Macao.

"This was the year 1898—a memorable year to others than to us and Spain, for in that year China sent to Japan thirty military representatives for no other purpose than to learn the art of war from the nation which they had before that referred to as one of contemptible dwarfs."

JAPANESE HERO-POETS.

Japan has rapidly acquired the benefits of Western civilisation, and the flourishing condition of the country is by no means limited to victories in war. The military leaders themselves are distinguished by a broad culture, and so it happens that several of their generals and admirals have become famous on account of their literary accomplishments. We will mention only two Japanese poet-heroes: General Fukushima and Commander Hirose.

General Fukushima, the third in rank in the Japanese army, a statesman who (like Moltke) could be taciturn in seven languages, has composed patriotic poems, among which his "War Song Against Russia"1 enjoys great popularity. A versified translation of some of its verses reads as follows:2

"Nippon! Be hailed, my country,3
High famed throughout the world.

1The poem has been put to music by Professor Nosho of Tokyo, a native Japanese composer.
2To Mr. Teitaro Suzuki of La Salle, Ill., I am indebted for a transliteration of the Japanese text of this as well as the following poems. General Fukushima's war song I have also compared with a German translation published in Die Wahrheit, a missionary periodical which appears in Japan and is edited by the Rev. Dr. Ernst Haas of Tokyo.
3The first line of the original Japanese reads as follows:
平心報國一死
何辭興邦痛骨
旅順之陣
報國丸 恐悔
旅順口

心室再期成功
合幹上拍

Hirose's last poems in his own handwriting.
Thy sun-flag in bright morning
Is radiant unfurled.
And of descent, unbroken,
Thy noble sovereign lord
Counts fifty million children
Obedient to his word.

"Humanity and justice
We take as our foundation.
True loyalty inspires
The citizens of the nation.

How different are the foes,
Of our beloved Nippon.
Their unfair policy
All o’er the world is known.

"The Cossacks’ great renown,
No longer does it last;

_Se-kai ni nadakaki Nippón kokú._

The rhythm is the same throughout and might be represented in the following schedule:

\[ 0 - 00 0 - 00 0 - 00 \]
And his historic deeds
   A dream are, of the past.
As snow and ice must melt
   In rays of rising sun;
Before the sun-flag so
   Is Russia's power undone.

"Humanity and Justice
   No foe e'er overpowers.
In this gigantic struggle
   The victory must be ours;
And having fought our battles
   With spirit resolute,
There'll be peace universal
   And we'll enjoy its fruit."

Commander Hirose Takeo, who sacrificed his life when the Japanese had the channel of Port Arthur harbor blocked for the second time, is a popular figure not only among his own people but also in some aristocratic circles of Russian society. He lived in Russia for some time and made many friends by his congenial manners. In fact, the story goes that a wealthy Russian lady of St. Petersburg was very anxious to marry him, but he remained firm in his resolution to keep himself free from all entanglements, because he foresaw the coming war and was determined to form no attachments which would hinder him from freely sacrificing his life for his country.

It is well known in Japan that Commander Hirose was a poet and a man of broad interests which extended over the fields of philosophy and literature. He wrote poems of the classical Chino-Japanese style, which consists of four rhymed short lines, each of four Chinese characters. When he went out on the Ho-Kok-Maru, the ship destined to be sunk in the channel and block Port Arthur, he did not expect to return. So he wrote down a poem to be sent home, in which he expressed his sentiments at that moment. When unexpectedly he survived and bestrode the second vessel, the Fu-Kui-Maru, he wrote on the same sheet of paper a second poem inspired by the same sentiments, expressing his determination to face death and to succeed in his enterprise.

1 The first part of the last verse in our translation is, in the original, part of the eighth verse and the conclusion of the last or tenth verse.
One of our subscribers, Miss Mary Very, of San Francisco, sent us from Japan these two poems of Commander Hirose in his own handwriting, which we here reproduce for the benefit of our readers, attaching thereto a translation of the verses. The first poem translated into English reads as follows:

"With heart aglow for my beloved land
From death I will not shrink.  
My body on Port Arthur's strand
In this doomed ship shall sink."^1

"On the way to block the mouth of Port Arthur, in command of the Ho-Kok-Maru."^4

The second poem of Commander Hirose reads as follows:

"Yea, seven lives for my beloved land!
I gladly die at its command. 
Firm is my heart; I must succeed. 
With smiles a second ship I'll lead."^6

"On the way again to block the mouth of Port Arthur, in command of the Fu-Kui-Maru."^7

Commander Hirose has exceptionally endeared himself to the Japanese people by the consideration which he showed for the men in his command. First of all he looked out for the safety of his men, and when the Chief Warrant Officer, Sugino, who exploded the charge on the Fu-kui-Maru, had been killed by a Russian bullet and

^1 Literally: "With red heart I repay my country."
^2 Literally: "One death (meaning the death of the present incarnation) Why shrink?"
^3 Literally: "With the boat (destined to be sunk) I bury my bones on Port Arthur's strand."
^4 Maru means "ship." Ho-kok means "devotion to country."
^5 This sentence, "Seven lives I'll lay down for my country," was uttered by General Kusunoki Masashige, when in suppressing a rebellion he was surrounded by traitors and forced to commit suicide. The Emperor, Go-daigo, whose cause Kusunoki defended, lived in the thirteenth century of the Christian era. The faithful general is commonly regarded as the ideal of military patriotism and a statue of his has been erected before the Emperor's palace at Tokyo. His tombstone was reproduced in an article by Prof. Ernest W. Clement of Tokyo in The Open Court for October, 1903, on page 606. But by mistake the monument is there stated to be erected in the memory of Tai-mau-ko.
^6 Literally: "Firm is my heart, a second time expecting success of my enterprise, smiling, I embark in my ship."
^7 Fu-Kui, the name of the second ship, is a Japanese town famous for its silk industries.
did not reappear to take refuge on the life boat, Hirose went down three times in search of him and so delayed his escape. When the Japanese retired, Commander Hirose was hit by a shrapnel, which literally tore his body to pieces. Part of the remains were identified by the Russians on account of the uniform, and they buried them
SEARCHING FOR THE LOST WARRANT OFFICER SUGINO.
with all military honors. Other parts of the body were taken to Japan and there carried to the grave on the caisson of a cannon.

FUNERAL OF HIROSE IN TOKYO.

The pictures here reproduced have been drawn by Japanese artists and indicate the popular interest which the Japanese people take in their poet-hero.