

The Parting of Masashige and Masatsura.

It was just before the memorable battle of Minatogawa in which almost half the members of that respectable family Kusunoki, shed their noble blood in the support of their sacred Emperor, that the great loyalist sent for his son from Kawachi to give him ~~the~~ ^{his} last blessing. The meeting took place at the village of Sakurai which has since been made so familiar to us by the pen of numberless poets. Masatsura in whom the Emperor found afterward a staunchest ^{the} supporter of his cause, then a lad of thirteen hurried to that little village at his father's call. When they met, the senior, with a stolid ^{father} calmness, told his son the late misfortune of the court and the irrevocable tide of war. Then producing a little sword, he gave it to Masatsura. "Taste this, my boy," he said, "and keep it for your old father's sake, as the ^{is} last present of him, on his departure to the field never to return. Long have I set my life at nought in the service of the Emperor, yet hitherto it has been Gods' will to let me play the humble part of a faithful subject: but now the time is come, I know it is come, when I must leave you and your mother once and forever. I feel, however, neither pang nor bitterness at this idea, for Heaven is pleased to grant me a samurai's death. Why should I ask more? Young as you are, you are still a samurai by birth, and must not lament your father's lot. Go home and tell your mother that your father's death will be worthy of his name." He paused, covered

his face and then proceeded, "When I am gone, his Majesty may fare the worse for it. Yet I discern some spirit in you and, I am sure, you will either split the traitor's skull or stab yourself with that sword. (pointing to the sword.) Otherwise, you are not the son of ^{the man} him who has stood by the Emperor to the last." Masatsua, with eyes full of tears which his manly spirit could scarcely suppress, took hold of his father's sleeve and begged him to ^{let him} follow. ^{him} "Go to your mother, you little fool." vociferated the stern warrior, jumping upon his charger, "Mind to die, not with your father but with your Emperor." The signal for ^{the} march was given. In an instant, the whole army was in motion. The young hero was left behind a cloud of rising dust to weep over his father's fate. Thus they met and parted, never to meet again.

This is too strong. It has a jarring effect and spoils the pathos of the scene

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7/5/90.

K. Natsume.
2nd yr. Lit.