THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HARDY JAPANESE. BY THE ONLY LIVING FOREIGN WITNESS, IN THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN, OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM: WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, L. H. D.

Our own American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who is probably the favorite with scholarly Japanese, once gave a young man a sure receipt for true success and permanent popularity. This he did, in one of those literary paradoxes of which our friends in Nippon are so fond. In substance it was this: “Champion a truth that is thoroughly unpopular and hold on to it throughout life. This means surest success.” If Whittier’s poetry and prose convey any message of unchanging truth, it is this, that a lie, whether in work or in life, whether on the lips of an individual or in the politics of a nation, is sure to come out and be damned of God and man. On the other side truth told and lived, whether by pagan or Christian, abides. When wrought into human life, literature, or institutions, truth is deathless, as Bryant taught: “The eternal years of God are hers.”

From Whittier, also, we draw the words prophetic of our time. They are so manifest that the thoughtful must thrill when they remember the grandeur of this era, in which the East and the West are met together. The initial cycle of human history and progress advancing with the sun’s course, westward, is complete. In the world’s new morning the antiquated terms “Oriental” and “Occidental” are void of meaning. Humanity has begun a new cycle.

“Life greatens in these later years
The century’s aloe flowers to-day.”

This is the time when the world beholds Japan’s udonge!* While her achievements in war and peace surprise the world with their phenomenal display, the perfume of her art and winsome ways delight us, and, greatest victory of all,—the victory over herself in the treaty of Portsmouth ushers in peace—it is our pleasant task, at the bidding of THE CRAFTSMAN, to inquire into the roots, soil and mysteries of her husbandry for the production of men. We shall go back of the glory of June into the January and February of Ja-

*A flower in the fairy tales of Japan that blossoms once in a thousand years.
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pan's national life, to reveal what harmony of seed and adaptation, what cosmic and local influences, what toil and care of gardener and florist produced the consummate bloom. Not merely in esthetic appreciation, but frankly and plainly, we are asked to do this. Nor is this statement perfunctory, for truth-speaking about the Japanese is not always calculated to make one who utters the facts temporarily popular; for such a proceeding sets in rebuking contrast certain degenerate tendencies of our more modern Western civilization.

GOING to Japan as an educator, thirty-five years ago, my mission was necessarily destructive of some things and more theories, though in the main it was, I trust, assistant and constructive. Come then with me in imagination to the city of Fukui (Happy Well) in the province of Echizen, fronting the Sea of Japan and Korea. It is not near Tokio or Kioto, or on the beaten track of tourists, but "beyond the mountains." It has a river flowing by, with fertile valleys among abundant hills. Once it was a feudal prince's capital, a castled city of knights as well as traders and farmers—for there are few isolated farm houses in Japan, lest the soil be shaded. In 1905, Fukui is a railway center and one of the most thriving of commercial cities. Tiny silk worms earn the chief bulk of its many millions of annual profit. "Habutai," or feather-woof silk, is produced by the ton for the delight of our ladies.

The Almighty, though he dowered his Japanese child with a passionate love for the beautiful, refused to make him the pet of luxury. Dai Nippon is not a land flowing with milk and honey. Its people were set on islands, of the area of which only about one-fifteenth can be cultivated. Of this possible area, about one-half has been thus far won from primeval pumice and bamboo scrub. Straitening the bounds of their habitation, Providence gave them very clearly to understand that though they might suck abundance out of the seas, the soil would yield food only by coaxing, unremitting toil, and the incessant application of foresight and wisdom. Furthermore, to afflict, or rather to train and develop them, nature unleashed the volcano, earthquake, tidal wave, tempest and typhoon. These powers of air and water—or, in art, the dragons—made them alert and resourceful. For cheer and charm, reward
and incentive, she dowered the archipelago with the monsoon, which compels regular seasons; with the black-blue current, or Gulf stream, which modifies climatic rigors; with perpetual variety of mountain and valley; and with a long autumn, which under unclouded skies is as "the days of heaven upon earth." In a word, Nature has set before the islanders as alternatives, indolence and folly—with resultant famine, depopulation, and the stolid stagnation of the savage; or, industry applied in perpetual toil, wisdom gained from experience and the nourishing of artistic impulses—with resulting comfort and delight. Japan has never given her inhabitants either luxury or superfluity, but ever the possibilities of making life noble and enjoyable. The scenery of the Princess Country has had a powerful effect in moulding both the temperament and character of the Japanese people. Nature's own perpetual charms awaken and nourish a love of her beauty which, in these islanders, is a vital passion. Behold not only the nation's art, but the solace and joy brought to homesick war veterans on foreign shore! To beguile the monotony of long vigil and waiting, Admiral Togo distributes among his sailors a thousand home grown dwarf pine trees in pots. General Kuroki sends for flower seeds to beautify the camps and make the war-wasted fields of Manchuria bloom with delight. In loving response to nature's favors, the people delight in caring tenderly not only for the flowers, but lavish thought and human sympathy on the old pine trees. Many of these I have seen propped up with crutches to ease the burden of age. One of those, photographed and herewith reproduced, is over one thousand years old. It lives near the pretty Lake Biwa, and poets and travelers spoke of it many centuries ago. Its bark is in color like bronze.

Happily, too, while girding Everlasting Great Japan with the inviolable waves, giving her people what Wadsworth has told us are freedom's "two great voices," the mountains and the sea, Nature, the Almighty's handmaid, set this archipelago of many names, this Shiki Shima* within beckoning range of Korea and near enough for responsive reception to that mighty realm of China. From the Middle Kingdom (and we assert, because we stand ready to prove

*The Mikado's battleship is so named. The word means Outspread Islands, like the stepping stones of a Japanese garden.
"THE LION OF KOREA"—JAPAN'S MOST FAMOUS COMEDY, AS PERFORMED AT A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.
LIFTING BAGS OF RICE—THE JAPANESE LABORER'S TEST OF STRENGTH.

AS THE MILLIONS WORK IN THE FIELDS OF JAPAN.
YOUNG SAMURAI FENCING.

THE SWORD-SETTER AND THE GENTLEMAN WERE OFTEN VERY GOOD FRIENDS.
HOW THE OLD TREES ARE KEPT ALIVE.
our claim) have come forth inventions and blessings which have done as much for the race as any civilization that ever came on earth, and Japan was not the least of the pupils of the world's oldest living nation. Below the headlines, "Buddhism" and "Confucianism" we may underwrite in history vast columns of civilizing influences, which blended and mellowed the ideals of India and China. Japan is thus the residuary legatee, on its utmost eastern verge, of Asia's treasures and inheritances. Further, when dowering his Japanese child, the Almighty gave him the genius of selection, adaptation, and the power to become an adept, instilling within him an eternal hunger for the best things. The love of beauty and reverence for age seem to be inextinguishable in the Japanese breast.

**T**his I gather from Japan's history and long study, from within the gates, of her civilization. It is no wonder the natives call their beloved land the Realm of the Gods, and that the official title of the Empire is Téi Koku, that is, Theocracy, or The Country Ruled by a Theocratic Dynasty. Politics and poetry, history and government are practically one, for the Japanese believe their land to be so beautiful that only the gods could have made it. We, alas, and "Christians" too, usually name mysterious features in the landscape after the devil. The awe-compelling grotto, glen, or clustered rocks, is the tenant house of demons. We speak of "The Devil's Slide," "Hell's Kitchen," etc. The Japanese, like the radiant-hearted Greeks, seek rather to erase from the face of the land every omen-name of horror and prefer auspicious nomenclature. Who are the better followers of the Christ, who revealed so much the beauty of this our earth-home, and the handiwork of the Almighty,—the "pagan" of the Orient isles, or ourselves, the so-called Christians?

Everywhere in Japan I found the human part of the landscape garnished, indeed, with image and shrine, and sometimes also made hideous by priestcraft's art. In a few places mural paintings, realistically picturing the horrors of the Buddhist jigoku showed that polemic imagination was much the same everywhere, but, in general, ugliness was the rare exception. Nature in herself, not bold or sublime, but exquisitely lovely, was heightened in charm by the
loving hand of man that was co-worker with her in beauty. Hence
the happy thoughts and pleasing images on the mind of the gazer!
Fifty generations of human toil had done more than make the ter-
raced slope, the irrigated valleys, the garden-like fields, not only a
charm to the eye; for what was of craft, whether of hand or of mind,
was made purveyor also of food for the soul.

Village life has its sunny side. The monotony of toil is relieved
by the story-teller who rehearses the national mythology, fairy lore
and hero tales. Sometimes the creations of imagination are en-
acted in mirthful comedy. Perhaps the favorite of all is the "Lion
of Korea," in which two men under a cloth, with the head of a shishi,
delight alike with varied pranks the little ones, lads, lasses and the
old folks. The scholar enjoys it, for he sees enacted the ancient
myth of the Sun-Goddess enticed out of her cave by mirth, music,
dancing mirrors and the inventive genius of the gods, aided by
laughing Uzumé (her mask in many a house) of the dimpled
cheeks. An eclipse of the sun, or the origin of the arts, is thus really
dramatized as surely as there is a Passion Play in our "Punch and
Judy." In both, the local joke and jest, the mimic of noted charac-
ters, in hits at everyday life provoke uproarious merriment. For
the stalwart youth who are rivals in cultivating their muscle, the
lifting and carrying of hio, or rice-bags, containing each two and a
half bushels of hulled rice, is one of the most frequent tests of
strength. It is notorious that Japanese soldiers have more "wind,"
and can keep up either the double or triple quickstep longer than
Europeans. The old style postman fairly whizzed along, with his
bamboo pole, sandals and loin cloth. Nowadays Mercury travels
on rail and sea by electricity or steam. Nevertheless those who
know their old Japan well do not wonder at the hardihood of
Oyama's infantry as shown in siege, march, charge, and protracted
battle.

WITHIN the houses, and while mingling in social life with
all classes, I was struck with the air of courtesy and refine-
ment that everywhere prevailed. On the street and out-
of-doors, in public gatherings, at picnics, and where Japanese hu-
manity could be studied, both in the mass and in little social knots
or groups, one felt that he was meeting with true gentlemen and

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ladies. Manners and morals, too often divorced in our system of education, were here blended in one. On peasant or gentry was that hard finish of fine manners and that air of easy politeness that can come only after centuries of good breeding. Entering the homes, whether as transient guest, or frequent visitor, the American dwelt under a sense of surprise at such elegant courtesy, seen as well in cottage, as in mansion or in palace. Where were those showy accompaniments of well-to-do life, supposed to be so necessary to elegance, in money-making America? In our average rich man's parlor, or in that of those who ape the wealthy, one can hardly walk without stumbling over the excess of furniture, decorative articles and bric-a-brac, of all sorts, kinds, and conditions. Whatever we have, we drag it forth to view into ostentatious display. Not for us to let the "gem of purest ray serene" lie unseen in "cave" or closet, or allow a flower to waste its sweetness on desert air! Oh no! We must dazzle our neighbors, pile our purchases on our fingers, pin them numerously on the breast, or hang them at neck and ears, or on parlor table, glass case, or overloaded dinner table, let all be seen. Abundance rather than taste, seems to be the rule. As common sense and the chuckling doctors well know, the average American eats twice too much, and then pays his physician to relieve him of the results of plethora.

So in Japan I was surprised. I asked myself, where are the jewels, the costly furniture, the pomp of equipage, the bravery of vast areas and stores of wardrobe, and the ten thousand ways Americans have of honestly or dishonestly making and getting rid of their money? Consummate in her manners, and gracious in her presence I found neither on the lady nor her daughter jewelry of gold or of gem, though their dresses, on the fit occasion, in cut, fit, colors, embroidery, or dye, were artistic in the highest degree. Children indeed were brightly costumed and revealed in gay colors. On festal days, like that of New Year's, young maidens also looked like moving flower gardens, while gaiety reigned at the wedding. Yet though the public woman beyond society might be flamboyant in coiffure and dazzling in her robes, the general rule among the virtuous and the ladies generally, was that of severe taste. In general, one was impressed with the simplicity reigning in food, dress, and general tenor of life. Nevertheless, both in the foreground and far
perspective, the discerning eye recognized taste, choice, education, and an ideal, which was for the most part nobly lived up to. It was the symphony of a noble civilization, the soughing of the forests grown during ages.

Then as to effect, the Japanese lady in her own dress is a poem. Figure and costuming are in harmony. How finely the girls hold up their heads! What a pretty poise of the neck! The nape is shaved clean and free from all vagrant hairs at the base of the skull. The collar of her dress, set daintily back and exquisitely fitted above a well-shaped bust, with a coiffure matchless in taste, crowns a torso hard indeed to improve. The Japanese lady may be horror-struck at the way our women bare their shoulders for evening dress, even as foreign prudes are at the Nippon matron’s palm’s breadth of pink cuticle, possibly visible between skirt and sock, when sitting in easy attitude at home.

SOMETHING of the fairer side of Puritanism, the rule of self-control and of temperance in tongue, temper, appetites, and desires, is seen in the Japanese home, as well as in the individual. The result of long centuries of gracious training under the masters Buddha and Confucius, and their best expositors, shows itself in manifold attractive forms. It has taken many centuries to produce the Japanese woman, and true Christianity in Japan may yet make a type of feminine humanity without superior anywhere on earth.

When I went into the daimio’s school, where the choicest of his young gentry were daily taught how to be fit leaders of the people, I discerned something of the secrets of Japanese culture and its results. The nation had had a training during the centuries of feudalism, which is based on loyalty, obedience, and faithfulness in contract, which in itself was a storage-battery of power. These virtues conjoined with the ideals of mikadoism, which came to its vigorous renaissance in 1868, nourished in the national schools and transmuted into patriotism, indurated the Japanese for titanic tests in two great modern wars, first with China in 1894-95 and in 1904-5 with Russia. There were, of course, in the background of athletics, of which we shall speak, literary culture and food for the mind, which, shaped into ideals, made the lads eager to begin and
willing to endure the long training required to season the Japanese samurai—that consummate white flower of Asiatic manhood. They were daily trained in the way of the Bushido, or the Knightly Code, the Warrior's Path. This was scarcely a thing written, certainly not a collection of statutes, but rather a habit and course of life, elaborated during ages of feudalism. While of course it had its dark side and many ferocious exemplars, it had many features of striking nobility and winsomeness. Rectitude, courage, benevolence, politeness, truth and sincerity, honor, loyalty, self-control, were all in the unwritten law of the gentleman privileged to wear the sword,—the symbol of his soul and his honor. Yet besides books and scholastic training, facility in wielding the pen for business, the practice of calligraphy—the seed-bed of free-hand drawing and the art of line and feature, as distinct from color—and that discipline in meditation, introspection, and philosophy, to which the choice souls among the samurai took gladly, there was the physical exercise, the daily subduing and strengthening of the body, and that polishing of manners, which, with the samurai, was the habit of life. As every system of education must have not one but many tests to prove its worth, so Bushido provided these. Beside what I myself witnessed, the scores of autobiographies, which my advanced students—many of them since come to national or world fame—afterward wrote out for me, showed how searching and various these proofs were. The lad whom the world now knows as Komura, wrote out the story of his life for me in fourteen pages. It revealed a noble character.

The feudal lord whom I proudly served was the Baron of Echizen. He had the wisdom to gather around him scholars and men of character and ability, and it was his moral adviser, the great Yokoi, who first sent his two nephews to study in the United States. These were the advance guard of a great host. The men who at Fukui, in 1871, were in their prime—liberal-minded and heartily backing the American teacher in his educational plans and methods, are now for the most part in middle age, or far on towards the evening of life. Several of those in the front rank of the group and most honored are Christians in faith and life. In the fifties, these were the eager young men who stood by their prince when he introduced improved hygiene, systems of medicine based on science, and regula-
tions that steadily lifted the honest tradesman and artisan in the social scale, and who finally, in the sixties, won popular support to all the really good modern machinery and improvements, including the common school system of the United States.

IN the daimio's, that is the Government's school, everything bore the stamp of a spartan simplicity. Here were taught archery, spear exercise, fencing, horsemanship, wrestling, boxing, and the varied crafts and arts of the soldier and the gentleman. There was no such thing as a conception of the samurai who had not physical, as well as literary and social, training and acquirement. I shall not go into the detail of exercises which belongs to the gymnasium or to the military school, or with special weapons and contrivances outside of the man himself. The sword was "the living soul of the samurai," and the sword maker was held in very high honor. The sword setter and the gentleman were usually very good friends. I have been amazed at the skill, the patience, the ambition of the worker in metal. Made of finest steel, long beaten, set in a backing of tough flawless iron, the Japanese blade is both a noble weapon and a work of art. Jeweler and artist vied in rivalry to make it a thing of delight to the cultured eye. The Japanese gentleman wore no gold on his person. He lavished it on his sword guard, writing desk, or ceramic triumph. Daily for years under the best fencing masters, the young men trained eye, hand, muscle, hardening the body by this noble exercise.

I note but briefly that wonderful system of ju-jutsu (misspelled jiu-jitsu) or gentle art, so named in contrast to the rough exercises with weapons, spear, sword, polo-mallet, etc. By this art one learned to do with fingers and limbs what was sufficient for defense, and in offense, if necessary, for dislocation and the death of an assailant. By this a man was enabled to defend himself without arms, on the principle that an army's or a nation's, or a battleship's best defense is its power of offence. A lad was shown how to protect himself against robber or assailant, by means of his bodily powers alone. I believe I had the honor (in 1876) of being the first writer in English* who noted and described this method. I shall never forget my own exhilaration and delight, when I saw the superbly limbed and rosy cheeked lads, at onset, clinching in silent victory, or making outcry of defeat.

*See The Mikado's Empire, page 433.
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Yet what impressed me even more was the systematic regulation of diet and habits, and the temperate living that accompanied this physical regimen, and made both lads and old men so happy in what might be called the simple, strenuous life. The Japanese have a classic Grecian's horror of the too much, and with many the motto is *Kio sumeru*—"Where you live, that's the capital." Politeness among all classes was and is the universal rule. I could not help asking myself how many Americans, that have certainly not attained to the fine manners and culture of these gentlemen and ladies, could find the enjoyment these islanders do on such slender resources,—from the point of view of a bank account, society, automobile, or yacht, or pew in the middle aisle.

WITH this frank testimony concerning Japan's hermit and insular life, by one who saw and felt, when among the people, the possibilities of their future, let us note how Japan responded to her opportunities when new fountains of culture were opened in the learning and literature of Europe and America, and when fresh stimulus came to the Island Empire from the science and mechanical forces of the West. The year of the Perry Treaty in 1852 brought the psychological moment in the harmony of all things, like that to the phœnix of fable, or to the seed in the daily miracle of the field and forest. To picture the situation vividly we must first present a miniature of Japanese history.

First we must remember that the Japanese are not an old, but a young race. About the same time that our Teutonic forebears, leaving their acorns for food and their wolf-skins for clothes, emerged from the forests to confront Roman culture and Christianity, the savage islanders—not "Japanese," for there was no such thing as a Japanese nation until after the tenth century—an agglomeration of many ethnic origins, white, blackish, brown, and yellow, Ainu, Malay, Korean and Tartar, received the priceless gifts of writing, ethics, and religion from China and from India. In the central island the Yama-ato tribe, (with a chief named the Mikado), the most advanced, vigorous, and sensitive to new impressions, began to be dominant. For their rude feudalism, they substituted a civic system derived from China. Then they organized armies that went up and down the crescent-shaped archipelago conquering north and south, subduing all to
the Emperor’s rule. The Japanese is one of the most mixed of races—a noble composite. After four hundred years of military conquest, “all was peace under heaven.” Nara, the centre of culture, was superseded by Kioto (capital city), which still remains Japan’s place of delight and inspiring memories. Possibly by A. D. 1000, there was, at least in the three great islands, Hondo, Kiushiu, and Shikoku, a real Japanese people, with one language and social order. Yezo, the large northern island, except by a few miners and hunters and hardly touched by the southern influences, was inhabited by the Ainu, who are a beaten and degraded white race, of whom only a remnant of 16,000 now remain. Nevertheless, their ancestral, sonorous names, like those of our Indians, on the mountains and rivers, still resound all over Japan. The Yamato story of conquest is much like that of the Romulus tribe in Italy. To this day, “Yamato damashii” (the Yamato spirit) means the spirit of conquering and unconquered Japan.

In our perspective, the dissolving views must be rapid. The victorious and rival military clans, northerners and southerners, quarreled in 1167 A. D., and after a bloody civil war the dominant “man on horseback,” took the national purse and sword and made his capital, or his active executive center, in the “far East” at Kamakura, while the Mikado and the court nobles were left in Kioto, to keep up the old traditions of dress, etiquette and culture. The “emperor” was shorn of nearly all power, while immensely revered; the eastern ruler, or “shogun” (general) getting all government in his hands. Gradually this duarchy became feudalism, for in time the Shogun made his appointments hereditary. With government weak at the center, each daimio, or castle chief, asserted more and more personal power, so that in time there were scores of petty rulers and domains. The Mikado was made more and more a god in a box.

Thus was the golden age of the fortified castle and monastery, the warrior, the sword-maker, and the monk, the only learned man—too often himself in armor—and the era of waste, destruction, bloodshed and chronic civil war was ushered in, lasting from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Then arose and flourished, during the time of the European contact (1537-1614), three great men in succession, Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasu. These warriors, while not forgetful of self and ambition, fought to retrieve the personal power of the
AFTER THIRTY YEARS—THE PROGRESSIVES AND PIONEERS IN LIBERAL IDEAS, OF 1870.

YOUNG MARQUIS MATSUDAIRA IN CENTER.
emperor. Iyéyasu having subdued his enemies, by statesmanship as well as by sword, became the unifier of Japan. He built the city of Yedo, parcelled out the daimio’s fiefs, collected manuscripts and books, and set the order for that feudal Japan which our fathers knew, in which peace reigned during a quarter of a millennium, or from 1604 to 1868. With a duarchy, the Mikado in Kioto, and the Shogun in Yedo, the poor and proud nobility—“companions of the clouds and brothers of the moon”—living within “the city of the nine-fold circle of flowers,” and the great army of knights, dwelling in the City of the Camp, on Yedo Bay, there were nearly three hundred castles and daimio’s domains under the iron rule of feudalism, which glorified the two-sworded gentleman who was both warrior and scholar in one. Within such an environment, hermit Japan nourished her art, her literature, her gentle manners and those potencies which in our day have burst into flower and surprised the world.

We do not pretend, in this brief sketch, to picture also the dark phases and defects of Japanese ideals and realities. We are placing on the sunny side what is admirable and beautiful. In a word, we find nineteenth-century Japan, with the unspent force of youth, ready to seize upon, and later to select and assimilate, the best that was set before her. Yet happily she knows how to reject as well as to receive. In the sixth century she took Chinese culture and Buddhism, and for hundreds of years, she sent her scholars and inquiring pilgrims to the West, that is to Korea, China, India. In the sixteenth century, Europe and Christianity came to her, but in the Spanish and Portuguese form—not only with the Inquisition, and the ideas of trade and plunder then prevalent, but also with the notions of conquest and the claim of the King of Spain, ratified by the Pope, to the ownership of the world. No wonder that the fiercely patriotic Japanese cast away, with fire and sword, what Europe had to offer, and then shut up their gates, bolting them fast with the ban of death.

But in 1868, after a century and a half of intellectual preparation by a few scholars, fifty-five young men made the new Japan. This they did by possessing themselves of the Imperial palace and the Emperor’s person in Kioto, and in bringing him, the Son of Heaven, to Yedo. After fighting, with the help of American ships, weapons, and tactics, their short civil war of eighteen months,
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they began, from Tokio, or Yedo, renamed, virtually the creation of
a new nation. Without a national dollar, school, treasury, postal
system, army or navy, but only with the resources of an agglomeration
of feudal clans, they made beginning. Development of physical re-
sources, with education and ethics, comprise the first points of their
program. Summoning from many nations experts in every line of
handicraft, scientific and intellectual achievement, they started first
with the public school. Then they planned railway and telegraph
systems, and methods of annihilating time and space. Sweeping
away feudalism, in the Mikado’s name, their colossal task was to
transmute the passionate instincts of clanship into pure patriotism.
Their seemed at first a task not only titanic, but morally impossible.
Being in Tokio in 1870, and in a feudal castle in 1871, I have before
me the notes of conversations, which thirty years ago I held in Japan,
with a dozen or more daimios, with prominent statesmen, and with
foreigners long resident in the country. The general tone was that
of pessimism. With the ties of the people severed from loyalty to
their old masters, with so much that was ancient and venerable broken
down, with the economic system upset, with the vanity and conceit
of new men in power, the lack of truth and honor in the long op-
pressed and socially low commercial class, the grievances and com-
plaints, the local outbreaks and insurrections, the lack of popular un-
derstanding of what the “reforms” meant,—what could the outcome
be but disaster?

But the high-souled leaders, “fit though few,” were far-sighted
men. They knew how far-reaching and strong were the roots of re-
verence for the Mikado and how deep was the love of country—vol-
canic in passion, but like the sunshine in steady power. Critical read-
ers of Japanese history, they saw that duarchy and feudalism had ful-
filled their purpose, and that Mikadoism was not only the fruition of
the nation’s deepest hopes and yearnings, but the crowning con-
summation of national tendency. Soon it was seen that the new did
but fulfill the old. One by one the edicts of the Mikado, like calm
after storm, brought not only peace, but the beauty of order. The
public school proved the seed-bed of new and grander outlook and
aspiration. The young generation eagerly caught the age-spirit.
The old loyalty to local lords was transferred to the Mikado, the
focus of all rays. Emerging from the old god-like seclusion, no
longer like an idol in a box, Mutsuhito, the emperor, traveled up and
down his realm, meeting his people, talking with them, and greet-
ing them with words of cheer and reward, until millions upon mil-
lions had seen his face and felt the electric thrill which his kindly
presence caused. Japan, in its ideal entirety, became a reality. In-
stead of a mysterious deity here was one winsomely human. Mut-
suhito issued an Imperial Rescript, dated October 30th, 1891, which
is read stately in every school throughout the empire. Pondering
these words, one can see how, during thirty years, a new nation with
a new spirit has been created. After appropriate introductory sen-
tences like this: “My Imperial Ancestors and our forefathers estab-
lished the State with a far-reaching aim,” he exhorts his people thus:
“Be filial to your fathers and mothers, be affectionate to your brothers
and sisters, let husbands and wives dwell in harmony, let friends be
truthful one to the other; conduct yourself in modest thrift, be benevo-
 lent towards all. Cultured by study and mastering your chosen
calling, develop your intellect and perfect your moral powers through
knowledge. Further, have public spirit and promote the national
interests. Respect the Constitution and obey your country’s laws.
In case of emergency, sacrifice yourselves for the common good.
Thus you will support our Imperial Dynasty which shall be as last-
ing as the Heavens . . . . . It is our desire to bear these precepts in our
heart in common with you.” The effect of this outpouring of the
Emperor’s soul, in which he appealed to all that was best in his peo-
ple’s hearts and history is, in its steady effect, like the moving in-
fluence of holy scripture upon the Christian.

It was in carrying out in detail the splendid scheme of national
reorganization that the native genius—“great in little things,” if you
please—was seen. No trifle was neglected. In things mechanical,
much of the new machinery could be imported, but, after all, Japan’s
chief hope and dependence was upon her own people and resources
and especially upon the common, as well as the choicest, human qual-
ities. Most wonderful, for example, is her police organization.
Few countries show a finer set of brave, alert, intelligent, self-con-
trolled and controlling body of men. Simplicity of method makes
corruption in the system impossible. Hereditary qualities have
given to Japan in her police a body of gentlemen who are also as val-
orous as soldiers. Most unfortunately, in September, 1905, through
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purely local disagreement between an Imperial minister and the municipal authorities, for which the Tokio policemen were in no way responsible, these men suffered in body, but not in valor or reputation, from mobs such as on our own soil in our "Jay treaty" time lampooned even Washington, and during our "draft riots" burned orphan asylums.

Yet it is not alone the white-gloved guardian of the peace, who in addition to years in the common school, receives a special training for his work. The same thing holds in regard to telegraphers, railroad men, skilled artisans, merchants, navigators, yes, even to coal-heavers, for it is a fine art to get a maximum of steam, with a minimum of waste, under the boilers of the battleships. In a word, in millions of the Japanese common folks, we see exemplified the spirit of Russia’s noblest servant, civilizer and ruler—"Nothing is too small for a great purpose;" but where Muscovy had one Peter the Great, Japan has had, in effect, tens of thousands. The need of intelligently directed labor, out of which great works result, is seen; even as it is felt, in the proverb, which they so often quote, "Until polished, the precious gem has no splendor." Superb the commentary, both in the flawless crystal sphere, and in the triumphant Japan of 1905!

IT was my honor and privilege to organize the first local public school, that at Fukui, Echizen, in the empire which now contains 30,000 public day schools, in which 5,000,000 pupils, from kindergarten to university, are educated daily. After knowing the Japanese so long, it was not the clever guess-work of the fortune-teller, but the firm knowledge of the man of science, who foretells eclipses and occultations, that enabled me, long before the war broke out, to declare firmly in detail the sure victory of Nippon over the Chinese Colossus in 1894 and of the Japanese David over the Russian Goliath in 1904-05.

Yet it is but truth to add that as "above all nations is humanity" so Japan could not have done what she has done, without help from the outside. This is nature’s law.

Happy indeed was the young emperor and his constructive statesmen in having a noble-minded Dutch-American, Guido Fridolin Verbeck, who, arriving in Japan at Nagasaki, in 1859, was soon invited to organize a Government school, to which flocked the lads who
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afterwards became cabinet ministers and province governors. Called to Tokio as the chief adviser and organizer of their national system of education, Verbeck, from 1869 until near the time of his death in 1898, was the one man trusted above all others in Japan, whose advice was almost invariably taken. In innumerable hours of private counsel with the premier and men highest in office, he helped in amazing measure to mould the nobler policy both of the State and of individual ministers. As a living stone, he built himself into the new structure among nations, so that at his death not only did emperor and cabinet ministers mourn, and the Imperial Guard escort his body to its last resting place, but over his grave, in a plot deeded freely by the City of Tokio, his pupils have reared his monument. Besides Verbeck, an army of five thousand expert foreign helpers have, for thirty years, helped the Japanese, showing them the way. Some day the story of these "yatoi" (hired assistants) will be told. But could they find anywhere such hopeful pupils as the Japanese?

Japan has successfully waged two mighty wars, humbling the power of China and Russia, testing mightily the valor of her sons and the spirit of her daughters. Now, with a potency more permanent than that of bombs or battleships, her teachers are leading China into the newer day, while on her own soil, 5,000 Chinese lads and lassies are learning from the Japanese how to lift an ancient nation out of the ruts of stagnation, and place it upon the solid road bed of progress. Meeting mighty Russia at the council table Japan has won even vaster victory in the conquest of herself, and in heeding the voice of reason and humanity. As in the past, so in the future, may Japan prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. Japan has learned much from us. Now, the quondam pupil, because of her very docility and talents, is our teacher.