

Main body of the document containing numerous columns of text, likely a legal or official record, with various names and dates.

Jap Master and Man. A Japanese Officer in Leslie's Monthly. It was in this melee of blood and sword that I saw a sight that touched me deeply. I noted a man in a dark, heavy, blacker than black, uniform, who was a Russian. I found out that the younger of these men came from a well-to-do Samurai family. The older man was also from the same place. In fact, the father of the older man had been a samurai, and he had served the family from which the younger man came. On this terrific day, when they were within a few meters of the Russians when they fought with their swords and anything they could get hold of, I saw these men cling to each other closely. At the height of the bloody excitement the older seemed to be mindful of the younger always. At one time a few of the Russians raised the butt of his rifle, and I saw the younger of these two men. Then I saw the older swing forward and hit the younger on the head with the bayonet through his body. A little later the younger man was shot in the leg and fell. I saw the older man forget himself completely, for he knelt down beside the young friend of his, and not finding a piece of cloth, he tore the front of his shirt. He stuffed a little piece of cloth into the bullet-hole in the leg of his friend. Then, after a little while, because of the fierceness of action about me, I lost sight of these men. When I came upon them a few minutes later, they were together, side by side. As I passed I said to the older man, who was standing with his hand on his hip, "Master, can you manage to carry yourself to the rear with your friend to the hill?" "Oh, it is all right," he answered. "My young man is a samurai, and he will be here in a minute, I think. Then I saw the older man's Russian bullet had made upon his own shoulder. "Oh," he said, "that is a scratch. Don't mind that."