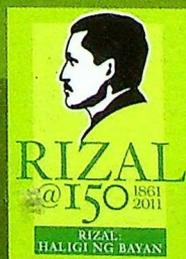




Jose Rizal

REMINISCENCES
& TRAVELS

RC
899.2108
J77r
2011
5920





**Jose Rizal
REMINISCENCES
AND TRAVELS**

**National Historical Commission of the Philippines
2011**

Published by:



NATIONAL HISTORICAL COMMISSION
OF THE PHILIPPINES
T.M. Kalaw St., Ermita
Manila, Philippines
Tel. 523-1037 * website www.nhcp.gov.ph

Copyright © 2011 NATIONAL HISTORICAL COMMISSION
OF THE PHILIPPINES

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be
reprinted or reproduced in any means whatsoever
without the permission of the copyright owner and publisher.

(Originally titled "*Reminiscences and Travels of Jose Rizal*")

Recommended entry:

Jose Rizal : *Reminiscences and Travels*. -- Manila :

National Historical Commission of the Philippines, c2011.

pp. ; cm

"Popular ed"

1. Rizal, Jose (1861-1896) -- Biography -- Travels. I. Title

ISBN: 978-971-538-238-0



Rizal in 1886 at Berlin

CONTENTS

Foreword

JOSÉ E. ROMERO
(Secretary of Education)
As Chairman

Preface

V. G. SINCO
President,
University of the Philippines

JOSE RIZAL: A Biographical Sketch

ENCARNACIÓN ALZONA

PART I

REMINISCENCES

1. REMINISCENCES OF A MANILA STUDENT	3
Chapter I My Birth—Early Years	3
Chapter II My Life Away from My Parents, My Sufferings	7
Chapter III From January 1871 to June 1872	11
Chapter IV 1872-1875	
Chapter V Two Years in College	17
Chapter VI April to December 1877	22
2. MY FIRST REMINISCENCE	35

PART II

TRAVEL DIARIES

1. CALAMBA TO BARCELONA 1 May—16 June 1882	41
2. MADRID 1 January 1883—1 November 1884	81
3. HEIDELBERG TO LEIPZIG VIA THE RHINE RIVER, 1886	103
4. MARSEILLE TO SAIGON 3—30 July 1887	127
5. SAIGON TO MANILA 2—5 August 1887	133

6. MANILA TO CALAMBA	
8 August 1887	135
7. BINAN TO MANILA ,1887	137
8. HONG KONG, MACAO, JAPAN	
3 February – 13 April 1888	139
9. AMERICA	
April-MAY 1888	147
10. NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL	
16 – 25 May 1888	151
11. PARIS TO DIEPPE	
4 July 1889	153
12. MARSEILLE TO HONG KONG	
18 October – 20 November 1891	159
13. HONG KONG TO BRITISH NORTH BORNEO	
March 1892	185
14. MANILA TO DAPITAN	
26 June – 17 July 1892	187
15. DAPITAN TO BARCELONA	
31 July – 6 October 1896	191
16. BARCELONA TO MANILA	
6 October – November 1896	209

PART III

TRAVEL LETTERS

1. ADEN AND THE SUEZ CANAL	
7 June 1882	215
2. PORT SAID, NAPLES, AND MARSEILLE	
23 June 1882	219
3. MADRID	
11 January 1883	229
4. MADRID TO PARIS	
21 June 1883	232
5. A TOUR OF PARIS	
5 July 1883	239
6. A TOUR OF PARIS (<i>Continued</i>)	
July 1883	247
7. A TOUR OF PARIS (<i>Continued</i>)	
2 August 1883	251
8. MADRID	
28 June 1884	257

9. STRASBOURG TO HEIDELBERG	
9 February 1886	261
10. CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG	
February 1886	267
11. IMPRESSIONS OF MADRID	
1886	271
12. UNTER DEN LINDEN	
27 June 1887	279
13. IMPRESSIONS OF ROME	275
14. ROME	
29 June 1887	281
15. DEPARTURE FROM EUROPE	
7 July 1887	283
16. CHINA SEA	
29 July 1887	285
17. TOKYO AND YOKOHAMA	
1 March 1888	287
18. IMPRESSIONS OF TOKYO	
4 March 1888	289
19. TOKYO	
7 April 1888	291
20. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA	
29 April 1888	293
21. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA	
30 April 1888	295
22. THE SS CITY OF ROME	
24 May 1888	297
23. LIVERPOOL AND LONDON	
12 June 1888	299
24. HONG KONG, JAPAN, AMERICA	
27 July 1888	301
25. ON BOARD THE <i>MELBOURNE</i>	
22 October 1891	305
26. COLOMBO TO ADEN	
21 September 1896	307

APPENDICES

I. MY TRAVELS WITH DR. RIZAL	
by Máximo Viola	311
II. DIARY OF CONSUELO ORTIGA Y PEREZ	337
 Index	 355

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Rizal, Berlin, 1886	Frontispiece
Title Page of Rizal's <i>Reminiscences of a Manila Student</i>	3
The Rizal Homestead, Kalamba	4
Rizal's Parents	7
Ateneo Municipal de Manila	13
Rizal at Age 13	14
Rizal's Diploma: Bachelor of Arts	20
Young Rizal with Palette	23
Manila's Shore, sketch by Rizal	44
Colombo	62
Palace of Longchamp, Marseille	75
Montjuich, Barcelona	78
Fonda de España, Barcelona	79
Rizal in 1882 at Madrid	81
Leonor Rivera (1867-1893)	82
Colegio de San Carlos, medical college	83
Restaurant Inglés, Madrid	85
Valentin Ventura, Rizal's friend	94
Retiro, Madrid	103
José María Basa (1839-1907)	140
Hong Kong	143
Rizal's hotel bill, Marseille, 17 October 1891	159
Casa Real, Dapitan	189
The <i>Castilla</i> and <i>Isla de Panay</i>	197
Paseo de Colon, Barcelona	209
Castle of If, Marseille	221
Calle de San Severo, Barcelona	225
Calle de Sitjes, Barcelona	226
Theater of the Opera, Paris	234
Rizal in 1885, Paris	238
Heidelberg University	260
Heidelberg Castle	266
Rizal in 1888 at London	299
Dr. Máximo Viola	310

FACSIMILES

Canal de Suez, 7 de Enero de 1882

Paris, 5 de Julio de 1883

Tokyo, 1 de Marzo de 1888

Tokyo, 7 de Abril de 1888

San Francisco de California, 29 de Abril de 1888

Mar de Irlanda, a bordo de la *City of Rome*,
24 de Mayo de 1888

Londres, 12 de Junio de 1888

FOREWORD

The José Rizal National Centennial Commission is charged by law with the preparation for a fitting and dignified celebration of the First Centenary of the birth of the National Hero of the Philippines, José Rizal. The objectives set for the Commission to meet include, among others, the publication of all the works of the Hero in the original languages in which they were written as well as their translations into English and the principal languages of the Philippines.

Appearing in several volumes, the greater part of the Centennial Edition consists of Centennial issues for the general diffusion of Rizal's ideas. The whole set covers the whole field of the Hero's writings, namely, reminiscences and travels, all his extant letters known to the Commission; poems and prose works, the novels *Noli me tângere* and *El Filibusterismo*, his edition of Morga's *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas*, political and historical writings, facsimiles of some of his other works and selected excerpts from his philosophical thoughts. Besides the above we have additional volumes containing the excerpts of the writings about our hero by his contemporaries and others—Filipinos and foreigners as well as poems dedicated to him; a bibliography of his writings and published works of others about him; a Rizaliana album containing pictures, sketches, maps and other items associated with the life of the Hero.

This is the entire range of the Centennial Edition which the José Rizal National Centennial Commission takes pleasure to present to the reading public—to know from his own works who José Rizal really was, and to evaluate and appreciate his contributions to the welfare of his country and of mankind. There is no better way of paying homage to the memory of Rizal, aside from the cultural buildings to be constructed in his honor, than to collect all his works and those about him by others, and prepare them for easy understanding of the people for whose cause he chose to die.

JOSE E. ROMERO
(Secretary of Education)
As Chairman

P R E F A C E

This readable work is more than just a collection of the reminiscences and letters of a great man during his travels abroad. In its lucid pages, Rizal lives. You get an insight into this virtuous man, so thoroughly and intensely human, so modest and humble, so honest and sensitive. You are drawn to an intellect in ferment, from the reflective, if carefree, days of youth to the mature years of a full young life dedicated to an ideal. The candid entries in his diary and his fervent letters to his mother like rays of light lay bare his heart and soul.

As Rizal himself writes, he reads his diary to remind him of "faded impressions" because then it "consoles the soul when nothing remains of its former treasures." You sense this as you leaf through his reminiscences. You get a glimpse of his most intimate thoughts. You share his moments of loneliness and melancholy, and of anguish as he reflects on his country's fate, — the restless moments of doubt and anxiety as he thinks of his family's misfortunes, the rare moments of happiness that chance his way. You sense, too, the inner struggle (that de Unamuno has noted) as he reconciles conflicts of heart and mind.

There is a disarming naiveté in Rizal's notes during the first days of his sojourn abroad but this soon gives way to a searching, pervasive analysis of all that animates his consciousness. Always, his concern is man and that humankind which, like a river, "goes on taking the form of old dead things." Now and then, he indulges in self-reflection. "My tongue, abundant prattler, becomes dumb when my heart bursts with feelings." Unkind words about his country and people infuriate him. "Almost all speak ill of the Philippines to which they go for pecuniary reasons." But he would not stoop to the slanderers' level. "One would humiliate himself in slapping them."

Loose talk annoys him. "It is a misfortune to understand various languages because then one has more occasions to hear stupidities and nonsense." Money he finds "wicked." "How it corrupts! — people are polite for a consideration." Women please him, the Filipina exults him. "I don't know why but I find in her I don't know what that charms me and makes me dream." But he scoffs at the pretensions of some of his countrymen. "We are better informed than the saints themselves."

Nothing escapes his probing eye. He says of a statue of Goethe at Frankfurt: "It is beautiful; only he looks more like a rich banker than a poet." Even then, as he sails down the Red Sea and visits every port of call, he senses the intellectual ferment that is Africa. "The lord of creation, man, compelled by terrible necessity, lives where plants do not want to live." At times moody, dark suspicions pain him. "I am going to believe in the end that I am a dangerous man." But, always, his faith in God is unshaken. "I believe that what God is doing to me is a blessing, allowing me to go back to the Philippines in order to be able to destroy such accusations." This innocence is at once his strength and his weakness.

The translation by Dr. Encarnación Alzona catches the inner fire of Rizal. It has a freshness and a lucidity that do justice to his trenchant pen. His correspondence with his family and friends throws much light on otherwise vague entries in his diary. And Dr. Alzona's documentation gives completeness to his stray thoughts. All this is embellished by Rizal's many sketches which are happily collected in this volume. This is a scholarly work.

V. G. SINCO
*President of the University of
the Philippines*

JOSE RIZAL: A Biographical Sketch

José Rizal (1861-1896) is the Philippines' most revered national hero. He was born at Kalamba,¹ Province of Laguna, on the 19th of June 1861, when the Philippines was a Spanish colony; being the seventh child of Francisco Mercado Rizal and Teodora Alonso. His father was a prosperous landowner and his mother a cultured woman of Manila. "My mother is not a woman of ordinary culture," wrote Rizal. "She knows literature and speaks Spanish better than I. She even corrected my poems and gave me wise advice when I was studying rhetoric. She is a mathematician and has read many books."² His only brother, Paciano, studied at the Colegio de San José of the Society of Jesus. His sisters were educated women, having studied at the Colegio de la Concordia (Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción), a fashionable boarding school for girls in suburban Manila.³

The Rizal family lived in a big house of wood and stone — the symbol of status in those days. It stood in a large orchard, described by Rizal in his *Memorias de un Estudiante de Manila* (Reminiscences of a Manila Student). The family was a subscriber to several cultural magazines and owned a private library consisting of more than one thousand volumes, the largest in the town, according to Rizal, and probably in the Philippines at that time. Thus was Rizal's early life passed in an atmosphere of culture.

Taught first by his mother and then by private tutors, he revealed at a very tender age a superior intelligence, which induced his parents to enroll him at the Ateneo Municipal de

¹ Also written "Calamba".

² Letter to Ferdinand Blumentritt, *Epistolario Rizalino*, Manila, 1938, vol. V, part 1, pp. 334-335.

³ See p. 6, *infra.*, footnote 8.

Manila, a secondary school under Spanish Jesuit priests whom the Filipinos regarded as admirable educators.

Within a short time at the Ateneo, young Rizal won the highest post of honor in his class — that of “emperor”. A model student with excellent conduct, he obtained the highest grade — *Sobresaliente* — in all the subjects for the Bachelor of Arts degree, which he received on the 14th of March 1877 from the Real y Pontificia Universidad de Sto. Tomás de Manila, being the only institution authorized by the government to confer academic degrees. At the same time, he won five first prizes. It is noteworthy that besides the prescribed academic subjects he also studied drawing and sculpture for which he had marked aptitude. Not content with all this, he took surveying and became a licensed surveyor.

As further proof of his extraordinary mind and application, though he entered the Ateneo with a scanty knowledge of the Spanish language, he learned it so fast that after about six months he was writing Spanish poems that needed very slight correction by his professors. Recognizing his poetic talent, his professor of rhetoric, Father Francisco de Paula Sánchez, asked him to put into verse his Spanish translation of Father Enrique Valle's *La tragedia de San Eustaquio* (The Tragedy of Saint Eustace), which was originally written in Italian. He finished the work in one school vacation (1876), to the great surprise of his professor, for it was a long poem, (54 pp. 8°), and he was only fourteen years old.

Though devoted to his studies and to reading, and he could be taunted as a bookworm, he was nevertheless active in boyish games and was a brave boy, never hesitating to use his fists when challenged to defend his rights or personal dignity, or to protect a weak or abused classmate. As a boy of nine he fought with a bigger boy who was the bully in his class and defeated him.

Being aware of his weak constitution, he gave much attention to physical exercises, and when he was abroad, he joined gymnastic classes, learned fencing and shooting and attained admirable proficiency in these arts. During his brief stay at his hometown in 1887, he organized a gymnastic class to encourage his townsmen to improve their physique as well as to draw them away from undesirable pastimes, like gambling.

When still a young student, Rizal discovered racial prejudice, which aroused his nationalistic pride. At Manila he had Spanish classmates and professors. He observed that there was discrimination in favor of the Spaniards. Dull Spanish students

could pass a course but bright Filipinos failed if they happened to incur the displeasure of the professor. He himself had a taste of this racial prejudice when he took part in a literary contest held by the Liceo Artístico Literario de Manila in 1880 to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Cervantes. His entry, *El Consejo de los Dioses*, an allegorical drama, won the first prize and the second prize went to a Spanish writer. The work was highly praised when it was published without the author's name; but when it was known that the author was an *Indio*, Rizal, there was coldness and indifference, and the winner of the second prize instead received the applause. Three years later he alluded to this incident in an inspired essay entitled *Llanto y Risa* (Tears and Laughter). He wrote: ". . . I took part in literary contests and unfortunately I won. I heard the sound of sincere and enthusiastic applause; but we revealed ourself and the applause was transformed into coldness, into mockery, into insult, and the defeated one was honored."

Rizal must have rejoiced in winning over a member of the supposedly superior race, for he thus exploded their false claim of superiority and demonstrated that intellectual excellence did not depend on either race or color.

After getting the Bachelor of Arts degree, his mother, with prophetic insight of the tragic consequences which were to ensue, said to his father: "Don't send him to Manila any more; he already knows enough. If he gets to know more, they'll behead him."⁴ Rizal, in recounting this family conversation, wrote: "My father kept silent, but my brother took me to Manila, despite my mother's tears."

He enrolled at the Universidad de Sto. Tomás de Manila, the only university in the Philippines, to study medicine, but he was not happy there. He discovered to his disappointment that the attitude of the Dominicans toward their Filipino students was different from that of the Jesuits. At least, the Jesuits treated their Filipino students with due respect, while the Dominicans humiliated them, addressing them with the familiar *tú*, ridiculed them, and discouraged them altogether from studying. Rizal was disgusted and offended, even though he himself had not been their victim. Chapters XII and XIII of his novel *El Filibusterismo* (1891) relating the tribulations of the Filipino student Plácido Penitente were based on his personal observations at the Universidad de Sto. Tomás.

⁴ *Epistolario Rizalino*, V, part 1, 334.

"My second year in college resembled the first with the difference that patriotic sentiments as well as an exquisite sensibility had been greatly developed in me." ⁵ Only fifteen years old yet this thoughtful and sensitive youth already harbored the sublime passion of love of country that was to dominate his whole life.

Young though he was he had witnessed and experienced the brutality and injustice of Spanish colonial officials. One victim was his own mother who was tried on a false charge and acquitted only after two and a half years in jail and a costly litigation that reached the Supreme Court. He himself once was beaten in his hometown by a lieutenant of the civil guard just for failing to salute him, not having noticed him in the darkness of the night. Convinced of the unfairness of the agent of the law and desiring to obtain redress, he journeyed to Manila to report the outrage to the governor general at Malakanyang, ⁶ but he was not received. He knew of other similar cases, but the victims had kept silent, allowing themselves to be trampled upon. Even then he already believed that the people should not tolerate abuses; rather they should denounce them in order to stop them. He regretted that his countrymen submitted supinely to them. Years later, he expressed this sentiment in his writings, as in *El Filibusterismo*: "Resignation is not always a virtue; it is a crime when it encourages tyranny: There are no tyrants where there are no slaves." ⁷

He took into his confidence his older brother, Paciano, who was sympathetic and agreed to let him leave the country and continue his studies abroad. He had to go to Spain, because the Spanish government did not recognize the diplomas from foreign universities and therefore a Filipino who graduated from them would not be permitted to practice his profession in the Philippines.

Sadly he boarded the steamship *Salvadora* as a first-class passenger on the 3rd of May 1882 which took him as far as Singapore, where he transferred to the *Djemnah*, a beautiful ship of the Messageries Maritimes. At Marseille he took an express train and arrived at Barcelona on the 16th of June 1882, just three days before his 21st birthday. ⁸ It was his first trip abroad and he was homesick.

⁵ See p. 21, *infra*.

⁶ Tagalog rendering, the Spanish, "Malacañan". See n. 11, p. 106.

⁷ Ghent (Gand), 1891, p. 52.

⁸ See his diary, "Calamba to Barcelona", p. 78, *infra*.

He kept a diary during his trip in which he noted down his impressions of people and places. As his train approached the city of Barcelona, he noticed the hill standing beside it. He was told it was Montjuich with the fortress on top of it. Little did he think that he would be ordered to go up that hill fourteen years later (1896) to be imprisoned in that fortress for a few hours prior to his last return to Manila for his trial and execution.

During his brief sojourn at Barcelona he found time to write on a theme dearest to his heart — *Amor Patrio* (Love of Country) — an essay which appeared in the issue for 20 August 1882 of the *Diariang Tagalog*, a short-lived bilingual daily published at Manila and founded by Marcelo H. del Pilar. It filled his countrymen who read it with admiration for its author. The essay was written in lyrical prose, glowing with patriotic fervor. Rizal enjoined everyone to love his native land, as he himself did, for “of all loves that of country is the greatest, the most heroic and the most disinterested.”

By September 1882 he was at Madrid plunged into academic work. Simultaneously he studied medicine, which he had begun at Manila, philosophy and letters, and drawing and painting. He also took private lessons in German and English for, as he wrote his family, he would like to know at least six or seven languages before going home. His appetite for knowledge was tremendous.⁹ He bought many books, not required in his courses of study, which enriched his cultural background. He even read books on military fortifications, as shown by some notes taken down by him and found in his notebooks. In June 1884 he finished the medical course and became a Licentiate in Medicine. During the following academic year, 1884-1885, he finished the graduate course for the degree of Doctor of Medicine. On his 24th birthday, 19th June 1885, he received the Licentiate in Philosophy and Letters, which qualified him to teach at a university. He also had the high distinction of winning the first prize in Greek. Rizal's Spanish biographer and former severe critic, W. E. Retana, states that Amador de los Rios, Rizal's professor of Greek, told him that in all his long years of teaching he never had a pupil who could excel Rizal.

He accomplished so much in so little time because, not only did he possess a brilliant mind, but he was also a serious-minded

⁹During his brief stay at Barcelona in 1882, recently arrived from the Philippines and only 21, he visited several factories. “. . . I'm making a study of various things to apply them there, when I return.” he wrote his family. See p. 226, *infra*.

youth, who led an austere and methodical life, spending more on books than on entertainment, young and free though he was and living in a gay city such as Madrid was. Moreover, he had already consecrated himself to the redemption of his downtrodden countrymen because, "A life that is not consecrated to a great idea is useless. . . . It is a rough stone astray in the field without forming part of any edifice."¹⁰

In the Filipino colony at Madrid Rizal was regarded as a moralist, for it was he who urged his fellow students to attend their classes regularly, to refrain from gambling and wasting away the precious time of their youth, and to bear constantly in their minds their parents' sacrifices and their duty to the land of their birth. When he arrived at Madrid, he said, "With the exception of two or three who attended classes, all the rest slept until midday, spent the afternoon gambling . . . and the evening, after the coffee hour, with girl-friends. "Imagine," he continued, "at the time it was considered bad taste and somewhat ridiculous to go to class and the manifestation of patriotic sentiments a quixotism. The studious were told that it was impossible to pass a course, the patriot that it was useless to attempt anything. The number of buttons on a coat was discussed, but not the rights of the Filipinos; on the question of representation in the Cortes, not a word."¹¹ Rizal's moral crusading did not make him popular among some of the Filipinos, but undoubtedly, it produced desirable results, for, by his third year at Madrid, "more students passed their examinations, Philippine questions became worthy subjects of discussion, gambling diminished, chess-playing taking its place, in general sobriety prevailed."¹²

During his student days at Madrid, he also began writing the work that brought him fame as well as the mortal hatred of the friars — his first novel, *Noli me tângere*. In his own words, "One-half of the *Noli me tângere* was written at Madrid, one-fourth at Paris, and the rest in Germany."¹³ And it was printed in Berlin because, short of money, it was there that he finally found an inexpensive printing press. In truth, its printing was made possible by a loan so generously offered by his fellow countryman, Dr. Máximo Viola, who was then traveling with him in Germany.¹⁴

¹⁰ Rizal, *El Filibusterismo*, Ghent, 1891, p. 50.

¹¹ Speech at the Café Habanero, Madrid, 31 December 1885.

¹² *Supra*.

¹³ *Epistolario Rizalino*, IV, 63.

¹⁴ See Appendix I.

What kind of a novel is the *Noli me tângere* that it moved the friars to indignation? Here is the author's own explanation:

Noli me tângere, a phrase taken from the Gospel of St. Luke,¹⁶ means "touch me not". The book contains then things that nobody in our country has spoken of until the present. They are so delicate that they cannot be touched by anyone. . . . I have attempted to do what nobody had wished to do. I have replied to the calumnies that for so many centuries have been heaped upon us and our country. I have described the social conditions, the life there¹⁶ (in the Philippines), our beliefs, our hopes, our desires, our complaints, our sorrows, I have unmasked hypocrisy that under the cloak of religion has impoverished and brutalized us. I have distinguished the true religion from the false, from the superstitious, from that which capitalizes the Holy Word in order to extract money, in order to make us believe in absurdities which would make Catholicism itself blush if it should know it. I have lifted the curtain in order to show what is behind the deceitful and dazzling promises of our government. I have told our compatriots of our defects, our vices, our culpable and cowardly complacency with the miseries over there. Wherever I have found virtue, I have proclaimed it and render it homage. . . . The incidents I relate are all true and they happened; I can give proofs of them. My book may have (and it has) defects from the artistic or aesthetic point of view; I don't deny it; but what cannot be questioned is the impartiality of my narration.¹⁷

He told the Jesuit Father Federico Faura: "I want to awaken my countrymen from their profound lethargy, and one who wishes to do that does not use soft and gentle sounds, but detonations, blows, etc."¹⁸

The arrival of his novel in the Philippines caused a commotion in friar circles. The archbishop of Manila, the Dominican Father Pedro Payo, obtained a copy and sent it to the Rector of the Universidad de Sto. Tomás asking that a faculty committee render an opinion on it. Three Dominican professors examined the novel and pronounced it "heretical, impious, and scandalous with regard to religion; and unpatriotic, subversive of public order, injurious to the government of Spain and its conduct in these Islands with regard to politics." Archbishop Payo endorsed this opinion to the governor general, Don Emilio Terrero,

¹⁶ St. John 20:17.

¹⁶ Rizal was writing abroad; hence he uses "there" in referring to his country.

¹⁷ W. E. Retana, *Vida y escritos del Dr. José Rizal*, Madrid, 1907, pp. 125-126.

¹⁸ *Epistolario Rizalino*, V, part 2, pp. 536-537.

who in turn forwarded it to the Comisión Permanente de Censura (Permanent Censorship Commission) for an official opinion. This body assigned the Augustinian Father Salvador Font to examine the book. After calling Rizal "ignorant, heretical, and blasphemous", he declared that the *Noli me tângere* "attacked the State religion, the administration, the Spanish government employees, the courts of justice, the civil guard, and the integrity of Spain." He therefore recommended "the absolute prohibition of the importation, reproduction, and circulation of this pernicious book in the Islands." And so it was. Private houses and bookstores were subjected to search and their owners were jailed if copies of *Noli me tângere* were found in them.

By condemning Rizal's novel the Spanish censors gave it a free and effective advertisement. The demand for it increased and the few available copies were eagerly bought for as much as ten and even twenty pesos each.¹⁹ And how it enhanced Rizal's popularity among his countrymen! Now, even the disdainful Spaniards took notice of him.

Despite the unconcealed hostility of the influential friars toward him, and against the advice of his family and friends, undismayed, Rizal returned to the Philippines. As he told his friend Dr. Máximo Viola, he must go home for he had a mission to accomplish.²⁰ A man of courage and conviction, he was willing to face the fury of his enemies.

He arrived at Manila on the *Haiphong* on the evening of the 5th of August 1887. He was a Licentiate in Medicine, an ophthalmologist, Licentiate in Philosophy and Letters, author of a famous novel, a master of several languages, ancient and modern, and in addition well-traveled: He had been in Germany, France, England, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy — countries few of his compatriots had visited. His countrymen, even those who had never seen him but had only heard of him, of his writings, of the brilliancy of his mind, spoke of him admiringly and proudly. His name became a household word.

His brief stay revealed to him the malevolence of his enemies. Daily he received anonymous letters — most likely from the friars at Kalamba²¹ — telling him that he would be assassinated, poisoned, kidnapped, and the like. His family and friends feared for his life. His father would not even let him go visiting or eat at other people's houses. The authorities as-

¹⁹ Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 129.

²⁰ See p. 321, *infra*.

²¹ Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 144 n.

signed a lieutenant of the civil guard, José Taviel de Andrade, to watch his movements. His letters were censored. The archbishop and the heads of the religious corporations went everyday to the governor general to complain about the presence of Rizal in the country. The syndic of the Dominicans denounced him to the town mayor that he had been seen holding secret meetings with men and women on top of a hill, which of course was absurd. He was accused of being a German spy and that he was drawing maps.

His visit, though short, was, however, financially profitable to him. Patients sought him, drawn by his fame and skill as a surgeon and ophthalmologist. Before his forced departure, he had earned, he said, 900 pesos, a respectable amount at that time. But, for the sake of the tranquility of his family and friends, he yielded to their wishes that he leave the Philippines again. A poem of his, *Canto del Viajero* (Song of the Traveler) pathetically depicts his lonely, restless life, "a stranger in his own country."²² On the 3rd of February 1888 he embarked for Hong Kong, stayed there about fifteen days studying the Chinese theater and language. Thence he went to Japan where he studied the Japanese language and theater, then to America, and England. He had circled the globe. Arriving at Liverpool on the 24th of May, the next day he left for London where he established his residence and devoted himself to writing and historical research in the rich library of the British Museum.

The product of his scholarly activities was the Rizal edition of an old and rare book about the Philippines — *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas* (Mexico, 1609) by Doctor Antonio de Morga, which he dedicated to the Filipinos. Lamenting the abysmal ignorance of his countrymen of their history, he decided to reprint this work that, in his opinion, presents the fairest picture of life in these Islands at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. He enriched it with his own notes and the lengthy prologue of his Austrian friend, Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt, a distinguished orientalist. His enemies also challenged his annotations, their nationalistic tenor being unpalatable to them.

He wrote articles for *La Solidaridad*, the fortnightly published at Madrid by the Filipino reformists who thought that they could obtain reforms for their native country through the press. They agitated for freedom of the press for all, and not only for those on the side of the administration, and representa-

²² Jaime C. de Veyra, *Poesías de Rizal*, Manila, 1946, p. 68.

tion in the Spanish Cortes that, if granted would draw closer the Philippines to Spain to their mutual benefit. Rizal and his colleagues so ardently desired that the Filipinos enjoy the same rights as the Spaniards.

He wrote two powerful historical essays which appeared in *La Solidaridad*: (1) *La indolencia de los filipinos*²³ (The Indolence of the Filipinos) and (2) *Filipinas dentro de cien años*²⁴ (The Philippines a Century Hence), which reveal his masterly grasp of Philippine history. His erudition was prodigious for his age. In the first he proves with copious historical citations the falsity of the charge that the Filipinos are an indolent people. In the second, with tinges of romantic nationalism, he reviews the history of the Philippines, because "To foretell the destiny of a nation it is necessary to open the book that tells of her past", and then draws a picture of her future. He urges the Spanish government to heed the clamor for reforms of the Filipinos before it is too late.

All along he must have been working quietly on the second part of the *Noli*, for in May 1891 he confided to his friend, the Filipino exile Mr. José Ma. Basa residing at Hong Kong, that it was ready to go to press, but to keep it a secret lest the friars find it out and thwart his plan. This sequel to the *Noli* is *El Filibusterismo*. Its title is derived from the term *filibustero*, which Rizal said he heard for the first time in 1872, when he was still a child, when the execution of the three Filipino priests — Burgos, Gómez, and Zamora — took place. "I still remember the terror the word created. Our father forbade us to utter it, as well as the words Cavite, Burgos. . . . The Manila newspapers and the Spaniards apply this word to one whom they want to make a revolutionary suspect. The meaning of this word is very dreadful to the enlightened classes. It does not mean 'freebooter', but rather it means a dangerous patriot who will soon be hanged, or a presumptuous man!"²⁵ May we add that in Spanish colonial days it was applied to any Filipino patriot who advocated reforms or who was courageous enough to oppose friar pretensions.

Because of his failure to receive money from his family or from his friends, for a time Rizal almost despaired of ever seeing his book printed; and he was so eager to publish it because in

²³ Published in five instalments, 15 July-15 September 1890.

²⁴ Published in four instalments, 30 September, 31 October, 15 December 1889 and 1st February 1890.

²⁵ *Epistolario Rizalino*, V, Part I, p. 108. Letter to Blumentritt.

his opinion, ". . . although it is not so gay as the *Noli*, at least it is more profound and more perfect." He moved to Ghent (Gand), Belgium, where he had been told the cost of printing was low, and through great personal sacrifices — living in a very small room, pawning all his jewels, eating at the cheapest restaurants — and with some money generously loaned by the wealthy Filipino, Valentín Ventura, who was then at Paris, he was at last able to print it.

His next problem was how to introduce it into the Philippines. There were difficulties and obstacles on the way and few copies of the book could reach the Philippines. But like his *Noli*, the few that got there were avidly read and discussed, though secretly, thus spreading its message and enhancing the fame and prestige of its author.

Distressed by the endless troubles at Kalamba between the tenants and the Dominican owners of the *Hacienda*, which included the whole town as well as the surrounding rich agricultural lands, the eviction of his parents from the family homestead, the banishment of his relatives and sympathizers, he decided to go home soon after the publication of *El Filibusterismo*. In his letters to Mr. Basa we can read between the lines his utter disillusionment at the turn of events. On top of all these troubles his fiancée, Leonor Rivera, broke off early in 1891 their eleven-year old engagement to marry an Englishman, an engineer of the Manila Railroad Company, Mr. Charles H. Kipping. We read in his letter to Blumentritt on the 23rd of April 1891, from Brussels (Bruxelles): "When I received the news, I thought I would lose my mind . . . everything has been sacrificed and nothing else but ruins remain. . . . I have lost everything and I can't lose more." And with a flash of humor he added: "Well, the first blow of the railroad is for me!"

But even in the midst of his distress, his magnanimity and nobility shone. He uttered not a word against Leonor; he didn't blame her; on the contrary he justified her decision. After all, he said, she was faithful to him for eleven years. Although it grieved him to lose her, he gallantly admitted her right to abandon him, for he was not a free man. He was a persecuted man and his life was in constant peril.

About seven years before the end of his romance, on the 25th of January 1884, he had a dream noted in his diary: "Tonight I had a very sad dream. I imagined I returned to the Philippines, but what a sad reception! My parents didn't show

up and Leonor had been **unfaithful**, but her infidelity was so great that it had no remedy."

When his friends tried to dissuade him from returning to the Philippines, or advised him to change his nationality first, he seemed to be irritated, saying that for him not to return to the Philippines because his life would be in danger would be "pure cowardice". He had no money to pay for his passage and he asked his friend Mr. Basa to lend him the necessary amount, saying he would join him at Hong Kong to practice his profession and earn his living.

On the 22nd of September 1891 he wrote his friend Blumentritt, one of those opposed to his return: "I have to return to the Philippines. Life is becoming a burden to me here. I have to give an example not to fear death even if this may be terrible. . . . I'm going to meet my destiny. . . . It is better to die than to live miserably."

As he sailed from Marseille on the 18th of October 1891, he wrote in his diary: "Well! We close the book of Europe. Spain, France, Italy, Germany Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, England, goodbye!" How he felt as he went "to meet his destiny" is told in another letter to Blumentritt written at sea: "The nearer I get to my country, the more vehement is my desire to return to the Philippines. I know that everybody considers it a folly, but something is pushing me on. Is this fate or a misfortune? I cannot give up the desire to see my native land."

At last he arrived at Hong Kong on the 20th of November 1891 and he took a house and opened a clinic and practiced his profession, as he had planned.

Nevertheless, he was very much preoccupied with the problems of his country. One of the solutions he attempted was to establish a Filipino colony on the Island of Borneo, just south of the Philippine Archipelago. His correspondence with members of his family as well as some friends tells of their enthusiasm for that project. Even Antonio Luna and Graciano López Jaena expressed to him their wish to join him and live in the proposed colony. Farmers from Kalamba who were victims of Dominican abuses on the *Hacienda* and all other Filipinos who wished to escape Spanish tyranny and live in peace and freedom would be welcome settlers. He had begun negotiations with the British North Borneo Company which was willing to grant a tract of land for the purpose and he had drafted the contract. From

Hong Kong Rizal made a trip of inspection to Borneo and he found many Filipinos already settled there. He addressed a formal letter to the governor general of the Philippines informing him of this project and requesting him to grant the necessary permit for the emigration of "all those who had incurred in one way or another the animadversion of more or less powerful persons".²⁶ He received no reply.

Worried about the continued harassment of his family, he pleaded with them to let him go home and share their sufferings.²⁷ They were against it. Instead, his father, his brother Paciano, and a brother-in-law, Silvestre Ubaldo, joined him at Hong Kong. Afterwards his mother and sisters, Lucía, Josefa, and Trinidad also went to Hong Kong.

Not only his family opposed his going to the Philippines but also the Committee on Propaganda, the body of patriots heading the progressive movement. He himself said: "The Committee truly becomes terribly panicky every time I say I'm going home."²⁸

But a mysterious force seems to be leading him on to his appointment with destiny. He embarked for Manila, not without first writing Governor General Eulogio Despujol (1891-1893) informing him of his forthcoming arrival, as he never favored doing anything on the sly. Before sailing, on the 20th of June 1892, he drafted two letters, which he asked to be published after his death.²⁹ One is addressed to his parents, brothers, and friends explaining why he was taking that step: "I know that I have made you suffer greatly but I'm not repenting of what I have done, and if I had to begin now, I would again do the same thing that I did, because that is my duty. Gladly I depart to expose myself to danger, not to atone for my faults (for on this point I don't believe I have committed any), but to finish my work and to confirm with my example what I have always preached.

"Man ought to die for his duty and his convictions. I maintain all the ideas that I have expressed concerning the state and the future of my country, and gladly I'll die for her, nay, to obtain justice and tranquility for you." And he enjoined his family to "return to their native land and be happy there."

²⁶ *Epistolario Rizalino*, III, pp. 305-307.

²⁷ *Supra*, pp. 263-264.

²⁸ *Supra*, pp. 298-300.

²⁹ *Supra*, pp. 346-348.

The second letter is addressed to his countrymen, bearing the same date, the 20th of June 1892: "The step that I have taken, or about to take, is undoubtedly very perilous, and I need not say that I have pondered it a great deal. I realize that everyone is opposed to it; but I realize also that hardly anybody knows what is going on in my heart. I cannot live knowing that many suffer unjust persecutions on my account. . . . I prefer to face death cheerfully and gladly give my life to free so many innocent persons from such unjust persecutions. . . . I wish to show those who deny us patriotism that we know how to die for our duty and our convictions. What matters death if one dies for what one loves, for native land and adored beings?"

"I have always loved my poor country and I'm sure that I shall love her until my last moment, should men prove unjust to me. I shall die happy, satisfied with the thought that all that I have suffered, my past, my present and my future, my life, my loves, my joys, everything, I have sacrificed for love of her."

Rizal wrote an account of his arrival at Manila from Hong Kong on Sunday, the 26th of June 1892.³⁰ Many carabineers headed by a major, one captain and one sergeant of the veteran civil guard met him at the pier; but after the customary inspection, he was allowed to go, unmolested, and he went to the Hotel de Oriente, the best hotel in Manila at that time. On the afternoon of the same day, he went to Malakanyang Palace seeking an interview with the governor general. After several interviews, the governor general agreed to lift up the penalty of exile imposed on his father and sisters. But, at the last interview on the 6th of July 1892, he lost his freedom, for the governor general then and there ordered his confinement to the Real Fuerza de Santiago (Royal Fortress of Santiago).³¹

Rizal's enemies, that is, the enemies of the Filipino people, had won. Without any trial, without any formal investigation, he was arrested and detained. This was the course of justice under the Spanish regime that Rizal and his colleagues in the reform movement had denounced and urged to be reformed.

From his interview (6 July 1892) with the governor general he was taken in a palace carriage to a cell in the fortress and kept there until the 15th of July when, at 12:15 o'clock in the morning, he was secretly put aboard the steamer *Cebú*. He was

³⁰ See his dairy "Manila to Dapitan", p. 187 *et seq.*, *infra*.

³¹ English-speaking Filipinos call it simply Fort Santiago.

told he was to be taken to Bataan, but the head of the expedition carried a sealed order, a *lettre de cachet*, to be opened on the high seas.

The news of Rizal's detention at Fort Santiago spread over Manila. His sympathizers were filled with indignation. Their idol, leader, and inspiration was now in the hands of their oppressors. On the night of that same day Andrés Bonifacio, Deodato Arellano, Valentín Díaz, Teodoro Plata, Ladislao Diwa, José Dizon, and others met in great secrecy at the house of Deodato Arellano, No. 72, on Azcarraga Street, and they vowed to dedicate themselves to the deliverance of their native land and to the expulsion of the friars whom they regarded as their oppressors. There and then they organized the revolutionary society with the Tagalog name of *Kataastaasan Kagalang-galang Katipunan ng mga Anak ng Bayan*³² (Supreme and Venerable Association of the Sons of the People), the society that made the flame of patriotism glow among the underprivileged — artisans, clerks, and the like. Little did the stupid Spanish officials realize that with their treatment of Rizal they hastened Spain's exit from her beautiful colony. For this society was to lead the masses in the Revolution of 1896 that overthrew Spanish sovereignty not by pen and tongue, but by bullets and bolos.³³

In accordance with Governor General Despujol's order Rizal was taken to Dapitan, Island of Mindanao, arriving there on Sunday, the 17th of July 1892. The politico-military commander, Mr. Ricardo Carnicero, took charge of him.

His exile lasted "four years, thirteen days, and a few hours" according to Rizal's notation in his diary. It was not an idle period in his life. Though an exile, he did not sulk, but employed his time in useful activities. He practiced his profession, engaged in trading, bought lands and planted coconuts, maize, rice, cacao, and different kinds of fruit trees. He taught small boys, collected specimens which he sent to German scientists, he prepared a grammar of the Tagalog language, studied the Bisayan language, wrote an account of the treatment of the bewitched at the request of the inspector general of health, the Spaniard Don Benito Francia. He helped beautify the sleepy town of Dapitan and decorate its church. He composed poems.

³² Popularly called *Katipunan*.

³³ See Teodoro A. Agoncillo, *The Revolt of the Masses*, Quezon City, 1956, chap. IV.

among them *Mi Retiro* (My Retreat) that his mother requested, and he began writing a third novel, which unfortunately was unfinished.

The life of Rizal at Dapitan provides an example of what that incomparable man could have done for his country had he been given an opportunity and had he lived under an enlightened government. He was a man of action. In diverse fields of human endeavor — in education, science, literature, art, community improvement, farming, stock-raising, commerce, industry — his achievements during the short period he spent at Dapitan, and as an exile at that, were truly promising and even astounding. It was most unfortunate for the Philippines that the shortsighted Spanish colonial officialdom refused to accept the proffered cooperation of that singularly talented man and ardent patriot. Instead they shackled him, distrusted him, banished him, and executed him. The development of the vast and rich Island of Mindanao would have become a reality much earlier had Rizal's ideas received the sympathy of the Spanish government. Perhaps also the problem of placing retail trade in Filipino hands and out of the control of the Chinese would have been solved long ago. Rizal had pointed out the gravity of that national problem and at Dapitan he showed how it could be solved.

Several times Rizal's sympathizers and followers had wanted to get him out of his exile, but they failed to persuade him to escape. As he wrote a friend, he didn't want to be called a "run-away",³⁴ and because he was convinced that he was innocent and he believed justice would be done him. Here he was mistaken for he discounted the iniquity of his enemies.

When he had already abandoned all hope of being set free, he received from the politico-military commander, on the 30th of July 1896 a letter of the governor general, Ramón Blanco y Erenas, informing him that his petition to be allowed to go to Cuba to serve as a military physician had been approved and he was appointed physician in the military corps of health. The appointment, said Rizal, "which a few months before would have filled me with joy and caused me no inconvenience, now produced in me a sweet-sour effect: It was like a desired dish which was offered after the dessert."³⁵ However, his sister Narcisa received the news with joy, as did also Josephine Bracken, the Irish young woman who lived in Rizal's house.

³⁴ *Epistolario Rizalino*, IV, 235.

³⁵ See his diary, "Dapitan to Barcelona", p. 191 *et seq.*, *infra*.

Rizal therefore accepted the appointment and the accommodation offered him on the steamer leaving the following day, the 31st of July 1896. Accompanied by the politico-military commander and members of his household he sailed on the afternoon of that day on board the *España*. When the people of Dapitan learned of his departure they were saddened for they had come to love him. Accompanied by the town band many people went to his house to express their regret at his departure and bid him goodbye. He noted in his diary, human as he was: "I was flattered to know that the people of Dapitan regretted much my departure. . . ."

He arrived in Manila Bay on the morning of Thursday, the 6th of August 1896, and was met by a lieutenant of the veteran guard who took charge of him. To his great disappointment, instead of being allowed to rejoin his family, he was transferred to the gunboat *Otálora* which took him to the cruiser *Castilla*, anchored off Cavite. He was told by the commander of the cruiser that "by order of the Captain General, he was 'detained but not a prisoner'" on board the ship "in order to avoid difficulties from friends and enemies", referring to the disturbances that had broken out, marking the beginning of the popular uprising led by the *Katipunán*.

On the 2nd of September Rizal was transferred to the steamship *Isla de Panay* en route to Barcelona. On the boat the topic of hushed conversation was the uprisings³⁶ in various places around Manila and Rizal's connection with them. ". . . it seems that I'm being avoided (by the passengers), for it is believed that I'm the cause of the disturbances in Manila. I laugh at the naiveté and innocence of these individuals", Rizal wrote in his diary. An absurd story circulated among the passengers that Rizal had said in a toast the following: "The most beautiful day for the Philippines will be that when we can drink wine from Spanish skulls.(!!!)" Rizal's comment: "And so . . . intelligent are some people that they believe it. At first it made me laugh a great deal, but afterward I felt sorry for the Spaniards who swallowed such idiotic nonsense." Some passengers indulged in wild gossip about him. In his own words: "There are people on board who do nothing but slander me and invent fanciful stories about me. I'm going to become a legendary personage. Friends and enemies invent fabulous stories that elevate me and improbable stories to harm me, and they find people who are considered educated to believe them."

³⁶ See Teodoro A. Agoncillo, *op. cit.*, chapter IX.

When the *Isla de Panay* was approaching the Island of Malta, Rizal received from the ship's captain a note ordering him to retire to his cabin after dinner and remain there until further orders. When he inquired for the reason for his order, he was told that it was because "various passengers have said that you are planning to stay behind in Malta." Rizal replied that "he regretted that he should give credence to the gossips of persons who lied unashamedly." Perhaps already tired of hearing so much absurdity, Rizal noted in his diary: "There are aboard people so low and infamous that they do not scorn calumny. One would humiliate himself in slapping them; perhaps, one might allow himself to kick them if he has many pairs of shoes." He also caught a steward trying to steal his papers from his cabin and another peeping through the cabin's skylight. Finally on Saturday, the 3rd of October 1896, exactly after thirty days of voyage, Rizal arrived at Barcelona. On Tuesday, the 6th, at 3:00 o'clock in the morning, he was taken to the fortress of Montjuich on foot, carrying his own heavy luggage, while his guards rode on horseback. He reached the fortress at 5:00 o'clock in the morning and was confined in cell No. 11; but at 1:00 or 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he was hurriedly taken out and brought to Barcelona, before General Despujol, who informed him that he was a prisoner and would be returned to Manila on board the *Colón*. He was assigned a second-class cabin and guarded. That night he went to bed without eating, for he was tired and chilly. He was confined in his cabin and no one, except the guards, was allowed to speak to him or to enter his cabin. Treating him like a dangerous prisoner, they put him behind bars, twice put handcuffs on him, and took away all his papers, including his diary. But his heart was full of magnanimity, clemency, and forgiveness. We read on the last page of his diary: "All the officers behaved politely towards me; some were even courteous and amiable. . . . I'm eternally grateful to them. There was only one young man . . . who was rude and cruel to me, abusing his authority and taking advantage of my situation. But what is one bad man among so many good ones? . . . I remember the name of the rude chap, but I'll not write it down; I prefer to forget it." For Rizal, who was a perfect gentleman, whose refined manners were universally admired, even by his enemies, to receive such treatment certainly bespoke the brutality of his guards aboard.

From the *Colón*, which arrived at Manila on the 3rd of November, Rizal was taken to Fort Santiago again, where he

was held incommunicado, to await trial. While he was still on the high seas, on his way back to Manila from Barcelona, the state had been busy preparing the case against him, in a determined effort to prove his complicity in the uprisings that had broken out. The truth was that the moment the uprisings began, the Spaniards residing in the Philippines, very much alarmed at the possible consequences of the movement, "demanded not justice, but blood, and preferably the blood of the most conspicuous. . . ." ³⁷ The judge of instruction was ordered to ask Rizal to choose his defender from a list of one hundred names of first and second lieutenants, no civilian defender being permitted. ³⁸ Rizal, not knowing anyone in the list, selected one whose name was familiar to him — Luis Taviel de Andrade, first lieutenant of artillery — whose surname was the same as that of the lieutenant of the civil guard assigned to watch him in 1887, when he returned from Europe, the two turning out to be brothers. On the 11th of December the indictment was read to him in the presence of his defender. In brief, he was charged of founding "illicit associations" and of inciting the people to rebellion through his writings.

On the morning of the 26th of December, at eight o'clock Rizal was brought out of his cell with his arms tied together at the elbows behind his back and was led to the flag room of the Cuartel de España to face trial by the Council of War. He was described as dressed in a black suit with white tie and vest. ³⁹ The fiscal read his long indictment replete with preposterous charges and in conclusion asked for the imposition of the supreme penalty on the accused, which was applauded by the Spanish spectators in the room. Rizal's defender then rose to read his written defense, stating in his introduction that "Rizal's case comes to the Court surrounded by an array of prejudices", ⁴⁰ that the charges preferred against him had not been proven, and therefore he asked for his acquittal. Then Rizal was allowed to speak and he read "Additions to My Defense" in which he admitted having prepared the constitution of an association called *Liga Filipina* whose purpose was not to incite the people to rebellion, but rather to encourage commerce, industry, union, and the like. But he also told the Council of War that "in the Philippines there is nothing that is not imputed to me. . . . Everything is ascribed to me for I have meant

³⁷ Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 367.

³⁸ *Supra*, p. 368.

³⁹ *Supra*, p. 395.

⁴⁰ *Supra*, p. 406.

more than anybody else. I have been more frank in saying what I thought and never have I been a hypocrite or traitor. When I attacked the government for deporting my brother and brother-in-law, I did it openly. Later, when I promised not to engage in politics, I fulfilled my word, and cut off forever my political relations. Everything is imputed to me because I have meant more, but separatist ideas are not mine; rather I am their effect. Since 1884 I have been informing the government of the march of public opinion; I asked urgently for some concessions, like representation; I revealed the abuses that were being committed; I was a safety valve. They suppressed me in 1892 through deportation and the valve was closed." Hence the Revolution broke out.

The views of Rizal with regard to armed revolution against Spain were statesmanlike. He was against it until all peaceful methods had been exhausted and the Filipinos had enough arms and financial support, for he abhorred the futile shedding of blood. In the meantime he urged the promotion of popular education, so backward in his time, economic development to improve the standard of living of the people, reform of the administration of justice, representation in the Spanish Cortes, freedom of the press for all and not only for the partisans of the administration, and such other reforms calculated to create an enlightened, prosperous, and happy people. Of course he did not discount the possibility that ultimately independence would come to the Philippines.

After Rizal had spoken, the Council of War declared the trial ended; then, after a brief deliberation, pronounced Rizal guilty, imposing upon him the death penalty. On the same day, the 26th of December, the verdict was sent to the governor general, Camilo G. de Polavieja, loyal friend of the friars, who confirmed it forthwith, and on the 28th of December he signed the order of execution by musketry set at seven o'clock in the morning of the 30th of December on the Field of Bagumbayan.

The haste with which the Council of War and the governor general disposed of Rizal's life was truly criminal. It confirmed the suspicion that the fate of Rizal had been a predetermined matter. Curiously enough, fourteen years before, on the night of the 30th of December, Rizal, then at Madrid, dreamed that he had died. The entry in his diary reads:

1 January 1883

Two nights ago, that is, 30th December, I had a frightful nightmare, when I almost died. I dreamed that imitating

an actor on the stage, I felt vividly that my breath was failing and I was rapidly losing my strength. Then my vision became dim and dense darkness enveloped me—they were the pangs of death. I wanted to shout and ask for help from Antonio Paterno, feeling that I was about to die. I awoke weak and breathless.⁴¹

To the humble pleadings for clemency and the tears of Rizal's anguished mother, the venerable Doña Teodora Alonso, the execrable Polavieja turned a deaf ear. And the Queen Regent María Cristina on her grand throne at Madrid kept silent and allowed a great Filipino and Spanish subject to be put to death.

Rizal was shot and, as his inanimate body fell, the Spanish friars witnessing the gruesome drama shouted with savage joy, *Viva España!* But no. To Spain Rizal's death was a catastrophe. The musketry that snuffed out his life sounded the death agony of Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines.

Rizal's body was interred in utmost secrecy in a grave dug in the ground on the north side of Paco Cemetery. Even his stricken and unfortunate family was cruelly kept in the dark. His grave was guarded by soldiers, for Rizal's enemies recognized the fact that their victim was the idol of the Filipino people and they wanted to forestall any popular demonstration that might get out of control.

Rizal's execution cast a gloom over the Filipinos, heightened their hatred of Spain and her friars, fanned the flame of patriotism, and swelled the ranks of the Revolutionists. Inspired by Rizal's example and teachings, the Filipinos were now determined more than ever to fight the Spaniards to the finish. And they triumphed. They proclaimed the independence of the Philippines on the 12th of June 1898, established a temporary government, drafted a republican constitution, and the First Republic of the Philippines was born. Rizal's sacrifice was not in vain.

A poet to the end, Rizal knowing his fate, composed in his cell at Fort Santiago his *Adiós*, a touching poem, a literary gem sparkling with sublime patriotism, a worthy contribution to the great literature of the world.

Rizal ranks among the great builders of nations in history, and as a transcendent genius, his place is beside the intellectual giants mankind has produced.

Encarnación Alzona

⁴¹ See his dairy, "Madrid" p. 81, *infra*.

PART I
REMINISCENCES

P. JACINTO:

Reminiscencias de un estudiante

DE

MANILA



TITLE PAGE OF P. JACINTO'S
REMINISCENCES OF A MANILA STUDENT

1. REMINISCENCES OF A MANILA STUDENT

CHAPTER I

MY BIRTH — EARLY YEARS

I was born in Calamba on 19 June 1861 between eleven and midnight, a few days before full moon. It was a Wednesday and my coming out in this vale of tears would have cost my mother her life had she not vowed to the Virgin of Antipolo to take me to her sanctuary by way of pilgrimage.¹

All I remember of my early days is I didn't know how I found myself in a town with some scanty notions of the morning sun, of my parents,² etc. (Description of my town).

The education that I received since my earliest infancy was perhaps what has shaped my habits, like a jar that retains

José Rizal, using the pseudonym P. Jacinto, wrote these reminiscences from 1878 to 1881; that is, from age 17 to 20. His manuscript forms part of the Rizaliana Collection of the Bureau of Public Libraries, Manila.

¹The Virgin of Antipolo has been venerated by Filipinos, Spaniards, and Chinese since Spanish colonial days. The month of May is the time of pilgrimage to her shrine. She is also called Our Lady of Peace and Good Voyage, the patron saint of travelers. One legend says her image saved from shipwreck the crew of a ship that bore her in its voyage from Acapulco to Manila many years ago.

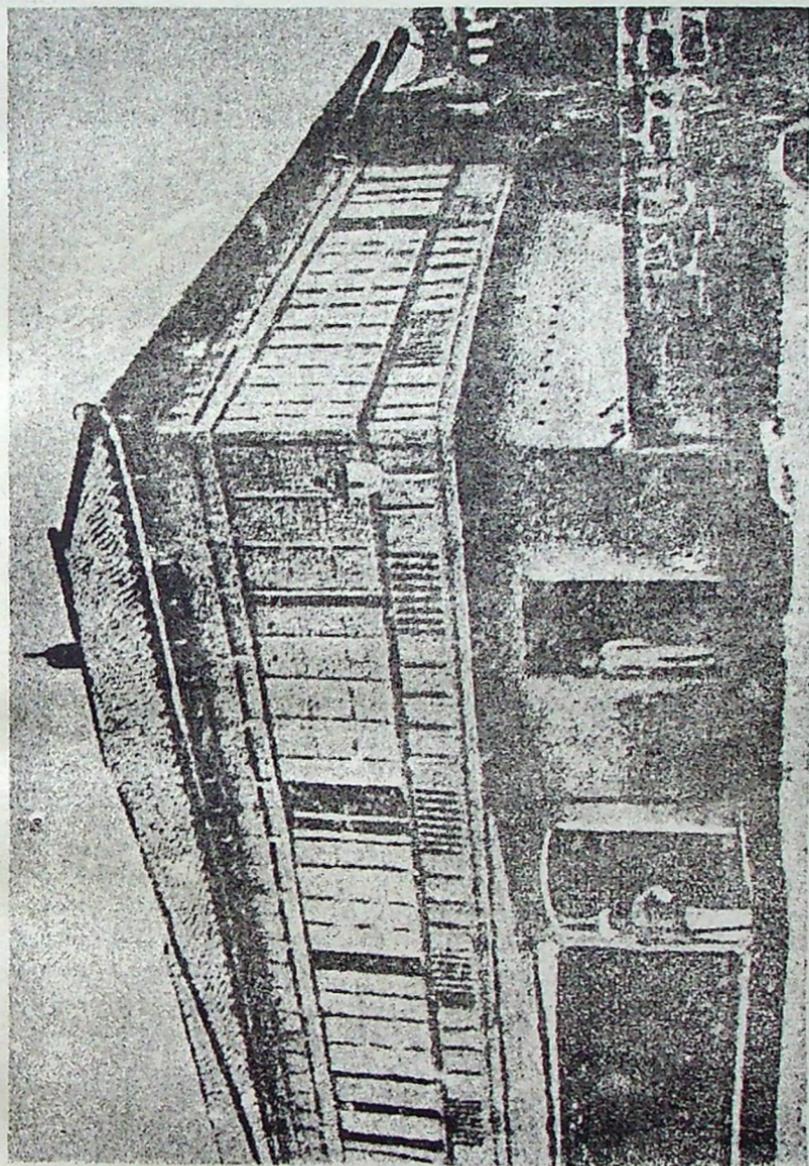
²He was christened *José*. His parents were Francisco Mercado Rizal and Teodora Alonso y Quintos. His father was a native of Biñan, a neighboring town of Kalamba, who moved to Kalamba to devote himself to farming lands leased from the Dominican friars. He died at Manila on 5 January 1898, surviving the execution of his martyred son only two years. His mother Teodora Alonso was a native of Manila, of a distinguished family, whose two relatives, José Florentino and Lorenzo Alberto were appointed deputies to the Spanish Cortes. (Rizal's letter to M. H. del Pilar, *Epistolario Rizalino*, III, p. 9.). She died on 16 August 1911 at Manila.

the odor of the body that it first held. I still remember the first melancholy nights that I spent on the terrace of our house as if they happened only yesterday — nights full of the saddest poem that made an impression on my mind, the stronger the more tempestuous my present situation is. I had a nurse who loved me very much and who, in order to make me take supper (which I did on the terrace on moonlit nights), frightened me with the sudden apparition of some formidable *asuang*, of a frightful *nuno*, or a *parce-nobis*, as she used to call an imaginary being similar to the *Bu* of the Europeans. They used to take me for a stroll to the most gloomy places and at night near the flowing river, in the shade of some tree, in the brightness of the chaste Diana. . . . Thus was my heart nourished with somber and melancholy thoughts, which even when I was still a child already wandered on the wings of fantasy in the lofty regions of the unknown.

I had nine sisters and one brother.³ My father, a model of fathers, had given us an education commensurate with our small fortune, and through thrift he was able to build a stone house, buy another, and to erect a little nipa house in the middle of our orchard under the shade of banana trees and others. There the tasty *ates* (*atis*)⁴ displays its delicate fruits and bends its branches to save me the effort of reaching for them; the sweet *santol*,⁴ the fragrant and honeyed *tampoy*,⁴ the reddish *macupa*,⁴ here contend for supremacy; further away are the plum tree, the *casuy*,⁴ harsh and piquant, the beautiful *tamarind*,⁴ equally gratifying to the eyes and delightful to the palate; here the papaya tree spreads its broad leaves and attracts the birds with its enormous fruits, yonder are the *nangca*,⁴ the coffee tree, the orange tree, which perfumes the air with the aroma of its flowers; on this side are the *iba*,⁴ the *balimbing*,⁴ the pomegranate with its thick foliage and beautiful flowers that enchant the senses; here and there are found elegant and majestic palm trees loaded with enormous nuts, rocking its proud crown and beautiful fronds, the mistresses of the forests.

³ 1. Saturnina, born 1850; 2. Paciano, born 1851; 3. Narcisa, born 1852; 4. Olimpia, born 1855; 5. Lucía, born 1857; 6. María, born 1859; 7. José Rizal, born 19 June 1861; 8. Concepción, born 1862; 9. Josefa, born 1865; 10. Trinidad, born 6 June 1868; 11. Soledad, born 1870.

⁴ These are tropical fruits: *Atis* (*Anona squamosa*); *santol* (*Sandoricum indicum* L.); *tampoy* (*Eugenia jambos* Linn.); *macupa* (*Eugenia javanica* Lam.); *casuy* (*Anacardium occidentale* L.); *tamarind* (*tamarindus indica*); *nangca* (*Artocarpus integrifolia* Linn.); *iba* (*Cicca disticha* L.); *balimbing* (*Averrhoa carambola*).



THE RIZAL FAMILY HOMESTEAD
Kalamba, Laguna

Ah! It would be endless if I were to enumerate all our trees and entertain myself in naming them! At the close of the day numerous birds came from all parts, and I, still a child of three years at the most, entertained myself by looking at them with unbelievable joy. The yellow *culiauan*,⁵ the *maya*⁵ of different varieties, the *culae*,⁵ the *maria-capra*,⁵ the *martin*,⁵ all the species of *pipit*,⁵ joined in a pleasant concert and intoned in varied chorus a hymn of farewell to the sun that was disappearing behind the tall mountains of my town. Then the clouds, through a whim of nature, formed a thousand figures that soon dispersed, as such beautiful days passed away also, leaving behind them only the flimsiest remembrances. Alas! Even now when I look out the window of our house at the beautiful panorama at twilight, my past impressions come back to my mind with painful eagerness!

Afterwards comes night; it extends its mantle, sometimes gloomy though starred, when the chaste Delia⁶ does not scour the sky in pursuit of her brother Apollo. But if she appears in the clouds, a vague brightness is delineated. Afterwards, as the clouds break up, so to speak, little by little she is seen beautiful, sad, and hushed, rising like an immense globe, as if an omnipotent and invisible hand is pulling her through the spaces. Then my mother would make us recite the rosary altogether. Afterward we would go to the terrace or to some window from which the moon can be seen and my nurse would tell us stories, sometimes mournful, sometimes gay, in which the dead, gold, plants that bloomed diamonds were in confused mixture, all of them born of an entirely oriental imagination. Sometimes she would tell us that men lived in the moon and the specks that we observed on it were nothing else but a woman who was continuously spinning.

When I was four years old I lost my little sister (Concha) and then for the first time I shed tears caused by love and grief, for until then I had shed them only because of my stubbornness that my loving and prudent mother so well knew how to correct. Ah! Without her what would have become of my education and what would have been my fate? Oh, yes! After God the mother is everything to man. She taught me how to read, she taught me how to stammer the humble prayers

⁵ Local names of Philippine birds: Maya is general name for sparrow; maria-capra or maya-kapra (*Rhipidura nigritorquis*); martin or Chinese starling (*Aetheopsar cristatellus*); pipit or northern willow warbler (*Acanthopneuste borealis*).

⁶ A name of Diana, goddess of the moon and of hunting.

that I addressed fervently to God, and now that I'm a young man, ah, where is that simplicity, that innocence of my early days?

In my own town I learned how to write, and my father, who looked after my education, paid an old man (who had been his classmate) to give me the first lessons in Latin and he stayed at our house. After some five months he died, having almost foretold his death when he was still in good health. I remember that I came to Manila with my father after the birth of the third girl (Trinidad) who followed me, and it was on 6 June 1868. We boarded a *casco*,⁷ a very heavy craft. I had never yet gone through the lake of La Laguna consciously and the first time I did, I spent the whole night near the *catig*, admiring the grandeur of the liquid element, the quietness of the night, while at the same time a superstitious fear took hold of me when I saw a water snake twine itself on the bamboo canes of the outriggers. With what joy I saw the sunrise; for the first time I saw how the luminous rays shone, producing a brilliant effect on the ruffled surface of the wide lake. With what joy I spoke to my father for I had not uttered a single word during the night. Afterwards we went to Antipolo. I'm not going to stop to relate the sweetest emotions that I felt at every step on the banks of the Pasig (that a few years later would be the witness of my griefs), in Cainta, Taytay, Antipolo, Manila, Santa Ana, where we visited my eldest sister (Saturina) who was at the time a boarding student at La Concordia. . . .⁸ I returned to my hometown and I stayed in it until 1870, the first year that marked my separation from my family.

This is what I remember of those times that figure in the forefront of my life like the dawn of a day. Alas, when shall the night come to shelter me so that I may rest in deep slumber? God knows it! In the meantime, now that I'm in the spring of life, separated from the beings whom I love most in the world, now that sad, I write these pages . . . let us leave Provi-

⁷ *Casco* is a Philippine river craft, made of wood, used for passengers and freight. The *catig* is the vessel's outriggers made of bamboo canes.

⁸ A well-known boarding school for girls, La Concordia College was administered by the Sisters of Charity. It was founded in 1868 by Margarita Roxas de Ayala, a wealthy Filipino woman, who gave her country home called La Concordia in Sta. Ana, Manila, to the school and hence its popular designation. Its official name is Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción.



TEODORA ALONSO (1826-1911)
Rizal's Mother



FRANCISCO MERCADO RIZAL
(1818-1898)
Rizal's Father

dence to act, and let us give time to time, awaiting from the will of God the future, good or bad, so that with this I may succeed to expiate my sins.

8 Dulumbayan,⁹ Sta. Cruz, Manila, 11 September 1878.

CHAPTER II

MY LIFE AWAY FROM MY PARENTS MY SUFFERINGS

It is true that the memory of past days is like a gentle balm that pours over the heart a melancholy sweetness, so much sweeter and sadder the more depressed the one remembering it is. Turning my eyes, my memory, and my imagination towards the days past, that I don't wish to remember for being very painful, the first that I discover is Biñan, a town more or less an hour and a half distant from mine. This is my father's birthplace and to which he sent me to continue the study of the rudiments of Latin that I had begun. One Sunday, my brother took me to that town after I had bade my family, that is, my parents and brothers, goodbye, with tears in my eyes. I was nine years old and already I tried to hide my tears. Oh, education, oh, shame, that obliges us to hide our sentiments and to appear different! How much beauty, how many tender and pathetic scenes the world would witness without you!

We arrived at Biñan at nightfall and we went to the house of an aunt where I was to stay. The moon was beginning to peep, and in the company of Leandro, her grandson, I walked through the town that seemed to me large and rich but ugly and gloomy. My brother left me afterwards, not without having first introduced me to the teacher who was going to teach me. It seemed to me that he had also been his. He was tall, thin, long-necked, with sharp nose and a body slightly bent forward, and he used to wear a *sinamay* shirt, woven by the skilled hands of the women of Batangas. He knew by heart the grammars by Nebrija and Gainza. Add to this his severity that in my judgment was exaggerated and you have a picture, perhaps vague, that I have made of him, but I remember only this.

⁹This old street was absorbed by the new avenue named for him — Rizal Avenue. Its name has been dropped.

When I entered his class for the first time, that is, in his house, which was of nipa and low, about thirty meters away from my aunt's (for one had only to pass through a portion of the street and a little corner cooled by an apple tree,¹⁰ he spoke to me in these words:

"Do you know Spanish?"

"A little, sir," I replied.

"Do you know Latin?"

"A little, sir," I answered again.

For these replies the teacher's son, Pedro, the naughtiest boy in the class, began to sneer at me. He was a few years older than I and was taller than I. We fought; but I don't know by what accident I defeated him, throwing him down some benches in the classroom. I released him quite mortified. He wanted a return match, but as the teacher had already awakened, I was afraid to expose myself to punishment and I refused. After this, I acquired a fame among my classmates, perhaps because of my smallness, so that after class, a boy invited me to a fight. He was called Andrés Salandanan. He offered me one arm to twist and I lost, and I almost dashed my head against the sidewalk of a house.

I don't want to amuse myself by narrating the whacks that I suffered nor describe what I felt when I received the first beatings on the hand. Some envied me and others pitied me. Sometimes they accused me wrongly, sometimes rightly, and always the accusation cost me half a dozen or three lashes. I used to win in the gangs, for no one defeated me. I succeeded to pass over many, excelling them, and despite the reputation I had (good boy) rare was the day when I was not whipped or given five or six beatings on the hand. When I went in the company of my classmates, I got from them more sneers, nicknames, and they called me *Calambeño*,¹¹ but when only one went with me, he behaved so well that I forgot his insults. Some were good and treated me very well, like Marcos Rizal, son of a cousin of mine, and others. Some of them, much later, became my classmates in Manila, and we found ourselves in very changed situations.

Beside the house of my teacher, who was Justiniano Aquino Cruz, stood that of his father-in-law, one Juancho, an old painter

¹⁰ This so-called apple tree is locally called *manzanitas* for it bears very tiny apples.

¹¹ That is, a native (masculine) of Calamba.

who amused me with his paintings. I already had such an inclination for this art that a classmate of mine, called José Guera and I were the "fashionable painters" of the class.

How my aunt treated me can be easily deduced from the following facts:

We were many in the house: My aunt, two cousins, two nieces, Arcadia and Florentina, and a nephew, Leandro, son of a cousin. My aunt was an old woman who must be seventy or so years old. She used to read the Bible in Tagalog, lying down on the floor. Margarita (Itay), my cousin, was single, very much addicted to confessing and doing penance. Her brother Gabriel was a widower. Arcadia was a tomboy, of an inflexible character and irritable, though she had a simple and frank nature. The other, Florentina, was a little girl of vulgar qualities. As to Leandro, he was a capricious, pampered little boy, a flatterer when it suited him, of an ingenious talent, a rascal in the full meaning of the term. One day when we went to the river, which was only a few steps from our house, inasmuch as we passed beside the orchard, while we were bathing on the stone landing, for I did not dare go down as it was too deep for my height, the little boy pushed me so hard that had not one of my feet been caught, without doubt I would have been drowned, for the current was already pulling me. This cost him some lashes with a slipper¹² and a good reprimand by my aunt.

Sometimes we played in the street at night for we were not allowed to do so inside the house. Arcadia, who was two or three years older than I, taught me games, treating me like a brother; only she called me "Uncle José"! In the moonlight I remembered my hometown and I thought, with tears in my eyes, of my beloved father, my idolized mother, and my solicitous sisters. Ah, how sweet to me was Calamba, in spite of the fact that it was not as wealthy as Biñan! I would feel sad and when least expected, I stopped to reflect.

Here was my life. I heard the four o'clock Mass, if there was any, or I studied my lesson at that hour and I went to Mass afterwards. I returned home and I went to the orchard to look for a *mabolo*¹³ to eat. Then I took breakfast, which con-

¹² In Spanish, *chinelazos*, literally, lashes administered with a slipper with a leather sole, a common way of punishing children in Filipino homes.

¹³ *Mabolo* or *mabulo* (*Diospyros discolor* Willd.) is a tree that bears fruits of the same name. When ripe, it is fragrant, fleshy, sweet, and satisfying.

sisted generally of a dish of rice and two dried small fish, and I went to class from which I came out at ten o'clock. I went home at once. If there was some special dish, Leandro and I took some of it to the house of her children (which I never did at home nor would I ever do it), and I returned without saying a word. I ate with them and afterwards I studied. I went to school at two and came out at five. I played a short while with some nice cousins and I returned home. I studied my lesson, I drew a little, and afterwards I took my supper consisting of one or two dishes of rice with an *ayungin*.¹⁴ We prayed and if there was a moon, my nieces invited me to play in the street together with others. Thank God that I never got sick away from my parents.

From time to time I went to Calamba, my hometown. Ah, how long the way home seemed to me and how short the way back was! When I sighted from afar the roof of our house, I don't know what secret joy filled my heart. Moreover I used to leave Biñan early in the morning before sunrise and I reached my hometown when its rays already were shining obliquely over the broad meadows. And I used to return to Biñan in the afternoons with the sad spectacle of the disappearance of the sun-king. How I looked for pretexts to stay longer in my town; one more day seemed to me a day in heaven, and how I cried — though silently and secretly — when I would see the *calesa*¹⁵ that was going to take me. Then everything seemed to me sad. I picked a flower, a stone that attracted my attention, fearful that I might not see them again upon my return. It was a new kind of melancholy, a sad pain, but gentle and calm that I felt during my early years.

Many things that are of no importance to the reader happened to me until one day I received a letter from my sister Saturnina advising me of the arrival of the steamer *Talim* that was to take me on a certain day. It seemed that I had a presentiment that I would never come back so that I went very often and sadly to the chapel of the Virgin of Peace. I went to the river and gathered little stones to keep as a souvenir. I made paper fishes and I readied everything for my departure. I bade my friends and my teacher farewell with a pleasant and profound sadness, for even sufferings, when they have been frequent and continuous, become so dear to the heart, so to speak, that one feels pain upon leaving them. I left Biñan then on

¹⁴ *Ayungin* is the name of a small (about 12 centimeters long) fresh water, inexpensive fish. (*Therapon plumbeus* Kner.)

¹⁵ A horse-drawn vehicle, light and airy.

17 December 1870. I was nine years old at one o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday.

For the first time I saw a steamer. It seemed to me very beautiful and admirable when I heard the conversation of my cousin, who took me, with the boatman on its manner of running. I was the only one they were waiting for. Two sailors put my things in the cabin and I went to see it. I thought I was going alone, without a companion, but a Frenchman called Arturo Camps, my father's friend, was in charge of accompanying me. The trip seemed to me very long, according to my beliefs with regard to a steamer. At tea, I remember I spilled the chocolate. Finally we arrived at Calamba. Oh, my joy on seeing the beach! I wanted to jump at once into a *banca*, but a crewman took me in his arms and put me in the captain's boat. Afterwards the Frenchman came and four sailors rowed us to the beach. It was impossible to describe my happiness when I saw the servant with the carriage waiting for us. I jumped and here I'm again in my house with the love of my family. Everything was for me joy, days of happiness. I found a little house with live rabbits, well decorated and painted for the pre-Christmas Masses. My brothers did not stop talking to me.

This is the end of my remembrance of that sad and gay time during which I tasted strange food for the first time. . . . Alas, it seems that I was born destined to painful and equally bitter scenes! I have withheld nothing important. My situation, how different from that one!

Salcedo Street, No. 22.

Monday, 28 October 1878.

CHAPTER III

FROM JANUARY 1871 TO JUNE 1872

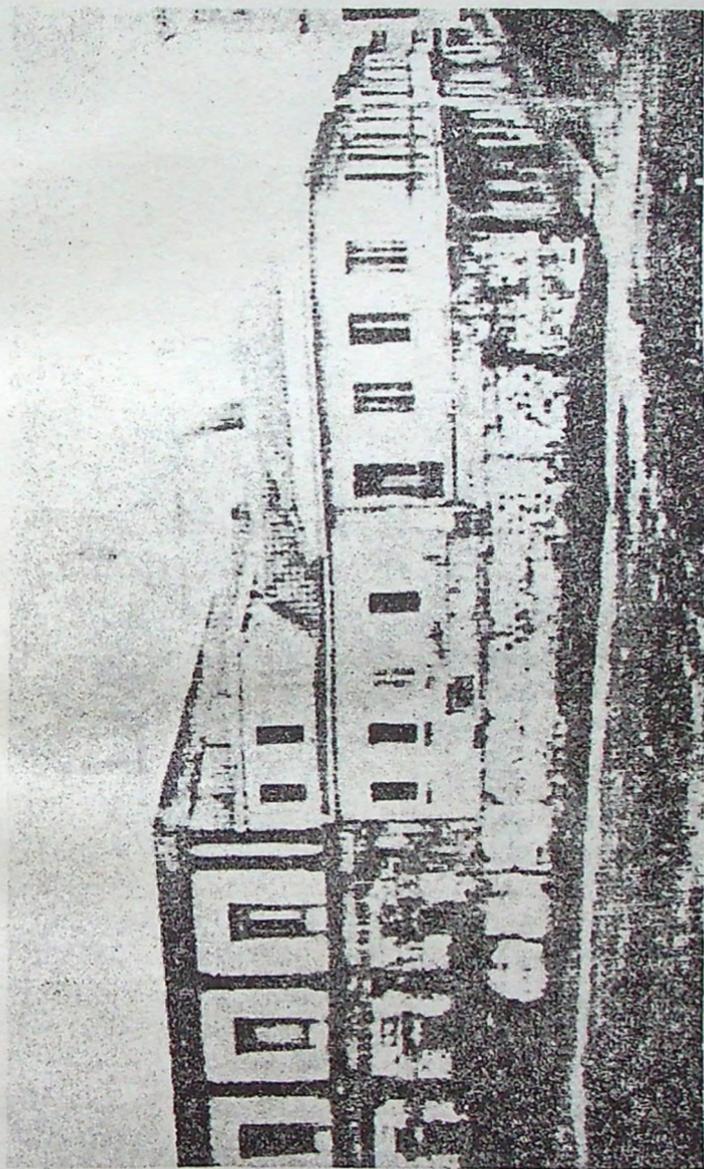
I don't know how to describe to you my past days. I would not have been able to furnish you with anything notable had not something occurred that was truly unpleasant and sad that I could not forget it. Have you ever felt your honor outraged, your name tarnished, by persons who owed you many favors? My pen refuses and would have refused forever to

put on paper some remembrances that I should like to forget if my purpose were not to make a succinct narration of my joys and misfortunes.

I will tell you that a few days after my arrival at my town it was decided to make me stay there and send me to Manila later. The day came when I had a desire to study under a teacher of the town. Of course I learned nothing more than the multiplication table. During this time an uncle of mine (Mr. José Alberto) arrived from Europe. During his absence his wife failed lamentably in her duties as mother and wife. He found his house empty and his children abandoned two or three days before by the culprit. Frantic the poor man set out to look for the whereabouts of his wife until at last he found her. He thought of divorcing her but at my mother's pleading, he agreed to live with her again. He passed through Calamba on his way to Biñan, where he resided. A few days later the infamous woman, in connivance with a lieutenant of the civil guard, who was a friend of our family, accused her husband of being a poisoner and my mother as his accomplice for which my mother was imprisoned by Mr. Antonio Vivencio del Rosario, a fanatical mayor,¹⁶ a servant of the friars. I don't want to tell you our resentment and profound sorrow. Since then, though still a child, I have distrusted friendship and doubted men. We were nine brothers and our mother was unjustly snatched away from us and by whom? By some men who had been our friends and whom we had treated as sacred guests. We learned later that our mother got sick, far from us and at an advanced age. Oh, God, I admire and respect your most sacred will! The mayor, at the beginning, deluded by the accusations, and cautioned against everything that is noble, treated my mother rudely, not to say brutally, and later made her confess what they wanted her to confess, promising to release her and to let her see her children if she would say what they wanted her to say. What mother could resist, what mother would not sacrifice her life for her children? My mother, like all mothers, deceived and frightened (because they told her that if she did not say what they wanted her to say, they would declare her guilty), submitted to the will of her enemies and weakened. The question became complicated until, oh, Providence! the mayor himself asked my mother for pardon, but when? When the case was already in the Supreme Court.¹⁷ He asked for forgiveness because he suffered remorse

¹⁶ In Spanish, *alcalde*, who exercised the combined functions of town executive and judge.

¹⁷ This was called the Real Audiencia de Manila.



A VIEW OF THE BUILDING OF THE ATENELO MUNICIPAL DE MANILA
AT INTRAMUROS WHEN RIZAL WAS A STUDENT



YOUNG RIZAL AT THE AGE OF 13
A STUDENT AT THE ATENEO
MUNICIPAL DE MANILA

and he was horrified by his vileness. My mother was defended by Messrs. Francisco de Marcaida and Manuel Marzan, the most famous lawyers of Manila. She finally succeeded to be acquitted and vindicated in the eyes of her judges, accusers, and even her enemies, but after how long? After two and a half years.

In the meantime they discussed my career and they decided that I should go to Manila with my brother Paciano to take the entrance examination and study the secondary course at the Ateneo Municipal.¹⁸ I therefore went down to Manila on 10 June 1872 and took an examination on the Christian Doctrine, arithmetic, and reading at the College of San Juan de Letrán. They gave me a grade of "Approved" and with this I returned to my hometown happy, having for the first time experienced what examinations were.

A few days later the town feast was celebrated, after which I went down to Manila, but with sad feelings that I would again become unhappy.

22 Salcedo Street

1 November 1872

CHAPTER IV

1872-1875

Today I'm going to relate to you my studies. As I had expected, I was introduced at the Ateneo Municipal to the Rev. Father Minister who at that time was Father Magin Ferrando. At first he did not want to admit me whether because I had come after the period of admission was over or because of my rather weak constitution and short stature: I was then eleven years old. But later, at the request of Mr. Manuel Jerez, nephew of the ill-fated Father Burgos¹⁹ and now Licentiate in Medicine, the difficulties were removed and I was

¹⁸ This is the famous school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, renowned for their educational work.

¹⁹ Father José A. Burgos (1837-1872) and two other Filipino clergymen Jacinto Zamora (1835-1872) and Mariano Gómez (1799-1872) were garroted on the 17th of February 1872 on Bagumbayan Field, Manila, falsely charged of complicity in the mutiny at the Cavite Arsenal in 1872.

admitted. I dressed like the rest, that is, I put on a coat with a ready-made necktie. With what fervor I entered the chapel of the Jesuit Fathers to hear Mass, what most fervent prayers I addressed to God, for in my sadness I didn't know whom else to invoke. After Mass, I went to class where I saw a great number of children, Spaniards, mestizos,²⁰ and Filipinos, and a Jesuit who was the professor. He was called Father José Bech. He was a tall man, thin, with a body slightly bent forward, with hasty pace, an ascetic, severe, and inspired physiognomy, sunken, small eyes, sharp Grecian nose, fine lips forming an arch whose ends turned towards his beard. The Father was somewhat lunatic so that one should not be surprised to find him sometimes disgusted and with a slightly intolerant humor while sometimes he amused himself, playing like a child. Among my classmates I should mention to you some who were quite interesting and perhaps would be mentioned by me frequently. One boy or young man of my own province called Florencio Gavino Oliva had an excellent mind but was of ordinary studiousness. One Joaquin Garrido, a Spanish mestizo, with poor memory but bright and studious. Resembling him very much was one Moises Santiago, mathematician and penman. One Gonzalo Marzano who then occupied the canopied throne of Roman Emperor. You should know that in the Jesuit colleges, in order to stimulate students, they put up two empires, one Roman and the other Carthaginian or Greek, constantly at war, and in which the highest positions were won through challenges, the winner being the one who made three mistakes less than his rival. They put me at the tail end. I scarcely knew Spanish but I already understood it.

After the retreat²¹ I left and I found my brother waiting for me to take me home, which was about twenty-five minutes from the college, for I didn't want to stay in the walled city,²² which seemed to me very gloomy. I found a companion called Pastor Millena, a boy of my own age. The house was small, located on Caraballo Street. A river ran alongside its two corners. The house consisted of a dining room, a drawing room, a sleeping room, and kitchen. A bower covered the small space

²⁰ *Mestizo* in the Philippines is applied to Filipinos of mixed parentage; hence, Spanish *mestizo* is the offspring of a Spaniard and a Filipino, a Chinese *mestizo*, of a Chinese and a Filipino, American *mestizo*, of an American and a Filipino, etc.

²¹ A Catholic practice consisting of a certain number of days devoted to religious meditation and exercises.

²² This is the Walled City of Manila or Intramuros where many churches and convents and government buildings were found.

between the gate and the stairs. My landlady was a bachelor woman called Titay, who owed us over ₱300. Her mother lived with us, a good old woman, an almost harmless insane, and some young Spanish mestizos, the fruits of friar love affairs. I shall not tell you how much I suffered, nor shall I tell you my displeasures and joys. I will only tell you what happened to me in the class during that year. At the end of one week, I was promoted and I stayed at noon at the Colegio de Sta. Isabel,²³ paying there three pesos. I lived with Pastor. A month later I was already emperor. Ah, how happy I was when for the first time I got a religious print for a prize! In the first quarter, I won a first prize with the grade of excellent, but afterwards I was disgusted on account of some words uttered by my professor, and I did not want to study hard any more, so that at the end of the year, to my misfortune, I obtained only *accessit*²⁴ in all my subjects, grade of excellent, without getting any first prize. I spent my vacation in my hometown and I accompanied my elder sister Neneng to Tanauan for the town feast. This happened in 1873. But my happiness was never complete for my mother was not yet with us. I went to visit her then alone without telling my father about it. This was after the school term and I told her that I received *accessit*. With what delight I surprised her! But afterwards we embraced each other weeping. It was almost more than a year that we had not seen each other. Even now I remember with sad pleasure the mute scene that occurred between us. Ah, how cruel men are towards their fellow men! I visited her again.

When vacation was over, I had to return to Manila to enroll for the second year course and to look for a landlady inside the walled city, for I was tired living outside the city. I found one on Magallanes Street, number 6, where lived an old lady called Doña Pepay, widow, with her daughter, also a widow, called Doña Encarnación, with four sons: José, Rafael, Ignacio, and Ramón. Nothing extraordinary happened to me this year, for my professor was the same as the one last year. I only had other classmates or rather, I encountered again three who were my classmates in Biñan. They were called Justiano Sao-jono, Angel and Santiago Carrillo. At the end of the year I won a medal and I returned to my hometown. I visited my mother again alone and there, like another Joseph, I pre-

²³ This was a large boarding school for girls close to the Ateneo. Apparently it then admitted boys as day boarders.

²⁴ Second prize.

dicted, interpreting a dream of hers, that within three months, she would be released, a prediction that was realized by accident.

By this time I began to devote myself in my leisure hours to the reading of novels, though years before I had already read *El último Abencerraje*,²⁵ but I didn't read it with ardor. Imagine a boy of twelve years reading the *Count of Montecristo*,²⁶ enjoying the sustained dialogues and delighting in its beauties and following step by step its hero in his revenge. Under the pretext that I had to study universal history, I importuned my father to buy me Cesare Cantu's work,²⁷ and God alone knows the benefit I got from its perusal, for despite my average studiousness and my little practice in the Castilian tongue, in the following year I was able to win prizes in the quarterly examinations and I would have won the medal were it not for some mistakes in Spanish, that unfortunately I spoke badly, which enabled the young man M.G., a European, to have an advantage over me in this regard. Thus, in order to study the third year course, I had to return to Manila and I found Doña Pepay without a room for boarders. I had to stay at the house of D. P. M. together with a rich fellow townsman called Quintero. I was discontented because they were strict with me but I kept regular hours which were good for me. I prayed and played with the landlord's children. My mother was not delayed in coming out free, acquitted, and vindicated, and as soon as she was out she came to embrace me. I wept. . . .

After two months and a half, I left that house and returned to the recently vacated room in the house of my landlady Doña Pepay and returned also to the same life as before. As a result of what happened to me in my studies, as I have already narrated, I received only the first prize in Latin, that is, a medal, not like last year, so that I returned to my hometown discontented, though I knew that many would have danced with joy for less. My family resolved to put me in the college as a boarder. Indeed it was time for I was giving very little attention to my studies. I was already approaching thirteen years and I had not yet made any brilliant showing to my classmates. Until here lasted my happiest days, though short; but what does it matter if they were short?

Calamba, 7 April 1879

²⁵ Spanish version of *Le Dernier des Abencerrages*, a novel by Viscount François René de Chateaubriand (1768-1848).

²⁶ A novel by Alexander Dumas, father (1802-1870).

²⁷ *History of the World*.

CHAPTER V

TWO YEARS IN COLLEGE.

Soon to become eighteen years old and disillusioned scarcely have I stepped on life's threshold, I direct my glance toward that happy period of my life, like a traveler who, feeling for the first time the breath of the tempest, already engulfed, turns his glance toward the shore that reminds him of his peaceful hours. Ah, I weep for you, placid hours that disappeared from the scene of my life more rapidly and fugaciously than the lightning that shines on the dark road of the traveler. So sad is my situation that I doubt if I had ever been happy at all for I doubt if those days had ever existed.

During vacation my sisters made clothes for me and during that time also my sister Narcisa married. . . . I cannot portray here what I felt on seeing the separation of a sister whom I loved so much . . . and notwithstanding it had to be thus.

I entered college then on 16 June 1875. My classmates received me well. The brother wardrobe-keeper assigned to me an alcove located in the corner of the dormitory looking out to the sea and the embankment. It consisted of a space about two square *varas*,²⁸ an iron bedstead on which they placed my beddings, a small table with a basin, which a servant filled with water, a chair and a clothes rack. I forgot to say that in the little table I had a drawer with soap, comb, brushes for the hair and for the teeth, powder, *etc.* My little money that amounted to some eight pesos, I kept under my pillow. We didn't go to the alcove but twice a day regularly, once at siesta to wash and again at night to sleep. On holidays, in the afternoons, we dressed and we went out for a stroll. The rest of the time we spent in the study hall, at recess, in the classes, in the dining room, and in the chapel.

In spite of my thirteen years to fourteen, I was still very small, and as it is known that new students, especially the small ones, are received by the big ones with jokes, so it was on my first day, my pranks having attracted their attention. In a chorus they teased me and when they calmed down I told them in a tranquil voice: Gentlemen, thanks. Since then they respected me and they didn't tease me maliciously. Excepting a few, all

²⁸ A *vara* is a measure of length, about 32 inches.

my companions were good, simple, pious, just, and amiable. There was no one among us who would want to control the rest by force, for power is achieved through skill. I had the luck to win if not the love at least the esteem of all of them. The names of some of my classmates shall never be erased from my memory; among them that of one Jovellanos, of one Lete (Enrique) and of others whose enumeration would be very pleasant for me but I foresee will be vexing to the reader.

Our professor was a model of uprightness, earnestness, and love of the advancement of his pupils; and so much was his zeal that I, who scarcely spoke very ordinary Spanish, at the end of a short time, succeeded already to write it moderately well. His name was Francisco de Paula Sánchez. With his aid I studied mathematics, rhetoric, and Greek with some advantage. Often I got sick with fever despite the gymnastic exercises that we had, in which I was very much behind, though not so in drawing under a teacher worthy of his name and under whose guidance I still continue to study. I'm proud to tell you, reader, that I spent this year better than any body else as a student, as a man, and as a Christian. Ten months passed that I haven't written anything in my diary because I don't want to relate to you insipid occurrences, and thank God I won five medals with an immense pleasure for with them I could somewhat repay my father for his sacrifices. What sentiments of gratitude did not then spring from my heart and with what sad delight I keep them still! After having bidden farewell my superiors, teachers, and companions, I left. . . . Who has not felt the vague melancholy that seizes the heart upon separating from one's companions? Who, at the age of fourteen years, if he has enjoyed the favor of the Muses, does not shed tears on the transition from childhood to young manhood?

My arrival at my hometown in the company of a father who idolized me mitigated somewhat my sorrow, and I spent my vacation in the best way possible.

I returned to college after three months and I began to study again, though the subject that I took was different. I was in the fifth year, already I was a philosopher. I had other professors, called Fathers Vilaclara and Minoves, the first one of whom liked me very much and to whom I was somewhat ungrateful. Although I was studying philosophy, physics, chemistry, and natural history, and in spite of the fact that Father Vilaclara had told me to give up the society of the Muses and give them a last goodbye (which made me cry), in my

leisure hours, I continued speaking and cultivating the beautiful language of Olympus under the direction of Father Sánchez. So sweet is their society that after having tasted it, I cannot conceive how a young heart can abandon it. What matters, I said to myself, the poverty that is the eternal companion of the Muses? Is there anything sweeter than poetry and sadder than the prosaic positivism of metallic hearts? Thus I dreamed then!

I studied the fifth year course with the same success as the previous one, though under other circumstances. Upright, severe philosophy, inquiring into the why of things attracted also my attention as did poetry, beautiful as she alone can be, playing with the charms of nature and leaving traces that breathe sublimity and tenderness. Physics, lifting up the veil that covers many things, showed me a wide stage where the divine drama of nature was performed. The movement, sound, warmth, light, electricity, a thousand varied phenomena, the most beautiful colors, and delicate beauties entertained me during my free hours. Polarization plunged me into a world of mysteries from which I have not yet emerged. Ah, how beautiful is science when the one teaching it knows how to embellish it! Natural history seemed to me somewhat antipathetic. Why, I asked myself, if the perusal of history and the description of the birds and flowers, of animals and of crystals captivate me so much, why do I loathe seeing them reduced to a harsh order and wild animals mixed with tame ones? Shells pleased me very much for their beauty and because I knew that they inhabited the beaches of which my innocent imagination dreamed and treading on them I imagined the most beautiful waters of the seas and lakes lapping my feet. Sometimes I seemed to see a goddess with a shell that I saw in the shelf.

At last the end of the term came and the same thing happened to me. I carried away another five medals due to the indulgence with which my superiors treated me and to my no little luck in winning them. The day before the distribution of prizes, a feeling tormented me, the saddest and most melancholy that I had ever felt. On thinking that I had to leave that asylum of peace in which was somewhat opened my mind and my heart began to have better sentiments, I fell into a profound sadness. The last night, on going to my dormitory and considering that that night would be the last I would spend in my peaceful alcove, because, according to what they said, the world was waiting for me, I had a cruel presentiment which unfortunately was realized. The moon shone mournfully, illuminating

ms. no. 1920

RESERVE CENTER

the lighthouse and the sea, presenting a silent and grand spectacle which seemed to tell me that the next day another life awaited me. I was unable to sleep until one o'clock in the morning. . . . It dawned and I dressed, I prayed fervently in the chapel and commended my life to the Virgin so that when I should step into that world that inspired me with so much terror, she would protect me. The prizes were distributed, they gave me the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and I believe that any young man who was fifteen years old, loved by his companions and professors, with five medals and the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the dream of the student of the secondary course, should be very much contented.²⁹ But, alas, it did not turn out that way! I was sad, cold, and pensive. Two or three tears rolled down my cheeks, tears offered as in farewell to the time past, to my good luck that would never come back, to my peace that soared to heaven leaving me alone on earth. Imagine it and you will feel it, if you have a heart.

Now it remains for me to evaluate the two years that I consider the happiest of my life, if happiness consists in living without vexatious cares. In what way have I advanced, that is, what had I learned during the first year of my residence in college? What did I get from what I had learned?

I entered college still a child with very little knowledge of Spanish, with a moderately developed mind, and almost without refined sentiments. By force of study, of analyzing myself, of aspiring higher, of a thousand corrections, I was little by little transformed, thanks to the beneficent influence of a zealous

²⁹ W. E. Retana, Rizal's Spanish biographer, writes in his *Vida y Escritos del Dr. José Rizal* (Madrid, 1907, p. 30):

" . . . Rizal at the age of scarcely sixteen years, or rather when he left the Ateneo with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in his pocket, was studious, very studious; reflective, modest, of great moral honesty; and besides having passed with the grade of excellent all the subjects and won through competition almost all the prizes, had shown signs of being a poet, carver, and designer. In truth, the same cannot be said of all men.

"We don't close the article without presenting the list of subjects that he studied. See the following official document:

"Certificate issued according to the regulation and sealed by the Secretariat of the Ateneo de Manila and certified as correct by the Rector, dated 20 August 1905. I owe it to the kindness of Father Pablo Pastells who requested and obtained it from that educational institution.

1871-1872	Arithmetic	Excellent
1872-1873	Latin, first course	Excellent
	Spanish	Excellent

professor. My morality at that time makes me now sigh on remembering that state of sweetest tranquility of my spirit. By cultivating poetry and rhetoric my sentiments were further elevated and Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and other authors showed me another road through which I could walk to attain one of my aspirations. I don't know if my present state makes me see the beauty of the past and the sadness of the present, but the truth is that when I was a college student, I never wanted to leave college and that now I would give anything to get over this terrible age of youth. Had I been perchance like the brook that while following its delightful way amidst willows and dense flowers smiles and frolics and upon being converted into a torrent angrily and turbulently flings itself until it is buried in the sea? My second year in college resembled the first with the difference that patriotic sentiments as well as an exquisite sensibility had been greatly developed in me. It passed like the first among principles of logic, physics, and poetical compositions. I had advanced somewhat in the cultivation of the Muses so much so that I had composed a legend which suffered very slight correction by my professor and a dialogue which was staged for the first time at the end of the school term, alluding to the students' farewell.

Goodbye then beautiful, unforgettable period of my life, brief twilight which will not shine again! If my eyes no longer shed tears upon recalling you, my heart melts and seems to be oppressed! I have your memory here in my heart, in my mind,

	Greek	Excellent
1873-1874	Latin, second course	Excellent
	Spanish	Excellent
	Greek	Excellent
	Universal Geography	Excellent
1874-1875	Latin, third course	Excellent
	Spanish	Excellent
	Greek	Excellent
	Universal History	Excellent
	History of Spain and the Philippines	Excellent
	Arithmetic and Algebra	Excellent
1875-1876	Rhetoric and Poetics	Excellent
	French	Excellent
	Geometry and Trigonometry	Excellent
1876-1877	Philosophy, first course	Excellent
	Mineralogy and Chemistry	Excellent
	Philosophy, second course	Excellent
	Physics	Excellent
	Botany and Zoology	Excellent
	Bachelor of Arts, 14 March 1877	Excellent"

in my whole being. Farewell fortunate hours of my lost childhood, fly to the bosom of Pure Innocence which created you to sweeten the moments of tender hearts.

Manila, 1 December 1879.

CHAPTER VI

APRIL TO DECEMBER 1877

Wake up, heart, kindle again your extinguished fire so that in its warmth you may remember that time which I dare not judge. Go, thinking mind, and go again through those places, recall those moments in which you drank together with the nectar the bitter gall of love and disappointment.

After the vacation period of that memorable year, I looked for a house in Intramuros³⁰ and I found one on Solana Street, whose landlord was a priest. My mother said that I had enough with what I knew and I should not return to Manila any more. Had my mother a presentiment of what was going to happen to me? Has the heart of mothers in fact double vision?

I enrolled in metaphysics, because, besides my doubt about the career that I would follow, my father wanted me to study it, but so little was my inclination for it that I didn't even buy the textbook used by the other students. I found myself in Manila as if stupified. A fellow collegian of mine who had left college three months before and lived at that time on the same street as I, was the only friend I had then. My house companions were from Batangas, recently arrived at Manila. My friend M.³¹ went to our house every Sunday and other days and afterwards together we would go to Trozo to the house of a grandmother of mine, friend of his father. For me the days passed happily and silently until one Sunday when we went to Trozo, we encountered there a girl³² of about fourteen years fresh, pleasant, winsome, who received my companion with much familiarity, from which I deduced that she might be his sister who I already had heard was going to marry a relative

³⁰ The walled city of Manila.

³¹ Mariano Katigbak of Lipa, Batangas.

³² Segunda Katigbak.



YOUNG RIZAL WITH PALETTE

whose name I didn't remember. In fact we found there a tall man, dressed nicely, who seemed to be her fiancé.³³ She was short, with expressive eyes, ardent at times, and drooping at other times, pinkish, a smile so bewitching and provocative that revealed some very beautiful teeth; with an air of a sylph, I don't know what alluring something was all over her being. She was not the most beautiful woman I had seen but I had never seen one more bewitching and alluring. They told me to sketch her, but I excused myself because really I didn't know. Finally they compelled me and I drew a grotesque picture. I played chess and whether due to the lady with her fiancé or I was distracted seeing her or I was flattered or I didn't know, the fact was I lost! Now and then she looked at me and I blushed. At last they talked about novels and other things about literature and then I took part in the conversation with advantage. That day passed until the young woman K. entered college after taking leave of all the others who were there. I returned home and I didn't think seriously again of that day. A second Sunday came and I saw her followed always by her fiancé and other girls.

It happened that I changed my residence and a sister of mine entered the Colegio de la Concordia in which the young woman K. was a boarder. I went to call on her and she appeared in the reception hall accompanied by the young woman who had become her intimate friend. As I had nothing to say to her nor had I had the honor of being introduced to her, besides my bashfulness as a collegian, I didn't address her except a ceremonious and silent bow to which she responded with admirable grace and delicacy. When I returned in the company of my aunts, we found them strolling. My sister followed us in a carriage and we went to the college where shortly afterwards the young woman appeared. No incident occurred to us worth mentioning.

One Thursday, my friend M., who was the brother of Miss K., came to invite me to go together to La Concordia to visit our respective sisters. I accepted the invitation gladly and we went. We found his sister in the hall. She greeted us and she asked me if I would like her to call my sister Olimpia. I thanked her and she went away nimbly but always with a grace that I have never seen in any other woman. Shortly afterwards the two appeared and we formed a small circle.

³³ Manuel Luz of Lipa, Batangas.

Since then we talked and animation reigned in our gathering. Her brother left us and went to speak with a girl to whom he was later married.

I don't remember how our conversation began, but I do remember that she asked me what flowers I liked best. I told her that I liked all, but that I preferred the white and the black ones. She told me that she liked the white and the pink ones and she became pensive; but later she added:

"Yes, I also like the black ones."

I kept quiet.

"Have you a sweetheart?" She asked me after a moment of silence.

"No," I replied, "I never thought of having one because I know well that no one would pay attention to me, especially the beautiful ones."

"Why, is it possible? You deceive yourself! Do you want me to get you one?"

"Thanks, Miss," I told her; "but I don't want to bother you." I remembered at that moment that she would marry her uncle the following December, and then I asked her:

"Do you go back to your town in December?"

"No," she answered me dryly.

"They say that in your town a very big feast will be celebrated in which you will take an important part and it is possible that it will not be held without your attendance."

"No," she replied, and she smiled. "My parents want me to go home but I should not like to do so, for I wish to stay in college for five years more."

Little by little I was imbibing the sweetest poison of love as the conversation continued. Her glances were terrible for their sweetness and expressiveness; her voice was so sonorous that a certain fascination accompanied all her movements. From time to time a languid ray penetrated my heart and I felt something that until then was unknown to me. And, why did the years pass so rapidly that I didn't have time to enjoy them? Finally when the clock struck seven, we took our leave of our respective sisters, and then she said:

"Have you any order to give me?"

"Miss, I never had the custom of ordering women," I replied. "I expect them to command me."

We went down the wide staircase of the college and went home. I don't remember how I spent the night then. The time that passed afterward was so painful that the beautiful and sweet were erased from my mind leaving only black shadows mixed with the tints of tediousness.

My friend and I returned the following Sunday and we found only my sister because his had gone out that day with her father. It was a stormy night. My sister had asked me if I had requested her friend to make flowers and as I replied that I didn't, she told me that she had asked for material from the sisters. I had made a pencil portrait of Miss K. that I copied from a photograph that she had given me last Thursday. After a while, her father and she appeared. I greeted him for we knew each other and her in the heaviest rain. They brought with them a cone of almonds which they offered us while she greeted us with her attractive smile. Her brother took a handful but I didn't. She disappeared, returning afterwards with two white roses, one of which she offered to her brother and the other to me which she herself placed in my hat band. I offered her the portrait I had made, which pleased her. Our conversation became animated and afterwards we took our leave, the same as last Thursday. She said that the white rose that she gave me was from my sister. And though I knew it was not, I pretended to believe it. I went home and kept that rose, symbol of her artificial love. My aunts and I went there again on Thursday following that Sunday. They came out as usual, each one carrying a white rose: my sister gave me hers and she gave hers to her brother. We formed a circle and my seat was next to hers. My sister had to communicate I don't know what feminine secret to my aunts and therefore she left us alone. I took advantage of the occasion to ask her who made those roses and to tell her that I consider my sister incapable of having made them for she didn't know yet how to make them so well and moreover I wanted to know the name of my creditor. She confessed to me the truth blushing. I thanked her, promising her that I would keep it while I live, and I added:

"Do you know that it is very painful for me to lose you after having known you?"

"But I'm not going to get married!" she replied and two tears appeared in her eyes, having divined the very marked intention of my remark.

After this my aunts returned and we continued our conversation. The subject turned to trifles. It is true that during the conversation our eyes met, and the most intense glances full of a loving melancholical expression came to enslave my soul forever.

Our visits continued. I abstained, or rather I forbade my heart to love her knowing that she was engaged. But I said to myself: Perhaps she did love me; perhaps her love for her fiancé was nothing more than a girlish love as her heart had not yet opened to receive true love. Moreover I'm neither rich nor handsome nor gallant nor attractive; and if she loved me, her love would be true, for it was not based on vain and shaky foundation. But even then, I decided to keep quiet until I could see greater proofs of sympathy between us. I would neither subject myself to her yoke nor declare myself to her.

Once when I went alone to the college, I carried letters and orders for her and consequently I could send for her to come out to the reception room; but I didn't do so, instead I waited for her little sister to whom I delivered them to be given to her. My sister came out telling me that K. was very sad on account of what I had done. I said nothing. After a short while, her brother arrived and sent for her. She came out very serious and formal, I bowed to her and she scarcely responded with a slight inclination of the head without smiling, and went to another group. I went back to my seat then and began to speak with her brother. After a while she came back to where we were; gay, loquacious, and witty, she entertained us delightfully with her pleasant conversation. When night came, the moon rose up majestically and we had to take our leave. Her brother and I were going to leave together and when we were already seated in the carriage, my sister called me and told me: "K. requests you not to come except in the company of her brother so that you can visit her." I was seized by a pleasing joy but a marmorean exterior hid it from all; I said yes and left. Since then everything changed for me.

In the meantime chattering and lying rumor was already spreading our imaginary love, still in embryo, as certain. Everywhere I heard only talk about our relations and truth to tell we loved each other without having declared it clearly except that we understood each other through our glances.

In the meanwhile time was passing away, I in going there every Thursday and Sunday and she in receiving us always enchanting and attractive, always a conqueror of my heart that

still refused to surrender. It happened once that my aunts, another young woman, and a sister of mine had to make flowers for I didn't know what saints and for this purpose went to the college in the morning and I had to fetch them in the afternoon; I went there already twice. Once I gave in to my friend, and another time I didn't go, saying I was ill. The following day I found them on the landing of the staircase — she, my two sisters, an aunt of mine, and another young woman. She was simply but very elegantly dressed, with her hair loose, and with a smile on her lips. Oh, always I saw her thus even in my dreams! She received me cheerfully, accompanying us with my sister until the carriage. My sister collegian talked with my aunts and she with me.

"Have you been sick?" she asked me in her sweet voice.

"Yes," I answered her, "but now I'm very well thanks to your. . . ."

"Oh!" she replied, "last night I was praying for you fearful that something bad might happen to you."

"Thanks," I replied. "But being so, I would like to get sick always inasmuch as in this way I have the happiness of being remembered by you; moreover death might do me much good."

"Why?" she replied, "Do you wish to die? Well, I'm sorry."

And we kept quiet. I don't remember now what came out of our lips then, but we must have talked a great deal, inasmuch as night overtook us. Alas! Our conversation was so sweet, though we had not yet declared ourselves, that more and more fastened the yoke already being laid on me.

Ah! Once happy memories, now heart-rending! Oh, vanish from my memory, for instead of bringing me happiness, you inflame my despair and my skepticism.

I was then reflecting on my situation. New anxieties, new cares, new ideas, new sentiments seized me. When least expected I spent the night almost sleepless, steeped in my reflections. My rebellious heart, which perchance forebode what was going to happen later, refused to express itself yet and consequently to bend its neck, perhaps fearful of entrusting its happiness to such fragile hands. Alas, why have I not followed the impulses of my presentiments and followed another route, fascinated by the melodious voice of this siren, much more terrible and powerful than those of antiquity?

The eighth of December came, feast of the college in which she was a boarder. It was a Saturday, with an enviable sun. Some students and I went to the college. It was decorated with pennants, lanterns, flowers, *etc.* We went up and there I found my (unintelligible word) . . . beautiful as ever, but with a certain severe and reserved air that I could not explain. I asked for my sister and she came and she tried to call her, but she only approached our group carrying some pictures which she left with my sister. I took one of them without telling her, for she did not converse with us that morning. Twelve o'clock struck and we were going to depart and I approached her and said:

"Miss, pardon me for having taken your picture without your permission. Will you not be offended if I keep it?"

"No," she said with a smile that made me forget her seriousness. Afterwards she called a friend of hers, thus cutting off our conversation.

We took our leave. When we reached home, I kept the picture and pretended not to be in bad humor.

One day my grandmother took me to the college in the morning and sent for her and my sister. I still seem to see her coming out pale and panting and turning a glance to me that filled me with joy though it did not dispel my secret sorrow. Then I learned that her mother, having given birth to a boy to whom they gave the name José, had ordered her to go home that same month. A painful presentiment oppressed my heart, but I concealed it under a cloak of indifference. My grandmother and the mother went away leaving us four there, that is, she, my two sisters, and I. My grandmother and the mother came back after a while and we went down for I didn't know what. While we were going down the stairs, she remained behind. I asked her then if it would not displease her to be of my hometown and she replied blushing that it would not.

She stopped beside the carriage and I too, and we remained thus looking at each other for our companions had gone away to see I knew not what.

The time to take our leave came and we, my grandmother, my sister, and I, got into the carriage. My grandmother handed to me the letter in which her father ordered her to go home. I read and reread it and in the meantime I thought of what would become of us afterward, should she become my partner. Oh, dreams!

At last, Thursday came and I went to the college to visit them and to say farewell as I had to go home the following day. We spoke very few words but sad and affectionate. She told me that she was going home on the following Saturday, that is, one day after my projected departure. I answered her then that once I had decided to go home on Friday it would be very ugly for me to retract, but at any rate we would see each other in my hometown. She kept quiet, but she became pensive and raised her eyes to the sky. Even now it seems to me that I see her leaning against the door, in an attitude so thoughtful that had made me think so much.

I took leave of her as at other times, and the moon which at that time was at its apogee, illuminated the one who was to modify so much my ideas, standing on the landing of the staircase, always poetic for my imagination.

That was the first night that I felt an anguish and inquietude resembling love, if not jealousy, perhaps because I saw that I was separating from her, perhaps because a million obstacles would stand between us, so that my budding love was increasing and seemed to be gaining vigor in the fight. Since then I knew that I loved her truly and in my own way, that is, very different from other loves that I have heard mentioned.

As I had promised, I did go home the following day and I found on the steamer a young college woman of Sta. Catalina,³⁴ of the same age as K., of my town, who was also going home to Calamba for a few days with her father after having spent almost five years in the college.

We knew each other very well, but the education that the sisters of her college gave her made her excessively timid and bashful, so much so that I refrained from using the least ambiguous word. I had to resign myself to speak with her back. Her father was with us. To entertain her during the trip I asked her about her college, her friends, and her hopes or illusions. She answered me in monosyllables and I noted that she had forgotten half of Tagalog if not all of it.

At last we arrived at our town; I, a little querulous about the bad treatment that I received from my fellow townswoman, despite the fact that, continually besieged by the thought of my beloved, I could not think of joking other women.

³⁴ A boarding school for girls in Manila, Colegio de Sta. Catalina, under a very strict order of nuns.

When I reached home, my mother, who had already lost much of her sight, didn't recognize me until after having observed me a long time. That saddened me at the beginning when I didn't know yet the cause. My sisters received me joyfully and I could read their pleasure in their faces. They asked me about K. and they teased me. Of all of them my father was the most contented and the one who talked least.

Consider my situation and my illusions! My family was very much astonished when they learned that I knew how to handle arms, for that very night I proved myself to be the best swordsman in my town.

The following day, at the time when the steamer ought to arrive and therefore the family of my friend or my beloved, after having waited for her a few minutes, we learned from my father, who had gone to meet her, that the steamer, on account of the wind, did not touch Calamba, but instead the passengers disembarked at Biñan. Consequently, her father, with all his companions, relatives of the fiancé and others who formed the escort, waited outside the town and from there to go to Lipa. I had a white horse saddled and I mounted it and went out of the town because I expected to see her for the last time. I went in the direction of Biñan and I passed precisely the point where all those awaiting her were encamped. I goaded my horse as if I didn't notice them. Then I heard someone crying out to me:

"Stop, stop."

I looked back and I saw no one who talked to me and I tried to go ahead and then the same call was repeated. I looked around. I encountered her father who asked me smiling how long ago had I arrived.

"Yesterday," I replied, bowing.

"Well, they are arriving today," he replied.

"Yes," I answered, "it seems that my friend told me something about that."

But I knew very well that that was the day of her arrival.

I didn't continue on my way. I took another road towards Los Baños, but I thought it would be better if I went to our lands as they would pass there to go to their town.

I did as I had thought and I rushed the horse until I reached our mill. I got down the horse and I amused myself

looking at the water that ran through the canal comparing its velocity to my days.

At this moment, only one coach arrived and I saw getting down the student of Sta. Catalina, an aunt of hers, an uncle, and a young man, student of the Ateneo, who had just arrived that day from Manila. They were going to their lands called Presa. I accompanied them on foot, leaving my horse tied to a stake.

When we had arrived at their sugar mill, I took leave to return to the town, but really to wait again on the road in case they had not passed by yet. I arrived there and I inquired if there had passed there cavalcades or *carromatas*.³⁵ No one could tell me.

Sadly I sat down by the bank of the brook that run the old mill that we had in it, thinking of many things at the same time and not being able to fix my mind on anything. I saw the swift currents carrying away branches that they tore from the bushes and my thought, wandering in other regions and having other objects, paid no attention to them. Suddenly I perceived a noise, I raised my head, and I saw *calesas* and horses enveloped in a cloud of dust. My heart beat violently and I must have become pale. I took a short stroll returning to where I had the horse tied. There I waited.

The first vehicle carried K.'s father and another gentleman. He invited me to go to his town; I thanked him. How I would have liked to go! The vehicle that came behind was occupied by K., her sister, and other girls from La Concordia. She bowed to me smiling and waving her handkerchief; I just lifted up my hat and said nothing. Alas! Such has always happened to me in the most painful moments of my life. My tongue, profuse talker, becomes dumb when my heart is bursting with feelings. The vehicle passed like a swift shadow, leaving no other trace but a horrible void in the world of my affections. I mounted the horse while the third vehicle was approaching where my friend was riding. It halted and he invited me to go to his hometown. I was going to follow them for I was riding a pretty good horse. But in the critical moments of my life, I have always acted against my will, obeying different purposes and mighty doubts. I goaded my horse and took another road without having chosen it, exclaiming: This is

³⁵ Light two-wheeled covered vehicles, usually horse-drawn, and more spacious than a *calesa*.

ended thus. Ah, how much truth, how much meaning, these words then had! My youthful and trusting love ended! The first hours of my first love ended! My virgin heart will forever weep the risky step it took in the abyss covered with flowers. My illusion will return, indeed, but indifferent, incomprehensible, preparing me for the first deception on the road of grief.

I returned to the town inebriate and confused. Melancholy, sweet in its tortures, seized me. I knew that she was the woman who satisfied fully the aspirations of my heart that told me I had lost her.

I spent the two nights that followed this day in visiting, together with L., a young woman who lived toward the east in a little house at the right. She was a bachelor girl older than we were. She was fair with seductive and attractive eyes. She, or we, talked about love but my heart and my thought followed K. through the night to her town. If the most filthy corpse had told me that she too was thinking of me, I would have kissed it out of gratitude.

I spent the last days of December in that monotonous melancholy so much more implacable as I could not find any other object to distract my thoughts. My father, who had learned about our visits, prohibited us from continuing them, perhaps because the name of the oriental maid did not figure in his calculations. I did not visit her again.

Manila, 16 November 1881. S.L. departed.

FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1878

The short vacation ended without any important happenings. On the 6th of January I took leave of my parents and returned to Manila, my second hometown.

The old house on Magallanes street received again the guest who since childhood had taken shelter in its shadow. An indefinable malaise and sadness like remorse took hold of my heart. I spent the night in vague, most melancholy reflections. It dawned. I sat down on my chaise lounge and I almost cried on remembering my family and my old friends. My roommate found me praying.

The days of January, February, and March passed almost without any incident. I was waiting only for some news from

her. During these months I had the discussion of Metaphysics, that is, I maintained most intricate, vyingly complicated, questions in Latin. I came out very middling for I had not prepared as I should. I took the examination in Metaphysics in March and I obtained the grade of excellent. I had the same success in the examinations in topography, winning two medals in this and in agriculture. My mother had given me for my expenses that month something like ₱15.00. I bought a little tortoise-shell box and I presented it to my professor of drawing.³⁶ And not having anything more to do, I went home to spend the long vacation.



³⁶ Don Agustín Sáez. See page 43.

Rizal's monogram here reproduced was made by Rizal himself. It is found in the original manuscript of his diary, *De Leipzig a Heidelberg*.

2. MY FIRST REMINISCENCE

When I had not yet seen other rivers except the river of my town, crystalline and gay in its winding course, shaded by murmuring bamboo groves; when my world was only circumscribed by the bluish mountains of my province and the white surface of the lake that I discerned from afar through some ruins, sparkling like a mirror and filled with graceful sails, I liked stories very much and I believed with all my heart everything the books contained, convinced that what was printed must perforce be the pure truth. And why not, since my parents, who punished me for the smallest lie, emphatically enjoined me to attend to my books, to read them diligently and understand them.

My first remembrance concerning letters goes back to my earliest age. I must be very small yet, because when they polished the floor of our house with banana leaves, I would still fall, slipping on the shiny surface as did the little skilled skaters on ice. It was still difficult for me to climb up a chair, I went down the stairs step by step, holding on to every baluster, and in our house, as in the whole town, petroleum was unknown, nor had I seen until that time any *quinque*,¹ nor had any carriage ever passed through the streets of my town that I believed to be the *summum*² of joy and animation.

One night, when everybody at home was already asleep, when all the lights in the globes³ had already been put out by blowing them off by means of a curved tin tube, which seemed to me the most exquisite and wonderful toy in the world, I

¹ This word is derived from the name of the first maker of that lamp, Quinquet, a Frenchman.

² The utmost.

³ Globes were appliances made of crystal in which were placed the vessels containing oil for lighting. They are hung from the ceiling with iron chains.

don't know why my mother and I had remained watching beside the only light that in all Philippine houses burned all night long and that went out precisely at dawn waking the people with its cheerful hissing.

My mother then was still young. After a bath, her hair, which she let down to dry, dragged half a handbreadth on the floor, for which reason she knotted its end. She taught me to read in *Amigo de los Niños*, a very rare book, an old edition, which had lost its cover and which a very industrious sister of mine had covered again by pasting on its back a thick blue paper, the remnant of the wrapper of a bolt of cloth. My mother, undoubtedly annoyed at hearing me read pitifully, for, as I didn't understand Spanish, I could not give meaning to the phrases, took away the book from me. After scolding me for the drawings I had made on its pages, with legs and arms extended like a cross, she began to read asking me to follow her example. My mother, when she could still see, read very well, recited, and knew how to make verses. How many times during Christmas vacation afterwards, she corrected my poems, making very apt observations. I listened to her full of childish admiration, marvelling at the ease with which she made them and at the sonorous phrases that she could get from some pages that cost me so much effort to read and that I deciphered haltingly. Perhaps my ears soon got tired of hearing sounds that to me meant nothing, perhaps due to my natural distraction I gave little attention to the reading and watched more closely the cheerful flame around which some small moths fluttered with playful and uneven flight, perhaps I yawned, be it what it might, the case was that my mother, realizing the little interest that I showed, stopped her reading and said to me:

“I'm going to read you a very pretty story; be attentive.”

Upon hearing the word story, I opened my eyes expecting a new and wonderful one. I looked at my mother who leafed through the book as if looking for it, and I got ready to listen with impatience and wonder. I didn't suspect that in that old book that I read without understanding, there could be stories and pretty stories. My mother began to read to me the fable of the young and the old moths, translating it to me piece by piece into Tagalog. At the first verses my attention redoubled in such a way that I looked towards the light and fixed my attention on the moths that fluttered around it. The story could not have been more opportune. My mother emphasized and commented a great deal on the warnings of the

old moth and directed them to me as if to tell me that those applied to me. I listened to her and what a rare phenomenon, the light seemed to me more beautiful each time, the flame brighter, and I even envied instinctively the fate of those insects that played so cheerfully in its magical exhalation. Those that had succumbed were drowned in the oil; they didn't frighten me. My mother continued her reading, I listened anxiously, and the fate of the two insects interested me intensely. The light agitated its golden tongue on one side, a singed moth in one of these movements fell into the oil, clapped its wings for some time and then died. That assumed for me the proportions of a great event and as a strange phenomenon that I have always observed in me when something excites me. It seemed to me that the flame and the moths were moving far away, very far, and that my mother's voice acquired a strange, sepulchral timbre.

My mother finished the fable. I was not listening; all my attention, all my mind, and all my thoughts were concentrated on the fate of that moth, young, dead, full of illusions.

"You see?" my mother said to me taking me to bed, "Don't imitate the young moth and don't be disobedient; you'll get burned like it."

I don't know if I replied, promised something, or cried. The only thing I remember is that it took me a long time before I could sleep. That story had revealed to me things unknown to me until then. To me moths ceased to be insignificant insects; moths talked and knew how to warn and advise as well as my mother did. The light seemed to be more beautiful, dazzling, attractive. I understood why moths fluttered around lights. Advices and warnings resounded feebly in my ears: What preoccupied me most was the death of the imprudent, but at the bottom of my heart, I didn't blame it. My mother's solicitude didn't have all the success that she hoped it would.

No; many years have elapsed; the child has become a man; he has plowed the most famous foreign rivers and meditated beside their copious streams. The steamship has taken him across the seas and all the oceans; he has climbed the region of perpetual snow on mountains very much higher than the Makiling of his province. From experience he has received bitter lessons, oh, infinitely more bitter than the sweet lesson that his mother gave him, and nevertheless the man preserves the heart of a child and he believes that light is the most beautiful thing there is in creation and that it is worthy for a man to sacrifice his life for it.

PART II
TRAVEL DIARIES

1. CALAMBA TO BARCELONA

1 MAY.-16 JUNE 1882

CALAMBA

1 May — Monday 1882

My brother woke me up at five o'clock in the morning to get ready for the trip. I rose up mechanically and arranged what I had to take with me.

My brother gave me 356 pesos which I should take with me. I asked my servant to call a vehicle to conduct me to Biñan. I dressed and while I was waiting for breakfast, the *carromata*¹ arrived. My parents had already awakened but not yet my sisters. I took a cup of coffee. My brother looked at me with sorrow; my parents knew nothing. Finally I kissed their hands. I was on the verge of crying! I went down hurriedly, bidding a mute goodbye to everything dear to me: Parents, brothers, house. I was forsaking them all. I passed by the house of my sister Neneng to ask her for a diamond ring, but I found her still sleeping. I proceeded on my way to the house of my sister Lucía. My brother-in-law was already awake and I was expecting him to accompany me, but he did not. I proceeded on my way. The sun was beginning to rise.

Calamba's houses, her cultivated fields, her Makiling, all her simple and picturesque beauty — all appeared to my eyes at those moments with an inestimable value.

This is a translation of the diary published in *Unitas*, Manila, October-December 1953, pp. 854-872. Obvious errors in the transcription have been corrected.

¹See note 35, p. 31.

When I thought that I was leaving my family behind, tears welled in my eyes. I felt I was drowning. The horse was nimble; my driver, silent and so was I. What thoughts! What sad reflections!

Oh, how much sacrifice for an ephemeral good!

We reached Biñan soon. There I changed my vehicle, my new driver being Vicente, an old acquaintance. I gave Macario a peseta as a tip. This new driver, Vicente, is gay and loquacious. He recounted to me many things that I did not understand. He entertained me somewhat, but not altogether.

Thus we passed through San Pedro Tunasan, Muntinglupa, Las Piñas, Parañaque until Malate. I gave him 3 pesos. I took another vehicle for Manila.

There I found Chengoy² with Dandoy. Chengoy told me he would give me my passport that same day. My uncle Antonio really came bringing me the passport. We went to Henry's³ house to get my ticket and afterward we went shopping. That afternoon I ordered a lounging chair and then I wrote letters.

What a night that was! How distressful it was for me! Shall I see my family, my father, mother, brothers, and brothers-in-law? Oh! One who has never left the bosom of his home; one who has left it amid a thousand loving goodbyes and farewells can consider himself happy.

(The ticket cost me)

2 May — Tuesday

My *compadre*,⁴ Mateo Evangelista, one of those who had worked hard and helped get my passport, arrived at seven o'clock. We went to see the ship *Salvadora*, anchored in the river. Its captain received us well, he being a friend of my *compadre* who had recommended me to him.

Afterward I called on Mr. Pedro A. Paterno who gave me a letter of recommendation to his friend Esquivel and asked me to take his picture to his brothers. I bade his family farewell and I took my other things.

² José M. Cecilio.

³ Henry, a Frenchman, owner of Bazar Filipino located on the corner of Escolta and T. Pinpin, and agent of the Messageries Maritimes.

⁴ The god-father and the father of a child address each other as *compadre*.

In the afternoon I bade the Jesuit fathers goodbye. They gave me strong letters of recommendation to the Jesuit fathers in Barcelona. I owe much to this religion (Catholic), very nearly everything that I am. There I met a gentleman who voluntarily and kindly offered to recommend me also to his businessmen friends.

From there I went to say goodbye to my dear professor of drawing, Mr. Agustín Sáez, who regretted much my departure.

Later my uncle Antonio, Gella, and I with Rosauero de Guzman went together to take dinner at the Café Suizo. My old friend Chengoy could not join us as he was suffering from an eye ailment.

I went to the house of my friends the Valenzuela girls to bid goodbye. I found them dressed as they were about to go out to pay me a farewell visit. There I found the pictures and tea which Paterno was sending to his brothers. As a souvenir they gave me a pot of biscuits and a box of chocolate, a gift of the good Capitana⁵ Sánday, Leonor's⁶ mother.

From there back to my house to finish the last preparations and to write letters.

3 May — Wednesday

I woke up at five o'clock in the morning. I dressed and heard Mass in Sto. Domingo church. Perhaps the last one that I would hear in my country. Oh, what memories of my childhood and of my early youth!

Upon returning to my house, I took breakfast; I'm mistaken, I tried to eat, but I could not. I was somewhat lethargic. After a while my *compadre* came and took breakfast. The gifts of the good Capitana Sánday were served at the breakfast. I was sorry I could not take them along, not even a tiny piece.

We went down afterward: My uncle Antonio, Gella, my *compadre*, Chengoy, and I. Chengoy bade me farewell at the door. He could not go with us. I embraced this good and faithful friend. I felt I was going to collapse on account of sadness. We went in the direction of Magallanes where we found the *Salvadora*. We boarded it, and as my companions

⁵ Feminine of *capitán*; a form of address for the wife of a *capitán* or *gobernadorcillo* or *alcalde*, the town executive.

⁶ Leonor Valenzuela.

wanted to go away, I begged them not to leave me so soon. They gladly agreed to stay and they accompanied me until the bay.

There I tried to take advantage of the few moments left to talk and enjoy looking at them — the last friends that I would see and to me represented my whole country and my family. How many services they rendered me, what solicitude!

Finally came the hour of separation. I couldn't speak. I embraced them twice and I would have liked to hold them embraced. How would it have been if they were my own family!

They moved away. I saw them walking away and I couldn't take my eyes off them until they turned around the Malecón. A thousand and one times they waved their handkerchiefs to me; I wanted to hold them with my eyes. Friends, who have been like my second family, who have worked indefatigably for my welfare, how can I pay you? I still remember what you said, "Be a man!" Well then, I'm a man, and that is why I weep. I weep on departing from my country, the seat of all my affection.

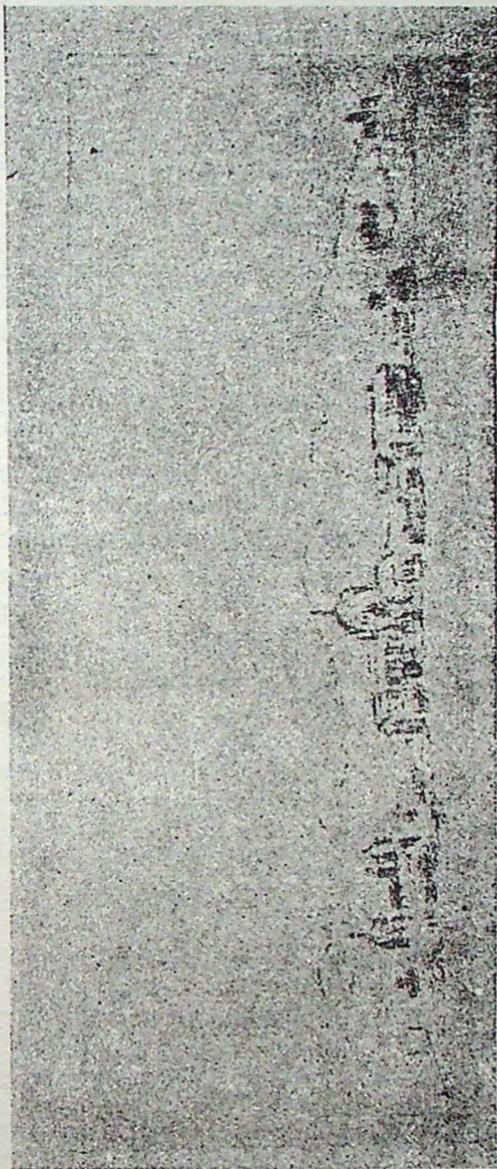
Tears are welling in my eyes but the cursed sense of honor holds them.

The ship weighs anchor at last. Its propeller moves sweeping the water and leaving behind it a lengthening wake. My motherland, my town, I leave you; you will disappear and I'll lose sight of you.

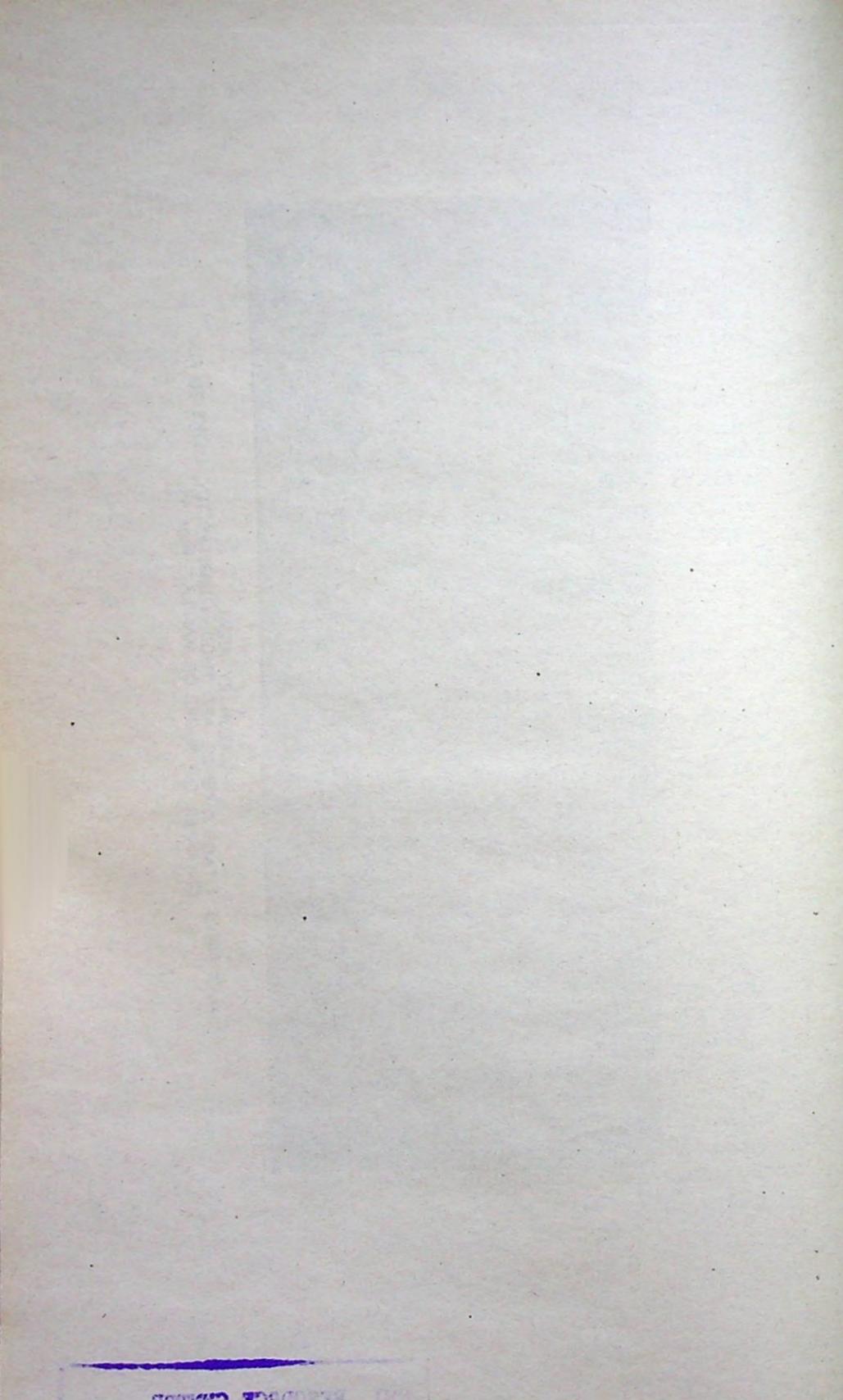
I take a pencil and though imperfectly, I like to fix on paper the shore of Manila.

My hand runs nimbly in obedience to my heart, and I draw.

But, in the meantime and little by little, the buildings were becoming smaller, their outlines were becoming confused, though their shadows acquired intensity forming a contrasting *chiascuro*. Later, only a forest of poles and numberless vague figures gilded by a most brilliant sun. That was my motherland, my dear motherland. There I left love and glory, parents who adore me, solicitous sisters, a brother who watches over my family and me, and friends. Oh, yes! How many loves, how many hearts, which could have made me happy, and nevertheless I'm abandoning them! Will I find them on my return free, just as I have left them?



SKETCH BY RIZAL
"3 MAY 1882. I TAKE A PENCIL AND THOUGH IMPERFECTLY, I LIKE TO FIX
ON PAPER THE SHORE OF MANILA." Page 44.



Leonores,⁷ Dolores,⁸ Ursulas, Felipas, Vicentas, Margaritas, and others: Other loves will hold your attention and soon you will forget the traveler. I'll return, but I'll find myself alone, because those who used to smile at me will save their charms for others more fortunate. And in the meantime I fly after my vain idea, a false illusion perhaps. May I find my family intact and afterward die of happiness!

Lunch time came. We are sixteen passengers: five or six ladies, many children, and the rest are gentlemen. I'm the only *Indio*.⁹ We have also some unfortunate ones: Indian Negroes and Englishmen prisoners from Port Breton. No incident occurred during the luncheon.

The luncheon finished, I saw that we are opposite Mariveles. I took a look at it and continued writing. After sometime we saw Corregidor. These two mountains are nearly opposite each other. The Mariveles Mountain is beautiful and looks like the Makiling of my province which brought back to me vivid memories of that poetic country.

Since this morning the weather has been beautiful; the sea, calm and fair, more than my dear Laguna. I sight other mountains whose names I don't know and should like to know. They are on the left of Corregidor. I inquire about their names and nobody can tell me. They say it is the Island of Luzón.

In sailing from Manila we pass between Mariveles and Corregidor. They pointed to me the Fraile and Monja islands, the Fraile at the right and the Monja on the left of Corregidor, looking westward. The water of the sea has a dark-blue color which fresh water does not have.

The passengers, who are all Europeans, are of various kinds. I have been talking a long while with one from Salamanca, a soldier in the Civil War who described to me some of the actions he had witnessed.

We have in front of us the Island of Mindoro.

An Englishman is traveling with us. He speaks Castilian well but he pronounces very badly. It seems that he has something in his mouth that is holding his tongue. He is tall and slender.

⁷ Leonor Rivera and Leonor Valenzuela.

⁸ Dolores Habaña.

⁹ *Indio* was the name given by the Spaniards to an inhabitant of the islands in Oceania. In the Philippines it had a derogatory connotation.

The sun is setting; its disk is scattering a vivid flame which is reflected on the rippled surface of the sea. The fanciful clouds tinted with vivid red, seemed like the dome of an incandescent grotto. Shadows are invading the East, lengthening themselves but losing in intensity as they neared the West.

We are sailing through an immense desert. Not a playing fish can be seen.

I've changed my suit. The one I'm wearing is the only woolen one I have which my good sister María made me. This reminds me that last year, at this time, we were traveling in a *casco*¹⁰ in Laguna Lake — my sisters Néneng, María, and Trining with Ursula, Victoria, and others — en route to Páquil. How much time has already elapsed! At that time I was admiring the poetic places and highways in my country. Now I admire only the immensity of the sea.

The moon has risen from the water. Reflections of the sun in the West and a round and most beautiful disk in the East. The gentle and cool breeze caresses my brow, bringing me aroma and freshness and makes the paper tremble. In my town perhaps they are looking at the same moon as I do. Perhaps my mother and my sisters, looking at it, are thinking of me as I'm thinking of them. If instead of looking at a point, our gazes would meet. . . .

It is quite dark and I can't continue writing.

Let's meditate.

They have brought a lantern suspended from a rope. In its light I write these lines. Seated in my lounging chair, facing the moon, I see it rising slowly, glistening on the waves.

I remember the verse my mother used to recite:

*Cuando en las ondas
De los vastos mares
Corría a sepultar
Sus rayos bellos
El Rubio Apolo, etc.*¹¹

¹⁰ See note 7 on page 6.

¹¹ Free translation: When in the waves
Of the vast seas
Golden Apollo
Would run to bury
His beautiful rays, etc.

Through the word *ondas* (waves) numerous thoughts assail my mind, all concerning my family and my hometown.

A lady is singing and dandling her son. Perhaps that was the way my mother dandled me.

I got sleepy.

2nd day of my sailing — 4 May

Seasickness has begun today. I got seasick. Throughout the ship they do nothing but conjugate the verb *marear* (to be seasick) — old men, children, men, and women do it. Nobody wants to confess that he is seasick, but the truth is many are.

"I've something like an indigestion, but I'm not seasick."

"No, oh no, sir, I'm not seasick. I've only a little headache."

I spent the day drawing and sleeping. I was feeling bad. Hardly have I eaten a spoonful.

A Spanish gentleman is traveling with us. He has a beard, eye-glasses, and wrinkled brow; he is tall, well dressed, and uncommunicative. Now and then he speaks to me. Despite his look, he is charming to me.

The sun set as yesterday, but the moon did not appear until much later.

I fell asleep. I did not take supper. At midnight I went down to my berth.

3rd day — Friday — 5 May

I'm very seasick. I slept. I saw some large birds; they entertained me a little.

At lunch time we sat down at the table. I tried to eat; I did well. At the end of the luncheon, a waiter told me that sand banks could be seen. They are called the Shoals of La Plata. They are 440 miles from Manila; that is, we are at one-third of the way. They look like white bands from afar.

I'm less seasick. I feel better. At mealtime I wasn't so bad. A light rain at sunset.

Today I've counted the children and it seems to me they are twelve; the ladies, five; the men, about ten. The children are noisy.

Tonight Messrs. Barco, Morlan, Pardo, Buil, and others were conversing. They talked much about the government in the Philippines. Criticism flowed freely. I discovered that in my poor country all the Spaniards, friars and lay officials alike, are consumed with the desire to suck the blood out of the *Indio*. There might be exceptions, as they said, but they are rare. This is the source of great evils and enmity between those who quarrel over the same booty.

"I've been very frank," said Morlan, "and I've proven it to all of them. I'm not referring to their private morality; I speak only generally."

"The fact is," replied Pardo, "that for three days to date you have not spoken well of anybody."

Mr. Morlan did not like this and the discussion was taking a bad turn. It seemed that it was going to end badly. It was getting to be an insult. Finally, nothing happened. And gradually they dispersed to go to bed.

4th day (6 May — Saturday)

The day began as before without any incident.

It seems that ill-feeling continues between Morlan and Pardo.

The ship is rocking less. We have seen the instrument for recording distance and the Captain, who graciously asked me about my health, told me that in nineteen hours we have traveled 156 miles and a fraction.

Tonight we played chess. I won three times.

Afterward I saw the sea in the midst of darkness. Oh! There is a certain terrible menace in its frightful loneliness. It seems to be angry and crying for a victim. Unfortunate will be the one who falls into its waves in the midst of its immensity. It seems like a huge monster endowed with infinite life manifested by its continuous movement — an all-mouth monster; that is, an immense gaping abyss *par excellence*.

Tonight my traveling companions saw my badly drawn sketches and little pictures. They like them very much. The ex-governor of Antique praised them highly and tomorrow I must make his picture.

We played chess. Mr. Buil, another man, and I conversed a long time.

Afterward we went to sleep.

5th day (7 May — Sunday)

Today is Sunday and we have no Mass. There's no priest on board.

I have made many pictures today.

The children are making more noise than a battalion of cavalry making a charge.

We are going on better. The sea is almost as calm as when we left Manila.

6th day (8 May — Monday)

The calm that reigns today is as complete as on the first day.

They say that we shall see the Natuna Islands where the steamer *Gloria* met its end five years ago. It is said that tomorrow we shall see Singapore. The passengers are gladdened by this news.

At half past three I saw mountains and islands which my companions pointed out to me. They presented on the south-east a beautiful view to us who have not seen land for days. A long chain of islands forming a sort of mountain range, they remind me of Talim Island with the *Susong Dalaga*¹² of my province. Over there a mountain of volcanic formation; farther away another which looked like the Island of Calamba — all of them covered with exuberant vegetation. It is said that they are populated by savages, half-cannibals. The fact is the only sign of life that we could see is a Chinese *sampan*, perhaps a pirate vessel with all sails up and full wind.

Again I remember my family and my country. Will I see them again? Always the same question. If I don't see my parents again, if my supposed enlightenment should cost me my love, how would my repentance be? But the pain of the farewell seems less to me now. Oh, time! What mysterious remedy do you carry in your flight that you could heal any wound of the heart?

7th day (9 May — Tuesday)

We are many here:

Mr. and Mrs. Salazar	2
Morlan and wife	2.

¹² Name of a mountain on Talim Island in the middle of Laguna de Bay (Lake of Bay or Baé).

Children of this gentleman	4
His brother	1
Godínez and wife	2
Children	3
Medina and wife	2
Children	2
Ortíz and wife	2
Children	5
Buil	1
Barco	1
Mr. Medina's cousin	1
A merchant of something	1
José Mercado	1 ¹³
Servants	5
An Englishman: Mr. Croales	1
Mr. Pardo (Vicente)	1
Total	37

They are 13 men, 10 women, and 14 children.

Almost all the men speak ill of the country [Philippines] to which they go for pecuniary motives. However, I have not heard Messrs. Godínez, Morlan, Medina, Buil, and Pardo say the least injurious word about the ill-governed colony. The last one principally, the present mayor of Barótac Viejo, defends, on many occasions many things that the others vituperate. At least, he is grateful. The others who made their fortune there, who had spent there years and years voluntarily or freely, and who are now retiring with more money than good feelings, are bitter. I don't know why they have the poor taste to suffer such a martyrdom. It is true that they are getting gold and I believe that for it they are capable of anything.

The women exceed the men much more. In comparison with the women, the defamers are lyric poets. If they are to be believed, Spain is a paradise where the most stupid is a genius in virtue, talent, and wisdom compared with the others and in the Philippines not even one useful atom could be found, because God lost there His providential wisdom. Even towards the other countries they have the same attitude. However, when we transferred to the mail boat of the Messageries Maritimes, they praised it somewhat, but there is always at bottom an element of self-praise.

¹³The name in Rizal's passport, "Mercado" being the old family name of Rizal's father, Francisco Mercado, and Rizal a later addition.

The children are making much noise. The crew say that never had they had it like this.

The steamship *Salvadora*, according to our information, is two hundred feet from stern to prow. It is quite pretty and clean. Its special features which attract attention are some beautiful cabins and four or five large boats. It runs from seven to eight miles an hour.

The captain, Mr. Donato Lecha, is an Asturian, dutiful, young and with a face beaming integrity. He is affable, a man of few words, much more refined than his other countrymen and colleagues that I have met. His assistant, who is a young Andalusian, is a smart and intelligent chap.

At this moment it is raining. The sea is now as calm as yesterday. We see nothing but a distant mountain on the northwest. The sea has a beautiful green color and with the foam which the ship makes, I'm reminded vaguely of my childhood.

We can now discern clearly several islands. The lighthouse looks to us like a lyrical flame. Later, still clearer, it resembles somewhat San Nicolás,¹⁴ only it stands on some rocks.

We see more clearly vessels, houses, vegetation, highways, chimneys — all that an active city has. The port pilot came later. We stop. A crowd of Indians, Malays, and Englishmen flocked to the boat, offering in a language that they alone can understand carriages, changing gold for silver *etc., etc.* One changed my fifteen pesos gold for silver and three pesetas. At last I disembark and hire a carriage to take me to La Paz Hotel.

SINGAPORE (SINGAPURA)

I'm in my room which overlooks a patio adjoining the Hotel Europa. I hear English spoken everywhere. I'll remember everything I have seen since this afternoon.

When I got down the boat and proceeded to the carriage, the Indian driver said to me "*Nam, nam,*" asking for a plaque on which was written a number that he had handed me. It was his. At last I gave it to him and we left.

Two large coal warehouses, but large ones, stand at the landing; then, well-built streets; plants on the sides; Chinese-style houses; crowds of Indians of Herculean figures; Chinese; a few Europeans; and very, very few Chinese women. Shops

¹⁴On the left bank of the Pasig River between Manila and Kambalamba once stood the Church of San Nicolás, now in ruins.

everywhere with advertisements in English and Chinese; most lively men. The carriages resemble the *tres por ciento*¹⁵ drawn by one horse. Some of these are large and some are very small. I have not yet seen pretty houses like those in the Philippines. We pass before the Malabar temple, the Muslim, and the Chinese. We saw the police headquarters, and returning to the hotel, I saw the Protestant church in Gothic style. Afterward I got down at the Hotel de la Paz where my driver charged me one *duro*¹⁶ as fare. They accompanied me upstairs and a Chinese took me to my room. The Chinese has a charming and honest-looking countenance, rare among the Chinese in my country.

An Englishman, who knew a little Spanish, received me kindly and argued with the driver to whom I had given only half a *duro*. A crowd of these Indians besieged me, offering me a million things.

I didn't buy anything except a comb and a cane for two pesetas.

I have forgotten to say that on our arrival many Malayan children came in *bancas* (canoes), saying to us "*A la mer, a la mer, aller*", so that we would throw them coins. Astonishing are their skill and agility; they are like fishes. For two cents (*cuartos*) they jump into the water and pick them up.

I went down to the inn and I found the majordomo, a sort of Lala-Ary¹⁷ who speaks Spanish, English, French, Malayan, and German, and he explained to me several things. I went to the Protestant church and I saw there a holy-water basin and a child carried by a lady and several Englishmen. There was a minister. I saw also many ladies who were seated. I sat down also and read the Bible a little. The good thing in there was the many *punkahs*¹⁸ which served as fans for the faithful. There was a holy image. I went out later and took a walk.

Almost everybody rides except the poor Chinese. I saw the court where many Englishmen were playing ball; a magni-

¹⁵ An old elegant vehicle in the Philippines used for pleasure.

¹⁶ Short for *peso duro*, hard peso. It is the Spanish and Spanish-American peso or dollar.

¹⁷ Lala-Ary was an Indian, owner of Fonda de Lala-Ary, a famous restaurant, formerly in what is now called Plaza del Conde and lastly on the Escolta, the site now occupied by the Philippine National Bank. Its name was later changed to Hotel Inglés and it moved to Alhambra Street, Ermita, Manila.

¹⁸ Punkah in India is a large portable fan or a canvas-covered frame suspended from the ceiling for fanning a room.

ficient carriage drawn by two beautiful, big, black horses, with two English drivers and inside the Maharajah of Lahore — an old stout man, respectable-looking and garbed in European style but wearing a sort of apron. I have seen a Chinese woman with the smallest feet; but I didn't see either Indian women or Malayan. I asked about them and I was told they stayed at home.

Tomorrow I'll visit the town.

There are many carriages for hire.

I'm surprised to find the streets bordered with trees and many . . . on both sides. The town is rather pretty.

When I returned to the hotel, I waited a long time for supper. At last it came after I had leafed through an illustrated German magazine with beautiful drawings.

The other diners were many Englishmen and Englishwomen and two Siamese young men whom anybody would say were Filipinos. The dinner was served by Chinese with my Indian Goinda as assistant and Tam, the majordomo, the Lala-Ary. There was neither order nor coordination in the service. In addition to the tumbler for drinking water there was a finger-bowl beside each plate. Two *punkahs* fanned the diners. Here I ate rice which was inferior to ours; the pineapples, though small, were sweet and tasted good; the banana, bad.

I have forgotten. A young Englishwoman as blonde as the one I met at my arrival. How I regretted that I did not know English! I remembered Dora¹⁹ each time I saw her. I imagined that the *Conception*²⁰ by Dickens must look very much like her.

2nd day in Singapore (10 May — Wednesday)

I left the Philippines exactly one week ago today, and I'm already in a foreign country.

I've had a sad and frightful dream with all the appearance of reality. I dreamed that while in Singapore, my brother had died suddenly and I told my old mother about it who was traveling with me in the same boat. The dream was confirmed by Sor Catalina and then I had to return, leaving everything in this country. Why did I have that dream? I'm thinking of cabling my hometown to find out the truth; but I'm not superstitious. I left my brother strong and robust. It is true

¹⁹ Dora, the name of a character in Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*.

²⁰ A painting of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception.

that I had a dream once that was fulfilled. Before the examination for the 1st year in Medicine, I dreamed that I was asked certain questions but I didn't mind them. When the examinations came, I was asked the questions in my dream. May God will that it might not happen thus! After the bath and the luncheon, I hired a carriage for a day and I went around the town.

The first that I saw were two beautiful houses of Chinese in European style, surrounded by walls and trees. I made the carriage stop in front of a Chinese building decorated with dragons and paintings. I entered. I was equipped by Goinda with some English words. With these I entered a kind of small garden among columns and pedestals. Numerous beautiful plants and a variety of flowers, planted with symmetry and order; cages at the two extremes; in one of them were pheasants, a kind of turkey, and other birds beside; in the other, spotted deer and peacocks. I came out and got into the carriage to continue my tour.

My driver, whose name is Nija, he said, pointed out to me an English building, then a French church. There I stopped and went down. To reach it one crosses a beautiful garden, but I found it closed. From there to the Portuguese church; the same, it was closed, but the garden is less beautiful.

Running, running we reached the gas factory: a building, all new to me. I entered but I saw nothing nor could I get into the interior. After this, a magnificent Chinese temple, which was about to be finished. I entered it: Large and tall pillars painted the color of coffee; three altars with painted idols; in the middle is a genie blowing stones over a dragon; paintings, sculptures, and good bas-reliefs. In the patio is a little tower of live rock which is charming.

Afterward, through many streets and shops of fish, fruits, and a thousand enigmatic things. After having seen two beautiful markets, the like of which cannot be found in Manila, I saw the magnificent house of the American consul with the flag aloft. I visited also a large school for Chinese, Malays, Indians, and Englishmen. It is a magnificent building and there are many students. The palace of the Rajah of Siam is also notable and has a small iron elephant and whatnot on the pedestal placed in front of the building.

My carriage crossed a beautiful hanging bridge and we reached a lively place. Beautiful European buildings, shops, show-windows, *etc.* It is the Escolta of the town. The banks

and a Japanese curio bazaar are located there. In all the houses there are fountains with faucets. In a certain way this is more advanced than the Philippines.

I told the driver to take me to the Messageries Maritimes, but as he could not understand me, I had to return to the inn and ask the majordomo how to say in English *Messageries* and he taught me a cabalistic phrase which I repeated to the driver who understood it as if it were his brother. He went then running and from there I returned to the inn, telling the driver to come back at three.

An hour later, we took luncheon and then I took the carriage in the company of Goinda, the young Indian, who taught me how to shop. Following that, I went to the Botanical Garden, seeing on the way the Armenian cemetery. The entire road is beautiful, shaded by trees; beautiful bridges, and charming houses.

I reached (10 minutes) the garden located on a hill, as the majority of the constructions in Singapore are. Its cleanliness and orderliness are admirable; numerous plants with their labels beside them, well tended by Malays. One climbs up through a clean path with canals on the sides until one reaches a poorly inhabited cage, for it had only one cockatoo, one parrot, and other little birds. I found beside it a Chinese woman with an English boy. I continued walking, admiring those trees which charmed me and I entered a kind of storehouse with numerous varieties of parasitic and air plants, most beautiful and rare. I met there a Malay who could not understand me. I went out looking for mammals, for I believed there were some and I found only a kind of cage-storehouse where I saw in different compartments two superb peacocks, an eagle, two marabous, turkeys and Guinea hens, blue birds similar to the hoopoe in plumage, wild pigeons, cockatoos, and other birds whose names I didn't know. I met another Malay, and as he could not understand me, I drew a cow and showed it to him and he replied: *Tadar*. Tired of looking for it, I approached an Englishman who was playing with his dog. I greeted him and asked him for the zoological garden. He replied that there was none. I went away then, looked for a coach, and went back.

I met on my way several English girls, some of whom were quite pretty, many coaches, and strollers. I stopped to watch the ball game and then told my driver, remembering what Mr. Buil taught me, *steamer*, meaning I wished to be taken to a boat. He understood me and we left.

It was my intention to transfer my luggage to the *Djemnah* but they told me in the *Salvadora* that it was impossible, because of certain regulations of the English.

I returned to the inn fretting and gave the driver two *duros* for my whole trip that day. It must be noted that yesterday for one trip alone, I paid 1.20\$ (2.50).

After a while they called us to supper and I had the luck to sit beside a drunk Englishman. He was talking in French so that we conversed. He was drunk like a toper and he repeated to me the same phrases. At last, we understood each other. He hardly ceased talking until the end of the supper when I had the chance to sneak away and to leave him alone. After a short walk, I went up to my room to write.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, after luncheon, we went to the pier to board the *Djemnah*. We spent two pesos for the fare as well as for the use of the coach that day.

Installed in my cabin, I went up to the deck and there I found the courteous Messrs. Salazar and Pardo who called me and greeted me, asking me about my health. Our conversation dealt naturally about the excellence of the *Djemnah*. It surpasses all praise and all the descriptions that I could make of it, I believe, will be pale. It is enough to say that everything is shiny for its cleanliness: copper, iron, zinc, and wood. The ship is large, very large; its length must be some one hundred fifty *varas*²¹ and its width about ten or twelve. The cabins are very beautiful, clean and well ventilated. Each has a light, curtains, basins, mirror, etc. The floor is covered with rugs; there are large halls; the comfort rooms, very clean; the bath-rooms, excellent. In short, according to those who have traveled much, it is impossible to ask for more. As I go examining the ship more slowly I'll make better observations.

Great orderliness prevails. There is a large number of passengers — English, French, Dutch, Spaniards, Malays, Siamese, and Filipinos. It is said that there is a Siamese prince aboard.

The service is unsurpassable. All the stewards are attentive, courteous, and smart. There is a good and pretty library.

This afternoon, during the luncheon, at which we were served pheasants and raspberry, there sat beside me a Dutchman who spoke many languages except Spanish. We conversed in French and thus I'm learning it.

²¹ See note 28 on page 17.

2nd day (12 May 1882)

This morning it rained heavily. The sea was agitated but it does not rock the ship yet. We met one ship which is quite large, although smaller than the *Djemnah*; but we left it behind in less than a quarter of an hour. Traveling with us, I'm told, are one French, forty Dutch, several English and Spaniards, and many Siamese. The last ones are very mischievous and as yet little civilized. The little ones speak a jargon of their own and do nothing but laugh.

I'm reading Walter Scott's *Charles the Bold*, which is in French.

This morning, after breakfast, the Dutch played a game similar to *tabilla*. The Dutch girls, who are pretty and approaching the age of puberty, helped them by picking up the disks from the floor. Seeing these girls in their beautiful attire run after the disks to hand them to the players is surprising to one who is familiar with Spanish arrogance.

During the dinner, the conversation was in French. More and more I observe the exquisite service that we have here. Very early in the morning the boy cleans all the shoes and he is always at our service.

The berths have spring beds which are very cool. The cleaning is carefully done and everywhere can be seen the most fastidious tidiness.

The Siamese have told me in semi-English, mimic jargon, that they are Buddhists and not Christians.

Everything that is happening here is amusing. I'm with a German, an Englishman, and a Dutchman. I realize that this is a small Babel.

3rd day (13 May — Saturday)

The ship is beginning to wobble; that is, to rock with more gracefulness. I'm seasick. From time to time it showers.

4th day (14 May — Sunday)

I had a sad dream. I imagined that I was traveling with my sister Neneng and that we had reached a port. We disembarked, but as there were no boats, we had to wade to the shore. They said that there were many crocodiles and sharks there. When we reached land, the ground was sandy, but planted in some parts, and was full of vipers, snakes, and ser-

pents. And on the path leading to my house there were many hanging boas, some were tied but were alive and menacing and the others dead. My sister and I were walking, she ahead and I behind. We were following one another. Sometimes we came across the dead ones; the live ones tried to get us but could not. But, at the end of that line, a real serpent, tied but menacing and angry, obstructed the road, leaving only a very small space to walk on. My sister succeeded to pass through, but I, despite my carefulness, was caught on the shirt and pulled. Because of my weakness, I looked for some support to hold on and I found none. I felt I was coming close to it and its tail seemed about to coil me. In the midst of my futile efforts, when I was seeing death in the form of loathsome rings, Pedro, the town carpenter, arrived who, with one blow, separated it from me. I escaped the danger and we reached the house. I no longer recall whose it was.

The following day I had another dream less frightful, but saddening. Imagine upon reaching Point Galle, I don't know why it occurred to me to return to my town confident that I could overtake the boat at Colombo. I saw my parents and they did not mention to me at all my trip and after my visit with them, I thought of continuing my journey. How great was my disappointment when I remembered that I had to start all over again, that I would not overtake the French mail boat and that I lacked money! To have to cross again the sea until Colombo when I should have been in Europe! I borrowed another one hundred pesos, resigned to stay in the fourth class. I was very sad and disappointed when a traveling companion came to me. But I woke up and I was in my berth. What could these dreams mean?

I mention these because they were the most notable things that happened to me until Point Galle, except the aforesaid seasickness which prevented me from eating one day. Let no one call me faint-hearted and superstitious, because I'm only recording my trip.

My contact with the foreigners is increasing.

At last Wednesday came and the first thing we saw early in the morning was Point Galle.

POINT GALLE

A tropical vegetation formed by the elegant palm in the midst of which rise some small buildings; a sea that strikes the steep rocks producing abundant white foam. Perhaps Ithaca

looked like this to the traveler, and some crafts swaying gently. Sailor, is this Ceylon, is that Point Galle, now English colony, formerly Dutch?

The engine is slowing; the port pilot arrives, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, we anchor.

Narrow canoes cut through the waters of the sea, but they are so narrow that they can hold only one man. Wide boats manned by Indians, some of whom come aboard, now offering us money, now to launder our clothes, and other things of the kind.

Are you going ashore? Here is the question that they ask one another.

The three Dutchmen and I went down. A wide boat took us ashore. The round trip cost one rupee.

We stopped at a kind of wooden pier and I saw a fort built by the Dutch. Above the gate can be seen the coat of arms of the Order of the Garter. We entered and took a coach.

First we saw the Protestant church, then the post office, and we went around the citadel. Her appearance was gloomy, but very gloomy, small houses on narrow streets, very even streets but with few people; here and there several Indians and children seated or sheltered in the dark doors. An excessive sadness reigned over the city whose inhabitants used to be numerous. Several pretty English houses, but not so cheerful, attract the attention of the traveler. We went out to the suburbs. Our coach was going well. The cicerone was very talkative and by what I understood we saw the English cemetery, Catholic church, Muslim mosque, and several schools. Numerous elegant coconut trees are seen on both sides of the street, mixed with small banana trees, tall *nanca*²² trees, and breadfruit with broad leaves. The general appearance of Point Galle is picturesque but lonely and quiet and at the same time sad. At times the road is on the border of a precipice; other times it forms a small but long valley between the mountains. The Indian houses are made of clay and stone and inside them can be seen women who perhaps look too masculine, but handsome. They are dressed like the women of my country, though without the picturesque neckerchief and the well-known cleanliness. I saw a belle with large eyes and beautiful features on top of a high hill which rose on the road. She reminded

²² Tagalog name for *Artocarpus heterophyllus*.

me of Samtala (?). She was under the elegant palm, watching us pass by. What beautiful idylls and what terrible plots must take place under that swaying dome of the coconut trees! The Indians wear their hair long and gathered. They don't shave. Before puberty, it is difficult to distinguish by the face alone the two sexes. Children follow our coach asking for money and greeting us. I have never seen such beautiful and expressive eyes! (The drive cost one rupee.)

Afterward we went to the Oriental Hotel where I found several fellow passengers. While I was writing to my family, the time for lunch came. After this was over, I resumed my letter-writing. But my companions invited me for a drive and I went with them. We went to see the cinnamon garden. On the way were very beautiful, lonely landscapes and again coconut plantations.

The garden had nothing special, excepting the meddlesome keeper and the river which, it was said, was full of crocodiles. A dried one of these was hanging in a kind of pavilion. The cinnamon trees are like ours in the Philippines. They offered us some little pieces of stone of different colors.

We visited the temple of Buddha. We found the Indians prostrate with the forehead touching the floor, responding to a kind of mournful prayer. We entered and saw first notable fresco paintings in Egyptian style and afterwards large idols, that of Buddha being the largest, which must be about eight *varas* long, reclining, but with open eyes which were made of emeralds, costing \$30 gold. Different kinds of flowers and *bonga*²³ were the offerings. We left alms.

From there we went around and on the way I was told that that was Paradise.

I finished my letters and took them to the post office where I was cheated. It should cost half a peseta but I was charged one and a half peseta.

The Buddhist priests who visited the Siamese were received by these very respectfully. They were wearing ordinary dress.

Expenses: Boat		6\$
Inn	1	7\$
Postage	1	1\$
Coach	1	1\$
	<hr/>	
	3	15\$

²³ *Areca catechu* Linn.

FROM POINT GALLE TO COLOMBO

18 May

We weighed anchor at seven o'clock and half an hour later we were sailing away from Point Galle towards the north. At the very beginning the waves were rebellious so much so that they went over the ship's deck. Frequent and strong squalls, added to the light movement of the ship, often placed us in amusing postures and taught us a new kind of gymnastics. The children cried; the women remained seated; and the men balanced themselves.

At last, at 1:00 we sighted Colombo with its port and beautiful view. The breakwater, a meter above the water level, was well inside and elegant and tall buildings in the distance were inviting to the curious and tired traveler. Several crafts, steamers, and ships were waiting in the bay.

Some launches, loaded with coffee, anchored beside our ship and their crew began snatching a certain cable. Their numerous crew engaged in a grand dispute — grand at least, judging by the many words and numerous gestures with which they threatened one another. Many of us went to watch them. At last, after urging this one, threatening the other, one further away intervening, taking away the pole from the other — after these preliminaries, two grappled, as everybody expected, and afterwards they separated upon getting tired. Needless to say, there was no bloodshed or anything of the kind. I didn't know how the dispute ended or who was the winner. The fact was that one of the little crafts got hold of the disputed cable and everything ended there.

Among those who went to see them was a young man named Jorab — Dutch by birth — who was going to Europe to finish or to study law. It was very amusing how, on the sly, he went after a girl who had been the object of his attentions since yesterday. Now and then I looked at them and I noted that the girl had already understood him, but my conjectures went no further.

The weather became a little calm which permitted the passengers to go down and visit Colombo, for many had not yet seen it. I, perhaps one of the most curious, went ashore also in one of the narrowest canoes. I was alone because the roguish boatman would not admit more. Four Spaniards, companions and fellow passengers, had gone ahead of me.

On the way I observed the port's breakwater, which was the name of a kind of curved dike above the water to break

the waves and prevent them from disturbing the tranquil bay. This made me think of Manila.

I was greatly distressed, fearing that my companions had left me behind, as it seemed to me in fact, when I was still in the canoe, seeing them climb in a coach and going away. How disappointed I was knowing as I did that the city I was going to visit was English and probably no one would understand me. But fortunately they left an Indian guide or cicerone dressed in white who, through signs and mimicry, made me understand that my companions had gone to the hotel (Grand Oriental Hotel).

After going through some muddy streets, very much like those of Manila and admiring several large buildings, perhaps made like those in Europe, my guide, boatman, and I reached the hotel where I found my companions.

Mr. Ortiz, who was in charge of the expenses, paid the boatman, and after ordering meals for six, we took coaches, I, alone in one, and went around the town.

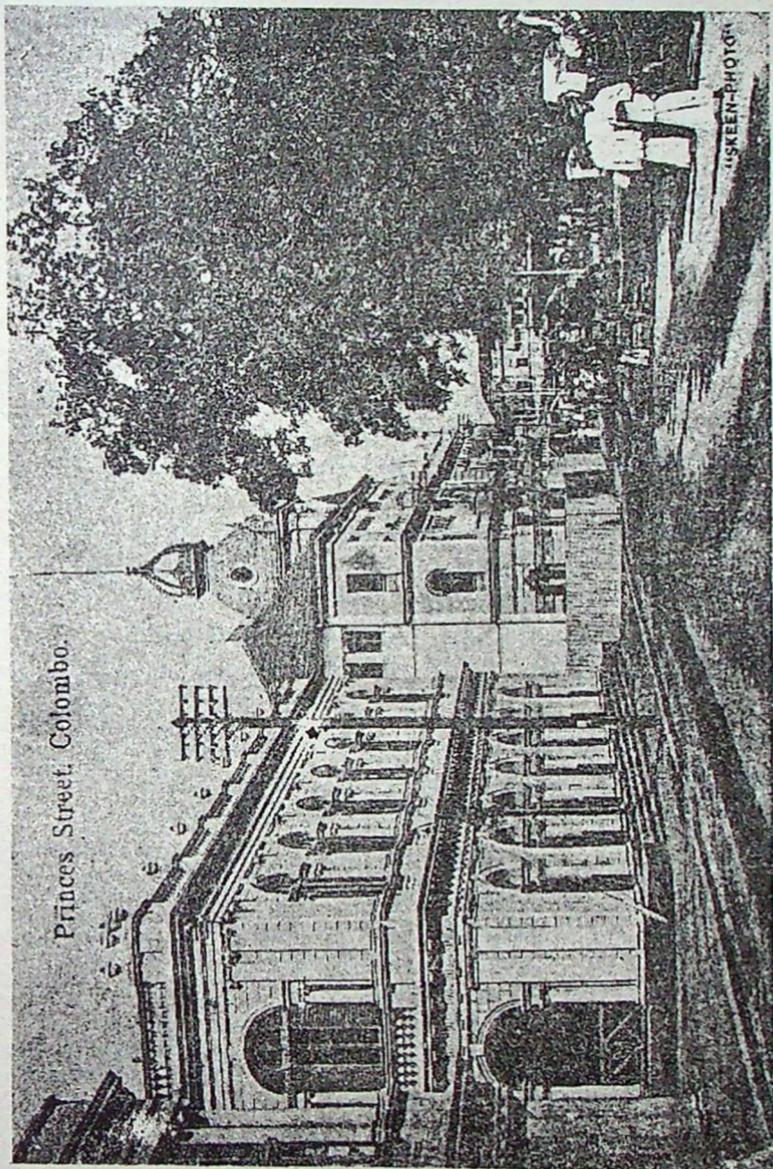
Colombo is more beautiful, smart, and elegant than Singapore, Point Galle, and Manila, though with less bustle than the last two. As I have said the buildings are grand. We stopped first at the post office. Near there I saw a well moulded life-size statue of Sir Edward Barnes. The posture is excellent but the folds of the cloak seemed to me too stiff.

In front of the telegraph building is the Savings Bank, and another beautiful building. As we went along, we were more and more satisfied and pleased. The guide who rode in my coach explained to me the various buildings as we passed them.

Some temples which we could not visit for lack of time; the barracks of the regiment where we saw soldiers in red jacket and black trousers; the hospital; the officers' barracks where we saw a tiger's skin and a lighthouse clock tower, which was next to the telegraph building; the Galle Face Hotel; beautiful private houses; the district where many of the houses belonged to Italians. We passed by the seashore where the waves broke its fury into abundant foam. Long streets bordered with trees among which I saw the *camachile*²⁴ and the eternal coconut trees; the cemetery and the botanical garden, not as well taken care of as that of Singapore; and finally the museum.

²⁴ Also written "Kamanchile," Tagalog word for *Pithecolobium dulce* (Roxb.)

Princes Street, Colombo.



"USKEEN-PHOTO"

"COLOMBO IS MORE BEAUTIFUL, SMART AND ELEGANT
THAN SINGAPORE, POINT GALLE, AND MANILA...."
(P. 62)

This beautiful building stood in the center of the garden. It was white, in European style. Its walls and pillars were covered with lead and there was a statue in front of it. The entrance is through a beautiful and simple front. On the ground floor were numerous stuffed sharks, many . . . , very big sawfish, some more than six or seven *varas* long; a spearfish at the left; idols; weapons; different images of Buddha; curious objects of the country; and Indian masks for dances, vying in ugliness, several of which resembled the Roman masks for having one half different from the other. What is the explanation for the similarity between the Indian and Roman masks? Had there been some relations between them? A beautiful column of blue marble stood in the middle. It seemed that it was going to be used in the house of the Maharajah of Ceylon, according to the label in English. It was of one piece. Numerous monoliths, plaques, idols, stone elephants, a big cannon, *etc.*

On the second floor, four or five big turtles; big skeletons of carabaos and two of whole elephants, one of which still carried the bullet that hit it, and two even bigger skulls of these pachyderms, another of a wild boar, porcupine, monkey, *etc.*; and several stuffed deer. Porcupines, wild boars, many fishes, locusts, alligators, and crocodiles, *etc.*, bronze and gold idols of Buddha, gems, numerous insects, reptiles, and birds.

Satisfied we went down to the garden and saw two live peacocks. I was sorry I could not see the statue because it was raining.

We proceeded to the hotel.

I have observed here in Singapore, as in Point Galle, that the birds, including the crows, go near men.

We reached the hotel, which was of four stories with the ground floor, where I saw a beautiful picture, copy of Gustave Doré's²⁵ painting portraying a night on the circus arena. The painting is a masterpiece. In the midst of the darkness of the night various cherubs descend to the inanimate bodies of the martyrs, food for wild beasts. The whole is very beautiful, worthy of its author.

As it was not yet time for supper, we went around some shops of pipes and other manufactured articles. Ebony and ivory elephants, boxes of tortoise shell and porcupine, canes, and jewelry were the most notable things we saw.

²⁵Paul Gustave Doré (1833-1883). French illustrator and painter.

As it was getting dark we returned to the hotel. We entered the dining hall, which was large and beautiful. Two majestic *punkahs* and excellent service. Besides the exquisite and heavy dishes they served us, a new kind of dish placed on top of a container for hot water attracted the attention of everyone. Ten years ago I saw one like it in Barretto's house.

We changed some money and in the midst of the rain we proceeded to the ship, afraid that it might leave us behind. We found at last a boat, manned by three persons who were chanting. It was a worthwhile spectacle to see the sea at night jumping over the breakwater and scattering an extensive layer of foam.

We reached the boat at last. When I saw Nievenhing, he told me an unpleasant thing. They were three — the engineer, the judge, and the sailor — all Dutch. They had a dispute, they fought, and they were going to have a duel. My friend asked me not to tell anybody and I promised. It seemed to me that they were all drunk.

FROM COLOMBO TO GUARDAFUI

Continual seasickness in the midst of continuous rain and unpleasant rocking. The voyage lasted an eternity, for we have had to change our course to escape the bad weather from which we were finally delivered. During these seven days, we had our cabins closed.

But on the morning of the 26th, the sea began to get calm and we sighted the African coast. Greetings, inhospitable land but famous, alas, at the cost of the blood of your sons! Until the present your name has been associated in my mind with terror and horrible carnage. How many conquerors had invaded your land! We saw the places where sank the *Hey-Kon* and other ships ran aground.

The Cape of Guardafui is an arid, dry rock, without a single leaf — its base of varied colors is beautiful.

Several fishes play on the surface of the water, amusing the passengers with their movements. The passengers look more gay, induced naturally by the good weather. The heat is noticeable.

Night comes, but at this moment it is delightful. The sky is illumined. The half-moon shines, if not as clear as in the Philippines, at least it is poetic. The sea is calm and the

ship in rapid movement cuts quietly the surface of the water. Some are strolling, others are meditating.

A young man plays the piano; there is dancing and entertainment on the deck. I hear it while looking at the sea.

Oh, Thou, Spirit Creator, Being that had no beginning who seeth and sustaineth all things in Your mighty hand, I salute Thee and bless Thee! Over there on the other side of the seas shower life and peace on my family and reserve for me the sufferings.²⁶

After the tea, there was singing to the music of the piano. Delightful was the concert of the human voice, the sound of metal produced by human touch, and that of nature personified by the sea. And all this facing African territory.

The following day was tranquil, but it was a calm that burned. The voyage has been good, and at night, which was like the one before it, we arrived at Aden at about eleven and a half.

A D E N

When we got up from our berths, the first thing we saw was Aden; that is, some houses of whimsical shape, white, spread over rocky mountains totally devoid of life. Not one leaf nor one root even.

Boats and canoes approached the ship to load and unload cargo. Canoes with children in them begging for coins to be thrown to them. Numerous peddlers, money-changers, and new passengers. Everywhere ostrich and marabou feathers, fans of different shapes, *etc.* — altogether forming a topsy-turvy and shifting mass.

The inhabitants are different from those in Asiatic colonies — they are black and a light color is rare. It is true that the Indians of Singapore and Ceylon are also as black as coal, but they lack the glossiness that the Africans have. The type is also different — their eyes are not so deep-set and the face is oval. The hair is curly and woolly; among some it is blonde which, at first sight, looks like a wig. Their teeth are very white. And their language does not have many vowels as that of the Indians, but abounds in guttural sounds. After breakfast, at which we were served oysters, we went ashore in a

²⁶ Here and there in his diaries Rizal pauses to address a prayer to his Creator, revealing his profound religiosity.

boat manned by Negroes. It was very hot and it was necessary to wear smoked glasses. Upon stepping on African soil for the first time, I felt a shuddering whose cause I ignore. The soil, hard and sandy, heated by that very brilliant and ardent sun, emits burning steam.

We climbed a coach drawn by an Arabian horse and we began to drive through a wide road marked on both sides by white rocks placed at equal distance. The same monotony. Absolutely not one plant or grass even. Only one wretched hut, made of four poor posts with grass roof, sheltering an unfortunate family, enlivened with the agony of death those deserts. The lord of creation, man, compelled by terrible necessity, lives there where plants do not want to live.

Soon we left the road to climb up slope after slope until we reached a granite fortress, built by the English. Afterward, an open path through high rocks, crowned with a bridge of granite also. After a while we reached the town. The houses were low, white outside and dark inside. The general form was a series of arcades outside, then a wall with a door, and the interior.

Numerous camels and donkeys loaded with water, hay, boxes, etc. walked slowly, led by an African. This reminded me of the journey of the wise men of the East.

The coach stopped and the driver showed us in his own language some little trees which were well tended but rickety, and indicated that the water reservoirs were in that place. We went down and we were met by the policeman who guarded them. On the gate is a sign prohibiting picking flowers and damaging the plants. What flowers? The dying well deserve to be taken care of.

The heat was extreme. We climbed up and at the right we saw a reservoir formed by the mountain slope and a granite wall, whitewashed with chalk . . . perhaps. Then we went to see another reservoir, one of which by its magnitude, depth, and shape, reminded me of Dante's inferno. It could be regarded as such by the heat there. This reservoir, which is the principal one, is divided by several circles until the bottom. One circle is connected with the next by well-made and finished granite steps. A wide wall separated the reservoir from a smaller one; the wall led to a tunnel which we found closed. On one side were pumps and a bower. The works looked grand and imposing — nature and man cooperating in their work. There was a deep well which was said to be more than two hundred

feet deep; in fact, the bottom could not be seen. We left while other visitors were arriving. On our way back we passed through a fairly long tunnel; there was complete darkness in the middle of it. After this, another tunnel not so long. And afterward we proceeded to the beach. On the way we saw ostrich eggs in the shops, skins of lions, tigers, and leopards, stuffed fish, and other articles. At one shop we were served lemonade on a dirty table in tumblers which had just been used by others. They cut the ice with a nail and served it with their hands. Children came in and fanned us for a few cents.

We left and returned to the boat. The heat was unbearable. At eight twenty-one we sailed towards the Red Sea. Oh! This sea will give us pleasant moments.

FROM ADEN TO SUEZ

We are in the Red Sea. On the first day the temperature was fairly warm and it was very calm, so that we were able to run 300 miles or more. During this time we met several ships going in the opposite direction. The sea was fairly rough but it did not rock the ship. Only yesterday we passed a ship, which could be the *Barcelona*, going in the same direction as we were.

Last night, illumined by the moon, we saw an arid island. It was a very beautiful and fantastic spectacle. We passed very near it.

When we woke up this morning, it was fairly cold, as in the Philippines during the months of November and December.

At half past twelve of the 2nd of June, we arrived at Suez where we found between the coasts of Africa and Arabia ships in quarantine. We were also quarantined for 24 hours. They brought us cherries, berries, etc. Suez is a small town situated on the right bank of the Canal.

Tonight the moon rose up in the midst of the solitude of the sea; its steady and silent passage through the pure blue of the skies reflected a golden current over the tranquil waves of the sea. Beautiful and bewitching, it reminded me of my native land . . . Oh! How many are now gazing at you! Alas! And only in you will our thoughts meet! Oh! If your gilded and brilliant disk could only reflect my loving sentiments on the beautiful land of my country! Fortunate are you who can see and dwell in the immense spaces; now you bathe with your silvered light the hospitable roof of my parents! Blessed are

you, silent queen of the night, celestial body of love and gentle melancholy! I have always loved you.²⁷

3 June — Saturday

This is the anniversary of the earthquake which set back my country in an incredible manner; learned men, talents, and wealth disappeared. Let us pray to God.

It was fairly cold this morning when we woke up. The thermometer registered 20°. An Egyptian merchant who was embarked in a boat is a soldier. He was bringing merchandise and he wanted to approach our boat to do business.

The officer in charge refused to allow him and there ensued a dispute, supported by the tenacity of the Turk and the severity of the quarantine. It is worthwhile to see the stubbornness of the follower of the Koran. When he finally gave up, he went away throwing insults at the Frenchmen.

At about eleven or before, the doctors came to disinfect our ship. One of them, the same one who came yesterday in a boat — fairly smart, courteous, and well-bred — brought us the news about the present disturbance in Egypt. The Khedive, according to what I have heard, is a prisoner of the Minister of War Arabi-Bey²⁸ who, it seems, wants to execute a *coup d'état*. Everybody, the troops and the youth, seemed to be on the side of this young man who has won the goodwill of all. When I spoke with the doctor about this and expressed some of my opinions, he answered me with marked satisfaction, saying at every pause: "Bravo, that's good, bravo!" I learned that he had studied in Paris and spoke, besides French and Arabic, English and Italian.

A crowd of peddlers, came after the fumigation, bringing, and vying with each other, pictures, fruits, and a thousand little objects.

Shortly after, we weighed anchor and sailed toward Suez.

²⁷ This passage reveals Rizal's poetic imagination and intense love of country. It's an inspired poem in prose.

²⁸ He was Arabi Pasha, an army officer, who led a revolt against the foreigners in Egypt with the slogan "Egypt for the Egyptians." The anti-foreign agitation began with riots in Alexandria in June 1882 in which fifty Christians were killed. The disorder spread and the British intervened with armed force. They bombarded Alexandria on 11 July 1882 and then landed troops which clashed with those of Arabi. On 13 September Arabi was finally defeated at Tel-el-Kebir. He was captured and sent to Ceylon.

THE CANAL

After going through an agglomeration of houses among dwarfish and rickety trees, we enter the Canal,²⁹ the work which immortalizes Lesseps³⁰ and yields incalculable benefits. The Canal is about forty *varas* wide so that two ships abreast can go through it. At its maximum length it is 85 kilometers. In general its low and irregular banks are desert — sandy, yellowish, devoid of any vegetation. Here and there can be seen only huts, telegraphic stations, some miserable Arabs, dredges, and little launches with sails which move swiftly through the clear surface of the water.

At six we enter a lake, formerly dry, which, it is believed, Moses had crossed. At nightfall we cast anchor. The following day we continued on our way, meeting some crafts, now in the lake and now in the Canal. Then in another lake we had to stop for various reasons. In the second lake we saw a little of Ismailia and after one passage, or more exactly, sailing in the river, we had to stop, God knows how long, for a ship obstructed the way.

During the navigation, we saw a wretched young man running alongside the ship, picking up pieces of bread which the passengers threw to him. Seeing him run on the sand, go down and pick up eagerly the bread, now going down the river to wrest from the water a piece of biscuit, was enough to sadden the gayest man. A camel was trotting on the sand in the afternoon. It is fairly cool near the river.

5 June — Monday

One more day in the Canal and grounded. Who knows how long we shall remain here?

We have seen a mirage, a spectacle which is rare in other countries but very natural here. In the distance we could see seas, islands, which are none other than the sky and the mountains.

This afternoon some passengers took a boat to go ashore. Those who remained aboard were amused for a long time because they could not approach land on account of the shallowness of the water near the banks. Finally, carried by the sailors, they were able to land.

²⁹ Cf. letter, p. 215.

³⁰ Viscount Ferdinand Marie de Lesseps (1805-1894), promoter of the Suez Canal.

At the next trip I went in the company of various foreigners and a lady, but this one did not want to be carried, and we had to be satisfied with a fluvial stroll. I was very sorry for I have wanted to step on Egyptian soil.

Fourth day in the Canal — 6 June

Several passengers are going to Port Said in a little steamer. They invited me but I declined.

Peddlers and a tailor bringing clothes came. We have seen two customs officers riding on Arabian horses. One of them is beautiful and of good trot.

Fifth day — 7 June

This morning we weighed anchor through God's grace and slowly we followed the course of the Canal.

At about one thirty-five we saw Port Said.

And I have forgotten to say that I have written a letter to my family.

In the distance Port Said looks to the traveler like a grand display of masts and buildings. It seems to be a very commercial city. The lighthouse is the building that towers above all. Numerous ships forming lines on the right and left sides of the Canal might be called the guards who greet the in-coming ones.

A big building with arches, said to have been the idea of a Dutch prince, is the largest that can be seen.

In short, the ship drops anchor, and numerous boats approach its sides. The population, visible from the deck, seems to be largely Caucasian.

We went down and went around the town. There were no coaches for hire. Numerous European shops, cafés-musical in one of which a fine orchestra of women and some men played beautiful pieces to the delight of its innumerable customers. There we heard the *Marseillaise*, a hymn which is really enthusiastic, grave, menacing, and sad. It was played twice. We have seen numerous signs in Greek, Italian, etc., women with covered faces, donkeys, and mules. We have been in Lesseps Square. It is beautiful, well arranged, with a garden well tended and precious in that region.

We are in a café. Suddenly a drum sounds and we see a crowd of children, charmingly dressed in the Oriental man-

ner, come out of the schoolhouse. Many of these mounted donkeys and mules.

As the time for our departure is near, we return to the ship. Half an hour later, we left.

In the Mediterranean — 7 — Afternoon

We are in the Mediterranean, a European sea. Greetings to you then!

11 June — Sunday

This morning at half past six we arrive at Napoli (Naples) and Sicily, seeing Miletus, the precious town. The look of these towns, situated on the mountain slope, is picturesque and the land surrounding them is very well cultivated. After having navigated for some time opposite those scattered towns, we enter the Strait of Messina. Etna was covered with snow and in the distance Stromboli, smoking.

This morning the sight of Napoli was a joy to the passengers. Vesuvius beside it is smoking — a giant who seems to be guarding the nymph sleeping beside him. An extensive territory totally covered with buildings. Now the Castle of St. Telmo on the top, now the prison on the water, the tower of Massaniello, the royal palace, *etc.* But, alas, such a magnificent panorama cost me two friends — G. Zorab and Edgar — who went down to Napoli, concluding their maritime trip. I'm very sorry. When they separated from the girls, I noted that a month's company on the boat has accomplished something, for they were sad, especially the little one, Edgar, who was on the verge of tears. And they will still meet in Holland. But, I, young like them, will not see them again, perhaps. . . .

Only an hour and a half was allowed the passengers to spend ashore. Nevertheless, carried by love and curiosity, I went down provided with a watch and with numerous orders for the telegraph office. We left the boat at seven and in ten minutes we were ashore. Greetings to you, oh Napoli!

That was a mob; an incessant coming and going. Paved streets, squares, buildings, shops, statues, *etc.* I went to the telegraph office, a beautiful building, 20 minutes distant. I went around the town, Toledo Street, and afterwards I returned to the boat without being fooled by the guide and the driver.

At eight ten I was back.

This morning the girls played. I observed that something was lacking; they were a little sad. I, in place of my friend Zorab, served as counter. And I'm also sad . . . almost melancholy; I feel a void.

From Napoli to Marseille — Bad weather — Arrival at Marseille — Farewell — My departure — Customs — Marseille — Hotel — Stroll — Meeting — Luggage — Dutch girls — Stroll — Mr. Salazar — Companions — Where could the others be — Chateau d'Eau — Zoological Museum — A restaurant — Stroll — The Cold — I sleep — My sadness.

A visit with my companions — The drive — The Panorama — Drive — Farewell of the Dutch — A joy — The café.

The voyage from Napoli to Marseille lasted almost two days, for we arrived the following day at ten o'clock at night. On the way we saw Corsica, native country of a soldier³¹ with the most genius, mountainous and sparsely populated in comparison with what we saw yesterday. The doors of the houses are wide and low and the tops of its small rocks which break in the water are crowned with sentry-boxes. The prevailing north wind has disturbed the sea so much that many got seasick.

On Monday afternoon, the 12th, the coasts of France were sighted and we navigated close to the coasts of that fertile land.

At nightfall several lights and lighthouses appeared, which indicated to us the proximity of Marseille. Marseille — the most ancient commercial city that perhaps exists.

On the eve of our separation, perhaps forever, I felt a certain uneasiness mingled with sadness upon thinking of good friends and excellent hearts that I was going to lose. It is true that Nievenhing gave me his picture, that Mr. Pardo gave me his card, but there is one thing, for which nothing can be substituted, which is one's feeling upon separating. Besides, my girl friends were also leaving. Youth is a friendship by itself, so that when two young people meet, they treat each other as if they are friends. I have already lost my friend Zorab and now Wilhelmine, Hermiene, Geretze, Celiene, and Mulder are leaving, and where are they going? The girls to The Hague and

³¹ Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), emperor of the French (1804-15).

Mulder to Brussels. Probably we shall not meet again. Farewell, then, merry companions and friends. Go to the bosom of your families, and I, who am beginning my pilgrimage, will still go roaming at the mercy of fortune. I realize that if friendships are forged in travel, I have not been born for travel.

Morning came and I dressed very early, putting on a suit for going ashore — frock-coat, hat, and gloves. There were many people on deck admiring Marseille. Numerous ships were anchored. The *Saghalien* and the *Natal*, among others, were the largest of the group.

Among the various boats that approached the sides of the ship there was one in which were embarked two men and a beautiful young lady. They inquired about Messrs. Ortíz and Godínez, and when these appeared, we learned that the young lady was Mr. Ortíz's sister. He did not recognize her, for they had not seen each other for seventeen years. It was a happy meeting. The young lady cried for joy, but she could not go aboard, permission not having been granted yet by the government. Happy are those who go to their homes and meet on the way, as a prelude to their happiness, their brothers!

I took leave of my friends Nievenhing, Standinitzky, and Vesteros, wishing them happiness, and I left. I shall not see them again. I don't want to describe my sadness when I proceeded to land alone. I, accustomed to a large family, many companions, was going alone to a great city. I bade goodbye to the *Djemnah*. . . .

At the customhouse its agents treated me with much courtesy and asked me first for a declaration. They were very polite in inspecting my luggage and afterwards they told me I could go. I left and Marseille was before me.

It was still early. Marseille: République Avenue, big houses with statues and caryatids largely of Renaissance style; many well-paved streets; very clean and bright shops; Rue Cannebiere, more beautiful still, if that is possible; the Palace of the Bourse; Hotel Louvre; and finally the Hotel Noailles where I stopped.

The coach cost me 2.50, like the boat. A servant or a page, decently dressed in black, had my luggage taken up and he took me to a room on the first floor. The hotel is beautiful, elegant, and clean. Glass everywhere; a marble stairway covered with rugs like the halls. My room was on the street side; a large dressing table, a bureau, small marble-topped tables,

toilette, towels, a bed *comme il faut*,³² velvet chairs and the whole room covered with rugs. Large and embroidered red curtains decorate the room.

After my haircut, I took a walk in the environs and everywhere I found gaiety and activity. The tall and beautiful houses attracted my attention. Vendors of newspapers and flowers swarmed in all places.

On the street in front of the Hotel de Geneve I met Mr. Mulder who made me believe that he lived there as well as *La Cetentje*. In front of Hotel Noailles I met the young sailor, and in the hotel itself, the Portuguese Folgue with Messrs. Buil and Pardo.

From there I went to the Customhouse to get my trunk and again I was shown French politeness and gentility.

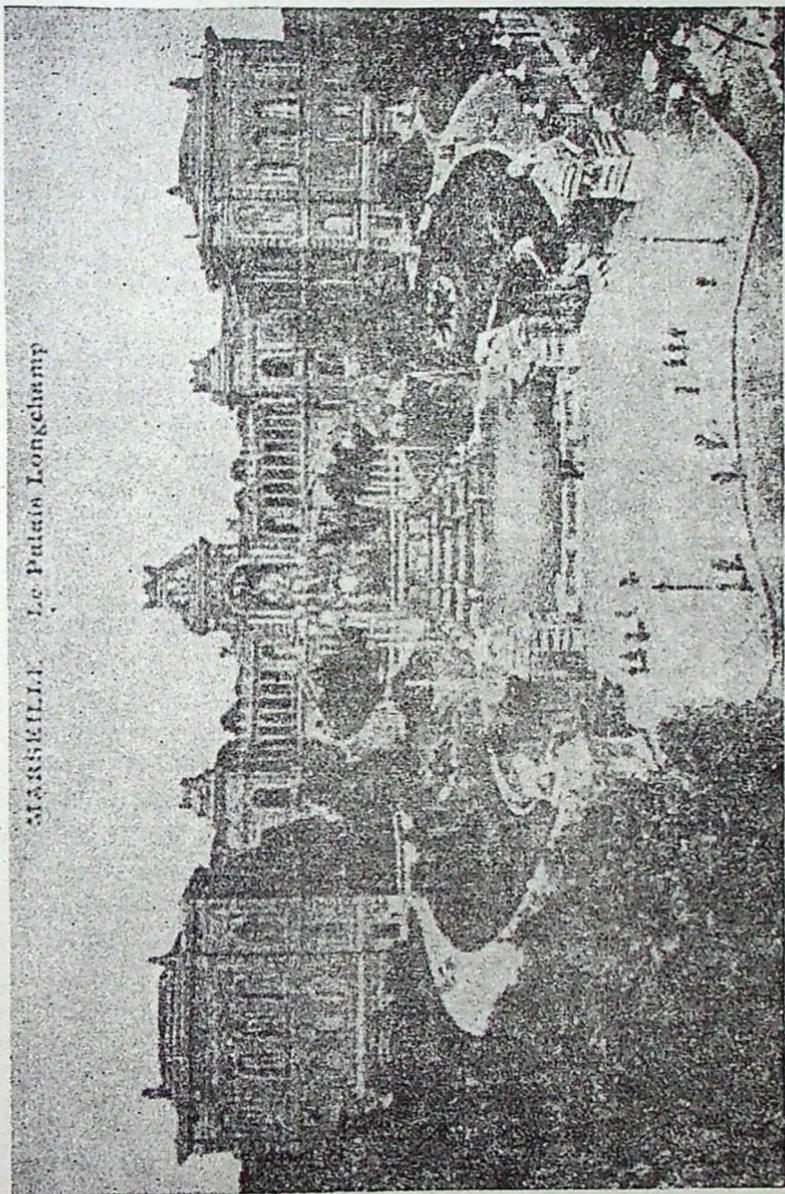
Once back in the hotel with my luggage, I looked for a companion, but all the Spaniards had gone out. I hear a young voice speaking Dutch and I go out and I meet Celiene Mulder going down the stairs. I greeted her affectionately, for our conversations did not go beyond that; she does not speak anything else but Dutch. She answered me in her charming and innocent manner, and how sorry I was to see her go down and disappear. When I raised my eyes I saw the two sisters, the friends of Mulder, and I talked with them. They were on the 2nd floor. The older, Sientje, told me that they were leaving the following day for The Hague and would live with their grandmother, but they preferred Batavia, their native country. I replied: "I too love my native land and no matter how beautiful Europe may be, I like to return to the Philippines." I learned from her also that she was only 12 years old, that Mientje, 9, and that she had already been in Europe once.

After a short conversation I went down. While I was going down, Sientje was bidding me goodbye from the top of the stairs. I was sorry to leave them and when I found the rooms of my companions empty, I returned upstairs to look for the Dutch girls. I did not find them. Then, in order to find an excuse for my frequent visit to that floor, I asked the page for an old Spaniard. He replied that there was one with his wife. I supposed it might be Mr. Salazar. I went then to call on him.

I knocked at a door to which the page had led me, and having been given permission, I entered. In effect I found

³² Literally, "as it should be", that is, "suitable".

MARSEILLE. Le Palais Longchamp



MARSEILLE, PALACE OF LONGCHAMP. " . . . WE ADMIRE THE BUILDING,
THE GIGANTIC STATUES, THE BULLS, AND THE WATER WHICH
FALLS IN A GRAND CASCADE." (Page 75).

the kind couple who welcomed me with their usual and affectionate cordiality. Mr. Salazar, who is known as enthusiastic and kindly, asked me many things and even wanted to take the trouble of accompanying me to the house of a tailor; and as I had not yet taken breakfast, he himself conducted me through the elevator to the garden and the dining room where he recommended me to the waiter. And from there, after asking my permission, he went away to attend to his business. This gentleman deserves all the praises of those who know him.

When I went upstairs, I found my companions to whom I suggested that we visit Chateau d'Eau. They agreed gladly. We talked a long while, asking ourselves where the others might be and what they would do. We visited afterwards *Doña María*³³ and from there we went out to the street.

We take a streetcar which goes to Longchamp and we admire the building, the gigantic statues, the bulls, and the water which falls in a grand cascade. We went up; we saw the grottoes, the Panorama; we saw the botanical garden; the zoological garden with its bears, lions, leopards, elephants, etc. The monkeys amused me the most.

We visited the Museum. It was the first time that I saw a museum. The pleasure it gave me was indescribable, so much so that I thought of spending the whole day there. I devoured with my eyes all that I found there. After the visit to the first hall, my companions left me to go home, so tired were they of so much walking. I then continued my excursion. I visited the hall of statues; from there I went home. There were many visitors there.

On the way I bought a pair of candles and soap. And at the hotel I visited Mr. and Mrs. Salazar in whose room I found my companions.

From there I went to a restaurant where I ate. I strolled a little and returned to the hotel. My companions were not there. At nightfall I wished to take a stroll again and went out with a coat and a frock-coat, but it was so cold that I had to go back to the hotel. I went to bed to sleep.

Since I left the ship, whenever I was left alone ordinarily I felt a void that I would like to fill up. Naturally, having been brought up among family and friends, reared in the warmth

³³ "Doña", feminine, and "Don", masculine, are polite forms of address in Spanish used only with the given or first name; thus "Doña María", or "Doña María Salazar", but never "Doña Salazar".

of love and affection, now I find myself suddenly alone, in a hotel magnificent indeed, but silent nevertheless. I thought of going back to my country for at least there I am with companions and the family.

I slept then half-tearful and steeped in profound melancholy.

2nd day in Marseille

14 June, Wednesday

A call on my companions — A stroll — The Panorama — Stroll — Farewell of the Dutch — A joy — The Café

The following day I woke up a little late. I dressed and took my breakfast in the garden in the soft light of the morning sun. Afterwards I called on my companions. I found the Portuguese, who had shaved his mustache and was self-conscious because of that. Mr. Buil and Mr. Pardo were already up and in good humor. We talked pleasantly of a thousand different matters and we went to call on Mrs. Salazar.

Afterward we took a stroll and my companions bought themselves gloves and mufflers. Going through the Cannebiere we turned to the Avenue of the République and went to see the Panorama. We enjoyed ourselves very much and we spent a pleasant time on Belfast Place. On our return, we lost our way but finally we found it.

We lunched together and afterward Mr. Buil and I again took a stroll. We went shopping until four o'clock. Upon our return, I saw the preparations of the Dutch for their departure. I wished then to bid my little friends goodbye. I hesitated whether to see them or not, fearful that I might make a display of my emotions. But, at last, my affection prevailed and I waited for them in the corridor or vestibule. They came from the dining room, Mr. Kolffne asked for the name and address of the Governor and he gave me his so that I could give them to Mr. Salazar. My little friends bade me farewell repeatedly. I lost sight of them when their coach turned around the corner. One affection less and more pain.

Thoughtful and walking slowly, I went to look for my companions and to seek noise and bustle which might stun me and drive away my sad thoughts. I found my friends in Mr. Salazar's room, chatting merrily. I too shared in the general liveliness and human weakness. Already I was laughing, thinking still of the farewell. Mr. Salazar invited us to supper, but, as

we had agreed in the morning to take supper at the Café Maison Dorée, we had to decline, giving our excuse. We went to our rooms and in our inexplicable hilarity, we forgot the invitation of our neighbor. We hesitated whether or not to dine in such and such a restaurant until Mr. Buil decided that we would do it at the hotel itself. Seated at the table we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Salazar. Instantly we remembered their invitation and we felt ashamed. Then excuses, etc.

After the supper we went out for a walk, afterwards going to a café where there were a concert, songs, and drama. That entertained us until midnight.

3rd day (15 June — Thursday)

We woke up late, and spent the morning putting in order our luggage and suggesting a luncheon to Mr. Salazar, this being our last day in Marseille. At a quarter past eleven then we lunched — Mr. and Mrs. Salazar, Messrs. Buil, Pardo, and Folgue, and I.

After this, we all took a last stroll, except the Portuguese who went after his business. We went to see the shops, buying this and that and at about a quarter past three, we returned to the hotel to prepare for our departure.

About half an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Salazar, whom we had left at the shops, arrived to bid us farewell. Mrs. Salazar wished me many good things and I noticed that she was speaking sincerely and not out of pure compliment. I also expressed to them my desire, born of my friendliness towards Mr. Salazar, to see them in my native land. . . . But this was not all. After finishing our preparations, we went up to bid Mrs. Salazar, who was alone, a last farewell, and then we left.

I have spent much. Of the seventy-six pesos which I had brought from the Philippines only twenty-eight or twenty-nine pesos are left. Now I have to buy a first-class ticket which costs 12 and pay for my luggage. The hotel's interpreter followed us to the station and was very useful. Mr. Folgue had to separate from us to take the train that went directly to Bourdeaux. We departed then.

The trip — 5:00 p.m. 15 June — 11:30 a.m. 16 June

Seated in a first-class coach Messrs. Buil, Pardo and I traveled from Marseille to Port Bou. I, who was traveling

for the first time in an express train, was surprised by the speed, which increased whenever two trains met going in opposite directions. They seemed to be two lightning bolts. We passed various towns, fields, olive groves, vineyards. By night we were in Tarascon.

Something peculiar happened to me. At one station we were told that the train was stopping thirty minutes. Messrs. Buil, Pardo, and I went down. At the end of about six minutes, I saw the train pull out and I tried to follow it. I ran, but in vain. I was going to continue running, when fortunately a guard informed me that it would return after twenty minutes as it had left just to change tracks. We passed Montpellier, a city famous for its medical school.

I arrived at Barcelona on 16 June 1882.

The train on which I traveled with Pardo and Buil left us at Port Bou. After having been inspected and treated rudely by the Spanish carabineers, we boarded a smaller, though beautiful coach, upholstered with red cloth. Upon entering Spanish territory one cannot fail to perceive the fact in the air, landscape, and manner. A lad dressed half Spanish and half French said emphatically that the boundary was there. We passed through numerous tunnels, the only magnificent works that until now I have seen in this country. It was morning. . . . The sun was scarcely tinting with soft colors the fresh clouds in the East. My companions were sleeping; I, steeped in melancholy reflections on my future, was looking far away, and my mind wandered, thinking of a million beings and things.

I am arriving in Spain, alone and unknown; the first stage of my unknown journey is there. What am I going to do and what is going to become of me in the future? My money is dwindling. I know I would meet friends, but despite this, no one is capable of overcoming the emotions that a new country produces in a young heart.

Near the railroad could be seen olive groves, vineyards, pine groves, and highways; in the distance some ruins of a crumbling castle, huts, small towns consisting of some gray houses. Now and then could be seen a worker or country folk. One would say that the country was deserted. The sharp curves of the mountains covered with pines and chestnut, if not as green as those in my country, nevertheless reminded me of it. Until Barcelona the only cities that attracted my attention were Gerona, memorable for the siege that it endured,



BARCELONA: FONDA DE ESPAÑA (NOW HOTEL ESPAÑA) THE FIRST HOTEL AT BARCELONA WHERE RIZAL LODGED. P. 79.

and Figueras, for its large size. Now and then the railroad passes beside the sea. I gazed at it as an old friend from whom one is separating for a long time. Very soon, at about half past ten, I sighted in the distance, beside the waves of the sea, a large city with a small mountain on the side. I presumed it must be Barcelona. In effect the brother of Mr. Vicente Pardo, who came to meet him at the train together with a daughter of his — a precious blonde girl of about 10 or eleven years with large eyes, fine features, a spiritual and contemplative look — told me that that city was Barcelona and that mountain was the fortress of Montjuich. A few minutes later we arrived at Barcelona where Pardo left us to join his brother. Buil and I remained and agreed to stay together until our departure.

In effect we took a coach, put our luggage in it, and went to the Fonda de España. San Pablo.

Barcelona made an unpleasant impression on me. Accustomed to the elegant and magnificent buildings of the cities I have seen, the polite and refined manner, not having stayed anywhere except in beautiful and first-class hotels, and then enter a city through its most ugly section and stop at an inn located on a narrow street where everyone was indifferent. I don't know if it was the state of my mind that gave this nostalgic aspect to things.





RIZAL IN 1882 AT MADRID

2. MADRID

1 JANUARY 1883 - 1 NOVEMBER 1884

1st January 1883

Night. I don't know what vague melancholy, an indefinable loneliness, smothers my soul. It is similar to the profound sadness that cities manifest after a tumultuous rejoicing, to a city after the happiest celebration. Two nights ago, that is, 30 December, I had a frightful nightmare when I almost died. I dreamed that, imitating an actor dying on the stage, I felt vividly that my breath was failing and I was rapidly losing my strength. Then my vision became dim and dense darkness enveloped me—they were the pangs of death. I wanted to shout and ask for help from Antonio Paterno, feeling that I was about to die. I awoke weak and breathless.

The last day of the year I spent at the home of Mr. Pablo Ortega.¹ I was gay; I don't know why I joked a lot and lost.² We went home at five o'clock and Pat., Cal. Per. and Let.³ slept at home. We spent the day together and went to Elvira's house . . . lottery and I lost. I went home at night and wrote.

2 May 1883 — Visitación 8 — 3rd floor, No. 4

Yesterday, one year ago I left my home to come to this country. How many illusions one entertained and how many deceptions! Yesterday, all day and night, I kept recalling all that had happened to me since then. I took my diary and read it, which reminded me of faded impressions. Though

¹ Mr. Pablo Ortega y Rey, member of the Council of the Philippines, a government advisory body, and father of Consuelo Ortega y Perez, author of the diary which is Appendix II to this volume.

² He lost in the card game.

³ Paterno, Calero, Perio, and Lete.

sick, I'll continue my diary because I see that it is most useful and above all it consoles the soul when nothing more remains of its former treasures.

This morning I went to see the celebration of *Dos de Mayo* (2nd May).⁴ There were many people around the obelisk where I saw a tiny altar with some candles. Everywhere could be heard the cries of newspaper vendors which recalled the 2nd of May.

In the afternoon we — Zamora, Villanueva, and I — went to see the civic procession. Many soldiers and members of the different corporations. The King does not attend this national celebration.

I received from the Philippines a letter of L.R.⁵ of 26 March.

3 May

It is exactly one year ago that I left my country! Should I curse or celebrate this day?

1 January 1884⁶

I have a nominal value of 617.15 pesetas.

Last night we gathered at the Restaurant de Madrid: The three Paternos, the two Esquivels, Figueroa, Villanueva, Jugo, Graciano (López Jaena), J. Llorente, Ev. Aguirre, Laserna, Lete, Ventura, Yriarte, Vidal, and I. All toasted except Villanueva, who left ahead. The most outstanding toasts were those of Laserna, A. Paterno, Graciano López, P. Paterno, and Valentín. I had the honor of bidding goodbye to '83 and greeting '84. I didn't toast, but after them, I made a resumé of such brilliant speeches. Laserna read a precious sonnet. We dined at 12:15 and we finished at 3:00. The day passed without almost any incident. At night Lete went to the house of E. P. where Villanueva and Figueroa spent the day. I'm reading at

⁴On 2 May 1808 occurred bitter street-fighting in Madrid that marked the beginning of the Spanish rising against the French invaders.

⁵Leonor Rivera, Rizal's fiancée.

⁶Rizal's diary from 1 January to 1 November 1884 is found in W. E. Retana's work, *Vida y escritos del Dr. José Rizal*, Madrid, 1907, pp. 72-91. He obtained the original manuscript from the Filipino historian Clemente J. Zulueta as a gift and then he sold it to the North American bibliophile Mr. E. E. Ayer. (Austin Craig, *Los errores de Retana*, Manila, 1910).



LEONOR RIVERA, (1867-1893), RIZAL'S FIANCEE
SKETCH BY RIZAL



COLEGIO DE SAN CARLOS
THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE OF THE UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL FROM
WHICH RIZAL GRADUATED IN 1884.

present *Bug-Jargal*. On Lobo Street⁷ there was a discussion about the police; I decided not to argue.

2 January

Today there was a meeting at the house of the Paternos. The same ones who were at the Café de Madrid, except Iriarte, Villanueva, and Vidal, met there. They took up the revival of the *Círculo*. They named a committee to speak with the old members and Mr. Atayde. The committee was composed of Messrs. Paterno, López, Laserna, J. Esquivel, and Aguirre. My proposal concerning the book was unanimously accepted; but afterwards they raised difficulties and obstacles that seemed to me somewhat singular, following which several gentlemen rose up without wishing to talk any more about it. In view of this, I decided not to propose it again, considering it impossible to count on the support of the majority, and only later, together with Messrs. Lete and Figueroa did we decide to go ahead. For this purpose, we shall write Messrs. Luna, Resurrección, and Regidor.

3 January

This morning I went to the College of San Carlos⁸ and they told me that we would have no class until the 7th. In Greek there was since yesterday. I went to the Academy of San Fernando⁹ and there they gave me new lessons. This morning we gathered at the Café de Madrid, announced on a card that Graciano passed on to me. They spoke about the *Círculo*; the pretensions of some, etc. As to the book, Graciano would write on the Filipino woman; Aguirre also; Maximino on Letamendi. It seems that the *Círculo* will not fare well.

4 January

Subscription to various works Pesetas 7

I received some letters from Manila from Uncle Antonio and . . . the first dated 18 November, and the second, the 13. Both are full of good and interesting news.

For the barbershop and streetcar with the cursed Christmas present Pesetas 1.10

Violent discussion on Lobo Street about the ticket hawkers. I decided not to take part in the discussion and so I didn't.

⁷ Some Filipinos lived in a house on Lobo Street, Madrid.

⁸ The college of medicine of the Universidad Central, Madrid.

⁹ Academia de Bellas Artes de San Fernando, the school of fine arts.

*Padsí ce burvemdi cili pese qua ta hefem psarodamla. Tala rofua eum amenisedi da Vimruati: vsai qua damlsi da pivi ta enesé ye namir.*¹⁰

5. January (Saturday)

Los Cuatro Reynos de la Naturaleza,
subscription Pesetas 14.20

Gathered at the house of the Paternos were Aguirre, the two Esquivels, Creus, Jugo, Carrillo, J. Llorente, Ruiz, Ponce, Ventura, Lete, Graciano, Perio, Iriarte, Villabrille, López, and I. The reorganization of the *Círculo* was taken up and nothing was done except to form committees. It was agreed to meet again on Sunday. In the evening we were at the house of E. P. Sanmarti—Figuroa, Perio, Estevan, Lete, and I. I talked for sometime with Consuelo after I got tired of attending the general meeting. Chocolate: Pedro invited us. We went home at 2:30.

6 January

Wandering Jew Pesetas 10.00
Works of Horace, Dumas 2.50
Supper with a friend 32.00

I went to the house of Ventura to get *Florante*.¹¹ I bought several books and in the evening Valentín and I went to the

¹⁰ About the ciphers Professor Miguel de Unamuno of Salamanca University wrote Retana the following: "In these ciphered phrases Rizal substituted the letters in the first line for those below:

a e i o c f g l m n r s t v
e a o i v g f t n m s r l c

He left out the letters u, b, d, h, j, p, q, y. Apply and you'll see that it says: "Pedro is looking for votes so that he will be made president. Lete is still in love with Consuelo; I believe that shortly he'll love her less." Knowing the key, it is already easy to decipher the other ciphered phrases. (W. E. Retana, *op. cit.*, Madrid, 1907, p. 74)

¹¹ It refers to the Tagalog *corrido* entitled *Pinagdaanang buhay ni Florante at ni Laura sa cahariang Albania* (The Life of Florante and Laura in the Kingdom of Albania). This *corrido* is considered the best poem that has been written in the Tagalog language. Francisco Baltazar, the author, was so modest that he published it anonymously. About Francisco Baltazar and his writings there is a very interesting book entitled *Kung sino ang kumatha ng Florante* by the young Tagalog Mr. Hermenegildo Cruz, printed in Manila, 1906. *Corrido* is a corruption or contraction of the Spanish word *ocurrido* (happened). The *corridos* are to Tagalog literature what the old tales of chivalry are to Spanish literature. The poets put to a test their imagination and they



MADRID, 6 JANUARY 1884: "...IN THE EVENING VALENTIN (VENTURA) AND I WENT TO THE RESTAURANT INGLES TO DINE." . (P. 85).

Restaurant Inglés to sup or rather to dine. We were served quite well and we left the place quite satisfied. This afternoon Graciano (L. Jaena) was here.

7 January

There's nothing remarkable today except the sermon delivered to us by the professor of Greek on account of the insubordination of the students.

8 January

Classes in Greek, landscape, figure, and perspective. I finished two drawings. I have spent nothing.¹² A gentleman wanted to have conferences with me. L. . . . begins to go to class and to be punctual in his appointments. I met Ruiz who told me that if someone came along willing to pay the expenses of the *Círculo*, he would be made president.

9 January

Without spending a cent. Greek classes. I have finished my landscape as well as my drawing of a figure. I was going to buy an historical atlas by Lesage but it was so badly damaged that it was valueless.

10 January

I received two letters — one from Uncle Antonio, 2 December and another from P., 30 November. *Te vesle da Taimis ar vesoñire y vim um gomet da tir ner efsedebtar.*¹³

11 January

The day passed without any incident except the call of Aguirre and Antonio, and my meeting with the distributor. I went to class and there I found Pereda.

carry the protagonists who commonly are princes or kings to the remotest countries, making them go through a thousand strange adventures. For that reason, *corrido* has its origin in our tales of chivalry. (W. E. Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 74.)

¹² It seems he writes this with real satisfaction. In spite of the 32 pesetas for dinner — the only extravagance in one semester — he was very economical and hardly spent for any thing else except for books. He didn't smoke. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 75.)

¹³ Leonor's letter is loving with a most pleasant ending. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 75.)

12 January

Bath	Pesetas	2.00
Teatro de la Comedia		2.10
A dish50
A newspaper and refreshment35
To Figueroa for E. P.		1.00

I was at the theater and I enjoyed very much *El Octavo no mentir* and *Un año más*. I didn't go to the house of Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey. The professor of Medical Clinic entrusted to me a patient at No. 10.

13 January (Sunday)

This afternoon we met at the house of Paterno — López, the Llorentes, Aguirre, Ventura, two Esquiveles, Iriarte, Perio, Lete, Carrillo, Abreu, Pozas, Ruiz, Laserna, Graciano, Domenech, Govantes, and I. The question of the *Círculo* was impossible for a thousand reasons. *Te neyis pesla hebtem nuvhi pasi am lselemdira da des domasi ye ra moafem.*¹⁴

15 January (Tuesday)

There is a party today at the house of Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey in celebration of his birthday. We couldn't give him anything.

One penknife	Pesetas	0.30
To Perio		2.00

They danced very much in that house. There were Sanmarti, the Paternos, the Esquiveles, Ventura, *etc.*, Figueroa, Villanueva, and P. The last got drunk and I was about to leave but I was stopped. They talked of politics and the Philippines.

16 January

Postage stamps	Pesetas	1.30
Penknife		1.50

The mail boat left this afternoon. This morning I went to class. My patient who is at No. 10 stood up and thanked me. I didn't go either to the class in landscape or perspective. In the class in antique we have a new mold.

A ball of yarn	Pesetas	0.50
----------------------	---------	------

¹⁴The majority talk a great deal, but when it comes to giving money, they refuse to give. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 75.)

Llorente invited me to go to the Congress at noon sharp. In order not to be late I had to forego luncheon, and provided with tickets for the gallery of the senators,¹⁵ we went there at 12 o'clock and some minutes. We took turns. Lete and López went in without being able to wait and it was only at six o'clock that we entered. Sagasta was speaking at the time. I recognized him through his caricatures. He was nervous. Posada Herrera answered him making the Chamber laugh and rage. Then López Dominguez spoke energetically. They voted on the message and the majority defeated the Government. Student riot.

18 January

Yesterday, as a result of a decree of the Minister of *Fomento*, the law students went to the Ministry of *Fomento* and there shouted "Down!" and they burnt copies of the gazette. Afterwards the medical students joined them.¹⁶ They were dispersed later by Civil Governor Aguilera. The classes were closed and no one was allowed to enter. Today the Conservatives rose to power contrary to all expectations and suppositions. Their rise to power generally produced a bad impression.

19 January

The students' vacation continues. Neither are there classes at San Carlos. Sanmarti, Lete, Figueroa, Villanueva, and I were at Mr. Ortiga y Rey's house. The evening was not bad for me because some gentlemen who owed me paid me, though I had a hard time collecting.

Money received¹⁷ Pesetas 3.55

20 January

One-tenth of a lottery ticket¹⁸ Pesetas 3.00

¹⁵ A mistake of the author, inasmuch as there is no gallery of senators but of ex-senators and ex-deputies to which only these men have access. It must be then another gallery. Note the patience of Rizal who waited in order to enter from twelve o'clock and some minutes until six continuously. And without lunch! (W. E. Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 78 fn.)

¹⁶ From the statement it can be deduced that Rizal didn't take part in the riot, which is not surprising considering his peaceful and thoughtful nature. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 76 fn.)

¹⁷ Apparently what they owed him and cost him so much trouble to recover, were those 3 pesetas and 55 cents. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 77 fn.)

¹⁸ Rizal invested every month from 3 to 6 pesetas in lottery tickets. This was his only vice. When he was in Mindanao he won one-third prize of a ticket owned by him, Politico-Military Commander Carnicero, and one Spaniard surnamed Equilior. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 77 fn.)

I sent to C.O. (a young lady) a piece of *ginaras*.¹⁹ Valentín was here this afternoon and we talked about our impressions. Rafael came later.

21 January

I went to class. The law students refuse to enter while the decrees were not revoked. Lete came to thank me on behalf of C.O. At night Estevan was here; we talked of various. . . . *Pelasmithahearptilediomdofmenamla. Tahepsinalodipefesrurdauderpesehevastalsecejesdarpuararmihequasodipefesmede*.²⁰ Paterno gave a treat or supper to the press. Valentín Ventura attended it.

22 January

Laundry woman	Pesetas 3.00
Domestic postage stamp10

23 January

Several buildings were illuminated. At the Casino Madrileño a most beautiful light in the form of a shield. I visited the artists Estevan and Melecio Figueroa. We talked about what the newspapers said about Paterno's treat and we criticized the *Correo*.²¹ From there I visited the Paternos. I found Antonio and Maximino who were reading with pleasure *El Correo* and praising it highly. They showed me their house.²² Pedro came later and he proposed to me that I exhibit the pictures I

¹⁹ Philippine textile, made of abaca fiber. Costs little. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 77 fn.)

²⁰ Paterno has exploited him harshly. He promised to pay his debts in order to make him work and afterwards he didn't want to pay him anything.

²¹ Rizal refers to the article published in *El Correo*, a Madrid daily, in its issue for 22 January 1884, entitled *Un Museo y un Thé*, an exaggerated and sickening description of the house of the Paternos in Madrid and the dinner they gave the newspapermen. It depicted the Paternos as exceedingly rich and ostentatious. Rizal, Retana says, wishes his countrymen to be less ostentatious and more serious. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 79.)

²² It shows that Rizal didn't know it in detail. He was never invited to the banquets that the Paternos have been giving. Those brothers (Pedro above all), avid of ostentation, showered entertainments on the last Spanish reporter and they omitted their compatriots of the merit of Rizal. . . . Perhaps because he could not appear in dress coat, which the poor student didn't have! (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 79.)

have. I could not agree because they were given to me and they have dedications.²³

24 January

Valentín Ventura came to see me. We talked about the usual subjects. Today the law students went to class.

25 January

Tonight I had a very sad dream. I imagined I returned to the Philippines, but what a sad reception! My parents didn't show up and *Taimisheboerodiomgoatpasidaumeomgodatoddedlemfsemduquamilamoesanadoi*.²⁴ Today I finished reading the *Judío Errante* (*Wandering Jew*). It seemed to me to be the best contrived novel, the fruit alone of talent and meditation. The sweet language of Lamartine does not speak to the heart. It imposes, dominates, confuses, subjugates, but it does not make one cry. I don't know if it's because I'm hardened. It reminds me a great deal of the *Mohicans of Paris* (Dumas).

26 January

Fr. Rivas has died.²⁵

Debts paid by a friend Peseta 1.00

We went to the house of the Etermes:²⁶ Figueroa, Estevan, Sanmarti, Lete, Rafael, and I. This meeting was the most peaceful. On our return we went to the chocolate shop. We went home at 3:30. *Vimruatinahero dinuyenebta*.²⁷

²³ A stroke of delicacy that honors him; and at the same time, political foresight. It is to be assumed that the greater part of the pictures Rizal had were those of simple Tagalogs "with shirt out" and he must have been aware that there might be someone who, on seeing them would make a disdainful gesture or smile ironically. Rizal loved his countrymen too much to be pleased by such things. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 79.)

²⁴ *Leonor had been unfaithful; but her infidelity was so great that it had no remedy.* (Supra.)

²⁵ Fr. Francisco Rivas, Dominican. He filled high positions at the University of Manila (University of Santo Tomás) and later in Spain. While he was procurator in Madrid in 1870, he published two pamphlets against the reforms of the Minister of Colonies, Mr. Moret, directed towards the secularization of the University of Manila. Fr. Rivas died at Vergara on 14 January 1884. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 80.)

²⁶ The Filipino friends of Don Pablo Ortega y Rey sometimes referred to him as *El Padre Eterno*, because of his long beard that made him look like the usual image of God the Father. *Etermes* may be a wrong transcription of *El Padre Eterno*. They also called him "Mr. Paul," the English for Pablo. See p. 354 n.

²⁷ *Consuelo has been very amiable.* (Supra.)

27 January

Today I had my picture taken at Otero.

Half dozen, postcard with cover . . .	Pesetas	10.00
One-tenth of lottery ticket		3.00
A box of matches		0.10

The day is bad and rainy. The streets are puddled. Maximino and Antonio came to the house so that we could go together to see the Ateneo; it was not possible because it was not permitted: *Burveverepeseheboles pasiquoasambeseli; ig-savonohebolevoim.*²⁸

28 January

Today I have been to the Ateneo to see it. It's beautiful, vast, extensive, well decorated. I went with Antonio and Maximino (Paterño). They are tempting me to belong to it, but I find the dues a little exorbitant for the short time that I have to be in Madrid. This morning I met a young woman at the street door of a nearby house. She was quite pretty. This evening when I came back looking for a room for a friend. I met her again without much ado.

29 January (Tuesday)

Candles (one pound, 6)	Pesetas	1.25
Subscriptions		3.00
Tickets for the dance		1.00
Coffee, refreshments and tip (Night-watcher)		1.70

Today I was at the masquerade ball which I enjoyed fairly well. I danced almost all the numbers. Two masqued persons were joking me; however much I tried to find out who they were I didn't succeed.

30 January

For review for the degree	Pesetas	30.00
Postage stamps for letters and periodicals		2.80
A handkerchief45
Streetcar10

I sent three letters to my town: One to my Uncle Antonio, another to Chengoy, and another to Lolay. I sent also three periodicals: *El Imparcial*, *El Día*, and *El Liberal*.

Excelsior Ball	Pesetas	2.90
--------------------------	---------	------

²⁸ They were looking for a house but they wanted it cheap; I offered my room. (*Supra*, p. 80.)

31. January

One book (Ortega Munilla)	Pesetas	1.00
<i>Arte de estudiar</i>		2.50

Today there was a very heated discussion on Lobo Street. Encinas came for the first time.

Money spent	Pesetas	257.88
Food for this month		71.75
Total	Pesetas	329.63

This expense, which for me is large, is due to the review, the mat, and the dinner which I gave. The books I bought also contributed to it.

1 February (Friday)

Bible	Pesetas	14.00
Three note-books		1.50
Beer		1.70
Theater75
Subscription to <i>El Liberal</i>		1.00

I was at the Eslava Theater to see politics and bullfighting, and afterwards I was at the Café de Madrid. There was a great discussion on Lobo Street. Every day that was becoming more impossible. We haven't begun the review.

Aromatic wine	Peseta	0.25
---------------------	--------	------

2 February

Buttons and shoe polish	Pesetas	1.30
Maids		9.67
Subscriptions		8.25
<i>Los Cuatro Reynos de la Naturaleza</i> ..		3.50
Chestnuts20
Chestnuts20

Today we gathered at the house of Mr. Paul: Sanmarti, Lete, Ventura, Paco Esquivel, Figueroa, Estevan, the newly married couple, and I. At the beginning Etermes was very lively but later he became furious when he began to lose.

3 February

The weather is rainy. Today the Cortabitarte sisters with their mother came. We talked a little but very merrily. They asked to see my pictures and I showed them.

28 February

Graciano and Figueroa were at the house. Lete gave news that rather pleased me if it's true, but it didn't satisfy me. In short what is lost on one side is won on the other. *He dagamdodi rur odaer vimlse um arpeñit.*³²

1 March

Subscriptions	Pesetas	3.05
Review for the degree		30.00

We gathered at the house of Mr. Pedro Paterno: Antonio, Sanmarti, Paco Esquivel, Estevan, Figueroa, Lete, and I.

2 March

Maids	Pesetas	9.76
Mending of shirts50

3 March

Walking stick	Pesetas	4.00
---------------------	---------	------

4 March

For one cut-away coat and vest	Pesetas	10.00
Subscriptions		4.50

7 March

We had an operation performed by Mariani. This evening I attended some English lessons at the Ateneo given by Mr. Schüts.

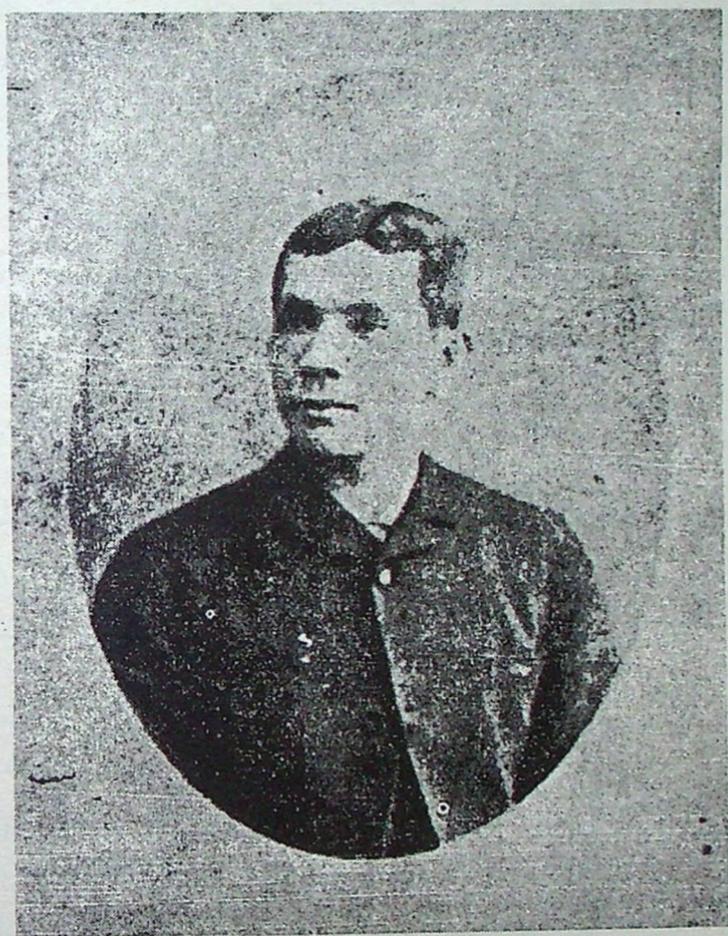
8 March

Today Campoamor read at the Ateneo his three poems: *El amor o la muerte*, *Cartas de una Santa*, *Como rezan las solteras*. I would have entered but I didn't like to. Father Mon continues to attract attention for the sermon he preached at the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

9 March

Cunanan and Ventura came to visit me. We talked about several things.

³² *He defended his ideas against a Spaniard.* Here's a brief note but of real importance. Rizal, who was suffering from the obsession that the colored man, solely for being so, was the object of scorn of the white (and the proof of this will be seen later) believed that the Filipinos, for the sake of their dignity, ought to have, like him, the courage of their convictions. Thus, he was pleased to know that a Filipino had defended his ideas against a Spaniard. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 83 fn.)



Valentin Ventura, Rizal's friend

11 March

German grammar Pesetas 3.00

I received a letter from Uncle Antonio in which he tells me that Mrs. Ticang has become insane.

13 March

Subscriptions Pesetas 7.00

A pin 3.00

Today Carranceja came from Santander.

15 March (Saturday)

Today I saw Mr. Quintin Meynet on Atocha Street. According to him, he has been away from Manila for 18 months. He is ever the same. Some articles in *El Progreso* are attracting much attention. On this day alone it has been denounced twice. We gathered at the house of Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey: Lete, Sanmarti, Esquivel (Paco), Estevan, and I. The actors have another raffle. Today I remembered my sisters very much, especially Maria.

16 March

Pedro Carranceja came to visit us. Tomorrow he's going back to the Philippines with his brother and a cousin.

19 March (Wednesday, St. Joseph)

Bath Pesetas 2.00

Works of Claudio Bernard 50.00

I received greeting cards³³ from Pepe Esquivel, Aguirre, the family of Ruiz (Widow), Iriarte, Don Pablo, Carrillo, and Pedro Paterno.

23 March

One lottery ticket Pesetas 3.50

24 March

Theater Pesetas 1.50

26 March

Books Pesetas 30.00

³³ Greetings on his saint's day, St. Joseph, 19th of March.

28 March

Today Meynet died almost suddenly.

For one picture	Pesetas	3.50
Review		30.00

30 March (Sunday)

I wrote to the Philippines: to L(eonor) and Uncle Antonio.

31 March

Today I saw the family of V. . . I don't know if it is for being my compatriot or something else, this family is very congenial to me. The boys and girls are very amiable. One of the lads, José, engaged me in conversation that made me laugh a good while. The eldest had been at La Concordia³⁴ and knew many of the girls there.

*Les femmes de mon pays me plaisent beaucoup; je ne m'en sais la cause, mais je trouve chez elles un je ne sais quoi qui me charme et me fait rêver.*³⁵ (The women of my country please me very much. I don't know why, but I find in them I know not what that enchants me and makes me dream). When they talk to me about my country, dormant remembrances are awakened in my heart. Now and then a vague melancholy takes possession of me and displays before my eyes the whole past. This happened to me often when I was a child, I experience it also now, though rarely, but with much intensity. So many young women who could have illumined my life even for one day and nevertheless absolutely nothing of the kind. I'm going to become like those travelers who go through a path strewn with flowers: They pass by without touching them with the hope of finding something uncertain, and the road becomes more arid and they find themselves at last in a bare region, regretting the past. My days run swiftly and I find that I'm very old (many call me so) for my age. I lack the gaiety of young hearts, the smiling countenance of tranquil and satisfied hearts, the animation of those who trust in their future and nonetheless I believe I haven't done anything that is not well thought of and liked. I believe I'm honest. I have no regret except perhaps having deprived myself of

³⁴ See note 8, p. 6.

³⁵ Rizal took one course in French at the Ateneo de Manila. In Madrid he read much in this language which later in Paris he came to master in the same way that he did Spanish, English, and German, in all of which he wrote with ease. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 85.)

many pleasures. I feel that my heart has not lost its capacity to love, only I don't find any one to love. I have used this sentiment but little.³⁶

2 April

German class Pesetas 25.00

6 April

Today we met at the session of the Ateneo. The Prince of Bavaria presided. Speeches were delivered. Finally I was introduced to him. He is a physician, young, of a happy disposition.

Gum Pesetas 0.25

8 April

Today I began a small work of sculpture which represents a wounded gladiator.³⁷

9 April

I wrote to my brother. I sent newspapers.

10 April (Maundy Thursday)

We continue to fast. It is a fine day.

13 April

Today I received letters from Leonor, Uncle Antonio, and Chengoy. I'm fairly contented with what they tell me, though not with the condition of Leonor. This afternoon I saw Esquivel (José) and we talked about various things.

15 April

Lottery ticket Pesetas 3.00

17 April

Theater Pesetas 2.10

³⁶ It is needless to recommend the importance of this intimate note that fully depicts Rizal. Thus he wrote with all his soul when he had not yet reached 23 years. Considering himself old was already an old obsession of his, principally since his coming to Spain. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 86.)

³⁷ This sculpture (not original) together with two others (original) were given to Prof. Blumentritt by Rizal in 1887. Rizal began sculpture in Manila when he was a student. The excellent Filipino artist Mr. Romualdo T. de Jesús gave him his first lessons. (*El Renacimiento*, 26 June 1906 in Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 87 fn.)

Today I saw Rossi, the Italian actor playing *Kean*, a drama by Dumas. Its effect upon me was surprising.

19 April

Theater Pesetas 2.10

Feuillet's *Montjoie* didn't please me nor did it satisfy me as drama. Staged, yes.

20 April

Subscriptions Pesetas 6.00

Today I received a letter from Uncle Antonio³⁸ sending me 500 pesetas. I went out, to visit the Paterno brothers but they were not at home.

Alcohol for the coffee³⁹ Peseta 0.35

21 April

Paid to (the bookstore of) Gutenberg Pesetas 64.00

Coffee 1.00

One plate and one cup 1.25

24 April

One lottery ticket Pesetas 3.00

Tonight I saw Rossi play *Hamlet*. I spent a very pleasant time seeing how masterly was Shakespeare interpreted.

³⁸ It is strange that Rizal never mentions letters from his parents to him or from him to his parents whom he loved with veneration. Without doubt the following lines of Mr. Epifanio de los Santos allude to this note: "As in some Tagalog families, while the father was in charge of the farm work to the mother belonged, besides the household duties, the keeping of the list and accounting of the tenants and the correspondence about which she informed her husband verbally. Rizal as a good son, considered as articles of faith whatever advices came from his parents, even on literary matters. Hence his correspondence was always with his mother. He wrote his father only a few times and his last one was when he was awaiting execution. Perfectly. But this does not lessen our surprise that he does not mention letters from his mother to him and from him to her. Maybe his uncle Antonio served them as an intermediary, the one who sent him the money, which in truth he made use of. He spent for food some ten *reales* daily (later he spent six only). He rarely went to the theater and when he did it was, more than any thing else, to see very notable actors or performances. With regard to his personal luxuries, there are noted a scarf-pin for three pesetas and a cut-away coat with its vest bought for two duros! On the other hand he spent all he could for books in the midst of his poverty. This, for a lad of twenty-three years living in Madrid who is free to go anywhere, denotes a truly virtuous man. (Retana, *op cit.*, p. 88 fn.)

³⁹ He brewed coffee on an alcohol lamp.

25 April

Subscriptions	Pesetas	20.00
Binding of <i>La Amenidad</i>		2.50

26 April

Theater, <i>Hamlet</i>	Pesetas	3.10
------------------------------	---------	------

27 April

Today I received a letter from Villa-Abrille from Tapia. The day was magnificent; the sun was resplendent.

28 April

Repair of shoes	Pesetas	3.50
-----------------------	---------	------

1 May

Payment for the food until the 15th ⁴⁰	Pesetas	22.50
Maids		10.29
A large band		0.05

Today I stopped eating on Lobo Street, I go to Príncipe Street. I gave up German also to devote this whole month to my examinations.

2 May

Lesage <i>Atlas</i>	Pesetas	7.50
---------------------------	---------	------

3 May

Oranges	Pesetas	0.05
Review		30.00

5 May

Repair of some shoes	Pesetas	1.50
Books		4.50

6 May

9th volume of Voltaire	Pesetas	5.00
------------------------------	---------	------

A lordling, Lorenzo D'Ayot, published an article — "El Teatro Tagalo." I answered him.⁴¹

5 June

Today I took the examination in Medical Clinic, 2nd course.

⁴⁰ He reduces this expense further: *Six reales daily!* (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 89.)

⁴¹ The "lordling" referred to is Mr. Manuel Lorenzo D'Ayot, Filipino creole, who has been living in Spain for several years and is a writer. (Retana, *op. cit.*, p. 89.)

6 June

Today I took the examination in my last medical subject, Clinical Surgery, 2nd course, and I got the grade of *notable*.⁴²

9 June

Application for the degree.

14 June

Today I took my examination in Greek, 1st course. I got "Excellent".

15 June

I took the examination in Greek and Latin literature and I got "Excellent".

19 June

Today I ought to have made my first exercise with Santero, senior.

20 June

1st exercise.

21 June

2nd exercise. Approved.

25 June

I won the first prize in Greek. Today I delivered a speech. After having won in the competition, *lamoe henbsa y mi lamoe mede qua vinas mo domasi*.⁴³ I remained thus until evening. (Follows a cross with large reels.)

⁴² *Notable* is equivalent to "Very Good."

⁴³ *I was hungry and I had nothing to eat, nor money.* The illustrious Unamuno rightly observes in his letter enclosing his interpretation of the coded note: "This not having anything to eat and the dream that Leonor was unfaithful and her infidelity had no remedy are two details that reward the very little effort that I made to discover the key." But Rizal ate finally at nine o'clock at night at the banquet given in honor of the painters Luna and Resurrección. It was there that he delivered the speech mentioned in the diary. . . . Rizal's modesty was admirable. He does not even state that he was applauded, that he was at the same table as Moret, Labra, and other political personages. It is very true that far above this note of vanity that to him was of no account was the strong contrast of winning a prize in the competition in the morning and spending the afternoon without eating and without money. "Hungry! Hungry! precisely on the day he won in the competition!"

As to his dream that Leonor had been unfaithful, this was fulfilled in a certain way, though much later, because she married an Englishman. Mr. Epifanio de los Santos says on this matter: "How could she

26 June

Today I took an examination in Universal History, 2nd course. Excellent.

30 June

Today I won the prize for Greek and Latin literature.

1 November (Saturday)

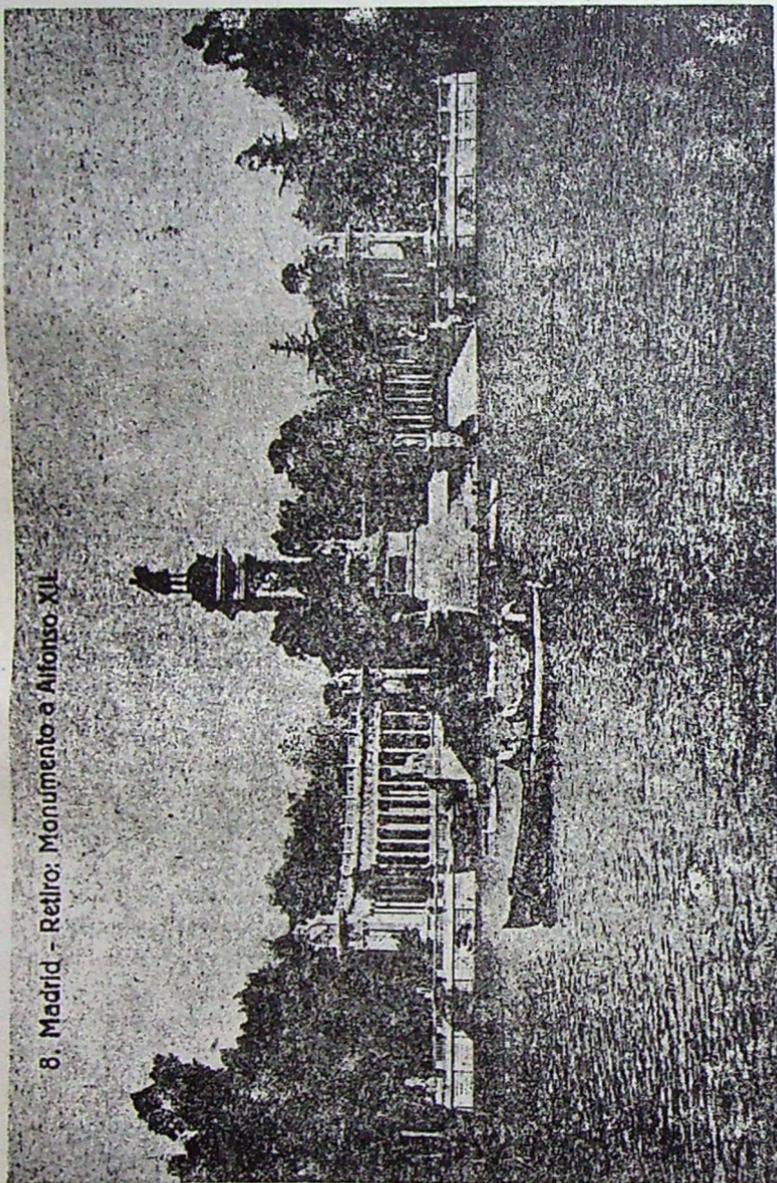
At 10:00 in the evening numerous friends and compatriots gathered at the studio of Luna on Gorguera Street, No. 14: Paternos, Govantes, Esquiveles, Ventura, Aguirre, Llorente, López, Ceferino, Carrillo, Estevan, 3 Beulinses, Mas, Silvelas, Pando y Valle, Araus, Moya, Correa, Comenge, Malagarriaga, Juste, Arnedo, Madejar, Maurin, Maximino, Aramburo, Baeza, Aurora, Florinda, and others. There was much laughter, manzanilla and champagne were drunk, there were singing, dancing, guitar, fandango, toasts, comedies. Maximino had an attack. Valentín was very gay. We left at 4:00 o'clock; we went to another place.⁴⁴

marry a persecuted man? To become unfortunate? This recalls the advice of Fr. Dámaso (in the *Noli me tângere*) to his daughter María Clara." In another passage the same Mr. Santos says: "There exist pictures of Leonor drawn by Rizal. His own family assures that Rizal loved deeply his fiancée. When his sisters asked him what a Filipino woman should be, for an answer, Rizal referred them to his letters to Leonor. If they could get them they will find in them, *mutatis mutandis*, what the education of the women of his country should be. Unfortunately these letters were destroyed because Leonor married an Englishman. Rizal didn't love again, so far as it is known, until, during his exile in Mindanao, he met Josephine. But this love for Josephine, what a different kind of love! (Retana, *op cit.*, p. 90.)

⁴⁴ It must be noted that in this copy of the diary are suppressed many small expenses frequently indicated, such as paper, that Rizal used to buy every three days, carfare, for which he spent about a peseta and a half monthly, and some postage stamps besides those he bought for the Philippines (the most costly) were all noted down. (*Supra*, p. 91.)



8. Madrid - Retiro: Monumento a Alfonso XII



MADRID: A VIEW OF THE CITY PARK, RETIRO. (P. 103)

3. HEIDELBERG TO LEIPZIG VIA THE RHINE RIVER

9 August 1886 (Monday)

At 8:55 o'clock we leave Heidelberg where I have lived since 7 February. We pass by Weibling, a small town. We travel from Heidelberg through what is called Rheinstal.¹ Tobacco, potato, wheat, and vegetable fields can be seen everywhere. The whole land is cultivated. Friedrichsfeld follows next. We cross a forest of pines. We arrive at Mannheim at 9:30 o'clock. We visit the Schlossgarten which resembles very much the Retiro of Madrid.² We cross the Rhine on foot on a wide bridge for pedestrians, streetcars, and trains. On one side can be seen a beautiful monument with the inscription *Erbaut unter dem Grossherzog Friedrik*,³ and on the other side which ends at Pfalz is seen another with the inscription *Erbaut unter Koenig Ludwig II*,⁴ the drowned king. Each one of us paid a toll of 3 pfennigs. We visit Ludwigshafen which does not belong anymore to Baden but to Bavaria and the most beautiful that we have seen is the new church in Roman style. The Rhine bridge is 375 feet long.

The Jesuitenkirche is a beautiful church in Mannheim, somewhat baroque in style: large, spacious, with fresco paintings, marble statues, and a grand organ. It has stained glass; on the altars can be seen beautiful oil paintings. Close to the statues of Dalberg, Iffeland and Schiller I have seen plane-

The following diaries — *From Heidelberg to Leipzig via the Rhine, Halle, Dresden and Berlin, From Marseille to Manila, From Manila to Calamba, and From Biñan to Manila* — are found in one notebook. A photostatic copy was used by the translator.

¹ That is, Rhine Valley.

² The beautiful park in Madrid.

³ Erected under Grand Duke Frederick.

⁴ Erected under King Ludwig II.

trees, wild cannas,⁵ etc. In Mannheim there was advertised a couple of dwarfs of the size of a doll of a hand's length, both of correct proportions and each one weighing 7 pounds. My traveling companions had seen them. Their little sketches:⁶

At 3:07 we left Mannheim. Kaferstrat is not beautiful. There is an iron foundry nearby. Waldhof follows. Here go down those who are going to Worms to change trains. We are in the vast valley of the Rhine. From Waldhof on are big larch trees (*Larchen*).⁷ Next is Lampertheim, Burstadt, and Biblis. The heat is suffocating; almost the same as in the Philippines. Follows Grossheim⁸ which in spite of its name has nothing big. Gerzoheim, Biebesheim, and Stockstadt follow. At Goddelau-Erfelden those who are going to Darmstadt change trains. At this station many common people boarded the train. Seeheim-Wolfskenlery, Dornheim. The people that are coming do nothing but sing in poor voices. Added to the heat this is a torment. We arrive at Dornberg Gross-Gerau where we have to change trains. At 5:05 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday I leave this place. This train goes to Hessen. An old woman with two grandchildren are in this coach. The old woman does not permit the boys the least movement. From here we travel towards the west passing by Gross-Gerau, Nauheim.

I arrive at Mayence (Mainz) in the afternoon, getting down at Central Bahnhof.⁹

MAINZ

The hotel in which I am lodged is the Holland, a hotel of the first class, from whose windows can be seen the Rhine. I have seen the exterior of the cathedral and also a part of the interior which seems to have beautiful decorations. In their respective squares I have seen the statues of Gutenberg by Thorwaldsen¹⁰ and of Schiller by Scholl. The latter one seems to me much better than the other and better than that at Mannheim: well-defined physiognomy, elegant air, and the face

⁵ Rizal calls this plant *tecas-tecas* (or *tikas-tikas*). It is a Tagalog common name for the wild *Canna indica* Linnaeus. (Courtesy of the Filipino scientist Dr. Leopoldo B. Uichanco.)

⁶ These are missing.

⁷ *Larix*.

⁸ The prefix *Gross* means big or large; literally the name is Big Home.

⁹ Central Station.

¹⁰ The statue of Johann Gutenberg (1400?-1468), German inventor of printing from movable type, made by Bertel Thorwaldsen (1768-1844), Danish sculptor.

reveals inspiration. In the left hand is an open book; in the right a stylus or pencil. From the Terrace of Maliloc can be seen fairly well the entire city, although not as well as in Heidelberg, but it can be seen that almost all the roofs of the houses are flat.

It is curious to see an obelisk standing in the Neubrunnen made of red stone decorated with fantastic little figures.

The women in the market all have on their heads a white cotton kerchief with small dots. The Holland Hotel is expensive.

The first class fare from Mainz to Bonn costs only 8.40 marks, the cheapest anywhere.

We left Mainz in a little steamer *Niederwald* at 7:30 in the morning of Tuesday, 10 August. The steamer has quite a number of passengers. Though it is neither as clean nor as shiny as the French boats, nevertheless, it leaves nothing to be desired. It is of the drum type which makes much noise and is annoying. We pass under the bridge. The round trip ticket costs two marks.

THE RHINE

We pass between Peters Aue and Jugelheimer Aue. The banks of the Rhine are in fact beautiful. The poplars stand up stiff and erect; our bamboos on the other hand are sweet and flexible. At our left is the new Mainz still under construction. The son of Charlemagne, Louis the Debonnaire, died in Peters Aue. Before us extends the horizon.

Petersheim, a small fortress which overlooks the Rhine, was built to guard the passage. I have not traveled on a steamer for three years. At this moment I am thinking of our Pasig. The factories on the banks of the Rhine remind me of Mandaloyon, near Sta. Ana. Biebrich reminds me of San Miguel with its handsome buildings and gardens. Through a comfortable pier the passengers land. At Biebrich other passengers join us, among them a sister of charity. Nassau Pension. Hotel Bellevue.

At Biebrich begins on the right side the Rheingau, a mountain ridge which rises on the north. Wheat fields forming golden pictures. Were it not for the beautiful towns and extensive plantations on these banks, the Pasig would have been superior to them. The Rhine is wider than the Pasig

near Malacañan.¹¹ We see some birds flying over the surface of the water. The gray mist extends to the far distance. Beautiful little houses surrounded with pine trees are found on the banks; at present the right bank belonging to Hessen is the most beautiful; the left bank is lonely and sparsely populated.

In Eltviller Aue on the right there is a beautiful little house with its tower, Lichtensternscher Hof.

From Eltville can be seen in the middle of the Rhine the Rhine Aue wrapped in mist. A very beautiful Gothic church in the midst of the poplars can be seen in Erbach, built by Lais. In Oestrich is found the castle of Johannisberg standing on a hill. In the distance, in the middle of the Rhine, stands Fulda Aue.

I disembarked at Bindesheim. Round trip to Niederwald on cog-wheel railway costs 1.25 marks.

The national monument in Niederwald is beautiful but it is not as beautiful as I imagined it was and as I have been told. I imagined a grand monument.¹² I imagined "Germania" as beautiful.

At the foot of the pedestal we read: "His Majesty Emperor and King William concluded his speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the monument on 16 September 1877 with these words: 'As my father at one time said to the Prussian people before the monument in Berlin so I say here now at this significant place to the German people that this monument is a memorial to the dead, it is the expression of the gratitude of the living, and it is to serve for the information of future generations.'"

¹¹ Since the earthquake of 1863 that caused considerable damage to the buildings in Manila, including the residence of the captains general in the walled city or Intramuros, Malacañang Palace has been the official residence in Manila of the chief magistrates of the nation. It is now occupied by the President of the Republic of the Philippines. It stands in a beautiful park on the bank of the Pasig River, but the original palace has undergone many transformations over the years.

¹² The National Monument on top of the Niederwald was unveiled on 28 September 1883. The figure of Germania, 10 meters high, stands on a pedestal 12 meters high. Below the figure is the imperial eagle 2½ meters high. In the middle of the under socle is a relief showing the emperor on horseback and other German princes and generals. To its right rises the figure of Peace and to its left that of War. Below this relief on a projecting socle are allegorical figures of the Rhine and the Moselle. The monument was designed by Professor Weissbach of Dresden and the Germania and the reliefs by Professor Johann Schilling of Dresden, modelled and cast by Von Miller at Munich.

Walking towards the Jagoschloss I saw a squirrel which I pursued. The woods were lonely and peaceful; a bright day; the road well tended; the trees were almost all birches: On the 6th or 8th tree near the wooden placard I carved my initials: JR.

In the Jagoschloss, which is an old house with slate roof in the shape of an octagon, I drank lemonade. I must say that it is costly, 50 pfennigs. The soil is yellowish.

In Rossel, there is a tower in the form of an artificial ruin whose watcher is an old man with long beard.

The road from Rossel to the monument is through a forest of very old trees. I picked some oak leaves from the tree which grows beside the monument at Niederwald. At noon I return to Rüdeshheim. The trains are always full. Each coach carries 80 persons. In the coach where I am there is a couple who quarrel over trifles such as, whether or not the train arrives before or after three minutes; if this coach goes before or after, if not, if so; they quarrel and call each other obstinate: Now they are quarreling about the omnibus, if it is going or coming or if they will take it. This couple could have spared everyone of this scene if they had traveled on foot; only that is inconvenient. The husband is stubborn; the wife, domineering.

Vineyards of Johann Bapa Sturm.

Beautiful stained glass in the windows. The Rhine, Moselle, Main, the Lorelei rock. A gentleman won a large property for having drunk from a boot in a single draught. His name is Poss von Maldouk.

The cost of living is higher in the Rhine than in any other part of Germany. A meal here costs me 3 marks. The temperature is 30° centigrade.

The Rhine becomes suddenly narrow beginning with Bingen. On the steamer *Hohenzollern* we left Rüdeshheim at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. At Bingen so many passengers boarded the steamer that we were crowded. There was an old man who did nothing but praise Germania.

The Mauseturm is beautiful. The Ehrenfels is a beautiful ruin. There is a beautiful Jewish girl on board. There is a rock in the middle of the river. The castle of Rheinstein is beautiful. It reminds one of the Schwaltenert im Neckar Hainach. The left bank is now the most beautiful. Numerous

castles can be seen: Rheinstein, Reichstein or Falkenburg, Sooneck. The poplar is common in Mainz. Rudesheim ends here in this portion of the Rhine.

On the rock of Lorelei the face of Napoleon I has a too prominent nose. The Lorelei is the *Malapad-na-bato*¹³ of the Rhine. At every point there is a castle. Even modern houses are built in the style of a castle. At St. Goar many persons disembarked. Everywhere I turn my eyes there are ruins of castles. That of St. Goar is large, almost like that of Heidelberg. Boppard is picturesque and has many pretty houses. Many passengers disembarked here. Near Braubach the poplar appears again. In Braubach is the Marksburg, a well-preserved old castle.

In Oberlahnstein we saw youngsters on the bank and we shouted "Hurrah" and they shouted in turn, which reminded me of the youngsters of the Pasig River.

Above Pfaffendorf are modern fortifications. There is a bridge which opens and closes to let boats pass through. It was already afternoon when we arrived at Coblenz.¹⁴ The Rhine here is wide. There are handsome edifices in Coblenz.

In front of Weissenturm we see a sunken boat with its poles and ropes protruding with a lighted lantern. At nightfall it begins to rain a little. At Neuwied are the factories belonging to Krupp and Germania. They are iron works. A thunderstorm is beginning when we arrive at Neuwied, a city where men of all faiths are equal; an industrial center. The storm begins, rain falls, and the wind is increasing, and the boat drags a pier. The women are frightened; no one however cries nor faints. We stop. A man says; "It is lucky that this happened near the land!" It continues to rain heavily. Cheerfulness prevails on the boat. They say that a man has fallen into the river. It is already 7:00 o'clock when we leave Neuwied, thereby losing 1 1/2 hours. On the boat are two young Dutch girls with whom I talk.

The banks of the Rhine at this point are more mountainous than elsewhere. The sunset is magnificent. A pinkish tint rises from the greenish silhouette of the hills; long clouds extending horizontally gather around the neck of the hills; the

¹³ Malapad-na-bat6, a Tagalog phrase literally meaning "Broad Rock", jutting out on the Pasig River. The ancient Tagalogs had woven many legends about it. The Spaniards converted it into a revenue station guarding the traffic through the Pasig.

¹⁴ Koblenz.

poplars disturb these parallel lines like the pointed towers of the churches and castles which, although they do not abound in this place, are nevertheless not missing.

The moon shines feebly on the Rhine; the trees can hardly be seen; it is cold. The boat is full of passengers. We arrive at Bonn. I took a room in the Rheineck. The Bathaus in Bonn is fairly beautiful. The cathedral seems to me ugly. The statue of Beethoyen is slightly interesting. The Protestant church is a beautiful Gothic.

The railroad stations of Germany are in general beautiful. Steel, glass, zinc are visible in these structures; only wood is not used.

We left Bonn at 7:20 in the morning of Wednesday for Cologne. The environs are good plains. The round trip ticket costs 1.75 marks. The trip is one hour long. Brick houses in the environs. Almost all the houses here are made of brick.

I meet at the railroad station of Cologne Mr. Carvajal, a deputy. In Madrid this gentleman seemed to me very tall; here I find him short. Really the cathedral is superb. We talked a little in Spanish. Afterwards I visited the cathedral. Its lofty towers which point to the sky seem to touch the clouds that move slowly.

Going up the tower we saw the Kaiser Glocke made out of French cannons, a gift of the emperor. It is large and can hold a man comfortably inside. Cologne is magnificent. From the top of its towers can be seen a most beautiful panorama: Imposing edifices, churches with turrets, an extensive plain, the Rhine. It seems to me the highest tower I have ever climbed and in the world. The proportions of this cathedral seem perfect and the stained glass of its windows are most beautiful and superior to those of the cathedral in Barcelona in their proportions. Here the colors are beautifully combined, although the rose window of the choir is missing and in its place is the gift of the prince and princess of Prussia. To study all these stained glass windows would take more than a year. I have been walking everywhere and all I have done is to get lost. The treasures of the cathedral are beautiful and precious, enough to tempt a Herr Spazzo.

I am going to eat at the Café Verny. The girls are dressed in blue with black blouses, carmine sleeves, and white apron.

Koeln (Cologne) is a city which offers many attractions. The monument to Moltke with his statue is beautiful and well

delineated. The Café VERNY is inexpensive and can be recommended. It is located on Salomonsgasse and the service is good.

I was greatly pleased with the Museum of Fine Arts which I did not expect to find in this city. A beautiful painting by Werner showing Moltke in the Battle of Sedan. Moltke is a little inclined as if following closely the course of the battle and some officers behind are looking at him. Another painting of Elizabeth of England signing the death sentence of Mary Stuart. In short I leave Cologne very much contented and satisfied with this city. Were it possible I would have stayed here.

We left Cologne at 2:25. In the coach where I am are three women of the middle class who speak English, French, and German. Cologne resembles very much Barcelona although it has many more and better houses. On top of the tower in Cologne the wind is cold.

I returned to Bonn at 3:04. I saw Mr. Carvajal who was still looking for his son. We left Bonn on the *Gutenberg*, a small boat, ugly and old, which has nothing that those plying in Laguna could envy. From afar can be discerned the Drachenfels where it is said Sigfried killed the dragon which made him invulnerable.

At Koenigswinter many persons disembarked to go to Drachenfels. From here was taken the hard white stone for the building of the Cologne cathedral. Of this old castle only a portion of the walls and tower remain. Beside it there is a fine hotel in the new Gothic style.

The Rolandsbogen, the arch of the castle built by Roland, stands on top of a hill and is covered with ivy. It is picturesque. In front of it is Drachenfels. In the direction of the station of Rolandseck the Seven Mountains¹⁵ spread before us. The passengers have been reduced to a few. The afternoon is beautiful, the sun is shining but it is not warm. The Rhine reflects its rays. Instead of castles, here are vineyards which are thick until Remagen. In Unkel there is a statue of the Virgin. Near Remagen, on a rock under a beautiful hotel there is an image of a virgin.

¹⁵ Siebengebirge, the Seven Mountains are Oelber 464 meters high; Lowenburg 459; Lohrberg 440; Nonnenstromberg 336; Petersberg 334; Wolkenburg 328; and Drachenfels 325.

On the right bank, at this moment can be admired a beautiful spectacle: the sun gilds with some of its rays wheat fields while everything around lies in shadows. The church of St. Apollinaris is a Gothic edifice built in this century. Of beautiful proportions it has four towers. Basalt rocks rise on the right bank of the river. The castles have not yet appeared on the banks. The people greet us by waving their handkerchiefs.

These basalt rocks are used for building houses and are exported to Holland for the construction of dikes.

The ruins of the castle of Ockenfels covered with ivy stand on the high bank. Walls and a portion of the tower remain.

Linz is a large city with gardens on the right bank. It extends along the foot of the hill surrounded with vineyards.

The Ahr River as it joins the Rhine passes under a bridge. A Prussian officer in green uniform adorned with red galloons.

The Rhine in this region is less populated than in other parts. The officer smiles seeing some Englishmen measure the Rhine with a photographic card.

The Brohlbach is today dry. A beautiful island planted with poplars and shrubs and uninhabited rises in the middle of the Rhine whose banks in this part are mountainous.

In the evening three young German girls were singing in a low voice on deck. We arrive at Coblenz at night. I took lodgings in an inn. On Thursday in the morning I toured Coblenz and I saw a statue of August von Goeben with a beautiful pedestal. Coblenz is well fortified as befits the capital city of Rhenish Prussia. Lutzel Coblenz is a small town located on the other bank of the Moselle. It is connected with Coblenz by two bridges: one of stone and the other half stone and half steel on which the railroad passes and whose columns are fortified. I take breakfast in Lutzel Roblantz.

In Neuendorf there is a chapel of a virgin called Maria-helf (Our Lady of Succour). There I saw a woman praying. For sale are replicas of eyes, legs, ears, heads and candles like in Antipolo. The chapel is surrounded with chestnut trees. In Petersberg I saw Prussian soldiers drilling. The precision and spirit with which they do it is indescribable. The tomb of Marceau, guarded by a soldier, has this shape:¹⁶

"Died at 27 years; a soldier at 16; general at 22."

¹⁶ Marceau was the brave French general Francois Séverin Marceau (1769-1796), mortally wounded in the Battle of Altenkirchen between the French and the Austrians. Even the Austrians mourned his death. The drawing is in the MS of his diary.

The Austrian general, Baron of Kray, said to him: "I would have given one fourth of my blood to have you alive as my prisoner, although I know that no emperor could have in his wars a tougher and more terrible enemy."

In the Clemensplatz there is a pyramid dedicated to this Elector. The post office is also in this square. It is a large building of red stone. I crossed the drawbridge over the Rhine and I went to the opposite bank to Ehrenbreitstein where there is a beautiful fortress built at the beginning of the present century by General Alster. This fortress overlooks the Rhine, all the environs, and the mouth of the Moselle. The house of the old Order of Knights Templars is in front.

On the boat where I am traveling there are three passengers who look like Japanese but I am not sure. One of them is already old.

At 10:00 o'clock sharp in the morning of Thursday we cast anchor at Coblenz. The boat was not full. There is a castle with Ionic columns before passing the bridge. It is called Koeniglich Schloss. The island of Oberwerth located almost opposite Pfaffendorf is inhabited although it is not very large. There are poplars. A bridge crosses it over which passes the train to Berlin. Many villas are found on the right bank with such names as Villa Helena, Vitoria, etc., etc. A cold wind blows over the river. It seems that this day will not be warm.

In almost every city of the Rhine one finds a hotel Bellevue. The castle of Stolzenfels rises to a height of almost 100 meters above the Kapellen. On the banks of the Rhine grow many alders.

The Japanese have difficulty in speaking European languages. The *Hansa* is a beautiful steamer, fast, elegant, clean, and well tended. One of the Japanese traveling with us, seen at the back, looks like Don Pedro,¹⁷ even the mustache. The banks of the Rhine at this point are rocky. The Japanese have refined manners. At Cologne, while visiting the museum, I met a man who asked me if I had been there the previous Sunday. I said no, but he assured me that he had seen me. I suppose it was a Japanese. Now, on the boat one of them approached me and we talked. He told me that he had been at Cologne. Then I told him it was Sunday and he visited the

¹⁷ A Filipino, perhaps Pedro A. Paterno.

museum with a guide. The Japanese was much surprised and he asked me how I found it out.

The ruined Mauseturm is still beautiful. The Rheinfels is large and reminds me of Neudsberg. They are beautiful ruins. Rows of walls surround them with ivy growing on them. The walls all have embrasures, some of which are embattled. The castle is built on a mountain of rock. Opposite Rheinfels is the castle of Katz, also in ruins.

The little city of Bingen seems to me boresome and ugly. The streets are dirty, narrow, and small. Only the houses on the banks of the Rhine are beautiful; those in the interior are small and ugly. The hotels are expensive and dirty. In the Hotel Germania where I am lodged, there is a fine veranda, it is true, but what rooms and what beds! The service is also pretty poor.

It seems warmer in this part of the Rhine than in other parts. This is the second time that I feel as warm as in our country or even warmer; perhaps this is also due to the woolen clothes we are wearing.

Of the three Japanese who are traveling with us only one knows European languages; the other two speak no other language but Japanese. The old one looks very much like Mr. Andres del Rosario; the one who speaks English and German Mr. Pedro A. Paterno, including the mustache.

Of all these Rhine cities the one that pleased me most was Cologne.

From the top of the mountain in Bingen is a commanding view of the Rhine; the Mauseturm and the Niederwald can be seen. The panorama is very beautiful. In the foreground is the Schloss Klopp. There is a legend concerning the Mauseturm. Bishop Otto II ordered men to be burnt in time of famine, saying that they were as useless as the rats which ate the wheat. For this reason, the rats ate him when he took refuge on the island.

The Rochuskapelle is an hermitage. For the first time in Germany I have seen the moon rise in splendor in a clear, blue sky with some pinkish clouds behind the forests of Bingen.

Friday, 14 — Today I see clearly the sunrise. One can look at the red disk without hurting the eyes. It rises little by little in the horizon.

At 7:15 we left Dinynnau. The *Merkens* is an old steamer with two chimneys. In front of the national monument is a sunken ship.

Many German women and above all English women wear their hair short like men. There was with us a young woman with short hair and without holes in her ears.

At 9:45 we arrive at Mainz. I cross the Rhine on a steamboat and I go to Kastel and from there take the train for Frankfurt.

Our farewell to the Rhine, to the old and poetic Rhine: Its waters will yet flow for many centuries like the generations of men. Perhaps the same waves that the sun evaporates and afterwards drops in the form of snow over the Alps, melted they again give life to the same river, and go over the same bed again and again like humankind that goes on taking the form of old dead beings. But, the spirit? Does the spirit return? Does it exist? I shall not see again the old Rhine. Dragged along by another impetuous current I shall lose myself also in other oceans. The Rhine is beautiful: It reminds me of the Pasig of my native land, and proudly I think that if the Pasig had on its banks more beautiful buildings, it would only envy the Rhine for its long course and abundant waters. (Read the legends of the Rhine.)

KASTEL

It is a fortified citadel in front of Mainz. Since my arrival at the place, I have seen only soldiers, infantry, artillery, *etcetera*. It's entirely a military city; I'll go from one side to the other.

We left Kastel on the express train at 10:56 in the morning of Thursday, 14th. Ticket 2nd class: 2.30 marks.

In the coach where I am, there is a couple: He is young and not ugly; she is old and is not passable. They caress each other and she puts up her face to his as if wishing to kiss him. She has mustache.

The roofs of the houses in these regions are of brick rather than slate. At our left can be seen the Taunus. In some parts to the right we have seen the Main River. We travel over the plain. We pass Horcheim, Hoechst.

FRANKFURT

The Staedel Institute in Frankfurt occupies a magnificent building. They used marble and mosaic in it with excellent taste. I was pleasantly surprised. It has an imposing entrance, a wide and beautiful marble stair with mottled balusters

and walls of mottled marble. Perhaps the building is worth more than its contents.

The statue of Goethe is beautiful; only he looks more like a rich banker than a poet. That of Gutenberg together with his two companions does not attract my attention.

In the zoological park of Frankfurt there is a department marked: *Testuesgeia* and inside were rabbits.

In the Frankfurt zoological park are magnificent lions.

Saturday

Frankfurt is a gay and beautiful city. The buildings are beautiful, elegant, and well built. The zoological park attracts attention for its handsome lions and tigers and also for the musical concerts held in the building. The Ariadneum is also beautiful for the Ariadne. This is a siren.

The palace of the stock exchange is an elegant building decorated with statues and groups of raised reliefs in excellent taste. It is not inferior to the buildings in Paris.

The opera house in Frankfurt is an elegant edifice, the second beautiful theater that I have seen which is built of white stones and surrounded with pillars and lanterns. On the top of the theater is a beautifully sculptured figure of Pegasus; on the two sides two candelabras surrounded with genii. Below is the group of the Three Graces and in their niches four Muses. On top of the main body of the building is Apollo riding in a chariot drawn by two nymphs in bronze, etc. It is a pity that the building does not stand on a high pedestal which could show off its beauty. Undoubtedly that would have been better.

The new synagogue is much more beautiful than the old one. Both inside and out it is a beautiful temple with much good taste. It shows that its devotees are moneyed people. The Jews who are praying are covered with the *Taled*¹⁸ which they kiss before covering themselves with it. There are many worshippers in the temple. The minister has a beautiful tenor voice. The pillars are of composite order.

Saturday 14

At 10:10 o'clock I leave Frankfurt, the second beautiful city I have seen in Germany. The fare in a third class coach

¹⁸ A piece of cloth with which the Jews cover the head and shoulders in their religious ceremonies.

which will take me to Leipzig from the Neckar station costs three marks.

We stopped a long while (1/2 hour) in Sachsenhausen, a city said to have been founded by Charlemagne transplanting many Saxons. We pass Oberrad, Offenbach, a city of 28,000 inhabitants with a pretty station. Here many persons boarded the train. The environs of Frankfurt are really beautiful.

Mühlheim is on the left bank of the Main. Next to it are pine forests on the right side of the road and on the left plains and plantations extending to the River Main. The first station should be Düttesheim but we do not stop. We go on it seems towards Hanau crossing the Main on an iron bridge. We stop a while at Klein Stenheim. At Hanau we stop quite a long time. Two military men are with me in the coach. Now we are crossing the Kinzig valley where Napoleon I routed an army of 40,000 men of the Allies under the command of Werder to whom a statue was erected in Heidelberg. Pine trees on the left. We find on the roadside a Reh, a kind of antelope, which ran to the interior of the forest. What has been done for those who died in this battlefield?

The two military men asked me if I was French. I said, "No." "Italian?" "Neither." "Farther away," I replied. "Farther?" "Therefore, Turk!"

The plain where Napoleon fought was wide. Now it is planted to potatoes. We arrive at Sangensebold at 12:12 o'clock.

(Liechtenstein is a small country which can offer 13 1/2 men in time of war.)¹⁹

We are going through Prussian territory now.

Gelnhausen is an old city. From afar it looks like a pile of bricks, situated at the foot of a mountain of red granite. The church is Gothic. Here we stop for 3 minutes. A storm is coming; the wind is blowing hard. The Empress of Austria has just arrived at this moment at Gelnhausen. We have seen the ruins of the castle which Frederick Barbarossa built here. The train ascends gently. We arrive at Wachersbach at 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon. This city is located in about one third of the road from Frankfurt to Bebra. I'm sleepy. We arrive at Salmünster at 1:20 o'clock. Here there is a castle called

¹⁹ Located between Switzerland and Austria, on the Rhine, it is an independent principality with an area of 62 square miles.

Stolzenberg. We are in the mountains of Vogel²⁰ or bird. We stop at Schlüchtern. The train is running with two locomotives because of the ascent. This region is very mountainous and reminds me of northern Spain. In Elm we stopped and ascended the mountain in zigzag. The top of the mountain is planted to birch trees; the rock is red. Beautiful red flowers grow on the slopes of the mountain. The mountain top is plain and cultivated. Over the mountain we pass through NeuhoF and Kerzell.

At 1:20 we arrive at Fulda, the famous reputed cradle of apocryphal books which so becloud history and the Spanish religion. Here are the remains of St. Boniface and its numerous churches prove its ancient origin as an abbey. Here all the bishops of Germany assemble.

At our right I see the mountains of Thuringia. We are crossing rapidly part of the Haune.

In Hünfeld there is a factory of beet sugar. We arrive at 3:12. At Burgharm we arrive at 3:50. Nearby is a tunnel which is quite short. Neukirche at 3:10. For the first time I see in Germany a herd of cattle near Hersfeld. In Hersfeld there is a gymnasium and the gymnasts wear caps like the students. Bebra is still 13 kilometers away. Bebra is 164.94 kilometers from Frankfurt. The Fulda River runs along our side on the right side of the road; not a very wide river, only about ten meters. It has more water than the Manzanares. There is an old wooden bridge over it. Here the rocks and the soil are red. At Mecklar we hardly stop. The first station which follows is Bebra where I hope we shall eat.

In Bebra I went down to eat, thinking that we would be allowed one hour; but I have hardly begun when we were called to the train. This game cost me 1:50 marks. We continue our trip. It rains. We pass a tunnel in the forests of Thuringia. We arrived at Gerstungen at 5:10. The houses in this place are painted red or they are made of very red bricks. The ruins of the old Wartburg Castle can be seen on the right of Herteshausen. We arrive at Eisenach 5:25 o'clock. The Wartburg Castle can be seen at the right before entering the station.

We left Eisenach at 6:20. We pass Wutha (take note that in this region abound names ending in "a" which is flat in German.) Froesstadt is a small city. At 7:25 we arrive at Gotha.

²⁰ Vogels Berg.

About eight o'clock we arrive at Erfurt, a city of 53,000 inhabitants, gloomy, paved, and with old houses, on the banks of the Gera, a small river, and gloomy like the city. Here took place the famous interview of Napoleon with kings, emperors, and princes who were courting his favor. The majority of the population is Catholic. I have seen two old bas-reliefs on the walls: one representing St. John the Baptist and the other, Christ crucified. The post office building is beautiful. The inhabitants must be very poor. I have not seen one passable restaurant. I take lodgings in the Silber which is not expensive. The meat dishes are prepared differently from those in south Germany. One eats well.

Sunday

On the following morning there is much activity at the station. Dressed in Sunday clothes the people are going on short excursions. Some however are going farther perhaps, judging by the tearful farewells and repeated adieus. The Germans have a notable convenience in their system of transportation: While in Spain hardly two trains daily leave for one point, here as many as 17 leave, and the third class is better than the second class there. Erfurt has a garrison of 3,000; its fortifications, however, are sinking and falling out. There are streetcars, but the railroad station is uncovered, although the building is quite large. In general the women are of regular stature, perhaps small for German women, and do not look very healthy. Erfurt is the place where I have seen the most stores of meat and sausages, relatively speaking. They save light during moonlit nights for the moon hardly shines in Germany. The sky remains blue. Nevertheless last night the moon shone splendidly in the sky and I could see it on the banks of the Gera through the poplars outlining the towers of the Catholic churches. The streets remain dark. At the station there are two dumb men who can understand each other perfectly through signs.

At 6:53 o'clock I leave Erfurt and I go directly to Leipzig, changing trains at Corbetha.²¹ We pass a bridge over the Gera. We are in a fast train. The environs are well cultivated and planted. The poplar can be seen in the distance; red flowers adorn the roadsides. Without stopping at any station we arrive at Weimar at 7:20 o'clock. Weimar has a beautiful station with columns of composite order with many

²¹ Korbetha.

floral decorations. The landscape is beautiful and the horizon is extensive and vast. We pass through Apolda, Gross Heringen at 8:10 o'clock. (Bebra is 210.4 kilometers from Halle.) At the right we see the Rudolfsburg ruins. The Saale flows by; we pass Koesen at 8:00. Naumburg at 8:25 o'clock, the station is beautiful and simple.

In Corbetha we had to ride in a coach solely for military men. There is a sign which says: *Lasst se nur gehre.* (sic.)

Durrenberg: We leave with many passengers. The coach makes a lot of noise.

I am passing through the place where three great battles had been fought. Frederick the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon I: Why does not laurel grow here instead of wheat and potatoes?

LEIPZIG

I arrived at Leipzig at 9:30 in the morning and I left my luggage at the station in order to look for a house.

Although it was Sunday and rainy, Leipzig pleased me and surprised me with its magnificent public buildings, wide and clean streets, and amiable inhabitants. I took refuge at the University from the shower and there on the bulletin board I read a sad thing: A very severe decision against a student announcing to the public that the young Frederick Wensel is forever expelled from all universities because his conduct makes him unworthy to attend classes. This announcement is signed by the Rector and the Judge of the University. After much walking I found a room at number 40, Albertstrasse, for 21 marks, breakfast and service included. I got my luggage and I am now installed in it. The carriage and the deposit cost me 80 pfennigs. Until now I like Leipzig.

Leipzig 14 October 1886 — I arrived at this city two months ago and until now I cannot complain against it. I find everything cheaper than anywhere else in Europe. Four days a week I go to the gymnasium for a fee of 75 pfennigs monthly. It is said that more than one thousand five hundred of the students here work and this gymnasium is one of the most important in Germany. I have visited what is called Napoleonstein,²² located on the west side from where Napoleon watched the battle of 18 June 1813.

²² It's a knoll.

I have also seen the fete of Sedan or the Sedanfeier on the 1st and 2nd of September. During the fete the beautiful fountain in front of the museum was inaugurated. It was built at the expense of a lady. It is red granite with bronze statues, sea-horses, tritons, sirens, and genii. It is very well made and moulded and every figure is in pairs.

I have made the acquaintance of Doctor Hans Meyer, author of one of the largest encyclopedic dictionaries of Germany. This gentleman is the chief of the Bibliographical Institute and traveled in the Philippines exactly two months after I have left my country. He presented me with a copy of his little book on the Igorots. I have been correcting the proofs of a guide to conversation in Spain.²³

Yesterday in the company of a schoolteacher named Hering I visited one of the two largest breweries in North Germany. It is located in Reudnitz; it is the property of Mr. Riebek; and it is as old as I am, having been founded in 1861. It is colossal. They made us visit, among other things, the storerooms where beer is preserved whose cold temperature is due to natural ice and the machinery. We visited one of the 30 divisions where 45 to 50 large barrels with a diameter of 2:50 to 3 meters each, are kept. It is estimated that the daily production is some one hundred thousand liters of beer. We have also seen the department where leavening is made in large *cauas*²⁴ which reminded me not a little of those of sugar. There are even steam apparatus for the washing of the barrels, etc. One of the curious things that I saw is the apparatus for cooling beer in a short time.

The beer that falls from above "A" is still steaming as it passes through pipes with running cold water inside. When it reaches "B" it has a temperature of 4°. Such a rapid change takes place in a few seconds. After this we were invited to drink beer in one of the rooms. I had to take 3 glasses and I left completely merry. I am told that the lowest pay of a schoolteacher here is 1,400 marks; the maximum is 3,200 marks.

HALLE

On the 21st of October I went to Halle from the Magdeburger Leipziger station. The third class round trip ticket cost

²³ This notation seems to indicate that Rizal was working for a publishing house at Leipzig as a corrector of copy, for he was then in need of money for the printing of his novel *Noli me tângere*. See his letter to his brother dated Leipzig, 12 October 1886.

²⁴ Or *kawas*, vats.

me 2.10 marks. In the coach there were one old woman, a young woman, and myself. Afterwards one man joined us. The plain is well cultivated and populated. Pine trees grow on the banks at certain distances. In the distance can be seen poplars surrounding the towns. We pass Schkeuditz, 14 kilometers from Leipzig. Afterwards began the 2.2 kilometers from Leipzig, 9:30. In this part of Germany, perhaps because of the level ground, I see many windmills. At 9:40 o'clock we arrive at Halle.

$\frac{0'05}{20}$	$\frac{101}{120}$	solution of nitrate of
		silver

Sublimat 20:10,000 = Borsandre 4/0

Cocaine 2/0 = Berlin Schweiger

In 22 months they have 10,800 patients

Medical Ophthalmoscopy
Gowers

I have eaten luncheon for one mark, tip and beer included.
An observatory in the middle of the park.

An Explanation of Genesis at the University of Halle
2:25 = 21 October 1886.

The majority of the students of theology become priests. The course of study is from six to eight semesters. They are taught the history of Catholicism.

The professor speaks: It is not genesis: the Pentateuch. First part, hour — Nebum — Getabum —

Genesis liber die Grundung Gottesreiches in Israel — Pentateuch = Gesetzbuch. Lepner la tora o vapros = Eodo 11—14

Notice to Girls, etc.

In German newspapers it is usual to find announcements for housekeepers, companions, maids, servants, etc. The interested parties are requested to present themselves at certain stations in Holland, France, or England. The Rotterdam Association, in order to abolish prostitution, warns women and girls to be very careful with such advertisements.

I return to Leipzig in an express train.

DRESDEN AND BERLIN

At 5:50 o'clock of the 29th of October I left Leipzig to go to Dresden. Third class ticket: 4.70 marks. Snow around Risi.

I arrived at Dresden at 8:20 o'clock in the morning and stayed at the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten in Neustadt. Immediately I went to the picture gallery where I found many paintings, the most notable of which is the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, many by Tintoretto, Titian, Veronese, Ruysdael, Van de Velde, etc. The gallery is not rich in modern paintings. It has more landscape paintings and one of the Purgatory of Dante, etc. Afterwards I visited hurriedly the prints, sketches, and crayon drawings which, although they are all copies, are quite interesting. From there I went to eat at Kneist which did not impress me much. Afterwards I went to the Bruhl Terrace at the Café Belvedere which pleased me much. The service is good and it is not expensive.

30 October. — This morning I visited the so-called Japanese Palace which is more Chinese than Japanese, because the very exhibits that are responsible for its name are more Chinese than anything else. I visited the garden that surrounds it and I found nothing notable in it. At 10:00 o'clock when what they call Antiken-Sammlung opened I went to see the statues and busts, the majority of which are antique restored or completed, many being meritorious; the boxes of mummies, funeral urns, Assyrian and Greek bas-reliefs, figurines of Tanagra, and a statue of Augustus which I have not seen until now. It is of marble and nude from the waist up. There are many important busts.

From here I went to the rich gallery in the royal palace which is called Grünes Gewölbe, that is, Green Vault where the crown jewels are kept. The entrance fee costs one mark and the catalogue costs the same. It is impossible to list the wealth found there in one notebook. The eyes are dazzled by so much silver, gold, and precious stones which the labor and intelligence of man have wrought in the course of years. Big diamonds, a green one among them being of this magnitude:²⁵ Yellow, white, clear and very beautiful diamonds fill some shelves; sword hilts which perhaps had not served either humanity or the fatherland nor contributed to the fame of their owners but after all are very precious; sets of topaz, emerald, ruby. The Saxon monarchy must be very rich. This museum is a worthy pair of the gallery of paintings, both being very rich jewels of a nation. From here I went to eat at the Englischer Garten where the service is very good and although the price is high, it is not however dear. Afterwards I visited the

²⁵ Rizal's drawing is oval-shaped, nearly 2.5 centimeters in length.

Zoological, Anthropological, and Ethnographic Museum, which is also very rich. There I saw a collection of a few insignificant things of the Philippines placed beside those of other islands with little advantage to them. Among the birds and reptiles I saw some from the Philippines. There is a rich collection of bird-flies and birds of paradise. I called on Dr. A. B. Meyer, who, for being very busy with a man who was leaving for New Guinea the next morning, could not receive me. However, he begged me to come back the following day at 10:00 o'clock so he could show me many curious things. He regretted much that he could not be with me longer. From there I visited the squares of Moltke, Bismarck, and Ferdinand. There is here a very pretty statue of a thief of geese. In the other is a statue of a nymph with the god of love. From here I went to the Russian church, small but pretty, in the form of ++, Russian architecture, semi-Oriental with five towers, images of Christ, the Apostles and St. Michael. Wax lights on the altar, stearine in the rest of the church, and gas at the entrance. They have no organ.

This morning I was again visiting the Anthropological and Ethnographic Museum. Mr. A. B. Meyer received me very well. He pointed out to me some interesting things of the Palau Islands, such as articles of adornment and instruments for ravishment and of priapism. He showed me objects found in tombs in the Philippines whose origin is difficult to discover. I also noted the shape of the houses on the Palau Islands, a large canoe, etc. From there I went to hear the High Mass at the Catholic Church.²⁶ Truly I have never in my life heard a Mass whose music had greater sublimity and intonation. The woman who sang had a voice so pure, clear and pleasant that it is impossible to imagine a better one. It is true that in music I am a zero. The orchestra was perfect. I noted one thing which attracted my attention very much. On the benches there are signs which say "*Für Katholiken reserviert*", that is, "Reserved for the Catholics". Therefore many who went to hear Mass out of curiosity, that is, the Protestants, prefer to stand up to sitting down. After the Mass I visited the Johanneum.

Truly the crown of Saxony has many jewels and precious things. I thought all the boxes of jewels and watches were in the Zwinger. Now I see that there are more in the Johan-

²⁶ Here again we have an instance of Rizal's loyalty to his Catholic faith. Even though he was traveling, he went to hear Mass.

neum and they are certainly precious. There is a grand astronomical clock ordered by the Elector Frederick the Wise, I believe; a very rich collection of saddles with precious stones; trophies, armors, and rifles; the boots Napoleon wore at the Battle of Dresden and those of Murat; the sandals worn by Napoleon I at his coronation; his death mask; the armors of Sobieski, of the Elector Moritz with the hole made by the bullet that killed him at Sievershausen, and of Augustus the Strong with dents, and the horseshoe which he broke. In the tent of Emir Mustafa I found two objects which looked like the *salacot*²⁷ woven in Manila.

1st. — The day is splendid. Today I leave for Berlin. Yesterday, after visiting the Johanneum I went to eat at Restaurant Aussendorf which cost me 2.30 marks. Afterwards I went to see statues and I took a walk in the large garden where a beautiful palace stood beside the pool. From there at 6:30 I went to see at the royal theater in the new city the play *Nathan the Wise*. The seat cost me 4 marks. The actors were very mediocre and the show bored me. Many Jews attended it and one beautiful Jewess sitting in front of me, deeply moved, was crying. The Saladin had nothing good in him except his figure. Daja Alhafor and the lay-brother were the only acceptable actors. *Nathan the Wise* was very mediocre. I prefer to read Lessing to seeing his plays on the stage. The Germans are decidedly not great actors.

This morning I took breakfast at the Café Passage which has very good newspapers. Today the crafty coachman who conducted me from the hotel to the Berlin station tried to collect more than the regular fee. Fortunately a policeman intervened. I do not recommend the Hotel Jahreszeiten because of its desire to deceive. The concierge connived with the coachman to fool me. I am waiting for the Berlin Express. I believe we are departing from here at 10:17 A.M.

The third class trains are heated. I am very comfortable in my compartment. The day is superb and in spite of the deceitfulness of the hotel employees, I am happy. These third class trains are very much better than second class trains in Spain. We have passed the Elbe. We arrive at Weinboehla 19:25 (10 35) (18 kilometers). Pine trees on the sides of the road. Beautiful scenery, small cities. Autumn gives beautiful tints to the trees: reddish yellow, green, orange. I don't

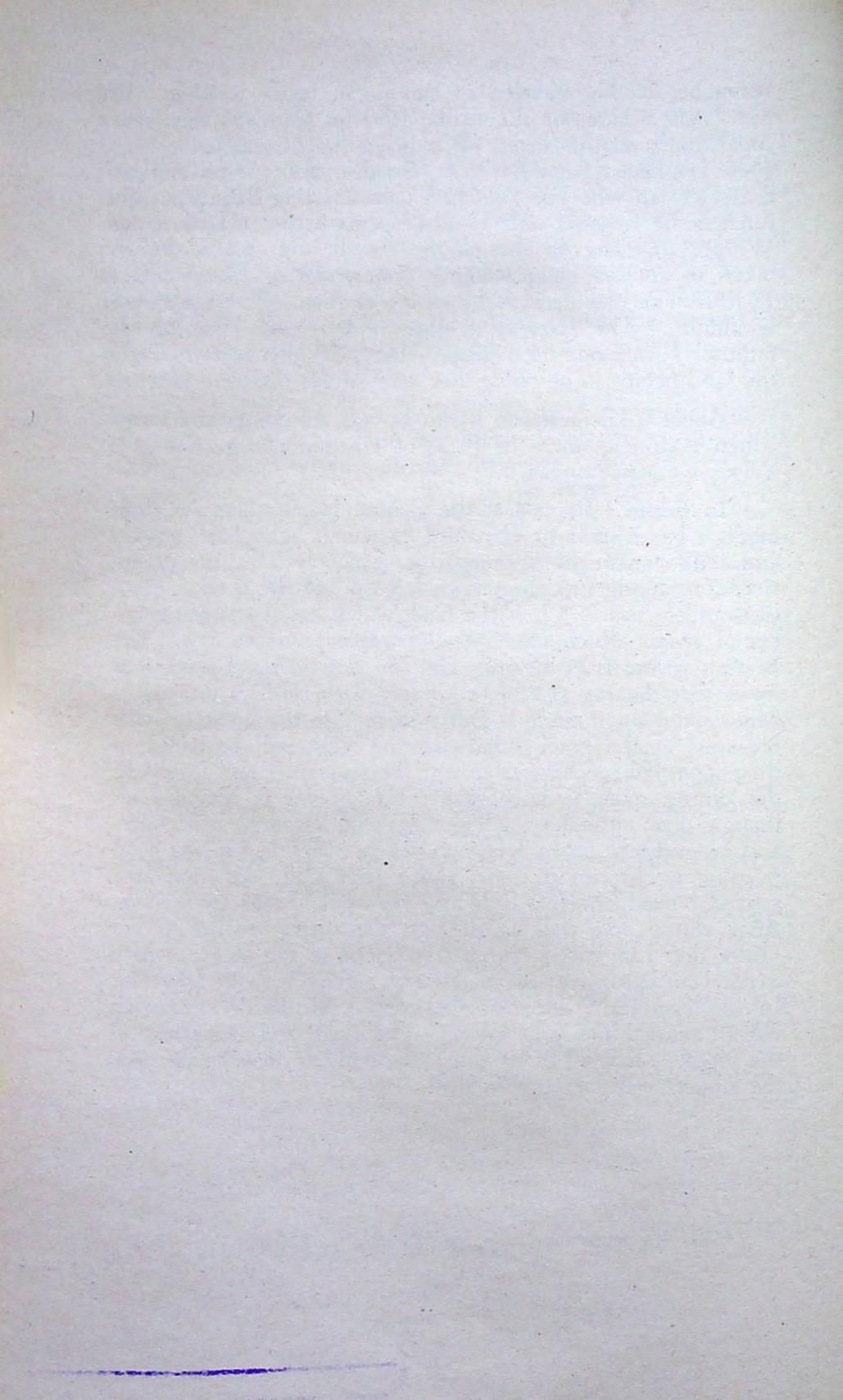
²⁷ A Philippine helmet made of woven straw or rattan with lining and sometimes with artistic silver decorations.

remember having traveled in Europe in better weather. We have met a hare on the road. To the Germans this has a superstitious significance. We arrive at Grossenhain 11:10 (140 kilometers from Berlin). Beside me sits a fat and reddish German who talks much, like a traveling Spaniard. Fortunately he is going only to Elsterwerda at the nearby station. We are traveling on the plain. For having smoked he was taken to another compartment. We arrive at Elsterwerda at 11:15. The past decides the future of men. There are many windmills. The Express in Prussia runs one kilometer per minute: I walk one hectometer. About 40 kilometers to Berlin the land begins to be sandy, but very sandy: the sand is white.

About 9 kilometers to Berlin we can see domes and towers which I suppose must be those of Charlottenburg. At 1:25 o'clock we arrive at Berlin.

In Berlin I stopped at the Central Hotel where for three marks I had a room on the third floor with light, heat, service, and admission to the Wintergarten, which is really not expensive, considering that the service is good and the hotel is beautiful and first class. It is the hotel which has the largest number of rooms which are 400. I occupied number 294. The heating system is by steam. The bed is good but I think it is mean that the rug should be covered with cloth to prevent its being worn out and it is crafty to require the guests to take breakfast at the hotel, otherwise one mark will be added to their room rate. This is abusive. The service is well regulated; the dining room is large; the reading room is beautiful although, like all hotel reading rooms, it has only newspapers and insignificant books. The post office established in the hotel is good; it has two elevators and a large staff. As soon as I arrived I fixed myself a little and went out to look for a room. After eating and walking through the streets parallel to the Unter den Linden²⁸ I found a good one at the Jaeger, which is not very expensive: 30 marks with service without breakfast. In the evening I attended the concert at the Wintergarten which amused me very much. The farce and the tricks of the juggler made all of us laugh; the orchestra was perfect and the singers were accomplished.

²⁸ See his letter on *Unter den Linden*, p. 275.



4. MARSEILLE TO SAIGON

First day (3 July 1887)

We departed from Marseille at 10:30 Sunday. The weather was good. The sea was calm. Few people. The second class dining table is not as good as before. They have stolen my binoculars. When I wanted to get them to see the coast I could not find them. I have complained. The sea has a beautiful blue color. There are 3 Chinese, 2 Japanese, 2 Filipinos, and I. There are some young women all French. Until now I do not see any German or English woman. There is one Englishman. The "p"¹ who accompanies the Chinese seems very "p"

We are surrounded by a mist.

2nd day (4th). The sea is fairly calm; we stop and at our right is Sardinia.

Paris 40.30 — 8.50 — 3.19

3rd day 37.41 — 13.56 — 316

In the morning we pass near Sicily through the Strait of Messina.

4th day. The sea begins to get rough.

35°27'30" — 19.48 — 324 — In the afternoon we pass near Candia² which we discern vaguely in the distance. There are

This is Rizal's diary of his return to the Philippines after the publication of his novel *Noli me tángere*. A photostatic copy of his manuscript was used by this translator.

¹ Whore,

² Often called Crete, an island in E. Mediterranean.

in addition two Germans; one of them is going as far as the Philippines. One of them thinks that Shakespeare is the greatest tragedian and Goethe the greatest lyric poet.

5th day 33°17 — 25°38 — 327

The sea is more rough. My head aches and I am beginning to get seasick.

A. R. Venning³
Selangar
Singapore

Tulip

6th day

At 8:00 o'clock this morning we arrive at Port Said. We go down and tour the city. It seemed to me less beautiful and more lonely than 5 years ago. Altogether we spent about 5 francs. At 12:00 we continue our voyage.

7th day

At 10:00 o'clock in the morning we arrive at Suez. Various peddlers came on board. I bought some articles made of sandalwood, so they said.

8th day Sunday

We are in the Red Sea whose waters are blue. It is more rough than five years ago.

9th day — Monday

It is hot. Perspiration is terrible.⁴ On the boat are two coarse gentlemen talking in insulting language the whole day.⁵

10th day — Tuesday

Last night many of us slept on the deck. The heat continues.

We talk of Victor Hugo.

11th day — Wednesday

We arrive at Aden at 2:00 in the afternoon.⁶ The sea is green.

³ The name and address of a fellow passenger perhaps.

⁴ This entry is in French.

⁵ This entry is in German.

⁶ This entry is in Italian. Rizal writes in different languages in order not to forget them.

12th day (14 July) — Day of the Republic (of France)

An English warship and a French warship, both dressed, in front of Aden. The English warship has hoisted a French flag to the top of the second pole.

On our ship there is nothing to be seen but French flags and buntings, one of them looking like the blue and white of Bavaria. Last night there was a change in the wind. It was so strong that it awakened us. The English mail boat arrived greeting us with cannon shots, three they say, but I heard only two.

At 2:00 o'clock we departed from Aden. The sea is quite rough. One passenger disembarked and three embarked.

18 July, Monday, 16th day of the voyage.

The weather was so bad during the last days that I got seasick. — Now, at 12:25 the engine stopped and for an hour and a half we navigated by sail. They have made preparations to catch a shark. Let us see what will happen.

On the 21, Thursday

In the morning we arrive at Colombo. At 4:00 o'clock I bought a hat.

22 July

We are still in the harbor of Colombo. We will depart at 10:00 o'clock in the morning.⁷ The general, Mr. Watson Agnel, and his family and a Breton doctor have left for India.⁸ Yesterday we, Fentz and I, Messrs. Soyema and Naganu, were at Colombo to visit the temple of Buddha. In the garden, Arabi Pach was sleeping. I took coffee and lemonade. I am not in very good health.

25 July, Monday

This morning at 9:30 we saw the island of Pulo Brat. The sea has become completely calm and we sail along the coasts of a multitude of islands including Sumatra. The passengers have become calm again. Last night the ship moved in such a way that I fell from my deck chair. The commander is always

⁷ This entry is in German.

⁸ The last clause is in French.

courteous and the judge very dirty. The magic mirror of the Japanese. — Taicosama. — It is expected that we will be in the Strait of Malacca in the morning and in the evening in Singapore.

Mrs. Irene Trine —

Don't be deceitful, don't be disturbed, don't dream —
Carry, defiantly triumphant —
Away, the dreamy look —
Wipe off the tears of tragic distress —
drink down trickling, refreshing
bunch of grapes.⁹

26 July, Tuesday

This morning when we woke up the sea was smooth like a mirror. Will arrive at Singapore in the morning.

On the sea when the sky is dark so also is the water, like two great beings who love each other, they mutually reflect the infinite.

In the afternoon a ray fish had the bad luck of bumping against the prow of the ship. It was 3.85 meters long. It was a male.

Thursday, 28 July

This morning at 6:00 o'clock we leave Singapore which we visited yesterday. Alas, the first foreign city I saw, did not impress me much. I visited again the Botanical Garden where I saw a beautiful specimen of the Royal Victoria. The leaves can be one meter in diameter.¹⁰

This morning a butterfly has been following us since Singapore for more than 4 hours. The butterfly was flying beside the ship trying as much as possible to go at the ship's velocity. Annamites have come, bringing horses, parrots, cockatoo, and insect-leaves. The insect-leaf is admirable. It seems that Nature as a game or pastime for its amusement has imitated particularly the leaf in making it. The Annamites wear a kind of turban, a long black Chinese shirt and long and

⁹ Translation from the German by Professor Cecilio López, University of the Philippines. This is perhaps just an exercise in German composition.

¹⁰ A remarkable aquatic plant of the water-lily family with spreading leaves often over 5 feet in diameter and immense rose-white flowers.

wide trousers. They have much of the Mongolian physiognomy. Our commander's name is Vatie.

29 Friday

The sea is fairly calm although there are some waves on its surface. The boat hardly vibrates.

30 July 1887 — Saturday

This morning at 3:00 o'clock we cast anchor in front of Saigon, waiting for the dawn to enter the river whose name I don't know.

We enter: The river is wide. Its low banks are planted with small trees.

Many houses along the river recall those of the Pasig: Nipa houses.

The judge who was traveling with us behaved like a dirty swine during the voyage and kept on his top hat which made him look taller.

Last night I dreamt that my father and I met; he was pale and thinner than usual. When I was about to embrace him, he withdrew pointing to me something on the floor. I looked and I saw the head of a black stag and a large snake which moved to entwine me. I'll see if I shall laugh again at dreams.

At 10:00 o'clock of the 1st of August the *Djemnah* left Saigon. From the bridge of our ship Mr. Fentz and I saluted it. It seems to me that there will be no more passengers than Mr. Fentz, two women, and I.

There are many Filipinos. A young man Paul Seinauer studies gratis at the College.



5. SAIGON TO MANILA

ON BOARD THE HAIPHONG

2 August 1887

There are only two first-class passengers: Fentz and I. Today we should depart for Manila. The two women are also going. I have a first-class ticket.

The afternoons and the mornings are pleasant on the Saigon River. The mosquitoes are beginning to bite me.

At 11:00 o'clock sharp we left Saigon. One Chinese goes with us. There are beautiful mountains on the way out. The Spanish consul in Saigon charged each one of us two pesos for the visa.

4 August — Thursday

The captain says that we shall be in Manila tomorrow afternoon if the weather continues to be as good as it is. Last night was full moon. I slept on deck the whole night. In the moonlight the sea presents a magnificent spectacle, solitary, deserted, immense. The heavens shine majestically from above; fleeting diaphanous clouds move slowly across the space. Far from the moon the stars shine faintly like shy little lights, not daring to go near. From time to time a thick cloud hides the moon and the whole sea is in darkness, except in a tiny space where the moon sheds abundantly its light producing a fantastic and grandiose effect.

5 August, Friday

This afternoon we should see land. The sea was calm when we woke up this morning. The sun was beginning to appear; the moon was fading in the west among pinkish clouds.

The dawn with pearly tints and some ruby-colored stripes scatter a brilliant light on the sea.

"If I were dear God, then I'd go home right away." — Tuckney.¹

The weather could not be more favorable. The sea is quiet as a pool of oil in spite of the cool breeze that blows.

At 1:10 the sailors already sight land; but I cannot see anything yet. At 1:20 I can discern at my left the vague shadow of a mountain.

The sunset behind Mariveles — the silhouette of the mountain — the background: gold, garnet, pink, and pearl.

At 9:00 in the evening we arrive and cast anchor. Some employees have come to visit the ship. One of them is Luis Giraudier who inspected our passports.

We have been waiting for more than an hour and a half for a carabineer to accompany us to land. The luggage has to wait for the arrival of a carabineer. The corporal of the carabineers — Adolfo Soma.

¹Anthony Tuckney, British author and authority on the Bible.



6. MANILA TO CALAMBA

8 August 1887

We leave Manila on the 8th August, early Monday morning, on a steamer — *Biñan*. The Pasig River seems to me more exuberant than before.

“Let us wait until we arrive in Calamba,” I said to a lady fellow-passenger, “and then I’ll tell you whether we can go back to Manila or not.” On the steamer were two young girls, Isabel and María, a student from Sta. Rosa,¹ several Chinese, and I. Pasig River. — Bamboo on the banks. The environs are not as beautiful as before. There is a lone wire by the river. The water of the Pasig River is dirty. The ruins of St. Nicholas’ tower are already gone. People still do their washing there as before. The grotto of Doña Gerónima² remains as before. The broadrock is not standing anymore as before, but seems levelled.



This diary is in German.

¹ A town near Kalamba, Province of Laguna.

² Rizal wrote down the legend of *Doña Gerónima* who lived in this grotto on the right bank of the Pasig River between San Pedro Makati and Malapad-na-bató.

7. BIÑAN TO MANILA

ON THE STEAMER BAKAL, 1887

The boat is full; an obvious democracy prevails. I believe that the fusion of the races will begin in the theater because the races mix very well when they have a common fate. Meanwhile I believe the Spanish Government will no longer put up with these conditions, because they are too democratic and do not favor the political objective of the Spanish colonial policy. Here we met Susara's small troupe; it seems to me that the Spaniards who came with us are the actors in the little operettas and *zarsuelas*.¹ Two girls — they must be actresses — came with them.

The captain of the ship was a former mechanic of *Lipa*.² He is now the captain, the collector, sometimes a housepainter also, a vulgar man but a well-meaning fellow. I met a gentleman, Yatco,³ who formerly knew French but has forgotten everything.



This diary is partly in Spanish and partly in German.

¹ Plays with singing parts.

² Rizal mentions the disaster of the steamer *Lipa* in his letter to his brother Paciano, Madrid, 13 February 1883, and asks for a list of those who died in it.

³ Mr. Isidro Yatco of Biñan.

8. HONG KONG, MACAO, JAPAN

MANILA. EN ROUTE TO HONG KONG

3 FEBRUARY - 13 APRIL 1888

3 February 1888

We departed at 5:00 o'clock p.m., Friday. On leaving Manila, I didn't feel that sweet and melancholy sadness of six years ago upon seeing the monuments. Now I feel horror seeing the turrets of the cathedrals and the big convents.

My brothers-in-law and cousins accompanied me.

4 — Saturday

We could still see the coasts of Luzon.

5 — Sunday

6 — Monday

The weather improves.

7 — Tuesday

We arrived in the morning in front of Emuy; it is raining.

8 — Wednesday

At 3:15 p.m. we arrived at Hong Kong.

Yriarte with one Mr. Mitjans came to the boat. I lodged at the Victoria School. I dined at the Victoria Hotel.

During Rizal's stay at his hometown Kalamba from August 1887 until his departure in February 1888 he received threats against his life from the Spanish friars who hated him on account of his progressive ideas and writings. Fearing for his life his family and friends compelled him to leave the country.

9 — Thursday

The *Zafiro* left; I wrote letters to Manila. — Postcard, 3 cents. Postage stamps, 5 cents. For foreign countries, 10 cents.

10 — Friday

I ordered Sra. Ipia's¹ portrait to be made.

11 — Today, Saturday, begins the Chinese festival which will last until Monday, inclusive. From 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon they have stirred up a colossal noise, lighting firecrackers by huge packages that lasted during the whole night. I invited to dinner at the Victoria Hotel those on board the ship.

12 — Sunday

The Chinese festival continues; the firecrackers continue. Yesterday I visited the Protestant, Catholic, and Muslim cemeteries. The first was beautiful on account of the trees and the cleanliness of its roads and tombs. I saw the tombs of Masons.

The second has some beautiful sculptured monuments. The Muslim has nothing particular about it, except the chapel and the tombstones with Arabic inscriptions.

They light long bunches of firecrackers from a window. Some can be fifteen *varas* long, mixed at times with large ones which explode almost like a bomb. At the end there is a little box enclosing a large number of firecrackers that scatter in an instant. The richer the Chinese, the more firecrackers he lights. The little Chinese boys dance and they are snatched away. They make one laugh seeing them dance in the fire.

I ate at the house of Mr. Basa at midday; we had *pansit*.² Afterwards we went to visit the American ship *Oceanic*, which pleased me very much.

I'm resolved to go on it. Afterward we ate at the house of Yong Heng.

We went later to the Chinese theater where I saw a curious play which I understood thanks to my companion Martínez.

¹ His sister Olimpia who died in September, 1887. *Sra.* is the abbreviation of the Spanish word *Señora*, literally "Mrs." in English. Rizal, a very respectful man, always referred to his married sisters as Sra. María, Sra. Neneng, etc.

² A dish of Chinese noodles.



JOSE MARIA BASA (1839-1907)

Filipino lawyer, friend of Rizal, residing at Hong Kong. He was exiled to the Mariana Islands as a result of the mutiny at the Cavite Arsenal in 1872. He was able to escape to Hong Kong.

A poor, very studious student, but very poor, looks for work. His father dies blessing him. Upon wishing to sell his body in order to bury his father, he encounters a merchant who gives him money. He becomes the future son-in-law of this rich merchant. The latter leaves his wife and daughter with a maid and undertakes a journey. There is a bad student, son of a mandarin, who falls in love with the fiancée of the poor student and he proposes to the stepmother to marry him to her daughter, saying that he is rich, *etc.* The avaricious stepmother accepts and she tries and wants to compel the poor fiancé to withdraw his proposal, alleging poverty, *etc.* The fiancé does not want to do so, for he says that he has given 300 pesos in advance. They get angry in their dispute and she demands that he sign an agreement stating that he is withdrawing, but he does not want to do it. She calls her stepdaughter and wants her to persuade her fiancé, but she refuses. She beats her. He calls the rich suitor and the two men engage in angry dispute and they beat each other and after kicking each other, he writes the agreement and signs it, in spite of the protests of the girl who lodges on the floor and cries. He hands over the agreement to his rival. But the young woman snatches it away and tears it. The rival wants him to sign another agreement, but he does not want any more. They beat each other several times. The stepmother picks up two brooms and wants to strike him. He snatches them and chastises the two on the belly and the body until he drives them away. His fiancée then gives him money so that he may flee and take his examination. He leaves. The stepmother and the rival plot to compel the young woman to marry him. She lashes him, but exasperated, she accosts them both with blows with a stick and they run away.

Both plot, but the maid hears them and the young woman escapes dressed as a student who is going to take an examination, with her umbrella, money, and gown.

Armed with a sword he pursues his rival, the poor student, meets him and rouses him, but a saint protects him and hides him from the other who finds nothing else but the money which he takes to the stepmother.

Led by the saint he is conducted to the garden of a rich man who has left his wife, daughter, and servant. The daughter falls in love with him, and through the maid, she gives him money, advises him to continue his studies, and then marry her. He accepts and leaves.

The girl's father finds the other disguised and takes her to his home and marries her to his daughter to the regret of the latter. She accepts in order not to reveal her disguise. They marry but the bride intoxicates her and she falls asleep. When her cap falls, they discover that she is a woman; they explain and they relate their love affairs and they become very friendly.

The naughty student and the stepmother fall in love with each other and the husband, returning from his journey, surprises them. They quarrel and the student kills him and she flees.

The other student, who is a mandarin, is going to fulfill his promise and asks for the hand of his second sweetheart and it is granted. On the wedding night, she introduces her friend to him and the old lovers recognize each other. The woman tells him about her adventures. He marries the two and punishes the guilty.

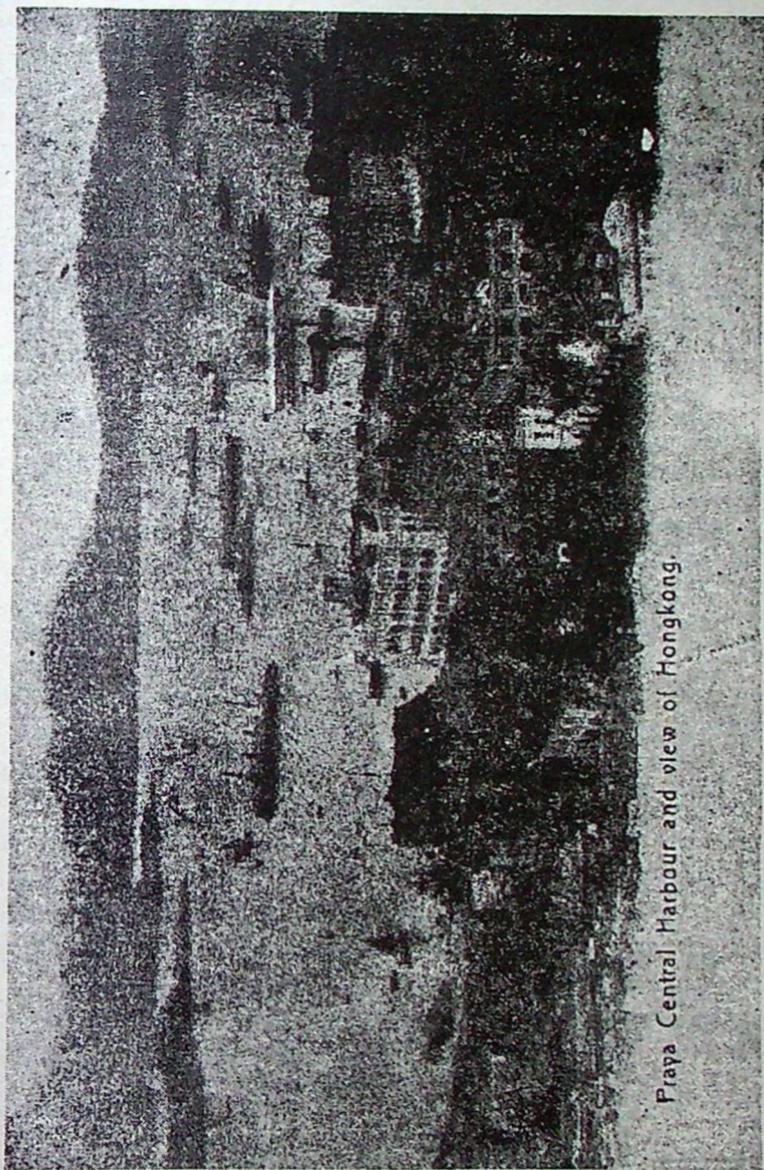
In the Chinese theater when what is said is an aside, the actor pretends either he does not hear it or does not see it, and he turns his back. When one goes on horseback, he carries only a whip and this means that he is going horseback. When he enters a house, he raises a foot. To represent the raising of a curtain, closing of a door, *etc.*, they make the appropriate gesture in the air. The actor who dies on the stage rises immediately and hides. Vomiting is portrayed, the wedding bed, the maid leads both to the room with a lantern. Red is the color of the wedding gown. The bride covers her face with a fan even in front of her husband. The wedding ceremony is performed by kneeling and invoking the divinity.

13 — Monday

Musical instruments. Two disks, a large drum or a wooden drum with the sound of a guitar. Violin and cornets. They throw refuse from one side to the other when they get mad.

14 — Tuesday

I ordered a suit at Robert Lang's. P16. I took a ticket and my trunk from the dock. I stepped on the Asiatic continent on the Chinese side as I did before in Malacca. Laurel, the procurator to the Dominican Fathers came to visit me. They have more than 750 houses in Hong Kong. They are stockholders of all the banks and they handle many millions. The



Praya Central Harbour and view of Hongkong.

Augustinians do not spend more than P3,000 in their missions at Hankow. The Dominicans engage in business.

15 — Wednesday

The silver frontals of the Church of St. Dominic and other churches are of white metal. The genuine ones were cast and brought to Hong Kong. Lorenzana died of asphyxia in the dungeon.

16 — Thursday

We went to visit Mr. Balbino Mauricio; we didn't find him. We saw his daughter Belén and her Portuguese girl friend who ran away upon seeing us. The houses occupied by the Chinese have overhanging stairs; the doors are of the pull and push kind. The Dominicans have some 1,000 houses.

17 — Friday

Chinese feast. *U-long* tea is bitter and it is one of the best, P3 a pound.

The table is ready; three saucers in front of every guest; the empty one is the largest — 8 centimeters (in diameter) — with a porcelain spoon; another a smaller one, with soya sauce; and the third, still smaller, with a little cup for the wine; the tiny cup has a content of five to ten grams. There is a tablecloth and a fork with two prongs. In the middle there are small oranges, salted eggs, almonds, and other seeds.

As each guest arrives, he is offered a cup of *U-long tea*, the superior tea. *Chasan*, P10 a pound.

When the Chinese get a mustache they can no longer shave — 60 years.

They begin dinner with tea; then dried fruits. Goose — Shrimps — Eggs — Meat — Sharks' fins — Nest — Tender duck — Chicken with champignon — Ray (fish) — Chicken with ham — Shark's belly.

Tea with 4 saucers — Chicken with ginger — Fish head — Mushroom and pork with two plates of rolls and tea.

18 Saturday

From Hong Kong to Macao. On board the *Kiu-Kiang*, a white boat, beautiful and clean, for river navigation, took us to Macao on a foggy day.

On the boat with us were Mr. José Sainz de Veranda, ex-secretary of the General Government, chief of forests; Mr. José María Basa, some Portuguese, and Englishmen.

The port of Macao is small, low, and marshy. Many junks, sampans, but few ships. It is gloomy and is almost dead. We lodged in the house of Mr. Lecaros, a feudal mansion. This gentleman, a Filipino married to a Portuguese woman, cultivates plants and flowers among which are many from the Philippines. He received us very well. We visited the theater, casino. The following day we took a stroll through the city. We went to the church; we visited the grotto of Camoens, the botanical garden, the bazaar, etc., the pagodas. In the afternoon we saw the procession — an image of Christ or Jesus Nazarene. Many men, dressed in blue and purple, carrying unlighted candles, joined the procession. A girl represented Verónica in the church. She was very pretty.

The following day we left on the same boat *Kiu-Kiang*.

22 — Wednesday

From Hong Kong to Japan. We left Hong Kong at 12:15 on Wednesday, 22 February, on board the *Oceanic*. My cabin mate was a Protestant pastor who had been in China 27 years and spoke Chinese well and knew some 2,000 characters. He had a long, white beard and was always chanting, uttering a prayer at every moment. He was a good man. On the boat came also a woman, also a Protestant pastor, judging by the fact that she was always with the old man.

On board were two Portuguese, two Chinese, and several Englishmen.

I got very seasick on the voyage.

I didn't like the food on board.

We arrived at Yokohama on the 28th, early in the morning, Tuesday.

We were met by one from the Grand Hotel where I lodged.

JAPAN

Grand Hotel — Caballero Carrère — Ushi Maru — O-Sei-San

28 August

13 April

Tokio Hotel — Shiba Ysarago — We left Japan, Yokohama,

13 April, Friday, at 11:15 a.m. — Meguro — Nikko — Hakone — Miyanishita — Mume Sakura — Subaki — Chodji — Kiku — Feliciano Espino, escapee from Pangasinan.

I like Japan. Most beautiful scenery, the flowers, the trees, the peaceful inhabitants, so courteous, so willing to please. O. S. S.³ *Sayonara, sayonara!* I spent a beautiful golden month. I don't know if I shall have another one like it in my life. Love, money, friendship, esteem, distinctions, I did not lack.

To think that I abandon all this life for the uncertain, the unknown. There I am offered an easy way to live, loved and cherished.⁴

I'm going to dedicate to you the last chapter of these reminiscences of my early youth. No woman better than you have loved me, no woman like you have sacrificed herself. As the flower of the *chodji* falls from the stem fresh and perfect without either being stripped of its petals or withered, tender and poetic even after its fall, thus you fell. Neither did you lose your purity nor did the delicate petals of your innocence wither — *Sayonara, sayonara!* You will never come to know that I have thought of you again nor that your image lives in my memory; and nevertheless I always think of you. Your name lives in the sighs of my lips; your image accompanies and animates all my thoughts. When shall another divine afternoon like that in the temple of Meguro return? When will the sweet hours I spent with you return? When shall there be sweeter, more tranquil, more pleasant hours? You have the colors of the camellia, its freshness, its elegance. . . . Ah! The last descendant of a noble family, true to an unfortunate vengeance, you are beautiful. . . . Everything is finished! *Sayonara, sayonara!*

14 — Saturday

Some have become seasick.

15 — Sunday

³ O-Sei-San, name of the Japanese girl.

⁴ He received several offers of employment in Japan but he declined them all.

See Rizal's letters giving an account of his sojourn in Japan, pp. 287-291, *infra*.

9. AMERICA

APRIL-MAY 1888

Saturday, 28 (April 1888) — We arrived in the morning at San Francisco. We docked. They say that we shall be quarantined. The little customs launch came to visit us. They have unloaded the silk cargo: Each bale costs about \$700. They are not afraid of the silk and of the lunch.

Sunday, 29 April — The second day of the quarantine. We are bored. I no longer know how to amuse myself.

Monday, 30 — The quarantine continues. I read in the newspapers a statement of the health inspector against the quarantine.

Tuesday, 1 May — The quarantine continues. We sign a protest against the quarantine and the Englishmen write to their consul.

Thursday, 3 May — Six days of quarantine!

On Friday, 4 May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the quarantine ended. I lodged in the Palace Hotel. \$4.00 a day with bath and everything included. Stockton St. 312. I saw the Golden Gate . . . (one illegible word). The customs-house. A letter of recommendation. On Sunday the stores are closed. The best street in San Francisco is Market Street. Stroll. — Stanford, the rich man. — A street near Chinatown. — We left San Francisco on Sunday, 6 May, at 4:30 in the afternoon. — Steamer until Oakland. Train. — Boat from Port Costa to Benicia. — Fields. — Cattle. There are no huts and shepherds. Tent. — Supper in Sacramento, 75 cents. We slept in the train. The night is middling. We awoke one hour from Reno where we took breakfast at 7:30, Monday, 7 May. In . . . (illegible) I saw an Indian garbed half European and half Indian, leaning against a wall. Broad desert land with rickety

plants, without trees or bushes. Uninhabited. Lonely place. Bare mountains. Sandy place. A large extent of white earth which seems like chalk. Beyond this desert can be seen some blue mountains. Fine weather. It is hot and there is still snow on top of some mountains.

Tuesday, 8 May — It is a very beautiful morning. Immense high and cold region. We are near Ogden. I believe that with irrigation and a good system of canals these fields can be rendered fertile. We are in the State of Utah, the 3rd state through which we have passed. Near Ogden are horses, oxen, and trees on the prairie. Some cabins can be seen in the distance. From Ogden to Denver. The clock advances one hour. We are beginning to see yellow flowers on the way. The mountains in the distance are still covered with snow. The banks of Salt Lake are beautiful in comparison with what we have seen. The asses are very large. There are mountains in the middle, like Talim Island in Laguna de Bay. Three Mormon lads in Farmington. There are sheep, horses, and oxen in the fields. In spite of Mormonism this is not thickly populated. Flocks of ducks on the lake. Pretty houses with woodland, poplars, straight streets, flowers, low houses. Children greet us in Salt Lake City. In Utah those who wait at tables are women. It shows that they are many. In Ogden the train changed and there will not be another until Denver. In Provo one eats well at 75 cents. We are traveling through a narrow road between two mountains.

Wednesday, 9 May — We passed between rocky mountains beside a river along our way. The river is turbulent and its rippled surface gives life to the dead landscape. We awoke in Colorado, the 4th state of the United States through which we are traveling. At 10:30 we go up a height so that we have snow on the sides of the road. Many pine trees. The snow on the mountain is of a resplendent whiteness which is dazzling. We pass under several wooden tunnels, built to protect the road from the snow. The ice drops inside these tunnels and gives off brilliant reflections in sunlight, looking like real cascades of diamonds with a magical effect. The porter of the Pullman car, an American, is somewhat of a thief. Colorado has more trees than the three states through which we have passed. There are many herds of mules.

Thursday, 10 May. — We awoke, rather, we were in Nebraska at dawn: The land is plain. In the afternoon at 4:00 o'clock we arrived at Omaha, a big city, so big I have not seen

one like, it since we left San Francisco. The Missouri River is about twice the Pasig in its widest part. It is marshy. There are low islands in the middle; its banks are not pretty. Herds of mules and cattle in this region. It takes 2 1/2 minutes to cross the bridge over the Missouri; the train goes slowly. Now we are in Illinois.

Friday, 11 May — We awoke near Chicago already. The region is cultivated. They announce the proximity of Chicago. We left Chicago at 8:25 Friday evening. What I observed in Chicago was that every tobacco shop had a statue of an Indian and always different. (22-75 Washington St., Boston. Miss C. G. Smith).

Saturday, 12 May — In a good Wagner Car we awoke to a beautiful day. The region is beautiful and well populated. In the afternoon we reached English territory and soon we saw Niagara Falls. We stopped a few hours to go to the most beautiful points. We went down to the foot of the Falls. I stood between the rocks and truly it is the most magnificent falls I have seen. It is not as pretty nor as mysteriously beautiful as that in Los Baños, but it is so much more gigantic and imposing that no comparison is possible. The cataract has several parts, several falls, several portions which any country would be happy to have. We left at night. There we hear a mysterious sound, a general echo that is imposing. . . .

Sunday, 13 May — We awoke near Albany. It is a large city. There are various vessels in the Hudson River, which runs along its side. We cross it on a bridge. The landscape is beautiful and it has not much to envy the best in Europe. We travel along the banks of the Hudson. The banks of the Hudson are very beautiful although a little lonely in comparison with the Pasig. There are steamers and boats, trees, and hills, mostly cultivated. The Hudson is wide. There are beautiful boats. The masses of granite had been cut to give way to the railroad. In some parts, it is very long. There are beautiful houses amidst trees. The day is mild. Our grand transcontinental travel ended on Sunday, 13 May, at 11:10 o'clock in the morning. We passed through various tunnels. The Art Age, 75 W. 23rd Street.

We left New York on 16 May 1888. There was a crowd at the dock: Those of the 1st class are separate from those of the 2nd class at the entrance. At 9:00 o'clock a beautiful spectacle at the jetty! White handkerchiefs waving among hat bands, red flowers and other colors. . . .

10. NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

16 TO 25 MAY 1888

We left New York on 16 May, Wednesday, at 9:30 in the morning. The crowd waved white handkerchiefs, mingling with the numerous red ribbons of the hats and neckties. Some were crying. We saw the Brooklyn Bridge.

The Statue of Liberty rises majestically on the island. It produces a most beautiful effect. Many passengers came on board. I have already made the acquaintance of two pastors: Dobbins and Miles.

Thursday, 17 May — We have met two steamers, quite large. It is a beautiful day. An English young woman sang English songs accompanying herself on the piano. Before her, a man played, but his performance was mediocre. Reverend Dobbins is very amiable. A newspaper will be published on Wednesday. Both steamers with Germans on board.

Friday, 18 May — The day dawns beautifully; although the sea is less calm. Last night I was talking with several American newspapermen. They were not well versed in geographical or political matters. In this respect they were on the same level as the people of Spain.

It seems to me that we are advancing much in time.

Saturday, 19 May — The day is beautiful. The sea is bad.

Sunday, 20 May — The sea continues to be rough. I was a little seasick. There was a religious service on board.

Monday, 21 May — The weather continues to be bad. It rains. We meet a steamer. There were music and singing the whole day.

Tuesday, 22 May — Last night we had a very bad time and now the sea is still rough, although it is a very beautiful day. The boat was tipping too much. It is becoming too uncomfortable.

Wednesday, 23 May — The sea is more calm. We sail with contrary winds. It is believed that we shall not arrive at Queenstown until dawn.

Thursday, 24 May 1888. — Last night we sighted Ireland. In the moonlight on deck the passengers were singing in chorus. The moon was splendid as I have rarely seen at sea. There was a very pretty young woman. In the moonlight she looked like a precious apparition. It was cold.

At 2:00 o'clock in the morning we arrive at Queenstown. Many passengers disembarked, leaving us behind. We could not see their faces but we waved handkerchiefs. The day dawned beautifully; the sea, completely calm. I believe that this afternoon we shall arrive at Liverpool. Although I have traveled much, I still feel sad in parting from fellow passengers. We arrived at Liverpool in the afternoon in a paddle wheel steamer. Before leaving the *City of Rome*¹ I made the acquaintance of the amiable Misses Holt with whom I conversed in French. Miss Holt is very charming and pretty. I also made the acquaintance of more passengers. At the customs they did not bother us much. We stopped at the Adelphi Hotel which is not bad. The sudden change from the life in a boat, which is noisy and lively, to the lonely life in a hotel is terrible. Liverpool is beautiful and pleasant. There are women who are a little bold.

25 May, Friday — We left Liverpool at 11:00 o'clock in the morning. The road is beautiful and the trees are covered with flowers. In the coach with me were Miss Thorne and other former fellow passengers in the *City of Rome*. I sat beside a Protestant pastor. Innumerable tunnels. The green carpet is many-hued. The beginning of spring, many herds.

¹ See travel letter, No. 22, pp. 297-298.



11. PARIS TO DIEPPE

4 JULY 1889

I

At 8:55 on the evening of the 4th of July we left Paris, five minutes later than the time set by the train directory. This tardiness of five minutes in the train departure is always due to the fact that at the last minute one or more coaches are joined to the train. In Paris I have seen similar cases whenever I went to the stations of Orleans, Lyon, the North, and St. Lazare to bid some one goodbye. Is this an evidence that there are too many people, too many passengers, that the company cannot foresee? Frankly speaking, the first time that I saw it, I said to myself as the Madrilenians do when they leave Madrid: "Goodbye Madrid, may you have no people left!" I thought that that day was extraordinary, but later I was convinced that in this instance the only extraordinary thing was the railway company.

In accordance then with this arrangement seven passengers were assigned to our tiny compartment in spite of the heat. Three Americans were with us: Two with long beards exactly like those I saw as a child in the illustrations in the book of Julius Verne, *From the Earth to the Moon*. These two hardly spoke, but the third, who had only a mustache and had all the appearance of an American humbug, spoke for the two and for himself. Opposite me was a thin Englishman and beside him two Frenchmen who did not talk or wink throughout the trip.

While we were waiting for the time of departure, the American with the boastful mien who was seated beside me in the middle of the seat, did not stop talking; it was true he talked

in English. In Paris he found everything unsatisfactory: The exposition, Eiffel Tower, streetcars, omnibus, cafés, restaurants, buildings, etc. All in all, it has nothing comparable with New York. New York here, New York there, New York everywhere; there was nothing like New York. His two compatriots let him talk, and the Englishman merely said from time to time when the story seemed to him a little phenomenal, "Oh, indeed!"

The truth is Paris is not the perfect city that many Parisians imagine. It is true that it has many bad and imperfect things and while good coffee is not plentiful yet good chicory is; if the omnibus and streetcar service is inadequate, a great number of houses are alike in style — all this and more are true; but to the poor American Paris has not a genuine coffee-bean, he cannot find a single seat in any of the public vehicles, though he waits all day at an omnibus station.

I have already observed more than once, and many others before me also have, that the North American is wont to use hyperbolic language, though not as much as the Spaniard. The latter, for example, when he wants to praise highly a thing, usually, says: Andalucía is the *most beautiful country in the world*. So and So is the foremost orator in the *whole world*; the Spanish soldier is the most experienced soldier of *the world*, has the most martial mien; the Puerta del Sol is the *most beautiful plaza in the world*, the Palacio de Oriente is the *most beautiful palace in the world*; etc. Our American also uses the word *world*, but he has the modesty to add, *that I have seen until now*. Speaking of St. Paul in London he said: "It is the dirtiest place in the world I have ever seen."

"Oh, indeed! replied the Englishman.

And he must have seen little of the world and even of his country, for I believe that without going outside of New York, one can find there places dirtier than the plaza of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

It is true that a minute later he added: "Pittsburgh is the dirtiest city that I have ever seen in the world!"

I thought to myself: When did this man see Pittsburgh? A minute ago he did not seem to know it; St. Paul was the dirtiest, etc. and now it is Pittsburgh.

I was beginning to be annoyed by the fury of the traveler and I was going to join the conversation to tell him what I have seen and endured in America, in New York itself, how many troubles and what torture the customs in the United

States made us suffer, the demands of the drivers, barbers, etc., people who, as in many other places, live on travelers, when fortunately the train started and by magic my man stopped talking.

I was tempted to believe that my man's verbosity, being a good Yankee, came from the steam of a boiler inside his body, and I even imagined seeing in him a robot created and hurled to the world by the Americans, a robot with a perfect engine inside to discredit Europe and make the Great Republic triumph, a machine fed with the very steam of the locomotives, etc. My automaton went to sleep, all went to sleep, and I alone remained awake, thinking and reflecting.

My God! I said to myself while the train was little by little increasing its speed and leaving Paris. Is it the coffee or the chicory that I have just taken, not being accustomed to it, which has made me nervous? Is it the blood of Quijote that boils in me which drives me to defend even my very enemies when I see them unjustly attacked? Why did I get nervous hearing this automaton hurl offensive words against all Paris, find ugly and even vulgar the Champs Elysées, Arc d'Triomphe, the Concorde, I who have many reasons to complain against the Parisians, I who am compelled to leave Paris because of the covetousness and bad faith of the owners of hotels and private boarding houses, I who have been obliged to change rooms five times in three and a half months, while in Berlin and London I didn't have to; and just day before yesterday, walking through a street, a rattled maid emptied a glass of wine on my pantaloons, timorously hiding herself afterwards, and when I complained to the police he just replied this: "How annoying, it is truly annoying!"

It is also a misfortune to understand various languages because thus one has more occasions to hear stupidities and nonsense. Lord, I said, thinking of God — because regardless of what the friars say I believe in God — if for six or seven languages that I scarcely understand I sometimes have unpleasant moments because of the nonsense I hear, what moments would Thou pass, Thou who understand all languages, not only of men but also of animals? If I who am little less than ignorance itself, I'm so irritated to hear the stupid designs of only one man, how will Thou feel, Thou who art wisdom itself when Thou hear our stupid intentions, our foolish pretensions, and especially the qualifications and attributes of those who dare

to measure, define, and interpret Thee, of those whose occupation is ignorance, whose dogma is blindness, whose covenant is obscurantism?

While I was thinking of these things, I saw that the light of the Eiffel Tower was gradually receding in the distance, blinking like many lighthouses, like the Manila lighthouse at the entrance of the Pasig. I said to myself: The light shines here as there over the crowd that move and stir at its feet. From afar one who sees only the light of the beacon has no idea of the seething passions that it illumines, the love, the hatred, the gardens, the buildings, the convents, perhaps the caverns of wolves.

I could say that our trip was quiet, for I have become accustomed to the monotony of the noise the train makes. I looked through the window at the countryside lying on the left which stretched out into a vast plain. The quarter moon in the sky was brightening little by little due to the slowness of the twilight that envelops the landscape in a delightful semi-obscure rendering it more beautiful, as gauze covers and beautifies the protuberant charms of a feminine beauty. Some stars are beginning to shine. I keep thinking of many things and, as all have gone to sleep, no one disturbed my meditation.

At 10 1/4 o'clock we arrive at Vernon.

"How long does it stop here?" asked one of the Americans with long beard of the page. The page who did not understand English naturally did not answer him. The American repeated louder his question. Futile. He repeated for the third time. I, who undoubtedly could not be in a normal condition, noticing the irritation of the North American, shouted to him in French: *Parlez-lui francais*. Naturally my man did not understand me. Then I smiled at my confusion and served him as an interpreter. The train did not stop more than two minutes.

Then I remembered that I made a mistake in laughing when once I was told the adventure of a certain beautiful Spanish young woman, an acquaintance of mine, who was shopping at the department store *Le Louvre* (Paris), speaking in Spanish and she shouted when she could not be understood and tried to pronounce distinctly the Spanish words.

The night was delightful and were it not for the dust that penetrated everywhere, I had nothing to complain about. My companions continued sleeping and luckily no one snored, no one put his legs on me, no one made a pillow of my shoulders.

We arrived at Rouen at 11:30 o'clock and there was a six-minute stop. Unluckily for me, as the French passengers were getting down there, everybody woke up and my American resumed his talk about Paris exactly at the point where he left off, as if he has not slept, as if he has not stopped two and a half hours. Astonished I looked at him. Naturally the train is not moving and my automaton used the steam.

I went down the coach to walk a little and unload my humanity . . . and on my return I found my man still extolling the beauties and conveniences of New York. To every praise of the monuments and magnificence of the country of the Yankees, the Englishman merely said: "Oh, are they?"

Then the train started to move; naturally my automaton lacking steam, again kept silent and his engine slept.

At last I arrived at Dieppe and I left my companions. The Englishman, contrary to the custom of his countrymen, took the trouble of helping me to take down my valise. I thanked him, saying "Thanks" and "Good night" and I left. A porter, an old one, accompanied me to the Hotel du Rhin, located along the beach. On the way the good old man talked to me and praised highly the excellent conditions of Dieppe, the advantages of taking a porter rather than a carriage, etc. He knows Dieppe having been a porter there for forty years. Here, there are no cads and pickpockets as in Paris.

At last we reached the hotel. They gave me a room overlooking the sea; from my window I hear the waves sing softly on the sand of the beach. I look out a moment and I stay in the room. A homely maid brings me water and candles; I wash; I read, and. . . (Pages missing)

II

DIEPPE

Dieppe with 19,000 inhabitants, fortified city of the 3rd class. Park of Oysters, each park 28,000 oysters. The Dieppois are engaged in fishing codfish, herring, and mackerel. Ivory objects, tobacco, spinning. Promenade, English garden — Church of St. Jacques. XIII, XIV, XV centuries — Church of St. Remy; XVI century — Castle, 1433, the trench dates to the XVI century — Modern Hotel de Ville (City Hall) with a library of 8,000 volumes and a museum dating to 1863 — The

house of yellow bricks called *Maison Quenouille*, favorite residence of the Duchess of Berry — Statue of Duquesne by Daubau, inaugurated in 1844.

Dieppe seems to be derived from *Deep*, former name of the river d'Argueil — *Depa* or *Depe* in the old maps. Dieppe lost its importance during the war between Philippe Auguste and Richard the Lion-Hearted. In the XIII century Dieppe furnished 45 war vessels to punish the English. Talbot besieged it in 1442 at the head of 5,000 men. Dunois and the Dauphin (Louis XI) saved it. Until 1789 the Dieppois celebrated the anniversary of their deliverance, called the *Mitouries de la mi-aout*. Together with Harfleur they pillaged Sandwich in the county of Kent. Expeditions of the Dieppois to Africa, Canaries, Cote d'Or, Jean Augo, viscount and governor of Dieppe. The Dieppois captain Cousin must have touched Brazil in 1488 before Christopher Columbus. The brothers Jean and Raoul Parmentier on board the ships *La Pensee* and *Le Saere* traveled to Sumatra in 1529. Thomas Aubert, lieutenant of Auge, founded a colony in *Terre-neuve*. In 1608 Aymer de Chartes, governor of Dieppe, was appointed by Henry IV viceroy of Canada; he died shortly after; his lieutenant Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec. The French in Florida under Protector Ribau of Dieppe were hanged by Pedro Meneses in 156 . . . not as *Frenchmen* but as *hereties*. The privateer Juan Sowrie, protector of Dieppe, scoured the seas killing Spaniards and Portuguese in revenge; and Dominico de Gourgues recovered the Carolines and hanged the garrison not as *Spaniards* but as *assassins*. Opposite Dieppe in 1690 Tourville fought the English and Danish fleet which bombarded the city in 1694. Brick houses form the majority. The city suffered much from the Edict of Nantes. Dieppe was in favor of reform. During the Franco-German War Dieppe was occupied by the Germans from December 1870 until July 1871.



12. MARSEILLE TO HONG KONG

18 OCTOBER - 20 NOVEMBER 1891

Sunday, 18 October 1891

Well! We close the last page of the book of Europe. Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, England, goodbye! We depart from Marseille at half past five in the afternoon. An immense crowd accompanied us; all the vehicles were full. Twelve missionaries, Italian and French, are going to Tonkin. With them was a bishop called Volenteri. He is small, dry and has a goatee and mustache like a Chinese.

The wife and children of the lieutenant governor of Saigon Mr. Daniel are also with us. She puts on airs. . . . The oldest son is friendly to me. With us is a teacher who seems to know very little.

A handsome woman, well painted, with the look of an actress, Madame de Block(?) is attracting attention for her beauty. They say that she is traveling for a scientific mission. We shall see.

A Japanese who has lived ten years in Europe whose name is Matsui is returning to his country.

In addition, with us are two Egyptians; the young one is insolent and takes liberties. At the table he thought he could win against me in chess and game of draughts but I gave him a tremendous beating.

When we left Marseille it was a beautiful afternoon. The sun hid among scarlet and gold clouds. A few moments afterwards the moon like a sphere, round and pure, rose from the

See Rizal's letter to Blumentritt, p. 305, *infra*.

sea. The sea is beautiful and if the whole voyage continues like this, we shall have a lovely voyage.

19 October — The dawn ushered in a very beautiful day; at 6:30, at our left, the coasts of Corsica are outlined in beautiful and harmonious curves formed by the mountains divided into gray, diaphanous layers. The sea is calm; the breeze is gentle and cool. In the sky, towards the east, silver clouds.

We have aboard Jesuits who are going to China. Steamers and boats can be discerned along the coasts of Corsica.

At ten o'clock we pass Sardinia: tall rocks, bare and white; in the distance the mountain peak enveloped in clouds.

The day was fair; we played. The night was lovely, the sea delightful, the temperature most pleasant. The black clouds were lined with silver, projecting over the sea a long wake marking the border of the horizon.

The lady was dressed in white this morning. They bet on how many dresses she has. She travels gratis for a scientific mission and she stops at Colombo.

The Franciscan friars played with us a game of *pastas*.¹

By noon we have traveled 257 miles and we are at N. lat. 41° 13', E. long. 7° 19'.

In the evening I was introduced to Bishop Volenteri, the old man with a Chinese face, and he surprised me greatly talking about the Philippines. He had lived in the Islands before for 23 years. He had visited Laguna, an estate of the Dominicans, Iloilo, Cebú, Negros, and Bohol. He had met many Dominicans, among them Fathers Rivas, Fonseca, and Treserra. He spoke of the last one as a man of great piety. He also knew Father Agustín Mendoza whom he considered an extraordinary man, and Father Mariano Gómez, and others. He knew about his misfortunes and he regretted them. He was well informed of the wealth of the convents and regretted that so much gold was ill used. He had also known Father Payo, and talking about archbishops he asked me if the present one was also a Dominican.

"Because the Dominicans have much influence on the Government," he replied to a remark of the Franciscans.

Afterwards he drew a very beautiful picture of the Philippines which he called the Earthly Paradise. He spoke of the

¹ That is, they played cards for money.

abundance of her riches in such eloquent and enthusiastic terms that I listened to him amazed, hearing the sonorous Italian phrases. He regretted the bad government, *etc.* which made me very thoughtful and put me in bad humor.

The night was very lovely; I slept on deck until 2:00 o'clock and afterwards the following day. . . .

20 October — At dawn the sea is calm and gleaming as a mirror. At 8:30 we pass in front of the island of Lipari at our right; some mountains rise from the sea shaped like bonnets. The Stromboli is one of them. At 10:25 we pass near Stromboli at the left at about two kilometers from it; we enter the Lipari archipelago; we pass very close to a bare island, almost a rock. The sea continues to be calm. There is a raffle of a reproduction of the *Melbourne* at two francs each number.

The lady has changed her toilette and wears a lace collar. It is believed that the Russian admiral has brought her. Two women were talking ill of him, saying that he had left his wife and daughter in order to travel with her. It was obvious that she was painted the first day.

The lady in question has Greek features: straight nose, narrow and low forehead, big eyes. The mouth is too big.

By 12:00 we have traveled 309 miles and we are at 38° 25' N. latitude and 12° 59' E. longitude. At 1:00 we discern the mountains along the Strait of Messina. The Strait of Messina is very lively; numerous towns on both sides; white and gray houses. The narrowest part is the Capo di Faro and Bagnara. In front of Messina is Reggio. The sea is beginning to ruffle. Various birds are seen flying from one side to the other; there are birds on the water. We pass near the coasts of Italy and we do not lose sight of her picturesque shores enlivened by white houses; the mountains are however denuded of vegetation. Some red tissue is seen. We have lost sight of the coast of Sicily. The sea is beginning to be calm again. It seems that the roughness we observed in leaving the strait is due to the strait itself. The mountains turn blue the farther away they are.

21 October. The day starts beautifully as always; the sea is hardly rippled like a wrinkled skin; the boat does not rock.

By 12:00 we were at N. latitude 35° 46'; E. longitude 18° 13'; distance traveled 303 miles. The sea is even more

calm than the day before. The clouds project long shadows on land. The lady is wearing a new dress; she embroiders on canvas, and continues flirting with the Russian. She is not as pretty as the day she embarked; she looks very much older.

No other novelty except a very beautiful sunset: violet clouds separated from the horizon by an orange stripe jutting out of the brilliant gold of the sky. Between the violet clouds appear golden reflections, and the whole sea is converted into a lake of fire, calm, less rippled than in the morning. The sun, as it goes down, becomes more and more red, the orange turns more brilliant. The sea loses the reflections; it is desolate, completely desolate, not one fish nor one ship, only a bird flies here and there. The orange turns more and more brilliant and finally the sun disappears.

The night cools.

22 October — The day continues to be fair. We are told that we will arrive at Alexandria at midnight but we cannot go down until 7:00 o'clock in the morning.

From Alexandria to Cairo they tell me is two hours by railroad and costs five pesos. There is no train from Alexandria to Port Said; there is from Port Said to Jerusalem.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 308 miles; We are at N. latitude $33^{\circ} 08'$; E. longitude $23^{\circ} 33'$. We write letters for Europe. All letters cost 25 cents.

23 October — At the break of dawn we arrive at Alexandria and we cast anchor at a distance. The lighthouse shines in the distance and behind it the dawn lights the city.

At 6:00 o'clock we enter the port and soon a mob of boatmen and guides invade the ship offering us their services. Men of evil look, dark men, vociferous, bawlers, vulgar, nothing noble in their countenance, nothing honest about them. They have come to cheat.

With these forethoughts I went down in the company of the Consul of Emuy and his wife, a Madrilenian. We made a contract with a guide to take us through the city, to look for the Spanish consul, to show us what was most important to see, and to return us to the ship. But we lost more than an hour looking for the consul and after all we did not find him until 8:30, after we had taken breakfast at a café on the plaza Mohammed Ali. I had only enough time left to buy a pair

of antique scarabs which cost me five francs each. From there I went back to the Consulate to look for my companions who introduced me to the consul.

The boatmen should not be paid more than one franc for the round trip. They always ask for 1:25, that is, one shilling. The carriage costs two francs an hour for four persons. Never pay before but after the trip. The Arabs usually demand five francs on the return trip, otherwise they will make one miss the ship. The best way is to carry a good weapon or, as an Egyptian advises, promise them what they demand and once in the ship do not pay them. One must be very cautious.

The things that are worthwhile to see are the Khedive's garden, his palace, the Arab bazaar, the column of Pompey, and the plaza Mohammed Ali. Do not trust the dragoman. In entering and going out one goes through a kind of customs-house in which there is an Egyptian official. Egyptian antiques are found in the jewelers' shop, scarabs and little idols, the genuine ones costing from four to five or more francs. The imitations can be easily detected by their coarseness and poor finish. The ship needs a harbor pilot in going in and coming out. The houses in Alexandria in the center of the city are big and beautiful with large projecting balconies. The pavement is good and made of broad rectangular stones. It is clean enough except in the poor districts. Arabic, Italian, French, German, and English are spoken. Spanish is little understood.

From Alexandria to Port Said is 160 miles, a distance which is traveled in 12 or 13 hours. The ship navigates fairly away from the shore; however at night, the different lighthouses marking the mouths of the Nile are always visible. Afterward one can see the revolving beacon of Port Said which changes every two seconds. A long line of lights marks the downtown section of the city. Another pilot is needed. The ship stops not far from the shore and the landing costs fifty cents. The large photographs of the sights of Egypt can be had from 40 to 50 cents each in the stores. Do not pay more. At the cafés where there is music they charge high. For a glass of beer or lemonade 75 cents. Besides one has to give something to the musicians each time they finish playing a piece. Five cents is the most that is given. With regard to the traders who go to the ship, it is advisable to believe them little and bargain much.

At 6:00 o'clock in the morning of the 24th we left Port Said and sailed slowly through the Canal. We had to stop

at various stations to let pass some ships. Most of those we met were English. The Canal is being widened every time and it seems that the work continues. Near the bank the water is not deep. We meet caravans coming from Asia with their camels and their jars. Generally the men are dressed in white with black tinges. There are few women. One of these caravans was encamped in the middle of the desert and the other was about to embark on a raft to cross to the other bank. Life in the ship is becoming monotonous. The warm weather is starting.

It seems that the dresses of the lady in question are becoming fewer.

Some fine long grasses like a kind of dry and somber *balangut*² grow on the banks of the Canal.

At 4:20 o'clock we arrive in the lake of Ismailia. At the right are large light buildings of wood with colonnades, probably a station. Farther away is the city, gray buildings with terraces in the midst of dark green trees similar to coppice. All amidst yellow sand. The lake is calm.

The orange-colored reflections of the afternoon on the Suez Canal.

25 October — We are in the Red Sea. The sea is somewhat rough. On both sides can be seen levelled mountains but not of volcanic shape. The bishop is planning to say Mass at eleven o'clock on board. They have brought up the piano and are fixing a sort of altar on the left side. The Italian coat of arms between bands of red and white forms the background. The heat has decreased somewhat.

Mount Sinai (1480 feet) is seen at the left with its peak almost at right angle, behind a chain of mountains. It is almost at the extreme end of the chain draped in coats of snow. The sea is dark blue like indigo; patches of foam dapple its surface. At the right the mountains on the Egyptian side are higher: The Akrab is 10,000 feet.

The Mass was said under the American flag, in front of the Italian, on one side the French and the Portuguese, and on the other side the English. There were enough people: all the Catholics and some Russians. The friars remained kneeling throughout the Mass.

²Or *balanggot*, a species of small, soft rattan. (*Cypheus molaccensis* Lam.)

At night I had a long discussion with the bishop about religions. Much faith, much faith like true missionaries, but intolerance, always intolerance. I still remember the Boustead family.³ At midnight a storm broke loose; lightning lighted the sky with a continuous flame that vibrated and was blinding; thunder resounded a few times, but the lightning continued mute though incessant.

Never have I seen a storm like this: The wind hardly blew and it rained. I had to go down to the cabin. The lightning lasted for quite a while, perhaps one hour. The thunder, as it produced few echoes, was dry and short. N. lat. 28° 18'; E. long. 30° 54'. 106 miles.

26 October — The day begins fair but it is too warm. We have traveled by 12:00 o'clock 316 miles. We are at N. lat. 23° 58' E. long. 34° 09'. The heat continues. We saw a pole floating. They played the piano and sang on the bridge. It has been so hot that all, except the ladies, sleep on the bridge.

I have learned from one of the officials that the years of military service are counted as service in the Company, for it is the government which pays the retirement gratuity. The service lasts 25 years. At 50 years one is retired even if he has not yet served 25.

I played draughts with the bishop.

There is one part of Borneo inhabited by Englishmen which is independent of England. The queen has there a consul. It has the status of a protectorate. Labuan now belongs to her.

27 October — The sea appears very calm but the heat is more intense than ever.

The French employees in Cochin-China enjoy a vacation every three years.

We have traveled 321 miles. We are at N. lat. 19° 23', E. long. 36° 56'.

The lady in question, it is said, is going to India to collect data and the documents about the French generals before Dupleix;⁴ that is, before the loss of the French colonies.

³He alludes to the Boustead family of Brussels. Miss Nelly Boustead was willing to marry Rizal provided he would turn Protestant. Rizal refused.

⁴Marquis Joseph Francois Dupleix (1697-1763), French colonial administrator in India.

Now, they have just told me that she is going to study the women of India, that she speaks six languages, very learned, and correspondent of many scientific societies.

In the boat are one couple, Dutch consuls in the Philippines.

Three sparrows are accompanying us.

At night was held a hypnotism session. The lady hypnotized a woman and the Austrian his wife. I spoke with the lady who impressed me as very amiable. She practices medicine and is engaged in the study of various diseases. For this reason she is going to India.

We slept on deck; it was windy. At dawn the boat had to stop on account of engine trouble and we lost about two hours.

28 October — The day is cooler than the day before. The sun is as hot as before but a cool wind blows on the side of the prow. The boat is rocking; the sea is more rough; the rough blue surface of the sea is speckled with white foam.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 279 miles; loss of three hours. We are at N. lat. $15^{\circ} 30'$ and E. long. $39^{\circ} 25'$.

We see islands at 2:30 o'clock. We left behind us in a short time the English ship *Bohemia*. The islands are called Zebayer, completely uninhabited, of volcanic formation. In the distance can be seen white patches between the curves of the furrows. Scanty vegetation, rickety plants, not a tree, not a bush. The islands are 12 and they are called Twelve Parcels.

At night a gay band of musicians preceded by a lantern on which is written *Les Vermiphones* went around the ship. They carried worm-shaped instruments (*ver*), a large drum, a timbrel and others. They were disguised as firemen and gendarmes, and their leader had an enormous belly. His look cheered the passengers very much. They sang and played some pieces which were applauded. There was a little dancing to the music of the piano.

Many persons including married women and young ladies slept on deck.

29 October — This morning at 4:00 we pass through the Strait of Bab-el-Maubeb. Because of so many people sleeping on the bridge the cleaning was delayed until late in the morning. They say we will arrive at Aden at noon.

When one looks from afar at the islands which are found in the middle of the sea, it seems that their extremities rise from the surface in the shape of a Chinese roof. To what is this due?

A ship, seen from afar when the sun rays interpose, seems cut in three pieces, the poles planted directly in the sea.

We have seen fish — a multitude — following our ship and playing around us. Sea-gulls are floating on the surface. We are beginning to see the largest ones here. The traveling German official is of the cavalry and it seems that he is going to India. From the Strait onward the coasts are always visible. It seems from afar that there is some grass. We visit Aden in the company of the Jesuits: We are eight. The round trip on the ferryboat is one franc, that is half-rupee one way and another half for the return. In the money-exchange, for twenty francs they give eleven rupees and for one pound sterling 14. The rupee is worth 18 annas.

We visited the most notable places in Aden by coach: The cisterns (*Tanqui* the guides of Aden call them), the tunnels, and the arsenal from afar. The tour lasts an hour and a half. We pay five rupees for three or four persons. In the police stations are the schedules of prices. The post office is some distance away.

I have found Aden very much improved. The garden of the cisterns has more plants than before; now it is a real garden. There are more houses, more buildings. We visit the Capuchin Convent in the Arabic city and we found one Capuchin fixing an harmonium. He was dressed in white and had a knotted beard. Another, likewise dressed in white, received us in a very modest dining room located on the ground floor. The beams of the ceiling are exposed. The Capuchin was a good man who talked well; he knew how to converse; he talked about his mission, and of how unconvertible were the Muslims. The language spoken by the Negroes of Aden is Galla. The Somalis are tall, handsome, well-built. The Sudanese have flat nose, and those of Zanzibar have thick lips besides. We visit the church which is roofed with a kind of bamboo. Between the weaves they put lime so that the heat will not penetrate. *Teck* wood, which is the strongest they use, becomes brittle with the heat and breaks. The church has punkah. When it rains for a day many houses sink because the thatch falls. A shipment of slaves (boys and girls) fell into the hands

of the English who distributed them among the different missions. The garrison of Aden at present is Irish and therefore Catholic. There is besides a garrison of Sepoys.

30 October. — The day is cooler and the sea somewhat more rippled, although it does not cause the ship to rock. The Franciscans and the Lombards this morning are disagreeing on everything. I make them furious when I pose the question: Who is the greatest saint? One says it is God; another, who works best according to God. I ask them who was the first to get to heaven. Abel, says one. — Abel went to the limbo; says another. — Dimas, I say. Here a discussion flares up. Then I ask them what the souls are doing in the limbo when Christ goes there and the souls of the dead are resurrected. I make them furious. Then comes Father Fuchs with his *Divine Comedy* in German. Another discussion begins. If it is translated, it must be bad; Dante cannot be translated; the Italian original, etc., etc.

We have traveled 111 miles. — We are at N. lat. 12° 35', and E. long. 44° 32'.

Among those who are returning to the colonies rare are those who have a modest and humble look. They put on airs and they have an arrogance mingled with vulgarity, which is laughable. The colonies are the touchstone for the good sense of a European. If a European does not get swell-head in the colonies, it is because he is solid and it is not easy to inflate him. In Europe they preserve their good sense as many objects preserve their shape while they are in their receptacles or are compressed, but as soon as they are in a country where they acquire a certain amount of freedom, they abuse it, become inflated, and lose their original shape.

Last night I was fishing with a fishhook and I caught two kinds of *candole*.⁵ Afterward when I had no more lead and the meat I had used for bait had become bad, the fish ate the bait leaving me the fishhook. The water shines with every movement of the fish, resembling rockets, kites on the water.

In the afternoon the rocking of the ship begins to increase. At night there was a little dancing.

The passengers of the second class had a little trouble. Two gentlemen resented that a servant of a first-class passenger should eat with them. They asked that he eat elsewhere

⁵Or *kanduli*, the Manila sea cat-fish (*Arius Manillensis* Cuvier and Valenciennes).

separate from them. The friars and others protested, saying that inasmuch as he had paid for his fare he had the right to eat there, and it seems that they will appeal to the Commissary so that the servant can return.

31 October — The day is more quiet; the sea is more calm. They are placing on the beams of the deck the sockets for electric lamps in preparation for the fiesta.

At 10:00 o'clock we meet two ships with two poles. We discern in the distance the islands of Babd el hari⁶ and Socotra. We pass Cape Guardafui without seeing it.

At 12:00 o'clock we are at N. lat. $11^{\circ} 57'$ and E. long. $49^{\circ} 32'$. We have traveled 307 miles. Probably we shall arrive at Colombo in the evening of 5th November.

The Brothers Islands are two similar islands which are seen at the left.

1st November — Sunday. The day is cool and the sea is fair. The sky embroidered with clouds; small waves ruffle the broad surface of the sea.

Last night I had a conversation with a Russian naturalist about the political condition of my country. He asked me if I am a patriot. Not much, I said. He asked if my country is unfortunate and I answered him by asking what constitutes the misfortune of a country, if his own was unfortunate. He said: "The Russian is unfortunate for lack of education; he does not cultivate well his land for lack of education." We talked about socialism, of Leo Tolstoi.⁷ I asked him what end he pursues and he said to me that it seems that he oscillates, that he is a man of vast talent but he has no direction yet. Speaking about the difference in character of the Europeans in the colonies and those in Europe, he said to me: "Of course, for they (Europeans in the colonies) think only of filling their pockets." He said that socialism has ideas but the others none. I told him that I would prefer to attack the defects of a government to those of a race.

By 12:00 we have traveled 301 miles; we are at N. lat. $11^{\circ} 19'$ and E. long. $54^{\circ} 38'$.

⁶ Abd al Kuri.

⁷ Count Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoi (1828-1910), Russian novelist, philosopher, and mystic.

*Monta la sabbia al Lido
L'alga nel fondo appare;
Alla sua Donna il mare
E fatto infido.⁸*

After the Gospel the bishop preached with much faith and much unction comparing human life with a ship. We, passengers in this ship, are passengers in this life; it is necessary that we are not distracted, that we always think of the end for which God has created us. It is necessary that we should not be detained by the things on the road but think of the purpose of our voyage. He compared the Church to the ship. His language was simple, clear, sincere, and came from the heart. Nothing oratorical, no flourishes, no fuss. We who listened to him were moved.

2 November — The day is beautiful; we have put out sails. At 7:30 o'clock we meet two ships, one with three poles and the other with two chimneys. The first one greeted us; it was of the P. and O.⁹ The second, with white chimneys, probably Dutch, passed by without saluting. It had two sails on.

Last night I had a delightful time, listening to the lady play the piano and sing. I learned Grossi's poem *La Rondinella*. I slept on deck and I had a hateful dream.

On board are seven Jesuits, five Franciscans, three Lombard priests, and one bishop.

The Consul of Emuy and his wife.

The Consul of Manila and his wife.

Mme. Bloch.

One bald Englishman and his wife, one very thin young woman with a very fat son, taken care of by a thin and yellow Indian.

Another tall Englishman with his tall wife who is older than he. She is charming.

⁸ Literally: The sand rises to the shore
The seaweed of the deep appears;
To his mistress the sea
Is unfaithful.

Again Rizal practices his Italian in order not to forget it.

⁹ Name of a British shipping line, Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which began operations in 1837.

A Frenchwoman who is a bunch of nerves: She talks screaming and knitting her eyebrows, and with her mouth full. She wears a hat that looks like a tub. Nevertheless, she is charming.

The wife of the governor of Saigon, a Portuguese, who is slightly pretentious. She has a son who is lively and somewhat mischievous, with his tutor, and one maid for her daughters.

One old man, crazy, hypochondriac, ill-bred, with a stomach ailment who is always complaining, who finds the food bad. He lacks many teeth, especially the upper incisors, so that when he laughs he looks like an elephant or a hippopotamus, exposing his bare gums and a black hole. He is going to Yokohama.

A baldheaded woman, an unhappy woman who is going to India. In low spirits.

Two half-breed Javanese girls who have been educated in Europe and are returning with an uncle, a planter with a military air.

A missionary with his wife. Their name is Bird. An anecdote that my friend the Russian naturalist told me: He met an American missionary in China whom he asked if he loved the Chinese.

"Oh no! Never," he replied, "but as religion. . . ."

The same is true of Catholic priests, he said.

An English doctor who shares my cabin. A good man who has been in China a long time. Cheerful, simple, reasonable.

The son of a Budapest banker who is traveling with his wife. He is the master of the courier who was the cause of the dispute in the second class.

A Russian admiral, Tirtoff, with two aides-de-camp, who is going to Yokohama to head the Russian squadron. One of the Russians is nicely educated. His feet are very small.

Mr. W. B. Pryer and his wife, an Englishwoman of London, simple, lively, manly, baldheaded. He is of the type of Stanley. They are going to Elok Pura, Borneo.

A German young woman with her mother. A delightful girl.

A good German gentleman, always contented, in good humor, stout, and speaks Spanish.

A German infantry officer.

Words of the hypochondriac:

"Dirty boat! I embarked in good health, now I have lost my appetite; I perspire; the blowing wind pierces me. Dirty boat!"

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 321 miles; we are at N. lat. $10^{\circ} 07'$ and E. long. $59^{\circ} 42'$. In the afternoon the ship ran fast thanks to a little wind and the sails we had put on.

The sea has become somewhat rough. I have been playing chess all afternoon.

At night, at a card game various Englishmen had some petty quarrels.

3 November. — At dawn the sky is cloudy; the sea is quite rough; many get seasick.

We have traveled 319 miles. We are at N. lat. $90^{\circ} 17'$ and E. long. $65^{\circ} 03'$.

It rained and my clothes got wet because of a wave which entered through the hatchway. Many got seasick.

At night they tested the lights and the passengers were delighted. An Englishman sang some romances, among them *The Diver* and *In Cellar Cool*, arranged from the German *Im Kühlen Keller*. He was heartily applauded. He was accompanied on the piano by the slender and tall Englishwoman who has such a sweet look.

4 November. — The day continues to be cloudy and the sea rougher still. They have put again the sails and on the tables appeared the *cuerdas de violin*¹⁰ a bad sign of the weather, a confirmation of seasickness.

By 12:00 we have traveled 315 miles and we are at N. lat. $7^{\circ} 51'$ and E. long. $70^{\circ} 14'$.

The weather has been bad the whole day, raining at times. A sour orange that I ate did me much good and I did not get seasick any more the whole afternoon. The fiesta was postponed on account of the bad weather. It is marvelous to see how iron objects get easily oxidized at sea.

Many slept on deck.

A portion of the moon can be seen in the horizon. The rest of it is illumined faintly by the earth's reflection. The lady has put on her suit which she was wearing when she embarked.

We have had a discussion about the *will* and *hope*. The Russian said that *hope* is weakness; the Japanese that *hope* is

¹⁰ Literally, "violin strings", strips of wood fastened to the edge of tables when a ship expects stormy weather.

useless, that everything is done by the *will*; and I said that without *hope* there is no *will*. There is much superficiality in their judgments. There is no deep thinking and there is too much talk.

5 November — The sea is more calm. There are big waves, broad but not high.

I had a long conversation with the lady in question bearing on medicine, peoples, woman writers, artists, sentiment in literature. She is going to India to study Indian women.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 323 miles. We are at N. lat. $7^{\circ} 21'$ and E. long. $75^{\circ} 41'$.

In the afternoon I played chess with the best of the chess players; I won the game. I played with another and I lost.

We have met two steamers, German, according to many. One is painted white and has two chimneys. The sea is much more calm.

At 8:30 we arrive at Colombo whose lighthouse we discern in the distance appearing and disappearing every ten seconds like a slow winking of the Indian island. I have been talking with a delightful young German woman born in Calcutta — Miss Voigt. Her family is from Leipzig but is often in London. (The Peak of Adam is seen in the distance, about half an hour from Colombo.)

They live in London, at Hampstead Heath, Elshmeer Gardens. She is an adorable young woman, gracious and sweet. She spoke French, English, and German.

At 9:00 o'clock I went ashore. The boat fare is 25 cents; in rupee this is 2 reales, or 50. From the landing to the hotel there is no need to take a vehicle. It is so near.

A room in the hotel costs per person 2.50 rupees; for two in a room 2 rupees. Breakfast 50 cents (1 franc). The rooms are large; they each have two cane chairs, and a bed with mosquito net.

6 November — The crows which are croaking under my window woke me up early. I took tea with sweets and two bananas. The bananas of Colombo are very ordinary.

Afterwards I walked a little through the city. I was very much annoyed by two or three guides who were offering me their services. I rode in a jinrikisha (1/2 rupee per hour) and went to the bazaar to buy a fishing line (1 rupee). From there I went to buy post cards (5 cents). I went to the hotel to pay for my stay, breakfast, and service: 3.50 rupees.

I went back to the ship where I found very few people and many peddlers. They offer one their goods with much insistence. Mme. Bloch returned and I bade her goodbye.

I again went ashore in the company of the Russians and we took a walk. We visited the hospital under the care of French Franciscan nuns. It was very well taken care of. It consists of small houses standing in the garden, one story high, surrounded with balconies and flowers. No odor of sickness, no dirt, nothing that reminds one of illness. As the patient whom we visited said, just by entering it one felt half-cured. We drank coconut milk; two coconuts (25 cents). We went around Colombo, stopped in front of *Galle Face* to see how the waves beat the beach: we went to the Museum (which was closed on Friday). From there we went to see the temple of Buddha. I found the same image that I saw years before but this time with new painting and many things painted on the altars representing images and stories of Buddhist beliefs, hell, etc.

Ceylon made the same impression on me: warm air, brilliant light, palms, wonderful vegetation, jackfruit, breadfruit, *coles maluco*,¹¹ hibiscus, some canes, small houses, shops, groups of Indians in front of them, nude children, black and smiling, bungalows which are called villas with columns and bamboo shades in the midst of flowers and trees. Small cows, carriages for four sitting backwards; Malabars, including women, engaged in arduous labor. Those whose hair is short are Tamuls of low caste who had been caught in the very act of stealing. With a little observation one can distinguish the Sinagalese from the Tamuls and these from the Malayans. There are some rich men who ride in carriages; many still wear the sarong. Those who wear a thimble-shaped hat and those with a red fez are Mohammedans. The women of India wear a jewel in the nose. There are half-breed Portuguese who can be distinguished by their attire. The kids who follow the vehicles: One boy who picked up the umbrella case of my companion received nothing for we did not have a cent with us and he followed us for more than half an hour. There are Chinese.

There is a statue of Sir Edward Barnes. Now it seems to me smaller than before.

Laundry in Colombo costs 2 rupees per dozen pieces.

We returned to the boat on time.

¹¹ See footnote 17, p. 180.

Mme. Blöch came in the company of the Russian admiral in a boat displaying the Russian flag. Left in Colombo were the Countess of Verneville and Mr. Larrío who accompanies Mme. Lehwabach.

At 4:00 o'clock sharp we left Colombo. The ship rocks very much denoting we are badly loaded and insufficient ballast. From afar we see Colombo with her houses amidst trees and palms like a green sash; in the distance the mountains and Adam's Peak. A ship is following us.

Until 10:00 o'clock at night we sail close to the coast trying to double Cape Galle. There is a void among the people. There are few passengers. I think and I sleep.

7 November. — Many have been sick the night before; colic, vomiting, gastralgia, etc. Five officials, three ladies, and about five passengers among whom I count myself. My pains stopped after I had vomited.

Left with me were dispepsia and great debility. This was the theme of all the conversations today.

By noon we have traveled 252 miles and we are at N. lat. $5^{\circ} 43'$ and E. long. $80^{\circ} 57'$.

The sea continued to be calm, nevertheless the ship moved much. All the passengers were bored.

At night the moon, in spite of being only a few days old, was splendid. The stars were shining in a transparent sky. The moon, however, has a nimbo which made me portend rain. A wandering star like a large rocket flashed through the space.

At night in fact the rain fell in torrents, compelling the passengers who were sleeping on deck to go down to the cabins. It was a torrential rain.

8 November — The sea is calm as yesterday. A multitude of flying fish plough its surface. The ship is rocking. I have taken a purgative. There are only magnesium sulphate and sulphate of soda in the ship's drugstore.

By 12:00 we have traveled 303 miles and we are at N. lat. $5^{\circ} 45'$ and E. long. $85^{\circ} 59'$.

I passed the night on the prow discussing astronomy with a young priest naturalist accompanying the bishop.

Afterward the Franciscans came and we talked about the Franciscans in my country. If they are rich, then they are not Franciscans anymore, they said to me.

The moon is shining in the sky; the sea is calm, very calm. Large phosphorescent drops like tears of fire were jumping on the prow. The young naturalist said that they were jellyfish, but why are there so many?

Seated on ropes and sails we ponder on these things. We talked about the miracles of St. Francis, of the niche behind the gate, of the thorn converted into roses, *etc.* He gave me one of the petals.

9 November — The sea continues to be calm. At 10:00 o'clock we saw a fish — *marsonin* — near the helix.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 324 miles and we are at N. lat. $5^{\circ} 41'$ and E. long. $91^{\circ} 25'$.

At 3:00 there was a squall. Suddenly the horizon was obscured; a black sash encircled the sea; the water lost its blue color and became leaden like the sky; the wind blew, rippling the surface of the sea; the rain fell in torrents; and nothing could be seen some meters away. The ship had to stop.

When it became clear, we saw in the distance Atchin Head and the islands which mark the entrance to Sumatra, Pulo Brat, and farther away, but very far away, Pulo Way.

We enter between these two islands sailing around some bare rocks in the middle. We saw the barracks where lives the garrison in charge of the lighthouse which has a gay and attractive look.

A most beautiful sunset of a very vivid, brilliant red like fire, without equal, putting in relief black clouds emerging from the sea like fantastic rocks.

9 November — At dawn it is cloudy and it is very warm. The sea is calm.

One of the Dutch young women must be very naive as she said to me that she left her native country 19 years ago: Women do not generally tell their age.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 335 miles and we are at N. lat. $4^{\circ} 30'$ and E. long. $96^{\circ} 32'$. It is fairly warm.

10 November — The morning is cloudy; the sea is slightly rippled. — Last night there was a squall. At the left land can be seen.

Manufacture of champagne¹² — The cities engaged in the manufacture of champagne are Reims and Epernay in an area

¹² Inserted in his diary is this note on wine manufacture.

of some ten leagues. It is a certain white grape which grows on some hills of chalky soil well exposed to the sun. The best brands are Moët et Chandun, Pommery, I've Clicquot, etc. A good champagne can be distinguished from a bad one when the bubbles descend slowly, disappear little by little, is very clear, without any residue and the bottle has no defects, with neither bubbles nor joints.

This wine bubbles only during its fermentation, but it is improved with the addition of old champagne (20 to 30 years) which is converted into syrup due to much white sugar. For the English are put from 2 to 8 centiliters to each liter; for the Russians 14 centiliters.

It is put in bottles which are stored upside down, slightly inclined so that the dirt of the wine would be deposited on the cork. Every short time they come to give it a little shake and to turn it around so that the dirt on the sides would settle on the cork. At the end of some months or one year when the bottle has turned around completely until it stands on its head almost vertically, always upside down, then men pound the bottles lightly with a hammer to finish the decantation, a very delicate operation, for when least expected the bottles crack. For this reason they are tied with wire. In some factories this is done by machine. Then come the *dégorgeurs* who are skilled in removing the cover, making the bottom jump, and immediately put on a stopper of caoutchouc — a process which lasts scarcely a second. They put it aside and it is then the syrup is added, and if much of the wine has come out, then they add some and a machine closes the bottle with cork (that costs 20 cents each) and it is tied with a piece of wire and packed.

The bottles which have been used once are not used again nor can they be returned. They have glass factories that make the bottles.

They extract the juice of the grapes with their feet; there are also extracting machines, but generally it is done with the feet.

The warehouses of Moët et Chandun with electric light is 22 kilometers long, located in cretaceous land. Mercier, 14 kilometers long. Mercier has a Decanville railroad in the warehouse like Moët et Chandun.

The vinestocks must be changed often; they have supports and do not grow to a great height.

The entertainment of last night.

Many passengers were dressed in white with red sash (the Englishmen); some in black, and one in dress coat (an English gentleman who recited). The ship's deck was decorated with flags and the chairs were placed along the sides. There were some easy chairs in the center. All the lights were on. The deck had a rather gay look; however, there was a noticeable coldness among the passengers, little gaiety, for lack of friendly intercourse between them: Neither the captain nor the commissary has taken the trouble of introducing the passengers to one another during the voyage, or at the beginning of it.

The entertainment began with a funny cavalcade or caravan composed of an astronomer, a camel, two pelicans, Arabs, and a bear which aroused much laughter for having drunk beer through one eye. After this caravan, Mr. Tailhades sang, accompanied by a woman who is sickly, conceited, and *chongá*.¹³ Afterward two sailors sang the Bouillabaise; another, dressed as Chinese, sang a French song and then *Le Pere la Victoire* which was much liked.

There was a collection: The governor's wife and that of the son of Mr. van Dedden collected for the widows of sailors. The public gave what they could; I gave five francs, others 20, some 2.

One of the Dutch young women played the piano. After this collection, which totalled 440 francs, it was announced that there was another collection for the sailors. Many were displeased because everyone thought that there would be only one collection and for this reason Les Vermiphones was very frigidly received. All were disappointed.

One young sailor sang *El Picador*; two sang the song of the Gendarmes and finally Mr. Pollok recited in English. After the programme, during which there were ice cream and refreshments, tea was served and they tried several times to dance, but only a few persons danced. There was no music. There was no pianist. The only ones who danced were one Englishwoman, one Dutch (Mrs: van Dedden) and one Frenchwoman. The other Dutch girls disappeared.

I have been talking about colonization with Mr. W. B. Pryer.

By 12:00 o'clock we have traveled 316 miles and we are at N. lat. 1° 28' and E. long. 100° 45'.

¹³In the Philippines, literally, female monkey; figuratively, a term of contempt.

At 4:00 o'clock we arrive at Singapore and we anchor. Through a Portuguese I learned that General Despujol, Frias, and a brother and a sister of Mr. Camus have left in the morning in a Spanish ship. It seems that the general was very well impressed of Singapore.

Many went ashore. With Mr. Berezowsky I went immediately to Hotel Europa to call on Mr. Camus. I found him talking with Mr. Prentice. Mr. Camus occupies room number 57. He is still quite young; his hair is slightly graying; he is in good trim; he is small and very lively. We talked about many things relating to the Philippines. I met the captain of the *Francisco Reyes*, Don Antonio, who was the pilot of the *Salvadora* when I went to Europe in '82. A meal in Hotel Europa costs one peso without wine or beer. It is middling, very middling.

On our way back, finding the weather delightful, Mr. Berezowsky and I walked and saw all kinds of things, examining victuals, the fruits, the amusements, and other things of the Chinese. I found Singapore much altered with many jinrikishas and with a steam streetcar. On the way I saw a man, and I don't know why it occurred to me that he must be Filipino. I asked him and he said yes. He was a sailor of the *Francisco Reyes*. We saw a Javanese or Malayan dance surrounded by Chinese who were helping play the music and I saw one Chinese taking part with much grace and agility. The music consisted of much drumming and was accompanied with songs. Drum beating, a violin, and a large drum. In two stores there were rich Chinese who were gambling. We walked following the streetcar line until we reached the docks. We spent a little less than an hour and a half, stopping at the stores and gewgaws shops.

In Singapore the Mexican peso is used divided into 100 cents as in Colombo the rupee is divided into 100 cents.

The ship departed at 3:30 o'clock.

11 November — At dawn it is cloudy; the sea fairly calm, the boat is not rocking. There is a Chinese consul in the first class with his wives and children. There are Chinese in the second class. Other passengers are Germans and half-breeds. At 11:00 o'clock we can see Pulo Haor at the left.

I bought a Japanese cane with a snake and a skull. A Frenchman saw it and said to me, "That is made in Paris."

"Truly?" I asked.

"The Japanese make a snake and they will make everything except a snake."

What a marvelous mixture of European ignorance and presumption!

By 12:00 o'clock we are at N. lat. $2^{\circ} 28'$ and E. long. $102^{\circ} 17'$. We have traveled 100 miles.

The day went by monotonously and peacefully in the company of four cats and a rat. We did prestidigitation on board.

12 November — Today is cloudy. They introduced me to the Chinese Consul. He is going to Canton.

We have traveled 301 miles and we are at N. lat. $7^{\circ} 10'$ and E. long. $104^{\circ} 01'$.

We have had squalls and the weather is bad. It seems that we are caught in the tail of a typhoon. Many people got seasick and I myself almost got seasick.

I slept in the cabin. Many gentlemen did not take luncheon. The food was good.

Saturday 14 or 13 (?)

This morning we are on the way to Saigon rounding the Cape of St. Jacques at 6:00 o'clock. The river is quiet. They tell me that a tiger years ago entered the telegraph station.

We meet the steamer *Shamrock* loaded with soldiers on which the governor is quarantined for having come from Tonkin and a case of cholera was found on board.

The banks of the river are level and growing on them are small plants which resemble the *bakawan*.¹⁴

The landscape resembles that of the Philippines: Red roofs on green background.

At 12 o'clock we went ashore and proceeded to the telegraph station to send a telegram to Hong Kong. Four words (2 dollars and 14 cents). Post cards at 2 cents. We went to the zoological and botanical garden. We saw *cycas siamensis*,¹⁵ *cycas (oliva)*, *cordia latifolia*,¹⁶ *coles maluco*,¹⁷ *theo-*

¹⁴ A species of mangrove (*Rhizophora mucronata* Lam.)

¹⁵ A primitive plant related to our so-called "olivas" (*Cycas revoluta*) and "pitogo" (*Cycas rumphil*).

¹⁶ A wild tree related to our common "anonang" (*Cordia dichotoma*).

¹⁷ A striking tree cultivated for ornamental purposes. It stands out in a group because of its light green leaves, which may be cooked as a vegetable when young.

(Courtesy of the Filipino scientist Dr. L. B. Uichanco.)

broma cacao, *Jatropha curcas* (*tuba*),¹⁸ *Averroa carambola* (*balimbing*) *bromelia ananas*, *musa paradisiaca*, *jasminum sambak*, *areka Kateku*, *Diospinas* (*kaki*), etc. We saw tigers, four large species, panthers, boas, cats, a small tiger, birds, very many beautiful wading birds *ardea agretta diminuta* (?) (*tagak*). We saw crocodiles, turtles, iguanas, small fawns from Mindoro, small birds, and one delightful cage of *mayas*, holding more than three hundred, singing and shouting, with nests of coconut shells around. The garden is beautiful, well cultivated, very pleasant, and the trees beautifully arranged. The vehicle that brought us, like those of Singapore, costs 25 cents per hour; fare from point to point 10 cents.

When the vehicle is drawn by two horses, the fare is 50 cents per hour. Most of these carriages are open. At the Café du Quai du Commerce I met a former traveling companion who came on the *Djemnah*. I found him rather anemic. We drank beer and a bottle cost us 50 cents.

We returned at 2:00 o'clock and we went out again at 4:00 o'clock with the learned Russian naturalist. We bought photographic plates 13 × 18 (two pesos a dozen). Exchange: 20 francs = 4 pesetas 95 cents. Sampan fare is 5 cents a person. We went back to the boat to eat. We went out at night and went through the streets to look at the shops. We found the city deserted, the people having gone to the theater. With us was Mr. Berezowsky, sent by the Geographic Society of St. Petersburg to collect specimens. We drank Normandy cider which cost us one peso and lemonade 50 cents. I bought lichee at 20 cents a pound. Everything, except carriages, is dear in Saigon.

I slept on board and it became cold towards morning. I took a bath. We went out early to visit again the botanical garden. We went in a sampan through the river and then we took a carriage. The sampan rowers here row like the gondoliers of Venice: In front and standing, they go around the curves with the paddle securely tied to a kind of wooden peg.

15 November. — There is a Spanish boat anchored near ours. Its name cannot be read because it is neither on the stern nor on the prow.

After lunch we went to Chelong, an Annamite city a half-hour away. In the stores I saw sugar apples, *sotanjun* (mongo bean noodles), *mike* (flour noodles), pineapple, bananas, and

¹⁸ "Tuba", a species of shrub with seeds yielding the croton oil of commerce. (*Croton tiglium* L.)

ginger, just like in the stores in Manila. We took pictures of some tombs. The excursion cost us one peso round trip in a carriage drawn by one horse. The market reminded me of the *palenque*.¹⁹

We returned to the boat at 3:00 o'clock and the Russian took some pictures. He showed me his work in which he described various kinds of birds and a rifle of three shots made in Moscow. We went out afterward to hear the music in the garden near the government house. The band played in the center of a kind of circle; few, very few strollers around; most of the people were riding in carriages and driving slowly around. We bought vaseline (50 cents) and benzine (40 cents) in a drugstore: Everything is expensive in Saigon. We returned to the boat to eat. We went out again at night to tour the environs and returned at nine o'clock while other passengers went out to hear *La Traviata*.

There are 300 Chinese deck passengers and the missionaries, including the bishop, fear there might be a riot among them. All speak to me admiringly of the Annamite seminarists and the missionaries. "They are angels," said one poor Franciscan friar.

The Chinese passengers of the fourth class had to pay more than \$6 from Saigon to Hong Kong whereas, because of competition, they pay only \$3 from Singapore to Hong Kong. They bring along chairs, baskets, coverings and food.

16 November — At dawn it is cloudy; the sea fairly calm. We are sailing along the coasts of Cochin-China. Undulated mountains, sandy shores under a cloudy sky. A multitude of dolphins has been following us at about 11:30 o'clock, playing near our ship, which gave us great joy.

We have traveled 149 miles, N. lat. 10° 49' and E. long. 106° 15'. We lack 766 miles.

The English doctor has been talking about many silly things.

At 12:30 o'clock we discern Cape Paradau.

17 November — Bad weather. We traveled 250 miles. I stayed in my cabin. The engine stopped.

18 November — Worse. We traveled 197 miles. I spent the whole day in my cabin.

¹⁹ In the Philippines a market is often called *palenque* or *palenke*.

19 November — The weather is improving a little. Nevertheless the sea is swollen and rough; the wind is bellowing; the ship is rocking. It is believed that tonight we shall arrive in Hong Kong. I went up to the deck.



13. HONG KONG TO BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

7 March 1892 — By morning we were sailing in Philippine waters. At 6:30 we leave at our left and behind us Cagayan de Joló. At the left and also at the right can be seen a ribbon of foamy waves, probably over sandbanks. It is said that the sea does not communicate with us or that the god of the sea protects us.

8 March, Friday, at 12:00 o'clock we sail through the strait of Mindoro (?). At the left numerous little rocky islands, poor and uninhabited. At the right a large island, *idem.*, *idem.* The Island of Mindoro is mountainous, sandy; has few trees; its southwest coast is uninhabited.

We have not encountered yet neither a boat, a steamer nor a banca. Towards a point on the west coast of the island there is a small island of this shape.¹

We travel at the rate of 10 miles per hour.

The apparatus of the *Memnon* to record miles consists of one long untwistable string at one of whose ends is fixed a pear with fringes in the form of an helix and at the other a wheel, which serves as a shuttle-cock, at whose end is a hook attached to a recording apparatus. On the face of the meter there are two excentric circles as on a watch's face. The circle for the hours is divided in 100 parts which indicate the miles.

Although Borneo is not mentioned, these are notes on his trip to Borneo on board the steamer *Memnon* which he took at Hong Kong where he was then residing temporarily. We have the draft of his letter to the editor of *La Solidaridad* from Sandakan, (Borneo) dated 6 April 1892. By 20 April 1892 he was back at Hong Kong as stated in his letter with that date to Blumentritt. Mariano Ponce has placed a note on these fragments stating simply that *Memnon* was the name of the ship in which Rizal traveled.

¹The sketch is found in the original MS.

The small circle for seconds is divided into four parts and the turn of each needle indicates one mile.

With some sails on we traveled almost 11 miles per hour. One mile is 1760 yards.

NOTES ON THE REGION IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO VISITED BY RIZAL

Padiak = 100 fathoms on one side, 100 fathoms on the other. 30 pesos for cleaning.

Bait River: On both banks *pagatpat*² and *bakawan* grow profusely. There is *balod*;³ the water has a dirty color due to the rains and those trees. There are trees for dyeing cloth. *Ipil*⁴ and camphor wood abound. They burn them. They plant *bataad*,⁵ abaca, sugarcane, cotton, coffee, cacao. In the forests there are *limatic*⁶ and *ulalo*⁷ and in the rivers fish abound so much that big ones can be seen in the middle of the creeks. There is one which is jumping on the surface of the water.

Manila River — The majority of the inhabitants come from Zamboanga; there are also some from Tayabas, Batangas, Ilocandia, and Bisayas. They tell wonderful stories of rare or fierce animals, karabaws, deer, etc. They have had some unpleasantness with the police, the Chinese, etc., who seem to fear them especially. In the afternoon the water of the river disappears with astounding swiftness, leaving the vessels there stranded on dry land.

Sawmill

² Pagatpat, Tagalog name for *Sonneratia pagatpat* Blanco, a tree growing in mangrove swamps with broad leaves and rather large leaves.

³ Large gray and green wild pigeons.

⁴ *Ipil* (*Intsia*). It produces lumber of the first group.

⁵ *Bataad* (*Andropogon sorghum* Brot. or *Sorghum vulgare*). A kind of coarse annual grass cultivated as a cereal.

⁶ Or, *limatik*. Land leech which is a nuisance in wet forest areas at middle altitudes.

⁷ White grubs which are the larvae of scarabaeoid beetles (*uang, salagubang, etc.*).

(Courtesy of the Filipino scientist Dr. Leopoldo B. Uichanco.)

14. MANILA TO DAPITAN

26 JUNE - 17 JULY 1892

I arrived at Manila on 26 June (1892), Sunday, at 12:00 noon. I was met by many carabincers headed by a major. There were in addition one captain and one sergeant of the Veteran Civil Guard. I came down with my luggage and they inspected me at the customhouse. From there I went to Hotel de Oriente, where I occupied room No. 22, facing the church of Binondo. In the afternoon, at 4:00 o'clock, I went to the palace of His Excellency and I was told to come back at 7:00 o'clock. At 7:00 o'clock I saw him and he agreed to set free my father but not my sisters. He told me to return on Wednesday at 7:30. From there I went to see my sisters. First I saw Narcisa, then Neneng.

The following day, at 6:00 o'clock in the morning, I went to the railroad station to go to Bulakan and Pampanga. I visited Malolos, San Fernando, and Tarlac and on my return, Bakölod. I arrived at Manila on Tuesday at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

On Wednesday at 7:30, I saw His Excellency. I did not succeed to have the penalty of exile lifted but he gave me hope with regard to my sisters. As it was the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul our interview ended at 9:15. I was to come again the following day at 7:30.

The following day, Thursday, we talked about the question of Borneo. The general was opposed to it, very much opposed. He told me to come back Sunday.

On Sunday I returned. We talked about sundry things and I thanked him for having lifted the exile of my sisters. I

Rizal's own account of his arrival from Hong Kong and his deportation to Dapitan.

told him that my father and brother would arrive on the first boat. He asked me if I would like to go abroad to Hong Kong. I told him yes. He told me to return on Wednesday.

On Wednesday he asked me if I insisted on returning to Hong Kong. I said yes. After some conversation, he said that I had handbills in my luggage. I told him no. He asked me who could have been the owner of the pillows and mats. I said my sister. For this reason he said he was sending me to Fort Santiago.

Mr. Ramon Despujol, his nephew and aide-de-camp, took me in a palace carriage to Fort Santiago where Mr. Enrique Villamor, chatelain of the fort, received us.

They assigned me a fairly furnished room with a bed, a dozen chairs, one table, a wash basin, and a mirror. The room had three windows: one without grill which opens on a patio, another with grills which looks out on the city walls and the beach and another which was the door closed with a padlock. Two artillery men as sentinels guarded it.

They had orders to fire on anyone who might signal from the beach. I could not write nor speak with any one except the officer on duty.

Mr. Enrique Villamor gave me books from his library.

The officer on duty came every morning.

Every day there was one officer on duty who was ordinarily a sergeant. They cleaned the room in the morning and gave me my breakfast consisting of coffee, milk, a piece of bread, and a sweetened roll. Luncheon at 12:30 consisted of four dishes; and supper at 8:30 the same. The orderly of Mr. Villamor waited on me.

On the 14th Thursday, in the evening at about 5:30 or 6:00 the nephew came to notify me that at 10:00 I would depart for Bataan. I prepared my luggage and at 10:00 I was ready; but as they did not come to fetch me, I went to sleep. At 12:15 they came. I rode in the same carriage that had brought me to Fort Santiago, and through the Sta. Lucía gate I was taken to the Malecón where General Ahumada and other persons were waiting. In one boat rode one aide-de-camp and two Veteran Civil Guards.

The steamer *Cebu* departed at 1:00 in the morning. They gave me a good cabin on the deck above whose door was the sign: *Chiefs*. Beside my cabin was that of Captain Delgras

who headed the expedition. All the military corps were represented, ten from each corps: artillery, infantry 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, carabineers, infantry, engineers, civil guard; at least twelve artillery men came. We were taking prisoners in chains, and a sergeant and a corporal both Spaniards. The last one was going to be executed for having ordered his superior officer tied who had appropriated his Moro paramour in Mindanao. The officer for having allowed himself to be tied was expelled from the corps. The sergeant was going to be executed and the soldiers who obeyed his order were given each 20 years imprisonment.

I ate in my cabin the same food as that of the officers. I was always guarded by one sentinel and one corporal and when I went out of the cabin I was accompanied. In the afternoon Captain Delgras would come to take me out for a walk until 9:00 o'clock.

We passed by the northern coast of Mindoro, the west coast of Panay and we arrived at Dapitan on Sunday, the 17th, at 7:00 o'clock in the evening.

Captain Delgras and three artillery men accompanied me on the boat manned by about eight sailors. The sea was rough.

The beach seemed to me very gloomy; it was dark, and our lantern lighted a path covered with grass.

In the town they met the commandant, a Captain Ricardo Carnicero, Antonio Macis, a former Spanish deputy, and Mr. Cosme, a *practicante*.¹

We went up the government house which I found large.



¹ A *practicante* is one who practices medicine under the direction or guidance of a licensed physician, or he may be a pharmacy clerk.



The CASA REAL, the government house at Dapitan, where Rizal was lodged upon his arrival on the 17th July 1892 as an exile. (P. 189).

15. DAPITAN TO BARCELONA

31 JULY - 6 OCTOBER 1896

64 DAYS WITHOUT TOUCHING LAND

I left Dapitan at midnight, Friday, 31 July 1896.

The day before, in the morning, a few moments after the arrival of the mail in the steamer *España*, I received a message from the Politico-Military Commander who wished to see me. He handed me a letter of His Excellency, Governor General Ramón Blanco y Erenas, dated 1st July, which said that my petition or application to go to the Island of Cuba as a temporary physician has been approved by the Government. In fact, in view of the shortage of military physicians in Cuba and at the suggestion of a friend, I offered my services as a physician, first in a personal letter to the Governor General and afterwards in a formal application dated 18 December 1895. In truth, I have already given up the idea of going to Cuba, for in the month of April the district governor advised me that my petition has been denied and for this reason I have started various projects to improve my situation. I began by devoting myself to the cultivation of my land, planting maize and *palay*. I was building a boat which I intended to engage in inter-island shipping, with a capacity for some 300 cavanos of rice, more or less. I changed the floor of my house with good wood; and I have begun the construction of a hospital or sanitarium to house the sick who came from different islands of the Archipelago and were invading even my own house. Thus, the letter of His Excellency, which a few months before would have filled me with joy and caused me no inconvenience, now produced on me a sweet-sour effect: It was like a desired dish which was offered after the dessert. It is true that the letter did not say

that I should depart but "if I still persisted in my idea (of going to Cuba), the governor was authorized to give me a pass to Manila and from there I would be allowed to go to the Peninsula where the Minister of War will designate the corps which I should join." I was appointed physician in the Military Corps of Health.

Informed of the contents of the letter, I said at once that I would not be able to depart until the second trip of the boat because I had to collect some debts and sell some of my belongings. The Politico-Military Governor and I agreed that I would write His Excellency about this and he would send my letter before 4:00 o'clock p.m. of the same day, enclosing it in his letter.

Upon my return home I informed my family of the news. My sister N. (Narcisa) received it with mad joy, crying and jumping, as J. (Josephine) did too. My servants became very sad expressing their desire to follow me.

I had postponed my trip until the next boat, but after discussing the question with the family, we decided to depart the following day and we made our preparations. I wrote to the Commander about our decision and I began to sell all that I owned.

I was flattered to know that the people of Dapitan regretted much my departure and the next day many came, including the town band, to bid us goodbye.

Those who were departing were Josephine, my sister N. (Narcisa) and her daughter Ang. (Angélica), Mr. and Mrs. Súnico, my three nephews, six boys and myself. We spent the day in my house on the seashore, the house I was building for the hospital.

We embarked at 5:30 in the afternoon on the *España*. As there were not enough cabins, they put all nine of us in the first class in a single cabin which has six beds or bunks. At midnight of the 31st July (Friday) we left Dapitan. I have been in that district four years, thirteen days, and a few hours. The C.P.M. (Politico-Military Commander) also came with me.

DUMAGUETE

The following day, Saturday, at dawn, we anchor at Dumaguete, capital of Oriental Negros.

The steamer anchors quite near the shore because of the great depth of the water. Dumaguete spreads out on the beach. There are big houses, some with galvanized iron roofing. Outstanding are the house of a lady, whose name I have forgotten, which is occupied by the government and another one just begun with many *ipil* posts.

I went ashore with my family and the C.P.M. I told my family to see the town while the C.P.M. and I paid our respects to Governor Regal whom I met at Dapitan on his way to his destination.

From there we went to see the Captain of the Civil Guard, Mr. Hérrero Regidor, judge of the province, who was suffering from ophthalmia which turned out to be *conjunctivitis granulosa*. At his house I met the permanent physician, Mr. P., from whom I learned about many cases and things concerning provincial etiquette. It turned out that while I was going to visit my friend and former classmate Mr. Herrero Regidor, the provincial judge, the operation has been set for that afternoon. In fact I went to visit this gentleman who received me very affectionately, inviting me and my family to spend the day with him. I saw Periquet and I met his family. I called at the house of Mrs. Rufina, a beautiful house, where, after four years, I heard for the first time the piano played and well-played too. I observed that the people of Dumaguete are fond of decorating their houses with plants and flowers. In the afternoon I operated on the Captain of the Civil Guard and then we embarked. We saw numerous recruits going to Iligan. They were tied at the elbows and behind them marched the musicians! I met the Inspector of Forests who turned out to be a former classmate of mine.

We departed at night, about 10:00 o'clock, and the following day in the morning we entered Cebú bay.

SUNDAY - CEBU

The entrance to Cebú is beautiful. We can see the whole district of San Nicolás, many brick roofs, church towers, and some small vessels. The ship anchored beside a pier, near a garden of *katuray*, *dapdap*, and almond trees. Nearby they told me, were the government houses, that of Mr. Ventura Veloso, and others. Many persons came to the boat out of curiosity and for treatment. After luncheon, the C.P.M. and I went to call on Mr. Riobó, a famous physician who was in town because of a case. At the house of Attorney Mateos,

where we looked for him, I met an old couple whom I had known in Madrid, also involved in the Riobó case. We talked about the town. It was said that San Nicolás had separated from Cebú and was not dependent on the Cebú municipal council. They criticized the municipal council and the theater it had built for lacking all the necessary conditions of a good theater, *etc.* After the visit we went to see the General of Cebú who received us cordially, but he did not ask us to sit down nor did he sit down himself.

Although it was Sunday and there could be no unloading, nevertheless unloading was done in the afternoon in order to overtake the mail boat in Manila. In Cebú I did two operations of strabotomy, one operation on the ears, and another of tumor. Many rich and curious persons, relatives of the Chinese, came to consult me. Various passengers embarked, among them Mr. and Mrs. Butler and the physician, Mr. Ortiz. At 11:00 in the morning of the following day, Monday, we left Cebú to go to Iloilo.

The voyage was fine. At the right we saw Mactan, an island famous for what happened to Magellan. The whole afternoon was magnificent. We saw dolphins and we were amused by three of them swimming before the prow of the boat at three or four inches apart with wonderful swiftness and skill due to the movement of their tails. We saw many islands along our way. The next day, in the morning, we entered Iloilo, meeting on the way various ships, like *Taculin*, *Cosmopolita*, *etc.* Opposite Iloilo there is an island (Gimaras) where Iloilo families go for picnics.

TUESDAY – ILOILO

The entrance to Iloilo is beautiful. From afar can be seen the white city set in water, a nymph of galvanized iron, a modern creation, poetic in spite of its iron uniform. We saw various vessels with foreign flags. A port pilot met us. We anchored and we were tied beside the gunboat *Gral. Lezo*, in front of the house of the consignee. The *Gral. Lezo* had come from Iligan and had to stop in Iloilo for repairs.

We ordered vehicles or *quiles* drawn by one horse to take us to the Escolta where we bought a traveling cap. We did not find socks for the children.

The liveliness of the Escolta pleased me. We went to Molo to see the church painted by a lad who has never left

the locality. The governor's palace is at the end of the Escolta, on the road to Molo. I was surprised to see all the carts and even the *calesas* drawn by oxen. From Iloilo to Molo takes one half hour. We reach Molo. The church is pretty outside and the interior is not bad, considering that it had been painted by a lad. The paintings are mostly copies of biblical scenes by Gustave Doré. Opposite the church is a big and pretty house belonging to the Lacsons. We returned to the boat on time. Many passengers, about 25, embarked for Manila, among them actors, the aide of the general who came from Iligan with papers and important dispatches, and a pharmacist. We left Iloilo at 12:00 or 1:00 p.m.

TUESDAY – CÁPIZ; WEDNESDAY – ROMBLÓN

The night was rainy and dark when we arrived at CápiZ or what seemed to us CápiZ. Ships always anchor at a great distance from the mouth of Tibas, they say, where there is a marine corporal who acts as governor, administrator, *etc.* with regard to the mail. A boat was lowered with the second officer and the steward aboard and we expected it to come back within an hour in order to continue our voyage. But, it was not so. Although it left at about 11:00 o'clock at night, it did not return until the following day, late in the day, because, according to what they said, it anchored very far from the shore and it had to row for more than three hours. At CápiZ the passengers do not go ashore except those who will remain there. Not a trace of a town nor of the presence of a human being can be seen. A sergeant of the Civil Guard, who, they say, was going to Cuba as a volunteer, embarked.

In a short time we left CápiZ going in the direction of Romblón. At about 3:00 o'clock we sighted the island, very remarkable for its numerous coconut trees planted up to the peak of the mountain. The port of Romblón is beautiful but sad and lonely. From the boat can be seen the mass of marble, plentiful, white, reddish, and grayish. Because of our haste we did not take freight, although there were more than 500 sacks of coprax on the beach. In an hour and a half we started on the route to Manila.

6 THURSDAY – MANILA

At dawn we were entering Manila Bay, having passed Point Santiago during the night almost without being aware of it. The Bay of Manila is wide but exposed to all the winds.

At our starboard, in the distance we can see Cavite and in front the Capital, white due to galvanized iron.

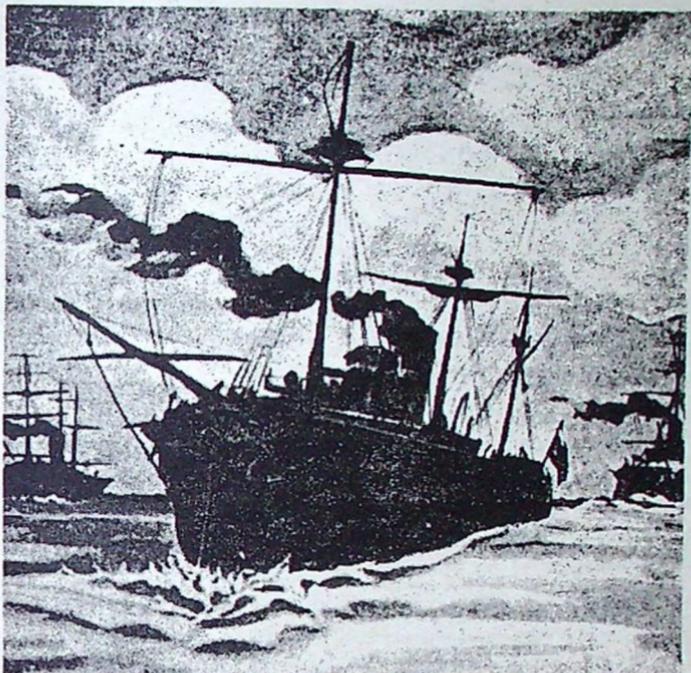
Contrary to our expectation we did not find the mail boat *Isla de Luzón*, however much we searched for it, and it was because it had departed the day before, at 5:00 o'clock p.m. for the Peninsula.

How many thoughts surged in my mind upon entering again the Pasig River. At the right I saw that the port works have accomplished something at last during a period of four years. These works were begun in '80 or '81, if I'm not mistaken.

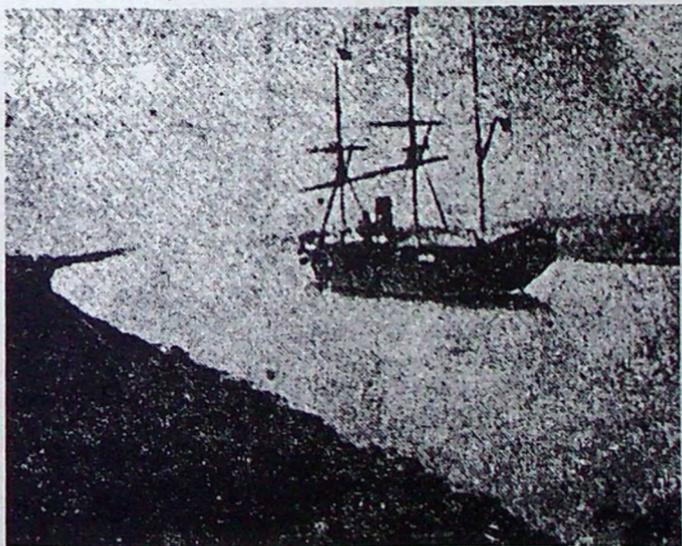
We were met by a launch (*Holdfast*), bringing a lieutenant of the Veteran Guard, Mr. Sanz, sent by the Captain General to find out about my arrival and take charge of me until further orders from him. After a while came my sisters Lucía, Trinidad, and María, my nephews Antonio, Leoncio, and Patrocinio, and my old mother. Then came the commander of the Veteran Guard with a lieutenant to notify me that Mr. Sanz would remain to keep me company and that at 7:30 they would come to take me to the Commander's office, and afterwards I could go home.

We spent the day talking, discussing, and playing chess until evening; but at 7:30 the gentleman did not come. In the meantime Sra. Narcisa and Josefina called on me. At 10:15 the gentleman did come and told me that His Excellency had changed my itinerary and had ordered that I should transfer to the cruiser *Castilla*. This disappointed me much because it deprived me of the pleasure of visiting with my parents. What could I do except to follow orders?

We boarded a boat which took us to the gunboat *Otálora*, under the command of a young naval ensign called Mr. Antelo, who, although rather thin and homely, turned out to be pleasant and charming. Above all he knew how to receive people in his little boat. I was displeased and sleepy as we went to the *Castilla* which was in Cavite. The weather was bad; the night was dark; it was raining. The young lieutenant of the Veteran Guard who was with us seemed to me a chap who has studied, who knew Arabic and had taught in a certain academy. He talked about the importance of the Arabic language in the army because of the proximity of Spain to Africa. I was very sleepy and I could not carry on the conversation.



THE CRUISER CASTILLA, P. 197.



SS ISLA DE PANAY, P. 197.

At last we sighted the *Castilla*. They called for a steam-launch to which we transferred and from it we boarded the *Castilla*. Mr. Antelo went ahead; we followed him.

ON BOARD THE CASTILLA

It was the same beautiful boat which I had boarded in Dapitan in October '94 when the Captain General visited those shores. It was then used by the First Magistrate of the Islands. It was full of officers; many braids and many sabers. It had on board a well-tuned orchestra to which the chaps in Dapitan listened raptly. It had electric light. It was on board this ship that His Excellency promised to transfer me to La Unión or Ilocos Sur. About twenty-two months have elapsed since then.

Now I return to it, and in spite of its numerous crew and equipment, it seems to me dark, sad, and dead. I was announced to the Commander who asked me to come in to his office — a suite of small rooms simply but conveniently furnished and with good taste. He asks me to sit down and tells me that by order of the Captain General I am *detained but not a prisoner* on board the ship in order to avoid difficulties from friends and enemies. I replied that I was glad that measures were being taken to shield me from such displeasures and I only regretted that the boat should be so far away from Manila which prevented me from having the pleasure of seeing my parents who could not come to me on account of the sea. They assigned me a cabin for that night, which was fairly good, with the necessary furnishings, saying they would give me another the next day. Upon going down, I found in the parlor various officers, one of whom attracted my attention because of his stature, his age, and his beard. As I was very sleepy, I fell asleep as soon as I lay down. The next day they changed my cabin, giving me one without a porthole but sufficiently large.

Wednesday — 2 September

At six o'clock in the afternoon I left the *Castilla*. On board the steamlaunch and accompanied by Messrs. de Molini, Picallo, and Puente, I transferred to the *Isla de Panay*, anchored nearby. Before that, I cordially bade the ship's officers goodbye.

The Captain (the same man who had been at the *Castilla* one day) received us, de Molini introducing me. He seems to be amiable, charming and frank, if I am not mistaken. He ordered that I be shown my cabin, and frankly speaking the

cabin given me could not be better; better than those in the boats of Messageries Maritimes. I have a cabin all to myself. I am satisfied with the ship and according to my first impression it seems to be good.

The Commander, Mr. Enrique Santaló, when I bade him goodbye, gave me a good advice. I really esteem him and I will try to follow his advice. I will do even more than what he advises me.

From the ship's roundhouse I see the lights of Manila in the distance; the lights of the *Castilla* can hardly be seen; I can tell the *Cristina* for the insignia of the Rear Admiral: two lights on the pole. May God will that there be no more disturbances this night. Unhappy countrymen who so madly plunge themselves into death. They say that Imus has been attacked.

Thursday — 3

Early in the morning, the boat left Cañacao, going in the direction of Manila. Shortly after launches and small steamers bringing passengers came. They change my cabin, giving me number 22, an inside cabin but larger and with a sofa. Among the passengers who have arrived, I recognize Mr. P. Roxas and his son Periquin, now grown-up; an ensign, Piña, a Cuban, and a landowner who were my traveling companions in the *España*. I believe that María Tuason is also among them, the one who is married to the *Pájaro Verde*¹ (Green Bird). Among the passengers, however, they cannot tell who might be the husband. In one of the launches that came I saw Mr. Pedro A. Paterno who was accompanying a brother-in-law of his named Mr. Manuel Piñeyro.

This gentleman with whom later I spoke, is ill of gastritis which is the cause of his intense anemia which in turn is the cause of insomnia. His physicians have been giving him benzonaphtol, pepsin, bismuth, etc.

As soon as the ship has left the port, the rugs are put away, the cushions are covered, etc. and the boat becomes ugly, but economical. The food is middling and they do not change the table silverware. The waiter says: "Sir, I suggest that you keep your silverware, otherwise you may contract a mouth disease." Imagine, they are all thrown into a common vessel!!!

¹ Pseudonym of a Spanish journalist whose name was Vicente García y Valdez.

At last we sighted the *Castilla*. They called for a steam-launch to which we transferred and from it we boarded the *Castilla*. Mr. Antelo went ahead; we followed him.

ON BOARD THE CASTILLA

It was the same beautiful boat which I had boarded in Dapitan in October '94 when the Captain General visited those shores. It was then used by the First Magistrate of the Islands. It was full of officers; many braids and many sabers. It had on board a well-tuned orchestra to which the chaps in Dapitan listened raptly. It had electric light. It was on board this ship that His Excellency promised to transfer me to La Unión or Ilocos Sur. About twenty-two months have elapsed since then.

Now I return to it, and in spite of its numerous crew and equipment, it seems to me dark, sad, and dead. I was announced to the Commander who asked me to come in to his office — a suite of small rooms simply but conveniently furnished and with good taste. He asks me to sit down and tells me that by order of the Captain General I am *detained but not a prisoner* on board the ship in order to avoid difficulties from friends and enemies. I replied that I was glad that measures were being taken to shield me from such displeasures and I only regretted that the boat should be so far away from Manila which prevented me from having the pleasure of seeing my parents who could not come to me on account of the sea. They assigned me a cabin for that night, which was fairly good, with the necessary furnishings, saying they would give me another the next day. Upon going down, I found in the parlor various officers, one of whom attracted my attention because of his stature, his age, and his beard. As I was very sleepy, I fell asleep as soon as I lay down. The next day they changed my cabin, giving me one without a porthole but sufficiently large.

Wednesday — 2 September

At six o'clock in the afternoon I left the *Castilla*. On board the steamlaunch and accompanied by Messrs. de Molini, Picallo, and Puente, I transferred to the *Isla de Panay*, anchored nearby. Before that, I cordially bade the ship's officers goodbye.

The Captain (the same man who had been at the *Castilla* one day) received us, de Molini introducing me. He seems to be amiable, charming and frank, if I am not mistaken. He ordered that I be shown my cabin, and frankly speaking the

cabin given me could not be better; better than those in the boats of Messageries Maritimes. I have a cabin all to myself. I am satisfied with the ship and according to my first impression it seems to be good.

The Commander, Mr. Enrique Santaló, when I bade him goodbye, gave me a good advice. I really esteem him and I will try to follow his advice. I will do even more than what he advises me.

From the ship's roundhouse I see the lights of Manila in the distance; the lights of the *Castilla* can hardly be seen; I can tell the *Cristina* for the insignia of the Rear Admiral: two lights on the pole. May God will that there be no more disturbances this night. Unhappy countrymen who so madly plunge themselves into death. They say that Imus has been attacked.

Thursday — 3

Early in the morning, the boat left Cañacao, going in the direction of Manila. Shortly after launches and small steamers bringing passengers came. They change my cabin, giving me number 22, an inside cabin but larger and with a sofa. Among the passengers who have arrived, I recognize Mr. P. Roxas and his son Periquin, now grown-up; an ensign, Piña, a Cuban, and a landowner who were my traveling companions in the *España*. I believe that María Tuason is also among them, the one who is married to the *Pájaro Verde*¹ (Green Bird). Among the passengers, however, they cannot tell who might be the husband. In one of the launches that came I saw Mr. Pedro A. Paterno who was accompanying a brother-in-law of his named Mr. Manuel Piñeyro.

This gentleman with whom later I spoke, is ill of gastritis which is the cause of his intense anemia which in turn is the cause of insomnia. His physicians have been giving him benzonaphtol, pepsin, bismuth, etc.

As soon as the ship has left the port, the rugs are put away, the cushions are covered, etc. and the boat becomes ugly, but economical. The food is middling and they do not change the table silverware. The waiter says: "Sir, I suggest that you keep your silverware, otherwise you may contract a mouth disease." Imagine, they are all thrown into a common vessel!!!

¹ Pseudonym of a Spanish journalist whose name was Vicente García y Valdez.

Upon this warning I do not change my silverware. It seems that many military officers are coming, judging by the braided caps they are carrying. A sick Jesuit brother is on board. He is accompanied by a priest who has little of the look of a Jesuit. The friar has not come.

Friday — 4

The Jesuit priest says that it seems that I am being avoided for it is believed that I am the cause of the disturbances in Manila.² I laugh at the naiveté and innocence of these individuals. Today I have talked with a young Aragonese student who is going to Madrid. He told me, among other things, that more than 600 have been shot. The Cuban has told me something about Martinez Campos, Martí, and Salcedo, which has filled me with amazement. I could hardly believe it. The Roxases have eaten in the dining room. I eat at the captain's table. At night, at 7:30, they gambled and it seems that the *Pájaro Verde* won. We have traveled 309.

Saturday — 5

The day was good. A young, charming passenger of the third class played the piano and sang. I saw the insane; he is a captain of the Military Administration. At night the Jesuit told me about poor Anacleto. According to what they say, he died of a heart ailment.

A young man became terribly drunk. He was meddling with everybody and wanted to hit a passenger and tried to enter a lady's cabin. The reason why he wanted to hit him was because he did not lift up his cap. He said he was an army officer. We have traveled 300 miles.

Sunday — 6

There was a Mass but I did not hear it because I did not know there was going to be one. We met two ships. Nothing notable occurred today, except the ice-cream. We made 311 miles. They say that tomorrow we shall arrive at Singapore.

Monday — 7

Today no incidents occurred. In the afternoon we met a large ship which was going in the opposite direction. We

² The beginning of the Philippine Revolution of 1896. See Teodoro A. Agoncillo, *The Revolt of the Masses*, Quezon City, 1956, chap. IX.

saw islands of the Natuna group. At 5:00 we saw the lighthouse; at 8:00 o'clock we anchored outside of Singapore, for we could not enter, being night time. Singapore could be seen girded with a string of lights. They played cards and it seems that a player, having won, withdrew. A gentleman with side whiskers and I have been talking about Philippine affairs.

Tuesday — 8

In the morning we slowly entered Singapore and we docked beside the wooden pier. The peddlers do not go on board but display their goods on the pier. I have observed some changes: There are more Chinese merchants and less Indian: Lacquer objects and silk handkerchiefs. I bought a Chinese gown. The Roxases went down and did not return. It is said that they received a telegram. We left Singapore at 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Singapore has changed much since I saw it for the first time in 1882.

Wednesday — 9

At about 4:30 p.m. the *Yarra M.M.* passed by us yesterday. It was navigating at about 30 miles per minute more than we. At night there was a hint of a concert but it was marred by the rudeness of a passenger.

Thursday — 10

It has begun to rain and the weather is bad.

Friday — 11

Bad weather continues.

Saturday — 12

The rocking continues but I am not very seasick. There are still many seasick persons. The Jesuits have not shown up.

Sunday — 13

At 4:00 o'clock we begin to sight land and at night, at 11:00 o'clock, we anchor at Colombo. The lights and activity in Colombo impressed me as something of a novelty. The port construction is already finished with the breakwater very well built.

Monday — 14

The morning brought us surprises. In the port are large buildings and warehouses with brick roofing. Numerous vessels and steamships: One of the Messageries, one German, and one Japanese, among many. At 9:00 o'clock a beautiful ship, the *Orotava* of the English Mail P.S.N.C. with numerous passengers docked. The Indian divers now know a song and dance which before they did not know. They sell less things on board. At 12:00 o'clock we left Colombo for Aden. At night the sick Jesuit worsened and the ship's doctor gave him up.

Tuesday — 15

The weather has improved very considerably. The patient has taken a bath but continues grave. He has eaten. At night we passed by the Maldiva and Laccadive islands. Lighthouse of Minicoy.

Wednesday — 16

The weather could not be better. Brilliant sky, calm sea. In the afternoon a shower. The patient is still grave.

Thursday — 17

Good weather prevails. There is nothing new. I read the Bible. The patient has no fever and does not vomit except bile.

Friday — 18

Today we have made 314 miles and it seems that we lack only 870 miles to reach Aden. Mr. Utor told me a very funny story. It seems that there is a story circulating among the passengers that in I know not what toast I had said the following: "The most beautiful day for the Philippines will be that when we can drink wine from Spanish skulls." (!!!) And so . . . intelligent are some people that they believe it! At first it made me laugh much, but afterward I felt sorry for the Spaniards who swallowed such idiotic nonsense.

Saturday — 19

It is cool. At 1:15 in the afternoon the insane passenger died. His name was Cecilio and he was Captain of the Military Administration. They say that he lost his mind as a result of his two-month arrest, a penalty imposed upon him by General Parrado in Iligan; and for this reason, in his outbursts,

he cursed General Parrado. He came on board wearing a madman's gown and occupied a cabin where he spent the nights howling and cursing General Parrado. Then they moved him and without much ado, it was learned that he has died. Placed in a box with some 16 pieces of ingots he was dropped into the sea at 2:00 o'clock in the morning of Sunday. The priest, the military men, and others attended the funeral.

Sunday — 20

At dawn it was very cold; the boat was rocking. The fog compelled the ship to reduce its speed to one fourth. At 12:00 o'clock we enter Guardafui and the sea little by little grows calmer. At night the moon came out and it was the most delightful night on board, although the wind hardly blew and it was warm. The ship did not rock a bit. My patient has become worse for having partaken of Flemish butter.

Monday — 21

It is warm; the sea is calm. We arrive at Aden at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The English have advanced much; there are more buildings. I don't know this port. We load coal and we are not going to touch Port Said. The patient has improved much. We left at 3:00 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday with a beautiful moon.

Tuesday — 22

It has been warm. Calm sea. We pass near Perim, which is fortified. The patient has come up to the deck. Old man Cabanyes continues to be impatient and displeased. We are not stopping at Port Said because of the cholera but we will touch Malta.

Wednesday — 23

The heat is more intense than ever. The water's temperature is high. Old man Cabanyes is more peevish than ever on account of the scandals aboard between men and women passengers. He believes that his wife will do the same thing and in fact she is doing it, as other passengers tell me.

We have seen more than ten waterspouts.

Thursday — 24

The heat continues. A woman gets sick and they call me. She has renal colic. I soothe her with hot baths and an

injection of morphine. I consult with the Captain about the case and he advises me that it is better that the ship's physician attend her. Happenings to the ship's physician. The patient has weakened very much. I believe she will not reach Suez. At night there was a quarrel between two young men who are rivals for the hand of a young woman passenger.

Friday — 25

The heat has lessened. I have dreamed that the patient has died, but he is still alive. In the afternoon, at 4:25, we met the *Isla de Luzón* loaded with soldiers. The English government has fortified the Islands of the Soldiers. At night we saw at the larboard a beautiful red and white lighthouse. The Brother is very grave.

Saturday — 26

Today at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, the sick man died; at 2:00 o'clock I attended his extreme unction. They say that he will be dropped into the sea at 9:00 o'clock. At 7:30 o'clock I saw the corpse inside a box covered with canvas. The cover of the box has cracks so that the water would seep through. This man's name was Domingo Carrió. At 11:00 o'clock we anchored in front of Suez. From afar the look of the town surprised us: Minarets, box-shaped houses, the poles of the vessels, trees, etc. It seemed as if it were a city rising magically from the desert and the sea. The view before us was enchanting. The bare mountains on both sides illumined by the sun in a translucent sky seemed to be gilded with a light tint of gray and violet by way of *chiaoscuro*. The sea of the purest blue, especially where it touches the shore, makes the white yellowish sand stand out. Launches came bringing officials to inspect the ship's papers, but they did not go aboard because the Captain refused to have any contact with the land on account of the cholera. Many small vessels manned by three or five Egyptians, fair skinned, and in white or blue gowns, bringing fruits, rosaries, polyparies, and pictures for sale, were not able to sell their wares. Among the fruits were grapes, apples, and dates. I saw also coral rosaries, fish skins with spines, little boats of mother-of-pearl, cards, etc. At 2:00 p.m. the pilot arrived and we entered the Canal. I was much surprised by the town at the entrance which seemed to me new. The beautiful houses looked like palaces, trees along the streets, and a long promenade with a double border of trees along the length of the left bank. I noted also the solidly built piers of

stone and the sides of the Canal protected by rectangular stones piled up without cement or mortar but supported with stakes. On the left bank we saw loose camels. Various stations or groups of three or four bungalows surrounded with trees and a palm tree here and there and a windmill, perhaps used for getting water. We saw the railroad leading to Port Said. At night, at about 7:00 o'clock, we anchored in Bitter Lake.

Sunday — 27

It is cold this morning. At 6:00 o'clock we continued our voyage. The trip is very pleasant. Beautiful stations on the left bank composed mostly of three low houses surrounded with trees; picturesque floating houses of two stories with grills and flowers, especially near Ismailia. This town has grown very much. We met English, German, and Italian ships. The *Archimede* is carrying Italian soldiers to Abyssinia. Their uniform is yellowish gray like that of the English in Borneo, but they wear a red fez. They saluted us gayly with bugle. We also met the German mail boat *Preussen*, a beautiful ship, painted white, and full of passengers. There were many sand-spouts on the right bank and mirages. In some sections they have begun planting date palms, flame trees, and cactus. The ship runs at a speed of 6 miles per hour. The canal is more or less 87 miles long. We arrived at Port Said at about 4:00 o'clock. I was impressed by it; it seemed to me that it has progressed much. Near the pier there is a new palace, recently finished, with ogival arches in Persian style. They say that the palace is for the Khedive. There are many docked ships, mostly English, two Germans, *Senta* and *Gerda*; and one Italian, *Umberto I*. There are many Englishmen and Englishwomen boating; two Englishwomen were rowing and an Englishman was steering the boat. There are many dolphins in the port. The pier is very lively with Egyptians, Arabs, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, etc. We departed at 5:30 o'clock, sailing along a long breakwater at the right bank.

At the luncheon they told me that, according to a telegram, Francisco Roxas, Genato, and Osorio have been shot. Who is this Osorio? May God have mercy on them! It is said that 6,000 soldiers have been sent to Manila.

Monday — 28

The Mediterranean is a little rough but the boat does not rock. They have given me bad news which, if true, would make me doubt everything. In the afternoon the wind rose and the sky became dark.

Tuesday — 29

Today is cooler; there is more wind, but the sky is clearer. In the afternoon the ship began to rock a great deal. There are people on board who do nothing but slander me and invent fanciful stories about me. I'm going to become a legendary personage. Friends and enemies invent fabulous stories which elevate me and improbable stories to harm me and they find people who are considered educated to believe them. They say that San Roque (Cavite) has been bombarded.

Wednesday — 30

The cool weather continues. The sea has become very calm. At 4:00 p.m. I receive a note from the Captain in which he tells me:

"My dear Sir: I have ordered that after dinner you should go down to your cabin and remain there until I send you a new order which will probably be after we have left Malta."

Yours sincerely,

A. ALEMANY

Captain of *Isla de Panay*

In reply I said that I was ready to obey his order, but I begged him to tell me the reason for it. He sent me the following reply:

This measure is due to the fact that various passengers have said that you are planning to stay behind in Malta.

I believe that your promises are formal and this measure will not inconvenience you.

Yours . . .

A. ALEMANY

I replied that I regretted that he should give credence to the gossips of persons who lied unashamedly.

At about 6:25 we anchored near Malta, a very few meters from the shore. I saw through a tiny window the beautiful view of the port, with its monumental and magnificent castle in three levels, white, illumined by the lingering afternoon lights. On an eminence formed by white rocks stood three buildings which looked like Greek temples, presenting an enchanting group. On both sides of the castle and on a lower level spread out the town whose lights are beginning to kindle. The vessels which approached our ship looked like gondo-

las, though without indented edges. It seems that the ship will depart at 1:00 o'clock in the morning.

There are aboard people so low and infamous that they do not scorn calumny. One would humiliate himself in slapping them; perhaps, perhaps one might allow himself to kick them if he has many pairs of shoes.

Thursday — 1st October

We left Malta at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. A day without news for me as I did not leave the cabin. Serafin visited me twice. One tried to steal my papers and came to my cabin while I was asleep. I caught a steward entering quietly my cabin and the chief steward peeping through the skylight.

Friday — 2

The day is uneventful. At night the boat rocked, perhaps because it was in the Gulf of Lyon.

Saturday — 3

At 10:00 in the morning we arrived at Barcelona. Exactly 30 days voyage. We were placed under observation for three days and three pairs of civil guards were assigned to watch me, and I don't understand why for I am in Spain. The Captain says that he no longer has charge of me but the Captain General. I write to Mr. Despujol. The Captain delivers to me fifty pesos. Ideas of a passenger who is fond of looking after me. I'm going to believe in the end that I'm a dangerous person. This amuses me. I hear conversations.

Sunday — 4

At 6:00 o'clock in the morning many cannon shots awaken us. It seems that they are in honor of the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, they say. At 12:00 o'clock I counted as many as 31 cannon shots and at 6:00 there were again as many. At night there was a concert in the dining room which can be heard from my cabin.

Monday — 5

The day begins better and I don't hear so much nonsense. The day passed without any disagreeable incident. They collected the soiled clothes to fumigate them. It is said that tomorrow we will go ashore.

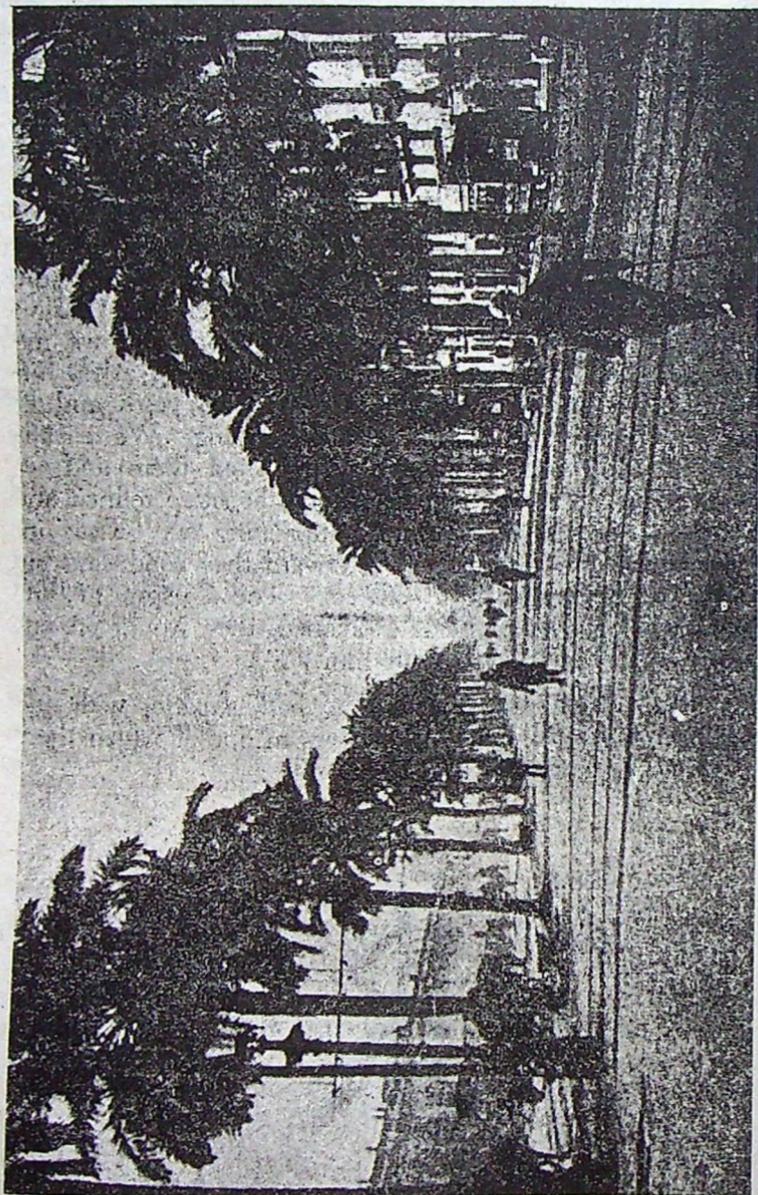
Tuesday — 6

At 3:00 o'clock in the morning, the sergeant awoke me to tell me to get dressed and have my luggage ready for we were leaving. I asked him where we were going and he said that he didn't know, but a captain would come. I took coffee, put in' order my two valises, and waited. At 4:00 o'clock a small steam-launch arrived and in it I saw two men: One military officer and another in civilian garb. The port had electric lights. We disembarked and the officer told me that I should carry my luggage until Monjuich³ because the guards should not carry anything. I answered that I could not; theretore, he replied, I should leave them behind. At last I had to carry them and we walked a long while, I, looking for anybody willing to carry them. The two men rode on horseback and thus we went. As we were climbing the slope of Monjuich, we met a workman or coal carrier on his way to the pier. I asked him if he would like to carry my luggage for two pesos and he agreed. We climbed the slope without I stopping. We reached Monjuich at 5:00 o'clock sharp. We waited there and we were received by a captain who seemed to be more refined and attentive than the one who was accompanying me. They inspected carefully my luggage and afterward they conducted me to prison No. 11, assigned to officers. The Captain himself told me that when the General awakened, they would present me to him and I could talk with him.

My prison is composed of a long hall, a parlor with one table and one arm-chair, and two alcoves in one of which there are one bed, one table, and a washstand.



³ Also, Montjuich.



BARCELONA: "... WE PASSED THROUGH THE PASEO DE COLON..." (P. 209)

16. BARCELONA TO MANILA

ON BOARD THE COLON

1896

Tuesday, 6 — At 1:00 or 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon again came the same officer named Tudela to notify me that I should gather again my luggage as I was going aboard. I had to do it hurriedly amidst the shouts and threats of the officer. We left Monjuich immediately. Luckily I met a street worker who was willing to carry my luggage. I did not understand the reason. We descended the slope, I in the middle of the two pairs of the civil guard, and thus we reached Barcelona passing through the Paseo de Colón. They took me to the office of the Captain General. On the road we stopped three times: At the first stop they searched me and found General Blanco's letters. The officer read them. After waiting about one hour, General Despujol arrived from witnessing the embarkation of the troop. He came dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant general with a sash. I found him slightly thinner than before. A few minutes later he received me standing and he explained my situation. He had received a telegram from Madrid, ordering him to put me on board as a prisoner. He had procured me in a cabin in the second class and I could take a walk during the voyage but I could not go down at the ports. We talked about many important things and at the end of about a quarter of an hour, I left him to go aboard. We embarked in a boat with carabineers at the pier of Medinacelli. Again we passed through the Paseo de Colón where there were many people.

The ship was full of soldiers and officers and their families. I heard my name mentioned several times and the people looked at me with curiosity. I was at the roundhouse on the

bridge under the care of soldiers and guards. The boat departed at 8:00 o'clock at night and I was still there and they told me that I would stay there throughout the voyage. I protested and the Captain of the ship, who seemed to be an amiable person, told me that they were preparing my cabin. So it was. I went down, always guarded, and they gave me a fairly good cabin in the second class. I went to bed without eating, for I felt chilly, and I slept. I awoke because a military officer lifted up my cover and touched my ankles saying: "Don't cover yourself!" I did not understand him and I covered myself again. Shortly after I slept again.

The watchword that I heard from the sentinels is that they should not let me go out and not let anyone enter my cabin or speak to me. I have observed that there are officers who are refined and courteous while there are others who are rough.

Wednesday 7 — I woke up with a slight fever, the effect of last night's chill. I spent the day in my cabin. They gave me food. The officer on duty seems amiable, refined, and polite, consistent with the seriousness of his duty. I heard him giving advice to the sentinels as to how best to spend their time. He said to another afterward: "We are the only parents the soldiers have here." At night two came to talk with me for a while.

Thursday 8 — I woke up weak and hungry. My guard today is very young and beardless. Yesterday's guard had a heavy, thick beard. An infantry officer has told me that various Madrid newspapers assumed that I am responsible for the disorders in the Philippines and everybody believed so. Holy God! So public opinion is against me! However, I hope to prove my innocence, God willing. I do not despair provided the court that will try me is just.

Friday 9 — I woke up stronger. The ship is rocking slightly and I hear some persons are seasick. I'm still confined to my cabin. The officer on duty seems to be more mature; he is very dry but he seems reasonable, as they say in Gallicism. I feel more encouraged. I believe that what God is doing to me is a blessing, allowing me to go back to the Philippines in order to be able to destroy such accusations. Because, either they do me justice and recognize my innocence and then I will be rehabilitated or they sentence me to death and thereby, before the eyes of society, I atone for my supposed crime. Society will forgive me and later, without any doubt, justice will

be done me and I will be one more martyr. At any rate, instead of dying abroad or in the *manigua* (jungle in Cuba), I'll die in my own country. I believe that what is happening is the best that can happen to me. Always let God's will be done! I feel more calm with regard to my future. This afternoon I have meditated because I had nothing else to do nor could I read. I feel that peace has descended upon me, thank God! Oh God! Thou art my hope and my consolation! Let your Will be done; I am ready to obey it. Either I will be condemned or absolved. I'm happy and ready.

The lieutenant on duty, unlike the others, wants the light to be on throughout the night and the curtain on the door not to be drawn. Everyone has his own way of watching. If they only knew that the one who least wants to escape is I and the one who wants to reach his destination is also I! At night a steward offered me books. I asked him for the catalogue and I chose Feijóo.¹ I spent the greater part of the night reading.

Saturday 10 — They have covered the two holes through which sunlight enters my cabin. Why? Later they were opened. The officer on duty now has other ways. He made me stand up and asked for my name. Afterward he left. It seems that they will not give me food. Some soldiers are seasick. At night the officer came to order my supper. We conversed a good while. He turned out better than he was at his first visit.

Sunday 11 — Today we arrive at Port Said.

Monday, 2 November — Today they returned to me this notebook which they took away on the 11th of last month before reaching Port Said. For this reason my diary was interrupted. They searched me and inspected thoroughly my luggage. They took away all my papers and afterward they put me behind bars and they did not take me out until we reached the Red Sea. That was what they did to me whenever we were nearing a port. They put me in four or six hours before and they take me out when we are already in the high seas. However, at Singapore they put me in 16 hours before our arrival. Also twice they put handcuffs on me.

All the officers behaved politely towards me; some were even courteous and amiable, especially one of the class of sergeants and another from the Academy. I am eternally grate-

¹ Fray Benito Jerónimo Feijóo (1676-1764), learned Benedictine monk, critic and writer.

ful to them. There was only one young man who, although he came from the Academy, did not seem so; this one was rude and cruel to me, abusing his authority and taking advantage of my situation. But what is one bad man among so many good ones? Among the courteous officers but loyal to his trust were Mr. Francisco Díaz and the son of the architect Mr. Mérida. I don't know the names of the others. There was one who has been in Batangas with the Civil Guard. I remember the name of the rude chap, but I will not write it down; I prefer to forget it.



PART III
TRAVEL LETTERS

PART III
TRAVEL LETTERS

1. ADEN AND THE SUEZ CANAL

Suez Canal, 7 June [1882]¹

My dear Parents,

The last letter I wrote you was at Aden before disembarking. This will inform you about the rest.

I went down at Aden, which, as I have told you perhaps, is a town of little importance by itself, but it is important to the steamers that take on coal there. The town is composed of numerous hillocks and rocks, all bare and arid, without even a plant, on which stand some lonely and gloomy houses, white indeed, but with a funereal aspect. The ground, like its sun, is hot and hard; the wind, loaded with burning sand, disturbs now and then the quietness of its well-made but deserted streets. At intervals and as if forcing itself to enliven those places, can be seen camels walking majestically and rhythmically, tall and big, forming a contrast to the humble asses some of which are very short, like a hog, of abrupt and somewhat hasty pace. Everywhere is death, neither a root nor a leaf. Only man perhaps in order to give a proof of his power, lives there where plants cannot; but, alas, it's only to give a spectacle of his poverty and degradation, compelled as he is to contend with the granite for his existence. But English power is worthy of its name and it opens there two beautiful tunnels one of which is as long as the distance from Capitana Danday's house until that of my brother-in-law Mariano, and the other is one half less. These bore through live rock and when one is in the middle of the first one finds himself in complete darkness. If by any chance one sees a space of ground as large as a dish in which a little grass grows, it is a phenomenon that attracts everybody's attention. Within the town proper can be seen some limp and

¹ See pp. 69-70, *ante*.

rickety trees of which the tallest is not more than three *varas*. Besides the tunnels there are other things that call the attention of the travelers and they are the cisterns or reservoirs. These are some large cavities, whitened with stucco, formed by the mountain and a wall which, with the rock, form a receptacle. Imagine some five dams with the wall that, instead of being of stone like what we have there, is of very hard granite, there being a granite mountain here, but all whitened, with stone railings and very well made stairs of granite also. Beside this, instead of abaca plants as we have there, there are tiny plants whose leaves can be counted and some signs that prohibit the picking of a flower or leaves. Instead of water and its beautiful and boisterous falls, there's nothing but complete aridity, not even a drop of water, and the hottest sun. At one place there is a well of about one hundred *varas* deep whose bottom cannot be seen and from where five Negroes get water which takes two minutes to come up to the surface.

In the shops are found skins of lion, tiger, panther, and leopard, ostrich eggs and feathers, and some children whose occupation is to fan the travelers.

From Aden, town of great divers and swimmers who pick up small coins thrown into the water, we headed for Suez through the Red Sea. On the first day it was so terribly hot that many fainted, even a waiter of the ship. In the following days it was fairly cool and the sailing was good. We saw Mount Sinai, Egypt, etc. We also met many ships. On the 2nd June we arrived at Suez.

A little steamer came alongside and placed us under quarantine for 24 hours. We were embarrassed. It was because of the Dutch on board who came from Java. On 3 June the Turkish physician came up to inspect the ship and the sick and to fumigate and disinfect us.

The physician informed us of the revolt in Egypt led by Arabi Bey, Minister of . . .² who imprisoned the Khedive in his palace. It seems that there is a *coup de main*.³ Like the entire army he is a partisan of the minister. I conversed with him in French and I learned that he was educated in Paris where he studied medicine; he had been in London and traveled through Italy and Germany. He held advanced ideas and when he was satisfied with my replies he responded by saying, "Bravo!" He asked me how Japan was, believing I was Jap-

² See note 28, p. 68, *ante*.

³ A sudden and unexpected military attack or movement.

anese. Finally we left Suez and entered the Canal, not without having been visited first by the peddlers of Suez selling figs, dates, and other things, like postcards, rosaries, etc.

The Canal, opened in the middle of that desert of sand and stone, is 85 kilometers long and probably some 80 *varas* wide. A boat that was grounded in the middle obstructed our way and we stopped three days—three days of ennui and grumbling. At last this morning we went on and I believe we shall arrive at Port Said. Probably we shall not reach Marseille until the 15th.

I'm in very good health and the intense cold which we have had since we arrived at Suez five days ago has made me stout. I'm so stout that I'm bursting. I do nothing else but stroll continually because one cannot remain seated for a long time.

I'm going to give you a so so description of the Canal. It is not straight throughout its length; it has curves but small ones; sometimes it flows into a lake where it is believed Moses passed, and again enters the desert. It crosses three lakes in its course. On both banks, which are all yellow and white, where it is a real jewel to find grass, are erected some telegraph stations placed at intervals. We have seen a young beggar running on the sand and following the ship in order to pick up a cracker that may be thrown him or not. A traveler on a camel and two magnificent Arabian horses. One of these, mounted by a customs officer, attracted the attention of everybody. Here I have tasted cherries, apricots, and green almonds. We have seen the curious spectacle of a mirage which is the reflection on the desert of seas and islands that do not exist at all.

I hope to receive a letter from you before the end of this month at Barcelona. I repeat I'm in good health and wish you to be the same.

Foreigners in whose colonies the colonials are very much oppressed do not want to believe that I'm an *Indio*; others that I'm Japanese. It is hard to make them believe the truth.

Bless your son who will never forget you.

Rizal

P.S.

You may tell my brothers as well as my brothers-in-law that I would be glad to receive a letter from them.

Regards to all, like my friends and acquaintances there, and may they excuse me for not writing them now, but when I shall be at Barcelona they would get tired of me. I've a desire to speak Tagalog. It has been one month that I have not spoken one word. I'm familiarizing myself with French.



2. PORT SAID, NAPLES, AND MARSEILLE

Barcelona, 23 June 1882

My dear Parents and Brotliers,

I have the pleasure to write you today, the eve of the town feast there, a memorable day for me, although it is not the day of the departure of the mail boat. My last letter, dated in the Canal, must have informed you of the incidents of my trip; it remains for me then to relate what happened after that. We arrived at this important city, Port Said, that partakes much of Africa and Europe; commercial, gay, and quite beautiful, but, on the other hand, dirty and corrupt. There is a café-musical where an orchestra, an excellent one, according to those who know, plays the national songs of the different European countries, like the *Marseillaise*, *God Save the Queen*, and others. Its population is most heterogenous: Europeans, Turks, Greeks, Egyptians, and Negroes. Variety of fruits: the date above all; elegant stores with signs in French, Italian, Greek, and others and dirty and dark booths adorn its animated streets. We were here for about three hours. It must be noted that we didn't find even . . . (illegible)

At the beginning, the sailing was good, we passed opposite Greece, the Island of Candia; on the 10th, with good weather, we sighted the coast of Italy; the first town we saw was . . . (illegible) with a very beautiful beach which at the time a train was crossing. Thence the sailing was very pleasant on account of the beauty of the Italian coasts, thickly populated and well cultivated, presenting a picturesque aspect, full of life and poetry, that resembled a *Belén*¹ on account of its many

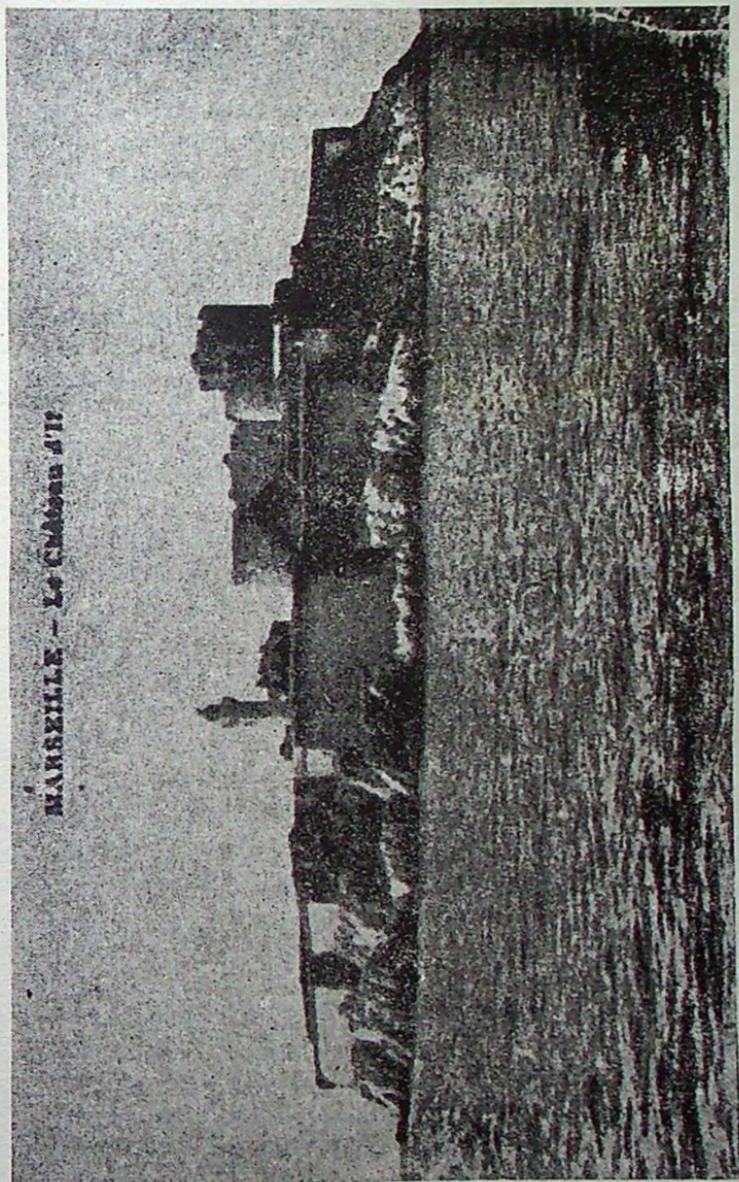
¹ *Belén* is the Tagalog and Spanish name for Bethlehem. The Tagalogs also call *Belén* the reproduction of Christ's birthplace that Christian Filipinos put up in their homes at Christmas time; that is, creche.

houses and little trees. On the same afternoon of the 10th we passed through the Strait of Messina with a sea so smooth that we didn't notice a single wave. We saw the volcanoes Stromboli and Etna and other islands. Sicily and Naples, even if we have not yet passed them, appeared before our eyes bathed in the beautiful rays of the afternoon sun. The following day, at dawn, Napoli (Naples) appeared to us, a gigantic city which lays asleep beside Vesuvius, a volcano that seems to be guarding this wonderful city. Its extent from Posilipo (mountain) until the other extreme, all populated, would be the same as from the town of Calamba until beyond Los Baños. Elegant edifices, like that of the Royal Palace, the Castle of Santelmo or St. Telmo, numerous hotels, the Tower of Massaniello, and the lugubrious State prison. We were not allowed more than one hour to go ashore which I spent visiting Napoli at the risk of being left behind. Those of us who went ashore were four and accompanied by a cicerone we went around the city. It was the first European city I passed through. From pleasure to pleasure, from surprise to surprise, in an elegant coach, guided by a cicerone who spoke French, I went through those streets, carefully paved with large, black, flat paving stones, and crossed by streetcars. Statues, fountains, monuments, arches erected here and there, very tall houses, stores and show-windows glittering for the lavish use of gilt and crystal, attract the attention of the traveler above all if he comes from the colonies. A throng that speak a melodious language come and go continually, elegant ladies and gentlemen walk through the streets. At the street corners are announcements or notices to the Freemasonry of the whole world concerning the death of Garibaldi.² I went to the telegraph station with various orders and afterwards in twenty minutes we went around the city, the Posilipo, various churches vyingly full of statues, squares with antique marble statues or copies of them, like those of Apollo, Faunus, Orestes, equestrian statues, the Fountain of the Four Seasons, represented by four superb lions, a museum of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

How sorry I am not to be able to stop to see it, study it, examine it more closely and a little more carefully. Almost one moment more and the boat would leave me behind. But all this magnificent panorama cost me much because coachman and cicerone cheated me, charging me four times more than the agreed price. On the boat I found many peddlers of lava

²Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882), Italian patriot, who labored for and secured the unification of Italy.

MARSEILLE - Le Château d'If



MARSEILLE: "BEFORE US...STOOD THE CELEBRATED CASTLE OF IF." (P. 221).

from Vesuvius made into elegant lockets and other jewels, views of Naples, and on the water alongside the boat were two divers or swimmers who, less aristocratic than the Negroes of Aden, were satisfied with fishing out small copper coins thrown far away into the water. When I compared these two good Italian lads with the Negroes of Aden with kinky hair, I couldn't help but indulge in serious reflections.

Also in a boat came two Italian women and two men, the women with guitars and bandores and the men with violins, to play for us, singing in sweet and melodious voice several opera selections and the *Addio a Napoli*. They received with an open umbrella all kinds of money thrown to them by the passengers.

Four or five minutes after my arrival we left Napoli, and I became the butt of the questions of my fellow passengers who repented for not having gone ashore. Here we learned through the newspapers about the occurrences in Alexandria and Cairo—the massacre of Europeans that took place when we were in the Canal.³ In my previous letter I must have told you something about my conversation with a physician, a partisan of Arabi Pasha, probably in the know of what was then being plotted. But the gentleman didn't let anything leak out and in the Canal we were calm and peaceful.

From Napoli we sailed almost the whole day within sight of Italy, but the mistral⁴ blew and gave us good jolts. The following day, the 12th, we passed near Corsica, native land of Napoleon. Its coasts were less populated, more mountainous and wild; they have much to envy the Italian coasts with regard to land development.

In the evening, and after enough strutting and with a cold that compelled me to accept the shawl of Mrs. Salazar despite my frock-coat and vest, we saw the lighthouse of Marseille. By this time the sun set at about 7:00, and as the twilight was very long, it was still daylight by 8:30. Thus, the coasts of France, which since five o'clock were vaguely outlined in the distance, would have appeared to us more beautiful had it not been for the wavering light of dusk. In the evening then, at about 10 or 11 o'clock, we dropped anchor, because it was forbidden to enter. Before us, among several islands, stood the celebrated Castle of If. A city viewed at night with beacons

³ See note 28, p. 68, *ante*.

⁴ It is a cold, dry, violent northerly wind of the Mediterranean provinces of France, *etc*.

of different colors and electric lights that seemed to wander from one place to another seemed to me a monster with a thousand restless and distrustful eyes. We deferred then for the next day our curiosity. I was condemned to see cities at sunrise which surprise a traveler who sees a pleasant thing suddenly and not gradually. It is needless to give you a description of Marseille because all that I can say about very big ships, forest of masts, poles, and chimneys, boats, buildings, churches, etc. — all will be pale and cold, colder than the cold we felt then.

I was on deck with my frock-coat and gloves on waiting eagerly for the permit to go down. Here farewells, meetings, tears, instructions in French everywhere, boatmen, porters who salute you very politely and offer you their services. Wicked money! At last my turn came to bid goodbye those who had become my new friends and acquaintances, foreigners and Spaniards, who gave me their cards and pictures. And followed by a boatman I went ashore to the customhouse. French politeness is evident even among the customs officers who begged for "Pardon" before searching me with all possible consideration. Taking a coach (*coupé*) I went to the Grand Hotel Noailles located on Rue Cannebiere. This is one of the best hotels, if not the best, in Marseille, with all the comforts, carpeted marble staircase, hydraulic elevators for going up and down all the floors without having to lift one foot, servants attired in dress coat with white necktie, clean and elegant, carpeted rooms with dressing-tables, velvet chairs with spring, electric bells, imperial bedsteads; in short, excellent service. I had one of these rooms for four francs a day without board. But it must be noted that here even the candle is paid for separately. On account of the excessive cold that penetrated everywhere I had to keep my room, which is full of embroidered curtains and carpeted, always closed. I was in Marseille two days and a half, but I got bored staying in my room alone, accustomed as I was to many people. Many of the passengers were lodged in the hotel. I strolled through those wide and clean streets, paved like those in Manila and full of people, attracting the attention of everybody who called me Chinese, Japanese, American, etc., but no one called me Filipino! Poor country, no one has heard of you!

This is the most elegant city that I have seen and it is cultured and rich with respect to its houses. The majority of these are decorated with statues, caryatids, bunches of flowers, sphinxes, busts, etc., etc., large, admirable for their richness in crystal and marble elegantly combined. The fact is nobody looked out the window on account of the cold; I was about the

only one who stepped out on the balcony. The stores have their glass doors closed so that the cold may not get in, and at first I didn't enter them believing that it was prohibited to do so. Almost all the articles displayed to the public have their prices beside them; and it must be noted that everything is cheap.

But many people moved about; there were vendors of fruits, newspapers, and flowers; there were booths where oysters, mussels, and shrimps were sold. The sidewalks of the Rue Cannebiere are as wide as an ordinary street and I was much struck that one enters a place with very elegant signs in gilt and crystal, the like of which cannot be found in Manila, and finds himself in a passable café.

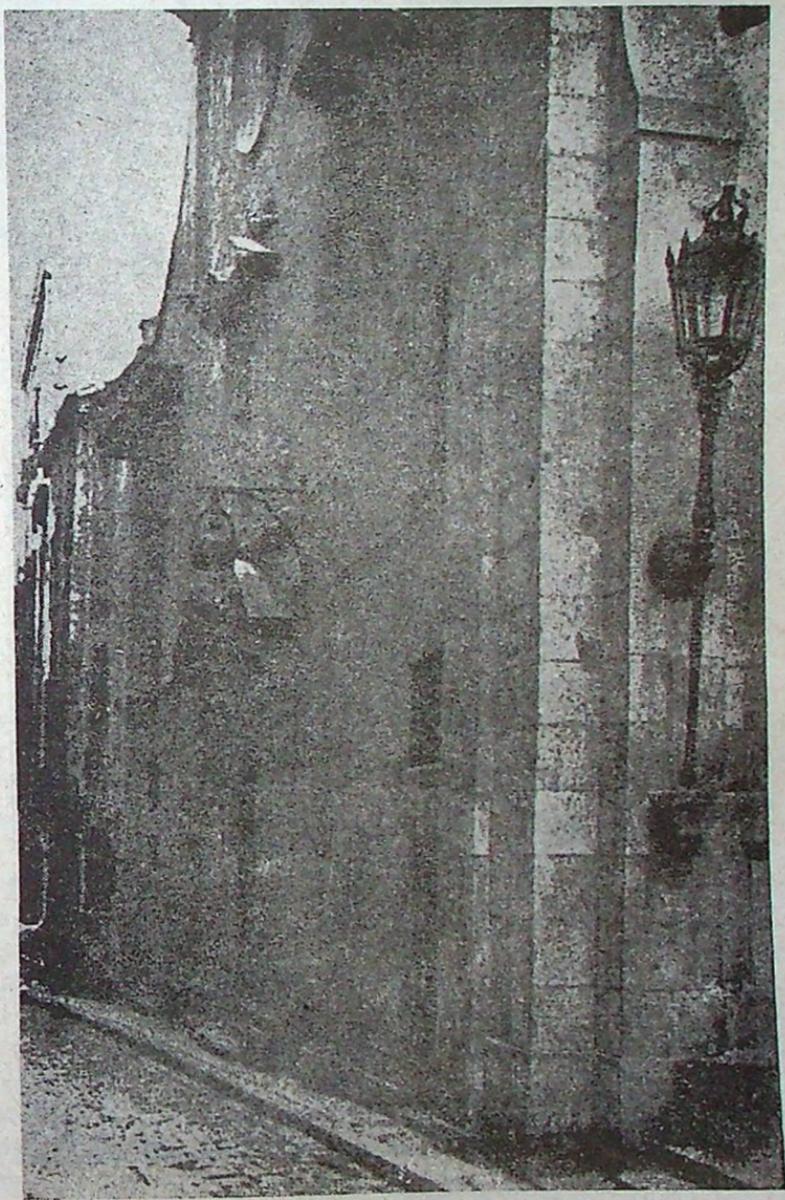
I saw the gallery of paintings where there were excellent pictures and statues, the zoological garden with its lions, bears, panthers, elephants, and a carabao. I was not able to see many animals because that was a very big place and I got tired. There was a department for monkeys from all parts of the world. There were some that resembled human beings, extending their hands to you as if asking about your health. The museum of natural history didn't escape my curiosity.

I saw also the Panorama which is a circular building. You go inside and you see dead soldiers beside a cannon, and they seem to be sculpture, and you come to a place where you see on all sides a real siege with cavalry, with soldiers surrendering their arms, skirmishes, etc. Everything there is an illusion. You think such a horse is moving, that the dead man is kicking, that the smoke of the fire is rising, that the howitzer is striking the snow of the distant mountain, far horizons, the snow, the chief who is shouting, so that we got into a discussion as to whether all of these were paintings or sculpture. Being there without looking through a cosmorama you feel as if you are in the battlefield itself. The whole place is a continuous field and the rogues even offer you binoculars in order to see better.

I left Marseille by express train on the afternoon of the 15th, because all the trains that go from Marseille to Barcelona are express. The ticket is very cheap — 12 pesos and 3 pesetas, first class. You travel at full speed of from five to six leagues⁵ per hour. By boat the trip costs almost as much and it's more uncomfortable. We were going at such speed that when we met trains running in the opposite direction, it was physically

⁵ A measure of distance varying for different times and countries from 3.9 to 7.4 kilometers.

impossible to look at it because it would turn your head around. That was infernal, it seemed like lightning, a monster, a shooting star. We went through tunnels, or rather mountains, one of which was very long that at the speed we were going I believed we made it in more than five minutes. At one stop I was much frightened: A stop of 30 minutes was announced. I went down for some necessity and after five minutes; I saw the train pulling out, taking along my luggage with my money in it. I ran after it; I didn't overtake it. Fortunately, a gendarme informed me that it would return soon and that it would only change tracks. After that I didn't go down again. The towns and countrysides that we pass by are precious: Every inch of land is well cultivated and used for vineyards, olive trees, and planted to wheat and barley. France is thickly populated for along the way there were houses almost without interruption until the Spanish boundary. We passed by the following towns and cities: Pas-de-Gamur, Regisal, Saint Chamas, Miramas, Tarascon, Le Cailar, Aimargues, Porllan, Montpellier, Cette, Narbonne, Perpignan, Cerbere. We spent the night in France; at dawn we arrived at the Spanish frontier town, Port Bou. There we had to change trains. Before that we were searched at the customhouse by the Spanish carabinieri. Missing were the courtesy and polish of the French, but on the other hand we had a delicious breakfast in a beautiful and pleasant room. Here can be seen posters in Spanish and French. It seems that one is in Manila for one sees Spanish or Castilian phrases and one hears Spanish spoken. From here in another train we came to Barcelona passing also through two or five tunnels, one of which was quite long. Much work has been put into it and according to the Commander of the Navy, this Spanish line that goes to France is the best. Although the country is perfectly cultivated, it is less populated than France. At the frontier we saw a frontier-lad. He was wearing a costume half French and half Spanish, a clergyman's cap, Catalan fiber sandals. That symbolism was funny, graphic, and significant. The towns we passed were Port Bou, Llansá, Vilajuiga, Perelada, Figueras, Vilamalla, Tonya, San Miguel, San Jordi, Flassá, Bordils, Celrá, Gerona, Fornells, Riudellots, Caldas, Sils, Tordera, Blanes, Malgrat, Calella, Arenys, Caldetas, Mataró, Premiá, Masnou, Mongat, Badalona. It was about 12:00 when we arrived at Barcelona. My first impression of Barcelona was very unpleasant. After having seen Napoli and Marseille I found this city poor and vulgar. Its streets were dirty, its houses of poor architecture, in short I saw everything in an



BARCELONA: CALLE DE SAN SEVERO
"...A DIRTY AND OLD ALLEY." (P. 225).



BARCELONA: SITJES STREET
"I OCCUPY A ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF A
BUILDING ON SITJES STREET." (P. 226).

unfavorable light with the exception of the women who seemed to me more beautiful than the women of Marseille. I was very much disappointed specially when we arrived at the hotel where the service and accommodation were so poor that my companion Mr. Buil, chief of the telegraph office, said: "To come from Hotel Noailles and then drop into this!" I was very sad above all when I looked for the persons to whom I was recommended and I couldn't find them. I was not able to see a single countryman, and on account of the large expenses I had had in my trip and the many cheatings I suffered, only 12 pesos remained to me. At last I found the Jesuit fathers who received me well and showed me an inexpensive and Christian house where I got board and room for 21 pesos a month. When I reached the hotel my companion, having received a telegram, had left hurriedly, carrying my coat in which I kept my passport, my gloves, and I don't know what else, and in exchange he left me many of his things. I learned that he had been informed of something serious when I saw the telegram on the table. Then I too left the hotel hurriedly, and in less than an hour my little money was further reduced by the dishonest hotel keeper, the coachman, and the porter who overcharged me. I moved to the house indicated to me by the Jesuit fathers and when the people there learned how much I had spent and paid the rogues, they exclaimed: "You have been terribly cheated. In fact they had taken advantage of your being a tyro!" Only seven pesos remained to me. As I looked at the house to which I had moved—modest, humid, dark, and poorly ventilated—located on San Severo Street, a dirty and old alley; as I looked at the brick floor of my room, the straw chairs, the hard and not so tidy bed, not a mirror, an old and broken wash-basin placed on a stand made of four pieces of iron, I, accustomed to luxury and comfort, at least for the last forty days, became intensely dispirited and sad and more than ever with deep sorrow I remembered our house which is a thousand times more decent than that. Then a thousand sad thoughts invaded my mind upon finding myself in that world hitherto unknown to me, without friends, without relatives, especially when the landlord came (for until then I had met only the landlady, a good and gentle woman) who was rough, coarse, ugly in appearance, when I saw priests come out from all the rooms and heard everywhere the harsh Catalan language. Supper consisted of nothing more than a dish of vegetables and another of fish. I called the attention of the priests, the only guests of that house, and I observed that under-

neath that rough exterior a good disposition was hidden. Little by little those clouds were dissipated and they treated me with more consideration, especially a priest who had come from Cuba. Ah! I forgot to say that, having learned at the Jesuit College that Cuesta was boarding in the same house, I hurriedly went there to see my countryman, but I couldn't talk with him because he had left for Manresa. I stayed then at that house to await him and also for reasons of economy. The following day, provided with a map of the city, I began walking through the streets of that labyrinth to look for my countrymen. Some were still sleeping. I went to the hospital to wait for them there and after waiting a long time, I was shown the house of a countryman. I found Cabangis and since then I have had better days. Successively I found the others who received me very well, who found for me more decent and cheaper houses. I met Cuesta who returned from Manresa. In short, since then until the present I like Barcelona and I'm getting to like it more and more. At present I occupy a room on the third floor of a building on Sitjes Street, number 3, together with Cabangis and other good students who are refined and courteous. I'm well served by a landlady, whose name is Doña Silvestra, who always says to me: "Don Pepe, do you want something? Have you already an appetite?" and so on. I have somewhat written at length about certain things in order to portray to you the impressions and situation of a tyro. Now I know Barcelona a little and it seems to me large and pretty and I remember Marseille and Napoli (Naples) as a glittering and vanished dream. I'm beginning to discover in this city gems and riches; pretty and elegant houses of varied architecture, Arabic and Greco-Roman. I'm getting used to it and I regard it with pleasure. The Jesuit fathers lent me money in case I should lack some and something happen to me. I have gone through their College and I'm making a study of various things to apply them there when I return. I've visited a porcelain factory which I liked very much and I intend to visit another of glass, clay, etc. Here are found many things which are applicable there.

When some of you want to write me, which I hope you'll do every mail boat, address me thus:

Mr. José Rizal
No. 3, Floor 3, Sitjes Street
Barcelona.

If you could send me by registered mail through the next mail boat my birth certificate and a statement that I have my parents and family there, I would be much obliged.

I don't know if you have received my letters; I've written you at Singapore, Point Galle, Aden, Suez, and this time at Barcelona. I expect by next mail letters addressed to Father Ramón Vilalta.

Every moment I'm thinking of what you would be doing at this time; I'm behind you eight hours, so that generally you are sleeping when I'm awake. I trust that you are all in good health like me who is putting on weight.

I'm sending the most affectionate regards to all of you and to all our relatives, and when you write me, tell me even about nephews and friends. Give my regards to the parish priest and to Captain Juan as well as to the others.

And bless your son who wishes only your happiness.

José Rizal.

Barcelona, 29 June

Today, probably the feast on the beach,⁶ I close my letters with regret for not having received even one letter from you by the two mails which arrived from there.

I believe that it would be better if there is a commercial firm here which would give me money at the beginning of every month. This can be done by means of a money order of a firm there. The family of Cabangis of Tondo which my brother knows. . . .

(The rest of this letter is missing.)



⁶ Feast in a barrio of Kalamba whose patron saint is St. Peter and St. Paul, 29 June.

3. MADRID

Madrid, 11 January 1883

My beloved Parents and dear Brothers,

Since my last letter of 30 December of last year to this date I have seen some things that I should tell you about to give you little by little an idea of this capital city and its people.

On the first day of the year everybody pays calls, sends cards, greetings, gifts, *etc. etc.* The 6th, day of the Three Kings, is celebrated by going around the streets, shouting, making noises, looking for the Three Kings, they say, insulting passers-by. Thanks that the good Count of Aguilera, governor of Madrid, has forbidden it, and so not many disgraceful scandals occurred.

With the fall of the ministry¹ and the resignation of León y Castillo, which was much felt, the board of directors of the "Círculo hispano-filipino" went to him to bid him good-bye and express to him our regard. A few days later we were again at the ministry of colonies to congratulate the new minister, Mr. Núñez de Arce.² Thus, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" The woes of life.

I received Silvestre's³ letter and I'm very sorry that I can't do anything for him now. I'm still very new here and I don't have yet sufficient knowledge of how to begin. Moreover, here money and position are necessary. The king himself

¹The fall of the Sagasta ministry. León y Castillo was minister of colonies in it. Because of its liberal policy, the Filipino reformists regretted its defeat.

²Núñez de Arce, (1831-1903) Spanish lyric poet.

³Silvestre Ubaldo, married to his sister Olimpia, had asked Rizal to work for his transfer from Bulakan to Kalamba as telegraph operator.

who has recommended to Martínez Campos, the minister of war, a military man for a post in the Philippines seems to be waiting for his turn. Patience and hope. On the 8th classes were opened and we returned to our classes to resume our interrupted scholastic tasks. It began to rain, which was a pleasure, but it was a little rain, *tatic* as we say over there, lasting one week. The streets were filled with dirty and thick mud, the ground was slippery and between the holes in the old and worn-out pavement were pools of water and little marshes like the *lubluban ng mga carabao* (wallowing places for carabaos). Afterwards, a cold that penetrates through the marrow of the bones and nothing more can be asked. How ugly was Madrid! The sidewalks and the streets were full of umbrellas whose merciful points left many one-eyed. When least expected a wind would blow turning the unfortunate umbrella inside out, placing the owner of such a flexible gadget in a ridiculous and serious embarrassment. At least over there, when it rains, it rains heavily enough to wash the streets and the houses have eaves under which one can take shelter; but here the rain is very fine like *matang Europa*. Then the newspapers speak of storm; but my God, what storm!

On Monday, the 15th, we had a little celebration at the home of Mr. Pablo Ortiga⁴ whose saint's day it was. Those of us who foregathered there like a family were in the majority Filipinos: Calero, Ripoll, Figueroa, Lete, Paterno, Villanueva, Gonzalez, and I. Only four were not Filipinos.

Last night there was a masquerade ball at the Alhambra and I went together with other compatriots. There we saw (and they attracted the attention of everybody in the theater) three young women wearing very elegant Filipino dresses, one with *tapis*,⁴ and the others without it. Although I suppose they didn't know how to wear it as well as the true daughters of Malate, Ermita, Sta. Cruz, and Binondo, for only two of them were Filipino women, nevertheless, they seemed to us divine and elegant. They walked about dragging along their skirts of bright red and white, yellow and white, violet and white, topped with *jusi* blouses, *piña* neckpieces, that everybody stared at them. Undoubtedly many didn't know what kind of costume that was, whether Russian or Canadian.

⁴ See note 1, page 81.

⁴ *Tapis* is a kind of over-skirt, generally black, either silk or cotton, that Tagalog women used to wear. The women of the south or the Bisayas were said to be *suelta*, that is, they didn't wear *tapis*.

Today is the feast of San Antonio Abad, and donkeys, mules, horses, and other animals, bipeds and quadrupeds, are brought before the saint's image to be blessed. They are lavishly decorated. I don't know of what use to the little donkeys are blessings and indulgences since, as they say, they have no soul nor can they offend or defend God. In short, they say he is the patron saint of animals. One fine day even the stones will have a saint to whom to commend themselves. Civilize yourselves over there and look for a patron saint for the carabaos who will free them from . . . (illegible) and taxes. We are going to imitate these enlightened customs. That the men and above all the women here should commend themselves to the devil is all right; that is why they are men and kings of creation; the animals commend themselves to God, that is why they are animals.

Today being the saint's day of Antonio Paterno, he gave us a little dinner.

We are going to have a guitar celebrity, Canon;¹ within a few years he may become perhaps the best in Madrid.

I received another fifty pesos from Uncle Antonio for the month of January. I don't know if you know it.

May father and mother have their picture taken and send me their pictures so that at least I shall have before me their images that they may not be erased from my memory. Keep the clay bust that I made so that when I return I may see how much my beloved father's face has changed.

May they bless me and believe me that I don't forget them. An embrace to all my brothers-in-law and brothers, kisses to my numerous little nephews, greetings to all my friends, acquaintances, and others.

José.

¹Fernando Canon, Filipino. He became a general in the Philippine Revolution of 1896. See Rizal's letter to him, page 285.

4. MADRID TO PARIS

Paris, 21 June 1883

My dear Parents and Brothers,

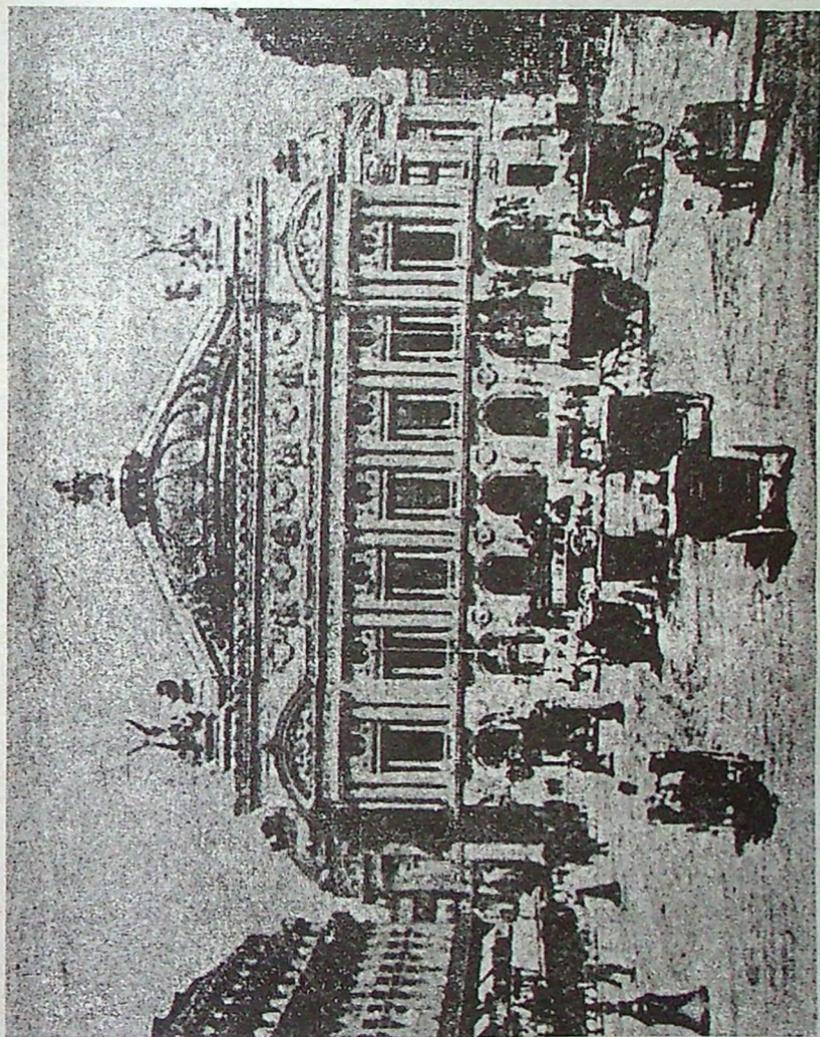
As I informed you in my previous letter written at Madrid the day before my departure, I'm now at Paris — Hotel de Paris, 37 Rue de Maubeuge — since the morning of the 17th, Sunday. My trip was one of the best and fastest I have ever made for it lasted only 36 hours from Madrid to this in a through express train. I passed through Avila, Valladolid, crossing all of Old Castile, San Sebastian, Yrun. Until this last place I traveled in Spain. The landscape of Old Castile, if such can be called those bare fields formed by monotonous lines, without trees or the play of light, accompanies the traveler until the Basque provinces where the mountains have more vegetation, more luxuriant foliage, and better cultivated, though they are sparsely populated, a characteristic of these provinces. The Basque type is tall, masculine, ordinarily the face shaven, long rather than oval; small eyes, aquiline nose, and the general aspect reflects honesty, ruggedness, and frank affability. The women are exceedingly industrious, so much so that they plow and I have seen not a few pulling carts. A stone or iron bridge separates Spain from France, like that between Santa Rosa and Cabuyao. and the first French town one sees is Hendaye where travelers generally stop for lunch. From there on one notices a great difference: smiling landscape, numberless chalets, or country-houses, with vines and flowers beautifying the road; pines and olive groves compete for every inch of ground which is all planted, all utilized.

Just as in Spain I had for fellow travelers an Englishman and two Frenchmen whose company I quite enjoyed, especially that of the Englishman who was traveling to learn Spanish,

in France my fellow travelers were two Spaniards who were going to London to study English. We passed through Bourdeaux, Poitiers, Tours, Blois, Orleans until Paris. I mention here only the first class cities. Many memories were awakened in my mind by the sight of these cities full of history or that fill history, above all the heroes of novels whose lives were supposed to have been spent in those places, like the *Three Musketeers*, etc., etc. The environs of Paris are very beautiful and very picturesque. There are little houses with gardens and the churches, like all those we have seen along the road, are of Gothic style, so pure, so tall are their turrets that with the landscape they form and constitute the enchantment of the traveler. From Hendaye on, the politeness and urbanity of the people are noticeable; if you address anyone, he replies amiably and takes off his hat, and when you pay or give them anything, they don't fail to thank you, just as for the slightest collision or stumbling, they ask you for pardon or excuse. In Paris it is even more so. What Grant says that the English in comparison with the French are barbarians, I can apply to myself. Having been accustomed to a certain kind of treatment for many months, now that I'm in Paris, I find myself and I consider myself almost rude. This is the great generality.

Well then, as I was saying, I arrived at Paris Sunday morning and stopped at the hotel where Filipinos usually stay and where Zamora is. My room costs me seven pesos a month, without board or light, for here everything is dear.

Early in the morning I went out for a stroll, and by the long time that I walked and the little I covered, I can imagine how big is this city that they call Babylon. Fill with magnificent houses the entire area of Calamba, Cabuyao, and Santa Rosa and you'll have Paris more or less. That is the way I figure it out because to traverse it in a coach from one extreme to the other takes more than an hour and a half. Here man is a real ant; there are streets whose ends cannot be seen and nevertheless they are straight, wide and very well laid out, shops and department stores everywhere; coaches for hire are said to reach 25,000. Passers-by animate and throng the streets, the restaurants, cafés, *bouillons*, beerhalls, parks and monuments. On every street however small it may be, there is at least one hotel and these hotels are filled up with travelers from all parts of the world who come and go, so that there are always seen new faces, trunks, and suitcases everywhere, different attires, strange types, including us. Here they call us Japanese, because there is a large number of them around.



Paris: THEATER OF THE OPERA
" . . . it is magnificent and elegant and worthy of Paris." (P. 234)

On the first day I did nothing else but walk and walk. I saw the Champs Elysées, Vendome Column crowned with a statue of Napoleon I, the exterior of the Opera, Place de la Concorde, Obelisk of Luxor, Madeleine Church, and other edifices of lesser importance.

The Champs Elysées is a grand avenue from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch of the Carrousel, wide and long, filled with trees, with theaters on both sides in which plays and concerts are held at night, with cafés, exhibitions, flowers, and plants. There many persons go to sew under the trees, to read; children with their nurses, *etc. etc.* The Champs Elysées at night is full of people.

The Vendome Column¹ is tall and big, full of bas reliefs depicting the wars of Napoleon in Germany, crowned by his statue holding in his hand the symbol of victory and a globe. He wears the emperor's attire.

I've not yet seen the Theater of the Opera except its exterior; it is magnificent and elegant and worthy of Paris. As to the rest, *La Ilustración*² that we have has its picture. It is crowned with magnificent groups of gilded allegorical figures.

The Place de la Concorde is an immense and wide circle inside which stands the Obelisk of Luxor. The principal French cities are represented by matrons seated around. The city of Strasbourg, formerly belonging to France and now to Germany, is also represented there but in mourning and with a crown of everlasting and funereal decorations.³

The Church of the Madeleine is stately, beautiful, and purely in Grecian style. It is an imposing edifice and presents a very beautiful view. It is open for worship.

For the sake of economy the majority of the people in Paris eat at the restaurants or *bouillons*. The Bouillons Duval of the butcher Duval are found everywhere; they are neat and clean and one can eat in them quite well for two and a half pesetas. Those who wait on tables are women and the food is good and inexpensive. We usually go there.

¹ The Vendome Column is 44 meters high covered with the bronze of 1,200 cannons taken from the enemy by the Grand Army of Napoleon in 1805.

² An illustrated magazine found in Rizal's home library.

³ As a result of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71) France lost Alsace and Lorraine and she didn't cease to mourn her loss until 1918 when she regained them after World War I (1914-1918). Strasbourg is the capital city of Alsace.

The first evening we went to the theater. This is the most sumptuous public edifice I've seen until the present. It is of Indian architecture, fantastically grandiose, full of mirrors and illuminated with electric light, decorated with gigantic statues, Indian also: Elephant heads and those fanciful drawings in which gold, red, and blue are combined to form a strange mass that creates a vivid impression. Huge mirrors, conveniently placed, prolong the series of columns so that one imagines himself inside a very extensive temple in Ellora or Mahabalipur. The troupe of dancers performing there is composed of three hundred persons, and allegorical dances, like the "Excelsior" in which is shown the victory of Progress over the evil genius, exhausting all the advances of the art of scenography, employing lavishly tinsel, costumes, and electric light jointly with magic, are held there every night for the enchantment of Parisians and foreigners.

The floor of the houses here, like those over there, is made of wood and waxed unlike in Madrid which is of brick or flagstone. The least one can spend daily for board and lodging is 7 pesetas.

The following day, the 18th, we, Zamora, Cunanan, and I, visited the Laennec Hospital and we were present at the treatment of patients by Dr. Nicaise. I marvelled at the progress and facilities found in this small hospital, superior to those of San Carlos at Madrid. As they all took us for Japanese here, they told us they would introduce us to Mr. Saint Rémy who was in Japan for a long time. I took charge of clearing up the confusion.

We had a quick look at the establishment they call Bon Marché (cheap), one of the four or five very big department stores here, the others being Le Louvre, Le Printemps, La Belle Jardiniere, and others. In these establishments are sold all kinds of articles except food, though I believe I have seen a café and a restaurant. It occupies an entire block with all the floors of the building as large as the space between our house and the telegraph office. So that you may be able to form an idea of how big it is, it keeps 150 Norman and English horses whose only work is to deliver the purchases of customers, the horses occupying an entire large building. With respect to Norman horses, mine, though small, resembles them closely for its broad haunches and thick musculature. They serve only as draft horses and they are very strong; there are some that are like elephants.

We have also seen the church of Notre Dame of Paris in which for 50 cents we were shown the treasures, relics, sacred vessels, the gifts of different sovereigns, vestments of the most famous cardinals and archbishops; we went up the tower which reminded me much of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* upon seeing the sculptured monsters that served as decoration. There we were shown the bells called *bourdon* and the one taken from Sevastopol.

We saw many buildings besides from outside, but as I'm thinking of visiting them all, I shall tell you about them later.

On the 20th we visited the Lariboisiere Hospital where Pardo (Felix) is an extern and there we attended the examination of various women's diseases.

On the 21st, after attending an operation performed by Dr. Duplay, we went to the Jardin d'Acclimatation located outside of Paris in the Bois de Boulogne. There we found plants of all kinds and the rarest and most beautiful birds. Everything that the imagination can conceive in forms and colors is there: Sparrows, from the *paquing*⁴ to the multi-colored birds representing the entire color scale, all species of doves, the rarest chickens, parrots, *etc., etc.*, ostriches, cranes, cassowaries, elephants, seals, deer, oxen, gazelle, giraffe, zebra, horses, *etc.* and even men of different countries are exhibited there with their customs and manners. There is also an aquarium where through the glass can be seen eels, corals, sponges, and from the red fish to the green, blue, and even black one. There is also a small place set aside for the hatching or artificial incubation of chicken eggs. The eggs are placed in boxes with a temperature of 39°. Their method of fattening the chicks quickly is by keeping them in narrow boxes to impede their movement and feeding them through a tin tube that reaches until the stomach or craw with corn that does not pass through the mouth. In fifteen days they become so fat that nothing more can be desired.

Inside the Jardin d'Acclimatation there are also tramways that take tourists or sightseers around. There are cafés, restaurants, concert, equitation school, gymnasium, and even water closets. Trees of all kinds shade the roads and there are flowers and roses of different shapes and color.

Until now I haven't seen more than this.

⁴ Also called *mayang-paking* in Tagalog, or Luzon brown weaver, *Munie cabanisi*.

Henceforth, as I do more sightseeing, I shall write you more. Only it costs something to go sightseeing for one has to pay for transportation, tickets, tips, and then Paris is so big and so complicated that one gets lost easily on any street.

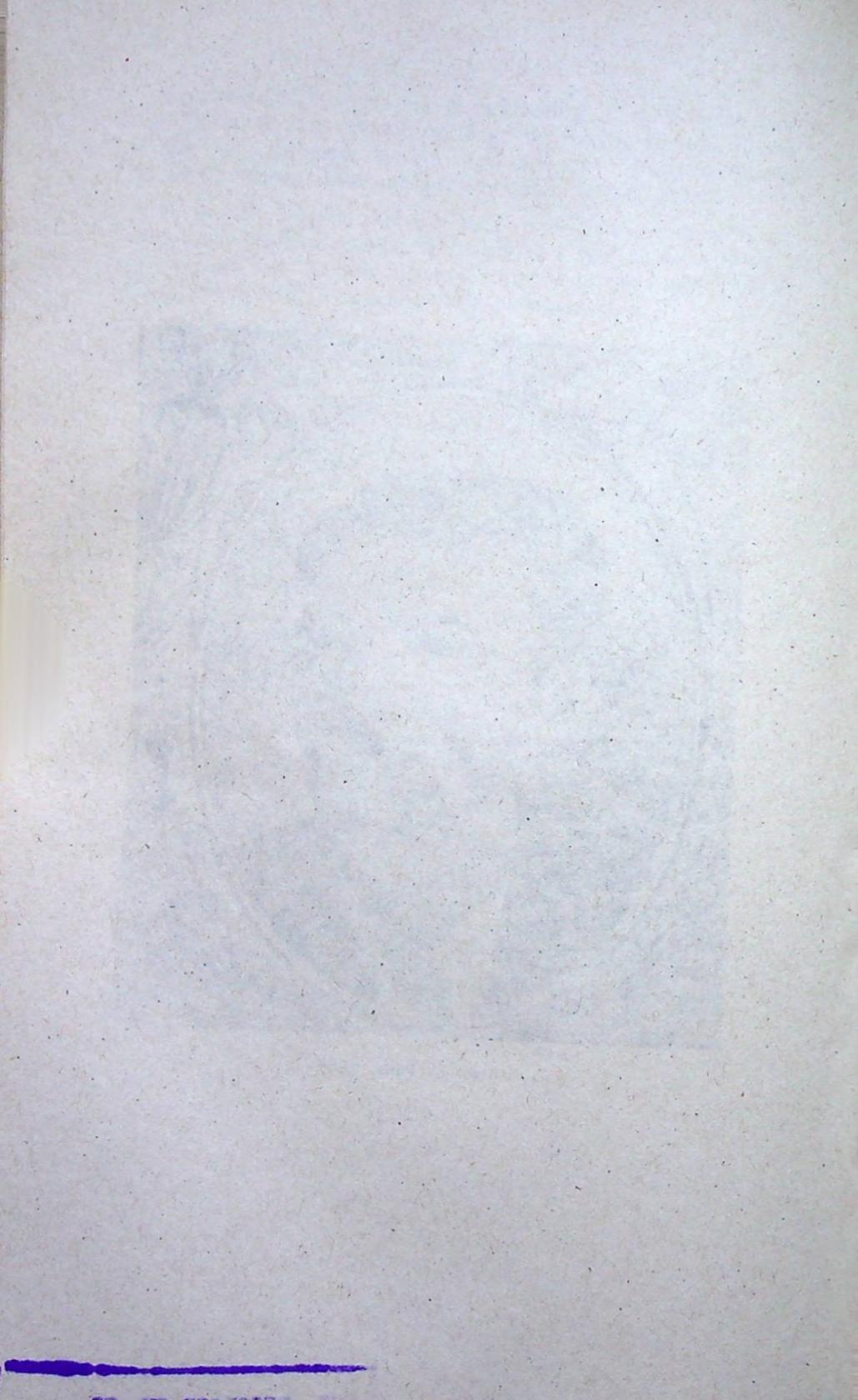
It is very possible that this letter may go together with my letter from Madrid and consequently this will serve only as a description. On 1st July I intend to move to the Latin Quarter where the cost of living is a little cheaper. . . .

(The rest of the letter is missing.)





Rizal at Paris, 1885



5. A TOUR OF PARIS

Paris, 124 Rue de Rennes, Quartier Latin
5 July 1883

My dear Parents and Brothers,

In my previous letter of the 21st or 22nd June I gave you some slight information about the various buildings and monuments that I have seen in this great city. As a mail boat is leaving tomorrow for that part of the world, I write you this to continue giving you some ideas, however slight, of all that I have seen since then.

It seems to me that in my previous letter I concluded with my visit to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. I shall begin this then with the Summer Circus. This is an arena or circus like any other set aside for gymnastic or equestrian performances, located almost at the end of the Champs Elysées. The artists who perform there are of the kind of Chiarini, though inferior in quality and number to those of the Italian impresario. However, despite the fact that Paris is a capital of numberless entertainments and despite the mediocrity and slight importance of this spectacle, the theater is always full to the brim, doubtless owing to the many foreigners who invade it and the many adventurers — men and women — who seem to have made a rendezvous there.

The *National Panorama*¹ is like all those of its kind. If you remember those of Marseille and Madrid that I described to you previously, you can form an approximate idea of it. Only that in that of Paris can be seen what it was in the time

¹ Here Rizal refers to the building where views of historic regions and events are exhibited. About the *Panorama* at Marseille, see p. 223, *ante*.

of the Franco-Prussian War. They are the Battle of Champigny and the horrors inside the city of Paris. This Panorama as well as the Summer Circus and the Palace of Industry are all in the Champs Elysées of *Monte Cristo*.²

The Palace of Industry is a very big building constructed in 1855 and designed for diverse exhibitions of arts and trades. Admission usually costs 2 francs or 50 centimes on Sundays and Thursdays. There I saw an exhibition of Japanese painting and many men and women, principally foreign artists, who took me for one from Japan, and they approached me and asked me for information about it. I gave them and told them all that I knew and when I could I escaped through the history of Japan and her old and modern constitution. I spoke a little about the Japanese artists, whose biographies I knew, like Totsugueu, Senko, Nampo, and others. They asked me about their methods and they were enchanted. But then it occurred to one of the young ladies to ask me about the meaning of those characters written below the paintings and I found myself in a tight spot, for, fearing that there might be someone among those various visitors who understood Japanese characters, they would catch me in the very act of telling a lie. Then I told them that the mikado, having set up Japan in European style, had sent us to Europe since we were very young and we have been Europeanized, which, added to the difficulty of Japanese writing, which was not as simple as the European, explained why we have not studied our native tongue. In Europe, or rather in France, all those who are of our type and are dressed like them are Japanese (Chinese in Spain); just as over there all who wear a beard are called *Castilas* (Spaniards). In this exhibition I saw also very beautiful paintings and sculptures by European artists, precious stones, antiquities, furniture belonging to different epochs, weapons, Indian, Muslim, and Hebrew books, tiles, jars, and others. I spent there about three hours, although I went around running. I admired above all a painting of a nymph asleep in moonlight among clouds and mist.

The Hotel Dieu is a big hospital of three stories, magnificently and hygienically built, with courts and gardens, on the Ile de la Cité on the Seine. It has five floors on each side. Taking us for some attachés of the embassy (without our telling

² Rizal's family possessed the biggest private library in Calamba. Dumas' *Count of Monte Cristo* was widely read in the Philippines and Rizal read it when he was only 12 years old, a student at the Ateneo Municipal de Manila. See p. 16, *ante*.

it) they showed us everything including the kitchens which serve by means of small tramways. It is very clean and if I'm not mistaken, the hospital accommodates very comfortably 300 patients. Inside one notes complete silence and circumspection. It is truly a refuge for the sick. It has magnificent verandas where convalescents take a walk.

The Museum of Orfila is of the greatest importance to students of medicine. All can go there to study human and comparative anatomy including its innermost secrets, from the dwarf to the giant, the fish to man, from the cell to the organ. There is a table there made by an Italian and presented, I believe, to Napoleon III. This table is made of human livers, intestines, bones, flesh, lungs, and ears. The learned Italian knew how to harden them in such a way that they became as hard as marble, and these different substances of the human body formed fanciful designs; however, I believe that there are many persons who will not dare eat on that table. This process is unknown, the secret having been lost, it seems.

There was also the picture of a famous dwarf, a nobleman, attired in the same garb he wore when he was living; he was scarcely three handbreadths tall. But the characteristic of this dwarf is that he is neither deformed nor hunchbacked nor is his head big like others; he is, on the contrary, very well proportioned: A head like an orange, proportional tiny hands, feet, and legs, and a very pleasant and winsome face. They say he was very learned, very affable and polite, and lived 30 years or more.

I saw there among various seeds *casuy* (*acajou*, pronounced *acachu*), and *lumbang*.³ Free admission every day.

The Jardin des Plantes is the name of a large area very near the Seine, full of plants of different kinds, with museums of zoology and geology, and another of skeletons only. There was also an infinite number of animals. I was able only to go through the different sections for plants, to see the ducks, geese, deer, six or seven tigers, as many lions (one lioness enclosed with a puppy), bears, panthers, wild boar, hogs, dogs, oxen, ounces, jaguars, large and small snakes, vipers, tortoises, eight or nine crocodiles stretched out in the sun, fishes, etc. All of these were fed and tended in accordance with their different temperaments, like the boas and snakes with woolen blankets

³ *Tangantangan* or *Solanum sanctum*; tuba, *Croton tiglium*; *lumbang*, *Aleuritis moluccana* Willd.

over them, the crocodiles with their ponds, the tortoises the same, *etc.* The government has professors there to conduct courses in botany, zoology, geology free to the public. There are also gigantic skeletons of whales, cachalots, and other animals. I'm planning to come back some seven times to see the museums. The public is admitted free. I don't know if I have already told you and if not I'm going to say it now that here the people go to the free public gardens and promenades, the men to stroll or study, and also some women who bring their sewing baskets, sit on the benches under the trees, and there work better than at their homes, and nobody bothers them. It is here that I see this for the first time, and thus they spend the day on the Champs Elysées, Palais Royal, Luxembourg, Jardin des Plantes, *etc.*

Here there are also water closets on the streets where for 15 centimes one can use them and they even provide one with soap. There is excessive cleanliness. This is very convenient in these big cities just like the free urinals profusely distributed as in Madrid also.

As to the Luxembourg Garden I have seen only a part of it. When I shall have seen it better, I'll give you some information about it. Of the Luxembourg Palace I have seen only the museum of painting and sculpture of living artists. There are magnificent paintings there that I knew through the illustrations in *El Mundo Ilustrado*, superb marble statues that it would be impossible for me to enumerate. The principal ones are those by Sulambo, "St. John the Baptist," by Titian, Raphael, da Vinci, and others. The French school is represented by all the artists from Clouet to those of our time and there art can be studied step by step. Attracting attention are two paintings by Lethiere⁴ — "The Death of Cleopatra" and "Brutus Condemning his Two Sons." The father, as consul, is seated beside another who hides his face in his mantle; at Brutus' feet lies the head of his son, his body being carried away by others; the executioner is standing; the other son is ready to die; they implore and beg the father to spare the life of his son: Brutus, inflexible, somber, silent, meditating, not daring to look at his son, with his hands twitched, is pallid. It is a sublime painting. Battles of Napoleon by Gros, an Endymion asleep in the moonlight, and the grand painting of "Cain and Abel" by Prud'hon. On this floor is located also what is called Apollo Gallery, because of a painting of this god on the ceiling. One who has not

⁴Guillaume Lethiere (1760-1832), French painter.

seen this gallery cannot form an idea of what a palace would be like. Profusely decorated, gilt, painting, sculpture, precious stones vie for the attention of the dazed visitor. I refrain from describing it.

There is a hall in which the jewels of kings and queens are exhibited: Scepters, crowns, rings, necklaces, *etc.* Another hall is full of pencil, pen, and sepia sketches by great painters. Other halls are full of Grecian, Roman, and Etruscan jars and amphorae taken from Pompeii and other excavations so numerous that there are enough for the whole province of Laguna.

On the third floor there are also paintings: The Museum of the Navy, the Chinese, and de Lesseps.

I believe that to study this museum well, one year, going there every day, would not suffice; in the superficial way I do it, three or four days are enough. It is open to the public except on Monday, and admission is free. There I saw the room and alcove where Henry IV died. Catherine de Medici must have walked through the same places as we do.

I saw last the Hotel des Invalides where the tomb of Napoleon I (in the church of St. Louis), beneath the cupola, is. The tomb is simple, grandiose, imposing, worthy of the genius of the great man. In a circular crypt, 10 or 15 meters in diameter, is placed the sarcophagus of well polished reddish stone; without unnecessary decorations. It is of a single piece, four meters long, two meters wide; it contains his remains. It is surrounded by a laurel wreath in mosaic and twelve colossal, white marble statues representing his most famous victories. Everything there is serious and imposing, and the light that comes from the cupola augments further the effect. Foreigners and even the English stand there fixedly in veneration and respect. Behind the main altar is the entrance to the crypt made of dark marble with two colossal caryatids bearing crown, scepter, sword, and the globe on cushions. They seem to be the somber guardians — two giants guarding the sepulcher of a demi-god. Above are inscribed the words in his testament.⁵

⁵ Above the entrance to the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides were inscribed the words:

“Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple français que j’ai tant aimé.” (I wish my ashes to rest on the banks of the Seine amidst the French people I have loved so much.) This was written by Napoleon at St. Helena, where he was exiled, in the codicil to his testament on 16 April 1821, twenty days before his death. His wish was fulfilled on 15 December 1840 when his bones were brought to Paris and deposited in the chapel of the Hotel des Invalides by order of King Louis Philippe of Orleans.

Napoleon is surrounded by the tombs of Bertrand, Duroc, Turenne, Vauban, and Jerome and Joseph Bonaparte.⁶

From there one goes to the Museum of Artillery, of armors, where those of the most famous kings are, the guns of the Louis's, Henry's, and even of Napoleon; the swords from the primitive ones of stone to those of the generals of the republic, empire, and restoration; flags, trophies seized; cannons, Japanese and Chinese weapons, garbs of different warriors of Oceania, Africa, and America, armors of the Gauls, Greeks, and Romans — all on models. It seems incredible but the costumes and weapons of the savages of the small islands of Borneo are found there but those of the Philippines are not even remembered. There was also one of the Emperor of China, full of gold and diamonds, that was seized during the war.

The Hotel des Invalides is a grand edifice built by Louis XIV to provide shelter for poor soldiers. It has 5,000 rooms, but only 600 live there. Everything there radiates discipline and there are old military men or those without legs, arms, *etc.* The spirit of Napoleon I pervades its atmosphere and the impression produced by the whole is special. It could be said that it is the mansion of remembrance, because I know not what loneliness there is wherever death, old age, and misfortune dwell. There is even a statue of a marshal of Napoleon with an amputated leg. It is the refuge of the aged, victims of other men's passions.

That is all that I have seen until now.

As you must have noted I'm now in the Latin Quarter, because there where I was before was expensive and here I

⁶ Count Henri-Gratien Bertrand (1773-1844), faithful aide-de-camp of Napoleon I who stayed with him in his exile on Elba and St. Helena. It was he who brought Napoleon's bones to Paris in 1840.

Geraud Christophe-Michel Duroc (1772-1844), French general and grand marshal under the empire.

Viscount Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne Turenne (1611-1675), French marshal.

Marquis Sebastien de Vauban (1633-1707), French military engineer and marshal of France.

Jerome Bonaparte (1784-1860), king of Westphalia and marshal of France. Brother of Napoleon I.

Joseph Bonaparte (1768-1844), brother of Napoleon I, and king of Spain (1808-1813).

can live for less than six pesetas a day, and moreover this house is much better.

Undoubtedly, whatever they may like to say, the French are very affable, at least on the outside, and this is noticeable not only among the upper classes but also among the poor and the middle class. As I was saying, I now live alone, because Zamora and Cunanan had gone to London. My landlady, Madame Desjardins, belongs to the middle class, as we, my Comadre Juliana over there would say. Well then, the first day we ate . . .

(The rest of the letter is missing.)



6. A TOUR OF PARIS (*Continued*)

[Paris, July 1883]

.....
boy, energetic and inspired, unlike those we have over there who are effeminate and phlegmatic; one Eve, the Sibyl of Cumae, Abel, etc. Among the paintings the most notable was a Roman orgy, in the period of decadence, in the presence of the statues of the virtuous patricians of the republican epoch and the consulate. Judging by the grave looks of the statues it seems that their shadows are irritated at the sight of the impudent bacchanals. The death of Julius Caesar, a grand painting reproduced in Cantú's.¹ The last days of Corinth and the capture of Jerusalem give an idea of the horrors of the sack of a city. Virginia, lying dead on the beach, is a poetic and melancholy composition. Cain fleeing with his family is frightful; the birth of Venus by Bouguereau seems like morbid and elastic flesh, and other paintings that are vyingly beautiful.

The Bullier is a dance hall to which all students go and even those who are not. They go there to dance phrenetically and the hall, despite its spaciousness, is full of men and women. The French dance consists of walking to and fro and twirling. The quadrille is a dance in which the men make contortions like puppets. I don't understand it except the drunken or mad enthusiasm of the dancers. There we met some personages of various embassies, and as we were three — Zamora, Cunanan, and I — they said in a low voice that we were perhaps the en-

This is a fragment of his letter to his parents, judging by its similarity to his preceding letters to them about Paris.

¹ Cesare Cantú's *History of the World*, a very popular book then, was read by Rizal at the age of 12 when he was studying at the Ateneo Municipal de Manila. See p 16, *ante*.

voys of Tonkin sent there to settle the question of the war. The admission fee is one peseta.

The Musée Grévin belongs to a private person and being such one has to pay 2 francs to enter it. Exhibited there are wax figures of famous personages that are so accurate and lifelike that one is completely deceived. There are wax figures of Bismarck, Garibaldi, Arabi, Czar Alexander II, Alexander III at his coronation, de Lesseps, Victor Hugo, Skobelev, Sarah Bernhardt, Gambetta, Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Gounod, and others.

I visited also the Louvre Museum and to go through it rapidly I spent three days, from 10 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon without rest. That was filled with foreigners. The Louvre — that old palace of Francis I that his royal successors went on embellishing, that resisted so many centuries, wars, and revolutions, the theater of the plots and mysteries of the Valois, Medicis, and Bourbons — is perhaps the most important edifice of Paris. It stands on the bank of the Seine; its exterior is quite severe, somber, and august, in spite of its numerous sculptures, bas reliefs, and other decorations that bear the stamp of the different conquering races. Part of it was burnt down by the Commune. It is very big and perhaps as long as from Capitana Danday's sentry box to that of Capitán Basio or longer. Its courts are immense and can serve for horseback-riding for twenty-five equestrians galloping at full speed. When I recall as I look at it so many histories, so many events, so many crimes, as well as so many glories, that took place there, it seems to me that momentarily a historic face would appear on its balconies. But times have changed and there no longer strolls through its immense galleries neither a Francis I nor a Henry II to meet Gabriel of Montgomery, nor ailing Francis II with Mary Stuart, nor Charles X, silent and pensive, unhappy in his youth, nor the criminal Henry III, nor Henry IV with his court — nothing of this sort is now seen. Instead of the ladies, soldiers, musketeers, pages, and nobles; instead of the Guises, Bueil, Bayards, only curious Englishmen, Germans in dark suits are seen there and nevertheless the places are the same, the same staircases worn out by so many generations, the same alcoves and even the same paintings.

The entire ground floor is occupied by the Egyptian and Assyrian museum, Greek and Roman sculpture, the Christian, Renaissance, and modern sculpture, and the antiquities of Asia Minor. In the Egyptian museum on the ground floor are colos-

sal sphinxes, Isis, Osiris, and Apis; chapels constructed of a single stone, that is, monoliths, cippus, Egyptian sepulchers, also monoliths, papyrus with inscriptions, paintings, sacred vessels; and going upstairs one sees Egyptian objects pertaining to worship, civil life, sepulchers, mummies, idols, crocodiles, cats, dogs, and birds all mummified—the whole world, the whole social, political, civil, and religious life, seemingly a mute corpse but in fact expressive and eloquent that tells us about the past, the past grandeur, sufferings, and crimes perhaps. The impression that these objects make on the visitor is sad. On seeing them one is carried back to those temples of Karnak, of Philae, or to the pyramids built by so many Pharaonic dynasties. But it is observed that religion is the most common stamp of Egyptian life which is not so among the Assyrians. In the Assyrian Museum are big, enormous pieces of stone with colossal bas reliefs (see Cantú) of men with the body of a bull and with wings, statues of the Assyrian Hercules who choked lions without effort, friezes, capitals, bas reliefs of the chase, animals, and sacrifices belonging to the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon, of the Khorsabad, built by Sennacherib, Sardanapalus, and others. There are also Phoenician sarcophagi of marble. I don't know whether because this museum is always deserted, not frequented by visitors like the others, or because it recalls very ancient times—cities enveloped in the dust of ruins and destruction—the truth is that it is desolate and recalls to mind those feasts of Balthazar, Semiramis, Nisus, Cyrus, and the Darius. I imagined the mysterious hand writing *Mane, Thecel, Phares*.²

The Asiatic antiquities (of Asia Minor) demonstrate the cradle of Greek art. In this museum are seen archaic statues. From the standardized, symbolic, religious rigidity art little by little developed Hellenic grace and elegance. But attracting attention are two enormous pieces, pieces of fluted column from a Greek temple (Apollo Didyma) of two and a half meters in diameter. If one would reconstruct in his imagination the building whose columns are before him and he recalls the elegant proportions of Greek art, this temple, in my opinion, must be gigantic and larger than the known ones. Friezes of combats of amazons showing that the warriors in fighting them seize them forthwith by the hair.

The museum of antique marbles, or rather Greek and Roman sculpture, is the largest collection I have seen of first

² "Counted, weighed, divided," the ominous words that appeared mysteriously on the wall of the banquet hall of King Balthazar.

class works, though it is said that it does not surpass much the great ones of Italy. There a complete course in mythology can be studied by just looking at the statues and groups; another course in Roman history with the busts of consuls and emperors as well as with their statues. The very celebrated "Venus of Milo" is there, recognized as the best of all despite its being armless; a colossal Melpomene of four meters. The statues that I had seen only in pictures are all there and one spends three hours in going through them superficially and comes out of it with a confused imagination. Christian sculpture presents a great contrast to that of the pagan, and in spite of its infancy it gives nothing but a feeling of grace and beauty, of mysticism, something that speaks of heaven and the soul.

The sculpture of the Renaissance and of the modern period despises the pagan and scarcely deigns to cast a glance at the Christian. It is indeed beautiful, genuine, elegant, grandiose, and at times sublime. Calling attention are two slaves by Michelangelo, a Diana by Goujon, and several by Pudget and Coustou.

The second floor is assigned to painting and Greek, Roman, and Etruscan antiquities, and jewels of the kings of France. There are the Italian school with Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio with their best virgins; the Dutch with their landscapes by Ruysdael, Bergheim, and others; the German with Sebald Behann, Holbein, and others; the Flemish with Rubens and Van Dyck; the Spanish with Murillo, Velazquez, and Ribera among which is the great "Concepción" by Murillo alongside the masterpieces. . . .

(The rest of the letter is missing.)



7. A TOUR OF PARIS (*Continued*)

124 Rue de Rennes, Paris
2 August 1883

My dear Parents,

The last time I wrote you I had to cut off abruptly my letter because I lacked time to finish it to my liking. Since then nothing new has happened to me so that I'll say in this nothing more than what I wished to write in that letter: To talk about some monuments in Paris and its environs which I have visited and to make some little observations, and I'll begin with the Pantheon.

This has had two names — that of St. Genevieve after the saint to which it was dedicated and that of Pantheon for containing the sepulchers of all the great men of France. The plan of the building was made by Soufflot and its construction was begun under Louis XV. They say it is very magnificent and it is in fact. Its interior has this form +, the first I have seen. Its elegant columns, its lofty cupola, the brilliant light that penetrates through it — all give it the theatrical, monumental aspect of a very elegant edifice, but not of a Christian church such as are usually seen. I believe that this is due to the two steps that are on each side, the absence of a choir and decorations, though there are excellent frescoes. It's simply splendid. For 16 centimes one can go down to the underground vault where the tombs of the great men are. This underground vault is immense, faintly illuminated by the light that penetrates through some insufficient skylights. The guide who conducts us carries a lantern. There are the sepulchers of the philosophers Voltaire and Rousseau, fathers of modern ideas. Voltaire has a magnificent statue by Houdon. Rousseau's tomb is in front of it. A hand holding a torch emerges from his tomb.

Those who say that this is not in very good taste are right and moreover it is quite equivocal, because it could be said that he set the world on fire or he illuminated the world. There also are the tombs of Marshal Lannes, Soufflot, and others. There is a place where an echo reverberates in a way that is surprising — by beating a kind of drum one hears cannon-shots, thus reproducing all the noise of a battle.

In the Jardin des Plantes there is a museum of natural history which I believe I have already mentioned. There I found the egg of the epyornis¹ as large as half a loaf of sugar,² that is, like a *lanka*,³ though very much bigger. Could it be the roc? Beside it an ostrich egg appears like the tiny egg of a dove. There is a very large number of monkeys ranging from the one that resembles a dog, or rather the cynocephalus, to the gorilla. I don't know yet if Darwin's theory is very acceptable; it would be advisable to study it to determine on what to rely concerning the creation of man. I saw there also bulls and other big animals. The aurochs is the biggest I saw, though it does not resemble much the bison that we know over there; and I saw a Normandy cow which is about four fingers taller than I at the withers. Our carabao and our other animals are not missing there; but it took me pains to find the carabao as it looked like a pig beside the others, so small it seemed, and nevertheless it must be one of the biggest of those over there. I shall not tell you anymore about the desiccated lions, tigers, panthers, and bears of which there is an infinity there, nor of the crocodiles, alligators of all kinds, from the one with a head like this⁴ to the one that we have over there; nor of the tortoise ranging from one which is a meter and a half long and a meter tall to the smallest of about the size of a copper coin. There is a very pretty cicala (cicada). I would not finish mentioning all those desiccated animals, fishes, whales, that occupy three floors of a big building. One German says that this museum is as good as that one at London, though not better arranged. But indeed I'm going to tell you about two large cabinets full of little birds of all colors, ranging in size

¹ Epyornis is an ostrich-like bird whose eggs are a foot long and 9 inches in diameter, genus *Aepyornis*.

² A *pilon* of sugar was sugar moulded in large clay jars, weighing about 100 pounds. This was the way sugar was marketed in the Philippines during the Spanish regime.

³ Or *langka*, *Artocarpus integrifolia* L. This fruit, however, is of diverse sizes.

⁴ The drawing is in the MS of his diary.

from the blowfly to a half *pipit*.⁵ They are green, blue, red, gold, violet, dark, bronze, but all are brilliant. Their beaks, like needles, are shiny as if varnished. They are enough to make Emilio and Antonio⁶ dream for a week. I stood ecstatic before those marvels, those winged rubies and topaces. As to the butterflies, I have not yet seen the yellow and black specimens, but even then they occupy an immense space — all the walls of our antehall cannot hold them. There are some very small ones of the size of an *onzita*⁷ and there are very big ones; there are all blue, all flesh, all red, yellow, black; there are mixed colors; there are those that resemble the rainbow. Philippine birds that abound there are the *calos* and the *talic-tics*; there are at least eight specimens; one of them is from south Luzon, perhaps from Laguna. The geology section! That was marvelous: All kinds of metals, crystals, precious stones, soils, antediluvian and pre-Adamic fishes. There I saw red, yellow, and white emeralds, green and blue topaces, rubies of all colors, brilliants and diamonds of all colors; a copy of the Regent. It takes four hours just to go around without looking closely. One leaves that place dispirited and with the sad thought that one does not know the names and properties of so many beings and so many things. So many things unknown to me. And nevertheless I saw there a young girl, accompanied by a professor, who was studying all those minerals, their names, their classifications and she was not very far behind!

In the Jardin is a surfeit of roses of all colors and greens of all kinds. There I saw a Lebanon cedar. After finishing my course, if possible, I'll return to Paris to study science and agriculture. A countryman of ours, Cunanan, is studying this science here in Paris in one of the government schools. Here the agriculturist is much more learned than many bishops and lawyers over there. It is a very deep study that I was astounded to find a gardener of a town giving me the botanical classification of all plants. Everybody here talks to you about thermometers, barometers, archometers, history, physics, just as there we talk about the miracles of St. Augustine and St. Procopio of which we are better informed than the saints themselves.

⁵ *Pipit* is Tagalog name for the northern willow warbler, *Acanthopneuste borealis*.

⁶ His young nephews, sons of his sister Narcisa and her husband Antonino López.

⁷ *Onzita* was an old Spanish gold coin, the size of the present (1959) Philippine silver ten-centavo piece.

I visited also the old Abbey of Cluny, an old Gothic edifice, very well preserved, former residence of the reverend monks which they kept as their lodging-house whenever they came to Paris. It is very big and very beautiful and the poor monks rested there. It is now a museum of antiquities of the middle age and of the modern period. There are many curious things belonging to the pious generations, so much praised for their Christian virtues by the layman who knows history. There I saw the padlocks that husbands put on certain parts of the body of their wives so that they might not err; the instruments of the Inquisition; paintings, religious bas reliefs side by side obscene ones that the blessed monks had on their choirs. I believe that at that time the locksmiths must have been very stupid or the husbands were very stupid, that they would like always to place the devil beside God in order to mix the useful with the sweet as a wise precept demands.

Beside this abbey are the Julian thermal baths, or rather the Roman baths of the emperors. The building is simple but big, solid, and majestic. There are Roman statues, altars, *etc.* It is said that it was there that Julian the Apostate was burned. I could hardly believe it. In this same Hotel de Cluny there is a department where all kinds of footwear used in the world can be studied. So that you may see how complete it is, I saw there slippers with red tops, designs, and embroidery of the Chinese of Rosario Street,⁸ straw slippers costing a peseta, and other used ones. It is there and not elsewhere that we can find out which country has the smallest feet but natural ones. Our women are not left behind. Upon going down the Hotel de Cluny I saw a woman that at first I took for a Filipino mestizo: Blue skirt, white shawl, and with the same coiffure as a Filipino woman, only her sleeves were very narrow in the European style. Were it not for her Nordic physiognomy and her speaking French fairly well, I would have been deceived. I inquired who she might be and nobody knew.

The 14th July is the national holiday here, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. All houses, excepting those of the monarchists, display the tricolor flag; all stores, all establishments are closed; there are fantastic illuminations, fireworks; traffic is suspended; people invade the boulevards and promenades, and Paris at night seems like a float in a Holy Week procession. In the Bois de Boulogne there are a parade and

⁸ A street in downtown Manila, in the Chinese business district. The name of the street as well as its character remains to this day. (1959)

review of troops: 40,000 soldiers. Numerous people go there despite the continual rain. Zamora, Paterno, Cunanan, and I paid 3 pesetas each to stand up on some poor benches; others paid more and every now and then a bench collapsed and women, young ladies, old men, and children fell rolling down the ground, and there was general laughter. Then they would again climb up and again they fell. Beside us was a very serious Englishman standing on a large barrel full of water and as the poor Englishman feared that the cover might give in and he would have a *sulbut*⁹ bath, he stood balancing himself on the rim of his throne that cost him 3 francs. And he himself laughed. Finally at two o'clock sharp the review began. The president of the republic as well as the ministers had arrived ten minutes before in order not to miss any part of the programme. I was surprised that all of them came in carriages drawn by two horses only. I almost looked down on them comparing them with our captains general and archbishops who have the good sense of always riding in carriages drawn by four horses, and Mr. Yriarte¹⁰ who once did the same. The more horses draw one's carriage the more important and smart one is. I have always believed this and no friar can convince me of the contrary, not even the most eloquent preachers of Manila. I refrain from describing the spectacle of that militia, the young men of St. Cyr¹¹ who, they say, are all smart and competent; those of the chief of staff, the engineers — that youth whose duty is to take revenge and to pay a debt, whose patrimony is without blemish and without a flaw — attract my attention; then the infantry, a forest of bayonets; afterwards the cavalry with their shining helmets and floating manes of the horses that give them a martial air and serious aspect; the artillery and all the cuirassiers on horseback dressed in shining armor moving rapidly. Forty thousand men, seven times the population of Calamba. Foreign governments sent there their military men to see that review.

Later we saw the Palace of Versailles, former residence of the Bourbons and the Bonapartes, now a vast historical museum. This palace is at most one hour by train from Paris. It is a beautiful and grand palace built under Louis XIV, with its

⁹ A Tagalog word meaning "dip."

¹⁰ The Spaniard Mr. Francisco Yriarte, one time *alcalde mayor* or governor of the Province of Laguna.

¹¹ The state military academy in France, the equivalent of the American West Point Military Academy.

garden, park, and its two Trianons, or rather two small country palaces, if such they can be called. Although I saw it hurriedly, nevertheless I was able to note the rooms of Napoleon I, his study, the hall where Marshal Bazaine was tried, the rooms of Louis XIV, XV, XVI, those of the queens, their wives — these in the Grand Trianon. In the Petit Trianon only traces of the life of Marie Antoinette are visible — the great simplicity, even in her dressing and work rooms. There is a plan, a hemisphere, there said to have been made by Louis XVI. There is also a cluster of flowers one of which is a clock. The rooms of Napoleon I are of a yellow color. They assert that Napoleon I did not use to live in those palaces. In the carriage house we saw many carriages, the most conspicuous being a gold one which is the biggest and the most beautiful and was used only once when Charles X was crowned, valued at the minimum one million francs.

The garden and the park are most beautiful: There where formerly walked only a gilded youth and a pompous court, full of various preoccupations, passions perhaps, miseries perhaps, misfortunes perhaps, now that place is desolate and hardly . . .

(The rest of the letter is missing.)



8. MADRID

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS AND BROTHERS

Madrid, 28 June 1884

My dear Parents and Brothers,

After so long a time that I haven't been able to write you a letter on account of my numerous tasks, I now write you with eagerness to give you news about me to which I suppose you'll not be at all indifferent. It is a little less than two months that I haven't written you and this time has seemed to me very long, so much so that many times I have asked myself if I was not failing in my duty by not writing you in order not to set aside my studies. However, I don't believe it will ever occur to you to think that my affection has cooled. I have sufficient reasons and moreover, as I'm alone, I have no one to write for me while I study. Now that I'm more free, I reiterate that I have great satisfaction in taking up the pen. I don't know if my sentiments find an echo in other parts. At last I'm a physician. Two or three friends embraced me effusively with genuine brotherly joy. One friend wrote me also wishing me with all his heart good luck in the practice of my profession. I distributed three duros — which I borrowed from one of these friends — among the beadles of San Carlos who congratulated all students. This was all the celebration of the greatest event in my student life and to think that that was for me the most eventful month. I shall enumerate them in order:

On 5th June I took the examination in medical clinic, 2nd course *Bueno* (Good);

On the 6th clinical surgery, 2nd course *Notable* (Very Good);

On the 9th I filed my application for the degree;

On the 11th I took my examination in Greek, 1st course, *Sobresaliente* (Excellent);

On the 13th, Greek and Latin literature, *Sobresaliente* (Excellent);

On the 17th, my mail not having arrived and having to pay my graduation fees, I pawned my ring;

On the 19th (my birthday) I was notified of the graduation exercises;

On the 20th first exercises;

On the 21st the second and last exercises for graduation *Aprobado* (Passed)

On the 25 I won the first prize in Greek at the University, one of the 4 out of 200 students, and at night I delivered a speech¹ about which I shall tell you later;

On the 26th examination in universal history, 2nd course, *Sobresaliente* (Excellent); total: 3 *sobresalientes*, one prize, one *Notable*, one *Bueno*, and one *Aprobado* for the degree. I hope I shall not be accused of wasting time and I shall deserve the appreciation of some persons, just as I have won the esteem of foreigners.

As I told you, since the month of February, I have joined a review course, paying 6 pesos monthly in order to be up to date on the most modern ideas in medicine, which are German, inasmuch as the theories I studied at Manila, though good indeed, were all of the French school, and here almost all the professors belong to the modern school. June came and I took an examination in the subjects of my course in order to graduate as soon as possible and rest during the summer, as I do believe I'm entitled to a little rest. At San Carlos I, as well as those who knew me, was very much disappointed, for, to tell the truth, I expected better grades. I had the bad luck of having on the examining board Mr. Tomás Santero who subscribed to very old Hippocratic doctrines and he failed the poor candidate even if he obtained a grade of excellent in the examination in modern theories. Here is the reason why I obtained only *Aprobado*, which is the second grade. This is not to excuse myself; my con-

¹He delivered a speech at the banquet in honor of the Filipino painters Juan Luna and Felix Resurrección Hidalgo which was attended by distinguished Spanish politicians. He was enthusiastically applauded.

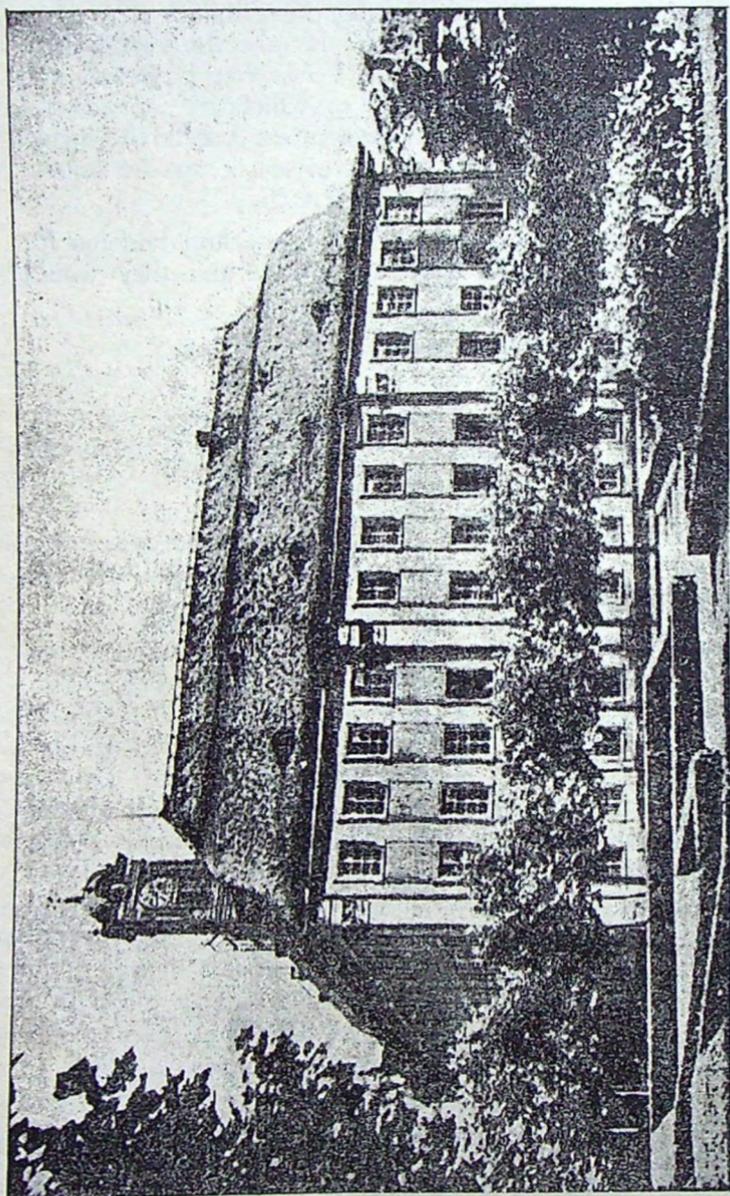
science is clear for having done the best I could. On the other hand, at the Universidad Central they gave me *Sobresaliente* in history, 2nd course, which I believe I don't deserve. The professor² had heard me deliver a speech at the banquet and he was so glad that he toasted calling the Filipinos "the glory of the universities" and he urged me to take the examination the following day. I told him that I was not prepared, and I was postponing it for September, to which he replied that he would fail me if I took it in September. I took the examination and luckily it fell to my lot to speak on the legend of Charlemagne and I acquitted myself well.

They talked about the banquet for Luna and Hidalgo for their triumph over all the Spanish painters and they would like.....

(The rest of the letter is missing.)



²He was Professor Miguel Morayta, a liberal who sympathized with Philippine aspirations and was elected president of the Asociación Hispano-Filipina founded by the Filipinos at Madrid on 12 July 1888, which worked for reforms for the Philippines. He was also the publisher of *La Publicidad* at Barcelona and one time member of the Cortes. See p. 312.



MAIN BUILDING OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY (Ruperto-Carola Universitaet)

9. STRASBOURG TO HEIDELBERG

Heidelberg, 16 Karlstrasse
9 February 1886

My dear Parents and Brothers,

As I announced to you in my previous letter, I left for Paris on Monday, the 1st of February, and I came to Germany. I stopped one day at Strasbourg. Avricourt¹ is the last town on the Franco-German frontier and upon crossing this one notes that he is in a new country, for everywhere one sees only uniforms, militarism, in all Germany the railroad employees being all military men. From France snow accompanied me on the way, that is, from Nancy until Wilwisheim. Until I reached Strasbourg, I couldn't understand well anyone, for although they almost all spoke French and German, nevertheless the Germans confuse the *v* with the *f*, *b* with *p*, *d* with *t* in such a way that the French spoken by them seems to be disguised German. The geese announced to me that I was nearing Strasbourg, the city of the *foie gras*, a delicacy made of the fat or swollen liver of geese of which much is sold.

Strasbourg is now the capital of Alsace and Lorraine or Elsass und Lothringen, as the Germans say. It is a gloomy city despite its commerce. Everywhere can be seen the vestiges of the bombardment of 1870, here a bullet, over there a cracked wall, farther on a destroyed tower of a fortress, a hole, a helmet encased in hard granite.

The inhabitants take pleasure in showing the city to travelers. As was to be expected, I visited the famous cathedral

¹ From 1871-1919 part of this frontier town belonged to France and part to Germany.

and I climbed up its tower 142 meters high, the fourth in height, if I'm not mistaken, of the towers in Europe. I climbed up 500 steps until the platform from which can be seen almost the whole Rhine valley, the Black Forest, the Vosges, etc. This tower suffered no less during the bombardment, but it has been repaired. There is a very notable thing inside the cathedral and it is the most complicated mechanism of a clock which is built to run for a long time, being self-winding. It is the second reconstruction of a clock of the 13th century.² In a corner of the square there is an old wooden house said to be Gutenberg's. Strasbourg as well as the other towns I have seen are full of soldiers. I observed that many people greet me on the way and at every moment I was obliged to lift up my hat.

From Strasbourg I came directly to Heidelberg, and although I passed near the famous Baden, I didn't stop, for, considering the state of my purse, it was not prudent to make so many stops. Moreover Baden is for pleasure, especially in summer. Beside my 2nd class compartment was a 1st class one occupied by a Russian prince and princess. Every time they went down the train coach they were rendered military honors. Germany is a country of great order and subordination.

I arrived at Heidelberg on Wednesday, at half past two in the afternoon. The town seems to me gay; on the streets are seen only students with red, yellow, white, blue caps of leather, etc. They say that the students belonging to different corporations fight one another for fun. When they fight, they have all the parts of the body covered except the face and the eyes are protected with goggles of steel mesh so that the head and the cheeks are the most exposed. They use a very sharp saber with which they fight by raising the arm over the head. The German student has fine presence, tall, and is very robust. On the night of my arrival, wishing to obtain information about a good professor of ophthalmology, I inquired about the beerhall where students foregather, and I was directed to the *Gülden Bierbrauerie*. There in fact I found some eight or nine, with yellow caps, of the corporation *Schwabe* (Swabia). I introduced myself and in my semi-German I asked them. Instant-

²This is a large astronomical clock. An angel strikes a bell for the quarter hours; a genius reverses his hour-glass every hour; a symbolic deity steps out of his niche each day—Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on; each day at noon the Twelve Apostles march around the figure of the Saviour, while in the morning a cock on the highest pinnacle stretches its neck, flaps its wings, and crows.

ly they stirred, asked one another, and gave me all the necessary information. They invited me to sit with them and drink beer. Because of my lack of practice in speaking German and not being accustomed to hear it, conversation was difficult; and because they hardly spoke French, we resorted to Latin and we used this language part of the evening until one who knew French came. The majority of those who were there, eight out of ten, had the left cheek full of large scars — there was one who had more than 15 and the one who spoke French with me had, besides eight or ten large scars, his head bandaged, for just a few days ago, he lost a portion of his scalp. . . . The German student is kind, courteous, modest, and is not boastful. When he greets, he lifts up his cap entirely, throwing it forward. That night they didn't let me pay at all for my beer for being a stranger and recently arrived, but next time I shall have to pay in accordance with the custom of each one paying for his own. When they drink, they have the custom of toasting the health of every one saying, "Prosit!" or "Prost!" and holding forth the glass toward the person to whose health they are drinking. They invited me to join their society, but upon knowing that I couldn't remain among them for a long time, they said it was useless, for it would be of no benefit to me. At least six months were necessary for probation and another six months to be admitted into it. These young men take a singular pleasure in making themselves look ugly, for there are among them some who really possess masculine beauty on one hand and on the other patched up skin. There was one who had already fought 54 times. Not all the students are members of these corporations.

Now I'm living in a boarding house. The cost of living is not as cheap as I expected, for room, food, service, and light cost me something like 28 pesos a month. Undoubtedly it is very much cheaper than in Paris, but it is not as I supposed, so that the money that I thought would last until the end of April will only suffice until the beginning of this month. It is very cold; there's so much snowfall that it is necessary to keep the fire burning continuously lest one freeze. I live in a pretty good house; its owner is called Nebel; my neighbor is a young Englishman who came to study German and we speak in our semi-German and when we couldn't understand each other we speak English. At mealtime German is spoken. Little by little I'm getting to understand it. As I intend to change house to see if I can find a cheaper one, it would be desirable that you address me thus:

Germany

Herrn Joseph Rizal
General Delivery
Heidelberg

Or better you write me at Paris, 65 Boulevard Arago, Luna's atelier, for I don't know how long I'm staying here.

As I have already told you, it would be better if you write me every fifteen days via the French mail boat, because it makes the trip faster. The drafts through the Chartered Bank *etc.*

Heidelberg is in a valley between two mountains; on one side flows the Neckar across which are two stone bridges. Yesterday and before yesterday, many persons were skating on the frozen portion near the river. The mountains are covered with snow and in the afternoons could be seen many people strolling among the ruins of the celebrated castle that can be seen from my window. There is only one theater; there are four or five Catholic and Protestant churches and they say that one of them is used one half by Catholics and the other by Protestants. German food is not disagreeable, only it is full of potatoes: For everything, potatoes, day and night. At night they serve tea with potatoes and cold meat. The majority of the women have studied French and they have a smattering of it. In general they are tall, big, not very blond though fairly so. They are very amiable and very sincere.

German lads are even less curious than the French. In Paris, for example, I still saw some lads looking at me curiously on account of my type, but here they pass me by without stopping. Sometimes I take hold of their head and turn it a little; they submit and then walk away without saying a word.

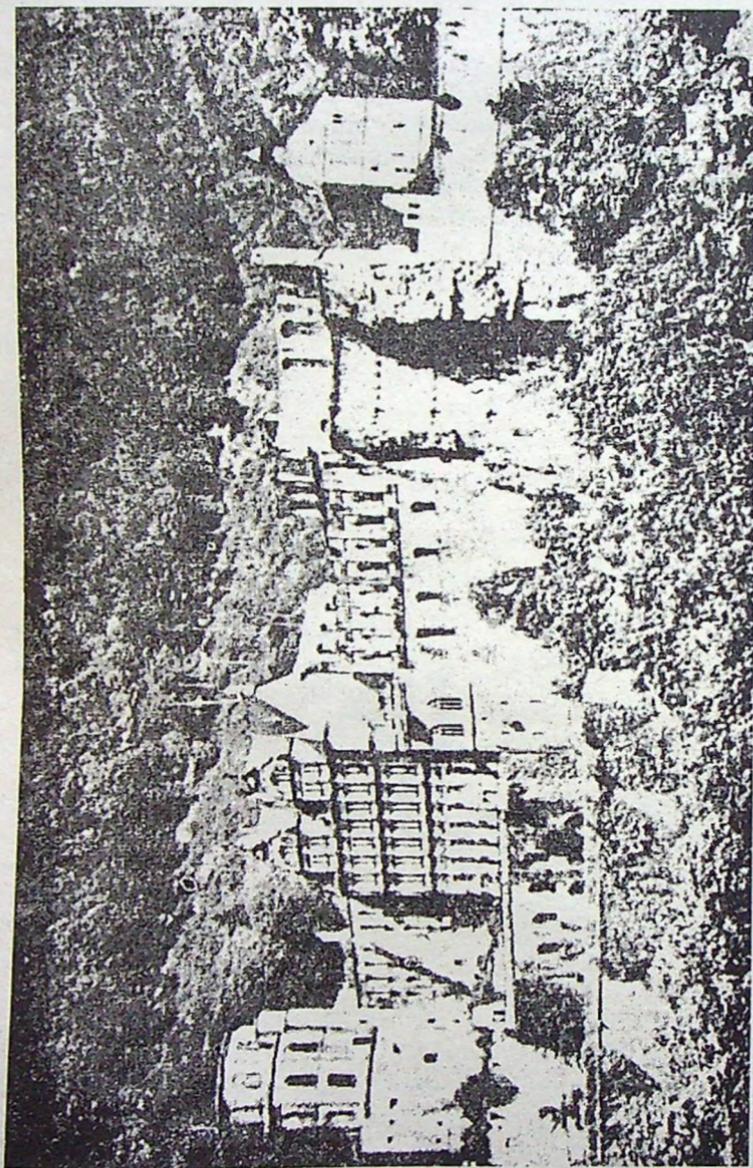
The waitress at the beerhall where I go is called Mina. She writes her language very well in accordance with orthography. We always talk to each other through writing for as my ears are not yet accustomed to the accentuation, I need to see the words written down. She writes her language in two ways, as she says: *Lateinische* and *Deutsche*; that is, in Latin and German characters. For example, *Inseln Philippinen* — *Infeln Pfilippinen*. The German characters are the ones generally used.

I end this letter now and until the next mail.
Your son and brother who loves you sincerely,

Rizal

My friend Valentin Ventura, whom I owe many favors, is going there. He lives on Dulumbayan Street. If you go to Manila, I would appreciate very much if you would call on him. It is better that you continue writing me in Paris, 65 Boulevard Arago, Luna's atelier, for, as I'm staying a short time here at Heidelberg, the letters may get lost.





HEIDELBERG CASTLE

10. CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

16 Karlstrasse, Heidelberg
February 1886¹

My dear Parents and Brothers,

I hope that you have received my previous letter and you are enjoying good health which is ever my constant desire.

For some 13 days now I've been attending the clinic for eye diseases (Augen Klinik) in this city under the direction of another famous oculist named Otto Becker. He is not as famous nor is he such a great surgeon as Dr. de Wecker of Paris; but in Germany he enjoys much renown and he has written many books. At the beginning I hardly understood a few words, for German is very difficult to follow on account of its unusual construction, but now I'm beginning to understand the words and I expect to be able to speak it fairly well within six months. Here we don't perform so many operations as in Paris: The 24,000 inhabitants of this city cannot give so many patients, even if there is only one clinic. Paris, they say, has 2,000,000 inhabitants, but the truth is it has also very many oculists. When I shall know enough of the great advancement of German science and I shall be able to speak German somewhat perfectly, I intend to go to London or return to Paris which is the intellectual city par excellence, where the brain is continually stirred up, and study a little with my first professor who had advised me to go back to him and I had promised him that I would do so.

Recently on the occasion of the arrival of a German poet, very much beloved in this city, they illuminated the castle with fireworks. Don't think that it is like the fireworks there on

¹ Exact date is illegible.

feast days. Here they only discharge some 15 or 16 rockets, with Bengal lights, and no firecrackers; and with red light burning inside the ruins in such a way that only the glow is seen and not the flames, the walls, big towers, corridors, and all that remained of the ruined castle are revealed now by silhouettes, now by direct illumination. It is beautiful to see in the midst of the darkness those grandiose ruins all red and black with neither flames nor fireworkers visible, and all were simultaneously illuminated . . . (illegible) . . . I say that almost always for there are also others: . . . the students with lighted torches went around the streets on the occasion of the anniversary of the Elector. I don't know exactly what it was about for I was not able to understand well the long explanation the maid has just given me this morning.

Last Sunday I visited the interior of the castle, that is, the part . . . (illegible). An old woman, tall, erect, serious, and with a sad voice, was my guide. She seems to be the shadow of the ruins or some witch who dwells in those somber and deserted places. All the walls are dismantled, the statues are mutilated, the arches cracked; ivy grows everywhere. The old woman recited in a sad and grave voice, pointing out the various places: "This is the hall of the pages, here they played games; there the waiting room; farther on is the library, adjoining it is the study room with its big chimney full of drawings. The audience hall, the hall of justice, the big dining room, the hall of the English in which was held the wedding of some princes of Great Britain. The kitchen where they roasted a whole ox with the immense hearth under the high and monumental chimney used for it still preserved. The jail, the octagonal tower, *etc., etc.*" Sometimes one goes through dark, narrow, low corridors, going up and down little stairways one reaches a large hall whose roof is supported by massive arches: now and then a dormer window lets in some light to expose the dismal and ruinous state of the old palacé of the Counts of the Palatinate some of whom became emperors. At times a small door opens on one side of the corridor into a dark and humid room — it is the jail; sometimes it is the room of the warden maybe; sometimes it is a little spiral stairway that gets lost above among the ruins and below in the shadows of the underground. There are two huge casks for wine in this castle — the larger one is thirteen paces long by eleven in width and holds, according to what they say, 236,000 bottles of wine, which seems to me probable, for on top of it even five pairs can dance very easily. In the museum of curiosities

of the castle are the pictures of all those who belonged to the noble house: Women and men and even some who do not, like those of the most illustrious citizens who lived or were born in Heidelberg as Voss,² Melanchthon.³ There I saw pictures of Luther and his wife Catarina de Roca and the ring that was used in their wedding, which has this shape more or less (Drawing). The death-mask of Kotzebue showing his wound and that of his assassin, the student Sand, who was beheaded at Mannheim. His hair and blood are preserved. I saw also a letter of Marshal Ney, a passport signed by Louis XVI in the last sad days of his reign and many more autographs more or less complete, more or less important. Among the pictures there is a pair that ought to be mentioned — they are two pictures of a woman belonging to a noble family that represents her youth and old age. Her picture when she was young shows her to be a serene beauty, winsome, ingenuous, and tender; that of her old age, is of a witch that reminded me of the grotesque description of an old woman in the story of two friends, one of the *awit*⁴ of Tuason of Pasig. There also are the old images only before which perhaps the proud and cruel elector took off his hat and knelt, maybe after ordering the death of some unfortunate man. Today nobody takes off his hat before them, and the humblest man, the son perhaps of a slave of the late lord, passes by, examines them curiously, and pertly continues on his way.

Tomorrow I am going to change my residence and move to No. 12, Ludwigsplatz, near the university. The room alone with service, light, and heating costs me eight pesos a month or 32 marks, each mark is worth 2 *reales fuertes*. If we were in the midst of winter, it would cost me more for I would have to spend for the heating. I shall eat at the restaurant during the day and at night take supper in my room in German style, that is, a cup of tea, bread, and butter. I believe that in this way I can live on 25 pesos a month with board and lodging until the end of April when I expect to receive my monthly allowance.

² Johann Heinrich Voss (1751-1826), German poet and translator of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, etc.

³ Philip Schwartzert Melanchthon (1497-1560), German theologian, professor, and religious reformer.

⁴ *Awit* (sing. & pl.) are stories in verse. *Awit* also means song. It's a Tagalog term.

I spend half of the day in the study of German and the other half of the diseases of the eye. Twice a week I go to the bierbrauerei, or beerhall, to speak German with my student friends.

Three times I have gone to see their duels at Hirschgasse and I have witnessed from 20 to 25 of them; each time 7, 8, or 9 fight and several times the duels were bloody. One that I saw received as many as six wounds during the duel; sometimes they are not wounded. They fight only among themselves, corporation against corporation, many times without any motive, for those who choose the adversaries are the sponsors; it is just to test bravery, according to them. There are five corps students here and they are Vandalia, Guestfalia, Saxoborussia, Renania, and Swabia and their respective caps are red, green, white, blue, and yellow. Don't think that I belong to any of these corporations; I would need to stay at least one year, for they require six months trial. The Swabians are my friends.

It has been very cold here and everywhere I see only ice forming capricious figures, stalactites, of crystal, rocks, on which the rays of the sun play, producing most beautiful colors.

I wish you to keep well and healthy and that we may see each other soon, which will be absolutely next year. Regards to all who still remember me.

Your son and brother,

Rizal.



11. IMPRESSIONS OF MADRID

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

Heidelberg, 1886

My dear Friend:

When some one from northern Europe talks about Spain you would hear only sighs, praises for the blue skies, the perfumed breezes, the beautiful women of the black eyes, deep and ardent, with their *mantillas* and fans, always gracious, always full of fire, of love, of jealousy, and sometimes of vengeance. That is true, because one always talks longingly about what one does not have, what one has not seen. One misses, one covets the blessings of another. It is really true that the sky of Spain is of a limpid blue, even in winter when it is horribly cold; that the air is perfumed, especially in Valencia and Andalucía, only the perfume is not always exquisite nor pleasant. It is also true that the women are beautiful, passionate, naive, natural, and piquant, born to love, living for love and dying for having loved; that is true. One talks of all this when one is in a country covered with snow; when one only hears a language hard, coarse, and piercing to the ear, when one feels the cold penetrating to the marrow of the bones, when one sees girls who are tall, blonde, pretty but serious, without a smile on their lips, without a sparkle in their eyes, walking a little like men with a rapid and hurried pace in going about their business or to the factory. But before this poetry of Nature which creates the rose on a thorny stem, the most beautiful flowers with a poisonous fragrance for him who dares to smell

Transcribed in W. E. Retana: *Vida y escritos del Dr. José Rizal*, Madrid, 1907. Pages 100-102. Letter is taken from Rizal's notebook: *Clínica*. In French.

them, being lured by their beautiful colors, you will also find in Spain when you are there, things which will make you miss the countries of the north. I will not tell you about Andalucía, which I know only slightly, as I have been there only a few days. If I should dare describe its climate and customs, I fear that I will say only nonsense, exaggerations, or extraordinary things. I would prefer to tell you about Madrid where I have sojourned a long time and whose customs, climate, secret or public history, I believe I know a little, at least during the time I was there.

Madrid is one of the gayest cities of the world which combines the spirit of Europe and the East, which has adopted the orderliness, the conveniences, the *bon ton* of civilized Europe without disdaining, without repelling, the brilliant colors, the ardent passions, the primitive customs of the African tribes, of the chivalrous Arabs whose traces are still recognizable everywhere, in the look, feelings, and prejudices of the people and even in their laws. Coming from abroad you will be struck by the life, the brilliant colors, and a certain unaffected manner that you will observe in the streets. You will see soiled linen decorating the balconies, like family banners. The laundry-women take the opportunity to exhibit to the public the secret of the dressing-rooms and the clothes of their masters. But don't walk with head up, looking at the balconies to admire the girls who crown them amid flowers and climbing plants because you run the risk of stepping on something which will compel you to change your shoes. Be careful, when some one approaches you to ask for information; don't say that you are a stranger. That may make you the butt of a bad joke. He may then think of a thousand snares to fool you and foreigners hardly can escape them. Don't ask the policemen for any information; that is useless, that is wasted words. They will answer you quietly that they don't know it, that they have just entered the service the day before. If you press them for some explanations in the hope of making use of their knowledge, they will give you a maze which they themselves do not understand.

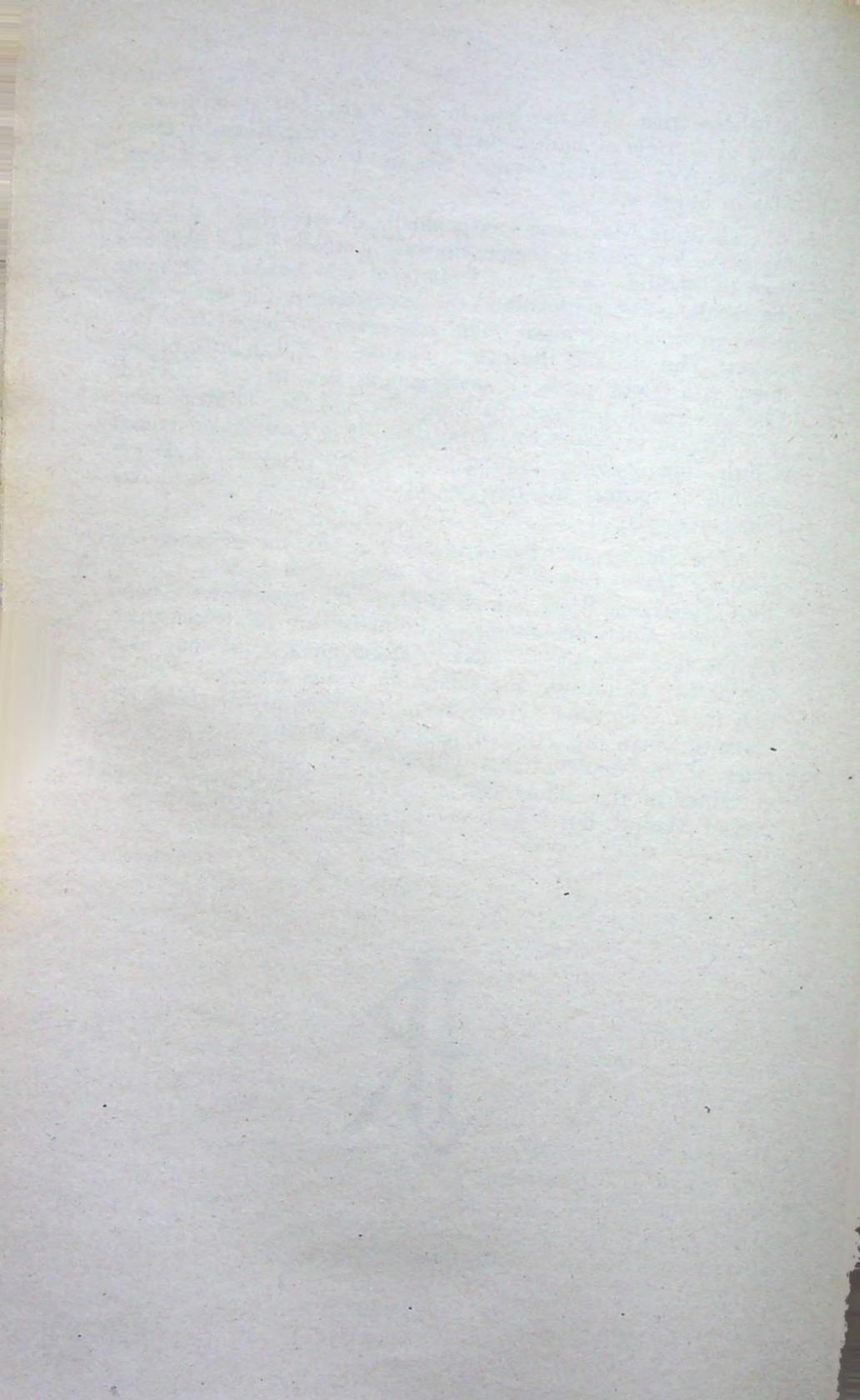
The best in Madrid is the middle class. It is amiable, distinguished, educated, frank, dignified, hospitable, and chivalrous. It is also a little aristocratic in its tastes. It loves kings, titles, honors, withal remaining republican. It mocks curates and priests. It is not much of a practicing Catholic, but it is always Catholic; it has a horror of Protestants, Jews, and free-thinkers. It is always proud of the history of its own country.

It believes that it is the best in the world, but as soon as it hears of a crime or fault committed by its compatriots, it cries: "There! We are still savages, we are Vandals, we still have African blood, etc."

The true Madrilenian is gradually disappearing. Remaining is the low class of people, the rabble which is the filth and mire of Madrid. Everytime I think of this society, I imagine the rabble as the rubbish and the bourgeoisie as the flower that grows in smoked ground. The aristocracy is divided into two classes: The old and the new. The old is still a little proud, but it is a frothy pride: It disappears as soon as it is touched. The new stands between the bourgeoisie and the old aristocracy. It is difficult to define its boundaries. It is amiable, sometimes a little ridiculous for putting on a false appearance and pretending to conceal the newness of its escutcheon, forged day before yesterday.

The climate of Madrid is horrible. In the morning one does not know if it will be cold or warm at midday. From the Guadarrama River, which is along the side, blows a wind that causes much pneumonia. The houses are poorly constructed; the floor is made of bricks. Although a house may have one or two chimneys, one shivers in winter and gets rheumatism in it. Fortunately one spends his life in cafés and restaurants where one talks of politics and bullfights, argues, debates, shouts, smiles, fights without being sure of the motives or causes of the differences of opinion. Much more can be said of Madrid, but I have no more time to talk of them.





12. UNTER DEN LINDEN

Dear Friend:

You would like me to give you some information on this city of Berlin, born day before yesterday, big at present and still growing and tomorrow perhaps, who knows what she will become in the future? Well, inasmuch as the first thing shown to foreigners is the promenade called Unter den Linden (Under the Linden Trees) I wish to tell you about it, just as I loved to talk about the grand boulevards when I was at Paris, the bull ring in Madrid, the Colosseum in Rome, *etc.* The Berliners as well as I are right in taking note of this promenade, avenue, or boulevard — it can bear any one of these names. Here you'll find the palaces of the imperial family, of some embassies and generals, the arsenal, the ministries, the most beautiful department stores, the fashionable hotels and restaurants, *etc.* The Unter den Linden is thirteen hundred meters¹ long from the Brandenburger Tor (Brandenburg Gate) where it begins, until the Schlossbrücke (Castle Bridge) where it ends. The general aspect of this avenue in winter is rather lovely. From the Brandenburg Gate with its handsome Doric columns² and crowned with a Quadriga,³ you'll discern in the distance, in the midst of naked trees, through the mist, an imposing monu-

This may be an exercise in French composition or the draft of a letter. It is found in his notebook, *Clínica Médica*, in the Ayer Library at Chicago, U.S.A. It is unsigned and has no addressee.

¹ It's 60 meters wide.

² Twelve immense Doric columns.

³ The Quadriga is a team of four horses in copper with a Victoria bearing the eagle staff. In 1807 the French took the Quadriga to Paris as a war booty, but in 1814 it was brought back and decorated with an Iron Cross.

ment of Frederick the Great,⁴ pupil and friend of your Voltaire. This monument stands right in front of the imperial palace opposite the window of the ground floor, perhaps in order that the reigning prince may always remember the glories of his grandfather. On the Pariser Platz, alongside the Brandenburg Gate, you'll notice a building whose roof is distinguished from that of other houses and palaces. That roof will remind you of the roof of Parisian houses, made of slate, placed one on top of the other like scales. This building is the palace of the French embassy. It could be said that this nation would like to preserve its genius even in the heart of Germany. Don't think that this promenade has any resemblance to the grand boulevards. It's wider, planted to chestnut and linden trees in the middle, set in fours; its sidewalks are less crowded; there's less traffic on them. Not all the houses are shops and department stores, though you would always find there loafers, cocottes, courtesans, perhaps many military men who stroll about, shoulders raised, horizontal, thanks to their epaulets, which give them a triangular figure, the base above and the tip below. The sidewalks as well as the street are well paved, well-tended, and kept in repair; asphalt is used there as in the grand boulevards. One finds here the advantage of a path⁵ purposely made for horsemen which is so beautiful that one does not see many of them.

Life on this promenade begins in the afternoon lasting until evening, especially when the weather is good: Then one finds here a human or feminine wave, because there are more women promenaders than men, moving towards the Brandenburg Gate in order to go to the park where they spend the afternoon in the little restaurants there. Towards evening the people become fewer, but from ten or eleven o'clock until midnight or two o'clock in the morning begins another life: One sees another spectacle of which I'll give you a little description when I shall have time and humor to speak about Berlin at night.

If you wish to read newspapers, I recommend to you the Café Bauer. There you'll find also a Japanese newspaper and other things which are not newspapers but are also as entertaining. You'll find this café on the corner of Friedrichstrasse.⁶

⁴It's 13 meters high, the figure of Friedrich with the horse alone being 5.65 meters. Around the base are groups of generals, ministers, and other famous contemporaries of the King. On the lower part of the monument are inscribed the names of 74 famous persons.

⁵Bridle path.

⁶The Café Bauer is on the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden.

On this avenue also is the only passage in Berlin that I know — the Kaiser Galerie.⁷ It has nothing to envy its counterparts at Paris and London. Over there are pretty shop-windows, a panopticum, a kind of Musée Grévin⁸ or Mme. Tussaud's.⁹ If you wish a good advice from your friend, don't enter it, keep your fifty pfennigs. All the figures are of wax and their names are below the base. That is not done without reason, for otherwise you'll not recognize the personages. I saw a so-called Napoleon I who resembles him as you and I do; a Gambetta whose head is low, a Victor Hugo who is asking for alms, a Voltaire who has all the look of a valet. Goodbye.

Rizal.



⁷ The Kaiser-Galerie (Passage) is roofed over by glass.

⁸ The famous exhibition at Paris of wax figures of world personages.

⁹ Madame Tussaud's famous waxwork exhibition at London.

13. IMPRESSIONS OF ROME

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

Rome, 27 June 1887

Dear Friend,

I write you a few lines tonight so that you may see that I do not forget you. I'm in Rome! That is my excuse. I have walked all day despite the heat, because Rome is well worth a headache.

I cannot describe to you the impression Rome has made on me. I tell you only that my feet are swollen and they are blistered. Nevertheless, tomorrow I will go again on foot to see better the ruins. I'm in Rome! Everything I tread is the dust of heroes. Here I breathe the same air that the Roman heroes breathed. I greet reverently every statue and it seems to me — poor inhabitant of a little island — that I am in a sanctuary. I have already visited the Capitol¹ Tarpeian Rock,² Palatium,³ Roman Forum,⁴ Amphitheatre,⁵ and others. Everything here is grand, except the cafés and cafés-musical; for that reason I don't go into them. Here I loathe to hear French songs and to see modern industries. My favorite spots are the Amphitheatre and the Roman Forum. There I remain seated for hours, musing over them and bringing them back to life.

¹ The temple of Jupiter crowning the Capitoline hill.

² High rocky peak of a hill in Rome from which condemned traitors were hurled, as was Tarpeia.

³ Ancient palace of the Roman emperors on the Palatine hill.

⁴ Public place for the transaction of judicial and public business.

⁵ An oval building with rising tiers of seats for the holding of spectacles like gladiatorial combats — the Colosseum.

Today I remained in the Forum until eight o'clock at night. I was all alone and it had become dark. I have also visited some churches and museums, like the Capitoline Museum⁶ and the church of St. Mary Major, which is also magnificent. Here in Rome the word "magnificent" is inadequate. Enclosed I'm sending you a flower I picked in the Palatine, in the garden of the palace of Septimius Severus.⁷ I should like to stay here until the last moment. I will give up visiting the other cities. I'm sorry I have already booked passage. If I had one more year, I would spend it all here. I hear Italian and German spoken because there are many Germans here; but although both languages sound good to my ears, I would prefer to hear nothing, not to see any modern attire, nor hats, nor pantaloons, because they seem to be so insignificant after having seen the ruins. The popes, who always seemed to me small and ridiculous, now, upon seeing the churches and palaces, seem to me greater. Ancient Rome allures me exceedingly and now I regret having spent 15 days in Geneva.

I believe that Luna will comply with pleasure with your wish. I know him well as we have lived together for four months. Your wish will flatter his patriotism, but he does not like to paint landscapes that he has never seen. Hidalgo is a better painter of landscapes than he, especially of Philippine landscapes. But Luna will do it with much pleasure, you may rest assured.

"I'm tired like a dog and I'll sleep like a god." (Heine)
Therefore, I say to you: Until Marseille! From there I'll write you again.

Greetings to my little friends and their elders.

Your friend embraces you,

Rizal

⁶ A building used for the study of Roman science, letters, and arts where very ancient objects are stored—paintings, medals, machinery, weapons.

⁷ Roman emperor (193-211).

14. ROME

POST CARD TO HIS FATHER

Rome, 29, June 1887

To Mr. Francisco Rizal
Calamba, Laguna de Bay
Philippine Islands

My dear Parents,

I was at Turin, Milan, Venice and Florence and I have been here since some days ago. I have already visited St. John the Lateran, St. Clement, the Roman Forum, the Capitol, the Colosseum, the Catacombs, the Palatine, *etc., etc.* Today I'm going to visit the Vatican, taking advantage of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul.

On 15 July, at the latest, I shall embark for that country, so that we shall see each other between the 15 and 30 August.

Your son who loves you,
Rizal



15. DEPARTURE FROM EUROPE

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

On Board the *Djemnah*, Mediterranean Sea

7 July 1887

My dear Friend:

Here you have your friend, very far from his beloved Europe! Tomorrow we leave the Mediterranean and enter the Canal. Goodbye Europe!

When I embarked at Marseille and the ship moved out of the port I was assailed with very sad thoughts and felt tears welling in my eyes! I was all alone; nobody bade me farewell. I saw the coasts slowly disappearing and the beautiful country of my freedom receded as if wrapped up in mist. When I went to get my binocular to look through it and thus lessen my distance from the land, I discovered that it had been stolen. This somewhat lessened my pain because I spent almost an hour looking for it with the help of the stewards. See how a pecuniary loss can relegate to second place a sentimental pain! I'm sure that if at the time of her departure from France, Mary Stuart's most beautiful dress had been burnt, at that moment she would have forgotten France.

We are about 50 passengers, many Frenchmen, 4 Englishmen, 2 Germans, 3 Chinese, 2 Japanese, and I. There is a fair number of women and children (perhaps rats also). The ship has electric light, which is very convenient. I speak German and Italian with the Japanese, one of whom had been in Italy and the other in Berlin. With the Chinese I speak in English. One of the Germans is a young man from Schwerin

whose name is Fentz and is going with me to Manila. He loaned me this paper for I had none at hand.

I sleep on deck; I listen to music; and I play chess. I speak all their languages.

I embrace you, I kiss the children, and fond greetings to the old men.

Yours,

Rizal



16. CHINA SEA

POST CARD TO FERNANDO CANON

Djemmah, China Sea, 29 July 1887

Mr. Fernando Canon
2, 3^o Rambla de Canaletas
Barcelona, Spain

Dear Classmate and Friend,

Tomorrow we arrive at Saigon where we change boats. I think I will arrive at Manila on the 5 or 4 August and at my town a day after. Instead of 10 by 100, I believe it ought to be 20 by 100. I have not been seasick yet. Farewell, may you be happy; I hope one day you will write a book:
*Noli me tângere X 00.*¹

Your friend,
Rizal

Greetings to all.



¹ *Noli me tângere* multiplied to infinity. (Ponce's note.)

17. TOKYO AND YOKOHAMA

Tokyo, 1 March 1888

My dear Parents and Brothers:

Here I am in the capital city of the Japanese Empire, leading again my solitary and vagabond life in Europe. I left Hong Kong on the 22nd of February on the *Oceanic* and arrived at Yokohama on the 28th after having been very seasick during the voyage. Scarcely have I settled myself in the hotel, after two minutes or less, I received a message of the chargé d'affaires of Spain, requesting me to go to his room. I don't know how he learned of my recent arrival. He and the secretary received me affectionately and until now they have behaved toward me in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired.

Yokohama is a city inferior to Manila with regard to its external aspect. A portion of it has been ceded to the Europeans, a portion which I believe they call "concession," according to a traveler. The Japanese, of course, occupy the greater portion of the city in low odd-looking houses, like the little houses or cages of rabbits, very clean, with paper walls, white mats on the floor, lattices, *etc., etc.* They make no noise; loud voices are not heard; they sit quietly in their stores.

The Japanese women are short, stout, fair and their cheeks are red. Their hair is stiffer and thicker than ours, and I have seen few with good denture. There are some who have big eyes. Some of the men are dressed in European style and they resemble greatly those from Biñan.

Yedo or Tokyo is very big; they say that it is bigger than Paris; it has a million inhabitants. Manila is more beautiful, but this is more imposing because of its somber edifices, of its wide streets, and Cyclopean walls.

Within a few days I will embark for San Francisco.

I kiss affectionately the hand of my parents and an embrace for my brothers and brothers-in-law.

José

Send me the copy to London.



18. IMPRESSIONS OF TOKYO

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

Tokyo Hotel, Tokyo, 4 March 1888

Dear Friend,

Here you have your friend Rizal, wonder of the Japanese, who has a Japanese face but does not speak Japanese. In the streets, when I do my shopping, people look at me and ill-bred children laugh at me because I speak so strange a language. In Tokyo very few people speak English but in Yokohama many do. Some believe that I am a Europeanized Japanese who does not like to be taken for such. That occurs often in the Philippines with the half-breed Japanese. The old attire of Japanese women was and is very pretty, but now they want to introduce here among themselves the not-too-comfortable European dress, in spite of the fact that the Japanese women are even smaller than the Filipino women. Thank God, the common women are still dressed in the old style, but the rich ones who are dressed in European style have a sorry look. Certainly, it is fitting that Japanese women wear European shoes instead of the ugly and uncomfortable Japanese footwear. European shoes can harmonize perfectly with the Japanese dress.

The Japanese are considered a people without God. I don't know if this is justified. It would be interesting to study this point. There are very few thieves among the Japanese. It is said that houses are left open; their walls are made of paper, and in the hotels one can leave money on the table without fear of losing it. The Japanese are very merry and they are courteous; in the streets fighting is not seen. Their houses are clean. Rarely are beggars seen. They are very industrious. What a difference there is between them and the

religious and superstitious Chinese! If I could stay here a couple of years, I would study this and I could do it with greater ease than a European, because I have the look of a Japanese, and here, like in the Philippines, the European is not much trusted.

I am staying here a couple of days more, and later I shall go to Nikko, Hakone, and other points. I shall stay in this country for a month in order to see and study it at the same time. I'm very sorry that I don't speak Japanese.

Tokyo is more extensive than Paris. The walls are built in Cyclopean proportions. The streets are long and wide. Japanese, human beings, draw the jinrikisha. I am disgusted to see a man run like a horse. The first impression one feels is repugnance.

Greetings to Frau, the Professor, your father, Dr. Czeplack, and Klutschack. Kisses for the children.

Yours,
Rizal



19. TOKYO

FRAGMENT OF RIZAL'S LETTER

Tokyo, 7 April 1888

My dear Parents and Brothers,

On the 13th of this month I leave for America on the steamship *Belgic* of the Oriental and Occidental Company. I intend to stay in America some weeks and afterward depart for London where I should be toward the end of May.

I have stayed here longer than I intended, for the country seems to me very interesting and because in the future we shall have much to do and to deal with Japan. I'm learning Japanese: I can make myself understood in it, and though badly, I can express what I want in it. I have traveled on foot and by train and also by *jinrikisha* until Utsonomiya, Nikko, Kodzu, Odawara, Tonosawa, Mimoto, Miyanoshita, Oshihama, Kamakura, Todsuka, etc., etc. Flowers are blooming on the tree branches, camellias are reddening the green foliage of the gardens, the plum and the cherry are beginning to give a white or vaporous rose tint to the landscape shaded by the dark pines and gigantic cryptomeria. The temples are located in these beautiful places and for the believers entrance into such gardens must cause a certain impression that ought to predispose them to retirement and meditation....

20. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS

San Francisco, California
S.S. *Belgic*, 29 April 1888

My dear Parents,

Here we are in sight of America since yesterday without being able to disembark, placed in quarantine on account of the 642 Chinese that we have on board coming from Hong Kong where they say smallpox prevails. But the true reason is that, as America is against Chinese immigration and now they are campaigning for the elections, the government, in order to get the vote of the people, must appear to be strict with the Chinese, and we suffer. On board there is not one sick person.

On the 13th of this month I left Yokohama, leaving behind Japan, for me a very pleasant country, despite the proposals of the Spanish *chargé d'affaires* who offered me a post in the legation even at a salary of 100 pesos monthly. Under other circumstances I would have accepted it; but at this moment it would be madness. Our trip, which lasted 15 days and hours and during which we had two Thursdays, because we traveled in the direction opposite the sun, was quite good, at least for me who never had such a long one without being seasick. The food was bad and tiresome. Through the kindness of the Spanish minister, or *chargé d'affaires*, you'll receive two sets for tea and coffee of the best made in Japan that I ordered expressly for the family. The tea service is of faience according to the style of ancient Kyoto and the coffee set is of porcelain. To the connoisseurs they are the best. According to the

charge d'affaires, they will reach you free of charge through the government. Also I'm sending along two doors, very beautiful and very rare, as a gift to my brother Señor Paciano so he can make an elegant furniture with them. The chargé d'affaires himself will get in touch with my brother and will write him a letter. I hope my brother will become his friend, for he will be useful to him when he would like to export his articles to Japan. Don't forget to answer him.

At the entreaties of the same gentleman I stayed at the legation with him and the other members in order to prove to the rest that I fear neither vigilance nor observation nor have I any misgiving of any kind. As I have the firm conviction that I act uprightly and that I'm in the hands of God who has always guided and helped me, I have feared nothing, and I succeeded to make myself the friend of those gentlemen. These, however, made a sad prediction for me; they told me that in the Philippines I would be forced to become a *filibustero*.

I'll not advise anyone to make this trip to America, for here they are crazy about quarantine, they have severe customs inspection, imposing on any thing duties upon duties that are enormous, enormous.

Before I left Japan, I sent you 10 combs to be distributed among my sisters. I suppose likewise that you must have received the vaccine as well as the picture of my poor little sister Olimpia.

Write me at London, 12 Billiter Street. Give me news about the family and the question of the *hacienda* (estate) that I wish to pursue vigorously.

With nothing more, I wish you to keep in good health until we meet again, which I hope will be soon.

I kiss affectionately your hand.

José Rizal



21. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

San Francisco, California
30 April 1888

Dear Friend:

We are anchored in this port under quarantine. We don't know how long it will last, although there are no sick passengers aboard and the ship did not come from a filthy port. The reason for this is that we have 643 Chinese passengers and, as elections are approaching, the government wants to be in the good graces of the people. We protest, but it is useless for, as the Spaniards say, it is like exercising the right to kick.

The voyage from Yokohama has been fine; I did not get seasick. On board are many Englishmen, some Japanese and three Filipinos.

I see that many folklorists and future anthropologists are appearing in Ilocos. Here is Mr. Deloserre (Isabelo de los Reyes) with whom you have had some dealings. There is something that attracts my attention: In view of the fact that the majority of Filipino folklorists are Ilocanos and they use the epithet *Ilocano*, anthropologists will classify authentic Filipino customs and usages as *Ilocano*; but that is our fault. I have Isabelo's works and from Europe I will bring to your attention his observations. He has committed some errors because he does not speak well Tagalog.

Greetings to you and kisses for the children.

Yours,

Rizal

22. THE SS. CITY OF ROME

Irish Sea, on board the *City of Rome*,
24 May 1888

My dear Parents and Brothers,

I begin writing this letter on board with the intention of finishing it on land when I shall already be installed at London.

We left New York on 16 instant on the second largest ship in the world, the largest being the *Great Eastern*, which is not in operation. So that you may have an idea of the size of this monster, I'll tell you that it has three chimneys, consumes three tons of coal daily. It is more than 200 *varas* long and 18 *varas* wide, and has 12,000 horse-power for which it has 63 boilers. The promenade deck alone is 140 *varas* long. A newspaper is published on board once during the voyage for the benefit of the passengers. The officers and crewmen are 276; we the passengers are 604. We have had a bad trip, very rough sea, excessive wind, much seasickness, for which reason we spent eight days and hours on the trip. Tonight we arrive at Liverpool; from there I shall go to London. On board we usually have concerts for which there are a piano and an organ for the Sunday religious services.

I expect letters from you at London.

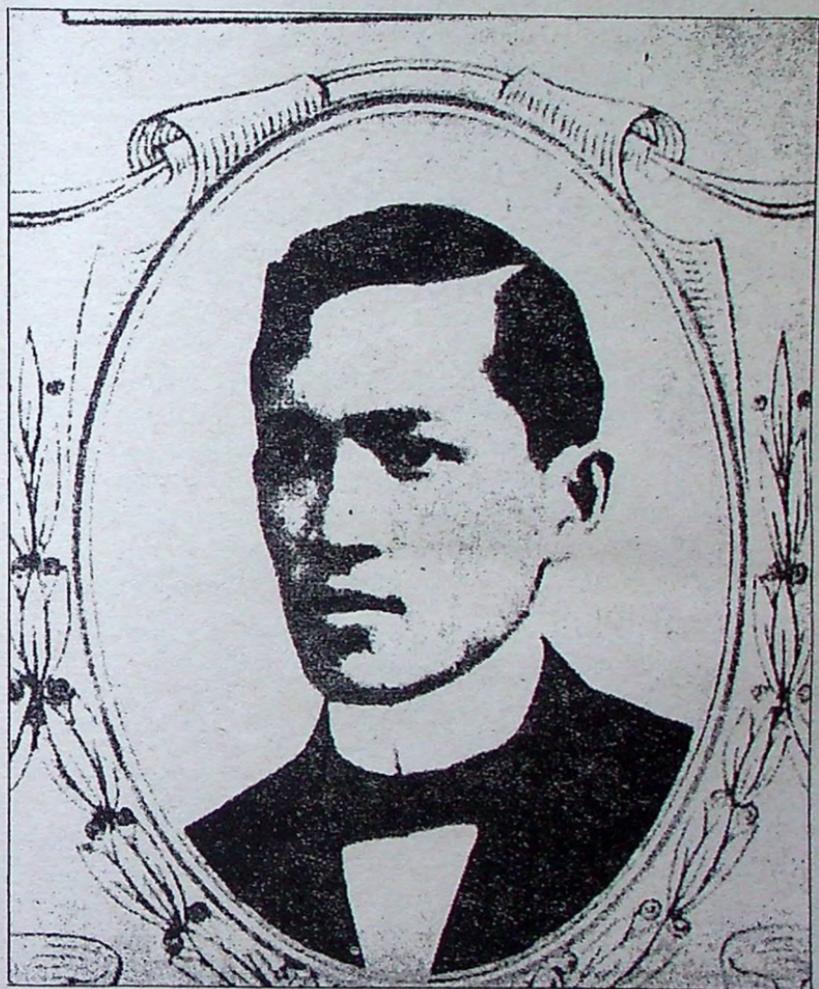
I sent you before some poems written in Germany. Please send me a copy as soon as possible.

(The ship's dining room is 24 *varas* long and 18 *varas* wide.)

On the ship I made some friends among Americans and Englishmen and many families. One hears almost all languages

spoken. There are two travelers who talk only with me: A Japanese and a Spaniard who know only their respective languages. The Spaniard is a young man who went as a boy to Mexico and is returning with hard-earned money; he is a young man. . . . (illegible)





RIZAL IN 1888 AT LONDON

23. LIVERPOOL AND LONDON

LETTER TO HIS PARENTS AND BROTHERS

37 Chalcot Crescent, Primrose Hill, N.W.
London, 12 June 1888

On my arrival here I found some letters of Blumentritt and Llorente but none from you nor from the family. This is quite surprising to me and I cannot guess the reason. I suppose that the mail cannot be blamed for it. Now I write you from my new residence whose address I have placed at the head of this letter. If your letters have not been lost you can write me with this address:

J. Rizal, Esq.
37 Chalcot Crescent
Primrose Hill N.W.
London, England.

Continuing this letter I'll tell you that on the same day of the 24th we arrived at Liverpool where I spent the night at the Adelphi Hotel. (Here a plate of turtle soup costs more than a peso.) Liverpool is a big and beautiful city and its celebrated port is worthy of its great fame. The entrance is magnificent and the customhouse is quite good.

The following day, the 25th, we left by the Midland Railway for London and the road is very beautiful; the land is cultivated, neat and pretty houses, and big factories. In the afternoon we reached London and we stopped at the Grand Hotel Midland. From there I went to look for my letters, house, etc. At first I lodged at a house on Beresford Road, but afterward I didn't like it and after a week I left it and came here

to live with a private family. I'm not badly off; I've two rooms, one for sleeping, small and quite warm, and another for studying, writing, and receiving callers. The family consists of the husband and wife, four daughters, and two sons. The daughters are called Gertrude (Tottie), Blanche (Sissie), Flory and Grace; the first two, who are already young women, have sweet-hearts. Tottie sings very well and Sissie accompanies her. (They are pronounced Toti, Sisi.) One son is employed and the other sings in the church. Board and room cost me 45 pesos at least. In England everything is dearer than in other parts of Europe.

Sundays here are very boresome; every place is closed, there are neither shops nor theaters, and if music is played, it is only religious music. Hardly can one see a poor coach going through the streets. I spend Sunday afternoon at the home of a German doctor who has a collection of books on the Philippines and who is very amiable. There I take tea with the family. This gentleman who is called Doctor Rost paid for a Tagalog grammar by Father Ortiz the sum of 40 pesos. I have here the grammar for he loaned it to me.

Through this mail I'm sending Eusebio his eyeglasses. I have to send him English glasses for I've not yet gone to France. Later on I shall send him French glasses.

Here there are very good hunting rifles. If my brothers-in-law want them, let them write to me. Their price is not more than 70 pesos; there are cheaper ones.

Tell me if you have received all that I have sent you: Letters, picture of my sister Olimpia, combs, vaccine, *etc.*, *etc.* Write me so that I may not believe that letters get lost.

You can also send me letters in one envelope addressed to the Spanish Consul:

21 Billiter Street E.C.
London.

With nothing more, love to all, may you continue united and in good harmony.

Your son and brother who loves you dearly,

José Rizal

24. HONG KONG, JAPAN, AMERICA

37 Chalcot Crescent, Primrose Hill
London, 27 July 1888

Mr. Mariano Ponce¹

My distinguished Friend and Countryman:

Many thanks for the things you have promptly sent me, like your photograph, the book, newspapers and speeches of the Filipinos on the occasion of Weyler's arrival.

At present I cannot send you yet my photograph because I have none; the only one I have was taken sometime ago and I wish to present you with a new one. Larra's book pleased me greatly, but I find that he is a failure in his dramas. Is Marcelo del Pilar in Barcelona, or did he send his article from Manila? This is what it seems to me. I appreciate it so much that when I publish the second edition I will have Father Font's opinion printed at the beginning of the work. Thus we shall appear to posterity as two good friends and let it judge us and condemn us.

¹ Mariano Ponce (1863-1918) was born at Baliwag, Bulacan; studied at the private school of Juan Evangelista, then at San Juan de Letrán College and the University of Santo Tomás. In 1884 he began publishing articles on Bulakan folklore in *La Oceanía Española*. In 1887 he went to Barcelona, joining *La Solidaridad*, the organ of the Filipino reformists, and became intimately associated with Marcelo H. del Pilar and José Rizal. He used several pseudonyms such as *Naning*, *Kalipulako*, and *Tigbalang*. Upon the outbreak of the Revolution of 1896 he was arrested by the Spanish police. After his release he left for France to avoid further vexations. Then he went to Hong Kong and joined the Philippine Revolutionary Committee. In 1898 he went to Japan. He came to Manila in 1907 and took part in the celebration of 30 December, the anniversary of Rizal's execution. He died at Hong Kong on 23 May 1918. His remains were brought to the Philippines and interred in Baliwag, his native town. He was the author of many works on historical subjects.

To satisfy your desire to know all that happened to me in my trip I am going to tell you in a few words what occurred to me since my departure from Manila. As I was still sick when I boarded the ship, I got very seasick. We touched Emuy but I did not go down because it was raining and I have been told that it was very cold there and dirty. We went to Hong Kong, which pleased me. There I met various important Spaniards, one of whom was Baranda, who had been secretary of General Terrero, they say. I associated with him for many days and above all on a trip that we made together with Basa to visit the Portuguese colony of Macao and Mr. Lecároz in whose house we stayed. Lecároz, like Basa and other Filipinos of Hong Kong, are partisans and advocates of the *Noli*. In Hong Kong I inquired into many important matters; for example, the wealth of the Dominicans, their missions and those of the Augustinians, etc., etc. There I met Mr. Balbino Mauricio² — an unfortunate man, worthy of a better lot — whose acquaintance was useful to me because it prepares me for my end which can be much worse than his. Iriarte was also very friendly towards me, helping me in every way and accompanying me everywhere. The young men who are studying there are in the majority good patriots. In Hong Kong I had also the opportunity to study Chinese customs and the Chinese theater.

After about fifteen days I left for Japan. Again I got quite seasick and I arrived at Yokohama on 28 February (1888). A few minutes after my arrival at the hotel, when I had not yet had time to tidy up, I received a notice for an interview from the Spanish chargé d'affaires. They were very kind, making me many offers, even proposing that I stay at the Spanish Legation. After various excuses, I accepted the offer openly, because, if their purpose was to watch me, I had nothing to fear. I lived therefore in the Legation over a month. I toured some provinces of Japan, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of the chargé d'affaires, and other times with the interpreter. There I studied Japanese and I devoted myself to study a little their theater. After so many offers of employment which I declined, I sailed for America.

On the boat I met a semi-Filipino family,³ the mother being the daughter of an Englishman, Jackson by name. They

²Mr. Balbino Mauricio was exiled to the Mariana Islands as a result of the mutiny at the Cavite Arsenal in 1872. He was able to escape to Hong Kong.

³Reinaldo Turner y Emma Jakson. (M. Ponce)

brought with them a servant from Pangasinan. The son asked me if I knew *Richal*, author of *Noli me tângere*. Smiling I answered yes, like Aladdin in *Florante*. As they began to speak well of me, I revealed my identity, for it was impossible for them not to find out my name during the voyage. The lady complimented me, *etc., etc.*

In this voyage I did not get seasick. I got acquainted with a Japanese who was going to Europe after having been imprisoned for being a *radical* and director of an independent newspaper. As the Japanese spoke only Japanese I served him as an interpreter until our arrival at London.

I visited the largest cities of America with their big buildings, electric lights, and magnificent conceptions. Undoubtedly America is a great country, but it still has many defects. There is no real civil liberty. In some states the Negro cannot marry a white woman, nor a Negress a white man. Because of the hatred of the Chinese, other Asiatics, like the Japanese, being confused with them, are likewise disliked by the ignorant Americans. - The customs is excessively strict. However, as they say rightly, America offers a home to the poor who like to work. There was moreover much arbitrariness; for example, when we were in quarantine. They placed us under quarantine, in spite of the clearance given by the American consul, of having been at sea for about one month, of not having had a single case of illness aboard, and of the telegram of the governor of Hong Kong declaring that port free from epidemic. We were quarantined because there were on board 800 Chinese and, as elections were being held in San Francisco, the government wanted to boast that it was taking strict measures against the Chinese to win votes and the people's sympathy. We were informed of the quarantine verbally, without specifying its duration. However, on the same day of our arrival, they unloaded 700 bales of silk without fumigating them; the ship's doctor went ashore; many customs employees and an American doctor from the hospital for cholera victims ate on board. Thus we were for about thirteen days. Afterwards only the passengers of the first class were allowed to land, the Japanese and Chinese of the 2nd and 3rd classes remaining in quarantine for an indefinite period. It is said that in that way they got rid of about 300 Chinese, letting them gradually die on board. I don't know if this is true.

I crossed America: I saw Niagara, the majestic cascade. I was in New York, a great city. But there everything is new.

I visited some relics of Washington, the great man who, I'm sorry, has no second in this century.

I sailed for Europe on board the *City of Rome*, considered to be the second largest boat in the world today. A newspaper was published on board at the end of the voyage. I got acquainted there with many people, and as I was carrying a yo-yo⁴ the Europeans and the Americans marvelled at the way I used it as an offensive weapon. Also I could talk with all of them in their respective languages.

If you write to Plaridel, please tell him that I rejoice with our country and all our good countrymen that we are united and solid so that we can help one another. His articles seem to me very well written and not only I should be grateful to him but all our fellow countrymen, because all of us work for our country and our pen writes not for anybody but for our native land. Let this be our only motto: For the welfare of the Native Land. On the day when all Filipinos should think like him and like us, on that day we shall have fulfilled our arduous mission, which is the formation of the Filipino nation.

This is all, thanking you for everything, I bid you goodbye for the present.

Your friend who esteems you,
Rizal



⁴A toy, a small disc that fits in the hollow of the hand with a string attached to it, and can be thrown in any direction by the holder and comes back to him.

25. ON BOARD THE *MELBOURNE*

LETTER TO DR. F. BLUMENTRITT

Mediterranean Sea
22 October 1891

My Brother:

Since we left Marseille we have always had until now magnificent weather. Calm sea, smooth as a mirror, blue sky, cooling fresh air. It is truly a paradisaical voyage!

The passengers of the first class exceed 80. All languages are spoken; I speak with everyone. There are only two Spaniards with us who are going to Emuy. I have become acquainted with the man; the wife is shy and speaks only Spanish.

The nearer I get to my country, the more vehement is my desire to return to the Philippines. I know that everybody considers it a folly, but something is pushing me on. Is this fate or a misfortune? I cannot give up the desire to see my native land.

Tonight, at twelve o'clock, we are arriving at Alexandria, but we are only allowed to disembark at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, for all must be closed there at the time of the ship's arrival. I will write you again from Port Said or Suez.

On board are many missionaries: Franciscans, Jesuits, and a bishop, Msgr. Volenteri, who had lived in the Philippines about 23 years. This blessed old man sympathizes deeply with my country and talks against the wealth and abuses of the friars in the Philippines. I wished you had heard him talk; he thinks exactly as you do. He describes the Philippines as a paradise, but abused and exploited. I was deeply moved and his words have made my convictions more solid and firm. He

is a man of about 80 years, frail and small but spiritual, as it is often said. He still remembered the (Filipino) priests¹ who had been executed and he spoke of them with compassion and admiration. Speaking of the friars he said repeatedly: "Yes, they are excessively rich, but excessively rich!"

The Franciscans (Italians) and the Jesuits (French) esteem me. They don't know what I have done and I don't want to tell them as I don't wish to torment these good and simple young men, full of zeal, who are going to China. They are poor, devout, and not at all arrogant. What a difference! Only one of them, who has been in China twice before, is somewhat rude, a kind of Father Dámaso,² but he is good, frank, and laughs heartily when I tell him a little story. We enjoy playing chess together. He is from the Tyrol and is called Fuchs. I call him Father Volpe (fox) when he plays a nasty trick! He is a good chap, a Father Dámaso without pride and malice.

I embrace you and I greet your family.

Yours,

Rizal



¹ Burgos, Gómez, and Zamora falsely charged of complicity in the mutiny at the Cavite Arsenal in 1872.

² A Spanish friar, a character in Rizal's *Noli me tângere*.

26. COLOMBO TO ADEN

On board the *Isla de Panay*
21 September 1896

My dearest Mother,

This afternoon we shall arrive at Aden for which reason I write you to give you some news about myself.

Our trip from Singapore to Colombo and from Colombo to here has been a happy one. There had not been much seasickness or much rain. Just some little squalls and rocking. Since yesterday the sea is like a pool but the heat is insupportable. Yesterday they dropped into the sea the corpse of a poor insane; he was a captain of the military administration called Cecilio who became insane as a result, they say, of his detention ordered by General Parrado. They put his remains in a box, tied to it some ingot iron and dropped the box into the sea at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. I was reminded of Luis Beaumont.¹

I'm very much afraid that a Jesuit brother² may follow him. I have taken charge of him, having been given up by the ship's physician. They have given him for dead sometime ago but he is still alive, though he continues serious. I hope to be able to keep him alive some more days. The brother-in-law of Don Pedro³ is worse but I am not the one treating him. He says his dysentery is worsening.

Rizal's letter to his mother en route to Spain.

¹ Luis Martinez Beaumont, husband of his aunt Concepción Leyba, who died on board a ship en route to Spain.

² He was Domingo Carrió who died at sea five days after this letter was written, on 26 September, and dropped into the sea on the same day.

³ Don Pedro A. Paterno's brother-in-law, Don Manuel Piñeyro, a Spaniard.

Last night the weather was fine with moon. The ship hardly moved or rocked.

I continue to be in good health.

Please send this letter to Estraude Alley.⁴

Many regards to all at home. I kiss your hand and that of my dearest father, and I embrace my sisters, brothers-in-law, and nephews. My compliments to our relatives, friends, and the lads whom I advise to behave well.

At Barcelona I shall write again.

Your son who loves you sincerely,

José Rizal

Please tell Josefina that I cannot write her for lack of time. She may consider this letter hers. I shall write her from Port Said.



⁴ The residence of his sister Narcisa, married to Antonino López, where Josephine Bracken was staying.

APPENDICES



Dr. Maximo Viola, Rizal's friend

Appendix I

MY TRAVELS WITH DOCTOR RIZAL

By MÁXIMO VIOLA

About the month of June or July of the year 1886 Doctor Rizal arrived at Barcelona from Madrid en route to Paris. From the railroad station he went directly to my house on Vergara Street, number 1, floor 3, room 2, though we know each other only by name. I was then leafing through one of my textbooks, reviewing for the final examination for the degree of Licentiate in Medicine and Surgery when I heard the sound of bell-ringing at the door of the house, followed by a voice asking for me from the landlady who went out to open the door. When she informed me that someone was looking for me, I came out to meet him, and when he introduced himself by giving his name, I embraced him with joy, conducting him immediately to my room.

After having talked a little about his projected trip to Germany he asked me if he could stay at my house, because, not planning to stay more than a week in that city, he didn't want to spend much for hotels and other luxuries which he didn't need. Informed of his purpose, the landlady had no inconvenience to take him in, installing him immediately in my room, which could hold two beds easily.

It can be said that the life of the illustrious traveler in this city had nothing notable about it. He visited without pomp or ceremony, like great men, his friends and fellow countrymen, monuments and institutions. During the day I couldn't accompany him in his excursions as much as I wished for the reason already stated that I was preparing for my final examination. At night I accompanied him sometimes to the *Café Pelayo* — gathering-place of the Filipino colony — and sometimes to other amusement centers, including "houses of low-flying doves"¹ whose ways, luxury or poverty, and other customs in the refinement of vice were unknown to him at Madrid. Inasmuch as he was eager to know everything, because the day

¹"Houses of low-flying doves" are houses of ill-repute.

when, as a writer, he would have to combat such a vice in its diverse manifestations for being unnatural and anti-physiological, according to him, he would be informed of its cause the better to correct it. It must be noted that in these excursions, rather of a character more inquisitorial than voluptuous, he always hinted to me that he had never been in favor of obeying blindly the whims of nature when their call was not duly justified by a natural and spontaneous impulse.

One of the friends he visited at Barcelona was Mr. Eusebio Coromínas, editor of the daily newspaper, *La Publicidad*, organ of Mr. Morayta² at Barcelona. This editor accompanied him several times in his excursions in the environs of the city, now amusing themselves, now visiting factories of woollens and other articles, such as glass, porcelain, and others.

As we lived in the same room, I noticed that he had the habit of going to bed early, lighting a candle on his night-table, opening a book, and after six or ten minutes, he put out the light bidding me goodnight. As he followed this custom regularly every night, I took it that he said his prayers. When I asked him if it was a Trisagion or some other prayer that he recited, he replied that it was neither one nor the other, but a methodical study of the German language that consisted of committing to memory before sleeping five radical words of German, which multiplied by 365 days of the year will enable one at the end of that period to be a regular academician of the language.

Shortly before leaving Barcelona, he left at the editorial office of *La Publicidad* a well-done crayon drawing of the bust of Mr. Morayta, copied one night in a moment of artistic inspiration from a photograph that he carried with him. He also left there the draft of an article on the Caroline Islands, a burning question at the time, with the instruction to pigeon-hole it should its publication prove embarrassing to the paper. To this delicate gesture Mr. Coromínas replied that he who was the author of that picture that differed only from the original by the phenomenon of speech, could also be the author of that article which was from that moment accepted for publication without any reservation.

Worth mentioning also was the clay bust of one who had been my house companion, named Juan . . ., native of Valencia, former intern at the Hospital de Sta. Cruz, which Rizal

² See note 2, p. 259.

made and presented to him as a remembrance when both were living together in a boarding-house in Barcelona, Rizal being on his way to Madrid.

The fame of Doctor Rizal since a student as a great talent and possessor of encyclopedic knowledge being well known, I wished to verify for myself if that store of knowledge that he possessed was due exclusively to his application to study or rather the result of his privileged memory. Hence, one day I interrupted him in his studies with the proposal that he and I study a subject never before seen by both and the work chosen was a textbook of a Mexican student of civil engineering who also lived in the same house. We decided to study from it a paragraph of sufficient length. Through this test I estimated that with regard to facility of memorizing, he could not be classified as number one; but as to retentive memory, he is undoubtedly above the number mentioned; for, six or seven months after that competition, when we were at Berlin and he was already my professor of German, it occurred to me to ask him if he still remembered what together we studied competitively at Barcelona and instantly he recited it so well as if he had just committed it to memory at that very moment. He added that he was not among those who could memorize with extraordinary facility, for when he was a student at the Ateneo, some of his classmates, among them he mentioned Mr. Marzano, were ahead of him.

Before his departure for abroad,³ we decided among various members of the Filipino colony to offer him a modest dinner whose characteristic dish was *pansit*⁴ prepared by a fellow countryman, Pedro Arcenas, with *bijon* and *mique*⁴ obtained from a Filipino family. Those who attended that fraternal dinner were Felix Rojas,⁵ Pedro Arcenas, Cándido Reyes (former military man), Rafael Ampuero (R.I.P.), some Cubans, and the present writer. The speakers were brilliant, especially our guest of honor whose important speech I don't know where it could be found now. The following day we bade him goodbye at

³ During the Spanish regime the Filipinos didn't speak of Spain as a foreign country. Hence Rizal, who was on his way to another European country, was said to be going abroad.

⁴ *Pansit* is a favorite dish of the Filipinos. It is made of noodles called *bijon*, made of rice, or *mique*, made of flour, with pork, shrimps, chicken, and other ingredients sautéed with garlic and onions.

⁵ Félix Ma. Roxas was a distinguished Filipino lawyer who served as mayor of Manila from 1905 to 1917. He died in June 1936, at the age of 72.

the railroad station where he boarded a train for France. A few days later I received letters from him, reiterating his suggestion made at Barcelona that I complete my studies by traveling with him through Europe. He also very attentively wrote me from various places where he stayed for sometime, now telling about his impressions of the cities he visited, now about his study of eye diseases under the French professor Wecker and the German Becker whose pictures he sketched at the end of his letters to me.

From Heidelberg he had the kindness to send me an inspired poem (whose whereabouts I don't know now) requested by me to be recited at a gathering of Filipinos at the house of some lady Catalan friends at Barcelona.

Having finished my medical studies I resolved to travel, leaving Barcelona on 3 December 1886 and arriving at Paris the following day.⁶ At the expressed request of Friend Rizal I went to see the painter Juan Luna to get from him a diamond solitaire ring, a jewel that together with my own was almost taken away from me by professional pickpockets while I was standing before a shopwindow on a Paris boulevard. After a brief sojourn in that brains of Europe, I continued my trip to Berlin after sending a telegram to my good friend Rizal who was waiting for me but who, on account of illness, could not meet me as he wished at the railroad station upon my arrival at that capital city.

Despite the late hour of my arrival — midnight — I found him awake and suffering from fever for which reason I bade him goodbye soon to go to the Central Hotel to lodge at his suggestion.⁷ Early in the morning of the following day my sick friend who the night before scarcely could sleep was knocking at the door of my room. I dressed quickly and together we went to his house at Leipziger or Jaegerstrasse, number 71, 3rd floor, to analyze his ailment that he had already outlined to me the previous night. After expounding his family's antecedents, his individual mnemonics, and his rare physiology, he described the symptoms of his sickness which were afternoon fevers preceded by shiverings, coughing now and then, and fatigue. Examining his lungs by percussion and auscultation I found noth-

⁶ He stayed at the Hotel de Paris, 37 Rue Maubeuge, from the 4th to the 10th December 1886.

⁷ The bill of the Central Hotel proves that Viola stayed there from 11 to 14 December 1886. From the hotel he moved to a boarding-house.

ing appreciable that confirmed his opinion that he had incipient pulmonary tuberculosis. All those symptoms were due to the vegetarian diet he had imposed upon himself on account of his pecuniary difficulties. To this physiological poverty one must add his fondness for physical exercises and the extraordinary exertion he imprudently made at a gymnasium where he had promised to equal the strongest gymnast there in lifting weights (I don't know exactly how many pounds) after only a week's practice and with a diet to which he was not yet accustomed. After coming out successfully from that engagement, because to him where there's a will there's a way, his health suffered in the manner already described in spite of his well-developed and carefully cultivated muscles. Contributing no little to his poor health was his excessive love for study stimulated by that group of scholars among whom he moved, who further encouraged his natural predisposition to being a polyglot. In order to be sure of the diagnosis I advised him to consult some Berlin specialist, who, after an examination of his sputum and other secretions, concluded by confirming the absence of the suspected sickness and advising him to continue the regimen previously adopted by the patient himself, that is, Fowler's arsenical liquor, good diet, moderate exercise, etc.

On account of my arrival at Berlin, his attention was divided. He busied himself trying to get me a modest room on Kanonierstrasse, number 39, floor 3. He was more preoccupied about the health of the native country than about his own. After being installed in that place we began the study of German, he very willingly becoming my teacher of that difficult language. With the exception of the luncheons that we took together at the restaurant, according to Berlin custom, each one paying for his own, I took supper with him at his house at his expense for one week and my turn came the following week at my house.

Despite this custom and our mutual intimacy, when he suffered a financial crisis, he didn't come to me, but his solitaire diamond ring which I had brought him from Paris disappeared. And when I inquired about the strange phenomenon, he explained to me that by necessity he used it as a family remembrance and by necessity also he stopped using it. And only before that crisis he had offered me sincerely, placing at my disposal, money reserved only for contingent expenses.

His special passion for the study of languages reached its apogee when he found himself associated with polyglots who were members of the Geographical and Ethnographical So-

ciety of Berlin of which he became a member after the presentation of an original scholarly work, an indispensable condition for admission. It was known that this corporation, composed of scholars of different nationalities, did not confer the honor of membership unless the aspirant fulfilled that essential requisite of the presentation of an original, not a trite, work. For that reason, Rizal, not wishing to be behind the scholars, presented also his own, very original, not trite — *Tagalische Verskunst* (The Tagalog Art of Versification) — written in correct German, a paper that won immediately the warmest praises of the members, particularly of the president.

We have said that in Berlin Rizal's fondness for the study of languages was very much developed, and in fact, besides German that he completely mastered at that time, he studied English by means of the German grammar, and when he began to master it, he studied Italian by means of the English grammar, and thus he proceeded successively with respect to the other languages that he had studied. He already knew French perfectly in Madrid as he had proven by the publication of articles in French and by teaching it to some fellow countrymen residing at that Spanish capital. Notwithstanding, at Berlin he studied with some predilection that language under a Parisian teacher, Madame Lucie Cerdolle, teacher of French of the imperial family, who, with typical French amiability, invited us to eat at her house one day. Through that invitation I learned that Rizal was her pupil and teacher at the same time, that is, he explained to her with his own comments the rules of French grammar and she in turn explained to him rhetoric and idioms of the French language. And when I wanted to know the reason for that unnecessary French luxury, he explained to me that his purpose was henceforth to write in French in case his *Noli me tângere* should fail, and his compatriots didn't respond to the objectives of that book.

Besides his linguistic studies he attended assiduously different clinics, classrooms, and conferences among which are worthwhile mentioning the clinic of Dr. Schultzer, whose assistant he was, the descriptive anatomy class of Dr. Hans Virchow, Jr., the conferences on anthropology of Dr. Virchow, Sr., and besides he was a collaborator of other scientific societies.

Among various books placed on his study table, besides Greek and Latin texts of the Gospel, there were also some with rare characters that were read backwards: It was a Hebrew Bible from which he sometimes translated for me some passages related to the religious ideas he expounded in the *Noli me tângere*.

gere, which he was correcting and cutting down at the time for economic and aesthetic reasons, suppressing words, passages, and even chapters more or less bombastic. He said that he had studied Hebrew on purpose in order to be on the level of those who had written on the religion of Christ. Inasmuch as the original Bible was in Hebrew he wanted to drink in the original fountains and at all events to be able to sustain religious polemics that his novel might arouse. According to his criterion the religion of Christ was the most perfect among all the known religions not only for the moral spirit of its doctrines but also because it is the religion that has greatly influenced the discipline and moralization of mankind. However, on account of the modifications introduced by malice or religious fanaticism, it has become at present like a building that by dint of driving into it so many wedges has been greatly disfigured and threatened to fall apart. And by way of example he cited Purgatory which is simply one of so many mystical inventions intended principally for exploitation through the sale of ribbons, rosaries, and other religious articles to the candid and ignorant poor. And in speaking about Hell he added it should not be as painted or photographed or cinematographed in religious books whose direct object was also the exploitation of one's fellow men. To Doctor Rizal Christ was a religious genius, just as Castelar was an oratorical genius and Bismarck was in politics.

Reading some passages of his novel in process of correction he told me that many of his characters were his relatives and friends with fictitious names who in fact were involved in the events described in it, he himself being also one of the victims of some of the outrages and abuses committed by some of its characters.

In the political field it is worthwhile remembering some of his points of view on the anomalous situation of the Philippines in that era. For the present he said he was not in favor of revolution. Because a social disturbance of that kind would foment and excite the latent colonial avarice of other powers, especially Japan, whose proximity to our Archipelago and the numerical superiority of her inhabitants with all their modern advancement in war matériel would undoubtedly make the Philippines a prey of that powerful nation, and it would be humanly impossible to shake off her yoke when we would want to do so. Therefore his plan for the present, he added, was limited to asking the Metropolis for liberal reforms, to inculcating or awakening the spirit of solidarity of the Filipino people hindered by the reigning friars, to stimulating the creation of

diverse societies, and to fomenting the establishment of more or less cultural institutions, and others. As soon as the consolidation of that innate and natural sentiment for liberty induced by enlightenment is discerned in the popular spirit and instinct, then Spain, for the reason that she is a backward nation and consequently weakened by the stupidity of her rulers, justly or unjustly, would have no alternative but renounce her sovereignty and accept our independence, but a legitimate independence based upon union and insured by a solid education.

In order to draw away from his many occupations and to follow the rules of the prescribed exercise, he bought a pocket pedometer with its own compass which he took along with him in his outings outside the city. After his walk he traced the configuration of the place he had covered with the addition of some systems of fortifications. And when he was not in the mood for this kind of exercise, then he visited the museums, aquarium, botanical garden, synagogue, Column of Victory, library, and others, evoking there memories of tragic and scientific events or interpreting hieroglyphics of prehistoric significance or the famous mummies of history.

Doctor Rizal was invited by a military captain and former aide-de-camp of General Moltke of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71) to celebrate the New Year with his family. To commemorate the sumptuous feast Doctor Rizal improvised an artistic remembrance consisting of a pair of Chinese clay jars for console tables which he bought a few hours before the event and on which he painted with Chinese ink the figure of an old man representing the outgoing year, a boy representing the New Year, and a German matron representing time, for time in German is feminine — *die zeit*.

Unter den Linden was also frequented by Doctor Rizal not only because in one of the beerhalls on that beautiful street there were newspapers from all countries of the world written in their respective languages, but also because the imperial family resided on that street. Emperor William I who lived in one of the palaces had the custom of appearing on the balcony every Saturday afternoon for a few minutes, thus announcing personally to the public the state of his health.

A rare incident that occurred in the life of our Rizal at Berlin was the following: It was about the personal call of Dr. F. Jagor on Dr. Rizal one morning. I heard from their conversation that they were talking about threats of deportation against Rizal. After the caller's departure, we talked about

the matter. The chief of police had visited him very early asking him for his passport, and as he didn't have any with him, he was advised to show it at the police prefecture within four days from that date. Otherwise he would be conducted under guard to one of the German frontiers. Immediately we applied for the required passport at the Spanish Legation located in a distant district, the district of the Jews. After many comings and goings, so many promises, and the expiration of the four-day term, it turned out that the Count of Benomar, the ambassador or representative of the Spanish Government at Berlin, had no power to issue the promised passport. (The son of ex-Minister Moret who was at the time at Berlin taking advanced courses in civil engineering and assistant at the Spanish embassy besides also helped us amicably.) Vexed by that unexpected decision we went to the prefecture of police, not without cursing the Spanish regime, and there was exposed in satirical tone the solemn blunder committed by no less than an ambassador who, after promising so much and making us waste time in going back and forth, learned at the eleventh hour that it was not within his power to issue such a document. And now, lacking time to apply to another competent Spanish authority to give him such a document which, never in his travels in France was required of him, he placed himself unconditionally under the orders of the established government. The chief of police, after deliberating on what had been expounded, explained that the measure was due to the fact that Dr. Rizal had been visiting cities, towns, and villages, even the smallest and most insignificant, with more or less prolonged sojourns in all and each one of them and establishing certain personal relations with some of their inhabitants. The government, in view of the investigations made and the information furnished by the different police precincts, had interpreted all those steps taken by Dr. Rizal as acts of espionage in favor of the government of France. (At that time the relations were strained between the two countries on account of Alsace-Lorraine.) To all this Dr. Rizal replied that it was true that he had been in various points in Germany alluded to, not for any illicit motive but for purely instructive purpose. Desiring to study the ethnography of a nation, he had adopted the principle of making his preliminary investigation in the towns or the smallest villages where the customs and ways of living of the people are simple and natural, unlike in the large cities where those characteristics were more or less modified by artificial culture. In view of these explanations and perhaps of

secret reports, the chief of police was satisfied and since then there were no more threats of deportation.

About theaters nothing notable can be recorded, at least during the five months of our life together at Berlin. Very rarely did I see him attend this kind of spectacle.

As soon as he had finished the correction of the *Noli me tângere*, he went immediately to a photographer to have his picture taken, in spite of his sickly look, in order to adorn the cover of his book with his picture, an idea which I seconded, inasmuch as in those times that was already a current custom among some writers. But after hesitating and reconsidering for some time, modesty prevailed over vanity; and thus the *Noli me tângere* appeared such as it was printed by the printing firm of Berliner Buchdruckerei-Actien-Gesellschaft, Setzerinnen-Schule des Lette-Vereins and therefore without the author's photograph. While we went around different printing presses in search of the most economical prices, I insisted on defraying unconditionally the cost of printing the novel; but his delicacy found an excuse in Mr. Antonio Regidor residing at London, the painter Juan Luna at Paris, and his brother Paciano in the Philippines, who, he told me, were aware of the printing of his novel and at his first hint, any one of them would readily furnish any amount. But so much persistence and so much earnestness on my part finally overcame his resistance. After that began the work of printing two thousand copies for three hundred pesos.

The genuine merit and importance of this work I was able to appreciate only when I read the proofs every day as they were delivered to the author. The importance of the work must have been understood by the compositors at the press, for during the course of the printing, one of those in charge of delivering the proofs to the house of the author, without knowing a word of Spanish, could not repress himself and manifested that he forebode a fatal end for the author of the novel if he should return to the Philippines, because with all certainty they would cut off his head (and for greater emphasis he raised his hand to his own neck moving it horizontally.) And then he permitted himself to give the advice that he should not go to the Philippines. By way of a reply the author merely smiled as if saying: What's done is done.

The printing of the *Noli me tângere* having been finished, he presented to me the galley proofs carefully rolled, the pen or one of the pens that he used in writing it, serving as the

axis or center, and all nicely wrapped in sturdy paper with a significant dedication. He also presented me with a bound copy with an autograph that said:

To my dear friend Máximo Viola, the first who read and appreciated my work.

Berlin, 1887.

José Rizal

I lost all these unforgettable remembrances during the Revolution of 1896.

Remembering afterwards his friends in Europe, he began sending a copy to each one of them. By way of prologue to his desired return to the Philippines, he also sent a copy to the Most Excellent Captain General of the Philippines and another to the Most Illustrious Archbishop of Manila. As a reply to my observations against that demonstration of rash gallantry towards the two mentioned authorities he gave me a Voltairian smile.

After some time and as soon as he received a draft for one thousand pesos from his family through the painter Luna, the first thing he did was to pay me the amount of three hundred pesos I had advanced and then he prepared the itinerary of our travels.

In the meantime he began to write farewell letters to his friends residing in Europe announcing his longed-for return to his native country. The letters were answered with energetic opposition and manifest reproofs on the part of Mr. Antonio Regidor, Mr. Juan Luna, and others. Nevertheless, the projected trip was carried out despite all anxieties and against all suggestions and fraternal advices. Long was our discussion on this matter and the arguments set forth by me under different points of view produced no convincing or settling effect, because he said that he had some mission to accomplish on earth. Inasmuch as God had given him that manner of thinking and being, to act otherwise distinct from his own convictions would be tantamount to rebellion against His Will which might condemn him. Just as a physician who had studied the manner of preventing, curing, or alleviating the physical ailments of man, in the same way he was convinced of the duty of consecrating himself to remedying the moral diseases of his people subjected to the Spanish flag. Moreover, he doubted how his fellow countrymen would respond to the purposes of his novel if he didn't set the example personally in his own country.

They could say that if he could write and say all that he pleased it was because his skin was far from the danger. And when I proposed the change of nationality, at least to lessen the violent effects of the certain outrage to which he was very much exposed, he argued that all that was pure cowardice that he couldn't by any means consider and that at all events he would accept gladly the fate of the ant which continued biting even after death.

As the date of our departure from Berlin had been previously agreed upon, we had more than fifteen days left to spend in instructive recreational activities, walking daily from six to eight hours in the environs of Berlin, looking at her monuments like the Column of Victory made of cannons taken from the French in the Franco-Prussian War, the synagogue, a beautiful building entered with the hat on and whose priest, who had the voice of Gavarre, sang every Friday afternoon during religious ceremonies attracting a large audience; the National Gallery, theaters, museums, castles, libraries, Reichstag, and others which I regret I can't describe in detail as I have lost my travel notes.

However, I can put down here some data about our life at Berlin during that fortnight which would give an idea of the plan we followed in visiting other cities. When we got up in the morning or even before that, we opened Baedeker's map and we learned by heart some straight or principal streets to orient ourselves in case we were lost. We read the guidebook to find out the time of the opening of museums, libraries, offices, and others and to get some notion of the history of the city to be visited. Thus prepared he took his breakfast (a glass of water) and immediately we set out on foot in a straight line to the end of the city visiting all the museums or monuments found on our way. At the time for my breakfast we entered a café nearest to the place we were visiting, and afterwards we continued our walk. At lunch time (between twelve and one o'clock) we went to the nearest restaurant and after eating (he ate double my ration) he read some newspapers, magazines, and others, and immediately we resumed our interrupted tour, always in accordance with the guidebook. In the afternoon, between five and six or earlier, when there was nothing more to visit, we returned to the point of departure through different streets though almost parallel to the one we went through before. The following day the same procedure was repeated, taking another street if possible parallel also to the one we had taken before without failing to see and study

the worthwhile objects or buildings located on this street. On our return we took another street parallel to the former one and thus successively until completing or simulating circuits or parallel lines having approximately the same direction keeping always as center our point of departure. If in these parallel lines of our excursion, we failed to visit some other museum or building, then we took the streets transversal to the known ones, continuing our excursions in this way through the successive streets. When marked graphically on paper, the streets we had gone through represented a geometric figure very similar to a spider web. When we passed by some old tree planted by an historical personage, a beautiful or rare plant that symbolized a memorable epoch or commemorated some historic event, he picked a leaf or a flower of it and methodically kept it between the leaves of a book that he always carried in his hand.

After knowing Berlin according to the system described, we moved on to Potsdam and with the pedometer always in the pocket we succeeded to know in detail what that historic city was, its fantastic mausoleum with excellent marble statues of Frederick the Great and his consort in a lying position, various palaces or buildings of different architectural styles, made of marble or other materials, in whose luxurious halls were admired decorations of bronze, topaz, or shells of various colors and sizes forming fantastic combinations. Amazed at the contemplation of so much luxury we wondered whether all the luxury in that immense garden, whose outlines were lost in the distance, that Frederick the Great ordered to be built, was the work of man or marvels from another world.

Worthy of mention also was the windmill for wheat standing in the neighborhood of that magnificent garden whose presence formed a contrast to the sumptuous buildings already mentioned. The fame of this windmill had its origin in a dispute between a private owner and Frederick the Great. When Frederick the Great was ill once, his physician prescribed his transfer to one of his palaces which was precisely close to the mentioned windmill erected on private land. As the windmill operated continuously day and night, its noise molested the illustrious patient. Finally he sent for the owner and proposed to him either the sale or the removal of that troublesome apparatus. Naturally the owner opted for the sale but they could not agree on the price. Consequently the emperor imposed himself threatening to take the dissident owner to the courts of law for the solution of the conflict. The owner then

replied that in that case he would like to find out if there was justice in Berlin. In fact he got it inasmuch as the windmill remains until now in its place as a symbol of German justice. Since then in all controversies arising between the weak and the strong the boastful invocation of German justice by the Germans had become proverbial. And Rizal, envious of that symbol of justice, could not refrain from exclaiming: "Fortunate country is this that does not have to suffer so much thirst for justice like ours, because here the rule of law and judges prevail and not the friars!"

And engaged in the preparations for our trip I found in the luggage of Rizal a bundle of nothing more than a large collection of letters from relatives, friends, and countrymen addressed to him among which I saw also mine dated at Barcelona. Asked why he preserved all that correspondence with or without importance, he explained that through them he wanted to study the character, temperament, transformation, and intellectual tendencies of his friends and countrymen.

At the break of day of the 11 May 1887 we departed from Berlin and we visited the following cities:

DRESDEN

It was one of the best cities of Germany and in its study we spent more time than what was necessary due to the timely celebration of a regional exhibition of floriculture. We were entertained for sometime by the contemplation of such a numerous variety of flowers of extraordinary size and beauty, such as the leaves of aquatic plants of some two meters in diameter. In visiting monuments and other notable buildings and museums the same Rizalian procedure already known was adopted. The other details of our visit were to be found in the guidebook already referred to. There being nothing more to study we moved on to

TESCHEN⁸

This city offers nothing notable in comparison to other cities already visited and nevertheless we stopped here due to the suggestion of Dr. Feodor Jagor⁹ made at a casual encounter

⁸ In Silesia, formerly an Austrian duchy.

⁹ Dr. Feodor Jagor, a wealthy Prussian scholar residing at Berlin, enjoyed enviable fame in the European scientific world as well as in India. In 1891 he went to the Celebes and he returned to Berlin at the age of 74 with new scientific discoveries. He died at Berlin in 1900.

at the Dresden Exhibition that we telegraph Prof. Blumen-
tritt about our arrival from the last city of our stop, for being
of a nervous temperament our sudden appearance might hurt
him. After sending the telegram we continued our trip to

LEITMERITZ

The kind friend whom before that moment we knew only
through pictures and letters was waiting for us at the railroad
station. As our train approached the station there was soon
established the current of mutual identification between friends
who were anxious to see each other so that when we stepped
down the greetings and fraternal embraces became the effusive
sign of our sympathy and friendship. Conducted to our hotel,
the Krebs, and after being installed in it, he invited us with
his proverbial kindness to his house where his table from the
first moment became also ours, under the direction of his no
less amiable wife, Doña Rosa, who displayed no little attention
and amiability in receiving and entertaining us during our so-
journ in that city. The topic of our conversation was varied
and pleasant as was to be expected in that joyous and cordial
interview. Speaking about the *Noli me tângere*, the Austrian
professor said to me that "It was a book written with the blood
of the heart, according to a German expression, and at whose
denouement even more unpleasant scenes than those in the novel
itself might arise, considering the limitless influence of the friars
on the Spanish government."¹⁰

He was author of *Reisen in den Philippinen* (Travels in the Philip-
pines) Berlin, 1873, and "On the Natives of Naga, Luzon, Philippine
Islands" published in the *Journal of the Ethnological Society of London*,
1870, vol. II, No. 2, pp. 170-175.

¹⁰To what Dr. Viola says about their visit to Professor Blumentritt
we can add what this illustrious Austrian wrote on 20 May 1911 to a
friend of his at Manila. The letter was published in *La Vanguardia*
on 1 July 1911 and among other things he said:

Rizal had that novel (*Noli me tângere*) printed at the
Lette Press, *Lette* being the name of a society or association
whose purpose was to give bread to women, so that its com-
positors were not men but women. After the last copy had
been printed, Rizal left Berlin to embark at Marseille to re-
turn to his country, accompanied by his intimate friend Dr.
Máximo Viola y Sison. In the course of that trip he stopped
at Dresden, Leitmeritz, Prague, Munich, and various cities of
Switzerland. About the visit of Rizal to Leitmeritz I can
furnish you with the following data:

Mr. José Rizal and Mr. Máximo Viola arrived at Leit-
meritz at 1:30 in the afternoon of 13 May 1887. I met them
at the station and together we went to Hotel Krebs (or

Friend Blumentritt accompanied us in our regular excursions and if he had to leave our company for some time because of his professional occupations, then one or two friends of his, like Dr. Klutschack, took his place. At night, we took dinner invariably at the same hospitable home of our semi-Filipino friend. After talking about Philippine themes preferably, he accompanied us until the door of our hotel. The following day, very early, the tireless friend would be in the lobby of our hotel waiting for the customary hour of our coming down and after breakfast, he accompanied us to resume our interrupted excursions, taking us to curious places, more or less instructive and other places of historical attraction.

With previous understanding, one afternoon, our amiable host invited us to a beerhall in which was served the best beer of Bohemia. There one of the tables was occupied by various tourists discussing the convenience of making the railroad pass by one of the towns close to Leitmeritz (I don't remember its name). Friend Blumentritt introduced us to the

Crabs). After having been installed in their room, number 12, Rizal, Viola, and I went to my residence. We had a very pleasant time until 10:30 p.m. My wife felt the most pleasant satisfaction upon seeing that Austro-Bohemian dishes were liked by our Filipino friends. The conversation was very animated and the impression was most pleasant. My children later became friends of our friends.

The 14th May was a very cold day but it did not bother Rizal, who withstood the cold better than us, children of the country. Rizal found out that on the afternoon of that day the board of directors of the Tourists' Club (whose secretary I was) would hold a meeting, and he asked me permission to attend it, for he was very much interested in everything that was being done in Europe to attract tourists and to open the public roads that made accessible the picturesque spots of the country. Rizal and Viola received the desired invitation. The president of the club, José Krombholz, cordially greeted the Filipinos and begged them at the same time to pardon us for boasting so much of our landscape, poor and rachitic in comparison to the beautiful and exuberant vegetation of the Philippines and her majestic volcanoes and lands. Rizal replied in perfect German in the following tenor, the text of his speech not having been preserved verbatim:

"The vegetation in my native land is certainly richer and all its landscape variegated with brilliant colors; but this country of Bohemia is also beautiful for its simplicity and idyllic scenery. But what I admire among you is the love for the native land, the appreciation of its beauty, the intimate contact between man and nature. To the tourists here nature

president of the club who, after the usual greetings and welcome, said among other things the following: That, if later a Filipino traveler would have a chance to reach those places, the project under discussion would be a reality, in which case we could recommend the inclusion in the itinerary of the traveler of that town for whose improvement they were interested. After him, Dr. Rizal replied with an extemporaneous speech in German which at the end was applauded by the audience, particularly by the president of the club who asked how much time Rizal had spent in studying German. And when he replied eleven months, their admiration rose and they called him a privileged talent. On his part Professor Blumentritt embraced and felicitated him warmly, adding that they themselves found it difficult to improvise speeches in their own language, for which reason they didn't expect from an extemporaneous speaker a showing worthy of a tribune, inasmuch as there was a great distance between writing German well as Dr. Rizal had already demonstrated previously in his various letters, and literary merit that never had the learned Philipinologist imagined Rizal possessed.

Rizal, desiring to commemorate our sojourn at the semi-Filipino Austrian home, asked one day, after luncheon, for pen-

is the object of admiration and of a very special cult that serves to exalt the soul. When we are afflicted, our nerves are agitated, we cannot bear neither the echo of the best music in the world nor the consolation of friends nor the distractions of social life. But as it happens in European countries, inhabited by Germanic peoples, accustomed to read the expression of nature, we find the best solace in the solitude of the forest, in gazing at the clouds that cross the space above, in admiring the beauty of the flowers, and in listening to the innocent song of the little birds. We forget our afflictions and troubles, the hand of the Creator caresses us, and on our return home, we feel refreshed, for nature has gladdened the formerly saddened soul. For this reason, I admire the activity of the members of the Tourists' Club, because, instead of taking the traveler to the noisy life, to the bars and bright spots of the cities, they invite the man with a heart and soul to acquire new strength for the struggle of life to the bosom of nature, pure, sublime, and enchanting."

This speech aroused the greatest enthusiasm of the audience and was rewarded with an applause very rare among my *very cold* countrymen.

cil and other things necessary for crayon drawing, and after working for a while, he produced a picture of our host Blumentritt seated in the dining-room chair. The souvenir pleased very much our friend and his respectable family. Among the rarities we admired at Leitmeritz, I remember two volumes of the Bible edited in ancient times for which the English government had offered three thousand pounds sterling.

As a conclusion to so much affability displayed by the affectionate family of our unforgettable Blumentritt, they tendered us on the day before the eve of our departure a fraternal farewell banquet on Schutzen-Inseln (Shooters' Isle), served nicely by one of the famed restaurants of that picturesque islet inhabited by some centuries-old trees. After the dinner, the conversation turning to the personal merits of the author of the *Noli me tângere*, Professor Blumentritt spoke to me of him in laudatory terms saying that Dr. Rizal was the greatest son of the Philippines and his coming to the world was like the apparition of a rare comet of special brilliance that could only be admired once every two centuries.

The following night we returned the hospitality of the generous Filipino-Austrian family, tendering them a modest dinner in the upper floor of the restaurant of our hotel, or rather,

On 15 May our Filipino friends visited the churches, the bishop's residence and other important buildings of this city. We visited also my special friend Dr. Carlos Czepelack, who, though immobilized by a partial paralysis, has wished to see Rizal and pay him his homage, because I had spoken to him much about Rizal and I had translated to him some salient chapters of the *Noli*. My friends were very much satisfied with the very affectionate reception they were given by the old parents of Czepelack. Rizal told me that friendly hospitality reminded him of Filipino customs. Naturally they lunched and dined with us. We visited the Island of Shooters whose gigantic trees pleased Rizal very much.

On 16 May Professor Robert Klutschack, a venerable naturalist, invited Rizal, Viola, and me to eat at his house. The dinner was held at the Hotel Krebs, for my friends Rizal and Viola had invited us to dine with them at the Hotel Krebs.

On the 16th, at 9:45 a.m. Rizal and Viola left by train for Prague. They were accompanied to the station by my whole family and Professor Klutschack. When the train started, my little daughter Loleng ran (like a butterfly, wrote Rizal) beside the coach greeting with her tiny hands the dear Filipino friends. The parting moved us deeply and tears moistened our eyes.

in the same room where we were living. Here was lost Rizal's diamond necktie-pin, but none of the dinner guests learned about the loss until later, after a few days of our arrival at Vienna. Discovering the loss of his pin that he had worn on his necktie on the night of the dinner, he immediately wrote Friend Blumentritt giving details of the probable place where it had been lost. Upon an investigation of the hotel boys, it was found out that one of the boys who cleaned our room found the jewel on the rug of the room. It was taken by Blumentritt and sent with a letter to Rizal at the Vienna Hotel Metropole in a perfumed package. That honesty of the boy of Hotel Krebs led Rizal to make critical comparisons which were certainly very unfavorable to the Spanish people.

The following day our friend and brother Blumentritt, his wife Doña Rosa, their children Loleng, Federico, and Conrado, and Professor Klutschack accompanied us to the railroad station and shed tears like us at our sad parting. We departed for

PRAGUE

The recommendation furnished us gallantly by Professor Blumentritt to Dr. Willkomm (may he rest in peace), professor of natural history at the University of Prague, greatly simplified and made pleasant the Rizalian system of visiting this city; for the said professor, accompanied by his charming daughter, served as our cicerone in our visits to the remains of the celebrated geographer Ptolemy or Copernicus,¹¹ one of the three inventors of the planetary system; to the laboratories of bacteriology; museums of natural history; to the den or tiny cave which served as the prison cell of St. John of Nepomuceno; the bridge from which the said martyr was thrown into the river marked with a piece of marble, worn out by the kisses of so many votaries. With a recommendation of Dr. Willkomm we took leave of him and his kind family to go to

BRUNN

About this city I remember no notable event related to Rizal, except our sightseeing, according to the guidebook. From here we moved on to

¹¹ The author Dr. Viola, writing from memory in January 1913, that is, 26 years after his travel, was not certain whether it was Ptolemy or Copernicus. As he says further on, he lost his travel notes during the Revolution of 1896.

VIENNA¹²

Beautiful Austrian capital city whose best buildings were located in the majority on a beautiful street called Ring (in the form of a ring). In accordance with the suggestions of Dr. Willkomm and Baedeker we found it necessary to spend four days in the tour of its grand and artistic buildings as well as in the analytical examination of the sacred ornaments and images of saints exhibited in a timely exposition held at that capital. Some of the images exhibited had more ancient or historical value than artistic. One of the exhibits was a wooden crucifix, natural size, at whose back was a large hole through which could pass a watermelon of ordinary size. As Rizal had a well-developed and cultivated artistic sense, I asked his opinion on this object. According to him, in its day, the crucifix was made to talk, replying to sermons delivered by the preacher from the pulpit the better to convince the audience.

In one of our tours of that city, he encountered the figure of a temptress in the form of a Viennese woman, of the family of the Camellias or Margarine, of extraordinary beauty and irresistible attraction, who seemingly had been expressly invited to offer for a moment the cup of mundane pleasure to the apostle of Philippine freedom who until then had enjoyed among his intimates the fame worthy of his glorious namesake St. Joseph.

With the exception of this case I knew of no other slip of Rizal during more than six months of our living together. His "fall" in Dapitan, under that regime and atmosphere which were very different from a free life, where the vegetative life predominated over a very active intellectual life to which our hero was accustomed, deserved separate consideration by the doctors of the Holy Mother Church, who ought to know how to judge within the pretended conversion of Rizal whether his love for Miss Josephine, which was not sealed by the vow of chastity, was in accordance or not with the well-known moral dictum that "Idleness is the mother of all vices." With regard to his platonic love for his former fiancée Leonor Rivera, there is the circumstance, proving the control of his clear and strong mind over his heart, that despite his very great love for her, moderation impelled him to send her from Berlin for the Christ-

¹² The bill of Hotel Metropole of Vienna is preserved. It attests the stay of the travelers Rizal and Viola from 20-24 May. A postal card sent by Dr. Viola to his father affirms that they arrived at Vienna on that day, the 20th.

mas of 1886 nothing more than a modest little box of stationery, although there were in the shop special kinds suitable for sweet-hearts and at bargain prices.

In order to change panoramas, in the continuation of our trip, we preferred to take a little ship of the kind that made trips on the famed Danube in conjunction with the railroad.

During the fluvial trip, the novelty consisted of the interpretation of historical events connected with the famed river and the fact that for the second time we used paper napkins on the dining table, a hygienic and economical novelty. The end of that river trip was

L I N Z

Here we spent little time in sightseeing on account of the slight importance of the city, and soon we took the train to go on to

SALZBURG

At this place neither did we stay long, just enough to see the city according to the suggestions in the guidebook of Baedeker. Afterwards we continued on to

MUNCHEN¹³ (MUNICH)

A pretty city in which among other things described by Baedeker was that here one could drink the best beer in Germany. Here were the two best breweries which were expanding and where at the meal served us there we were again given paper napkins. I don't remember any other thing that happened to Rizal in this city. From here we passed on to

NUREMBERG

One of the old cities of Germany for the architectural style of its buildings as well as for its aspect and the plan of its streets. Among the varied impressions gathered of this ancient city I recall only the different apparatus used for torture by the Inquisition, some of human form in whose cavity could be enclosed perfectly a person sentenced to suffer martyrdom through iron nails arranged in such a way that when the ap-

¹³The bill of the Rheinscher Hof or Rhine Hotel in München (Munich) proves the travelers lodged there from the 26-30 May 1887. A paper napkin with the mark of Lowenbran-keller in München with a note that it was used on 29 May 1887 tells us that on that day the travelers drank beer there.

paratus operated, the person inside it would be hit inevitably by the tips of the nails on all parts of his body. Other instruments of torture simulated horses with their saddles full of nails protruding in all directions; stirrups that compressed until the bones of the feet of the hapless condemned man were fractured by means of certain springs. All this could not fail to hurt our feelings, especially of Dr. Rizal who had paid much attention to them. He also took notice of a very deep well that in order for a pail to reach its bottom two or three minutes were needed. The favorite industry here was the large scale manufacturing of dolls which invaded all the markets of the world. We embarked for

U L M

The cathedral of this city was considered the largest and tallest in all Germany. It was under construction at that time and its tower still lacked the last story. Notwithstanding, in climbing those stairs of hundreds of steps, I was forced to rest twice, and even then, upon reaching the last story under construction, I felt dizzy with fatigue; while my companion Rizal was able to climb those stairs without resting and the least trouble. From this city we passed on to

STUTTGART

After the regular tour about which I remember nothing, we passed on to

BADEN

The same method of sightseeing, after which we went to

RHEINFALL or CASCADE OF THE RHINE

It was the grandest cascade of Europe; we forded the great river in front of the same cataract in a banca which vibrated very much on account of the surge produced by the great quantity of water in its vertiginous and noisy fall. We bought some souvenirs of our visit to that beautiful cascade and then we proceeded to

SCHAFFHAUSEN¹⁴

I refer again to Baedeker's guidebook with regard to our visit to this place. From here to

¹⁴The bill of Hotel Müller of Schaffhausen proves that they stayed there on the 2nd and 3rd June 1887.

BASEL¹⁵ (BALE)

The same forgetfulness with regard to impressions of some importance.

BERN¹⁶

After the usual sightseeing, we went to

LAUSANNE

Here we boarded a little steamer sailing on Lake Lemman. Soon after our departure there appeared a thick fog that impeded vision within two meters from the steamer, thus compelling the captain to sound the horn every five minutes while the phenomenon lasted. We disembarked at

GENEVA

One of the best cities of Switzerland most visited by foreigners. After getting from the customs the luggage sent from Berlin, we spent our time visiting the city in which German, Italian, and French were spoken. Our indefatigable traveler Rizal was able to talk with its polyglot inhabitants. Some afternoons we sailed on rented steamers covering a good portion of that lake of crystalline waters slightly tinted blue. In these fluvial excursions our Rizal learned to row for the first time with his extraordinary resistance, being my rower in going under my direction and my director on the return. On the fourth or fifth day of our stay there, or rather on 19 June 1887, he told me that he was 26 years old. After a few more days of our usual excursions, we checked our luggage, each one going his own way, he to Italy and I to Barcelona. Before concluding these lines I must state that the economical spirit of that martyr during our travels was always in harmony with what was strictly necessary and indispensable, but compatible with comfort and security. Thus our round-trip tickets from Stetlin until Geneva, good for three months, were of second class, with first-class privileges on the steamers in conjunction with the railroad. The rooms we took at the hotels were also of the second class. On the 23 June of the said year, we boarded together the same train and we separated upon reaching the frontiers of Switzerland, he going to Italy and I to Barcelona.

At Manila and in December of that same year of 1887 we met at the house of Mr. Pedro Serrano, San José Street (Tro-

¹⁵ A paper napkin with the stamp of Baversiche bierhalle, Basel, and with a note that it was used on 3 May 1887 proves that Rizal and Viola had drunk beer at that place on the day mentioned.

¹⁶ Extant is a bill of the Schweizerhof of Berne.

zo). Having learned of my arrival at the city on my way to my hometown San Miguel de Mayumo and that I was at that house, he called on me early in the morning. It was a very timely visit. I recommended to him a man suffering from eye-trouble named Lorenzo Tuazon of Malabon who was thinking of going to Kalamba to put himself under his professional care at my suggestion. Later, the eye of this patient was operated on by him at Madrid.

Our second interview at this capital took place on the last days of June, 1892, before his deportation to Dapitan, at his invitation, having written me on the first day of his arrival at Manila. He then lived at the Hotel de Oriente and in daily conferences with General Despujol, whose course and impressions he reported to me daily upon his return from Malakanañang Palace.

Altogether the result of his famous conferences with the said general was sometimes optimistic and other times pessimistic. Pessimistic with regard to the project of emigration to Borneo to establish a Filipino agricultural colony composed of his relatives and friends under the protection for 999 years of the British Government which had already approved in principle the by-laws of that association. Submitted by Rizal for his approval General Despujol opposed it telling him that his patriotism ought not to patronize, much less support, such a thought inasmuch as it would infer a manifest bleeding of the anemic and languishing Philippine agriculture, taking away workers from the already depleted working masses. Rizal replied that he too as much as any official regretted his decision, but in the midst of so many evils that beset his country, his plan to go to Borneo was the lesser evil that could be desired and the supreme good capable of remedying so many individual and collective misfortunes, for to the religious corporations all the members of his family were bad and superfluous elements that must be eliminated at any cost, just as his father, brothers, and friends had been eliminated by administrative orders. At this point the conference turned optimistic as General Despujol in a sudden fit of clemency instantly decreed the immediate release of his father and other members of his family. The conference discussed also the *Noli me tângere* and *El Filibusterismo* which, according to General Despujol, speaking through reports, contained very subversive and separatist ideas, principles contrary to the religious spirit of Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines. As the general had not read the novels, Dr. Rizal offered to furnish His Excellency copies of them; but

as the general did not express any great desire to read them, Dr. Rizal merely explained them in more or less the following words: Reading the *Noli me tângere* superficially, the reader would discover that its author was anti-Spaniard, and a *Filibustero* in the sectarian or relative meaning of the term; but going deeper in his reading, his impression would change and the author would appear as very pro-Spanish and lover of Spain. *El Filibusterismo*, on the other hand, read superficially, created the impression that the author was an Hispanized nationalist and at closer examination, the Spanish mask disappeared and the physiognomy of the genuine *Filibustero* was presented in its conventional reality. And it was so in fact, for both works were animated by a single spirit. In the *Noli me tângere* the trajectory of the intention followed its straight route that the author had previously traced; but in the normal course of events and the evolution of our aspirations for a more perfect regime, the author himself who had suffered many deceptions was a patient spectator of socio-political events lamented in the first novel and consequently the same spirit that had predominated in *Noli me tângere* had been modified from the point of view of colonial injustices.

Upon reaching this point the conferences were suspended until the following day, the general pretending to have other more urgent business. But on the third or fourth day after the suspension of the conferences which I had already abandoned in view of the fact that they didn't seem to have any prospect of ending soon, upon my arrival at my hometown, I was surprised by a minute search of my house carried out by a Spaniard, special agent of the government, accompanied by several civil guards with their chief at the head who transmitted to me the sad news of the detention of Dr. Rizal at the Fuerza de Santiago. Before his detention and on one of the first days of that tragic interview, I invited Dr. Rizal to the house of Attorney Nazario Constantino where some partisans of his awaited him for a conference, and there I had an opportunity to offer him the amount of one hundred pesos, though little, to help him in his extraordinary expenses; but as always for delicacy he refused to accept it. Thus I was obliged to deposit it with Mr. Constantino in his presence and placing it at his disposal. From his exile at Dapitan he wrote Dr. Aristón Bautista entrusting to him the purchase of a second-hand camera for one hundred pesos which he said he could collect from Mr. Constantino; but as Dr. Bautista could not find a camera

of the kind described in his letter, he desisted from collecting the money.

Later, in September 1893, Mr. Constantino, impatient at the silence and inaction of Dr. Rizal with regard to the money, suggested to me the desirability of investing that amount in some lucrative business, whatever might be the fate of the unfortunate exile. Considering the suggestion favorable to the interests of Rizal, we decided to invest it in the purchase of 16 shares of the gold mine of Mambulao which at that time an English company offered to exploit through the cooperation of shareholders, particularly Filipinos. This company, as it is known, failed and until this time it is not known what had been its definitive end.

This is all my reminiscence of 26 years ago about my personal relation with our idol from Barcelona, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland until the Philippines, regretting not to be able to record more fully the other details surrounding the life of the Martyr for having lost my travel notes during the Revolution of 1896 on account of the searches done by Spaniards and Americans and the various changes of my domicile motivated by political persecutions committed against my humble person by the past and present regimes.

Manila, 16 January 1913

Signed: MÁXIMO VIOLA.



Appendix II

DIARY OF CONSUELO ORTIGA Y PEREZ*

16 September 1882

We have met two more Filipinos; one is called Rizal and the other Perio.

30 September 1882

Rizal brought me this morning a cane which is full of sugar and one cannot tell how it was put inside.¹

9 October 1882

Rizal says that he goes out only to go to the medical school and to come here at night.

18 January 1883

Rizal talked with me for a long time, almost the whole night. He told me that I was very talented, that I was very diplomatic, and that he was going to see if within two weeks he could extract some truth from me; that I was mysterious and that I had a veil over my ideas. He asked me who was my favorite author; I don't know what I answered him because I was no longer feeling well. Lete told him that neither had he understood me and I said that it was easy and I was sure that Rizal would understand me forthwith. Now I'm sorry for having said this. Have I not given him hope with it?

Rizal told me that he detested amiable women because when they smiled, men imagined that they did so for something else. As he had told me the night before that I was very amiable, I understood that he meant it and I left him so that he would not make a mistake. A man should first study the ground

* These are extracts from the diary of Consuelo Ortiga y Pérez, daughter of Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey, Counselor of the Philippines, whose house at Madrid Rizal and other Filipinos frequented. The diary came from Mr. Eduardo de Lete, one of Rizal's contemporaries who became the fiancé of Miss Ortiga.

¹ A bamboo joint cut off at one end. The cover is the same piece which has been cut off and fitted back.

and if he sees that the smile is for everybody he ought not to pay attention to her smiles because in distributing them so freely they lose all their meaning.

26 February 1883

. . . Rizal is also in love; he has not declared but almost, almost. He told me last night that he had a sickness that would not leave him except when traveling and that was only perchance. He also told me and I understood why, that two brothers had killed each other because both played the same card, that is, because both loved the same woman. He said that he had taken notice of one who was very tall for him but in spite of the fact that he had done it to amuse himself, it was useless. I listen to him with pleasure because he talks well and I fear that because of that he may think that I'm giving him hope, as it is in reality, but as it happens that I like his conversation, I abandon myself to it and then when he goes away, I'm sorry; he comes and again I do the same thing.

Lola² was telling me that we ought to go away this summer and I would be glad to see if by not seeing Filipinos, I would avert a tempest that I see is near.

I find myself in a position of not knowing which side to take: Lete on one side, Rizal on the other, on another the two brothers;³ all attack and I have nothing with which to defend myself except my head, for I don't see, as I go nowhere, my former admirers, though it would be the same should I see them.

Those do not suit me for some reasons, and these neither for others; in short, sometimes I fear I may lose my mind.

2 March 1883

Rizal asked me if I didn't miss another love. I said to him "no", but that is false. For sometime now I'm different. Before I didn't think of things I'm thinking of now. Then I had more suitors than now, and I don't know if for that very reason I didn't give them altogether even ten minutes. Now, on the other hand, I think of them and my opinion is divided between Rizal and Lete. The first one tempts me by his manner of speaking and because he seems to me a serious lad, though formal ones frighten me.

² Lola was a cousin of Consuelo Ortiga.

³ Antonio and Maximino Paterno.

20 March 1883

Rizal was very much preoccupied and I asked him what was the trouble. He said that he was thinking of certain changes.

"You're sad and here sadness is forbidden to enter."

"It's true; I've been importunate."

"No; I've been the importunate one in saying that to you."

"I know," he said to me in reply, "that some are winning."

At that moment another spoke to me preventing me fortunately from answering.

Later he told me that I was giving it for his saint's day. "How? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing; I'll explain it to you another day."

I didn't wish to insist. In the afternoon he said to Father that he might trouble him to see if he could finish his course this year. It seems that he wants to go away. It is thus like a wound. Poor Rizal! And poor me who inspires love in those whom I can't love!

2 April 1883

Rizal began to tell me: "I congratulate you," but I got only ambiguous phrases from him. At this point Lete was able to sit beside me and said to me:

"Now we are going to adjust our accounts. I'm very much irritated by the philosopher." (That is what he calls Rizal.)

"Why?"

"Because he is very attentive to you tonight. Haven't you noticed a certain change in him?"

"I, no."

"Well, he has suffered it greatly; the other day he told me: 'Don't you know that I'm getting to like Consuelo?'"

"Yes? Then I'm glad," I replied, and yesterday I went to his house and he was writing some verses."

"For whom are those verses?" I asked him.

"For a newspaper in the Philippines."

"Are they perchance inspired by the ardent rays of Consuelo's eyes?"

"Chap," he replied, "I don't need to be inspired."

"What do you think?"

"That you exaggerate; I don't believe I've such intentions."

"He's very clever; you don't know him."

I laughed to myself, because I know all that by heart.

(Here follows a long dialogue with Lete.)

At this point Esteban Villanueva⁴ comes and he says to

Lete:

"Come and close the door for I'm leaving." He went but on leaving he took the chair with him. Rizal came full of jest and said to me:

"Tell me, Consuelo, why does Lete take away the chair?"

"Ask him."

"Later," Lete said to him, "I'll explain."

Afterwards, Rizal said to me: "Tonight many will suffer from the lung and the heart."

Then Lete said to me: "Understand 'from the lung' for gambling; from the heart, for you."

"And why give it that interpretation?"

"Because it is his."

I went later to get some copper coins that Antonio (Paterno) had in his vest pocket and when he surprised me, I said: "What a poor thief I'm!"

"You can be sure of that," said Rizal to me, "but of another thing no."

This vexed Lete and he and Rizal were peeved all night long.

We — Antonio, Rizal, and I — arranged ourselves to play *tute*⁵ and Rizal began to tell me things always circuitously until I told him that he had something that I didn't like and that is he was not frank enough.

"You speak in such a way that it's necessary to think a great deal to be able to understand you and I hope that in time I'll understand you."

He became very serious, he put his hand to his forehead and said to me: "You know too well what I want to tell you,

⁴ A Filipino painter, scholar of the City of Manila, who died penniless at Alicante, abandoned by the City of Manila. A family of that capital city took care of him. (Note by E. de Lete.)

⁵ A card game.

but there's no better system of avoiding to answer than to ask questions; but since you want me to tell you plainly, tell me if it's true that one who comes afterwards arrives late."

"What! Have they said that I said it?"

"No; nobody would say it."

"Then, you ask me if he who comes behind arrives late."

"Yes, that's it."

"If I were to tell you that, I would have to relate to you many things in my intimate life that I've told nobody."

"You're right, I ask you to excuse me, but as you're so amiable, I've dared."

3 April 1883

My account having been interrupted yesterday I continue it today.

After a while, Rizal said to me: "I'm going to tell you a story."

"Let's see."

"She was a girl courted by two men. She was engaged to one and the other would tell her: "So and So wants to court you" and when he would go away, she would laugh with the other at him."

"If I could get mad, I would."

"Why?"

"Because you've called me a coquette."

"No; because she wasn't to blame."

"It was to find out if she listened to both."

"I didn't want to say that, nor did the other tell her that he loved her; but at any rate I ask you a thousand pardons and I withdraw whatever was offensive."

I stood up for a moment and when I came back, Rizal, truly pressed, said to me:

"Do you forgive me?"

"I've nothing to forgive because it was due to my excessive susceptibility."

"Why, do you forgive me?"

"I forgive and see how good I'm for I impose no penance."

"Impose a penance on me," he said.

9 April 1883

Last night some were absent, among them Rizal, a thing that surprised me. Lete said to me: "I've come more than anything else to ask you a question."

"What?"

"Rizal told me the other day that last Sunday, speaking with you, you told him that this summer many will be disappointed, and I want to know if I'll be one of them."

"Why do you want me to tell you a thing that I don't know. I spoke without knowing what I was saying. That indeed slipped from my tongue, as I was following my own thought more than the conversation I was engaged in."

"I don't understand what you want to say."

"Well nothing; I said that just to say something and now I'm sorry for I see that my phrases are commented on."

When Lete told me this I was displeased that Rizal had told him, but Lete told me later that Rizal told him in order that he would be warned. I've already thought that since Rizal is so astute, he'll make Lete averse to me to have one rival less.

16 April 1883

Rizal told me he has some plants that he has bought today and that the first flower will be for me. He told Lete and me a story that he said belonged to mythological times. He calls Papa "Periandro" and Lete "Letidolis" and himself "Planchivis". He said that Periandro had a daughter to whom Diana had granted the gift of loving all men and afterwards he added women. In short, the story was long and I don't remember all of it, but in it he spoke of everything and explained our respective situations.

7 May 1883

Last night I was in the corridor when Rizal passed on his way out, but instead of leaving, we talked for more than an hour. He again repeated that he couldn't understand me, that I had a very black veil that hid my ideas from him, that many times he believed that a thing was done that in reality was not done, that it happened to him when studying that instead of letters he always saw a figure. . . . He brought me a flower, the first that his plant bore.

14 May 1883

(Dialogue between Consuelo and Lete
about their engagement)

At this point I opened my handbag and I saw the flower Rizal had given me last Sunday and without caring a whit, I showed it to him. Everybody knew it and Rizal, however much he tried to dissimulate, was very happy. Afterwards I was sorry but there was no remedy. Lete then said to me:

"You've kept the flower."

"Yes; I was removing things; my handbag was open and I dropped the flower into it just as I would have done with any other thing."

"You're a terrible woman," Rizal said. "It seems unbelievable! It's atrocious, with that sweet face you take delight in mortifying; since this night you have made me suffer so much and you do nothing but laugh."

"I want to laugh now if by chance I may have to cry later."

"I would be glad."

"Thanks," I said to Rizal. He didn't know that I was at the point of crying. I don't remember what Rizal said that Lete said to me:

"You'll not make me quarrel with my friend."

"I? Why?"

"Because it's so."

"It will not be serious."

"Who knows, perhaps you will be the first cause."

"For God's sake, don't frighten me for I'm afraid!"

"Lete is so good," added Rizal, interrupting the conversation. "One night I gave him such great fright when he was alone at one house that he left so angry that I saw him cry. Nevertheless, the other day, we made up."

"You have seen me cry? Where? Here in the house?" Lete objected, grateful for that affectionate praise. The other didn't reply and I became very curious. Have they had some displeasure between them?

9 June 1883

For two Sundays all the Filipinos haven't come. Rizal was here the other afternoon and he said he had not come on

account of the examinations and that he came out well in every one of them. The poor one is very enthusiastic and I'm sorry. Enthusiasm they say is contagious but I can't be infected.

I'm quite mortified that they have so soon forgotten me for some nobodies⁶ who, according to my information, are not even pretty, but I'll be very careful so that they'll not be vain thinking of another thing and in case it's calculation as I imagine.

11- June 1883

Rizal and Antonio (Paterno) who were at the Retiro yesterday brought me flowers and they told me to go there, but I haven't gone because those girls go and I don't want to be obliged to speak with them.

Rizal told me he was going to Paris to distract himself, to cure himself of an illness contracted a year ago. Then he has seen others deceived by the amiability with which they have been treated and he was afraid the same thing might happen to him; that he fell in love again and it seemed to him that he was going to be accepted and soon he was disappointed. Now it's different because she belongs to a much higher class.

"I have," he said to me, "too many aspirations."

"Man must always have them."

"Yes; but when they're too high they're ridiculous."

"An aspiration is never ridiculous when its end is good and neither do I believe that you have aspired for the moon."

"No; but it's so difficult that I know it will accept only one with a great name or high position."

I didn't answer him. What could I say to him? If I gave him hope, then later to tell him "no" would be a crime; and I haven't enough will power to take away all hope from him, because, despite everything, I like him.

"Tell me what you want from Paris."

"Nothing, may you enjoy much."

"You already know that I'm going to study French, and what I'll try is to get cured and if I don't succeed, I'll follow the current. Lete and I have concluded a truce for the summer."

"We're in it," I said to him.

⁶ They were some good girls but poor who accompanied us in our morning strolls through the gardens of the Retiro (large park in Madrid) whom Rizal called "the exploitables." (Lete's note.)

"When does it end?"

"In September."

"Then on the day following the end."

"In October?" I asked, knowing what he wanted to say.

"Yes."

"And what's it, in what does it consist?"

"Pardon me, for as it's Lete's also, I can't tell you."

"Don't say it then."

18 June 1883

Rizal has gone to Paris; he says he'll come back in September. Last night Antonio (Paternô) told me that as the train moved he sent us many regards through him. Will he get cured?

20 August 1883

. . . Rizal has returned already; he says he has not been cured.

23 August 1883

The other night Lete told me that on Monday he talked with Rizal for more than four hours.

"As a good friend," he said, "I related to him everything, and now he saw that I had not been sincere towards him."

Before, Rizal said to him, he didn't think of me, now he told him the opposite. Rizal asked him about the status of his relation with me. He told him and he advised Lete not to go to Barcelona because "If you go", he said, "it's possible she may not answer you on the 24th but on the 25th, or never, which is the same; then, as soon as you're away she'll get cold, in case she's becoming convinced, and as for me I can't be responsible to you." "You know," Rizal continued, "that I liked Inés and nevertheless I left her to Antonio (Paterno); with her I could have passed away the time, but with Consuelo no; for this reason I told you as a friend I advised you to marry her, but as Rizal, no."

"As he's noble," Lete continued, "we have made a pact that he'll say nothing until 24 October. He told me he had to answer a question you put to him. I asked him what it was but he replied that he couldn't tell me because it was a secret."

The following day Rizal came and brought two music sheets as a souvenir from Paris and some verses that I had asked him at the concert and others dedicated to me⁷ which confirmed everything Lete had told me. They go with this diary to save me the trouble of writing them down and because I believe they reveal passion, not for an indifferent one but for me who had inspired them, and for knowing their author. My question was if he already got cured, a rather bold question which I'm sorry I asked.

3 September 1883

I showed Rizal's letter to Matilde.⁸ She didn't like it and said there was a very bad intention in the polite piece.

10 October 1883

All the Filipinos came last night. Lete told me that he had asked Rizal what we were going to talk about, and replied that nothing.

And he added: "Is it you who have to talk with him?"

"Yes," I answered, "what I regret is that you have told him; I'll not say again anything to him."

"I, too, am sorry, but now nothing can be done."

As Rizal was warned by Lete, several times he spoke to me and asked me as formerly if I would win in the game but I didn't want to have a conference with him to show Lete I was not interested and besides it was already becoming difficult.

Yesterday I went with Papa to see the king returning from his excursion. The enthusiasm was very great. . . . We were also carried away in that surge and when it cleared a little I heard a voice telling me: "Over here, Consuelo." It was Maximino (Paterno) who was with his brother, Ventura (Valentin), and Rizal. The last asked me if I knew why all were so studious.

"Because they have realized the evil they were doing and they abjured their errors."

"No; because they have learned that it's a prerequisite to certain things to have a career and for that reason they study in order to aspire for them."

⁷This poem is now published in the collection of Rizal's poems edited by the Bureau of Public Libraries, Manila. The title is *To C. O. y P.*

⁸A cousin or friend of Consuelo and daughter of the Spanish poet Marco.

We talked a great deal and I don't remember everything. "If I believed in certain things," I continued, "I would say that you're immortal."

"Immortal?"

"For many things."

"For none I believe; it seems to me that I'll die soon and if one thing that I've thought of and I haven't told anybody occurs, I'll notify you wherever you may be to show you I'm right."

"I'll note down what you have told me as soon as I get home."

What interpretation had he given to my words?

Later he told me that he believed in nothing, that he had no faith.

"And how can you live?"

"Without it."

"On the contrary I think we ought to believe in something that may encourage us in our undertakings and may comfort us in our misfortune."

"When a curate says it, I don't believe it; if you should say it, I would believe it."

"God grant that I may have power to make you believe!"

He kept silent and after a while he said to me:

"Neither do I believe in the love of parents; mine love me, but if I would not return or I'm delayed ten years in returning, they would not remember me."

"Don't say that; I believe little and if you speak to me thus, I'll believe in nothing. The love of parents doesn't die."

"I've not been a father, undoubtedly for that reason. . . ."

"I neither, but I judge filial love by the paternal. I've separated from Papa for some twenty days and when the train left I was very happy. . . . It seemed to me I was going back home at night, but upon arrival at the town where I was going, despite my efforts and I'm not given to tears, I couldn't control myself and I cried . . . and everyday I remembered him."

"You must have been alone."

"No; my brother was with me."

"We don't speak of those loves. And the others?"

"Oh, we are agreed on those."
When I was small I heard it said that friendship couldn't exist between two boys, and I said: What has distinct sex got to do with it? I wished to try the experiment and I see it's true. I believed in a friend, nothing more than a friend, and we broke up quarreling."

"I would be yours if that were not too much for me; I can't aspire. . . ."

"And if it's granted to you?"

They interrupted us in order to cross the street, then Sanmarti,⁹ whom we met, stood beside me.

Rizal also asked me what would I say if Lete would ask me how I spent the day.

"The truth," I replied.

"Then, I'll tell him that I spent it very well, that I saw the Queen and the King."

"You've been more fortunate than I," I said to him as if I didn't understand him.

"The Queen was beside a gentleman. . . ."

It seems to me Lete would not be very much satisfied for God knows what Rizal would tell him.

When all had left, Rizal told Papa for me to hear:

"Spain ought to ally herself with another nation."

Papa: "No sir; Spain is all right as she is."

Rizal: "It's time she ceases to be a second class power."

Papa: "You know Spain's history, therefore you know that whenever she allied herself with other powers she lost rather than gained."

Rizal: "However, an alliance with a young, rich, and strong nation, I believe, in the present circumstances and even in the future must be beneficial to her, though it may be only a support that a weakened monarchy needs. . . ."

"Weakened? How? Never has it rested on more solid foundation, never was it more loved by the people that see in it the symbol of regeneration, of peace, of new life."

Rizal: "Right, Don Pablo, but only in form, not at bottom, as it represents the symbol. The people, as part of it, loves the monarchy *per accidens*, because it represents the

⁹A Catalan sculptor.

peace of Spain which it loves *per se*, because it still believes in that longed-for regeneration of its past grandeur; but the primates of the people adore above all someone who is determined to take possession of her with the same purpose of governing her.

Papa: "No, Friend Rizal, Spain, because of her condition, her experiences in the past, can very well continue thus, aloof from every kind of occasions of disturbance and dismemberment."

Rizal: "It's time for her to speak, do something; it's impossible to remain always *the same*."

Papa: "Spain will do nothing, her greatest statesmen are also of that idea."

Rizal: "And if the people wants it?"

Papa: "It will not like it; that can't be."

Rizal: "From what is heard and read, it's deduced that many things might occur this month . . . and in short I pray for the tranquility and happiness of the country."

.....

If someone reads this, he would see without much effort the grand intention of this man who, with the greatest ability knew how to sustain for a long time a dialogue that to an indifferent person, or like Papa who was not informed, was absolutely political, but to me was reduced to the question that could be called "Lete-Consuelo-Rizal".

By chance Papa answered him in terms as if I had prompted him, so that in saying that what occurred between Spain and Germany was almost an alliance (the time I granted Lete), Papa replied it signified nothing, in the meantime, official sanction did not fall back on ostensible acts that leave no room for doubt.

In short, yesterday was one of those days that would always be remembered.

25 December 1883

The 22nd being Saturday the Filipinos came and Lete gave money to Villanueva (Esteban, the painter). They prepared to play and Lete was losing and regretting it, Papa said to him:

"You're trusted."

"Fortunately, they trust me and I've credit. Thanks, Don Pablo."

"Yea. they entrust things of more interest," added Rizal, with apparent candor.

We talked a little and I understood that his love has not died; on the contrary, he has a very deep wound but he pretends so skillfully that no one knows it.

30 December 1883

The other day I showed Matilde the picture of Amelia Ortega¹⁰ who became the sweetheart of Manuel (Marzano)¹¹ and I asked her if she liked it. "She is not ugly," she said, "but she doesn't please me much."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you later. And she pointed to Fernando's daughter who was with us. I didn't remember this until evening when Rizal and Papa were talking and we heard them mention Manuel.

"That's the chap," I said to Matilde, "of whom I began to tell you about, the chap of the picture, don't you remember?"

"Yes; tell me about him," and she sat beside me. And in a low voice I told her: "The picture I showed you this afternoon was that of the fiancée of that man." And I didn't want to tell her more because I'll not tell my secret to anybody, for I'm afraid of confirming it even to myself.

Rizal looked at me and I said to myself: "He's going to think of this and if he doesn't find a solution, he'll resort to me."

In fact, last night as soon as he entered he approached me (and despite his will power and the advices he gives, he was agitated) and he said to me:

"Consuelo, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"What you like," I replied.

"Will I not be indiscreet?"

"No, sir."

"If I should be, don't answer me. What did you tell Matilde that 'that's the picture'?"

¹⁰ A Filipino young lady at Manila. (Lete)

¹¹ He had been in Spain and was recommended to Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey, Consuelo's father. He died in Madrid. (Lete)

"Do you think I said it for you?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"Well no; I was talking about a woman's picture that I showed her in the afternoon and so that you may not doubt it, it was of that young woman called Amelia."

"You need not have said so much; your word is enough for me. Do you know that she has married?"

"Yes; a long time ago."

"No; five months ago."

"Only? Well, three years ago the news came here."

"Then, it was with another; at that time in the college."

I believe Rizal will suspect something about this conversation, but he has a long way to walk to reach the truth.

Later the following amused me very much.

I was napping close to the chimney when Rizal, rousing me from my drowsiness, said to me:

"Are you sleepy?"

"Yes, I'm."

"It seems incredible!"

"Why?"

"For being beside the fire."

"For that very reason," interrupted my brother Rafael,¹² "the warmth of the chimney induces sleep."

"I repeat it seems to me incredible."

"Yes," said Sculptor Sanmarti, "fire induces sleep."

I was bursting with laughter at that *quid pro quo* and I couldn't control myself on hearing Lete say "Stupid!"

I burst out into laughter, no longer able to hold myself and dissimulate.

20 February 1884

Rizal told me the other night that they had written him telling him that his family would be glad if he would return to the Philippines in June. His manner of saying it made me understand that it was like a flight.

Conversing with me he said that he had not yet understood me, that he didn't know what I think of him.

¹² He died in Manila. (Lete)

"As a friend," I said to him. "Would you want more?"
"It's true that's enough," he replied with a slight irony.

Poor Rizal!

Afterwards I don't know what he said to Esquivel¹³ so designedly but with such an air of innocence that I couldn't help telling him:

"Were you my enemy, I would fear you very much."

"No; you'll never be my enemy, at least if it depended upon me."

"I'm very glad of that," I said, "because on my part, you'll not be."

24 February 1884

Last night as in former times I was talking with Rizal. He said that now if he would make love to a girl, he would do it "*with the mouth, inasmuch as my heart is dry, as you know.*"

"It's a sure way of winning; but don't be confident because it's easy for someone to awaken it."

"Everything is possible. There are women capable of performing miracles. There's one who has done it, has succeeded to convince me."

"That's something, already you have there . . ."

"Yes, it's true, but having found her doesn't mean that I have her."

"It's true, it's already much, it's almost half-way. . . ."

"At the money-changers many bills and attractive and suggestive coins are seen, but you know that if one should dare to ask for them. . . ."

"The comparison you make is not exact. They wouldn't give you certainly a bill, but a heart, if you persist, it's possible they would."

This is what I vaguely recall of our conversation; but in the struggle of that soul, in the profound meaning of his words that he articulated one by one underlining them with the accents of passion that he could ill conceal, there was a moment when I seemed to hear him (presumption of my youth perhaps!) say: "You're the woman who has performed that miracle, I love you," and certainly, or my heart deceives me greatly, who

¹³I don't know to which of the two brothers she referred; perhaps to Francisco. (Lete)

knows if the satisfaction of being loved, of the mere fact of being so, certainly it seemed to me that he was at the point of saying it, but he refrained from doing so, not so much for the fear of being repulsed but for not being a traitor to his friend,¹⁴ but I can say without fear of making a mistake that there passed through his imagination all that I wrote and last night he was happy and unfortunate at the same time.

4 May 1884

Last night, speaking of happiness, Lete said that he was not.

"I believe that it's true," I said to him.

"No," he replied, "happiness is a hot-house plant that needs a skilled hand to keep it in a gentle, even, and lasting temperature, like that of our country, placid and fantastic."

"Haven't you perchance found that hand?" Rizal said to him. "Doesn't your poet's brow create a warm atmosphere of fortune irradiated by the black eyes of an incomparable gardener? . . . So you see I feel inspired!"

"You're a dreamer, and I wonder; your eyes see shades of color, your ears perceive modulations that escape others. Hence perhaps you believe me happy. . . ."

"How ungrateful!" said Rizal to my ear. "He wins and he complains. Ah, if I should win like him!" (We were then playing cards.)

I didn't reply. What could I say? But his lively and insinuating accent told me a great deal, perhaps everything that he, in his misfortune, wanted to tell me.

28 May 1884

Rizal the other night was very happy. I asked him if he was going to the Retiro in the morning and he believed undoubtedly that I was going and he said "yes". He imagined I was giving him a rendezvous and his countenance became animated; but it didn't take him long to be convinced that it wasn't true.

Last night many came to bid us farewell. Rizal was the first to arrive. I had on a morning cape that I had made out of the cloth that Rizal had given me as a present. I made a grand impression. I showed it to him saying:

"So you see I've fulfilled my promise; I'm dressed like a doll."

¹⁴ Eduardo de Lete. Lete's comment: "My great and noble friend!"

Rizal was expressive and bolder than other times, and I mean by this that he told me some things more clearly; but, as always, he used other persons and images to tell me what he wanted to say. It pleases me to have to divine his thoughts veiled with innumerable metaphors and euphemisms, a thing which is not very difficult for me to understand as I have the key.¹⁵

¹⁵ Note of Eduardo de Lete:

Here ends the intimate diary of Miss Consuelo Ortiga y Perez; I don't know whether because of the formalization of our engagement—the reason why the Filipinos stopped gathering at the house of the Counselor of the Philippines, Mr. Pablo Ortiga y Rey, named by Rizal and companions, *El Padre Eterno* (The Eternal Father)—or because she lost the humor she did not continue it.

After the death of Don Pablo years later, his son Rafael went to the Philippines to fill a post. When his sister Consuelo was ready to leave for Manila, she received the news of his demise. She was left alone and abandoned in Madrid. A romantic girl, deprived of her mother at an early age, possessing an education rare in those times, she saw all her love affairs crumble and all her illusions wither. She was very unfortunate, dying alone, sad, and abandoned, a victim of tuberculosis.

An excellent and illustrious friend communicated to me this news when I went to Madrid as representative of a very important news agency of London on the occasion of the marriage of King Alfonso XIII in 1906.

May she rest in peace.

Eduardo de Lete



INDEX

- Abbey of Cluny (Paris), 254.
 Academy of San Fernando (Madrid), 83.
 Adam, Peak of, 173, 175.
 Aden, 65, 67, 128, 129, 166, 167, 168, 201, 202, 215, 216, 221, 227, 307.
 Adolphus, Gustavus, 119.
 Africa, 64, 65, 66, 67, 158, 196, 219.
 Agoncillo, Teodoro A., XXVIIIn, XXIXn, 199n.
 Aguilera, Count of (civil governor of Madrid), 87, 229.
 Aguirre, Evaristo, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 95, 101.
 Ahr River (Germany), 111.
 Ahumada, General, 188.
 Aimargues (France), 224.
 Akrab Mountain, 164.
 Albany (U.S.A.), 149.
 Alberto, José (Rizal's uncle), 12; Lorenzo, 3n
 Albertstrasse, No. 40 (Leipzig), 119.
 Alemany, A. (captain of *Isla de Panay*), 205
 Alexandria, 162, 163, 221, 305
 Alonso, Teodora, Rizal's mother, XIII, XXXIII, 3n, 5, 12, 13, 15, 30, 33, 36, 37, 42, 46, 47.
 Alsace and Lorraine, 261.
 America, 147, 154, 244, 291, 293, 294, 301, 302, 303.
Amigo de los Niños (reader), 36.
 Amphitheatre (Rome), 279.
 Ampuero, Rafael, 313.
 Annamites, 310, 131; seminarists, 182.
 Anthropological and Ethnographic Museum (Dresden), 123.
 Antiken-Sammlung (Collection of Antiquities, Dresden), 122.
 Apolda (Germany), 119.
 Apollo Gallery (Luxembourg Palace, Paris), 242.
 Arabi-Bey (Arabi Pasha), 68n, 216, 221.
 Arc d'Triomphe (Paris), 155.
 Arcenas, Pedro, 313.
 Arenys (Spain), 224.
 Arnedo, 101.
 Artillery, Museum of (Hotel des Invalides, Paris), 244.
 Assyrian Museum (in the Louvre, Paris), 249.
 Atayde, Juan, 83.
 Atchin Head, 176.
 Ateneo (literary club at Madrid, 90, 94, 97.
 Ateneo Municipal de Manila, XIII, XIV, 13, 20n, 31, 96n, 313.
Atlas by Lesage, 85, 99.
 Augen Klinik (Heidelberg), 267.
 August von Goeben, Statue of (in Koblenz), 111
 Augustinians at Hankow, 143.
 Augustus, Statue of (Dresden), 122.

- Austria, 159; Empress of, 116.
 Avila (Spain), 232.
 Avricourt (Franco-German frontier), 261.
 Babd el hari (Abd al Kuri), Island of, 169.
 Bab el Maudeb, Strait of, 166.
 Bagumbayan, Field of, Manila, XXXII.
 Bait River (British North Borneo), 186.
 Bakolod, 187.
 Baltazar, Francisco (or Balagtas, Tagalog poet), 84n.
 Balthazar, King, 249.
 Barcelona, XVI. XVII, XXX, 78, 79, 110, 206, 209, 217, 218, 223,
 224, 226, 227, 285, 301, 308, 312, 314, 333, 335, 336; Cathedral in,
 109.
 Barnes, Sir Edward, statue of, 62, 174.
 Basa, José Ma., XXII, XXIII, 140, 144, 302.
 Basel (Bale), 333.
 Bataan, 188.
 Batangas, 7, 212.
 Bathaus (Bonn), 109.
 Bautista, Dr. Ariston, 335.
 Bavaria, 103, 129; Prince of, 97.
 Bazaine, Marshal, 256.
 Beaumont, Luis Martinez, 307.
 Bebra (Germany), 116, 117, 119.
 Bech, Fr. José, 14.
 Becker, Dr. Otto (German oculist), 267, 314.
 Beethoven, Statue of (Bonn), 109.
 Belfast Place (Marseille), 76.
 Berezowsky, of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, 179, 181.
 Berlin, 112, 121, 124, 125, 155, 275, 277, 283, 313, 314, 315, 318, 322,
 323, 324, 330, 333.
 Bern (or Berne), 333.
 Bernard, Claudio, works of, 95.
 Bertrand, Count Henri-Gratien, 244.
 Bibliographical Institute (Leipzig), 120.
 Bible, 91, 201, 328.
 Biblis (Germany), 104.
 Biebesheim (Germany), 104.
 Biebrich (Germany), 105.
 Billiter Street, London, 294, 300.
 Biñan, Rizal as a student at, 7-10, 12, 30, 41, 42, 287.
 Bindesheim (Germany), 106.
 Bingen (Germany), 107, 113.
 Binondo, 187, 230.
 Bismarck, 248, 317; Square (in Dresden), 123.
 Bitter Lake (Egypt), 204.
 Black Forest, 262.
 Blanco y Erenas, Ramón (governor-general), XXVIII, 191; letters of,
 209.
 Blanes (Spain), 224.
 Blois (France), 234.
 Blumentritt, Fernando, XXIII, 271, 279, 283, 289, 295, 299, 305,
 325-329.

- Bohol, 160.
 Bois de Boulogne (Paris), 237, 254.
 Bon Marché (department store, Paris), 236.
 Bonaparte, Napoleon, 72n, 108, 116, 119, 134, 243, 244; Jerome, 244; Joseph, 244.
 Boniface, Saint (remains of, Fulda), 117.
 Bonn, 105, 109, 110.
 Boppard (Germany), 108.
 Borneo XXV, 165, 171, 187, 204, 244, 334.
 Botanical Garden in Singapore, 130.
 Bouillons Duval (Paris), 233, 234.
 Bourdeaux (France), 77, 234.
 Bourse, Palace of the (Marseille), 73.
 Boustead, Nelly, 165n.
 Bracken, Josephine, XXVIII, 192, 308, 330.
 Brandenburg Gate (Berlin), 275, 276.
 British North Borneo, 185, 186.
 Brooklyn Bridge (U.S.A.), 151.
 Brothers Islands, 169.
 Brunn, 329.
 Brussels, XXIII, 165n.
 Buddha, Temple of (Colombo), 129, 174.
 Buil (Emilio C., Spaniard), 48, 50, 76, 77, 78, 79, 225.
 Bulakan, 187.
 Bullier (Paris), 247.
 Burgharm (Germany), 117.
 Burgos, Fr. José, 13, 306.
 Burstadt (Germany), 104.
 Cabangis (Tomás, Filipino student of medicine), 226, 227.
 Cabuyao (Laguna), 233, 234.
 Café Bauer (Berlin), 276.
 Café Belvedere (Dresden), 122.
 Café de Madrid, 83, 91.
 Café Maison Dorée (Marseille), 77.
 Café Passage, (Dresden), 124.
 Café Pelayo (Barcelona), 311.
 Café du Quai du Commerce (Saigon), 181.
 Café Suizo (Manila), 43.
 Café Verny (Cologne), 109, 110.
 Cagayan de Joló, 185.
 "Cain and Abel", painting by Prud'hon, 242.
 Cainta, 6.
 Cairo (Egypt), 162, 221.
 Calamba (Kalamba), XIII, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 41, 49, 135, 139n.
 220, 233, 255, 281.
 Caldetas (Spain), 224.
 Calella (Spain), 224.
 Calero (y Ortiz, Federico), 81, 230.
 Camoens, Grotto of, (Macao), 144.
 Campoamor (Spanish poet), at the Ateneo, 94.
 Camps, Arturo, 11.
 Camus, Manuel, 179.

- Candia, Island of (Crete), 127, 219.
 Canon, Fernando, 231, 285.
 Canton, 180.
 Cantú, Césare, *History of the World*, 16, 247n, 249.
 Cañacao (Cavite), 198.
 Cape Galle, 175.
 Cape of St. Jacques, 180.
 Capitana Sáday, 43.
 Capitol (Rome), 279, 281.
 Capitoline Museum (Rome), 280.
 Capiz, 195.
 Capo di Faro, 161.
 Capuchin Convent (Aden), 167.
 Carnicero, Captain Ricardo, 189.
 Carranceja, Pedro, 95.
 Caroline Islands, 312.
 Carrillo, 84, 86, 95, 101; Angel, 15; Santiago, 15.
 Carrio, Domingo, 203, 307.
 Carrousel, Arch of the (Paris), 235.
 Carvajal (Spanish deputy), 109, 110.
 Casino Madrileño, 88.
 Castile, Old, 232.
 Castle of If, 221.
 Castle of St. Telmo, 71, 220.
 Catarina de Roca, 269.
 Catigbac (Katigbak) Mariano, 22n, 23, 25, 26, 93.
 Cavite, 196.
 Cebú, 160; Steamer *Cebú*, XXVI, 188; Cebú town, 193, 194.
 Cecilio, José M. (Chengoy), 42, 43, 90.
 Celrá (Spain), 224.
 Cerbere (France), 224.
 Cette (France), 224.
 Ceylon, 59, 65, 174; Indians of, 65.
 Chalcot Crescent Street, London, 299, 301.
 Champagne, manufacture of, 176, 177.
 Champs Elysées (Paris), 155; 234, 239, 240, 242.
 Charlemagne, 105, 116, 259.
Charles the Bold by Walter Scott, 57.
 Charlottenburg (Berlin), 125.
 Chateau d'Eau (Marseille), 72, 75.
 Chelong, Annamite city, 181.
 Chengoy (See Cecilio, José M.)
 Chicago (U.S.A.), 149.
 Círculo, Hispano-Filipino, 83, 84, 85, 86.
 Coblenz (Koblenz), 108, 111, 112.
 Cochín-China, 165, 182.
 Colegio de la Concordia (Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción), 6n,
 Colegio de Sta. Catalina, 29, 31.
 23, 26, 31, 96.
 Colegio de Sta. Isabel, 15.
 College of San Carlos (college of medicine of Universidad Central,
 Madrid), 83, 87.
 College of San Juan de Letran (Manila), 13, 301n.
 Cologne (Koeln), cathedral of, 109, 110, 112, 113.

- Colombo, 58, 61, 64, 129, 160, 169, 173, 174, 175, 179, 200, 201, 307.
 Colorado, State of (U.S.A.), 148.
 Column of Victory (Berlin), 318.
 Concepción (Concha, Rizal's sister), 4, 5.
 Concorde, Place de la (Paris), 155.
 Constantino, Attorney Nazario, 335, 336.
 Corominas, Eusebio, editor of *La Publicidad*, Barcelona, 312.
 Corregidor (island), 45.
 Corsica, 72, 10, 221.
 Cortabitarte sisters, 91.
 Council of War, XXXI, XXXII.
Count of Montecristo, 16
 Craig, Austin, 82n.
 Crete, Island of, 127n.
 Cruz, Hermenegildo, 84n.
 Cruz, Justiniano Aquino, 7, 8; Pedro, son of, 8.
 Cuartel de España, Manila, XXVIII, XXXI.
 Cuba, 191, 192, 195, 211, 226.
 Cuesta (Máximo, Filipino student), 226.
 Cunanan, Mariano, 94, 236, 245, 247, 253, 255.
 Dámaso, Fr. (in *Noli me tangere*), 101n, 306.
 Dapitan, XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX, 187, 189, 191, 192, 197, 334, 335.
 D'Ayot, Manuel Lorenzo (writer), 99
 Delgras, Captain, 188 189.
 Denver (U.S.A.), 148.
 Despujol, General Eulogio. XXV, XXVII, 179, 206, 209; conference
 of Rizal with, 187, 188, 334, 335; Ramon, his nephew, 188.
Diariong Tagalog, XVII.
 Díaz, Francisco, 212.
 Dieppe, 153, 158.
 Dinynnu (Germany), 113.
 Dominicans, 143, 160, 302.
 Doré, Paul Gustave, 63n, 195.
 Dornberg Gross-Gerau (Germany), 104.
 Dornheim (Germany), 104.
Dos de Mayo, celebration of, Madrid, 82.
 Drachenfels, 110.
 Dreams of Rizal, 53, 57-58, 100n, 131.
 Dresden, 121-123, 324, 325.
 Dulumbayan Street (Manila), 7, 265.
 Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, 192, 193.
 Duroc, Geraud, Christophe-Michael, 244.
 Durrenberg (Germany), 119.
 Düttesheim, 116.
 Education, Rizal's early, 3, 4, 6-8.
 Egypt, 68, 163, 216.
 Ehrenbreitstein (Germany), 112.
 Ehrenfels (Germany), 107.
 Eiffel Tower (Paris), 154, 156.
 Eisenach (Germany), 117.
El consejo de los Dioses by Rizal, XV.
El Correo (newspaper), 88.
El Día (newspaper), 90, 92.

- El Filibusterismo*, Rizal's second novel, XV, XVI, 316, 317, 334, 335.
El Imparcial (newspapers), 90.
El Liberal (newspaper) 90, 91.
El Mundo Ilustrado (magazine), 242.
El Progreso (newspaper), 95.
 Elok Pura (Borneo), 171.
El Último Abencerraje by Chateaubriand, 16.
 Elbe River (Germany), 124.
 Elm (Germany), 117.
 Eltville (Germany), 106.
 Eltviller Aue (Germany), 106.
 Emuy, 139, 305; consul of, 162, 170.
 England, 121, 159, 165, 299, 300.
 Erbach (Germany), 106.
 Erfurt (Germany), 118.
 Ermita (Manila), 230.
 Eslava Theater (Madrid), 91.
 Espino, Feliciano, 145.
 Esquivel, José (Pepe) and Francisco (Paco), 42, 82, 83, 84, 86, 91,
 92, 93, 94, 95, 97, 101, 352.
 Estraude Alley (or Callejon, Manila), 308.
 Etna (volcano), 71.
 Evangelista, Mateo, 42, 43; Juan, 301n.
 Europe, 119, 125, 149, 155, 159, 162, 168, 169, 171, 219, 240, 271,
 272, 283, 287, 300, 303, 321.
 Falkenburg, Castle of, 108.
 Faura, Fr. Federico, XIX.
 Feijóo, Fray Benito Jerónimo, 211.
 Ferrando, Fr. Magin, 13.
 Figueras (Spain), 79, 224.
 Figueroa (Melecio), 82-84, 86, 87, 89, 91, 93, 94, 230.
 Feuillet's *Montjoie*, 98.
 Flassá (Spain), 224.
Florante at Laura by Francisco Baltazar; 84n.
 Florence, 281.
 Florentino, José, 3n.
 Fonda de España (Barcelona), 79.
 Fornells (Spain), 224.
 Fort Santiago (Real Fuerza de Santiago, Manila), XXVI, XXVII,
 XXX, 188, 335.
 Fraile Island (Philippines), 45.
 France, 121, 129, 159, 221, 224, 232, 233, 234, 240, 251, 261, 283,
 300, 314, 319; national holiday. 129, 254.
 Francia, Don Benito, XXVII.
 Franciscan frairs, 160, 170, 182.
 Frankfurt (Am Main, Germany), 114-117; opera house in, 115.
 Frederick the Great, 119, 323.
 Frieidrichsfeld (Germany), 103.
 Frosstadt (Germany), 117.
 Fulda, 117; Fulda Aue, 106; Fulda River, 117.
 Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 220, 248.
 Garrido, Joaquin, 14.

- Gavino Oliva, Florencio, 14.
 Gella, Vicente, 43.
 Gelnhausen (Germany), 116.
 Genato (Ramon?), 204.
 Geneva (Switzerland), 280, 333.
 Geographical and Ethnographical Society of Berlin, 316.
 Gera River, 118.
 German students, 263; duels, 270.
 Germania Monument, 106, 107.
 German language, Rizal's study of, 312, 316.
 Germany, 107, 109, 113, 115, 117, 119, 120, 121, 159, 216.
 Gerona (Spain), 78, 224.
 Gerstungen (Germany), 117.
 Gerzoheim (Germany), 104.
 Gimaras Island (Philippines), 194.
 Giraudier, Luis, 134.
 Goddelau-Erfelden (Germany), 104
 Goethe (poet), 128; statue of, 115.
 Golden Gate (San Francisco), 147.
 Gómez, Fr. Mariano, 13n, 160.
 Gotha (Germany), 117.
 Govantes, Pedro, 86, 101.
 Grand Trianon, 256.
 Greece, 219.
 Greek art, 249.
 Greek and Roman sculpture, 249.
 Grossenhain (Germany), 125.
 Gross-Gerau (Germany), 104.
 Grossheim (Germany), 104.
 Gross Hesingen (Germany), 119.
 Grotto of Doña Gerónima, 135.
 Grünes Gewölbe (Green Vault), 122.
 Guadarrama River (Spain), 273.
 Guardafui, 64, 169, 202.
 Guevara, José, 9.
 Gülden Bierbrauerie (Heidelberg), 262.
 Gutenberg, Johann, statue of, 104, 115.
 Guzman, Rosauero de, 43.
 Halle, 120; University of, 121.
 Hanau (Germany), 116.
 Heidelberg, 103, 105, 108, 116, 262, 265, 314; Castle of, 267-269.
 Hendaye (France), 232, 233.
 Herrera, Posada (Spanish deputy), 87.
 Hersfeld (Germany), 117.
 Hessen (Germany), 104, 106.
 Hidalgo, Felix Resurrección (Filipino painter), 83, 100n, 258n, 259, 280.
 Hoechst (Germany), 114.
 Holland, 71, 111, 121.
 Hong Kong, XXIV, 139, 142, 143, 144, 180, 182, 183, 188, 302.
 Horcheim, 114.
 Hospitals: Hotel Dieu (Paris), 240; Laennec Hospital (Paris), 236; Lariboisiere Hospital (Paris), 237.

Hotels:

- Adelphi Hotel (Liverpool), 152, 299.
- Central Hotel (Berlin), 125.
- Galle Face Hotel (Colombo), 62.
- Grand Hotel (Yokohama), 144
- Grand Hotel Midland (London), 299.
- Grand Hotel Noailles (Marseille), 73, 74, 222, 225.
- Grand Oriental Hotel (Colombo), 62.
- Holland Hotel (Mainz), 104, 105.
- Hotel Europa (Singapore), 51, 179.
- Hotel Germania (Bingen), 113.
- Hotel Krebs (Leitmeritz), 325, 326n, 328, 329.
- Hotel Metropole (Vienna), 329, 330n.
- Hotel Müller (Schaffhausen, Germany), 332.
- Hotel de Oriente (Manila), XXVI, 187, 334.
- Hotel de Paris 233.
- Hotel de la Paz (Singapore), 51, 52.
- Hotel du Rhin (Dieppe), 157.
- Hotel Silber (Erfurt), 118.
- Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Dresden). 122, 124.
- Oriental Hotel (Point Galle), 60.
- Palace Hotel (San Francisco), 147.
- Rheinscher Hof (München), 331n.
- Rheineck Hotel (Bonn), 109.
- Victoria Hotel (Hong Kong), 139, 140.

- Hotel de Cluny (museum, Paris), 254.
- Hotel des Invalides (Paris), 243, 244.
- Hudson River, 149.
- Hugo, Victor, 128, 236, 248
- Hünfeld (Germany), 117.
- Ile de la Cité (Paris, 240.
- Iligan, 193, 194, 195, 201.
- Illinois (U.S.A.), 149.
- Ilocos Sur, 197.
- Iloilo, 160, 194, 195.
- Imus, 198.
- India, 129, 165, 166, 167, 171, 173.
- Indio, 45, 48, 217.
- Inquisition (instruments of torture), 331-332.
- Intramuros (Walled City, Manila), 14, 22.
- Ipia, Sra., See Olimpia, Rizal's sister.
- Ismailia, 164.
- Italy, 159, 161, 216, 220n, 221, 250.
- Jacinto, P. (a Rizal *nom de plume*), 3n.
- Jagor, Feodor, 324.
- Jagosschloss (castle, Germany), 107.
- Japan, 139, 144, 145.
- Japanese Palace (in Dresden), 122.
- Jardin d'Acclimatation (Paris), 237, 239.
- Jardin de Plantes (Paris), 241, 242; Museum of Natural History, 252.
- Jerez (Xerez Burgos), Manuel, 13.

Jesuit College (Barcelona), 226.
 Jesuit fathers, 160, 167, 170, 225, 226.
 Jesuitenkirche (Jesuit church in Mannheim), 103.
 Jesus, Romualdo T. de (sculptor), 97n.
 Johannisberg, castle of (Germany), 106.
 Johanneum (Dresden), 123, 124.
 Josefa (Pangoy, Rizal's sister), XXV, 2.
Judio Errante (Wandering Jew. Eugene Sue's novel), 84, 89, 93n.
 Jugelheimer Aue (Germany), 105.
 Jugo, 82, 84.
 Julian the Apostate, 254.
 Kaferstrat (Germany), 104.
 Kaiser Galerie (Berlin), 277.
 Kaiser Glocke (Cologne), 109.
 Kastel (Germany), 114.
 Katipunan (Filipino revolutionary society), XXIX.
 Katz, Castle of (Germany), 113.
 Kerzell (Germany), 117.
 Kinzig Valley (Germany), 116.
 Kipping, Charles H., XXIII.
 Klein Stenheim (Germany), 116.
 Klutschack, Prof. Robert, 290, 326, 328n, 329.
 Koeln, See Cologne.
 Koeniglich Schloss (Germany), 112.
 Koenigswinter (Germany), 110.
 Koesen (Germany), 119.
 Kotzebue, death-mask of, 269.
 Krupp, iron works of, 108.
La Ameneidad (book), 99.
 La Belle Jardiniere (department store, Paris), 236.
La Ilustración (Spanish magazine), 234.
 Laguna, Province of, XIII, 45, 160, 243, 253 lake, 6, 4, 6, 110, 148.
La Mascota (play), 92.
 La Plata, Shoals of, 47.
La Publicidad (periodical, Barcelona), 312.
 La Rondinella, poem by Grossi, 170.
 La Unión, Province of (Philippines), 197.
 Labra (Manuel, Spanish politician), 100n.
 Labuan, Borneo, 165.
 Laccadive Islands, 201.
 Laennec Hospital (Paris), 236.
 Lake Lemán (Switzerland), 333.
 Lala-Ary, 52, 53.
 Lamartine, 89.
 Lampertheim (Germany), 104.
 Lara, Federico (Spanish professor), 92.
 Lariboisiere Hospital (Paris), 237.
 Las Piñas (Philippines), 42.
 Laserna, 82, 83, 86.
 Latin Quarter (Quartier Latin, Paris), 238, 239, 244.
 Lausanne, 333.
 Le Cailar (France), 224.

Le Louvre (department store, Paris), 236.
 Le Printemps (department store, Paris), 236.
 Lecáros (Filipino resident at Macao), 144.
 Lecha, Donato (captain of *Salvadora*.), 51.
 Leipzig, 116, 118, 119-121, 173.
 Leitmeritz (Austria), 325, 326, 328; Tourists' Club of, 326; Rizal's talk before, 326-327n.
 Leoncio (Rizal's nephew), 196.
 Lesseps, Ferdinand Marie de, 69, 243, 248; Lesseps Square (Port Said), 70.
 Lessing, German dramatist, 124.
 Lete, Eduardo de, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 89, 91, 93, 94, 95, 230, 337, 338, 340, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 348, 349, 350n, 351, 352n, 353n, 354n; Enrique, 18.
 Lethiere, Guillaume (French painter), 242.
 Leyba, Concepción (Concha, Rizal's aunt), 307n.
 Liberty, Statue of, 151.
 Lichtensternscher Hof (Germany), 106.
 Liechtenstein, 116.
 Liga Filipina, XXXI.
 Linz (Germany), 111.
 Lipari, Island of, 161.
 Liverpool, 151, 152, 299.
 Llansá (Spain), 224.
 Llorente, Julio, 82, 84, 86, 87, 101.
 Lobo Street (Madrid), 80, 83, 91, 92, 99.
 Lohrberg (mountain, Germany), 110n.
 London, 154, 155, 171, 173, 216, 233, 245, 252, 288, 291, 294, 297, 299, 300, 301, 303.
 Longchamp (Marseille), 75.
 López, Antonino, 308n.
 López, Dr. Cecilio, 130n.
 López Jaena, Graciano, XXIV, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 94.
 Lorelei, Rock of (Rhineland), 107, 108.
 Los Baños (town in Laguna Province), 30, 149, 220.
Los Cuatro Reynos de la Naturaleza (book), 91.
 Lottery ticket, 87, 95, 97, 98.
 Louis the Debonnaire, death of, 105.
 Louvre Museum (Paris), 248-250.
 Lowenburg (mountain, Germany), 110n.
 Lucía (Rizal's sister), 41, 196.
 Ludwigshafen, 103.
 Ludwigsplatz No. 12 (Heidelberg), 269.
 Luna, Juan (painter), 83, 101, 258n, 259, 265, 280, 320, 321; Antonio, his brother, XXIV.
 Luther, Martin, 269.
 Lutzel Coblenz, 111.
 Lutzel Roblantz, 111.
 Luxembourg Garden (Paris), 242; Luxembourg Palace Museum of Painting and Sculpture, 242-243.
 Luxor, Obelisk of (Paris), 235.
 Llorente, Julio, 32, 84, 86, 87, 101.
 Macao, 139, 143, 144.

- Macis, Antonio, 189.
Mactan, island, 194.
Madeleine Church (Paris), 234.
Madrid, XVII, XVIII, XXI, 81, 83, 109, 153, 194, 199, 209, 229, 230, 231, 232, 238, 239, 242, 257, 271-273, 275, 311, 313, 334; Ateneo in, 94, 97; Atocha Street in, 95; Cafe de, 83, 91; Casino Madrileño, 88; Eslava Theater in, 91; Lobo Street in, 83, 91, 92, 99; Principe Street, 99; Restaurant de, 82; Restaurant Inglés in, 85; Retiro de, 103.
Magallanes Street, Walled City, Manila, 15, 32.
Magellan, Ferdinand, 194.
Main River (Germany), 107, 114, 116.
Mainz (Mayence), 104, 105, 108, 114.
Maison Quenouille (Dieppe), 158.
Makiling Mountain, 37, 41, 45.
Malacca, Strait of, 130.
Malacañan (Malakanyang) Palace (Manila), XVI, XXVI, 106n, 334.
Malapad-na-Bato, 108n.
Malate, 42, 230.
Maldivé Islands, 201.
Malecón, Manila, 44, 188.
Malgrat (Spain), 224.
Maliloc, Terrace of, Mainz, 105.
Malolos, (Bulacan), 187.
Malta, Island of, 205.
Mandaloyon (Mandaluyong) 105.
Manila, XIII, XIV, XV, XIX, XX, XXV, XXVI, XXIX, XXX, XXXII 6, 8, 13, 42, 45, 62, 133, 135, 137, 139, 140, 156, 170, 182, 187, 192, 194, 195, 197, 198, 199, 204, 209, 223, 224, 255, 285; Manila Bay, XXIX, 39, 195.
Manila River (North Borneo), 186.
Marcaida, Francisco de, 13.
Marceau, Francois Séverin, 111n.
María (Rizal's sister), 46, 95, 196.
Mariana Islands, 302n.
Mariveles Mountain, 45, 134.
Marksburg Castle (Braubach, Germany), 108.
Marseille, 72, 73, 76, 127, 159, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 239, 305.
Marseillaise, 70, 219.
Marzan, Manuel, 13.
Marzano, Gonzalo, 14, 313.
Marzano, Manuel, 350.
Masnou (Spain), 224.
Massaniello, Tower of, 71, 220.
Mataró (Spain), 224.
Mauricio, Balbino (Filipino exile), 143, 302.
Mauseturm (Germany), 107, 113.
Mayence, (See Mainz)
Mecklar (Germany), 117.
Medinacelli (Barcelona), 209.
Mediterranean Sea, 71, 204, 283, 305.
Melanchthon, Philip Schwartzert, 269.

- Melpomene (statue), 250.
 Mendoza, Fr. Agustín, 160.
 Mercado, Francisco, XIII, 3n, 4, 6, 9, 32, 50n, 98n, 281.
 Mercado, José (Rizal's passport name), 50.
 Mercado, Paciano, XVI, XXV, 4n, 7, 13, 41, 294, 320.
 Messageries Maritimes, 42n, 55, 198, 201.
 Messina, Strait of, 71, 127, 11, 220.
 Meyer, Dr. Adolph B., 123; Dr. Hans, 120.
 Meynet, Quintin, 95, 96.
 Michelangelo, 250.
 Milan, 281.
 Miletus, 71.
 Millena, Pastor, 14, 15.
 Mindanao, XXVII, XXVII, 189.
 Mindoro, 181, 185, 189.
 Minicoy, 201.
 Minoves, Fr., 18.
 Miramas (France), 224.
 Missouri River, 149.
 Molo (Iloilo, Philippines), 195.
 Moitke, square of (in Dresden); 123; monument to (in Cologne), 109.
 Mongat (Spain), 224.
 Monja Island (Philippines), 45.
 Monjuich (also Montjuich); 79, 207.
 Montpellier, 224.
 Morayta, Miguel, 259n, 312.
 Moret (Minister Segismundo), 100n; his son, 319.
 Morlan, 48, 50.
 Moselle River, 111, 112.
 Moth, story of a, 36, 37.
 Mount Sinai, 164, 216.
 Mühlheim (Germany), 116.
 Munich (München), 325n, 331.
 Muntinglupa, 42.
 Musée Grévin (Paris), 248.
 Museum of Artillery, See Hotel des Invalides.
 Museum of Fine Arts (Cologne), 110.
 Museum of Orfila (Paris), 241.
 Naples (Napoli), 71, 72, 210, 220, 221, 224, 226 Toledo Street in, 71.
 Napoleon I, 108, 116, 118, 119, 124, 221, 242, 244, 256, 277; his
 tomb, 243; III, 241.
 Napoleonstein (Leipzig), 119.
 Narbonne (France), 224.
 Narcisa (Rizal's sister), 4, 17, 187, 192, 308n.
 Natuna Islands, 49, 200.
 Nauheim (Germany), 119.
 Nebraska (U.S.A.), 148.
 Neckar River, 264.
 Neneng (Saturmina, Rizal's sister), 4n, 41, 46, 187.
 Neuendorf (Germany), 111.
 Neuhof (Germany), 117.

Neuwied (Germany), 108.
 New York City, 149, 151, 154, 157.
 Ney, Marshal, 269.
 Niagara Falls, 149, 303.
 Nicaisa, Dr. (Paris), 236.
 Niederwald, National Monument in, 106n, 107, 113.
 Nile River, 163.
Noli me tângere, XVII, XIX, XX, 285, 302, 303, 306n, 316, 317,
 320, 321, 325, 328, 334, 335.
 Nonnenstromberg (mountain), 110n.
 Notre Dame Cathedral (Paris), 237.
Notre Dame de Paris, by Victor Hugo, 237.
 Nureinberg (Germany), 331.
 Oakland (U.S.A.), 147.
 Obelisk of Luxor (Paris), 234.
 Oberrad (Germany), 116.
 Oberwerth, Island of, 112.
 Oceanía, warriors of, 244.
 Ockenfels (Germany) Castle of, 111.
 Oelber (mountain), 110n.
 Oestrich (Germany), 106.
 Offenbach (Germany), 116.
 Ogden (U.S.A.), 148.
 Old Castile, landscape of, 232.
 Olimpia (Sra. Ipia, Rizal's sister), 23, 140, 229n, 294, 300.
 Oliva, Florencio Gavino, 14.
 Omaha City (U.S.A.), 148.
 Opera, Theater of the (Paris), 235.
 Order of the Garter, coat of arms of the, 59.
 Order of Knights of Templars, House of the, 112.
 Oriental Negros, 192.
 Ortega, Amelia, 350, 351.
 Ortiga y Pérez, Consuelo, 81n, 84, 84n, 88, 337-354.
 Ortiga y Rey, Pablo (El Padre Eterno), 81, 86, 87, 89n, 93, 95, 230,
 337n, 348, 350n, 354n.
 Ortiga, Rafael, 354n.
 Ortiz, 62, 73.
 Osorio (Francisco), 204.
 Paciano (Rizal's brother), See Mercado, Paciano.
 Pajaro Verde, (Vicente García Valdez, Spanish journalist) 198, 199.
 Palace Hotel (San Francisco), 147.
 Pálace of the Bourse (Marseille), 73.
 Palace of Industry (Paris), 240.
 Palais Royal (Paris), 242.
 Palatium (Rome), 279; Palatine hill, 279n
 Palau Islands, exhibits from, 123.
 Pampanga, 187.
 Panay, 189.
 Panorama, The (In Marseille), 75, 76, 223; National Panorama (Pa-
 ris), 239, 240.
 Pantheon (Paris), 251.
 Páquil (or Pákil), 46.

- Paradau, Cape, 182.
 Parañaque, 42.
 Pardo de Tavera, Felix, 236.
 Pardo, Vicente, 48, 50, 76, 79.
 Parents of Rizal. See Francisco Mercado and Teodora Alonso.
 Paris, 153-157, 179, 232-237, 239-245, 247-256.
 Pariser Platz (Berlin), 276.
 Parrado, General, 201-202.
 Pas-de-Gamur (France), 224.
 Paseo de Colon (Barcelona), 209.
 Pasig River, 6, 105, 106n, 114, 131, 135, 149, 156, 196.
 Pastells, Father Pablo, 20n.
 Paterno Brothers, 82, 86, 88, 98, 101; Antonio, 81, 82, 88, 90, 93, 94, 98, 231, 338n, 340, 344, 345; Maximino, 82, 86, 88, 90, 98, 101, 338n, 346; Pedro A., 42, 43, 82, 83, 86, 88, 94, 95, 98, 101, 112, 113, 198.
 Patrocinio (Rizal's niece), 196.
 Payo, Fr. Pedro, 160.
 Perelada (Spain), 224.
 Perim (islet), 202.
 Perio, 81, 84, 86, 92, 337.
 Perpignan (France), 224.
 Peters Aue (Germany), 105.
 Petersberg (Germany), 111; mountain, 110n.
 Petersheim (Fortress), 105.
 Petit Trianon, 256.
 Pfaffendorf (Germany), 108, 112.
 Pfalz, 103.
 Philippines, XIII, XV, XVIIIn, XVIII, XIX, XXI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXXI, XXXII, XXXIII, 86, 123, 128, 144, 160, 179, 180, 185, 201, 210, 244, 289, 294, 336, 339, 351.
 Pilar, Marcelo H. del (Plaridel), 301, 304.
 Piñeyro, Manuel, 198.
 Pittsburgh (America), 154.
 Place de la Concorde (Paris), 234.
 Plaza Mohammed Ali (Alexandria), 162, 163.
 Poetry, Rizal's love of, 18, 19.
 Point Galle, 58-60, 62, 227.
 Point Santiago, 195.
 Poitiers (France), 233.
 Pompeii, 220, 243.
 Pompey, column of (Alexandria), 163.
 Ponce, Mariano, 185n, 285n, 301.
 Porllan (France), 224.
 Port Breton, 45.
 Port Bou (Spain), 77, 78, 224.
 Port Said, 70, 128, 162, 163, 202, 204, 211, 217, 219; Lesseps Square in, 70.
 Posilipo Mountain, 220.
 Potsdam (Germany), 323.
 Prague, 329; University of, 329.
 Premia (Spain), 224.

- Prizes won by Rizal, XIV, 15, 16; in topography, 33; in agriculture, 33; in Greek, 100; in Greek and Latin literature, 101.
- Prussia, 109, 116, 125.
- Pryer, W. B., 171, 178.
- Puerta del Sol (Madrid), 154.
- Punkahs, 52, 53, 64.
- Pulo Brat, 129, 176.
- Pulo Haor, 179.
- Pulo Way, 176.
- Quadriga of the Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, 275.
- Queenstown (England), 152.
- Quintero (Pantaleón), 16.
- Real Audiencia de Manlia, 12n.
- Red Sea, 67, 128, 164, 211, 216.
- Regal, Governor, of Oriental Negros, 193.
- Reggio, 161.
- Regidor, Dr. Antonio Ma., 83, 320, 321.
- Regisal (France), 224.
- Reichstag (Berlin), 322.
- Reims (France), 176.
- Remagen (Germany), 110.
- Reno (U.S.A.), 147.
- République Avenue (Marseille), 73, 76.
- Restaurant Aussendorf (Dresden), 124.
- Restaurant Inglés (Madrid), 85.
- Restaurant de Madrid (Madrid), 82.
- Retana, W. E., XIXn, 88n, 89n, 98n, 101n, 271n.
- Retiro (Madrid park), 103, 344n, 353.
- Reudnitz (Germany), brewery in, 120.
- Revolution of 1896, Philippine, XXVII, XXXII, 336.
- Reyes, Cándido, 313; Isabelo de los (Deloserre), 295.
- Rhein Aue, 106.
- Rheinfels, 113.
- Rheingau (mountain ridge, Germany), 105.
- Rheinstal (Rhine Valley), 103, 104, 262.
- Rheinstein (Germany), Castle of, 107, 108.
- Rhine River, 103, 104, 105, 106-114; Rizal's farewell to the, 114.
- Riobo, physician, 193, 194.
- Riudellots (Spain), 224.
- Rivas, Fr. Francisco, 89n, 160.
- Rivera, Antonio (Uncle Antonio), 42, 43, 83, 90, 92, 95-98; his daughter, Leonor, 45, 82n, 89n, 92, 96, 97, 100n, 330.
- Rizal, Francisco Mercado, XIII, XV, 3, 4, 6, 7, 11, 231, 281; Marcos (Rizal's cousin), 8.
- Rockuskapelle, 113.
- Rouen, 157.
- Rojas, Felix (Felix Ma. Roxas), 313.
- Rolandsbogen, 110.
- Rolandseck, 110.
- Roman Forum (Rome), 279, 281.
- Roman and Greek Sculpture, 249.
- Rome, 279, 280, 281.

Romblon, 195.
 Rosario, Andrés del, 113; Antonio Vivencio del, 12.
 Rosario Street (Manila), 254.
 Rossel (Germany), 107.
 Rossi (Italian actor), 98.
 Rost, Dr. Reinhold, 300.
 Rotterdam Association, 121.
 Rouen (France), 157.
 Rousseau (Jean Jacques), 251.
 Roxas de Ayala, Margarita, 6n.
 Roxas, Mr. P. (Pedro), 198; Francisco, 204.
 Rudesheim (Germany), 119.
 Rue Cannebiere (Marseille), 73, 222, 223.
 Rue de Maubeuge (Paris), 232.
 Rue de Rennes (Paris), 239, 251.
 Ruiz, 84, 85, 86, 95.
 Saale River (Germany), 119.
 Sachsenhausen (Germany), 116.
 Sacramento (U.S.A.), 147.
 Sáez, Agustín, 33n, 43.
 Sagasta, Minister (Mateo), 87.
 Saigon, 127, 131, 133, 159, 171, 180-182; zoological and botanical garden in, 180.
 Saint Appolinaris, Church of, (Germany), 111
 St. Boniface, remains of, at Fulda, 117.
 Sta. Catalina, College of (Manila), 29, 31.
 Saint Chamas (France), 224.
 Saint Cyr (France), 255.
 Saint Dominic, Church of (in Hong Kong), 143.
 Saint Francis of Assisi, 176, 206.
 Saint Goar (Germany), 108.
 St. Jacques, Church of (Dieppe), 157; Cape of, 180.
 St. John of Nepomuceno (Prague), 329.
 St. Mary Major, Church of (Rome), 280.
 Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, 154.
 St. Telmo, Castle of, 71.
 Sainz de Veranda, José, 144.
 Salandanan, Andrés, 8.
 Salazar, Mr. and Mrs. 49, 56, 74, 76, 77; Doña María, 75, 221.
 Salmunster (Germany), 116.
 Salt Lake, 148; City 148.
 Salzburg, 331.
 San Antonio Abad, feast of (Madrid), 231.
 San Carlos, College of (Madrid), 83, 87, 235, 257.
 Sánchez, Fr. Francisco de Paula, 18, 19.
 Sandakan (Borneo), 185n.
 San Fernando (Pampanga), 187.
 San Fernando, Academy of Madrid, 83.
 San Francisco (California), 147, 149, 293, 295.
 Sangensebold (Germany), 116.
 San Jordi (Spain), 224.
 Sanmartí, E. P., 84, 86, 87, 89, 91, 93, 94, 95.
 San Miguel (Manila district), 105.

San Miguel (Spain), 224.
 San Nicolás, Church of, 51; in Cebu, 193, 194.
 San Pedro Tunasan (Laguna), 42.
 San Roque (Cavite), 205.
 San Sebastian (Spain), 232.
 San Severo Street (Barcelona), 225.
 Santa Ana (Manila district), 6, 105.
 Santaló, Enrique, 198.
 Santa Lucía Gate (Manila), 188.
 Santa Rosa (Laguna), 232, 233.
 Santiago, Moises, 14.
 Santo Domingo Church (Manila), 43.
 Santos, Epifanio de los, 98n, 100n.
 Sao-jono, Justiniano, 15.
 Sardinia, Island of, 127, 160.
 Saturnina (Neneng, Rizal's sister), 4n, 6, 10, 15, 41, 46, 187.
 Schaffhausen (Germany), 332.
 Schiller, Statue of, in Mannheim, 103; in Mainz, 104.
 Schilling, Professor Johann, 106n.
 Schkeuditz (Germany), 121.
 Schloss Klopp (Germany), 113.
 Schlossbrucke (Castle Bridge, Berlin), 275.
 Schlossgarten (Mannheim), 103.
 Schluchtern (Germany), 117.
 Schultzer, Dr. (Berlin), 316.
 Schutzen-Inseln (Shooters' Isle, Leitmeritz), 328.
 Schwalternert im Neckar Hainach, Castle of, 107.
 Schweizerhof (Berne), 333n.
 Sedanfeier, 120.
 Seeheim-Wolfskenlery (Germany), 104.
 Seine, River, 240, 241, 248.

Ships:

Bakal, 137.
Belgic, 293.
Biñan, 135.
Castilla, XXIX, 196, 197, 198.
Cebu, 188.
City of Rome, 152, 304.
Colon, XXX, 209.
Djemnah, XVI, 56, 57, 73, 131, 181, 283, 285.
España, XXIX, 191, 192, 198.
Gral. Lezo, 194.
Gutenberg, 110.
Haiphong, 133.
Hansa, 112.
Hohenzollern, 107.
Isla de Luzon, 196, 203.
Isla de Panay, XXIX, XXX, 197, 205, 307.
Kiu-Kiang, 143, 144.
Lipa, 137.
Melbourne, 161, 305.
Memnon, 185.
Merkens, 113.

- Niederwald*, 105.
Oceanic, 140, 144, 287.
Otálora, XXIX, 196.
Salvadora, XVI, 42, 43, 51, 56, 179.
Talim, 10.
- Siam, Palace of Rajah of (Singapore), 54.
 Sicily, 71, 127, 161, 220.
 Siebengebirge (Germany), 110n.
 Sils (Spain), 224.
 Singapore, 49, 53, 55, 62, 63, 65, 128, 130, 179, 181, 182, 199, 200,
 211, 227, 307.
 Sistine Madonna of Raphael (Dresden), 122.
 Sitjes Street (Barcelona), 226.
 Socotra, Island of, 169.
 Soledad (Choleng, Rizal's sister), 4n.
 Soma, Adolfo, 134.
 Somalis, 167.
 Sooneck (Germany), Castle of, 108.
 Spain, 78, 117, 118, 120, 124, 151, 159, 196, 206, 232, 240.
 Spanish Congress (Cortes), 87.
 Staedel Institute (Frankfurt), 114.
 Sta. Cruz (Manila), 230.
 St. Lazare (name of a street and railway station, Paris), 153.
 St. Telmo Castle (Italy), 71, 220.
 Statue of Liberty, 151.
 Stockstadt (Germany),
 Stolzenberg (Germany), Castle of, 117.
 Stolzenfels (Germany), castle of, 112.
 Strasbourg (Alsace), 234n, 261, 262.
 Stromboli (volcano), 71, 161, 220.
 Stuttgart (Germany), 332.
 Suez, town, 67, 128, 203; Canal, 68, 69, 70, 128, 163, 164, 203,
 204, 215, 216, 217, 219.
 Sumatra, 129, 158, 176.
 Switzerland, 159, 333.
- Tagalische Verskunst* (Tagalog Art of Versification) by Rizal, 316.
 Talim Island, 10, 49, 148.
 Tanauan (Batangas), 15.
 Tarascon (France), 78, 224.
 Tarlac (Philippines), 187.
 Tarpeian Rock (Rome), 279.
 Taunus River, 114.
 Taytay (Philippines), 6.
 Terrace of Maliloc (Mainz), 105.
 Teschen (Silesia), 324.
 Thuringia, mountains of, 117.
 Tokyo, Japan, 287, 289-291.
 Sudanese, 167.
 Toledo Street (Naples), 71.
 Tolstoi, Lev Nikolaevich, 169.
 Tonya (Spain), 224.
 Tordera (Spain), 224.

- Tours (France), 233.
 Treserra, Father, 160.
 Trinidad (Trining, Rizal's sister), XXV, 46, 196.
 Tuason, María, 198.
 Tuason, Lorenzo, 334.
 Tuckney, Anthony, 134n.
 Turenne, Viscount Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, 244.
 Turin, 281.
 Ubaldo, Silvestre, XXV, 229.
 Uichanco, Dr. Leopoldo B., 104n, 180n, 186n.
 Ulm (Germany), 332; Cathedral of, 332.
 Unamuno, Miguel de, 84n, 100n.
 United States (of America), 154, 155.
 Universidad Central (Madrid), 83n.
 Unkel (Germany), 110.
 Unter den Linden (Berlin), 125, 275-277.
 Utah, State of, 148.
- Valencia (Spain), 271.
 Valenzuela, Leonor, 43n; mother of, 43.
 Valladolid (Spain), 232.
 Vatican, 281.
 Vauban, Marquis, Sebastien de, 244.
 Vendome Column (Paris), 234.
 Venice, 281.
 Ventura, Valentín, 82, 84, 86, 88, 89, 91-94, 101, 193, 265, 346.
 Venus of Milo, 250.
 Vernon (France), 156.
 Versailles, Palace of, 255, 256.
 Vesuvius (volcano), 71, 220, 221.
 Veyra, Jaime C. de, XXIn.
 Victoria School (Hong Kong), 139.
 Vidal, 82, 83.
 Vienna (Austria), 329; Hotel Metropole, 329.
 Vilaclara, Fr., 18.
 Vilajuiga (Spain), 224.
 Vilalta, Fr. Ramón, 227.
 Vilamalla (Spain), 224.
 Villa-Abrille (Francisco), 84, 99.
 Villamor, Enrique, 188.
 Villanueva (Estevan), 82, 83, 86, 87, 89, 91, 92, 93, 95, 101, 230,
 340, 349.
 Viola, Máximo, 311, 314n, 321, 326n, 329, 330n, 336.
 Virchow, Jr. Dr. Hans, 316.
 Virchow, Dr. Rudolf, 316.
 Virgin of Antipolo (Philippines), 3, III.
 Vogels Berg (Germany), 117.
 Volenteri (bishop), 159, 160, 305.
 Voltaire, works of, 99; tomb of, 251; statue of, by Houdon, 251.
 Vosges (mountains), 262.
- Wachtersbach (Germany), 116.
 Waldhof (Germany); 104.

- Wartburg Castle, 117.
Washington, George, relics of, 304.
Wecker, Dr. Louis de (French oculist), 2, 314.
Weibling (Germany), 103.
Weimar (Germany), 118, 119.
Weinboehla (Germany), 124.
Weissenturm (Germany), 108.
William (King & Emperor), 106, 318.
Willkomm, Dr. 329, 330.
Wilwisheim (Germany), 261.
Wolkenburg (mountain), 110n.
Worms (Germany), 104.
Wutha (Germany), 117.
- Yokohama (Japan), 144.
Yo-yo, 304.
Yriarte, (Iriarte) Manuel, 82, 83, 84, 86, 95, 139; Francisco, 255.
Yrun (Spain), 232.
- Zamora, Jacinto, 13n, 306n; Dr. Felipe, 82, 233, 236, 245, 247, 255.
Zebayer Islands, 166.
Zoological Museum (Dresden), 123.

Canal de Suez - Tercera vez

Mis queridos padres. La última q' les escribí fue en etdin antes del dos de octubre. Esta les enterará de lo demás. Bajé en etdin, q' como le habé dicho tal vez es una poblacion de poca importancia es pero que lo es con respecto a los vapores q' toman de el carbon. Esta formada el pueblo por una multitud de montecillos y peñas todas demudas y áridas sin una planta siquiera sobre las que se sientan solitarias y tristes algunas casas blancas si pero de aspecto finette. El suelo, como en sol, es ardiente y duro. un aire empapado en arena abrasadora interrumpe de cuando en cuando el silencio de sus bien hechas pero demertas calles. De trecho en trecho y como esforzándose en dar vida a aquellos parages, se ven casucillos de andar majestuosos y acompesados, altos y grandes formando contraste con los humildes arcos, algunos muy bajitos, como me pueros, de paso precipitados y medio al trote. Por todas partes la muerte, ni una raiz ni una hoja. El hombre solo, tal vez para dar una muestra de su poder, habita allí donde el vegetal no puede pero ay! u solo para dar

el espectáculo de su ruina y de su de-
gradacion, obligado como está de disputar
la existencia al granito. Pero el poder in-
gles se muestra digno de su nombre y
allí abre dos hermosos túneles uno de
ellos tan largo como de la casa de Epin
Danday hasta la de mi Cuñado Charia-
no y el otro es una ciudad menor. Estos ho-
radan la piedra viva y estando uno en
medio del primero se encuentra en la os-
curidad completa. Por alguna casualidad
se ve un espacio de terreno grande como
un plato, en donde reverdece un poquito
de yerba era aquello un fenómeno y lla-
maba la atención de todos. Dentro de la po-
sibilidad ya se ven algunos ramitos crecibles
y raquitos de los que el mas alto no pasa
de tres varas. Pero ademas de los túneles
hay otros cosas que llaman la atención de
los viajeros y son las cisternas o depósitos de
agua: Estas son unas cavidades grandes, flan-
queadas de estuco, formadas por el monte
y un muro que con la roca forma un re-
ceptáculo. Figúrense. V. unas cines presas
con la pared que en vez de ser piedra de
allí es granito durísimo con el monte gra-
nito que hay por todo blanqueado con cu-
verjos de piedra y en vicieras de gran-

to tambien muy bien hechas. Allí lado de éstas en vez de los platanos de abajo q' hay allí, un plantitas cuyas hojas pueden contarse y unas letras que prohiben cogerse una flor ni una hoja en vez de las aguas y de sus tremores y bulliciones salto, nada, sequedad completa ni una gota siquiera, un sol ardentísimo. Allí en un paraje hay un pozo de cerca de cien varas de profundidad cuyo fondo no se ve y de donde sacan cinco duros el agua que tarda en subir del fondo a la superficie unos dos minutos.

En las tiendas se encuentran pieles de leopardo, pantera, leopardos, hienas y plisuras de avestruz y algunos chiquillos cuyo oficio es abanicar a los viajeros.

De Otden, pueblo de los grandes bujos y m. dados que ocogen una moneda en el otomanos el rumbo de Suez por el mar rojo. En el primer día hacia un calor horrible muchos se desmayaron hasta un rizo del vapor. En los siguientes bujos bastante fresco y la navegación fue buena. Vimos el monte Sinai Egipto etc. Encontramos tambien muchos vapores. El 2 de Junio llegamos a Suez.

Vimos un vaporcito y nos sujetó a una causa sentena de 24 horas. No salimos. Esto fue por los holandeses q' vienen de Java. El tres de Junio vino el medio turco a reconocer el vapor y los enfermos y a fumigarlos y desinfectarlos. Este nos anunció la seuella en Egipto causada por Bari-Bes ministro. d 8 ...

quien tiene encerrado al Hedive en su palacio. Parece que hay un golpe de mano. El es partidario del ministro como toda la Armada. Estable' conversacion con él en frances y supi' de él que fue educado en Paris donde estudió la medicina, viajó por Italia, Grecia y Alemania. Es de ideas avanzadas y cuando le satisfacian sus preguntas respondiendo: Me preguntó, como iba el Japon, creyendo ser yo japonés. - Al fin salimos de Suq y entramos en el Canal, no sin habernos visto visitado los mercados de Suq vendiendo trigo, dátiles y otras cosas, como cirios, rosas etc.

El Canal, abierto en medio de aquel desierto de arena y piedra tiene 85 kilómetros de largo y de ancho unas ochenta varas, probablemente. - Un barco que se varó en medio no impidió el paso y un pararon tres dias, días de fastidio y monotonía. Al fin esta mañana seguimos y creo que llegaremos en Port Sand probablemente no llegaremos a Marsella sino el 16.

Estoy muy bueno de salud y el invierno frío que hace duda que llegamos a Suq esto es cinco días me ha puesto grueso. Estoy que no quepo dentro de mí. Esto hego más que paraarme continuamente porque no quede uno venturo por mucho tiempo.

Voy a darles a V. la descripción así así del canal. Esta no es recta en toda su extensión. Tiene curvas pero pequeñas

a sus alrededores en un lago por donde
se supone. por los Moros, y entre otras cosas
en el desierto. Através en su camino los
lago. A ambos orillos, todos amarillos, blan-
cos, en donde es una verdadera alhaja en
párate u levantan sus estancias de tela
grueso colocados de trecho en trecho. He-
mos visto un joven mendigo comiendo
en la arena y persiguiendo al vapor por u-
ger una galleta que si le tiraban ó no.
Un viajero en su camello y dos mag-
níficos Caballos árabes. Uno de ellos, mon-
tado por un aduanero. llamaba la aten-
cion de todo el mundo. Aqui se proba-
do paseros, albanicoques y alvencendinos. He-
mos visto el Curioso espectáculo del
espejismo, que es ver en el desierto
mares, islas que se reflejan en estos
y no obstante no sentir nada de ellos

Espero recibir carta de V. V. antes de
fin de este mes en Barcelona. Reputo
que estoy bien de salud, lo mismo de
señal de V. V. - Los extranjeros, que en su
colonia tienen muy oprimidos á los...
no quieren creer que yo sea indio, otro
que yo soy japonés. Cuenta muchos Traba-
jo hacen creer la verdad.

Ben digan V. V. á un hijo que jamás
se olvida
Fijid P. D. A sus hermanas

Paris - 5 de Julio de 1883 - Rue de Rennes 114
Quartier Louis.

Mis queridos padres y hermanos. En mi carta anterior del 21 ó 22 de junio les di algunas ligeras noticias acerca de los varios edificios y monumentos que he visto en esta gran Ciudad. Con motivo de salir mañana un correo para esas regiones, les escribo esta para seguir dándoles algunas ideas si quieren ligeros de todo lo que después he visto.

Paréceme que en la anterior carta debí escribir sobre la visita del jardín de aclimatación. Comenzó a irse pues por el Bosé de Linon. Este es un teatro á libro como otro cualquiera destinado á representaciones juveniles de las piezas, situado allí al final del vi de la Cruz de la Iglesia. La sala que allí trabajan son del género de Chisrin aunque inferiores en mérito y en silencio á la del Conservatorio italiano. Sin embargo, á pesar de que París es una capital de inmensas diversiones, y á pesar de la mediocridad y poca importancia de este espectáculo el teatro tiene siempre un lleno á veces no caber, debido sin duda á los esfuerzos que se hacen para invitarlo y de muchos autores y actores. A que irnos para ver se dan la cita.

El panorama nacional es como todo el mundo se acuerda de los de Marula ya un tiempo en tiempos anteriores parece formar parte de

tena tibia y ~~aprovechada~~ solamente que es el de Pa-
ris se ve lo que era en tiempo de la guerra franco-
prusiana. Es la Batalla de Champaigny y los horrores
dentro del pueblo de Paris. Este granorama como el
Circulo de la Luna y como el Palacio de la Industria están
todos en los Campos Eliseos de Monte. Pisto.

El Palacio de la Industria es un edificio muy gran-
de construido en 1855 destinado a varias exposiciones
de artes y oficios. La entrada suele costar 2 frs. o 50
céntimos los domingos y jueves. Allí vi una exposicion
de pintura japonesa y muchos hombres y mujeres
principalmente los artistas extranjeros tomándome
por uno del Japon se me acenaban y me pedian
noticias acerca de aquello yo les daba y les decia todo
lo que podia saber y cuando podia me escapaba
por la historia del Japon y su constitucion antigua
y moderna. Hablaba algo de los artistas japoneses en
ya biografia sabia como con Kotsugueu, Senko, Koun-
pōete. Me preguntaban sobre los procedimientos y se
quedaban encantados. Pero he aqui que a una de
aquellas señoras se le ocurre preguntarme qué queria
decir aquellos caracteres escritos debajo de los cuadros,
y me veo en gran apuro, pues temiendo que hubiere
entre los varios visitantes alguno que estuviere in-
teraido en los Caracteres japoneses, me podian cojer.

(4)
contiene. Son enfermos son mucha como el del
Duché. se ve un gran número y muchos se aguan-
to. Es verdaderamente un ails para la enfermedad. tiene
magníficas galerías para el paso de los conductos.
El Museo de Orfila es de una gran utilidad y muy interesante
para los alumnos de medicina allí se ven Estudios
de anatomía. heur una y compran de heur
en un último secreto, desde el ena u al gigante, desde
el pez hasta el hombre. desde la célula al órgano. allí
hay una mesa hecha por un italiano u regalada
según creo, a Napoleon III. Esta mesa está compuesta
de ligados, tripas, uros, carnes, pulmones y orejas del
hombre. El sabio italiano ha sabido endurecerlos de tal
modo que son tan duros como si fueren una mera de
Amaramol y estas difíciles sustancias del organismo
humano forman Capítulos dibujos sin embargo
yo creo que hay muchas personas que no se atreven
a comer en aquella mesa. Este procedimiento u ignorar
su secreto se ha perdido al parecer. allí también
está el retrato de un cibe ena u noble en la su
sus mínimos trajes cuando uio apenas tres lo se
ver. Pero la particular de esta mano es que se u
trabudo ni forbado ni de gran la cabeza como la ou
la al contrario muy bien proporcionado una coisual
no una nariz, suaves, pies y pié u para u

nadas y era físico nomía muy agradable y simpá-
tica. Bien que era muy instruido, de un trato muy
afable, y vivió 30 años ó mas. Allí entre varias seme-
llas he visto el casoy (acajou = acachu) así se pronun-
cia) el tangán-tangán, el tuba y el lumtáng. Entrada
gratis todos los días.

El jardín de plantas así llaman un gran terreno
muy cerca del Sena lleno de plantas de diferentes
clases, con museos de Zoología, geología y otros de
esqueletos puramente. Hay también ahí una gran
infinidad de animales. Lo no he podido recorrer
mas que las diferentes plantaciones, ver los patos, gan-
dos, ciervos, seis ó siete tigre, otros bastante leones (una
leona encerrada con un gorila) osos, pañeros, jabalíes,
cerdos, perros, bueyes, orizos, jaguaros, serpientes, cocodr-
illos, tortugas, ochos ó nueve caimanes tendidos
al sol, peces etc etc. Todo esto alimentado y cuidado
en sus diferentes temperamentos, como los boas y ca-
lidos, con mucha de lana, los caimanes en su pe-
queño lago, las tortugas a dem etc etc. El gobierno ha
mandado que se dan cursos de botánica, zoolo-
gía, geología libre y públicamente. Allí hay también
gigantescos esqueletos de ballena, cachalote, y otros
animales. Fuieno volver unos siete veces para ver
los museos. La entrada para el público es gratis.

Lo no sé si lo he dicho ya, y si no, lo diré ahora.
Aquí el público acude a todos los jardines y pa-
reos públicos gratuitos los hombres para pasear o
estudiar, y tambien algunas mugeres; estas llevan
allí un costura, se sientan en los bancos que hay de
bajo de los árboles y allí trabajan mejor que en su
casa y nadie les inquieta; los niños juegan o comen
y no molestan a nadie. Aquí es la primera vez don-
de he visto esto y así pasan el día en los Campos, Uli-
seos, Palais-Royal, Luxemburg, Jardin des Plantes,
etc. &c.

Aquí hay tambien en las calles Water-Clonets =
Gabinet d'aisance (ecuisados) donde por 15 C. de fran-
cisco se despaeta y todavia le dan jabon. Hay una
excesiva limpieza. Esto es muy cómodo en estas gran-
des poblaciones como los urinarios distribuidos a
proporcion q tambien hay en Madrid, gratis.

Del jardin del Luxemburgo no he visto mas q
parte, cuando lo vea otra vez le daré alguna noticia.
El palacio de Luxemburgo no he visto mas que el
Museo de pintura y escultura de las pinturas con-
vivas. Allí hay magníficos cuadros que convicia por
los grabados del mundo ilustrado, estatuas de mar-
mól soberbias que me seria imposible enumerar.
Las principales son las de Salambó, de Juan Bautista

representada por todos los pintores desde Claudio hasta nuestros días y allí se puede estudiar para el arte. Llaman la atención dos cuadros de Le Sueur, el primero de Suerena y Bruto condenando á uno de sus hijos. El padre está sentado, consul, al lado de otro que oculta su cara en su manto; a los pies de Bruto la cabeza de su hijo cuyo cuerpo se llevan los otros; el verdugo está de pie, el otro hijo está dispuesto á morir, suplica con él y ruegan al padre salvar la vida de su hijo. Bruto inflexible, con un silencio y meditado, no atreviéndose á mirar á su hijo con las manos crispadas, está pálido. Es un cuadro sublime. Batallas de Napoleon por Giro, una tudinosa tomada á la luz de la luna y el gran Cuadro de Ruben de Cain y Abel. — En este piso está tambien lo que llaman Galeria de Apolo por una pintura de este tipo en la bóveda, el que no ha visto esta galeria no puede formarse una idea de lo que sería un palacio adornado con profusion, el dorado, la pintura, la escultura, las piedras preciosas se disputan la atención del admirador. En un escritorio.

Hay una sala en donde están expuestos los alhajas, los rejos y los rejos como cetros, coronas, acillos, collares etc. — Otra sala llena de dibujos de los grandes pintores, al lapis, á pluma y á la sepia. 74

Otros llenos de vasos y auroras griegas, romanas, y
etruscas, sacados de Pompeya y otras excavaciones.
Tan numerosos que con ellos habia para abastar
toda la provincia de la Laguna.

En el tercer piso hay tambien pinturas, el de
San Marina, el Chino y el de Sesepe.

Yo creo que para estudiar este Museo bien no basta
ria un año yendo todos los dias: al modo como lo he
superficialmente bastan tres o cuatro dias. Esta abierto
al publico menos los lunes y la entrada es gratuita.
Alli he visto la sala y la alcoba donde murio Enrique
V. Elatabuna de Medici debió recorrer los mismos sitios
que nosotros.

He visto por ultimo el Hôtel de los Tus ácidos don
de estare:

1° La tumba de Napoleon 1° (en la iglesia de San Luis) debajo
la cúpula. La tumba es sencilla, grandiosa, impo-
nente digna del genio del prohombré. sobre una
excavacion circular de 10 o 15 metros de diametro esta
el sarcófago de piedra roja bien pulimentada; nada
dibujos es de una sola pieza, de cuatro metros de largo
2 de ancho, enmarcada en censos. le rodea un laurel
de mosaico y doce colosales estatuas de marfil blan-
co que representan sus mas famosas victorias. Todo a
lto es sencillo y imponente y la luz que viene de la

puesta aumentada aun mas el efecto. Los extranjeros,
así como los ingleses se quedan allí clavados de venera-
ción y respeto. Detrás del altar mayor está la estatua
de esta cripta, de mármol oscuro con dos colosales ca-
pitales llevando corona, cetro, espada, y mundo en
sus cogines. Parece los romanos guardianes: dos gigantes
guardando el sepulcro de un glorioso. Arriba se leen
las palabras de su testamento. Napoleón está rodeado
por las banderas de Bertrando, Duro, terrena, Vankam,
Sórnino y José Bonapartes.

En París se visitan el museo de Estillenia, el de las
armaduras, donde están los de los reyes franceses, los europeos
de los deuses, Enrique y hasta de Napoleón; las ar-
maduras desde las primitivas de piedra hasta las de
metales de la República y del imperio y de la restau-
ración; banderas, trofeos cogidos; cañones, armas japo-
nesas y chinas, trajes de los diferentes guerreros de la oca-
ciana, africa y america, trajes de guerra de los galos, griegos
romanos, todos en figurines. Parece mentira, pero se
encuentran allí los trajes de los salvajes de los pequeños
islas de Borneo, arcos pero los de Filipinas ni siquiera
recuerdos. Hay tambien uno del Emperador de la
China lleno de oro y brillantes, que fue cogido duran-
te la guerra.

74

El hótel de los Inválidos es un gran edificio con

de los pobres soldados; allí hay habitaciones para
5,000 pero no viven mas que unos 600. Todo ahí
respira disciplina y se ven militares ancianos,
sin piernas, brazos etc. es Napoleon 1º vive allí en la
atmosfera y la impresion que produce el aspecto
del conjunto es particular. Deseo que volieras
con el recuerdo, porque yo no se que de volar
tienes sino todo lo que habita la muerte, la vejez
y la desgracia. Hasta hay una estatua de un mariscal
de Napoleon con una pierna amputada. Es
el asilo de los ancianos, víctimas de ajenas pasiones.

Es todo lo que he visto hasta ahora.

Como tú habrás notado estoy ahora en el barrio
latino, porque allá donde estaba antes me costaba
caro, y aquí puedo vivir por menos de seis pesetas
diarias y además la casa es mucho mejor.

Indudablemente, digan lo que quieran, el trato
francés al menos es muy apable en el exterior y
eso se nota no solo en las clases elevadas sino
en las pobres y medianas. Como decía años atrás
solo, porque Lamora y Courmoulin se fueron a
Londres. Mi patrona Madame Lejardier, es de
la clase media, como ancianos allí mi casa
Juliana. Pues bien el primer día que comencé

Tokyo 1^a de Mayo de 1888

Mis queridos padres y hermanos,
Heine aquí en la capital
del Imperio japonés, llevando
de nuevo mi vida solitaria y

me cansa mucho de aquí
el viaje. Apenas instalado
en el Hotel, a los dos minutos
o poco menos, recibí un
aviso del encargado de
negocios de España, suplicando
pasare a su habitación,
yo no sé cómo supo el

mi reciente llegada. Me recibí-
eron él y el secretario muy
caritativamente y hasta ahora
se han portado conmigo de
una manera que no deja
nada que desear.

Yokohama es una problem
inferior a Manila en cuanto
al aspecto exterior. Se ha
cedido un pedazo a los
europeos, pedazo que, creo
llaman "concesion" segun
un viajero. Los japoneses,
como es de suponer, ocupan
la mayor parte, en casas
bajas, raras, como casitas
o jaulas de correjos, muy

limpias, con tabiques de papel,
cortinas blancas en el suelo,
celosías, etc. etc. No arman
ruido, ni oye ruido de
vozes; se sientan en sus
tiendas muy callados.

Las japonesas son bajitas
y gorditas, blancas y con las
mejillas coloradas. Tienen
el pelo muy duro y
grosso que nosotros, poco
he visto con buen gusto de
ellas. Las hay que tienen ojos
Los hombres, se visten
algunos á la europea y se
parecen mucho á los de Europa.

Y Jedo ó Tokyo es muy grande,
dicen que es mas grande

que Paris: tiene un millon
de habitantes. Manila es
mas pequeño, pero esto es
mas imponente, a causa
de sus edificios altos,
y sus calles anchas, y



Wero afectuosamente
la narro a mis padres
y un abrazo a los hermanos
y un abrazo

Love!

Mantenne a Londres, le

Yokio 7 de Abril de 1888.

Mis queridos padres y hermanos:

El 15 de este mes parte para América en el vapor "Edgier" de la "Oriental and Occidental Company". Pienso estar en América algunas semanas y partir de pues para Londres en donde debí encontrarme a fines de Mayo.

Aquí me he detenido algún tiempo mas de lo que pensaba, pues me he parecido el país muy interesante y porque en el porvenir tendremos que vernos y trabajar mucho con el Japon. Estoy aprendiendo el japonés. ya me he acostumbrado y aprendo aunque sea lo que desee. He hecho viajes a pie

q en ferro civil y tambien en
Jinrikisha hacia Utsunomiya,
Nikko, Kofu, Odawara, Torosawa,
Utsunomiya, Miyamoshita, Oshihama,
Atami, Tugisawa, Tanoshima,
Kamakura, Todouka etc. etc.

Las flores brotan en las ramas
de los árboles, las camelias enrojecen
el verde follaje de los jardines, el
cielo y el cuerpo empiezan a ser
un tinte blanco o vaporosamente
rosado al paisaje que los crean
puros y los gigantes en pitones
vibrantes. Los templos estan
situados en estos hermosos sitios
y para el creyente, la entrada
en tales jardines, debe causar
esta impresion que debe producir
al recogimiento y a la meditacion

San Francisco de California

S. S. "Belgic" 29 de Abril 1888.

Mis queridos padres: aquí estamos a la vista de América desde ayer, sin poder desembarcar, puestos en cuarentena, gracia a los 642 chinos que llevamos a bordo, procedentes de Hong Kong, en donde dicen que reina la viruela. Pero la verdadera razón es que, como América es opuesta a la inmigración china y como ahora están haciendo elecciones, el gobierno para tener el voto del pueblo, se muestra ~~reacio a los chinos, y nosotros, sus partidarios.~~ ~~los chinos, mas que a los americanos.~~

El 13 de este mes sali' de Yokohama, dejando el Japon, para mi' muy agradable, apesar de las proposiciones del Encargado de Negocios de España que me ofrecia un empleo en la Legacion hasta el sueldo de 1008 mensuales. En otra ocasion lo hubiera aceptado, pero en este momento seria una locura. Nuestro viaje que duro' 15 dias y horas y en el que tuvimos dos jueves seguidos porque viajamos en direccion opuesta al sol, ha sido bastante bueno: al menos para mi', que jamas pare' otro tan largo sin marearme. La comida mala y causada

Por conducto del Ministro ó del Encargado de Negocios de España, recíbrase V. dos servicios de té y café que mandé hacer expresamente para la familia de lo mejor que se hace en el Japon. El servicio de té es de faïence al estilo del antiguo Kioto; y el servicio de café es de porcelana. Para los connoedores ha de resultar de lo mejor. Segura el Encargado de Negocios, llejárnán allí á su poder sin gasto ninguno, por conducto

~~del Gobierno. Tambien se mandó hacer un servicio de té y café para que se haga con ellas un mueble elegante. El mismo Señor Encargado se pondrá en relacion con mi hermano y le escribirá una carta. Espero que mi hermano se hará cargo suyo, pues le servirá de mucha utilidad para el día que quiera exportar sus artículos al Japon. Que no se olvide de contestarle.~~

A ruego del mismo Señor fui yo á vivir en la misma Legacion con él y con los otros miembros para probarles á los demas que yo no tenia ni vigilancia

mis observaciones, ni recelo de nada. Como tengo
la firme convicción de que obro rectamente
y de que estoy en las manos de Dios, que
me ha guiado y ayudado siempre, no he
tenido nada, y conseguí que me hiciera
amigo de estos señores. Esto sin embargo me
hicieron una triste predicción me dijeron
que "en Filipinas me harían forzosamente
un filibustero."

No aconsejaré a nadie que haga este viaje
de América, pues aquí tienen ~~muchas~~ ~~causas de~~
~~que por cualquiera cosa opiga sus intereses a~~
un impuesto enorme, enorme.

Antes de marcharme del Japon les
envié 10 penetes para que se distribuya entre
mis hermanas. Igualmente suplico que
ya habrán recibido tanto la vacuna como
el retrato de mi pobrecita hermana Olimpia
también a Londres, Billiter Street 12.
Darme noticias acerca de la familia y de
la cuestión de la hacienda, que quiero
gestionar vivamente.

Vivir más desce que se comen
bien hasta que nos volvamos a ver.

que espero verá pronto.

Mero afectuosamente la man

Joré Kijé

400



Mar de Irlanda, á bordo de
La "City of Rome", 24 de Mayo de 1880.

Mis queridos padres y hermanos,
Comienzo a
escribir este carta á bordo con ánimo
de terminarla en tierra cuando
ya esté instalado en Londres.

Salimos de New York el
16 del corriente en el vapor
mas grande del mundo despues
del Great Eastern que es el
mas grande de todo, pero que no
viaja. Para que V. tengan idea
del tamaño de este monstruo,
les dire que tiene tres chimeneas
consumen 300 toneladas de carbon
al dia. Tiene mas de 200 varas de

largo por 18 de ancho, y tiene
12.000 caballo de vapor, por
lo cual tiene 63 calveras.

Solamente el lugar de nuestro
puerto á cubierta cuenta 140 varas.
A bordo se publica un periódico
para los pasajeros una vez durante
el viaje. Los oficiales y marinería
son 276, los pasajeros, señoras, 604.

Hechos tenido un vial viaje
muchas vias, muchos víentos
muchos mareas, por eso
empleamos 8 dias y horas
en el viaje. Este noche llegamos
seguir á Liverpool, desde
donde me ire' á Londres.
A bordo soliamos tener
conciertos, puesto que hay
un piano y un órgano
para el oficio del coro
a bordo.

Supiero tener carta de U, en
Londres

A los señores de U, una
poco de exorta en Memorias
heyan el favor de recomendar
una copia lo mas pronto
posible.

El Comodoro del Vapor tiene 24
varas de largo por 18 de ancho.

En el vapor ^{hay} he hecho de algunos
amigos entre americanos e ingles
y muchas familias. se oye hablar
casi en todo los idiomas cono
Hay dos trayas que no hablan
mas que coningo: un japonés
y un español que no saben
ningun respectivo idioma
El Cap. vol es un joven que
funciona a elijio y trabaja
con unos: en el vapor
de la Compañia un joven

Londres 12 de Junio de 1838

37 Chalios Crescent

Primrose Hill N. W.

A mi llegada aqui me he encontrado
con algunas cartas de Blumentritt
y de Florente pero sin ninguna de
Vd. ni de ninguno de la familia.
Esto me extraña bastante y no adivino
el motivo. Supongo que el correo no debe
tener la culpa en ello. Ahora les cuento
desde mi nueva habitacion cuya direccion
he picado al principio de mi carta. Si
las cartas de Vd. no se han extraviado, puede
embromarse con esta direccion

J. Rizal Esqto.

37 Chalios Crescent

Primrose Hill N. W.

Londres

Inglaterra.

Continuando esta carta, le dire que
despues de Liverpool el mismo dia 24



• donde pase la noche en el Hotel
Hotel (situated en la punta de roca de
tortuga (patas) cuesta mas de un
dure) Liverpool es una poblacion
grande y hermosa y su celebre puerto
es digno de esa gran fama. Es grandota
la entrada y bien dispuestas las adunas.

Me da el dinero 25. pascimos por el
Midland Railway para Londres y el camino
es muy hermosa el terreno cultivado
caritas limpias y bonitas y gran cantidad
de la tarde llegamos a Londres y paramos
en el gran Hotel Midland. Desde allí
me fui a buscar mis cartas, casa etc.
al principio me hospede en el Bedford
City pero despues no me gusto y a la
semana lo deje y me vine aqui a
vivir con una familia particular
No estoy mal; tengo dos cuartos, uno
para dormir, pequeno y abrigado, y otro
para estudiar, escribir y recibir visitas.
La familia consiste de marido y mujer

caenno niñas y dos hijos. Los hijos
se llaman Gertrud (Tottie) Blanche.
(Sissie) Flory y Grace; las dos
primeras que con ya colteras tienen
sus novios; Tottie canta muy bien y
Sissie la acompaña. (Se pronuncia
Toti, Sisi) Los dos hijos, el uno está en plebeo
y el otro canta en la iglesia para y comen
me visto 45 al mes. Un Dr. Inglan
sado es un caso que con otros puntos
de Europa.

Los domingos aquí son muy fastidiosos,
todo está cerrado, no hay ni tiendas ni
teatro y si tocan música es solo la
música religiosa apenas se ve un mal
coche atravesar las calles. Los domingos
por la tarde he pasado en casa de un
doctor alemán que tiene una colección
de libros sobre Filipinas y que es muy
amable. Allí tomé el ^{café} con la
familia. Este señor que se llama
Doctor Rost ha pagado por una
Gramática Facula del P. Ortíz la

canarios de 40 pesos: tengo ahora
aquí la gramática pues me la ha
prestado.

Por el correo este envío á Eusebio
sus ojos; tengo que enviarle ojos ingleses
pues aun no me he ido á Francia.
Mas adelante le enviaré ojos franceses.
Aquí hay escopetas muy buenas,
de cara; si mis cuñados les quieren
que me escriban: su precio no pasa
de 700; las hay mas baratas.

Díganme si han recibido todo
lo que yo les he enviado, cartas, retrato
de mi hermano Olimpio, peyner,
vacuna etc etc. Escríbanme
para que yo no crea que se pierden
las cartas.

Tambien pueden hacer, dirigirme
las cartas con un robe por el Consul
de España

21 Billiter Street E.C.
London.

En mi, afectos a todos, que continúan
unidos y en buena armonía

su hijo y hermano. su h.
ami ~~intimamente~~

Wrestling

409



Jose Rizal reminiscences and
travels



NATIONAL HISTORICAL
COMMISSION OF THE PHILIPPINES
www.nhcp.com.ph