

Political And Historical Writings

by

JOSE RIZAL



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FOREWORD

The Jose 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, Jose 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 Tangere* 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 Jose Rizal National Centennial Commission takes pleasure to present to the reading public—to know from his own works who Jose 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

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Assembled in this volume, the seventh in the Rizal Centennial Edition, are Rizal's articles, essays, and documents of an historical and political nature, in English translation, arranged in chronological order, as far as the dates of their production or publication can be ascertained, together with the facsimile of the extant manuscripts have been found.

These writings deal with a variety of subjects concerning the Filipinos and their multitudinous problems—political, economic, social, and religious. Shining through them all is Rizal's passionate love of his native land.

Soon after his arrival in Spain in June 1882, when he was barely twenty-one years old, he wrote the essay, "El Amor Patrio" (Love of Country) in lyrical prose and steeped with love of country, "the greatest, the most heroic, the most disinterested" of all loves, he wrote, and he exhorted everyone to love his country. First published in the *Diariang Tagalog* (20 Aug. 1882) of Manila, it earned him the warm praises of his countrymen. In "Tears and Laughter" Rizal muses in sarcastic tone over the education he received in the Philippines and the injustice of the Spanish colonial regime.

Some of the pieces in this volume are journalistic articles mostly published for the first time in *La Solidaridad*, the Filipino fortnightly first published at Barcelona and afterwards at Madrid from 1889 to 1896. Such are "Los agricultores filipinos" (Filipino Farmers), "Como se gobiernan las Filipinas" (How the Philippines is Governed), "A La Defensa (To La Defensa)", "A La Patria" (To La Patria), "Seamos Justos" (Let Us Be Just), "Ensañamiento" (Cruelty), "Una esperanza" (A Hope), "Filipinas en el Congreso" (The Philippines at the Congress), to mention some. Although they deal with problems that have lost their immediacy, they nevertheless can serve to illumine the gradually dimming Spanish colonial period in Philippine history. Moreover, they give us the Filipino point of view on the vital questions that stirred the country at that time. Their historical value may be better appreciated if we bear in mind that few Filipino voices could then be heard, owing to the total absence of a free press. Among the few voices—and an exceptionally courageous one—was that of Rizal, who was able to publish his writings and thus leave behind him a literary legacy,

because he was abroad, in Europe, beyond the reach of the clutches of the colonial authorities in the Philippines.

Two other works in this collection are very well known, the lengthy historical essays, "*La indolencia de los filipinos*" (The Indolence of the Filipinos) and "*Filipinas dentro de cien años*" (The Philippines a Century Hence), both of which first appeared in series in *La Solidaridad*. In "*The Indolence of the Filipinos*", Rizal manifests a sensitive appreciation of the interplay of natural and human factors, of the workings of climate on man, of the political order upon the individual. This essay is a deep and perceptive analysis of political and social conditions obtaining during the Spanish colonial era. Rizal's brilliant historical imagination can be appreciated in "*The Philippines a Century Hence*", notable for his persuasive interpretation of the past experience of the Filipinos and his vision of their future.

Also included in this collection is his celebrated message to the young women of Malolos, "*Sa mga kababayang dalaga sa Malolos*," written in Tagalog and at the request of Marcelo H. del Pilar, a native of Bulakan, who asked Rizal to send a message to the Malolos young women who won the plaudits of the Filipino reformists in Spain because they had the courage to appeal to the governor general after the powerful parish priest had disapproved their petition for permission to study Spanish under Filipino teachers to be paid by them. Rizal at that time (1889) was already famous and prestigious, principally because of his *Noli me tangere* (1887), a novel with factual background, and his name was on the lips of every Filipino and every Spaniard concerned with the Philippines.

This piece, which has become a classic, is a critical appraisal of the reigning obscurantism in the Philippines, the evidence of the predominance of the friars. It is an appeal addressed to the Filipino women to resist, to combat, so pernicious an influence, and it concludes with some advice whose enduring value and timeliness cannot be easily contradicted.

A wittily ironical piece is "*Reflections of a Filipino*" on what should be the relation between the Filipino liberals and the friars. In contrast is the serious essay on the religiosity of the Filipinos, "*La religiosidad de los filipinos*", which is an honest interpretation of the religious beliefs and practices of the Filipinos in his time, but which have survived to this day to a large extent. "*Instruccion*" (Public Education in the Philippines) is a first-hand account, based

on his personal experience and observation, of the lamentable state of the public schools during his time, with practical suggestions of improving them.

In "Petition of the Town of Calamba" and "Justice in the Philippines", the latter in Rizal's English, are found Rizal's views on the agrarian troubles of the Calamba Estate owned and administered by the Dominican friars. Morally and materially the family and followers of Rizal suffered tremendously in the bitter conflict between the tenants of the estate and the friars.

"Dapitan" relates with glints of playfulness the origin of the name of that town, where he lived for four years as an exile (1892-1896). It seems to be an introduction to a novel he planned to write.

There are three important political documents in this volume—"Notes for My Defense", "Additions to My Defense", and "Manifesto to Some Filipinos"—which throw a bright light on his infamous trial and expose the duplicity of his enemies. The Constitution of the *Liga Filipina*, reprinted here, was cited in his trial and utilized by his enemies to bolster their charge that he engaged in revolutionary activities. Another political document is the defence of his attorney, the Spanish lieutenant of artillery, Luis Taviel de Andrade, which may be found in the appendix. The original of this document was delivered by its author to the Filipino statesman, Mr. Sergio Osmeña, on 17 June 1929 at Sevilla, Spain, when he was visiting that city, and is now the property of the Republic of the Philippines and kept in the Bureau of Public Libraries, Manila.

Among his papers we have found a chronicle of his natal town titled, "Executives of the Town of Calamba", which is a list of important events that occurred in that town during the incumbency of its mayors since it became a municipality in 1742 until 1891. Rizal was not only a devoted student of the general history of the Philippines, but with this piece he showed also his interest in local history, a subject which has not yet received due consideration from Filipino historians.

This collection of Rizal's writings is one more evidence of the wide range of his intellectual interests and of his extraordinary industry in writing down his thoughts, thus enabling posterity to know him better to understand the times during which he lived. His writings truly constitute a *monumentum aere perennius*,

REFLECTIONS OF A FILIPINO

When I contemplate the present struggle between the religious corporations and the advanced groups of my country, when I read the numerous writings published by this and that group in defense of their ideas and principles, I'm prompted to ask myself at times if I, as a son of the country, ought not to take part in the struggle and declare myself in favor of one of the two groups, for I should not be indifferent to anything concerning my native land. Or, if I'm more prudent and have learned my lesson better, my role should be to remain neutral, to witness and watch the struggle, to see which party wins and immediately take its side in order to gather more easily the fruit of victory.

My life has been one of continuous doubting and continuous vacillation. Which party should I side?

Let's examine closely the matter and afterwards we shall see.

What are the advantages of being anti-friar?

Nothing really. The more I analyze the thing the more I find it silly and imprudent. This thing of struggling so that the country may progress... the country will progress if it can and if it cannot, no. Moreover, what do I care if the coming generation would enjoy more or less freedom than I, have better or worse education, if there be justice for all or there be none... The question is that I, my number one, don't have a bad time; the question is the present. A bird in hand is worth more than one hundred flying, says the proverb.¹ Charity begins at home, says another. Here I have two proverbs in my favor and there's not even half a proverb against me. For the present, in fighting the religious orders, one risks being imprisoned or exiled to some island... Well, not so bad. I like traveling to know the islands, a thing that cannot be done better than by going as an exile. Passports are unnecessary and one travels more safely. Go to jail? Bah, everybody goes to jail. In that way, one gets free house, for as it is, there I don't pay. Deportation and jail are nothing, but if... if number one is finished, if they take advantage of a mutiny and they charge me as its leader.

A satirical essay by Rizal entitled *Pensamientos de un Filipino*. It is unsigned and without date. In the opinion of the hero's nephew, Dr. Leoncio López Rizal, it was written in Madrid between 1883 and 1885. The original is in the Bureau of Public Libraries.

¹ Literal translation. In English: A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

I'm tried by a council of war and they send me to the other life?² Hm! It's a serious matter to be an anti-friar. What do I care if the friars don't want the education of the country? They must have a reason. I agree with them. Since I was a child, I have had a hard time going to school and a harder time getting out of it... because the teacher at times kept me a prisoner. Let there be a vote on the matter and see how all the children will vote for the friars, asking for the suppression of every kind of teaching... That the friars oppose the teaching of Spanish... and what's the matter with that? For what do we need Spanish? To know the beautiful stories and theories of liberty, progress, and justice and afterwards get to like them? To understand the laws, know our rights and then find in practice other laws and other things different from them. Of what use is the knowledge of Spanish? We can speak to God in all languages... if it were Latin I say, well. The curate says that God listens first to the prayers in Latin before those in Tagalog. That's why Masses are in Latin and the curates live in abundance and we the Tagalogs are badly off. But, Spanish? To understand the insults and swearing of the civil guards? For this purpose there's no need to know Spanish. It's enough to understand the language of the butt of guns and have the body a little sensitive. And of what use is it to us since we are forbidden to reply, because one can be accused of resisting authority and because the very same civil guard tries the accused, a prison sentence is certain. The truth is that I like to travel and see the islands, though tied elbow to elbow.³ In this matter of not teaching Spanish, I agree with the friars. Now, they may say this and that about the friars, that they have many women, paramours, that they don't respect married women, widows, or maidens and the like. On this matter I have my private opinion. I say if one can have two, three, and four women, why should he not have them? Women are to blame. Besides there's something good about the curate. He does not let his paramours die of hunger, as many men do, but he supports them, dresses them well, protects their families, and leaves a good bequest to his daughters or nieces. And if there's any sin in it, he'll absolve them at once and without great penance. Frankly speaking, if I were a woman, and I had to prostitute myself, I would do it to a curate... for the time being, I'll be the paramour of a semi-Jesus Christ, or of a successor of God on earth. In this regard, I believe that the enemies of the friars are merely envious. They say that they monopolize all the estates, get all the people's money. The Chinese do the same. In this world,

2 This was what happened to the author, Rizal. Read his biography.

3 The common practice in transporting prisoners under the Spanish regime

he who can enrich himself, enriches himself, and I suppose that a friar for the mere fact of being a friar is not less of a man. Why then should not the Chinese and the merchants be persecuted? Moreover, who knows? Perhaps they take away our money to make us poor so that we may quickly get to heaven. Still we have to thank them for their solicitude. They are also accused of selling dear their scapulars, belts, candles, rosaries, and other things. This is to complaint just for the sake of complaining. Let him buy who wants to buy, he who doesn't don't. Every trader sells his merchandise at the price he likes. The Chinese sells his *tinapa*⁴ sometimes two for a centavo, and at other times, three for two centavos. If we tolerate this practice of the Chinese dealer, why should we not tolerate that of the curate-trader of scapulars? Is the curate perchance less of a man than the Chinese? I say it is purely ill will. Let them shout and say that with his money and power the friar imposes on the government; what does it matter to me? What do I care if this or that one should give the order if after all I'll have to obey? Because, if the curate doesn't give the orders, any corporal of the carabineers will do so, and everything would be the same. In the final analysis, I see no reason whatsoever to go against the friar curates.

Let's see now if there are advantages in siding with them against the liberal Filipinos.

The friars say that these are all atheists... that I don't know I know only one called Mateo, but it doesn't matter. They say that they will all go to hell... Frankly, though we ought not to judge harshly anyone, the successor of *Christ on earth* is exempt from this injunction. He should know better than anybody else where we are going after death, and if he doesn't know, I say that nobody will know it better. The friars exile many of their enemies; of this I can't or I shouldn't complain. I had a lawsuit and I won it because it happened that my adversary was an anti-friar and he was exiled when I was almost in despair of winning the case, for I had no more money to bribe the desk officials and to present horses to the judge and the governor. God is most merciful! They charged administratively Captain Juan, who had a very pretty daughter whom he forbade to go to the convent to kiss the curate's hand. Well done! That's doubting the holiness of the curate and he truly deserved deportation. Moreover, what's he going to do with his daughter? Why guard her so carefully if, after all, she's not going to be a nun? And even if she had to be a nun, don't certain rumors some-

⁴ A small dried fish, a popular food of the Filipinos.

where around say the nuns of St. Claire⁵ and the Franciscan friars understand each other very well? What's bad about that? Aren't the nuns the wives of Jesus Christ? Aren't the friars his successors? Why so many women for him alone? Nothing, nothing, the friars are right in everything and I'm going to side with them against my countrymen. The Filipino liberals are anti-Spaniards, so the friars say, and I don't wish to be anti-Spaniard. The proof that they are is... that the friars say so. But, if the liberals win? If, tired, persecuted, and desperate for so much jailing and exiling, they throw all caution to the wind, they arm themselves as in Spain, behead their enemies, killing them in revenge for acts that they call violent and brutal, for so many imprisonments, exiles, and executions committed upon their orders? And if all this happen and they win? Then their revenge may also reach me. Here! Here! Let's consider well if this is possible.

Is a massacre of the friars possible in the Philippines? Is it possible here a slaughter to that which occurred in Spain thirty years ago as they say? No, a Filipino never attacks one who is unharmed, one who is defenseless. We see it among boys who are fighting. The biggest one does not use all his superior strength but fights the smallest with only one arm; he doesn't start the attack before the other one is ready. No, the *Indio*⁶ may be stupid, simple, fanatical, and whatever one may say, but he always retains a certain gentlemanly instinct. He has to be very, very much offended, he has to be in the last stage of despair to engage in assassinations and massacres of a similar kind. But, if they should do the friars what the friars did to the heretics on St. Bartholomew's Day in France? History says that the Catholics took advantage of the night when the heretics were gathered in Paris and beheaded and assassinated them... If the anti-friar Filipinos, fearing that the friars may do to them what they did in France, take advantage of the lesson and go ahead. Holy God! If in this supreme struggle for survival, seeing that their lives, property, and liberty are in danger, they should stake everything and allow themselves to be carried away by excesses, by the terror that present circumstances inspire? Misfortune of misfortunes! What would then become of me if I side now with the friars? The best course is not to decide. So long as the government does not appease the minds of the people, it's bad to take part in these affairs. It might be desirable to deport, to send to the

⁵ At Manila there was a monastery called Monasterio de Santa Clara, where a limited number of nuns lived, dedicated to a contemplative life. Rizal alludes to current stories about nuns and friars. See Rizal's *El Filibusterismo*.

⁶ The name given by the Spaniards to the native of the Philippines. It has a humiliating connotation.

gallows all the liberal Filipinos to extirpate the seed... but, their sons, their relatives, their friends... the conscience of the whole country? Are there today more anti-friars than before 1872?⁷ Every Filipino prisoners or exile opens the eyes of one hundred Filipinos and wins as many for his party. If they could hang all the Filipinos and leave only the friars and me to enjoy the country, that would be the best but... then I'll be the slave of all of them. I'll have to work for them, which would be worse. What is to be done? What is the government doing? Liberalism is a plant that never dies, said that damned Rizal... Decidedly I'll remain neutral: Virtue lies in the middle ground.

Yes, I'll be neutral. What does it matter to me if vice or virtue should triumph if I shall be among the vanquished? The question is to win, and a sure victory is a victory already won. Wait for the figs to ripen and gather them. See which party is going to win, and when they are already intoning the hymn, I join them and I sing louder than the rest, insult the vanquished, make gestures, rant so that the others may believe in my ardor and the sincerity of my convictions. Here's true wisdom! That the fools and the Quijotes allow themselves to be killed so that their ideals may triumph; I wish them to kill themselves so that mine may triumph. Their ideal is justice, equality, liberty! My ideal is to live in peace and plenty! Which is more beautiful and more useful, freedom of the press, for example, or a stuffed capon? Which are greater, equal rights or some cartridges equally full of gold coins? Equality for equality, I prefer the equality of money which can be piled up and hidden. Let the friars win, let the liberals win, the question is to come to an understanding afterwards with the victors. What do I care about the native land, human dignity, progress, patriotism? All that is worthless if one has no money!

⁷ The year when the three martyred priests, Burgos, Gómez, and Zamora, were garrotted for supposed complicity in the Cavite Mutiny of 1872.

IN HONOR OF TWO FILIPINO PAINTERS

DR. JOSE RIZAL

(At a banquet in honor of Luna and Hidalgo, Madrid, June 25, 1884)

In rising to speak I have no fear that you will listen to me with superciliousness, for you have come here to add to ours your enthusiasm, the stimulus of youth, and you cannot but be indulgent. Sympathetic currents pervade the air, bonds of fellowship radiate in directions, generous souls listen, and so I do not fear for my humble personality, nor do I doubt your kindness. Sincere men yourselves; you seek only sincerity, and from that height, where noble sentiments prevail, you give no heed to sordid trifles. You survey the whole field, you weigh the cause and extend your hand to whomsoever like myself, desires to unite with you in a single thought, in a sole aspiration: the glorification of genius, the grandeur of fatherland!

Such is, indeed, the reason for this gathering. In the history of mankind there are names which in themselves signify an achievement—which call up reverence and greatness; names which, like magic formulas, invoke agreeable and pleasant ideas; names which come to form a compact, a token of peace, a bond of love among the nations. To such belong the names of Luna and Hidalgo: Their splendor illuminates two extremes of the globe—The Orient and the Occidental, Spain and the Philippines. As I utter them, I seem to see two luminous arches that rise from either region to blend there on high, impelled by the sympathy of a common origin, and from that height, to unite two people with eternal bonds; two people whom the seas and space vainly separate; two people among whom do not germinate the seeds of disunion blindly sown by men and their despotism. Luna and Hidalgo are the pride of Spain as of the Philippines—though born in the Philippines, they might have been born in Spain, for genius has no country; genius bursts forth everywhere; genius is like light and air, the patrimony of all: cosmopolitan as space, as life and God.

The Philippines' patriarchal era is passing, the illustrious deeds of its sons are not circumscribed by the home; the oriental chrysalis is quitting its cocoon; the dawn of a boarder day is heralded for those regions in brilliant tints and rosy dawn-hues; and that race,

lethargic during the night of history while the sun was illuminating other continents, begins to wake, urge by them electric shock produced by contact with the occidental people, and begs for light, life, and the civilization that once might have been its heritage, thus conforming to the eternal laws of constant evolution, of transformation, of recurring phenomena, of progress.

This you know well and you glory in it. To you is due the beauty of the gems that circle the Philippines' crown; she supplied the stones, Europe the polish. We all contemplate proudly: you, your work; we the inspiration, the encouragement, the materials furnished.

They imbibed there the poetry of nature—nature grand and terrible in her cataclysms, in her transformations, in her conflicting forces; nature sweet, peaceful and melancholy in her constant manifestation—unchanging; nature that stamps her seal upon whatsoever she creates or produces. Her sons carry it wherever they go. Analyze, if not her characteristics, then her works; and little as you may know that people, you will see her in everything moulding its knowledge, as the soul that everywhere presides, as the spring of the mechanism, as the substantial form, as the raw material. It is impossible not to show what one feels; it is impossible to be one thing and to do another. Contradictions are apparent only; they are merely paradoxes. In *El Spoliarium*—on that canvas which is not mute—is heard the tumult of the throng, the cry of slaves, the metallic rattle of the armor on the corpses, the sobs of orphans, the hum of prayers, with as much force and realism as is heard the crash of the thunder amid the roar of the cataracts, or the fearful and frightful rumble of the earthquake. The same nature that conceives such phenomena has also a share in those lines.

On the other hand, in Hidalgo's work there are revealed feelings of the purest kind; ideal expression of melancholy, beauty and weakness—victims of brute force. And this is because Hidalgo was born beneath the dazzling azure of that sky, to the murmur of the breezes of her seas, in the placidity of her lakes, the poetry of her valleys and the majestic harmony of her hills and mountains.

So in Luna we find the shades, the contrasts, the fading lights, the mysterious and the terrible, like an echo of the dark storms of the tropics, its thunderbolts, and the destructive eruptions of its volcanoes. So in Hidalgo we find all is light, color, harmony, feeling, clearness; like the Philippines on the moonlight nights, with her horizons that invite to meditation and suggest infinity. Yet both of them—although so different—in appearance, at least, are

fundamentally one; just as our hearts beat in unison in spite of striking differences. Both, by depicting from their palettes the dazzling rays of the tropical sun, transform them into rays of unfading glory with which they invest the fatherland. Both express the spirit of our social, moral and political life; humanity subjected to hard trials, humanity unredeemed; reason aspiration in open fight with prejudice, fanaticism and injustice; because feeling and opinion make their way through the thickest walls, because for them all bodies are porous, all are transparent; and if the pen fails them and the printed word does not come to their aid, then the palette and the brush not only delight the view but are also eloquent advocates.

If the mother teaches her child her language in order to understand its joys, its needs, and its woes; so Spain, like that mother, also teaches her language to Filipinos, in spite of the opposition of those purblind pygmies who, sure of the present, are unable to extend their vision into the future, who do not weigh the consequences.

Like sickly nurses, corrupted and corrupting these opponents of progress pervert the heart of the people. They sow among them seeds of discord, to reap later the harvest, a deadly nightshade of future generations.

But, away with these woes! Peace to the dead, because they are dead—breath and soul are lacking them; the worms are eating them! Let us not invoke their sad remembrance; let us not drag their ghastliness into the midst of our rejoicing! Happily, brothers are more—generosity and nobility are innate under the sky of Spain—of this you are all patent proof. You have unanimously responded, you have cooperated, and you would have done more had more been asked. Seated at our festal board and honoring the illustrious sons of the Philippines, you also honor Spain, because, as you are well aware, Spain's boundaries are not the Atlantic or the Bay of Biscay or the Mediterranean—a shame would it be for water to place a barrier of her greatness, her thought. Spain is there—there where her beneficent influence is exerted; and even though her flag should disappear, there would remain her memory—eternal, imperishable. What matter the guns and cannon; there where a feeling of love, of affection, does not flourish—there where there is no fusion of ideas, harmony of opinion?

Luna and Hidalgo belong to you as much as to us. You love them, you see in them noble hopes, valuable examples. The Filipino youth of Europe—always enthusiastic—and some other per-

sons whose hearts remain ever young through the disinterestedness and enthusiasm that characterize their actions, tender Luna a crown, a humble tribute—small indeed compared to our enthusiasm—but the most spontaneous and freest of all the tributes yet paid to him.

But the Philippines' gratitude toward her illustrious sons was yet unsatisfied; and desiring to give free run to the thoughts that settle her mind, to the feelings that overflow her heart, and to the words that escape from her lips, we have all come together here at this banquet to mingle our vows, to give shape to that mutual understanding between races which love and care for each other, united morally, socially and politically for the space of four centuries, so that they may form in the future a single nation in spirit, in the duties, in aims, in rights.

I drink, then, to our artist Luna and Hidalgo, genuine and pure glories of two people. I drink to the persons who have given them aid on the painful road of art! I drink that the Filipino youth—sacred hope of my fatherland— may imitate such valuable examples; and that the mother Spain, solicitous and heedful of the welfare of her provinces, may quickly put into practice the reforms she has so long planned. The furrows is laid out and the land is not sterile! And finally, I drink to the Happiness of those parents who, deprived of their sons' affection, from those distant regions follow them with moist gaze and throbbing hearts across the seas and distance; sacrificing on the altar of the common good, the sweet consolations that are so scarce in the decline of life—precious and solitary flowers that spring up on the borders of the tomb.

ORDER OF THE MARQUIS OF MALINTA

The Marquis of Malinta, by the grace of God and of his wife, the Marquise of Lotteries, Sultan of the Philippines, etc., etc.

To Whom it may concern:

Whereas, since the 4th of June last, when I took charge of this Philippine Archipelago, I have become convinced of its decadent state, that it is imperative to use an efficacious remedy;

Therefore, taking into account the financial necessities that have compelled me to cross the seas in order to improve the exploitation of this Archipelago, I ordain and command:

1. That there be established houses of *chapidiki*¹ with the moderate tax P150 daily for each house.

2. It remains absolutely prohibited to speak of morality with respect to this wise and paternal order.

3. That the convents, being mines for the impudent who know how to exploit them, it is prohibited for the present and while the friars come one by one, to attack in any sense this divine institution.

It is permitted to speak of the friars only in terms of praise and eulogy; and he who would infringe or attempt to infringe this order by act, word or thought will be liable to the penalties imposed upon a traitor to the mother country.

4. The tickets of the Philippine Lottery cannot be sold at the price list, my Most Excellent Marquise of Lotteries being in charge of the management and exploitation of this business for her benefit.

5. In charge of the strict fulfillment of these orders are all the sabermen under my command and it is recommended that they sharpen carefully their respective sabers; and that the censor of the press do not let out of his hand the red pencil, the savior of religion and the highest interests of this command.

¹ Game of chance. The gambling houses were a source of income of the officialdom

Given at my Palace of Malinta and countersigned by my Reverend Secretary on the 30th of November 1888.

The Marquis of Malinta

By order of His Excellency,
Father Salvadorcito Filont²
Secretary

2 In a satirical writing entitled "By Telephone" Rizal called him *Tont* which lacks only one letter, "o" to make it *tonto*, the Spanish for "stupid". He was Father Salvador Font of the Order of St. Augustine who, as parish-priest of Tondo, Manila, was notorious for his defiance of the rules of his Order. In 1887 he was asked by the University of Santo Tomas to censure Rizal's *Noli me tângere* and he rendered an adverse report branding Rizal as a heretic and blasphemer. But it was known that he picked from the novel the most stinging passages and published them first privately and later he printed a large number which circulated freely in Spain. He hid his identity under the *nom de plume* of "A Spaniard of long residence in the Philippines."

In 1889 Father Font was appointed by the Augustinians their representative in Spain. (E. Alzona)

A printed handbill attributed to Rizal.

MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF MALOLOS

Europe, February 1889

To My Countrywomen:

When I wrote the *Noli me tangere* I pondered long on whether or not courage was a common virtue of the young women of our country. Though I searched my memory diligently, though I recalled one by one all the young women I have known since childhood, only a few conformed to the ideal I longed for. It is true there were many endowed with sweet disposition, beautiful habits, gentle manners, modesty but withal were mingled complete deference and obedience to every word and request of the so-called *fathers of the soul*—as if the soul had any other father but God—due to their excessive goodness, humility, or perhaps ignorance. They are like withered plants, sowed and grown in the darkness. Though they may bloom, their flowers are without fragrance; though they may bear fruit, their fruit has no juice.

However, now that news arrived here of what occurred in your town of Malolos, I realized that I was wrong, and my joy was beyond bounds. I should not be blamed, for I did not know the town of Malolos nor its young women, except one Emilia and this one only by name.

Now that you have responded to our vehement clamor for public welfare; now that you have shown a good example to your fellow young women who, like you, desire to have their eyes opened and to be lifted from their prostration, our hope is roused, now we are confident of victory. The Filipino woman no longer bows her head and bends her knees; her hope in the future is revived; gone is the mother who helps to keep her daughter in the dark, who educates her in self-contempt and moral annihilation. It is no longer the highest wisdom to bow the head to every unjust order, the highest goodness to smile at an insult, to seek solace in humble tears. You have found out that God's command is different from that of the priest, that piety does not consist in prolonged kneeling, long prayers, large rosaries, soiled scapulars, but in good conduct, clean conscience, and upright thinking. You have also discovered that it is

not goodness to be too obedient to every desire and request of those who pose as little gods, but to obey what is reasonable and just, because blind obedience is the origin of crooked orders and in this case both parties sin. The head or the priest cannot say that he alone will be responsible for the wrong order because God gave each one his own mind and his own conscience so that he can distinguish between right and wrong. All are born without chains, free, and no one can subject the will and spirit of another. Why would you submit to another your nable and free thought? It is cowardice and an error to believe that blind obedience is piety and it is arrogance to think and to reflect. Ignorance is ignorance and not goodness and honor. God, fountain of wisdom, does not except man, created in his image, to allow himself to be fooled and blinded. The gift of reason with which we are endowed must be brightened and utilized. An example is the father who gave each of his sons a lamp to light his way in the darkness. Let them intensify its flame, take care of it, not extinguish it to depend on the light of others, but to help one another, seek each other's counsel in the search for the way. He is exceedingly stupid and he can be blamed if he stumbles in following somebody else's light, and and the father could say to him: "What for did I give you a lamp of your own?" But one who stumbles by following his own light cannot be greatly blamed because perhaps his light is dim or else the road is very bad.

The usual reply of those who want to fool others is this: He who depends on his own reason is arrogant. I believe that *more arrogant is he who wishes to subject another's will and dominate all men*. More arrogant is he who poses as God, who pretends to understand every manifestation of God's will. And exceedingly arrogant or blasphemous is he who attributes to God everything he says and desires and makes his personal enemies the enemies of God. We ought not to depend on ourselves solely. We should seek advice, listen to others, and then do what we believe to be the most reasonable. The habit or the cassock does not add anything to a man's learning. Even if the wild mountaineer is clothed in layers of habits, he remains wild and he cannot fool any one except the ignorant and weak-willed. So that this can be proven, buy a habit of St. Francis and put it on a carabao. It would be lucky that with the habit on, he does not become lazy. Let me leave this subject and talk about another.

Young womanhood, the nursery of fruitful flowers, ought to accumulate riches to bequeath to its descendants. What could the

offspring be of a woman whose only virtue is to murmur prayers, whose only knowledge is derived from *awit*,¹ novena, prayer-books, and miraculous tales intended to fool men, with no other recreation but *panguingue*² or frequent confession of the same sins? What sons would she have but sacristans, servants of the curate, or devotees of cockfighting? The present enslavement of our compatriots is the work of our mothers because of the absolute confidence of their loving hearts and of their great desire to improve the lot of their children. Maturity is the fruit of childhood and childhood is in the lap of the mother. The mother who can teach nothing else but how to kneel and kiss the hand should not expect any other kind of children but stupid ones or oppressed slaves. A tree that grows in the mire is either light or only fit for firewood. If by chance there should be a bold one, his boldness is concealed and he will use it for evil, like the dazed bat which cannot come forth until it is twilight. The common reply is that foremost are piety and love of God. But, what is the piety that they have taught us? To pray and kneel a long time, kiss the hand of the priest, spend all the money on the church, and believe whatever occurs to them to tell us. Chatter, callous knees, rubbing of the nose... With regard to church alms, using God as pretext, is there anything in the world which does not belong to and is the creation of God? What would you say to a servant who gives to his master alms consisting of a piece of rag borrowed from the same rich master? Who is the vain and foolish man who will give alms to God and believe that his miserable gift will clothe the Creator of all things? Blessed is he who gives to the needy, helps the poor, and feeds the hungry, but cursed and censurable is he who is deaf to the entreaties of the poor, who stuffs those who are satiated, and lavishes his money on silver hangings for the altar, on alms to the church or the friar who is swimming in riches, on Masses with music and rockets, while he squeezes this money from the bones of the poor and offers it to the master with which to buy the chains to bind him and to pay his executioners. Oh, blindness and shortsightedness!

True piety is obedience to what is right, happen what may. "Deeds and not words are what I ask of you", said Christ. "He is not the son of my father who repeatedly says, my father, my father, but he who lives according to the will of my father." Piety does not consist in a worn-out nose nor in Christ's successor known for giving his hand to be kissed. Christ did not kiss the Pharisees, he

1 Fanciful tales in verse in the vernacular.

2 A popular card-game

never let his hand to be kissed. He did not fatten the rich and proud scribes. He did not mention scapulars, he did not require the wearing of rosaries, he did not ask money for Masses, and he did not charge for saying prayers. St. John did not ask to be paid for baptizing on the Jordan River nor Christ for his preaching. Why is it that now priests ask to be paid for every move they make? And still hungry, they sell scapulars, rosaries, belts, and other things to entice money and to hurt the soul; because even if you wear as scapular all the rags on earth, wear as rosaries all the wood in the forests, gird around your waist all the skins of animals and over all of them all the priests in the world take pains to make the sign of the cross and to murmur prayers, and sprinkle them with all the water of the sea, they cannot cleanse the dirty heart, they cannot absolve the unrepentant of their sins. Likewise, for their covetousness they forbid many things, such as eating meat, marrying one's cousin, *compadre*, and the like, which however are permitted if one pays. Why, can God be bought and is He dazzled by money like the priests? The thief who pays for a *bull for composition* can rest assured that he has been forgiven. Therefore, God wants to partake of stolen goods? Is it true that God is so needy that He imitates the carabineer or the civil guard? If this is the God that the friars worship, I turn my back to such a God.

Let us be reasonable and open our eyes, especially you women, because you are the ones who open the minds of men. Consider that a good mother is different from the one created by the friars. Raise your children close to the image of the true God—the God who cannot be bribed, the God who is not avaricious, the God who is the father of all, who is not partial, the God who does not fatten on the blood of the poor, who does not rejoice at the plaint of the afflicted, and does not obfuscate the intelligent mind. Awaken and prepare the mind of the child for every good and desirable idea—love for honor, sincere and firm character, clear mind, clean conduct, noble action, love for one's fellow men, respect for God,—teach this to your children. And because life is full of sorrows and perils, fortify their characters against any difficulty, strengthen their hearts against any danger. The country should not expect honor and prosperity so long as the education of the child is defective, so long as the women who raise the children are enslaved and ignorant. Nothing can be drunk in a turbid and bitter spring. No sweet fruit can be picked from a sour seed.

When a mother handed the shield to her son who was going to war, this was all she said to him: "Bring this back or they bring

you back", meaning, "You come back a victor or you die", because it was the custom to throw away the shield of the fleeing vanquished warrior or bring back his corpse on top of the shield. A mother heard that her son was killed in the war and the army was defeated. She said nothing but gave thanks that her son had been saved from ignominy; but when her son came back alive, upon seeing him, she put on mourning. A warrior told a mother who had gone out to meet the returning heroes that her three sons had been killed in the war. "That is not what I am asking", the mother replied, "but, did we win or did we lose? The hero replied, "We won." "If that is so, let us give thanks to God!" she said, and she went to the temple.

Once a defeated king of theirs hid in the temple for fear of popular indignation. The Spartans agreed to close him up there and starve him. When they sealed the door, the mother was the first to bring stones. These customs were common among them and therefore all Greece respected the Spartan women. "Of all women" remarked one, "only you Spartan women wield power over men." "Of course", replied the Spartan women, "of all women we alone give birth to men.. Men, said the Spartans, are not born to live for themselves but for their country. So long as this manner of thinking and this type of women prevailed in Sparta, no enemy was able to set foot on her soil and no Spartan woman ever saw an enemy army.

I do not expect to be believed because only I say it. Many people do not respect reason and truth, but the priest's habit, gray hair, or lack of teeth. But if old age is venerable because of hard experience, my past life though a short one, dedicated to the welfare of my country, also has given me some experience. Far be it from me to compel others to believe me, to pretend to be a little god, a successor of God, to expect people to take my word with closed eyes, bowed head, and folded arms. What I ask is for all to think, to reflect and meditate, investigate and shift in the name of reason the following that I am going to state:

First and foremost. Some become treacherous because of the cowardice and negligence of others.

Second. Lack of self-respect and excessive timidity invite scorn.

Third. Ignorance is bondage, because like mind, like man. A man without a will of his own is a man without personality. The blind who follows other's opinion is like a beast led by a halter.

Fourth. One who wants to help himself should help others, because if he neglects others, he too will be neglected by them. One

mid-rib is easy to break, but not a bundle of many midribs, tied together.

Fifth. If the Filipino woman will not change, she should not be entrusted with the education of her children. She should only bear them. She should be deprived of her authority in the home; otherwise she may unwittingly betray her husband, children, country, and all.

Sixth. Men are born equal, naked, and without chains. They were not created by God to be enslaved, neither were they endowed with intelligence in order to be misled, nor adorned with reason to be fooled by others. It is not pride to refuse to worship a fellow man, to enlighten the mind, and to reason out everything. The arrogant one is he who wants to be worshipped, who misleads others, and wants his will to prevail over reason and justice.

Seventh. Analyze carefully the kind of religion taught you. Find out if that is the command of God or the teaching of Christ for alleviating the suffering of the poor, for comforting those in pain. Consider every thing taught you, the aim of every sermon, the underlying reason for every Mass, novena, rosary, scapular, image, miracle, candle belt, and other things that are forced upon you, dinned daily into your ears and dangled before your eyes, and discover their beginning and their end, and then compare that religion with the pure religion of Christ, and see if your Christianity is not like the milking animals or like the pig that is being fattened, not for its own sake, but in order to sell it at a high price and make more money out of it.

Let us reflect then, study our situation, and ponder. May these few loose lines serve as an aid to your natural intelligence and enable you to proceed along the path on which you have already started.

*Tubo ko'y dakila sa puhunang pagod,*³ and I shall welcome whatever may happen, the usual reward for any one who dares to tell the truth in our country. May you realize your desire to learn and

³ "My pains shall have their great reward," a line from *Kay Selya*, dedication in Francisco Baltazar's celebrated metrical romance entitled *Florante at Laura*. The whole stanza reads:

*kung kasadlakán man ng pula't pag-ayop,
tubo ko'y dakila sa puhunang pagod,
kung bindáasa mo'y isa mang himutók
ay alalahanin yaring nagháhandog.*

Tagalog translation.

Though this may meet with criticism and mockery,
My pains shall have their great reward;
If reading this you would heave even a sigh
In remembrance of this humble card.

may you not gather in the garden of knowledge the unripe fruit but select what you pick, think about it, taste it before swallowing it. for on the face of the earth all are mixed and it is not unusual for the enemy to sow weeds together with the good seeds in the middle of the field.

This is the sincere wish of your compatriot,

JOSE RIZAL

FILIPINO FARMERS

We applaud the efforts of the minister of colonies to foster agriculture in the Philippines. Proofs of these are the boards, commissions, and committees and numerous projects. We suggest, however, that the farmer be consulted also, the one in direct contact with the land; who makes the land productive with his capital and labor and puts into practice the measures that science and experience suggest.

And not only must he not be forgotten but neither must his hands be tied, disabling them for work, as it happens, unfortunately. It is not enough to issue royal decrees and timely measures; they must be enforced and enforced expediently.

The Filipino farmer has to struggle not only with plagues and public calamities but also with petty tyrants and robbers. Against the first, defense indeed is permitted; against the latter, not always. We shall explain.

After the floods, locusts, fires, bad harvests, and the like, the farmer capitalist has to deal with the constable who takes away from him his laborers for personal service, some public works, repair of roads, bridges, and others; with the civil guard¹ who arrests them for various reasons, sometimes for not carrying with them their personal *cedulas* (certificates), for not saluting properly, for being *suspicious* persons or for no reason whatsoever, and they manacle them to clean the barracks and thus compel the capitalist to live on better terms with the chief, and if not, they take away his carabaos, oxen, in spite of many protests, returning them later however, as these acts of violence are almost always unjustified and not within the competence of the civil guard. The work is usually delayed three or four days only but at times it is delayed weeks, the animal is lost or dies; and this happens when the civil guard, going beyond its jurisdiction or province, commits these plunders in another province and then returns to its own; hence the question of competency, the coming and going, etc., etc., etc.

At times it is not the constable or the civil guard who opposes so indirectly the minister of colonies. An official of the court or of the provincial government, dissatisfied with the farmer, urgently

¹ In Spanish, *Guardia Civil*, the police in charge of maintaining law and order.

summons this or that laborer, if not two or three. The unfortunate man undertakes a trip of two or three days, uneasy and distrustful, spends his savings, arrives, presents himself, waits, returns, returns the next day and waits, finally to be asked with a frown and the look of a judge, abstruse and unknown things. He is lucky if he comes out free from this questioning, for not infrequently after it, he is sent to jail from which he comes out later as stupid as before and all are as Christian as ever.

Sometimes, rare fortunately, a *compañia volante* (flying squad) sweeps the province. Woe to those who have enemies! It is enough to be in the list of suspects for the head of the squad to pick him up and take him to another place without trial or filing of a complaint. Goodbye farm and goodbye everything! See if after this he will be encouraged to plant in other islands.

But if the capitalist knows how to grease and through offerings to appease the gods and render them favorable, he has already accomplished much. But still there remain other deities, the *tulisanes* or bandits.

The *tulisan* is a terrible enemy of those whose farms are far from the towns. One cannot win his favor by giving him gifts or bribing him, as some do secretly, because he would fall into the opposite abyss and would be accused of being an accomplice of malefactors, which is equivalent to being tortured and later exiled. The best remedy against this plague that the government cannot destroy is to arm oneself and expose oneself to a daily and dangerous combat.

Well now; for the peaceful tax-payer to use firearms and to be able to defend himself, he needs the good report of the people, the civil guard, and the parish priest, to petition the government in Manila, to have patience, to wait because the petition is not always acted upon except after the end of several months if someone follows it up or if he has a friend of the employee in charge of issuing licenses.

All this is very good. What is not so good is that despite the good reports, despite the peace in the province, the abundance of bandits, the good conduct of the farmer tax-payer, and the danger to which he and his farms are exposed, they deny him not only the use of the firearm, or the renewal of the license but also they confiscate the firearm, which he bought at a fabulous price sometimes, only to be left to rot, to become oxidized, in a corner of the barracks or the townhall, useless to all, except to the bandits, who in this way are the most favored.

This is the case of a citizen of the Province of La Laguna, owner of extensive lands planted to sugar cane, coffee, and abaca, located far from the town. That province has been for almost three centuries not only loyal to Spain but "superloyal", one Indio in that province, Captain Francisco de San Juan, having declared war in the name of Spain against the English in 1762 when even the government was submitting to the invader, succeeding with his energy to save the money that the authorities wanted to deliver to the enemy and with which later and with troops of Indios, kept the enemy within bounds. This made me say to a Spanish writer that that Indio was half a century ahead of the Mayor of Mostoles. Though La Laguna is one of the most agricultural provinces and most liable to natural and human calamities, this citizen is denied the renewal of his license, and in spite of all the good reports, they confiscated his firearm. For this reason he had to abandon his farms, losing his abaca crops, for he could not venture out unarmed and he was sure that the authorities who left him thus could neither defend him nor ransom him from the bandits.

We are convinced that the minister of colonies and the good Spaniards who love the prestige of Spain and have an affection for those Islands do not know these details. We, who can cite names, towns, dates, witnesses, and attest other incidents through our own experience or as eye-witnesses, are content to cite this case and we say: *Je passe et des meilleurs*.²

It would be desirable to correct this, Mr. Minister of Colonies, lest some mischievous man say that the government there³ being impotent might come to an understanding with the bandits and deliver to them the unarmed inhabitants, that it wants the lands to be cultivated with speeches, projects, and boards and for this reason it binds the hands of the farmer and puts a thousand obstacles on his path, so that he may plant according to the new system. Agriculture is not improved only in that way. It is necessary to aid those who practice it. Those who from their comfortable chairs think otherwise and see the inefficacy of the royal decrees throw the blame for its backwardness to the indolence of the *Indio*. They do not know with what obstacles he has to contend and they ignore that for a machine to run well, it is not enough that it be built according to principles but also that it be perfect in its details, that everything be levelled, and that no part get out of its proper place.

² I pass on to the best.

³ As Rizal was writing in Spain, he often refers to the Philippines as "there."

These abuses, that for being unutterably bad become ridiculous, ruin the country and impair the prestige of the government. This system of prevention, of unfounded fears, of unjust suspicions, not only irritates and awakens men but exposes the weakness of the government: Much fear reveals much weakness. This, added to the inability to stop banditry, makes an evil-minded person say that the government is only hard on peaceful and respectable citizens while it fondles or lets alone the rebellious and criminal. This is the usual reproach of independent Indios on Christianized Indios.

This behavior of the government there hurts the real interests of Spain and through this way of making discontented men, the government appears as the foremost *filibustero*.⁴ And as we believe that one cannot serve a country better than to tell her the truth, we say this to the Mother Country so that she can apply timely remedy. Hence we ask for representation in the Cortes and freedom of the press in Manila in order to expose abuses to public opinion. Injustices there do not always find a writer who may relate them, nor every article a generous newspaper that will accept it for its columns; and even if it were not so, through the present road, the remedy always arrives late, if the abuse is remedied at all.

We shall conclude by proposing to the minister a reform concerning the granting of licenses for the use of firearms.

Inasmuch as they are not granted without the report of the people, of the chief of the civil guard (European), and of the parish priest (almost always European), instead of being issued in Manila, they should be issued by the court of every town, after previous consultation or secret voting of the judge, of the officer of the civil guard (European), and of the parish priest (almost always European). It should not be granted without unanimity. In this way it is simplified and the business is shortened, and the time is better employed. There are no other inconveniences but these two: There would be some more unemployed men and hidden enmities could not be satisfied with revenge and secret reports, but on the other hand, the treasury and mankind would be the gainer—the treasury with less employees and mankind with more loyal men and less traitors.

⁴ To the Spaniards every Filipino who advocated reforms for his country was a *filibustero*—"a dangerous patriot who should be hanged soon," or a "presumptuous man," according to Rizal in his letter to Ferdinand Blumentritt, Berlin, 29 March 1887.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 21-23, 15 March 1889.

TO "LA DEFENSA"

As we offered in our preceding issue, we are going to antedate our work to examine the article of *La Defensa* in its issue for 30 March and we shall try to be brief because the Villanueva weekly carries the discussion to a ground where we cannot follow it, as it is full of mud and very slippery.

We said to *La Defensa* that we did not accept the authority of Mr. Patricio de la Escosura on everything he says, for it is enough to read his *Memoria** to enable one to see that the Royal Commissary wrote with a certain fear, a certain prudence, bordering on lack of sincerity due to his difficult position, as it is evident even in his holdest passages, as in those wherein he says that the friars are opposed to the teaching of Spanish so that they may remain perpetual intermediaries, that the University was not enough and he proposes the creation of a faculty of medicine and pharmacy, in those passages in which he describes the difficulty encountered by the captain general, proposing to remedy the situation by creating the positions of ministers to head the different departments, etc., etc. We shall not analyze here his words but *La Defensa* admits that Mr. Patricio de la Escosura should express himself with more sincerity, with more independent criterion, for the high position that he holds gave him a right to do it and it was his duty to express his ideas very clearly. If our colleague wants us to quote his words, we shall cite offhand the following:

Page 11: "... and those shepherds (friars), generally speaking, suffer nevertheless from a preoccupation that they have gone as far as to contaminate many officials of the government ..."

Page 12: "In fact, Most Excellent Sir, it is said" (the friars say) "and undoubtedly it is said in good faith that to teach the Indios Spanish ... would be to furnish them with a medium that they lack now ... of rising against Spanish rule; that from the moment that they could understand easily the laws and orders of the government, they will discuss and comment on them from the point of view of their local interests and for that reason in opposition to those of the Metropolis; that to give these natives an idea of their own rights is to inculcate in them the spirit of rebellion (?), or at least to foment their inclination to promote lawsuits or litigations; the

* See footnote 2 on page 8.

superiority of race, which now exalts the Europeans, destroyed thus, it would be impossible to govern these provinces without material force, as it is being done now; and lastly, that the Filipino army, now dependable, because if, for example, the Tagalogs rebel, the Bisayos, hating the Tagalogs, will be on the side of the government, and reciprocally ..." (Proof that the tendency of the friars is to foster racial hatred.)

Page 15: "The truth is, Most Excellent Sir, that once the Indio is equipped with an education suitable to his capacity and status and finds himself no longer in his present abject condition, *it will not be so easy nor so devoid of danger as hitherto to abuse* of his good disposition and exploit him without either scruple or mercy, as it has been seen in more than one occasion and place."

Page 16: "And the abuses are overlooked by the authorities and their authors remain unpunished."

Page 19: "I say that little can be expected from the parish priests in the matter of diffusing the Spanish language ..."

"But I always said and I must repeat it: *That it would be dangerous to spread our language among the Indios is a preoccupation deeply rooted in these religious orders ... an error in very good faith without doubt.*" (?)

Page 19: "All that can be hoped for is to *neutralize the opinion of the religious orders so that they may not hinder the teaching of Spanish.*

But enough of Escosura for the present. Let *La Defensa* study that *Memoria* with which it is so much in love. It will note that that good gentleman has tried to protect the friars and excuse the charges against them he could not avoid.

With regard to what the Villanueva weekly says or insinuates about our way of interpreting matters, we are going to transcribe also some lines of Hurtado de Corcuera and *La Defensa* can interpret them as it pleases, whether in its favor or for the benefit of Ciruela. It does not matter to us. Here they are:

And because the rivalry between some persons and the ecclesiastical communities which do not want to appear as vassals of Your Majesty has fulminated complaints and revealed blunders and excesses ... divulging long and sinister accounts against the better adjusted procedure of the governor, *its authors being without doubt the cause of the scandals that affect ...*

In order to give a proof of the arrogance of the religious corporations and their contempt of the civil authorities, he says with respect to an interdiction which had flimsy causes... *"and so the interdiction remained until the Recollect Fathers of St. Augustine, when they celebrated the feast of San Nicolas, attained what neither the governor nor the whole town could attain in the celebration of the feast of Our Lady."*

Further, he says:

"The governor heard that some ecclesiastics tried to flee carrying with them a number of soldiers and sailors who received salaries from Your Majesty ... in fact it happened that two friars and one clergyman left and carried with them more than 30 soldiers and sailors who had received more than 3,000 pesos as aid from the royal treasury..."

Speaking about the Dominican Fr. Lucas Garcia, the governor of Formosa said in his letter: *"He is fond of lawsuits and disputes going as far as to forbid the ringing of bells at night or the saying of 'Praise be the Most Holy Sacrament and the immaculate conception of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, conceived without original sin'; he does not want immaculate to be uttered together with Virgin' ..."*

Speaking about a clergyman that some soldiers wanted to detain by order of the governor, Hurtado de Corcuera says: *"...instantly many religious of St. Dominic came out to receive him so that they attacked the soldiers and crashed through the guard room and they put him in their convent..."*

Further below: *"... a certain Juan Dominguez, being appointed pilot of the flagship ... it was learned that some religious had urged and persuaded him to flee with them by way of India. The governor seized him to protect him and issued an order to all the ports not to let depart two religious who were going to escape and they were not satisfied with revealing this fulsomely and so he was excommunicated. But other religious escaped through another route, carrying with them a number of sailors and soldiers."*

But, for what are we going to continue since all this can be interpreted as a proof of the vows of obedience of the friars?

Does *La Defensa* want us to cite more paragraphs written by other authors? Does it want us to tell it about scandals and calamities that befell the Philippines due to the envy and ambitions of the religious communities in the Far East, for example, in Japan, Cambodia, China, the Moluccas, the Philippines, and others? As this is a long history whose publication will take up much time and

space, in order to please *La Defensa*, we are going to publish it with historical data and documents provided the weekly of Villanueva y Geltru would buy from us one-half of the edition, assuring it that we are going to do it only to please it because we no longer need to convince anybody else of the pernicious influence of the friars in this century. Europe has expelled them and we don't write for their unfortunate partisans remaining in some corners. They deserve the friars.

As to the rest, laying aside data from past centuries, if the weekly wants other newer and more authentic ones, we shall also furnish them without mixing them with phrases that *La Defensa* uses with a certain satisfaction. We believe that without the need of churlishness, truth can be stated, supported with reasons.

With respect to our mistakes in syntax of which *La Defensa* is so much enamoured, we shall tell it: May we only have to discuss syntax! May the social class that *La Defensa* defends have no other fault but mistakes in syntax! Then everything would be easy! When a fact is discussed, don't go about the bush and above all look out which bush is held, for this deviation can be interpreted as withdrawal or flight.

Let us not entangle the question. Let *La Defensa* maintain its thesis that hatred of the friars will ruin the Philippines; that *La Solidaridad* maintains the opposite and maintains something more. It maintains that Spain must not and cannot cover with her beautiful flag certain rascalities to the prejudice of her sons overseas.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 62-63, 30 April 1889.

HOW TO DECEIVE THE NATIVE LAND

There is great endeavor, much earnest endeavor, to conceal the truth, to mislead public opinion on the means that are necessary to employ so that the Philippines may march toward progress without convulsions, without turbulence.

The perusal of an editorial of *La Voz de España* of Manila, published in its issue for 27 March last, caused us deep pain. Among other superfluities, without reflection, and with scanty wisdom, the following is found in that editorial "How to Offend the Native Land":

The only ties that are properly social that unite this country with the Peninsula are the Catholic Religion and the traditional respects. Neither the administrative affinities, nor economic progress, nor the new legal reforms, nor even the diffusion of Spanish, nor much less the force of arms, are bonds that produce between Filipino society and that which lives beyond the seas the unity necessary so that the moral organism that we know by the name Native Land may be considered perfectly rooted in this Archipelago. It is indispensable to look for something in the life, in the intimate life, of these races that joins powerfully and profoundly to the Metropolis the mass of the Philippine population; and without any great effort of ratiocination, it can be understood that any of those things not only lacks efficacy to produce so radical and profitable a result, but that many of them, either because of their own nature, or because of their reckless application, perchance are destined to produce the opposite effect.

As can be seen by the quotation, the Manila newspaper claims that the Philippines does not progress, because she ignores or at least she wants to ignore the efficacy of the means that the Metropolis or her governments employ so that she may enjoy liberty, human rights, modern culture. Certainly *La Voz de España*, far from being the organ of the Mother Country, as it calls itself pompously, is the voice of the friars—the voice that resounds in its columns and is reflected in its columns. Because to say that "the only properly called social ties that unite the Philippines with the Peninsula are the Catholic Religion and the traditional respects" is to offend the stainless patriotism and the loyalty of the Filipinos who since Legazpi have been joined to Spain, not for reasons of religion nor of traditionalism but, at the beginning, for reasons of

high political convenience, and later, for love, for affection for the Mother Country.

To involve the integrity of the mother country in those Islands in the mediation of the religious orders, as the friar organ seeks, is to involve it in the influence of obscurantism, of fanaticism, of oppression, and of tyranny; and certainly Spain did not plant in those Islands the invincible standard of Castile so that they might be the exclusive patrimony and feudal dominion of the reactionary friars but rather to assimilate and equalize them with herself, moaning if she moans, unfortunate if she is unfortunate, enjoying progress, liberty, rights, social as well as political, when she enjoys these precious gifts, this inestimable legacy of the French Revolution, systematically anathematized by the friars to their misfortune.

Returning to the article in question, where did the Manila newspaper get the idea that to attack the friar is to attack the prevailing religion in those Islands? Religion is one thing and the friar is another: The reactionary Carlist friar, son of the convents, is himself a mean egoist, tyrant and oppressor, enemy of all progress and lover of everything feudal, of everything absolute. To make the friar personify religion and the Mother Country is to personify the vicious, the absurd, the fanatical, and the worst is the disloyalty itself to the same Mother Country. In a certain pulpit of the church of a town in the Philippines, a friar unworthy to be a Spaniard, hurled these or similar words: "Catholics first before Spaniards," in order to incite to rebellion the plain Indios against the circular, which has nothing anti-Catholic in it, issued by the *Direccion General de Administracion Civil* (General Office of Civil Administration). But those Islanders, far from heeding such anti-government incitements, demonstrated principally their indisputable Hispanism, unlike that bad patriot friar who delivered those words from a sacred pulpit.

Does *La Voz de España* want another clear demonstration? The division of races, who keep it up if not the friars?

To deny that the diffusion of the Spanish tongue in those Islands would not bind, would not link their inhabitants so that they might in fact be Spaniards is to lack common sense or to be snobbish which, for the sake of charity, we ought to ascribe to the newspaper *La Voz de España*, attorney *ad litem* of the religious communities.

The Island of Negros is an eloquent testimony which proves that in order to be Catholic, it had not needed friars, that in order to remain loyal, faithful to Spain, it had no need for religious communities. The mission in that Bisayan island (after the expulsion

of the Jesuits by the immortal Count of Aranda) was entrusted to poor Indio clergymen and in less than one century, they converted those virgin forests and its inhabitants into rich Spanish towns and fervent devotees of Catholicism.

After all if, as *La Voz de España* assures us, the religious orders are in fact the only ties that link the Islands of Magallanes to the Peninsula, what are governments for? What is the captain general for? What is the army for? What is the director for? All these are useless and more than useless, an additional burden on the general budget of the nation. It would be better to let the friars govern that Archipelago, playing the role of heads of *barangay*, civil guards, carabineers, *etc., etc.*

For if one binds. the other is superfluous.

Either the friars or the civil administration *et terius non est ullus.**

Before all things and above all, we call the attention of our rulers to this article in *La Voz de España* which, besides defending the friars, discredits national decorum, and throws down the plans of the Minister of Colonies concerning the diffusion of the Spanish language in those Islands, and indirectly dishonors the dignity and the punctiliousness of our civil representatives in those our distant lands.

We shout very loudly that the friars at this historic moment are detrimental to the national interest in the Philippines, because they are an obstacle to the introduction of any kind of liberal reforms which are urgently and peremptorily needed.

The Mother Country does not need coarse fine-drawers, like the friars, to unite that piece of Spanish territory, to bind Filipino hearts, to found Filipino aspirations on the destinies of Mother Spain.

Neither obscurantism and fanaticism, nor oppression or superstitions ever bind nor have they ever bound peoples. On the other hand, liberty, rights, and love group distinct races around the same standard, one aspiration, one destiny.

Finally, *La Voz de España* is wrong when it says that the unity of a territory in those Islands is supported by the monastic institutions. To say that the Filipinos love Spain because of the friars is a calumny. The Filipino does not need interested nurses to throw themselves into the arms of the Mother Country and to unbosom in her maternal lap her troubles, her complaints, and her afflictions.

* And there is no third one.

He is a wretched man who says that because the Filipino is anti-friar, he is a *filibustero*.

What is *La Voz de España* trying to do in making this kind of denunciation in its columns:

That certain propagandas cannot be beneficial to the country whether from political centers and associations in Madrid or through writings and speeches, or through orders that tend to diminish the influence of the parish priests in the towns and the consideration due every Spanish institution.

Does it want to muzzle us? A *Voz de España* so Carlist like it, capable of silencing us to prevent us from saying the truth and defend our dignity, has not been born yet.

To deceive the native land as *La Voz de España* does is the greatest crime of all crimes.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. II, pp. 72-73, 15 May 1889.

THE TRUTH FOR ALL

Two long articles entitled *The Petitions* and *The Authorities in the Philippines* were published in a Manila newspaper last March to make it known that the principal citizens of the towns are infamous, slanderers, demoralized, litigious, traitors, with energy for evil, indifferent towards the good, who do not know what they do, nor do they do what they know; that all this is the defect of the race, that one must never pay attention to their complaints against their oppressors, who ought to enjoy immunity, *etcetera*; that the destinies of the people, in short, ought to be placed in the hands of three persons, chosen and appointed by these same impeccable persons and that these three should merely engage in making streets, *etc.*, *etc.* This is the substance of so many enigmatic clauses, suggestions, and innuendos.

That the sins of a few are attributed to the entire race is not a new thing for us. In order to villify a country, it is only necessary to generalize the bad in her, just as to exalt her, it is enough to remind her of the good examples. The system as it can be seen produces fruits. Neither are we surprised that the mass of the Filipino people, eight million people who feed with their sweat thousands and thousands of their brothers in the Peninsula and shed their blood for Spain, whose language they do not speak, are slandered and insulted with impunity behind a pseudonym. In the Philippines every insult from top to bottom is permitted; reply is prohibited. It seems that Castilian chivalry and nobility were damaged in the long voyage. In the Peninsula, he who insults a paralytic and a dumb would be a coward; in the Philippines... in the Philippines it is another thing!

Laying aside those insults that take shelter behind parapets and memoranda, A.G.D.G., we are going to analyze the background of such masked accusations.

We agree that there is much immorality in the Philippines, much confusion, much intrigue, and much misgovernment. But we are not going to blame the people for it; we do not always hold it responsible for another's deficiency and our own. In a house, where the father of the family has unlimited authority, he is responsible for the state of things. The miseries of a people without freedom should not be imputed to the people but to their rulers. In order

that one may be responsible, it is necessary that he is master of his actions, and the Filipino people is neither master of their actions nor of their thoughts.

This will be bitter to certain ears, but since some want to unearth rags, let the rags of everyone be unearthed.

Let us examine how the unfortunate *principales* of a town were and are made.

Save honorable exceptions that there are, we admit that the majority of the so-called authorities, if they are not some poor devils overwhelmed by their office, they are despicable slaves, blind tools of some, cowardly adherents of others, humble and complacent with the whims of their superiors, deaf and tyrannical towards their inferiors and the poor people whose destinies are in their hands. Indeed, we admit that many of them remember least their country, their conscience, mankind, God, and their whole solicitude is to serve in order to command, to bribe in order to exploit, to humble themselves in order to humiliate others and satisfy their vile passions. But, the reason for this? Its origin?

We are going to describe once more the internal political life of the towns of the Philippines so that the government or the Metropolis may be informed and put remedies if it believes itself strong enough to do so.

Undoubtedly in every town there are two parties in embryo. One the intelligent, independent, that lives by itself without the need for the support of powerful individuals or protectors, the one that has a thirst for justice and peace, the party full of reproaches for the excesses and tyrannies of certain classes, the party, in short, denounced by its enemies as *filibustero* for being composed of worthy men and from which will surely come the real *filibusteros*, if the fatal system followed until now continues. The other party is composed of vagabonds, intriguers, improperly called the party of the friars for obeying and serving them because it considers them a strong support, but towards whom it neither professes love nor respect and whose vile enemies it will become the day they become useless to it. A small group remains neutral and it is composed of the indifferent.

Naturally, of these two parties, the parish priest, who aspires to give orders to become strong and impose on the rulers, will choose the second for being the most docile, the most malleable, the most blind follower, the best to implement his ideas. Hence the parish priests in their secret reports extol the members of this

party as the most loyal and depict the others as the most dangerous to the integrity of the mother country. And many believe it so.

As a consequence, the servant, the sacristan, the complacent tale-bearer of the parish priest, thanks to the omnipotent influence of the master in governmental spheres, often occupies the first position in the town with the contempt of the intelligent class, a contempt that the new petty tyrant pays with administrative charges, reports, etc., etc., aided by his master whom he also serves by serving his own passions. The system is to serve the master so that he will defend him when he is accused of exploiting the poor or he fails in his duties. The question is to have a good protector

The natural consequence is hatred in the opposing party, a hatred that constitutes the *desideratum* of certain politicians who have no more knowledge nor more mischief than to create divisions and enmities in the towns, favoring this or that party, demoralizing them without suspecting that such weapons can be harmful to them later. He who sows wind will gather tempests, says a proverb.

Filipino families that still preserve some modesty and are not contaminated shun to fill these debased and prostituted positions in town governments when left vacant. Educated families, the lovers of their country, closed themselves up in lugubrious silence... and sigh. We know rich proprietors who gave money and bribed the heads of *barangay* so that they would not vote for them and elect them. Who is the one who has a little shame left who will hold that staff still moist with the sweat of a low and vile hand, that staff at one time emblem of power, now a sign of infamy and enslavement? In these towns generally the burden falls on a poor devil.

However, few are those who like these withdraw into their futile stoicism and like Caesar, wraps himself up in his cloak and delivers himself to his assassins.

In the majority of the towns there is a struggle. Some, in order not to see their enemies exalted and to expose themselves to their shots, try to place obstacles to prevent vexations; others, and these are the most numerous, carried by the bad example, without solid moral education, want to take part in the feast and say to themselves: "The social machine turns around moved by the blood of the unfortunate; We have a part in the universal tyranny, let us oppress so that we may not be oppressed." A few, very rare, perhaps the madmen, also fight, dreaming of doing good to

the people. introducing improvements, justice, honesty, but if they triumph, they do not realize their dream, because either they are removed or they wake up in exile.

In this ignoble struggle all means, good or bad, are employed—bribes, gifts, slander, accusations, reports, etc. We know of ruined families who rose again thanks to two years of rule. On the other hand, others who were well-to-do, were ruined in litigation, after having paid the voters in advance. And though commonly, the candidate of the people occupies the first place and in the second place the candidate of the friar thanks to the influence and manipulation of the friar, his candidate wins, and the other can consider himself lucky if he is not banished. This is the case of Manaksá in Kabuyaw.

In that way passions are inflamed, in that way resentments are roused, and this is one of the causes of the general hatred of the friar in the Philippines.

The author of the article in *La Voz de España* speaks of the petitions signed by the *principales* who have no knowledge of the matter. We are not going to contradict him, because we know very well and for sometime that many heads of *barangay* have signed, at the urging of the parish priest, documents and petitions in Spanish whose content was not even read to them. The excuse they gave us was that the parish priest threatened them. Neither do we excuse the cowardliness of such heads of *barangay*, nor do we applaud the friar's machinations. And if any one doubts these assertions, may he tell us because we shall cite to him towns and persons who are still alive.

Hence the eagerness of the friar that the Indio remain ignorant and blind. Now it will not be difficult that these blindness and ignorance would turn against him and the methods that he teaches are employed to hurt him. However, all the petitions directed against the friars differ from those the friars slip against their enemies in the sense that the former ask the government to clarify the facts while in the latter neither is the law asked to intervene nor is the accused permitted any defense.

The writer of these lines once placed himself at the head of an anti-friar movement stirred by a question from the government. The reply, if it had to be truthful, was going to hurt friar interests. The friars had it answered according to their taste and convenience and not in accordance with truth, but considering that this was to

* See Town of Calamba, pp.

sin against the truth and to fail in the duty of a good subject, the author wrote the reply in accordance with a detailed report, translated it into Tagalog, and read it before all the people and before the very emissaries of the friars so that they could transmit its content to their masters or contradict if it was contrary to truth. Not even one protested, and all signed it voluntarily, including the friar adherents themselves, unable to refute the evidence. And at that, the author reminded them that by signing they were inviting all the rancour of the powerful.

What happened? The petition was presented; it passed through all the legal channels... and it was laid on the table. The friars wanted to take revenge and the people presented another petition asking for the intervention of the government since the government was the cause of the conflict... but the government kept silent, neither did it say yes nor no, it did not hold a hearing, it did not clarify the facts denounced; the government was afraid to fight for the truth and abandoned the people. And the whole petition dealt with agriculture, urbanization, Mr. Writer of *La Voz de España*! In it the immaculate purity of the friars was not attacked; in it filth was not denounced, because the author of the petition never wanted to stain his pen with the filth with which certain habits are saturated! In it there was nothing else but the question of planting lands, roads, schools, houses, etc. That petition was signed by all the principales, by the author with his full name, by women, proprietors, Chinese, servants, laborers—by the whole town. The petition was read to everybody to foes and friends alike, to the officials, to Spaniards, because we have the courage of our convictions and because we believed in the sincerity of the government and in its love of the welfare of the country.

Nothing, nothing was done. From all this there remains the vengeance on the poor people, victim of their loyalty to the government and their good faith. Plaridel's *La Soberania Monacal*¹, reprints in its appendix some imperfect copies of these representations. The governor of the province can say if all that we assert here is not the pure truth. This is in regard to our own experiences; we keep quiet about what is happening in other towns.

La Voz de España wants the municipal governments to ask for the construction of buildings, roads, etc. Does the newspaper writer know for sure how such works are carried out? At the expense of

¹ *Plaridel* is an anagram of Marcelo H. del Pilar, author of *La Soberania Monacal*, an indictment of friar rule in the Philippines. Published at Barcelona in 1889

the unhappy people, all gratis, with many vexations, and many beatings, and then of what use are they?

In the town of Kalamba two school buildings of stone for boys and girls were built at the expense of the town and the *gobernadorcillo*.² The children nevertheless do not come and the buildings now serve as barracks and court house.

In the town of Los Baños a hospital was built by laborers snatched from all the towns of the province, each laborer forced by the authorities being paid eight *cuartos*³ daily, the ordinary daily wage being two *pesetas* or four *reales fuertes*. In addition, sales and charity bazaars were held to defray the cost of the buildings. The architect was a Franciscan brother. The hospital was erected, a palace of the captain general was constructed, agriculture and the towns suffered not a little, and now those lonely buildings are rotting like buildings cursed by so many tears, by the cry of the poor that suffered for their construction. Why are the people who pay their taxes compelled to work gratis? Why do they pay taxes if they are not going to be allowed to live for their families? Do they pay their taxes so that they will be enslaved? Will the money of the tax payer be used to hire petty tyrants and not to attend to the demands of society? What? Is the Spanish-flag perchance the flag of the slave trade?

Does the writer of the article want the people to close their lips to all the immoralities of the so-called ministers of God and of the authorities...? We believe that the writer of the article is not a *filibustero* knowingly, but remember that when the lips are silent the hands work. Be careful with what *La Voz de Manila* asks.

No, don't close the valves, don't drown human conscience, the cry of the people. Air, though a very weak and very compressible substance, explodes and bursts nevertheless when it is compressed too much. The laws that govern the world of matter are the same in the moral and political world. And we say loyally to the Spanish government: We shall say what we think, even though many be displeased. We want to be loyal to the Metropolis and to her high officials.

There is a very mistaken idea about the Filipino people. The writers who have described them slandered them, because in depicting them they have taken as models their servants, that multitude of unfortunate devils without country, education, or home, who

² The town's chief executive who also performed judicial duties. He's popularly addressed as *Capitán*.

³ They are equivalent to five centavos today. (1959)

go to the great capital cities. They have described those ridiculous characters who swarm like parasites around the offices and the sidewalks. They do not know that the educated class who, seeing so much mud and poverty, shut themselves in isolation. Neither do they know the uncontaminated mass of the people in the provinces, as they neither know their spirit nor their language nor their sufferings.

Well now; in this unfortunate struggle between the friars who want ignorance and darkness like the bandit who lies in ambush at night and in mystery and the educated and noble classes of the country who want light, union, direct understanding with Spain, the impolitic conduct of the government, lending itself as an arm of the monastic corporations, hurts the sentiment of the country and the true interests of the Mother Country. The people is undeceived; they see that they are isolated; that the government does not protect them, that it is afraid of its enemy towards whom it is complaisant. The people doubt, hesitate, their love for Spain threatens to go out, their hope in justice weakens, they are tired of extending their supplicating hands... Be careful. The people fight the friars; if the government puts itself on their side unconditionally, it becomes the enemy of the people, it admits that it is an enemy of their progress, and then the government itself will have opened a new and unfortunate era!

To try to plunge the Filipinos into darkness and brutalize them is materially and morally impossible. Our enemies can preach from their pulpits, go to the extreme in all kinds of measures—imprisonment, banishment, censorship, prohibitions, investigations, searches, etc.—but they will not attain their objective. The educated Filipinos, the liberals, who increase every day thanks to persecutions, and we the Filipino youth in Europe who have dedicated our strength to the benefit of our country, we guarantee it. They could simulate another uprising, like that of Cavite, and cut off the throats of so many educated heads, but from the blood thus spilled will sprout more numerous and fresher shoots. Before the catastrophe of 1872 there were fewer thinkers, fewer anti-friars. They sacrificed innocent victims and now you have the youth, women, girls, embracing the same cause. Let the hecatomb be repeated and the executioners shall have sealed their own sentence.

No; be undeceived, those who are obfuscated. It is necessary to attend to the needs of the people, if it is desired to keep their love. The Filipinos can neither be blinded nor enslaved; therefore they must be given liberties and rights. There is no example what-

ever in history that says that a people in the process of enlightenment can be made to go backward. Decadence does not come until after apogee; a cascade does not go up, a fruit does not become a flower again. Does the government want to be assured of the love of the Philippines? Give her liberty, treat her as she deserves. Does it want to lose her? Then continue the unjust repressions, close its ears to the clamors of the people, condemn them to slavery.

To conclude we shall repeat: There is much demoralization among the Filipinos. The boasted ministers of God and *propagators of light* (!) have not sowed nor do they sow Christian moral, they have not taught religion but rituals and superstitions. The people, that they want to call *child*, have had bad teachers, they have learned bad examples: Like teacher, like pupil. To blame are the government that allows it through weakness, the people through ignorance, and the good who fold their arms through selfishness and wrap themselves in desperate silence. This demoralization cannot be corrected by sealing the lips of the accusers such as *La Voz de España* desires, but by the government inquiring into the cause, persecuting criminals, and may he fall who should fall! Give liberties, so that no one may have a right to conspire, and deputies, so that the complaints and the grudges are not condensed in the bosom of the families and from there become the cause of future tempests. Treat the people well, teach them the sweetness of peace so that they may adore and maintain it. If you continue the system of banishments, imprisonments, and sudden assaults for nothing, if you will punish the people for your own faults, you will make them desperate, you take away from them the horror of revolutions and disturbances, you harden them and excite them to fight. In the Philippines there is no *filibusterismo* yet, but there will assuredly be a terrible one if the hallooing continues: If you want the dog of your neighbor to get mad, make it known that it is mad. What more *filibusterismo* is there than the *filibusterismo* of despair?

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 81-85, 31 May 1889.

VICENTE BARRANTES' TEATRO TAGALO

Barcelona, 15 June 1889

Most Excellent Vicente Barrantes

Most Excellent Sir,

They say that the most sensible man has to commit a folly at least while he lives on earth. I, Most Excellent Sir, who neither boast of being sensible nor even of most excellent, can permit myself to commit one (I have already so many on my conscience) by addressing to you the following lines. May God and honorable men forgive me for it!

Your Excellency published last year four articles on *The Tagalog Theater* in numbers 259, 260, 361, and 362 of *La Ilustracion Artistica* of Barcelona. Although it is only now that I have come to learn of them, accept nevertheless my felicitation, for applause and praises, like money, gifts, and other exactions, never come late, as Your Excellency knows very well. And this is not the occasion to say that *a asno muerto la cebada al rabo*,¹ because while Your Excellency lives, neither I nor anybody can apply to you the proverb, much less take you for a dead ass.

I have read the articles from head to tail (not of the dead ass) and I am very much pleased to find Your Excellency up-to-date in many things. I am exceedingly delighted to note the good opinion that Your Excellency has of yourself and the poor one that you have of others, of us, above all, the incompetent and entirely inept Tagalogs, because personal satisfaction is a proof of a clean conscience and contempt of others is self-mastery, two things that I rejoice in finding in your majestic and intelligent personality.

For the same reason I fail to explain to myself the discontent of the other Tagalogs who had been able to read your articles. Some say that the least Your Excellency occupies itself with is the Tagalog theater which Your Excellency could discover whether good or bad, as it exists, and that instead of doing that, Your Excellency breaks loose against the Indios, against the Spanish Filipinos, against

The original in Spanish appeared in *La Solidaridad*, Vol I, 96-98 (15 June 1889) and 107-110 (30 June 2889).

Barrantes' articles were published in book form, 8.o, pp. 199, Madrid, 1890.

1 In English: Of what use is barley to a dead donkey.

Philippine society, mistaking or taking many effects for causes and many causes for effects. To this I reply that they are not right and yet they are my compatriots. Your Excellency in fact does not take up the Tagalog theater, but indeed the theater and the Tagalogs. It is not necessary for a civil governor or chief of the civil administration to fulfill religiously his duties; it is enough if he misgoverns or administers the country badly and his own interests well and afterwards be uncivil and other things besides. Your Excellency and I are agreed that names are immaterial, at least in the Philippines, and in the case of titles, all resemble insecticide powder or hair tonic—whether or not they kill fleas, whether they make the hair grow or fall, this is beside the point; the question is to make money. So then, that Your Excellency does not describe the Tagalog theater but instead hurls menacing words to the Tagalogs has nothing special. Would that Your Excellency had not occupied itself with any other thing in your life, at least while you were holding high positions in the Philippines!

Others note that Your Excellency must be loaded with bile and must have some great physical or moral incongruity to have so acrid a character as you have. To this I reply that each one has what he has and as no one has created himself, at least physically, he does wrong in acquiring for that reason a bad temper and an evil heart. What is censurable is that one is not only satisfied with his own but covets besides another's. It is another's whatever is the property of others, so long as by this word "others" is not understood either Indios or Tagalogs, or inhabitants of the Philippines. Your Excellency and I are agreed that such beings (?) are creatures neither divine nor human.

- Others, and this is the most serious, say Your Excellency neither knows the history of the Philippines nor understands Chinese and Japanese theaters and even less the Filipino which you pretend to treat, and that you have written these articles to display certain dazzling knowledge and extol yourself and to denigrate and humble those unfortunate people, assuage your conscience and satisfy a certain cry of public opinion, as if to answer: One does not rob the brute, one who is not a man should not be treated as such. *Homo homini ignoto lupus est*,² said the Latins, but the proverb could not be applied because the Filipinos were not *ignoti* to Your Excellency. The question is to make them *non homines* in order to be able to be *lupus*.

² Man is a wolf towards men unknown to him; figuratively, men prey on one another.

As Your Excellency can expect, I, who am such a partisan of yours, had also to defend you against other accusations. For the present they say that Your Excellency from the very beginning slip on an historical question and they cite me this: "At the moment when Miguel Legazpi and Fr. Urdaneta establish on the banks of the Pasig a control more artificial than stable". (Chap. I, paragraph 1.) The stupid Tagalogs are surprised that Fr. Urdaneta had been in Manila when history books say that he was sent from Cebu to Mexico, where he died, before Legazpi came to Luzon. These Tagalog brutes add that the first time Urdaneta came in the Villalobos expedition neither did he decry from afar the coasts of Luzon, and then at the time he was not a friar but a soldier, spending almost all his time fighting in the Moluccas against the Portuguese. What does Your Excellency say of the infamy of these ignorant Indians who pretend that history is more correct than Your Excellency? One has to be a Tagalog brute, Most Excellent Sir, in order to harbor such a pretension. It is enough that Your Excellency, a man of superior race, say so for me to believe it against all historical citations, be they true or not. The point is that it be said by one belonging to the race of demi-gods. And even supposing that they were right, what? Could not Your Excellency undo the past and through the art of enchantment make Fr. Urdaneta go to Manila in spite of whatever they may say? Don't we hear of the ubiquity of St. Alphonse of Liguria and of other monks and saints? What God could do cannot the divine person of Your Excellency accomplish in a country of savages? Well, I know so many things that Your Excellency did that surely neither God nor saint will dare or can do!

Some who are more fastidious, without leaving chapter 1, paragraph 1, criticize Your Excellency's phrase which says: "As the history of the Archipelago properly begins with our conquest in the last years of the XVI century..." These fastidious people cannot accept that the year 1521 when Magellan came for the first time, be taken by Your Excellency as the last years of the century, that is, they cannot agree that the beginning is the end. And the inept says: "Granting for argument's sake that the history of a country begins for another from the day when he has knowledge of it, undoubtedly the history of the Philippines ought to begin for Spain in the year 1521 when Pigafetta wrote his *Primo viaggio intorno al mondo* in which he gives very detailed information about the various usages and customs in the Philippines and when Elcano and others on their return to Spain gave information about the country. But we have still older data, manuscripts of the XIV century about the

Philippines, and history has to fall back several centuries still. If Mr. Barrantes does not know more than what he knows, he should write with less presumption."

To this I reply with my Achilles argument: It is enough that Your Excellency, a man of superior race, says it for me to believe it against all historical citations, be they true or not. The "monkeys" have nothing or ought not to reply! Speaking of monkeys, *Le Matin* of 26 May 1889 contains a statement to prove the madness of Baron Raymond de Seilliere and his pretensions: "Compared with me", he said, "all men are monkeys. I know everything without having studied anything." But this does not apply to Your Excellency, however much resemblance one may like to see!

Against all future observations, Your Excellency, as a man of superior race, had already written at the end of the famous chapter 1, paragraph 1, the following: "Such a study ought not either to be undertaken with hopes of increasing knowledge, but it is done because of the eagerness that afflicts modern men to investigate everything, though they are certain to be lost in a vacuum!"

Above all "to be lost in a vacuum," as it happened to Your Excellency! This is a proof of the semi-divinity of Your Excellency. Only that after such a confession Your Excellency, in my humble opinion, ought to have thrown away your pen, because *inter nos* to be a nuisance in four chapters, to write seventy and more paragraphs, longer than the first and with more breaks and gaps, is truly to be unkind to the readers and above all to be more unkind to me, your devoted defender.

Where do I get so many arguments? If your divinity will not help me, I shall have to give up my persistence. I concede, however, that if Your Excellency wanted to vent your anger and ill-humor on readers and defenders, you did very well in writing so many paragraphs, because you have attained your purpose. I tell you *sotto voce*: "That Your Excellency has caused all of us to burst!"

But on with my task.

Chapter 1, paragraph 2. They say, to my indignation, that Your Excellency, despite your fumes and abundant bile, has moments of excessive candor. And to prove their assertion, they reproduce what Your Excellency writes at the beginning of paragraph 2: "From the combined documents and memoirs that the conquerors left us, it can be clearly inferred that they gave slight value to the land and its people, the Adelantado himself saying in his letter to the

commander of the Portuguese navy in the Moluccas, Gonzalo Pereira, in the first days of his entry in Cebu, that 'they are not of such high quality that will invite the covetousness of any body.' And they believe that Your Excellency is more innocent than the very same Portuguese, believing literally the astute words of the great Legazpi! Of such little value were the people and the land that Legazpi concluded with the first a treaty of defensive and offensive alliance, the Spanish soldiers fighting under the command of the Indio Tupas, his men helping them in their expedition to Manila, having taken from two provinces in one year alone 109,500 pesos in gold. I say that Your Excellency ought not to disregard this and other things as neither did the Portuguese commander that for the sake of this "wretched" country had a scuffle with the men of Legazpi after long diplomatic *pourparlers*; but the point is to demonstrate that the country and its inhabitants were or are not worth a straw and for that all means are proper, even silly ones.

Reading the rest of the paragraph, they deduce that Your Excellency has not read the historians who say that the Filipinos had many industries before the arrival of the Spaniards and that they lost them little by little since they took possession of the country for reasons very sad and irritating to say. And they cite Morga, Colin, Chirino, and Gaspár de San Agustin himself, so anti-Indio as Your Excellency. Dr. Hans Meyer, who is no Indiophile, expresses the same opinion, seeing how diligent and industrialized still are the independent and non-Christian Filipinos, and he expresses the fear that they may become as lazy as the others once they are converted. Frankly, Most Excellent Sir, I have no answer to this except the usual one. It is enough that Your Excellency, a man of superior race, says it, *etc.* God alone is God and Barrantes, of superior race, is his prophet!

I fear that I may lack answers to the seventy or so paragraphs that remain in which you let loose, to my torment and the joy of the stupid Tagalogs so many monumental errors, manifest so much ignorance, and show yourself so vulgar in your knowledge that less could not be asked from the most ignorant member of Spanish society in Manila, upon whom you look down with so much contempt! *Inter nos*, Your Excellency does not know a single thing about Filipino writing, nor have you studied it. Your Excellency does not know that weapons and copper objects have been found in the Philippines belonging to this age; Your Excellency knows nothing about the origin of the Tagalogs and still you believe that their writing is that of the Malays! Like the ignorant populace who do not go

deep into anything or read anything carefully but are satisfied with four axioms that they are told, Your Excellency believes that the civilization of China and Japan had exerted a great influence on the Philippines before the coming of the Spaniards. The Chinese came to the Islands only as mere traders but without ever leaving their crafts, without going into the interior, and without being able even to establish themselves as they had done since the Spaniards arrived. They had no political influence whatsoever. And as to the Japanese, though there are signs and traditions of Japanese origin that make us believe that some of them had come to the Philippines, nevertheless neither did they have political influence in the Philippines before the arrival of the Spaniards. But, what is the use of telling Your Excellency these things, seeing that you will not understand or believe them, because you have neither the background nor have you done any preliminary studies? Your Excellency says "...The Portuguese and Chinese Legazpi found were brought in and others were already established in the country." This is reading history in your own way. What Legazpi found were the depredations and barbarous cruelties committed in the Bisayan group of islands by the Portuguese who passed themselves for Spaniards and hastily returned to the Moluccas in order to arouse the hatred of the Indios against the Spaniards; and about the Chinese, on account of a typhoon, a vessel of theirs was seized by the inhabitants of Mindoro. Legazpi freed it and he invited the Chinese to increase their trade, promising them protection.

"As to ceramics and clothes, some curious objects that have been found reveal Chinese or Japanese origin." Neither is this accurate, for the celebrated ancient jars that Morga already talked about and about which Jagor writes a fine chapter, though they are much appreciated by the Chinese or Japanese, are not however made by them.

I give up then defending Your Excellency as to the remainder, because I see that the effort is far above my ability. Your Excellency speaks of the Chinese and Japanese theaters and I note that neither have you studied them nor know them so well as the Tagalog. Why have not Your Excellency gone out with an interpreter to study these dramatic performances once and several times, as various inepts and lazy Filipinos have done, among them the "monkey" who writes this, in the theaters of China and Japan? Your Excellency would say that the demigodliness of your race did not permit you to make such studies and you contented yourself with what some travelers said. In this I grant that you are right, but I remind

you that the demigods never talked to us about the Chinese and Japanese theaters, and in this regard Your Excellency set a bad precedent.

But why the inept Tagalogs do not reflect or have in their social life anything of the Japanese or Chinese theater (which could not get to the Philippines before the Spaniards, for Japanese drama never touched the Archipelago); why the Tagalogs do not preserve anything of what they have seen, Your Excellency deduces they lack the spirit of assimilation. Frankly I am annihilated. Those who disrespectfully laugh at you argue: Does the Spanish race by chance lack the spirit of assimilation for the mere fact that its literary history in the first centuries of the Carthaginian occupation does not record remains of Greek grammar? Should it be deduced from this that the Spaniards are inept? The Tagalogs lack the spirit of assimilation. Well, do not Your Excellency and others say that the Indios for their facility in "imitating" things are some "monkeys"? Did they not assimilate easily as Your Excellency recounts later Spanish dramatics, in spite of its little vigor, poor actors, and worse plays? What would you answer us if we would put this question to you: Your Excellency, suppose that a Roman proconsul, after exploiting and robbing the government and the Spaniards, then a Roman colony, upon his return to Italy, in order to escape the censure and the complaints of the exploited, should go about proclaiming that the Spaniards are brutes, inepts, not men, because they neither had writing, nor did they know how to adopt Greek, Phoenician, and Carthaginian literature, nor did they have tragedies or comedies, nor could they even imitate, even badly, the plays that Ennius, Plautus, and Terence wrote? Would the proconsul be right then to insult an entire people and justify his depredations?

To these gentlemen I say, Most Excellent Sir, *nego paritatem*.³ Your Excellency has nothing of the Roman proconsul, and if we, like the Spaniards of that time, do not reflect foreign dramaturgy, on the other hand we had our own writing, more or less imperfect, but writing after all, that we used, which neither the Celts nor the Gauls nor the Iberians nor even the Celtiberians possessed. Great proof that we are inept and stupid and incapable of civilization! Your Excellency itself says that the first theatrical representation that could be discovered in Spain, as the child of the new civilization, though it was in Provincial dates from the XII century, that is, fourteen centuries after the golden age of Latin drama (which must have passed through Spain, for the Romans carried

³ I deny likewise.

their customs, laws, language, and civilization everywhere, evidence of it being the ruins and mementoes found in Spain, and sixteen centuries after the era of Euripides and Aristophanes! And how many centuries ago did Spain bring her dramaturgy to the Philippines? Does not Your Excellency say, though inaccurately, that the first theatrical representation was in the time of Corcuera, 5 July, 1637? And Your Excellency wants the stupid and inept Tagalogs to achieve in one century what the superior and intelligent Europeans could not accomplish in fourteen centuries? And nevertheless, Your Excellency says that in 1750 the rough Tagalogs already performed in a comedy as actors. What European nation, after one century of Roman rule—why do I say after a century, after twelve centuries—has translated into national verses, the *Aeneid*, some comedy of Plautus, or any other Latin or Greek play, as Your Excellency claim the Tagalogs and other Filipinos did with the *Pasión* and various books and comedies? Your Excellency says that the *Pasion* was translated into the principal dialects of the country in the XVII century, that is, a century after, but you have not read what Colín says on page 54: "They are very fond of writing and reading. Hardly was there a man or less a woman who did not know it and use it even in devotional matters those who are already Christians. From the sermons they hear, the stories, lives of the saints, and prayers they compose religious poems, for there are such accomplished poets among them who translate with elegance into their language *any Spanish comedy*. They use many booklets and devotional books in their own tongue and written by their own hand. This is affirmed in the manuscript history of Fr. Pedro Chirino to whom was entrusted in 1609 the examination of these books by the Provisor and Vicar General of this Archbishopric." This is what the Spanish Jesuit Colín says who spent many years in the Philippines and wrote her history about 1640 or so. We do not want to cite further, because it would be throwing it away. There are some which are so precious that they are truly pearls. All this indicates that the Filipinos are a people that cannot be civilized, and Your Excellency is of superior race.

Everything that Your Excellency says about the *corridos*⁴ could be true, but the point is that Your Excellency does not know which are the works that the Tagalogs call *corridos*. The Tagalogs distinguish them from the *awit*, a matter that Your Excellency need

⁴ In the *corrido* or *korido*, as it is written in the Filipino language, each verse has 8 syllables; in the *awit* 12 syllables. Then the *awit* is read in a slow, singsong manner. As to their subject matter, there is no marked difference between the *korido* and the *awit*; both usually dealing with tales of chivalry or lives of saints and martyrs.

not know either. The purpose is to slander a people and in order to slander them, knowledge is unnecessary.

What you say about the *Pasión* is interesting, but Your Excellency could have told us from what original work was translated the version so much in vogue among the Filipinos, and then prove it. The fact that other similar or analogous works are found in other languages, does not mean to say that the later ones are translations of the former. Otherwise, three Gospels would be translations of that St. Matthews, and so of other works.

Your Excellency says: "Although there is but one step from the recitative and vocal music to stage representation, it seems unquestionable that the *Pasión* did not lead to it among the Indios..." and afterwards he weakens on this principle with insulting reflections on the whole morality of a people. Certainly Your Excellency could have saved the succeeding paragraph if you have studied deeply the matter. Yes, Most Excellent Sir, there are dramatic scenes in the *Pasión*; all the Tagalogs would tell you so. When I was a child I saw the temptation on the mountain and the burial scenes represented on the stage in private houses.⁵ But what happens to Your Excellency with regard to this is the same as with the Filipino comedies—you have not seen them, therefore there are none, therefore the stupid Tagalogs ought to be insulted.

We are going to give more careful attention to Filipino art and Philippine literature when more serene days shine. Then we shall say which stage representation was purely indigenous, which was exotic, brought by the Spaniards, which was the product of this mixture, which were the most notable works, etc. In the meantime, Your Excellency may please excuse me if I do not now reveal these glories or little manifestations of the spirit of my country. Frankly, I do not want to see mentioned the name of Your Excellency in the history of the arts of my native land. However poor and crude they might be, however infantile, ridiculous, and puny Your Excellency may hold them, nevertheless they preserve for me much poetry and a certain aureole of purity that Your Excellency could not understand. The first songs, the first farces, the first drama, that I saw in my childhood and which lasted three nights, leaving an indelible remembrance in my mind, in spite of their crudity and absurdity, were in Tagalog. They are, Most Ex-

⁵ Mariano Ponce in his *Folk-Lore Bulaqueño*, published in *La Oceania Española*, Manila, says the following: "Until now, in the town of Baliwag, province of Bulacan, people still observe the traditional custom of staging in the public square on Easter Sunday the tragedy titled *The Beheading of Longinus* attended not only by the townspeople but also by those from neighboring towns and provinces." (*La Solidaridad*, Vol. I, 109, footnote.)

cellent Sir, like an intimate festival of a family, of a poor family. The name of Your Excellency which is of superior race would profane it and take away all its charm.

And we shall try to finish quickly.

I shall leave aside many observations in your articles. I will overlook that of "the Malays of Colombo and Ceylon" that Your Excellency states in chapter III, paragraph 3. I believe that Your Excellency does not refer to the Indians of Caucasian race, inhabitants of Ceylon, but to some other Malay who had accidentally gone there, unless Your Excellency wants to alter ethnography. Of course I know that being of superior race, you can do anything. In that case, you could have said also "the Malays of Madrid and Spain, or of London and England, of Paris and France", because it seems that for Your Excellency the capital of a country does not belong to her. But Your Excellency, being of superior race, can make the Singhalese Malays and of Colombo, capital of Ceylon, whatever you may want or fancy. They are all toadeaters and of dark color. Your Excellency will say that at night all cats are drab; therefore all those of dark color are Malays. The *chulos* (rogues) of Madrid call them Chinese, however. Take note, Your Excellency, your fellow countrymen, the *chulos*.

And skipping all, except the last one, for which not even I, your ardent defender, can forgive you, the conclusion, in which you say: "...because the *carrillo*⁶ of Magdalena Street had dared to stage *Don Juan Tenorio*, a play that was in fashion among perverted people because a native actor of the Filipino theater was wont to behead him frequently...". I say that I cannot forgive Your Excellency for it and I repeat it, in exchange for your fury and your antipathies, in exchange for the loss of all my good services and my work... I cannot forgive you, no Most Excellent Sir, I cannot permit that Your Excellency convert into "a native actor of the Filipino theater" that actor of superior race, of the same race as Your Excellency. How? Your Excellency lowering thus a demigod to the most unworthy category of a native, only because he did not play well his role? Look out, Your Excellency, if that system is generalized, the Filipinos are going to be more numerous than the Chinese, I say, they are going to dominate the world, and perhaps, perhaps, I may have for compatriots many Most Excellent Sirs and other titles besides, which would be a calamity. Your Excellency, the whole Manila public, all that society that Your Excellency says is apathetic and inert, the stupid Tagalogs of Luzon and I, another Tagalog and another

⁶ *Carrillo* was a puppet show, the forerunner of the motion picture.

stupid man, we know very well who is that actor... Be careful, Most Excellent Sir, someone may sue for damages!

Abandon, Your Excellency, your intention of studying the bibliography of the Filipino theater, because I know what schoolteachers, what clerks have furnished you with the translation of some works. Be contented, Your Excellency, with generalities for thus you will commit yourself less; do not go down to the bottom, lest what happened to Schiller's diver befall you. He was saved the first time but the second time he was drowned. This time Your Excellency found a defender, who knows if you will have the same luck later.

And now by way of farewell, I have to tell you why you have inspired me with so many sympathies and I have appointed myself your defender. Seeing that after you have twice occupied high posts in my country and knowing many of the things that you have done and attempted to do, I am delighted that my homeland, my race, the whole Philippine society, everything that I love and revere only deserve the contempt of Your Excellency and inspire you with hatred and aversion. This time I speak sincerely, Most Excellent Sir. The greatest insult from Your Excellency is for my country an honor, because in spite of how miserable, ignorant, and unfortunate she is, it seems that she still retains one good quality. God reward Your Excellency for the insults and contempt with which you honor the Philippines in general! Thunder, Your Excellency, slander, denigrate us, put us on the last step of the zoological ladder, nothing matters to us. Stir up the ire of everybody against the Filipinos who protest against such insults, against the grandchildren of those who have shed their blood for Spain, for her flag, to extend her dominions in the Orient, to preserve her colonial empire against the Chinese, Japanese, Mohammedans, Dutch, Portuguese, and English, to help even the countries who are friends of Spain; accuse us of being ingrates and *filibusteros* only because we have a sense of honor and because we want to protest against shielded outrages. It does not matter! We shall continue on our path, we shall remain faithful to Spain, while those who guide her destinies have a spark of love for our country, while she has ministers who plan liberal reforms, while the toll of invectives does not erase from our memory the names of Legazpi, Salcedo, Carriedo, and above all the names of the Catholic kings who protected from afar the unfortunate Malays of the Philippines!

JOSE RIZAL

A PROFANATION

In the town of Kalamba, Province of La Laguna, Philippines, two citizens, both prominent and highly respected and beloved of their fellow townsmen, died of cholera on 23 May last. The cholera attack was so rapid that they died in less than 20 hours.

One of them was a brother-in-law of Rizal, author of *Noli me tángere* and was called Mr. Mariano Herbosa, and the other, Mr. Isidro Alcalá, and both were senior deputy officials.

Immediately the coadjutor, Fr. Domingo Añonuevo, enemy of Rizal and of his brother-in-law, telegraphed to Manila in these terms:

Mariano Herbosa, Rizal's brother-in-law, has died. He had not confessed since his marriage until the time of his death.

The ecclesiastical governor replies to the parish priest of Kalamba in telegram number 6608:

Telegram received, the information being true, we deny him ecclesiastical burial.

In accordance with this, they buried Mr. Mariano Herbosa in a hill outside of the town and the other who died in the same way, but who was not a brother-in-law of Rizal, in the cemetery, costing his family more than 55 pesos, although the body did not pass through the church.

No one has a right to complain just because a body lies buried here or there, in a land belonging to the church, or in another that belongs to the estate of the Dominican fathers. Corpses will rot in any grave, there is no ground more honored than others, the ground of the cemetery is not the only one created by God, just as that of hills and mountains has not been moulded by the devil. The sun illuminates the entire earth, the rain waters the earth without distinction nor preferences in accordance with different climates, the breeze caresses it equally, and nature does not make flowers grow more in the cemeteries than in other places, at least in the Philippines. On the other hand the family of the dead ought to be grateful to the priests for this revenge, for besides not costing it anything, it saved the corpse, who in life was a man of great talent and cleverness, from contact with the corpses of so many rough men and the insults of the grave-diggers who, when least expected, dig up remains still very fresh, and from paid

prayers said without either faith or piety by the priest who officiates in a hurry, with a certain loathing mingled with laziness. Over the hill where the corpse rests or rots, the breeze from the lake passes, purifying the atmosphere. There the sun shines and rain does not inundate it as it happens in the cemetery of the town of Kalamba. There his family and friends can visit him sure that they will not catch any fever, sure that they will not breathe any deleterious molecule. To God who has created all things and all beings without excepting the priests in the Philippines, to the Christian Religion that preaches love and not mean vengeance and gives more attention to the soul than to the body or matter, what does it matter to have a grave in a hill and one in a flooded cemetery? To man, to a philosopher, to a free-body or matter, what does it matter to have a grave in a hill and thinker, to the modern spirit, what has the ground in a cemetery exploited by a religious caste that is preferable to the ground in a hill that serves for morning and hygienic stroll and which produces useful plants that nourish other creatures?

Nothing.

The incident in itself then has nothing bad or prejudicial and all the friends and members of the family of the deceased understood it thus.

But those which should be offended are religion, justice, and the government since its duty is to govern and not to permit stupid and extravagant revenge.

The Catholic religion ought to regard itself as offended because it has served as a plaything and instrument of vile passions. It should consider itself humiliated for having as member a liar and impostor, like the one who sent the telegram saying that Mr. Mariano Herbosa, since he got married, had not gone to confession, which is untrue, and the one who said it lied like an ignoramus and a villain.

Firstly, he could not possibly know whether he had confessed or not during the period of twelve years, in as much as he had not followed him at every steps. Neither was he the only priest to whom everybody must confess nor even if he were so, he could not write down the names of all the persons who confessed to him. We know for one that the deceased used to confess to the priests of the neighboring towns, like Kabuyao and Los Baños, and even to the Jesuit priests of Manila, as he did in 1877, a very common custom in the Philippines, when townsmen and parish priests know each other too well.

That he was not able to confess at the hour of his death was not suprising, for he was attacked by cholera, dying in less than 20 hours, and we are certain and we can assert that the very same priest who is persecuting him has a horror of this malady, so much so that during the epidemic of 1882, he always went about with his nose covered with a handkerchief, a habit that he kept in the church and even when he was on a visit in private houses. And moreover, do not many die without confession and for that reason they are buried elsewhere?

What is the purpose besides of putting in the telegram "Rizal's brother-in-law", if his purpose is not mean, revengeful, and infamous? What has Holy Religion to do with kinship? What is the purpose of this insinuation in so sacred a thing as the things related to religion ought to be?

Justice is insulted because it is an indecent slander to the memory of a person who had been a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good Catholic, and a good Christian, of one who had loaned his home to destitute sick people to whom these very same priests have denied their aid, of a man who fed and who took care of poor mothers who suffered from loathsome though not shameful maladies, only for love of humanity and for Christian piety. The Christian work that the deceased had performed without being obliged to do it had never been dreamed of by his persecutors.

He belonged to a family of benefactors of the town church. The greater number of the images in gold and silver that adorn the altars of the church are donations of his family. Belonging to his family are the Holy Sepulcher, the Virgin of Aransazú, the Image of the Third Fall, Mary Magdalene, St. John, Jesus of Nazareth, and others. Those *andas** and silver carts were the family fortune and he took care of those images and he spent his time and money on them. And only for being "Rizal's brother-in-law" they deny him church burial! And Rizal's family to whom he was related was another benefactor of churches, almost with as many religious images and silver carts as the other!

If we have to deny church burial to all those we believe have not confessed since they got married, grass will grow on the paths leading to cemeteries. Ask every honest man in Spain and the Philippines if they are better Catholics than Mr. Mariano Herbosa, if they hear Mass on holidays like he did.

* *Andas* are frames with shafts on which religious images are placed to be carried on men's shoulders. Sometimes wheels are attached to them and they are pulled by men or devotees of the saint.

An adulterer kills his paramour and afterwards commits suicide and nevertheless for being the son of kings, he is buried in holy ground and a chapel is erected on the spot of the adultery, assassination, and of the suicide. A young man, a classmate of this writer, committed suicide and they buried him in the cemetery of Paco in Manila. But a good man dies, a respectable person, an heir of so many benefactors of the church, nephew of a priest, educated by a priest, the protector of the poor and destitute, and for being Rizal's brother-in-law, they bury him in a field!

To the Spanish people, to all honest Catholics, to all noble Spaniards, to the free and intelligent press of Spain, to the liberal and sensible government of Mr. Becerra, we denounce these injustices! We are sure that these incidents have not been known before by the civil authorities. General Weyler may not know it. In the Philippines there is no free press, but here in Spain where it exists as guardian of good sense, justice, and liberty, here we protest against this insult inflicted on mankind on the person of one of its members and to the Spanish nation on one of its subjects! Let it not be said that in the XIX century we have different ways of understanding justice!

It is the turn of the government to assuage the offended sentiments of a people, the grief of a widow, and to vindicate the memory of a father that ought to be venerated by his innocent orphans. It is the turn of the government to see if it is time to secularize the cemeteries, as it is done in Spain and other cultured countries in order to prevent this childish and posthumous revenge, so that the dead, those who have ceased to exist, may be respected. Unfortunately the evil is not new; it dates back to the remote past. Rizal had already denounced it in the first pages of *Noli me tangere*.

His adversaries are only showing that he is right.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 137-139, 31 July 1889.

This article was unsigned, but it was written by Rizal and sent to *La Solidaridad* accompanied with a short letter in Tagalog from Rizal to Mariano Ponce dated Paris, 22 July 1889.

NEW TRUTHS

With the title "Philippine Affairs" *La Patria* publishes in its issue for 4 July 1889, Madrid, a letter of Mr. Vicente Belloc Sanchez attacking the reforming tendencies of a Manila journalist who signs with the pseudonym of *Abenhumeya*.¹

We don't have the honor of knowing this correspondent of *El Globo* nor have we read the article Mr. Belloc impugns; but some assertions of this gentleman compel us to write and join the debate, not because Mr. "Abenhumeya" needs a defender (he can very well defend the principles he maintains) but because the subject is of very general interest and because it discloses and maintains ideas that more than debatable have much of the appearance of being erroneous.

It tries to inculcate: 1st, that the introduction of reforms into the Philippine Archipelago can *ruin our peaceful maternal rule* and consequently it is necessary to preserve our rule and *not to limit the present field of action of the religious orders*; 2nd, that the friars there are good models of rulers, counselors, *kind to their parishioners* (!), hospitable, *etc., etc.*, while there are Spaniards who are shameless, ungrateful, and even thieves of horses and carriages; 3rd, that we the Indios of the Philippines are nothing less than savages and that the friars in 25 years civilized us, made laws for us, *etc., etc.*

It is true that before asserting these things, Mr. Belloc states his qualifications: He stayed twelve years in the Philippines, he traveled through all the provinces inch by inch; he studied the country from the religious, moral, economic, and political point of view, he tried to delve into the character and manner of life of the Indio, *etc.* Mr. Belloc gives this and many other things in his favor and asks Mr. "Abenhumeya" what are his titles to decide with such absolute sureness affairs of so much transcendental importance.

Mr. "Abenhumeya" will show his credentials at the right time to Mr. Belloc that he held positions in the judicial and financial branches of the government that justify his right to speak on things affecting the country. We, in conformity with this new rule, are

¹ Jose Antonio Guillén, a Spaniard of long residence in the Philippines. He attacked Governor Emilio Terrero and the friars, especially Fr. Payo, for the disaster of the cruiser *Filipinas* built at Hongkong. He died at Barcelona about the end of 1889.

going to state our titles before we attempt to discuss the ideas supported by Mr. Belloc.

We stayed twenty-one years in the country and we have returned to it after an absence of six years and if we had not traveled through all the provinces inch by inch like Mr. Belloc, it was because in our time we Indios needed passports to travel from one provinces that we visited, we traveled through them by foot; we guards would recognize them as valid. On the other hand the few provinces that we visited, we traveled through them by foot; we studied the country from every possible point of view and even from sad experiences. We did not try to understand the character of the Indio, because we are also Indios ourselves and because we were first educated among pure Indios, in the towns of Indios, afterwards in college among Indios, Spaniards, and mestizos, later among pure Spaniards, and afterwards among foreigners, always with our gaze fixed on our country.

If these are enough for us to join the debate on things pertaining to our country, we shall go ahead, and we go to the first question:

The introduction of reforms *can ruin our peaceful and maternal rule* and consequently the friars must not be disturbed in their delightful dominion.

If the writer of these lines were really a *filibustero*, as his adversaries depict him, he would try to support the thesis of Mr. Belloc, a thesis which had always been posed formerly whenever an attempt was made to repress a little the excesses of the friars. I would wish that the government sleep, allowing itself to be led, to be discredited more and more, to continue under tutorship, like a big imbecile, and thus the Filipino people—whose thoughts he knows for being one of them—may one day rise up, burdened already with so much tyranny, and so much imbecility, and close its hand that it has for so long kept open, so that it may begin to brush away the weak government as well as the mischievous coxcombs.

But no; our adversaries do not dispose of our political convictions and for that reason we are going to put to Mr. Belloc this question: On what is that *peaceful and maternal rule* based that it would fall like a castle of cards upon the mere introduction of reforms by the government? Is it because the Spanish Government has no other support there than ignorance, oppression, all the possible backwardness and all the abuses, in all its branches? Is it because that rule is like those skeletons that are found in some

cemeteries that at the slightest touch are reduced to ashes for being extremely old? Is the *peaceful rule assured and maintained by the friars* like a soap-bubble, like a *noli me tangere*?² What a grand rule that is then! And in three centuries the Spanish Government has done nothing to secure the love of the Filipinos, the friars have done nothing to make the Philippines love Spain so that upon the introduction of reforms everything will topple down? If what Mr. Belloc says were possible, I would have to admit that all that pretended and boasted power that the friars built up in the Philippines is nothing more than shadows, fog, phantoms that vanish with a little light, unless the friars admit that they have made that rule for themselves, for their own use, and therefore they should not come around asking anyone for gratitude and calling themselves patriots and civilizers.

But laying this aside, can Mr. Belloc tell us, can all the partisans of the friars and all who threaten the government, tell us why introducing a reform, why making the religious orders comply strictly with their duty and each one work in his own sphere, all that edifice would sag and tumble down? This is always reiterated as a threat, but it is never shown why and many come to believe it, and the government with a patience superior to that of Job allows it to be said and shouted and does not comprehend its reach. That is to say that there to govern is to misgovern, that the whole organization is so corrupt, that disorder is its normal state, its second nature, in such a way that order is abnormal there and would only be a perturbing factor, like what happened to that good professor who accustomed to having lazy and turbulent students, had an access of ire on the day when his students knew their lesson and sat down quietly on their benches. That is to say in addition that the government is ignorant, impotent, despicable, and is supported only by dint of plasters, crutches, tricks, props, etc. Its most severe enemies cannot say worse things to discredit it.

But, supposing that all these were true, that the government there governs only because the friars support it, supposing that the Filipino people were an enemy of the government and only live in peace with it because the friars keep *them in submission*, as Mr. Belloc claims; admitting that the Spaniards irritate the Indio with excessive burdens and that the friars restrain the ill humor that often attacks the native due to the blunders of the administration; admitting all these and even more, we ask: Is this sufficient rea-

2 Don't touch me.

son to perpetuate the *status quo*, for the government to refrain from correcting its blunders and to prepare itself for a more decent future? Why could not the government emancipate itself from the tutelage of the friars? The renowned General Salamanca,³ in spite of his fame and his sword, hides behind the friars at the very session of the Senate and in fear asks for their protection when he dreams of possible disturbances in the Philippines; well and very good, because valor is not the foremost quality necessary to a general but prudence; all that is very good, but a government ought to act in another way; it ought to know how to curb its fears, show more confidence, more dignity, and above all to think of the future. What is going to happen to it if it is contented with the eternal friar tutelage? The exploited people is getting educated and intelligent, in spite of the four convents,⁴ and when it opens its eyes and finds itself with an idiotic government that wraps itself in the folds of the cassocks, what is going to happen then? Is it not better to try now to mend the mistakes of three centuries of neglect, to win its sympathies as a mother tries to regain the affection of a son whose education and childhood have been entrusted to mercenary hands?

Moreover, either the reforms are good or they are bad; if they are good, we cannot understand why they could imperil the paternal rule more than the abuses they correct; if they are bad, the government deserves the people's disaffection and the people would turn to the friars and recognize their most excellent kindness or it would get rid of both. But we don't believe nor do we want the Filipino people to believe that the government of the Metropolis is a suicide and that our first rulers are stupid.

In conclusion: With the system followed by the partisans of the *status quo*, the people is slandered in the eyes of the government, being depicted as its enemy which obeys it only thanks to the good words of the friars. The government loses prestige in the eyes of the foreigner, of the Filipino people, and of Spain, as a puppet government, a minor, a government that avails itself of tricks and frauds, at the mercy of some religious corporations, and it has to deceive the people to get money from it, in short, something like a company of charlatans disguised as executioners.

³ General José Salamanca, a Spanish senator, who started a debate on the floor of the Senate on account of a demonstration against the friars and Archbishop Payo at Manila on 1 March 1888.

⁴ The four religious corporations established in the Philippines: Dominican, Franciscan, Augustinian, and Recollect.

Whether the friars there are angels, models, saints, and many Spaniards are thieves of carriages, horses, etc., we don't want to say anything. It can be true that the friars are so good that barbarous Spain and ignorant Europe do not want them. Some day we shall civilize the Old World with our religious communities.

Neither do we want to say anything for the present about what the friars have done in the Philippines and what savages we were before they came. It is a subject we shall discuss extensively in the future. It is enough to say that according to three religious, when the Spaniards arrived, all the *Indios* knew how to read and write in their own characters, they had their own traditions and legends, and now only 70 per cent of them know how to read and write. These religious are Fr. Chirino, Fr. Colin, and Fr. Font.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 130-132, 31 July 1889.

DIFFERENCES

La Patria in its issue for 14 August publishes an article entitled "Old Truths" in reply to "New Truths" that we published in *La Solidaridad*.

He refers to our person with sublime disdain and lays aside all our arguments and our questions to cling to our phrase "partisans of the *status quo*" which he ridicules, saying that we don't know Latin "for lack of grammatical concord in *estatu quo*," as it says.

Bad hold, Lady *La Patria*, alias Ciruelas,¹ by your leave.

Who taught you that the antecedent must agree in case with the relative? Who taught you Latin that you write *estatu* instead of *statu*? They have made you waste your time wretchedly, and if you are a friar who says Mass, you admit that you don't understand much of what the Missal says.

We say "partisans of the *status quo*," "so that the *status quo* may be perpetuated", and we don't put *statu quo* nor *estatu quo* as you like, precisely because we studied a little Latin and we are vexed to place an ablative where there ought to be a genitive or nominative, and we prefer to displease *La Patria* rather than break a rule of grammar. We admit that this is not the usage in Spain, but indeed it is in other countries, like Germany where Latin is studied very well. Out of respect for our readers we don't decline *status*, *statu*; but when *status* is in a sentence as an ablative, we will say *statu* and not *estatu* as you like; example, *La Patria* in regard to Latin, remains in *statu quo ante lectionem*.

Let us go to another story or hold. You say: "On the other hand, to praise the prudence of the governor general—represented by the defender of "Abenhumeña" as hiding behind the friars—for which he censures the government is the most stupendous of inconsequences."

But, where did you read this? I have to recite that of

Pobre Geroncio, a mi ver
Tu locura es singular

¹ *Ciruelas* literally, "plus"; colloquially and figuratively, a person who knows nothing

Quien te mete a censurar
Lo que no sabes leer?²

You admit that this is either to deceive your readers, slandering shamelessly your adversary, or you do not understand what you read. When was General Salamanca governor general of the Philippines?³ When were the passions, the fears, or the virtues of a private citizen identified with the rule of general conduct that a government must follow in its policy? We have a better and more lofty opinion of the government of the Mother Country, and we shall not yet knock asunder at the beginning the mistakes that individuals commit or may commit so long as *La Patria* does not show us that we must think otherwise.

It shows then that there is no inconsequence on our part, rather a certain rashness and carelessness on yours in reading the articles you attack. Everything remains then in *statu quo*, not *estatu quo*.

Also the questions that constitute the theme of our article remain in *statu quo* (not *estatu quo*)

On what is the *peaceful and paternal rule* based that it would fall like a castle of cards should the government merely introduce reforms?

Why, by introducing reforms, why, by *making the religious orders comply strictly with their duty and each one work in his own sphere*, should all that edifice collapse and fall apart?

We ask for order, we want the government to govern, the friar or the monk to stay in the convent and comply with the statutes of his order and not to govern and make the government follow him. "Give unto Caesar what is Caesar's." It seems to me that greater love for the government cannot be asked. Between the Filipinos who ask that the government govern and the friars who want a governed government the people can choose. Frankly it is humiliating for us, even if we are Igorots and Indios, to be governed by people repudiated in Europe for being representatives of obscurantism. Between the tail of the lion and the head of the mouse one still has a choice, but between being the lion's tail and the little tail of a rat, let the friar government choose; we abstain.

2 Free translation

"Poor Geroncio, in my opinion
Your madness is singular,
Who induced you to criticize
What you don't know how to read?"

3 There was one Juan Cerezo de Salamanca who was acting governor general of the Philippines from 1633 to 1635. See footnote on p. 56.

As to the rest, we don't ask for the expulsion of the friars; we are far from doing to them what civilized Europe and Spain herself have done, shedding their blood and burning their convents. Our country is more hospitable, and though the friars want to erase from our memory the benefits that at one time they did us with their present policy of hate and repression, we shall not forget them, and we shall always remember that at one time when the Filipino people had to change beliefs, name, masters, and government, they were the ones who interposed between the wretched Indios and the *encomenderos*.⁴ We shall never forget this and without finding out whether their intervention was selfish or not, we shall always acknowledge it and shall only regret to see them now taking the place of those executioners.

But between this gratitude that we acknowledge and the eternal ignorance to which they condemn us there is an abyss. Just to claim it in the name of the benefits received is absurd, it is to discredit all the past, it is to demolish the whole bulding that has been raised up. To fall into Charybdis fleeing from Scylla.⁵ If the friars claim it, they deserve that our gratitude be converted into hatred.

With regard to the idea of *La Patria* that "the significance of the friars in the Philippines ought to be very great when they constitute the axis of the polemic," we shall say that it is right. Their significance is so great that beside them all others are crushed and become small—government, country, religion, everything. To speak about the Philippines, it is necessary first to speak about the friar, for the friar is everywhere, from the government office to the suitcase of the poor, hidden in the corner of his hut.

Well now, to make believe that the friars are attacked for supposing them to be an obstacle to bastard purposes is either too much Machiavellism or too much stupidity. And because men who think thus are not lacking and perhaps they defend them for that very fact, we hesitate whether to defend them in the future also or attack them furiously. Probably the best way is to leave the government alone to arrange with them and let time take care of deciding who is right. If we attack them, they will call us *filibusteros*; if we defend them, we are traitors to our convictions, and we believe that

4 Spaniards who held vast agricultural lands and entire towns by royal grant for services rendered to the Crown. They oppressed their tenants contrary to the monarchs' instructions to them to treat them fairly, establish schools, etc.

5 Between Scylla and Charybdis; that is, between two dangers, either of which is difficult to avoid without encountering the other. Scylla is a rock on the Italian coast opposite the whirlpool Charybdis off the Sicilian coast. The ancients personified Scylla and Charybdis as female monsters.

peace in the Philippines will be endangered. Let the sun come out where it can!

We shall say then that at bottom (taking away that of *estatu* and of calling Mr. Salamanca governor general) we are also in accord with *La Patria* in asking for good reforms. They must be good reforms so that the Philippines may march through a peaceful and progressive road and occupy the place she deserves, without shocks or violence. It is already a fatal and unavoidable law that nothing in the world remains stationary, but everything perfects itself and marches on, and colonies too are subject to this law. To try or to wish that they remain in a stationary state is worse than to pretend to stop the flow of a river, because the force of millions of men who think and feel cannot be inferior to the force of the waves.

Thanking *La Patria* for its final recommendations to us not to incur in the exaggerations of American writers,⁶ we shall tell it that on historical questions we are always guided by friar and national writers, only that in our estimates we limit ourselves to following the little that our conscience suggests to us.

And to conclude, *La Patria* may note that its contempt of our magazine, alluding to it without mentioning its name, has not in the least offended us. We always mention the names of our adversaries or enemies, for we are not afraid that our readers may verify the accuracy of what we say or compare our principles to those of our adversaries. Let us fight staunchly. Without spite.

⁶ By "American writers" are meant Latin or South Americans; and those of the United States of America Spanish writers call "North American."

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, pp. 166-168, 15 September 1889.

INCONSEQUENCES

*El Pueblo Soberano*¹ in its issue for 9 November surprised us beyond measure with a furibund article, to say the least, in which it attacks very personally the painter Luna for believing him to be the author of an article that displeased it.

As Painter Luna was not the "Taga-Ilog" who wrote the offending article that aroused the ire of *El Pueblo Soberano*, as the said gentleman can settle directly with the one who has so unjustly offended and slandered him, choosing the way that seems best to him, we shall lay aside these personal questions and we are going to discuss some assertions of the impressionable colleague or the rash author who so easily believed in the suppositions, drawing from them unwarranted inferences.

The colleague does well in saying in his note that he was aiming at one person alone. It would have been very lamentable had he imputed to an entire race the crimes or guilt that he has forged in his mind. We, on the other hand, in answering his article, neither do we want to aim at personalities nor do we want to particularize, much less to throw in the face of a whole race or an entire party—that takes pride in being republican and has for its mottoes equality and justice—the despotic and tyrannical pretensions natural to the parties that *El Pueblo Soberano* is used to combat.

No; neither do we throw in the face of the author of the article the troublesome words that in a moment of bad humor he put on paper. They are unworthy of a cultured press and we consider them

¹ A Barcelona newspaper. Its editor, Celso Mir Deas, published an article attacking viciously the Filipino painter Juan Luna, believing him to be the author of *Impresiones Madrileñas de un Filipino*, which appeared in *La Solidaridad* for 31 October 1889 under the by-line of Taga-Ilog. Its true author was the painter's brother, Antonio Luna, whose *nom de plume* was Taga-Ilog. Mir Deas refused to heed Luna's demand for an explanation and instead continued his attacks in the press. From Madrid Luna went to Barcelona seeking him and finding him at the Café de la Pajarera, he spat on his face, at the same time throwing him his card, which signified a challenge to a duel. The duel never took place because of Mir Deas' cowardice. As an aftermath of this incident Mir Deas denounced Mariano Ponce to the Barcelona police for possessing pamphlets without imprint. The police searched Ponce's house finding there some pamphlets—Rizal's *Por Teléfono* and *La vision de Fr. Rodriguez* and Fr. Rodriguez' *Cuestiones de sumo interés*. It was denounced in the newspapers that at Barcelona had been discovered a center of conspiracy to overthrow Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines. The case ended with the energetic protests of the Filipinos at Madrid and Barcelona supported by some liberal Spanish newspapers. (See Antonio Luna's letters to Rizal dated Madrid, 16 November 1889, Barcelona, 26 November 1889, and Madrid, 10 December 1889 and the supplement to No. 21 of *La Solidaridad*.)

children of the same rashness that supposed one thing and took it for the truth.

What we want to discuss with the colleague, if he wants to discuss, and if his impressionability does not deprive him of cold blood, nor of his reasoning, is whether or not the citizen of any country has the right to express his impressions of another country whose sons since antiquity have written about his country whatever their whims dictated, or rather, if a Filipino can write his impressions of Spain in the same or similar way as the Spaniards write about the Philippines.

If *El Pueblo Soberano*, which is inspired by Rousseau, Mirabeau, Lamartine, and Zorrilla, says no, then condemn Taga-Ilog; but then it condemns itself, because it disowns itself and its principles of liberty, equality, and justice.

If it says yes, then it should not say anything against Taga-Ilog rather it should condemn the excesses of its article.

The proof that Taga-Ilog has done nothing more than to imitate his teachers is that the same colleague begins his article copying Cañamaque's insults. And before Cañamaque,² there were Gaspar de San Agustín, Mas, Barrantes, and others, and before them Quioquiap³ and company who related all kinds of absurdities about the Filipinos.

And not for that reason have we unchained insults against our slanderers, neither have we attacked their persons nor under the name of Quioquiap have we wished to recognize very worthy and respectable persons and less have we unleashed against them improper language and insults charging them of being ungrateful to our country.

But even without this, even removing such bad examples and worse precedents, even supposing that nobody has a right to return to others what they have received from them, given gratuitously, (if this does not offend the dignity of our colleague), that we Filipinos were born to endure all the outrages and the Spaniards to tell them to us, the question was to see whether Taga-Ilog had lied in order to show him his absurdities, to have the right to say: "Only we Spaniards can be truthful in the descriptions of voyages."

But instead of doing it that way, the author of the article considers Taga-Ilog right, praising in a certain way the manners of the

² Francisco Cañamaque, Spanish writer and deputy in the Cortes who spoke ill of the Filipinos.

³ *Nom de plume* of Pablo Feced, Spanish author and newspaperman, notorious for his anti-Filipino writings.

chulos⁴ and even supporting them. He admits fully what Taga-Ilog says about the ignorance in Spain about Philippine geography and he only throws in his face the ignorance about the country in the Philippines itself, which is also true; but the Filipinos should not be blamed for it as they are not the ones who have colleges, neither are they the teachers, nor do they make the plan of study, nor can they travel, nor make maps, and so forth. It is lucky if in the schools there they teach children what map is, excepting the rosary, the rod, the books on miracles, the novenas, the rattan whip reading and writing Spanish, but without learning the language or understanding it, all the geography that is taught is reduced to the tiny piece of ground where they have to kneel down or stretch themselves to be flogged. Not only the writer of the article but all those of his party may see if with these means one can learn about the geography of an archipelago between whose islands and provinces travelers encounter so many obstacles and inconveniences.

As to what our colleague says about our "mothers who have children" we shall answer him: That our mothers, without the promptings of the writer of the article, weep and weep a thousand times for not being able to give us any other thing except the unfortunate country where we were born. Were it possible, they would have given birth in other countries where the words humanity, justice, and equality are not empty words, where rights and duties are common to all, where the law does not have two balances. Our mothers ought to emigrate from our country, cross the seas, and if they cannot, drown themselves and drown the fruits of their wombs.⁵

As to "our mothers who have no children", like the Mothers of Charity, the Holy Mother Church and others more metaphorical, those are like our Reverend Fathers who neither have children. Both have no reason to weep. Thus shall we all be shockingly notorious.

With regard to what our colleague says that "we have stained our pages with the filthy writing of a bad Filipino and a bad Spaniard", we shall calm him by saying that it is not that bad. So long as there are writers who give an example to others of how to ridicule other countries and so long as it not demonstrated that Taga-Ilog had lied, the pages of *La Solidaridad* will be considered clean, for until now it has not been said that truth can stain. If it is shown that Taga-Ilog lied, he will retract.

⁴ Chulos is Spanish slang for rascals.

⁵ In his apostrophe to Maria Clara, the fiction character in his novel, he expresses this same idea. See *El Filibusterismo*, Maucel, Barcelona, 1911, vol. 11, 51-52.

We are grateful to the colleague nevertheless for the regret he manifests for this supposed stain and in proof of our gratitude, we shall tell him that we regret also (and even more than the colleague can imagine) that a magazine belonging to a party with lofty aspirations, that dreams of realizing great ideals, that symbolizes equality in the form of government and legislation, in dealing with the Filipinos, denies completely all its beliefs to adopt the language of the most unjust and cruel despotism, based on error, as if to drive to despair the faithful inhabitants of the Archipelago, as if to say to them: "Ah! Don't hope for justice, don't expect that your rights would be recognized, don't expect pity; we shall never be your brothers! We want liberty, justice, equality indeed, but we want them for ourselves only. We fight for the laws of mankind, but only for European mankind. Our gaze does not reach farther; you who are of the yellow or brown race, manage as you can! All parties, even the most liberal, are despotic toward the colonies! If you want justice, fight for it.

Published in *La Solidaridad*, vol. I, 226-228, 30 November 1890.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER

I don't miss my childhood nor my adolescence, full of golden dreams, they say! I don't sigh for my Motherland, the magic garden of the sirens of the Orient! A child and an adolescent when I was in her bosom, I saw the sun only through my tears; I did not breathe its breeze without a sigh.

Someone has compared his childhood to a stem full of roses and buds; I too compare mine to a stem, but a stem full of thorns only.

And notwithstanding, I lived in my native land, in my home, in the midst of the family.

Scarcely did I know my ego. I had teachers, many of whom taught me all their knowledge. Their knowledge was confined to some simple maxims, like these: Spare the rod and spoil the child; children are born bad; and others.

By dint of spanking they compelled us to learn by heart books in a language we did not understand; in this language they taught us prayers and they made us pray whole hours—and we were very sleepy—before the images which must be tired of seeing our tearful faces.

Then college. Many times the professor, forgetting the lesson, would discourse on our face and our country; and we, trembling before his omnipotence, cowardly swallowed our tears and kept silent.

Later, at the university, despite the fact that the professors did not understand themselves, I understood better the world I was in; there were privileges for some and laws for others, and certainly not according to merit.

Endowed with physical vigor and thirst for life, one has to drag himself out of a narrow prison when he sees an open field, a vast horizon in the distance, when he hears the vibration high above, when he feels the heart throbbing, and believes he has a right to cherish beautiful ambitions.

Putting on the vizor, I took part in literary contests¹ and unfortunately I won; I heard the sound of sincere and enthusiastic applause; but, we revealed ourself, and the applause was transformed

¹ He alludes to himself when he won the first prize in the literary contest held by the Liceo Artistico-Literario de Manila in 1880. His winning entry is *Consejo de los Dioses*, an allegorical drama.

into coldness, into mockery, into insult, and the defeated one was honored instead!

Victim of a brutal aggression,² I demanded justice, believing in it, and I was answered with threats... Note, however, that this time, the guilty was not promoted.

I don't miss my childhood nor my adolescence!

I loved my native country and I fled from her; binding me to the world are only some beings and a home and I abandoned them without bidding them goodbye!³ My country's breeze keeps my sighs; in her springs are drops of my tears; on the leaves of her canes, palms, and trees I have written my complaints and my remembrances. She offers me a sweet death and nevertheless, far from all that I love, in a foreign land, among unknown and indifferent people, I don't weep for her, and her outstretched arms frighten me. My eyes are dry and I laugh!

I laugh when I think of her miseries, when I hear the complaints of my brothers, when I seek the dark fog that covers her horizon! I laugh when I see my people brutalized and deceived with great theories and dazzling words, when I hear the demand for freedom and reason for one, shackles and routine for another, humane laws, fraternity, rights for others, and exceptions for others.

Instead of irritating me, instead of arousing my anger, I raise my eyes to heaven and I pray.

Blessed art Thou, God of freemen. God of Clement VII, Torquemada, England, Russia, Bismarck, *La Epoca*, and of *La Union*!⁴ God of Krupp, Thou art the friend of those who have many cannons, guns, torpedoes, and money; Thou always help the strongest, in order not to quarrel with him, and Thou give the reason to the one who has the strongest clutches. Thou created the lion, tiger, fox, and Sagasta⁵ who levies taxes on eight million people and denies them representation in the Cortes. I thank Thee for so many good things that Thou have created, for the kindness Thou showers on me alone, favoring the existence of so many calamities to make me laugh, in the same way Thou have created big and numberless celestial bodies so that the earth can see little lights when the sky is

2 He was hit by a civil guard one night when he failed to salute him, not having noticed his presence on account of the darkness

3 He alludes to his first departure for Spain on 3 May 1882 to continue his studies. See his diary, "Calamba to Barcelona," in *Reminiscences and Travels of José Rizal*, Centennial Edition Manila 1961

4 *La Epoca* and *La Unión* were Manila newspapers.

5 Praxedes Mateo Sagasta (1827-1903), liberal, was appointed prime minister in 1885 by Queen Regent María Cristina of Spain.

cloudy, so that our military officers would have something to put on their sleeves, after having killed our brothers! Permit me, Thou who can forestall everything, Thou whose earthquakes, typhoons and locusts help the others to impoverish us, permit me to address to Thee my entreaty. Thou who said that to enter heaven one must be poor, Thou who promised to look after those who thirst for justice, keep for our welfare Sagasta and all the Conservatives, those who deny us the Penal Code, the friars of the four corporations and those who with time may go there, the civil guards, carabinieri, and government employees! Don't forget to send us every fortnight ly the worst left-overs in Spain, like the rascals, the dissolute, the hypocrites, the lazy, the ignorant, and the hungry; make a bureau of all of them, put a tax on anything, place at every street corner a censorship office and twenty spies; forbid us to read, write, and speak; turn us blind, deaf, and muto; and leave us only enough strength to applaud and to work.

And if still Thou consider us not poor enough and hungry enough for justice to deserve heaven, then convert all of us into ministers of the Crown or presidents of the Council so that we shall be at once eternally damned. Amen!

INGRATITUDE

El Dia in its issue for 29 December of last year publishes under "Correspondence from the Philippines" the following:

Accompanied by various Dominican friars, some of whom are professors of his children, and the others, parish priests of some towns of the Province of La Laguna, Governor General Weyler visited that province.

According to a lengthy article published by the newspapers, His Excellency was received with great demonstrations of rejoicing and visited the school and townhall.

To the speeches of welcome the official replied saying, among other things, that *the towns should not allow themselves to be deluded by the vain promises of ungrateful sons.*

In order to understand this well, it must be added that Mr. Rizal is a native of that province. He is the author of the novel *Noli me tangere* which combats the friars and bad administration in general. Besides, it was said around Manila that there was great ill-feeling between the friars and the Indios, particularly the relatives of Mr. Rizal, who pay canon to the large and rich estate that the Dominicans own there...

We thank the correspondent of *El Dia* for the explanation and for the impartiality with which he had judged our work.

Likewise we are grateful to His Excellency, the Most Excellent Governor and Captain General of the Philippines, for alluding to us in his address, thus conferring on us a high honor in the eyes of our fellow countrymen.

And now we are going to talk about ourself with the permission of our readers. It is nothing less than a Captain General of the Philippines who calls us *ungrateful sons* and it would be more than a discourtesy, it would be almost *filibusterismo*, not to take notice of that accusation that emanates from such sublime heights.

Let it be understood that we are not answering Mr. Weyler but His Excellency, the omnipotent viceroy of the Philippine Islands. Unlike Veuillot who let pass the bishop to get hold of the man, we let the man pass and we take off our hat and humble ourself before the bishop, or rather the Captain General.

His Excellency calls us *ungrateful sons*. His Excellency says it, and though infallibility is an attribute only recently discovered in popes,¹ we also have to attribute it to His Excellency, because he is more than five popes to us inhabitants of the Philippines.

We wish to know from what fathers or mothers did we get the ugly vice of ingratitude.

As the fathers and mothers could be real or metaphorical, we find ourself under the obligation to examine our conscience and our acts in relation to the Mother Country, our country, all the friars and non-friars in the Philippines, all the mothers, and others, all the persons, in short, who there take part in the *maternal government* more or less resembling the parents of a certain story of Perrault.²

And as they are so many (as many or more than the saints in the calendar), we don't begin our "I, sinner", for fear that we may never finish and the grandchildren may have to continue it, in case the *maternal government* would permit us to have them.

If His Excellency class us as ungrateful sons with respect to the province where we saw the first friars and the first civil guards, His Excellency is right: We are ungrateful, most ungrateful, *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*

On the fine sand of the shores of the lake of Bay we have passed long hours of our childhood thinking and dreaming of what might be yonder, on the other side of the waves. In our town³ we saw almost daily the lieutenant of the civil guard, the *Alcalde* when he visited it, drubbing or wounding the unarmed and peaceful citizen who did not take off his hat and saluted from afar. In our town we saw the unbridled force, violence, and other excesses committed by those who were in charge of watching over public peace, and outside, banditry, the highwaymen, against whom our authorities were impotent. Within we had tyranny, and outside, captivity. And I asked myself then if in the countries on the other side of the lake life was the same, if there the rural man on mere suspicion was racked with harsh and cruel lashes, if there the home was not respected, if in order to live in peace it was necessary to bribe the tyrants, who came from Manila as well as from the provincial capital, Santa Cruz, a name that filled me with terror knowing that in it there was a large jail, called *Bilibid*. I knew through what I had

1 The doctrine of papal infallibility was promulgated in 1870 by the Vatican Council, 1869-1870, summoned by Pope Pius IX (1846-1878).

2 Charles Perrault (1628-1703), French fairy tale writer.

3 His native town of Calamba, or Kalamba, province of Laguna.

seen and heard that when a citizen of the town went to the provincial capital, it was to go to Bilibid, if he did not carry money to appease justice. All this and many more things I learned in my province and I have been ungrateful to it because I have not done anything to improve its situation! His Excellency speaks of *the promises of ungrateful sons*. Probably His Excellency does not know what those promises are.

Towards the end of the year 1887 when we were in our hometown in the Province of La Laguna, there was received a communication from the Department of Public Finance asking the people about the products of the Estate. The Dominican Fathers, owners of the Estate, wanted the question to be answered not according to truth but according to their interests and concealing in a certain way from the government the large rents that they collected yearly from the lands, whose canon rose up arbitrarily and unjustly. We opposed this wicked trick and with us was the whole town. Consequently the question was answered in detail giving data, citing figures, expounding all the facts, and the people asked for the intervention of the government so that there might be stability in the contracts with the Estate and the tenants would not be subject to the whims or bad humor of the lay brother of the Estate. Naturally the Dominican Fathers, who had a right to fear government intervention, threatened first all those who had signed and afterwards, seeing that their threats were futile, promised to lower the tributes, which had been arbitrarily and excessively increased, if the signers would withdraw their signatures.⁴ We then said that we wanted a formal contract, sanctioned and authorized by the government, so that the owners of the Estate, once the danger had passed away, would not flout the people. The friars, seeing the firmness and the confidence of the people in the loyalty of the government, redoubled their threats, saying that they would win in the litigation as they had more money while the people were poor. Again we raised our voice to the government asking for its intervention and begging it not to abandon the people in a conflict stirred up by it, but to send a commission to examine at close hand the state of things and decide who was right. We sent this petition through the provincial governor, Mr. Ordax, and we tried to calm the excitement of the people, asking them to trust in the fairness of the rulers. Well, nothing came out of it. The government kept quiet, it did not dare intervene, it did not inquire into the truth of the matter, it did not reply neither to the petition of all the citizens nor to their just complaints... We have *promised* the people that the government would

⁴ See "The Town of Calamba," p.

attend to their complaints and we told them to have confidence; none of what we *promised* was fulfilled. His Excellency is right in saying to the Province of La Laguna *not to believe in the promises of ungrateful sons!* But he has done wrong in deceiving the people! I admit that I have been *ungrateful* promising them a thing that I ought not to believe in; but at that time Mr. Terrero governed the Philippines, and Mr. Terrero did not visit the towns in the company of the friars!

These were the promises of ungrateful sons! We challenge all the excellencies in the world to tell us if we had promised anything else. Provinces of the Philippines, now His Excellency tells you not to believe in such promises!

We don't believe that in calling us *ungrateful sons*, His Excellency had wished to allude to our natural parents. Here we admit also that we have been unfortunate, because in venturing to tell the truth to the powerful and in attempting to fight for justice, we forgot that we were in the Philippines where not only the sins of the parents devolve upon their children but also the sins of the children devolve upon their parents.⁵ Our enemies, who undoubtedly have no parents, not daring to satiate their ire on us, take revenge on members of our family. Frankly we had a better opinion of them: We believed we were among men and lived in the XIX century.

We are ungrateful sons of our country, because we have not done for her all that we could do. We say so seriously.

And with respect to the Mother Country,⁶ we also accept the qualification of *ungrateful sons*, if by ingratitude is meant to say the truth so that the abuses of her other sons might be corrected, so that she might prepare for the future, and so that she may not be responsible for the numerous abuses that others commit in her name. We believed we acted well; we speak loyally; we believed that our Mother Country was a nation that loved truth and not a tyrant that abhorred it. Only thus do we accept the qualification of *ungrateful*. Otherwise, no.

Well now; if the reverend fathers of St. Dominic at whose university⁷ we studied metaphysics one year, consider us ungrateful because we dare tell them the truth face to face, we shall answer them:

That, if in exchange for the education they give us they want

⁵ The persecution of Rizal's parents and brothers was one example.

⁶ Spain.

⁷ The Universidad de Santo Tomás, Manila, of the Dominican Order, owner of vast properties in the Philippines

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to require us to renege the truth, the voice of our conscience, to silence the cries of that something that God has put in us and which we call sentiment of justice, in order to sacrifice the interests of our country, of our fellowmen and of our brothers, to the interests of their wealthy order, we curse and we disown their teaching, and they must never expect from us the least gratitude.

Education with such bastard purposes is not education; it is corruption, it is prostitution of the most noble that we have in ourselves, and certainly no one can ask us to be grateful for the debasement of our dignity.

We shall answer them that the teachers who educate Filipino youth ought to consider themselves the nurses or the perceptors that a mother pays to rear her child. So long as their interests are not in conflict with truth and the family interests, the child ought to love them and side with them. Between the interests of the friars and those of our country, we are for those of the latter. Any other behavior would be infamous and the mere fact of desiring our infamy is enough to discredit and annihilate all the sacrifices those who call themselves our preceptors might have made for us. In individual and doubtful matters we shall never forget the good that we have received from them.

Our country feeds them and enriches them in order that they may educate us. They and we, then, must first look after her interests. To do otherwise is treason.

And enough for now.

RIZAL'S REPLY TO BARRANTES' CRITICISM OF "NOLI ME TANGERE"

To the Most Excellent Vicente Barrantes
Most Excellent Sir.

The honor that you confer upon me by dealing with my person and *Noli me tangere* in the *Seccion Hispano-Ultramarina* in *La Española Moderna*, January 1890, volume XIII, as well as certain insinuations and attacks you direct now to me, now to the ideas expressed in my book, give me a right to answer you, at least to defend myself and put things in their proper place. Far from being offended by the tone of your article, sometimes acrimonious, but always patronizing, though it degenerates into the language of the master, I consider myself up to a certain point obliged, for frankly, I expected a cruder and more virulent (though perhaps less malicious) attack, considering the literary past that exists between Your Excellency and me, and accustomed as I am to read the unbosoming of the journalists of my country. Your doctrinal tone and your advices move me and I find them natural in one who, like Your Excellency, is a member of the Reales Academias Española y de la Historia, two peaks from which poor writers like me ought to look like pigmies or ants, who, in order to write, have yet to do it in a borrowed language.

The whole thesis and synthesis of pages 177-181 are reduced to this: That I have incurred in contradictions, that I am "a storehouse of contradictions", because in one part of my *Noli me tangere*, the captain general said to my protagonist that he was "the first man with whom I talk in this country" and because I, Rizal, in *La Solidaridad* ask for reforms for my fellow countrymen. And for this Your Excellency calls me "a novelist of his sins, a storehouse, etc." Your Excellency says that my style is exceedingly bad. Be it known that these epithets are not my fabrication. God save me from engaging in being a novelist of the sins of Your Excellency! Your confessor should take care of that!

If Your Excellency, who throws in my face that I have cited only one proper name, speaking of outrageous friars, have not been able to find in my writings more contradictions than this one, in truth I can be considered twice fortunate--first, for being more consistent than the Bible, the Gospels, the popes, and all mortals; and second, for seeing the miracle of the bread and the fishes cor-

rected and augmented. Your Excellency establishes a storehouse of what you call contradictions. If, instead of choosing to be a literary man, Your Excellency makes yourself a shop-clerk or manufacturer, holy God, how commodities would abound!

But let us examine this "terrible" contradiction. Your Excellency writes (page 177): "...Quioquiap himself does not have such a poor opinion of the Filipinos as you have, nor would he dare to put in the mouth of the captain general those sanguinary words addressed to the protagonist of *Noli me tangere*: 'Mr. Ibarra, you are the first person I talk to in this country.' You don't even consider your compatriots men, Mr. Rizal! A Spaniard or even a Christian I repeat, would not commit such a tremendous injustice..." (It seems that the best Christian is less than the last Spaniard, Mr. Barrantes?)

And I say: Neither an Indio, nor even a Tagalog¹, would draw such a tremendous deduction! Because, in order to make a syllogism of four legs as the Dominicans say, and deduce a universal conclusion from a secondary premise, it is necessary to suppose, first that the captain general and I are equal (I would not be bound by the consequences); second that the captain general spoke with all the Filipinos before speaking with Mr. Ibarra; third, that in every conversation His Excellency knew thoroughly his interlocutor; and fourth, that His Excellency never exaggerates.

I don't know, Most Excellent Sir, if the academicians *ambarum domorum*² have already laid down as law that the ideas expressed by the characters in a novel have to be precisely the writer's own convictions and not what are suitable to them considering their circumstances, beliefs, habits, education, and passions. The blessed Fr. Jose Rodriguez abounds with the ideas of Your Excellency or vice versa (the order of factors does not alter the product); but until now that said friar is not yet an academician, know, so far as I thought he might be, two do not make a majority in the learned corporations and even if they did, their law would have no retroactive effect. It can very well be that Your Excellency might have acquired this literary conviction from your frequent contact with the friars as proven by certain tricks of yours, certain phrases like those "to reprimand me, a novelist of my sins," and others, which smack of the convent and seem to be of the very same Fr. Jose Rodriguez. Until now, unable to give freedom to my country, I give it to my characters and I let my captain general say what he wants without bother-

¹ In Rizal's time the name "Tagalog" was often used to mean "Filipino".

² Of both houses. (E. A.)

ing about reciprocity. I had learned besides from the authors of rhetoric and poetics what they call mixed laws in which diverse characters and the author himself intervene. In the narration are attributed to the character what they say and to the author what he says. To Caesar what is Caesar's! But this is too much to ask. I shall be satisfied if they tell me whether or not my character have life and a character of their own, if they act and speak according to their circumstances and different manners of thinking and to lay aside my own convictions.

But, *transeat*,³ let us adopt for a moment the *Rodriguez-Barrantes* law. I am the spirit, I am the captain general himself; I have spoken with "all" the Filipinos, I have understood them and I have even spoken with the last Ibarra, I did not find a single man. Good! To what literary law will you resort now, Your Excellency, in order to nullify the corrective that Ibarra applies to "my" incontrovertible words? Because if Your Excellency had read the following lines, you would not have committed "this tremendous injustice that neither a Spaniard nor even a Christian, would commit, nor would he have written so many pages resembling the digressions of those who write on what does not exist.

In fact Ibarra replies in the following line:

"Your Excellency have seen only those who move in the city. had you visited the slandered hovels of our towns, Your Excellency would have been able to see true men, if to be a man it is enough to have a generous heart and simple customs."

Who speaks now for Ibarra, Most Excellent Sir? Will it be perchance, Your Excellency? And then, what happens to the Rodriguez-Barrantes law? And then, why do Your Excellency say afterwards that Ibarra and Rizal are the same? Either we are or we are not? I do not like to attribute to bad faith Your Excellency's way of citing. Accuse me of injustice and keep silent on the reply that is precisely in the next line! That is called in plain language to deceive the public, Most Excellent Sir. Your Excellency have been civil governor and director of administration in my country for many years. Your Excellency are a consummate literary man, you have a grand style and irreproachable pen. Your Excellency are a member of royal and learned academies and you never contradict yourself. Your Excellency are rich in years, experience, and honors and you belong to a superior and privileged race. I am a pariah, a poor expatriate, a bad literary writer with the worst style, a "store-

3 Let it pass.

house of contradictions", an inexperienced young man, and of an enslaved race, and despite all that I am going to dare give you an advice in exchange for what you give me paternally. When one has the titles and aspirations of Your Excellency, one must write with more good faith and more sincerity. One must not hold on the tricks of the polemicists of the cafes, for as Your Excellency yourself says 'learning is not the best emblem or the exclusive attribute of man but virtues and moral endowments'. What Your Excellency says of man can be applied to the critic and historian.

For the same reason I find highly censurable the assertion that you attribute to me on page 179 in which you say that I call "carpenters" the modest artists of Santa Cruz and Paete. By what reason, Most Excellent Sir? How could Your Excellency see in the phrase *carpinterías de Paete* in my *Noli me tangere* the shops of sculpture of Santa Cruz? Do Your Excellency think that the district of Santa Cruz is inside the carpentry shop of that town of my province? Your Excellency in another article place Colombo apparently outside of Ceylon and now you yield to the opposite vice—you put towns inside others like the boxes of the jugglers. To what system do you adhere? Come now, Your Excellency have done it to discredit me in the eyes of my compatriots or is it because Your Excellency do not know how to read and now you want to pose as defender of the Indios, who remember so many things about Your Excellency? Thus cited also Fr. Rodriguez and following that system, the Holy Ghost itself can come down to write and I assure you that it will come out stripped of honor. That is why Your Excellency doubts my love for truth because in somethings I do not agree with Your Excellency. Your Excellency, it is evident, dispose of the truth at your pleasure and monopolize it!

But returning to the cruel words of my general, I shall admit that they are cruel, very cruel, indeed, but they are not false, considering the personality of the speaker. Your Excellency speak with greater cruelty even on page 180 and you are a Spaniard and a Christian and you already had before your eyes the satire of my general. Your Excellency say:

"In truth, in truth, I have looked indefatigably with the very same lantern of Diogenes throughout the Archipelago and with better sense of smell, undoubtedly on account of my experience, than the aforesaid general, who found only 'one man' and he was you, because Ibarra and Rizal are the same, the same."

Let us conclude. Did Your Excellency find him? Did Your Excellency find more men? If Your Excellency found what you were

looking for, why talk to us of the "indefatigability" of the very same lantern of Diogenes (popularly, the lantern of the civil guard); and if you did not find him, why talk to us of your sense of smell superior to that of my general, who was not indefatigable, nor did he go around the Archipelago looking for his mart, nor did he have a lantern even of the Middle Ages? Would Your Excellency want me to have taken you for the model of my captain general? Why talk to us about sanguinary words? Your Excellency, who in all your writings breathes the harshest hatred of my race and my country; Your Excellency who have always enjoyed seeing us suffer; Your Excellency now poses as a defender of the Indios? To what extent has our misfortune gone when we have to be defended by the very same ones who have insulted us?

Who is the one who contradicts himself? Do Your Excellency call me a "storehouse of contradictions" because I have in my memory a good supply of your contradictions?

Is it strange that a captain general who spends the three years of his term of office in an atmosphere of conceit and flattery, surrounded by friars and interested persons, does not know the inhabitants of the country, when Your Excellency yourself, despite your many airs, does not know them, Your Excellency whom the friars do not court but who courts them? And tell me, who is the sensible man who will like to place himself within reach of a captain general of the Philippines and talk to him freely and frankly when he knows that dysentery or the bad digestion of His Excellency can upset the tranquility of his home? And consider that in the Philippines dysentery and bad digestion are the order of the day among certain classes. I know of a brother-in-law of mine who is now banished for the second time, without he and the governor general ever having seen each other, without trial, without knowing what crime he is accused of, except that he is my brother-in-law. I myself, "the man", the Ibarra of Your Excellency (I don't know why, for I am neither rich nor a *mestizo*, nor an orphan, nor do the qualities of Ibarra coincide with mine) the two times that I presented myself at Malacañang have been to my regret. The first in 1880 because I was knocked down and wounded one dark night by a civil guard because I passed before a bundle and I did not salute, and the bundle turned out to be the lieutenant commander of the military post. I was wounded treacherously in the back without any exchange of words. I went to Malacañang but I did not see His Excellency Primo de Rivera nor did I get justice either ... and the second time, in 1887 because I was summoned by Mr. Terreros to answer the accusations and charges against me on account of my book Now

then, how many thousands and thousands of men more worthy and more honorable than Ibarra and I have seen even the end of the hair or the bald pate of His Excellency? And Your Excellency who prides yourself in knowing the Archipelago, with how many Filipinos have you spoken? How many have unbosomed themselves to you? Does Your Excellency know the spirit of the country? If you did, you would not say that I am "a spirit twisted by a German education", for the spirit that breathes in me I have had since a child before leaving the Philippines, before I had learned a word of German. My spirit is "twisted" because I have been reared among injustices and abuses, because since a child I have seen many suffer stupidly and because I too have suffered. My "twisted spirit" is the product of that constant vision of moral ideals succumbing before the powerful reality of abuses, arbitrariness, hypocrisies, farces, violence, and other vile passions. And twisted like my spirit is that of hundreds of thousands of Filipinos who have not yet left their miserable homes, who do not speak any other language but their own, and if they would write or express their thoughts, they would leave my *Noli me tangere* very puny indeed and with their volumes there would be enough to raise pyramids for the corpses of all the tyrants....

Yes, Your Excellency are right; *Noli me tangere* is a satire and not an apology. Yes, I have depicted the social sores of "my homeland"; in it are "pessimism and darkness" and it is because I see much infamy in my country; there the wretched equal in number the imbeciles. I confess that I found a keen delight in bringing out so much shame and blushes, but in doing the painting with the blood of my heart, I wanted to correct them and save the others. Quioquiap, with whom Your Excellency compare me, undoubtedly to humiliate me and make me hateful in the eyes of my countrymen, has depicted native customs in order to insult and humiliate an entire race, in order to mock it and laugh at its misfortune, generalizing the bad and the abject without exceptions, drawing, like Your Excellency, universal conclusions from secondary and remote premises. But I have depicted the good beside the bad I have depicted an Elias and a Tasio, because the Elias and the Tasios exist, exist, and exist, however much it may displease Your Excellency. Only that Your Excellency and your partisans, fearing that the few good men I have portrayed may serve as an example to the bad and redeem them, shout that it is false, poetic, exaggerated, ideal, impossible, improbable; what more do I know? And you only acknowledge the bad so that the people may stoop down and be humiliated, for being incapable of rising you want every one around

you to go down in order that you may appear great and exalted. There is indeed much corruption over there, may be more than any where else, but it is because to the soil's own rubbish has been added the dross of birds of passage and the corpses that the sea deposits on the beach. And because of the existence of this corruption, I have written my *Noli me tangere*, I ask for reforms so that the little good that there is may be saved and the bad may be redeemed. If my country were a republic like that of Plato, neither would I have written nor would the *Noli me tangere* achieve the success that it had nor would reforms be needed, because, for what do the healthy want medicine?

But Your Excellency wants to catch me in an error with your device on page 179 claiming that the men who need liberal reforms that I ask in *Filipinas dentro de cien años* are not in *Noli me tangere*. I see now that Your Excellency has not read my entire book and I am not sorry because I had not written it for Your Excellency. But since you want to be a censor, and an infallible censor at that, you should have read it whole in order not to waste time asking stupid questions. Your Excellency asks slothfully: "Why have you kept silent so long a time? What a better occasion than a novel to announce to the world your wonders?"

The greatest wonder here is the boldness of Your Excellency who imagines one thing, takes it for truth, and draws from it whatever conclusions may occur to you. Well, indeed, Most Excellent Sir, those of whom I speak in my *Filipinas dentro de cien años* are announced on pages 290 and 291 and I do not quote them here because that is wasting time and paper. Everybody can read it. That movement that has reached the corners of the provinces—for even the philosopher Tasio has observed it ten or twelve years ago, the period covered by my novel—has produced the men of today, but Your Excellency call this consequence, even the chronology of vents a contradiction. Your Excellency has also called the natives of Ceylon Malayans, you have placed Santa Cruz in Paete, and Colombo I do not know where. May you profit from that procedure!

Your Excellency cites the names of Anacleto del Rosario, Isabelo de los Reyes, and Arellano. You could cite more if you knew better the country and its men and you did not haggle with us much for our little national glories. I could cite to you in addition a Leon Guerrero, a Zamora, a Joaquin Garrido, a Jose Luna, a Regino Garcia, Pardo de Tavera, Benedicto Luna, Vicente Garcia, Del Pilar, Mariano Sevilla, Pedro Serrano, and many others; but here it is not a question of making a catalogue of men who are worthy, there are

and that is enough. Your Excellency asks about historiographers, freethinkers, and philosophers. Of the first, though they are not of the Real Academia de la Historia, there are, like Isabelo de los Reyes who, though he has not written *Guerras Piraticas*, has, on the other hand, great merit for the conscientiousness of his works. As to giving Your Excellency the names of the freethinkers and philosophers, God save me from falling into the trap! "Rather!" as the English say, not even the name of the province! We know enough of how the unhappy Mr. Francisco Rodriguez was persecuted and slandered while living and after death because of his fame as a freethinker! Your Excellency, pretending to be innocent, asks me for the works of the philosophers. And the prior censorship? Have it suppressed, Your Excellency and I promise you that the first copies will be dedicated to you. Find out also the number of copies sold of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Cantu, Sue, Dumas, Lamartine, Thiers, Aiguas de Izco, and others and by the consumption you will have an idea of the number of consumers.

Your thesis is reduced to this: I am a storehouse of contradictions, because Your Excellency fancies me thus and because you see contradiction in everything. Does Your Excellency use spectacles with the quality of contradiction or Your Excellency have the spirit of contradiction in your nature?

Does Your Excellency by chance persist in your opinion that the characters of a novel must all conform to the convictions of the author? Then indeed, I acknowledge the "storehouse of contradictions" and still more. But that *Poetica* of Fr. Rodriguez should have been published before, Most Excellent Sir!

I am glad that Your Excellency places Quioquiap many cubits above me. Put him in the moon and in Heaven too. I will never aspire to have his style; I keep mine which is very bad, as Your Excellency say, *Academicus Vincentius Barrantes dixit, ergo itd est.*⁴ But however bad it might be, it is not as bad as the abuses it combats, and I can say with Lista:

*De mi libre Musa
jamás el eco adormecio a tiranos
ni vil lisonja emponzoño su aliento....*⁵

It has never corrupted an administration nor has it served to cover up frauds, oppress or exploit an over-confident people. Bad and all, it has served what I liked and if it is not the conic, nickel plated, and polished bullet that an academician can shoot but only

⁴ Academician Vicente Barrantes has said it, therefore it is so.

a rough pebble picked from the brook, on the other hand it has hit the mark, hitting on the head that double-faced Goliath that in the Philippines is called *frailismo*⁶ and bad government. It is just that it should kick about violently; I do not deny its right to do so. The wound is there, death is there, what does the missile matter to me? Unable to deny the veracity of the facts, let them cling to the style, to the bark. A dog bites the stone that wounds it. For the rest, if I do have detractors, I do not lack panegyrists—one compensates for the other. It would be madness to ask the offended powerful to reward he who told him bitter truths. I consider myself very lucky that I am still alive. Only the demi-gods ask that their hands that slap be kissed. What I would have felt indeed is to hear, instead of curses and roarings in the ranks of the enemy, applause and compliments, for then it would be a proof that the shot had come out of the butt end of the musket. And as I did not write for myself nor to be admitted to the porter's lodge of the Academy but only to denounce abuses and unmask hypocrites, my purpose having been achieved, what do the rest matter to me? My book, moreover, has not been judged nor can it be judged because its effects are still felt. When the men that it fustigates and the abuses that it combats shall have disappeared from the politics of my homeland; when there shall come a generation that will not countenance the crimes or immoralities of the present; when Spain shall put an end to these struggles by means of sincere and liberal reforms; in short, when all of us shall have disappeared and with us our self-esteem, our vanities, and our little passions, then Spaniards and Filipinos shall be able to judge it tranquilly and impartially, without enthusiasm or rancour.

JOSE RIZAL

⁵ Free translation: The echo of my free Muse Nor vile adulation poison her breathe. Never lulled tyrants to sleep. Alberto Lista y Aragon (1776-1848) Spanish poet and mathematician

⁶ That is, friar doings.

La Solidaridad, vol. II, 43-44, 28 February 1890

NAMELESS

We don't know how to describe the incident which we are going to report to honorable Spaniards and in particular to the Ministry of Colonies.

Towards the end of the year 1887 on account of an inquiry of the government, a conflict arose between the tenants of the Hacienda de Kalamba (Kalamba Estate) and its owners, the Reverend Dominican Fathers. The tenants, threatened by the Dominicans, resorted to a petition to the government asking for its intervention and for its representative to examine the truth of the facts that the tenants had stated.¹ Innumerable were the complaints, the acts acknowledged, and the arbitrariness committed, and the petition was signed by almost all the townspeople. We have before us copies of both documents.

Well then; if the papers before us do not lie, it seems that the petition was laid on the table so that the then governor general, Mr. Terrero² who was already tired of certain tyrannies, would not see it and act as he should. The fact was that it was not acted upon until five months later when the vice governor became acting governor general.

Instead of sending his delegate, as the petitioners asked, to the town of Kalamba, the acting governor general sent there a confidential person, the Provincial of the Dominicans no less, that is, the accused party, in order to report on the truth of the case. We have a copy of this original paper dated 8 May 1888.

Naturally, as the general was not the confessor of His Reverence, the latter was not under obligation to say, *Peccavi* (I have sinned). He reported what was convenient to the Dominicans and naturally that official decided to disregard the petition, describing as false the facts that the tenants of Kalamba reported to the Government, asking their clarification and verification. We have also a copy of this no less original decision, dated 30 May 1888 and addressed also to His Reverence who replied immediately on 4 June thanking the governor for such a satisfactory communication, as His Reverence himself calls it.

¹ See "The Town of Calamba," p.

² Governor General Emilio Terrero y Perinat (1886-1888)

Frankly, we don't know if this manner of administering justice—the judge asking the advice of the accused and not listening to the voice that clamors for the clarification of the truth—we don't know if this is practiced in some savage country. It will not be impossible inasmuch as we see it used by a general belonging to a nation which is such a lover of progress and justice as Spain is. What indeed we can say is that in the Philippines, before the coming of the Spaniards, before any one had thought of being baptized and civilized, before the light of truth shone on that country, when the friars did not have there yet an inch of land, when the tilled and worked land still belonged to the one who had made it fruitful and had consecrated it with the sweat of his brow, the administration of justice was done in a different way. The justice and lieutenant governor of the Philippines, Dr. Antonio de Morga, wrote in 1609 in the *Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas* (chapter VIII):

When some natives had litigations or differences with others over land or business or over personal injuries and damages, they appointed elders of the same community (that is, of the same *barangay*) to hear the case, the parties being present, and there must be brought proofs and witnesses. Guided by what they found they afterwards judge the case in accordance with the procedure used by their ancestors in such cases, and their decision was respected and executed without protest or delay.

Thus the uncivilized Filipinos administered justice.

Without doubt it is bitter, Mr. Minister of Colonies, to complain and complain every day to a liberal government, without succeeding to be heard. This is very bitter to the one complaining, but it is much more bitter still not only for the Philippines but also for Spain, to consider that after three centuries and a half that the Spanish flag has been flying over there, after so many sacrifices, after so much blood shed and so much gold spent, the Filipinos had thus gone backward in the administration of justice, the foundation of society and of governments; and Spain, the colonial power, had been able to give her that only, despite her Civil Code. If our ancestors would return to life!

Is the Government of the Philippines already so impotent before certain corporations³ that it does not only content itself to close its eyes to many abuses but goes as far as to be guided by and to ask for the opinion of the accused? Has the judge gone to that extent? If he disregarded the petition of the tenants because

³ That is, religious corporations.

the accused called the allegations' false, why were not the slanderers prosecuted? Why were they not brought to court? Why wasn't the accused-judge converted into judge-accuser? This is easier and more decent than the other way. Was he afraid to hear the voice of the unfortunate tenants?

Frankly, we don't know how to describe this procedure. We ought not to call it Spanish-Filipino, though the frequency of similar incidents almost justified it; but it is not right that the stain fall on either Spain or the Philippines. Neither one nor the other, though they are involved, ought to be collectively responsible for this procedure.

We report this to the Minister of Colonies, the honorable Spaniards, and the townspeople of Kalamba.

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THE PHILIPPINES AT THE SPANISH CONGRESS

The session of 6 March can be marked with a diamond in the political history of the Philippines. A deputy, Mr. Francisco Calvo Muñoz, doing justice to that country and honoring the title of Spanish deputy, has asked with conviction and feeling, the representation of the Archipelago in the Cortes. We do not wish to diminish his merit by extolling him. We shall only say that he has complied with his duty and his conscience.

The Congress received favorably the words of the deputy. It understood the justice of the petition and its approval wants to say that the Mother Country owes the Philippines a reparation.

The Minister of Colonies replied that he held the same ideas and declared his vehement desire to demand from the Parliament the representation of that country. Nay: The Minister criticized the bill of Mr. Calvo Muñoz as not liberal enough for it asked only for three deputies at the moment when universal suffrage was being asked for Spain.

The Filipino people can believe in the sincerity of the words of the minister, because, although many of his bills and reforms are not approved and those which are carried out are not satisfactorily implemented, the cause of that ought to be attributed to the great opposition that they encounter on their path. Let us wait a little more, inasmuch as we have already learned to wait. The skeptics over there ought not to see in the excuse of Mr. Becerra—invoking timeliness—nor in his declarations in favor of assimilation, any of those banal subterfuges to which we are accustomed there whenever we ask for something like the question of the school of arts and trades of which the Augustinian fathers took charge ... so that it would not materialize, for example. Neither is it the excuse of a timorous man who thereby pretends to give a decent appearance to his ignorance, his indecision, or his incapacity. A man like Mr. Becerra ought not to have more than one word, the expression of his idea, and one will, that of his conviction.

The Minister spoke of timeliness and said that that was not the right time to pose the question. Though when asked whether or not we Indios had intelligence, he admitted that it was certain that we had it in the eyes and in the hands, though he regretted greatly the

poverty and the ignorance that prevailed there, saying "that it is not certainly through their fault, nor are very enlightened persons lacking there". We Indios nevertheless, are grateful to him for the motives that have impelled him to consider premature the amendment of Mr. Calvo Muñoz. And we thank him because, though in certain parts of his speech he has expressed himself with much reticence and sufficient obscurity, we suspect that he was not guided by any unjust or offensive thought but only by the prudence of the legislator who did not want to see the fruit of his labors to be spoiled by sowing in an unprepared ground. We can believe that Mr. Becerra fears that in the present circumstances, when municipalities do not as yet exist in the Philippines nor are the duties of a citizen known, parliamentary representation can be an evil, because certain elements can take hold of it and use it contrary to the purposes for which it has been created. For this good intention, we Indios overlook his remarks about our manual and visual intelligence and we thank him from the bottom of our heart.

However, we are not entirely in accord with the fears of the ministers. Certainly, and very certainly, we said more than once that there is much ignorance in the country and the partisans of the people's backwardness have plenty of money and power. But this does not prevent us from saying that it is imperative to save the country from her poverty and ignorance—"for which she is not to blame"—while she is not yet totally brutalized. Mr. Becerra has said that "it is Christian-like to defend the disinherited poor, because the rich and the powerful being able to defend themselves do not need other defenders". Well then, the only remedy is to give them representation in the Cortes with restricted suffrage, not as much as proposed by Mr. Calvo Muñoz, nor so extensive as universal suffrage. It is true that in a country where the only rostrum allowed is the confessional, to grant universal suffrage is to make the reactionaries triumph; but if for the present we restrict voting (speaking of the Indios), and it is granted not only to the *ex-gobernadorcillos*, lieutenants and heads of *barangay*, we believe that the reform will not be a failure. Ignorance is found only among certain classes, who, because of their unfortunate condition, are at the mercy of everybody and are the object of all kinds of tyrannies. These unfortunates, as they have to live on what they earn daily are obliged to draw near to the best tree so that it can protect them against all calamities and to be able to continue vegetating, and this tree in the Philippines is the friar. The people know unfortunately that the real king is the friar who disposes of the government and of the rulers and naturally they fear him more than the others. But re-

cent experiences are gradually undeceiving them, and soon, if their ills are not remedied, they will have to seek protection in themselves: The voice of the laws does not reach there nor the borders of the towns.

For this reason we ask for the freedom of the press so that through it public opinion may be enlightened and guarded against certain intrigues. We don't believe that the Minister would fear it. Since Cuba has had it, she has not rebelled; the British colonies have it as well as the French. A free press is the inseparable companion, rather, the one that opens the road to parliamentary representation. Both things are complementary.

There are numerous very serious and very intelligent persons among the Indios and we say it however unbecoming for us to do so. Only that the Indio in general and the Indio in the provinces in particular, closes up before a stranger, and even before a Spaniard, with a certain reserve that flighty minds rarely penetrate. We have been greatly slandered. Travelers who undergo hardships and dis pleasures for hitting upon a population that regard with disapproval their pretensions and airs of conquerors; writers who want to show off their wit and smartness in their books and to cause a sensation darken the background and depict the Indio all black and ridiculous Friars who are interested in making believe that there are only children there (Philippines) who need their protection; government employees who want to exculpate stupidities or abuses; sheep of Panurge¹ who say and believe what others have told them without taking the trouble of finding out the truth about the matter—all these personages have slandered the country, and as they always use the argument that "they have been there", there is no possible reply. The majority do not know any one but their servant and it is lucky if the two understand each other. The writer of these lines, who perhaps it not unworthy to place himself beside the last shoe-maker who has a vote and elects his deputy, has found in the Philippines, not only in Manila, but also in the provinces, men of vast knowledge and of such good sense that one would not suspect. The Minister of Colonies said very well that there were not lacking there "very intelligent persons". Perhaps there are more than he suspects, only they do not nor can they reveal themselves. One who did so would be foolish, for in a country where jealousy and arbitrariness are at the service of retrogression, to give signs of intelligence is to make gold tinkle in the pocket when one is in the cave of

¹ Panurge, a rogue, is a character in Rabelais' *Pantagruel*. Pantagruel, is the giant son of Gargantua

robbers. Each one keeps in his shirt what he knows and chews *buyo*.² The most imbecile has more probability of living in peace.

We believe then that it is time to give the Philippines representation in the Cortes and freedom of the press. With these two reforms, carried out wisely by a minister and a governor who do not allow themselves to be influenced by anybody, all other reforms that may later be presented will succeed; under their protection, they will prosper. Whereas now that the country has neither organ of public opinion nor voice in the legislature, when a reform is ordered, it cannot be known here whether it is implemented or not, if the governor general, in order to please So and So, suspends it, mutilates it or interprets it in his own way. A free press would watch over its implementation and the deputies could defend it in the Cortes. With these two reforms we believe firmly that the pessimists and the discontented will disappear from the moment they are furnished with a medium to inform them. It is already something to be able to complain when one feels outraged.

We believe that Mr. Becerra has as much impatience as the most impatient among the Filipinos to fulfill his promise. We hope so for we would like to see confidence reborn in the minds of our fellow countrymen, cowered long ago by the state of things. They are face to face a powerful enemy, far from the aid of the laws, and they do not have a voice to defend them. They know that at any moment an uprising can break out, "simulated or purchased" which undoubtedly will be smothered in the blood of innocents or the enemies of the powerful, and they know that by then they have no one to protect them. It would be a miracle if, throwing themselves into the arms of despair, they do not then try to sell their lives dearly. And everybody knows how easy it is to simulate such uprisings. We have already seen some and even in Barcelona domiciliary search was attempted, only it did not succeed, because it seems that it needed the atmosphere of the Philippines.³ A "purchased uprising" at this time might affect certain reforms and as in such moments one hardly can reason cold-bloodedly, fear may make us recoil and undo what has been done.

We remind Mr. Becerra of his motto: "Do not leave for tomorrow what should be done today".

² A leaf of betel (*Piper betle* L.) with a little lime and a piece of betel nut (*Areca catechu*).

³ See footnote on page

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LET US BE JUST

In its preceding issue *La Solidaridad* published a letter that various *Filipinos* of Manila had addressed to *La Opinion* on the occasion of a homicide committed on the Island of Negros. It seems that this periodical in an article entitled "Plain Justice" asked for the the proclamation of martial law in Negros.

The letter of *Various Filipinos* protesting against this absurd petition is written with so much timidity and so much respect ... that the periodical, without doubt, for an excess of misunderstood patriotism ... for an exaggerated zeal and in a moment of weakness... did not want to publish it.

The assassin or murderer seems to be a laborer, father of a family, without a bad record. He was not impelled by vile motive but rather, after committing the act, he presented himself to the authorities, giving information about how he assassinated his master, a landowner.

And in view of this deed, of the conduct of this man, two newspapers ask that martial law be declared. The others claimings to be liberal and just, reject the military procedure and ask that the full weight of the law fall upon the guilty, that inexorable penalty be meted out to the delinquent, and so forth.

And this is not the first time that the full severity of the law is asked to be applied to the poor rural workers of the Philippines when the victims unfortunately belong to the European race! Some months ago a husband surprised a friar staining his honor. The irate husband wounded and maltreated him and the newspapers also then asked that the guilty assassin be rigorously punished, that the full force of the law be applied to him, etc.

It is sad to record these desires for the morality of those consciences! The existence of such desires is a sad omen for the assimilation of the Philippines! What will a man who reflects and judges infer in view of these moral ailments? Would these men who ask for such vengeance act differently if their own dignity had been offended or their honor stained?

How can abysses be closed up, how can ties be formed when such absurd formulas are seen, when justice has two balances, when the law has complacency for some and fury for others? All the

wise maxims of the world, all the eloquent aspirations of generous souls who would like to make that people a Spanish people, if they encounter such obstacles, will vanish like smoke! Ah! The prior censorship in Manila must have *filibustero* tendencies, or it must be very near-sighted not to see the scope of such cries!

Why? What is the purpose of invoking the full rigor of the law against a man, who is deeply wronged, for the assassination of a landowner, or of a friar? Is not that telling the entire people not to believe in justice? Is it perchance the first time that an assassination is committed? Do not thousands and thousands of persons in all the countries of the globe die daily under conditions a thousand and thousand times more serious, with more aggravating circumstances than in the cases before us? Who guarantees to us that the landowner had not maltreated or offended deeply the aggressor? Why, instead of saying, let the court investigate well and weigh the motives and the causes that led to the perpetration of the deed, all go out shouting, "Plain justice! Martial law!"

When, in Europe, among a people who have all the means of being educated and improving their morality, in a society where class abuses and oppression can be easily denounced, where the poor find protection, where all are equal before the law, where the criminal is much more responsible, inasmuch as he is governed by laws that he knows and to whose making he has given his assent, when in Europe, we say the jury proceeds with the utmost caution and acquits most of the time those who commit horrible and cruel murders, always seeking in the wretchedness of man some attenuating, saving circumstance, should no excuse be found to declare the criminal not responsible, we see in Catholic Philippines, in a country which had exchanged her past and her independence for the law of Christ, for that religion of love and charity, man armed with all kinds of vengeance, hurling all kinds of imprecations against the unfortunate who perhaps, rightly examined, had no other crime than that of not being a God, that is, who is not infinite in his sufferings! And in the Philippines, those who today want to show themselves severe and inflexible, what moral have they taught us, what examples have they given us, what have they done to enlighten our mind, prevent abuses, make the poor trust in the law and in the justice of the courts? Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing! when it is a powerful man who has sinned! Is this not wishing to excite the most peaceful people in the world to rebellion?

That it is a landowner who punishes excessively a laborer? mystery, action on the papers in the case, compromise.

We, in the name of humanity, rebel against such behavior. That it is a friar whom a husband surprises? Do they personify perchance all the morality on earth that their Plain justice when it is a poor devil who has sinned; death should be avenged with martial laws and Draconian penalties? Let those who still have love for their dignity, love for their home and their family speak; let those who still feel in their breast a remnant of impartiality speak.

If we are to think of the disastrous effects that such crazy manifestations have produced in the breast of the poor Filipinos, we have to infer that there are there tendencies that want to nullify the attempts of those who want the Hispanization of that country. While the sensibility of the people is wounded and excited in this way while racial antagonisms are fostered through hate and vengeance, the enlightened minds, those who dream of the Hispanization of the Archipelago, that one day might be the life of Spain, like a solicitous daughter in the Mother's old age, will spend their lives weaving Penelope's cloth!

And it is marvellous to consider how ignorance and routine persist in their minds, dragging down the peoples who have entrusted their destinies to them. There is no doubt that those clamors for *martial law and plain justice* pass there for being the most patriotic when a prudent policy, a policy of attraction, wise and far-sighted, counsels a conduct that probably the prior censorship there would prohibit to be mentioned even. *Quos Jupiter vult perdere*,¹ . . . In short, as Professor Blumentritt rightly says: *Habent sua fata, non solum libelli, sed etiam regne*.²

Finally, that unfortunate man will be hanged as after the murder, he presented himself to the court. Perhaps martial law may be proclaimed; the strictness may go to the extreme. Perhaps they may also hang the husband of whom we spoke so that the strictness of the law, public vengeance, the weight of justice, etc., etc., etc. But the executioner should be careful in performing his sad mission; he might also execute the law, justice, the love of the Philippines for Spain dying in the mind of the people. Now various Filipinos protest despite the condition in which they are found; tomorrow it will be the whole people and who knows if it will already be too late. The military men should be careful about their martial laws; sometimes they sentence themselves, because the cessation of the organs of the body is not the only death; there is another, death before public opinion, before conscience, before posterity. Without

1 Those whom Jupiter wants to destroy, he first makes mad.

2 Not only books have their destinies but also reigns.

the *autos de fe*³ of the Inquisition, the religious corporations would not have died in Europe. Those tortures and those burnings tore away and burned all that was fair, great, and beautiful that the convents did in the past. The ambitions of some popes killed the papacy, and Louis XV by ordering that the criminal who wounded him slightly be quartered, prepared the scaffold of Louis XVI.

The powers-that-be should be careful that in believing that they remedy a present evil, they sin against justice and humanity! There is a God in history! If the nations whose might was founded on force have not been able to abuse it as well as the weakness of the vanquished or subjects with impunity, but rather laying aside the eternal moral law had to succumb in their turn by the same means, what have we to say to the powers that have to rely on esteem, respect, and prestige?

Physical superiority is nothing before moral superiority, and men, like all animals, have to respect this and submit to it. Colonial powers, above all those who do not dispose of armies and navies to guard every shrub or prevent the passage of the waves, must need above all to display this moral superiority before the subject peoples, otherwise we can predict their proximate end. And there is nothing that wins man more than the idea of justice, serene, without hatred or fury, as there is nothing like injustice to arouse his indignation, and a government commits suicide and loses prestige before the entire people these ravings, it becomes too exacting with the luckless and when, obeying the fears of the moment that shine through closes its eyes to the deeds of the powerful.

Perhaps they will say to us that they ask for the law of retaliation. If this law governed all, however barbarous and stupid it might be, the oppressed would have some comfort. But the penalty of *lex talionis* is asked in a loud voice there only for the poor, because the poor have neither newspapers nor defenders; but should it be applied with all its blind stupidity, half of mankind would go to prison and to the scaffold the other half.

No, let justice act, but without incitements to cruelty, without martial laws, without barbarism nor clemency. Let it perform its mission quietly, carefully, serenely, like one that is conscious of its power and of its august ministry. It must not go down to the level of vengeance. Examine impartially the facts and when it has to mete out a penalty, be very careful and incline more towards benevolence, for aside from the fact that man is weak, there is the

³ *Auto-da-fé* is the sentence given by the Inquisition which is execution, especially burning.

high political consideration of not allowing any racial animosity to show, inasmuch as the one who has to judge the criminal is of the same color as the deceased. And more than elsewhere, judges ought to consider that in the Philippines climate produces effects on passions. A state of anemia, due to the heat, produces an unbalanced condition which is manifested by nervous irritability. The *hamok*, or momentary obfuscation is a phenomenon observed among the Malay race, sometimes provoked by hunger, heat, *etc.* Add to this what various *Filipinos* who have protested there observe: The Indio, the personification of suffering, will only kill when all his patience has been exhausted and nothing remains to him but despair. And we know Spaniards who criticized this excessive patience and who interpreted this endurance of suffering as lack of dignity.

Be very careful then!

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PHILIPPINES AFFAIRS

We have read very strange ideas in Philippine newspapers which in many instances seem to as to have a certain ironic flavor or bitter sarcasm that has slipped despite the vigilant and jealous prior censorship.

In 1888, on the occasion of the pardon of a man condemned to death, the Philippine press had the curious idea that the people should be eternally grateful for that pardon as if the entire population lived on the neck of that criminal who escaped the garrotte, or as if society had received a great benefit because the life of a bad member had been preserved. The criminal had suffered all the moral torments, for the commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment came dramatically or farcically only a second before his execution, so that the criminal suffered moral execution and besides, life imprisonment. It is not strange that he became mad; it was an excessive good luck for one man alone. And then the Manila press with a terrible irony, with cruel sarcasm, hurls dithyrambs about the immense, eternal gratitude of the Filipino people, of the criminal, etc. The prior censorship let it pass.

Regarding this, as if their appetite had been aroused, the press speaks of a banquet offered by the prisoners to the officialdom as a very holy and beautiful thing...The prior censorship seemed to be absent-minded. *Aliquando bona dormitat censura.*¹

We could cite very many strokes in which the nicety of sarcasm exceeds all foresight. Their perusal would only produce in us the following reflections: That he who wants to censor too much, censors nothing.

Penance is in the sin itself.

We, then, were already accustomed to the genial sallies of the journalists beyond the sea, and we adopted towards them the policy of *nil admirari*;² so that when we picked up casually a newspaper to breathe in the odor of the Pasig and local flavor, we first took a good dose of security and we winked our eyes as if to say to ourselves: You will see how well they mock the censor!

¹ Even the good censor sometimes nods.

² Or, *nil admirari* (Horace). To wonder at nothing.

And indeed they do meek the censor. There is nothing like oppression to make the mind work; the greater the pressure the greater the explosion!

But despite our *nihil admirari*, despite our philosophical considerations, despite being accustomed to the knavery of the press, of our own country, the following incident stupefied us:

A laborer killed his landlord and immediately he presented himself to the court, reporting the crime he had committed. As the deed took place at Log, the Civil Guard was given charge of conducting the criminal to Bacolod, capital of the Island of Negros. They shot him twice on the way, alleging that in an *access of madness*, he tried to flee. He who had voluntarily presented himself to the court!

See how illogical! Desiring to flee after having presented himself spontaneously! In truth he deserved to be shot, for the Civil Guard cannot tolerate illogical men.

But here is how *El Porvenir de Visayas*, comments on the incident:

It was confirmed. On the 23 we received a letter from Negros in which the information was confirmed that the Civil Guard was compelled to fire on the murderer of Mr. Felipe Vidaurrazaga in order to prevent him from escaping.

We repeat today what we said yesterday: There are providential actions that justify that certain punishments ought to be immediate not only because they are deserved but because of the wholesome example they produce.

Once more the Civil Guard has fulfilled its duty!!!

La Oceania and *La Opinion* have been very mischievous in wishing to compromise *El Porvenir de Visayas* if not with the censor, at least with moral sense by reprinting the item we copy here.

El Porvenir de Visayas is a cruel newspaper and if we did not know that there are no true *filibusteros* there, we would say that it's editor is one, consciously or unconsciously. What a sarcasm for the worthy Corps of Civil Guard to be told that it has complied with its duty by removing from the judicial power a criminal whom it was charged to deliver to its hands! Voltaire could not have said more if there had existed civil guards in his time! Give to the last porter in Europe or to a Chinese porter (if you are in the Philippines) a vase, a mirror, or any work of art; pay him well so that he may take it to your house, and if he breaks it on his way, tell him afterwards

in an elated voice: "You have complied with your duty magnificently!" If the porter has any spark of honesty, he would break your head or his own; if he is stupid, he would smile very much satisfied. Here *El Porvenir de Visayas* has fooled the whole worthy civil guard.

Because the last policeman of the last country in the world, the last *cuadrillero*,³ the last gendarme without half a finger-width of forehead, knows very well how to insure a criminal. For that purpose the soldiers of the civil guard have their pockets full of strings with which they tie elbow to elbow not only criminals but even those who have no other crime but to have good chickens or fat capons; for that purpose they have handcuffs, shackles, etc., etc. To pretend that the criminal had tried to escape in an access of madness is to be madder than the criminal himself and the one who alleges it as an excuse deserves another civil guard. Because, if my porter tells me: "Sir, as the mirror that you gave me in an access of madness was tending towards the ground, in order to prevent it from escaping my hands, I broke it to pieces!"

"Bravo, man, bravo! Once more you have fulfilled your duty!" Because the desire to escape on the part of a criminal is so natural, like gravitation to the center of the earth. If it were not so, for what is a guard or a porter? They should have told the murderer: "Take these twenty pesos and go to Bakolod and let us see if they hang you there." And who knows? He might have arrived there more safely, because as we saw, he presented himself alone to the court.

Nothing. The Civil Guard has once more complied with its duty!

We are sorry for the comment, for we have known very scrupulous men in that corps.

Well now; to call the action *providential* is no longer an insult to the porter, I say, to the civil guard, but to the laws and the courts. The criminal was its prize. He escapes from his guards. Bravo! I mocked you!!! Providence!!! Follow the example of the porter and the mirror, if I intended this as a present to a friend or a relative and upon learning that my civil guard has broken it, I would exclaim clapping my hands: Providence! There are certain providential acts that justify that certain gifts ought to be broken, etc., etc. Eh? Surely my relative or friend will take me for *El Porvenir de Visayas*.

3 Rural guard.

But if the mirror belongs to our relative or friend and it is his property, the criminal belongs to the court. Then he shall have the right to take us to court for slander or insult, because to attribute its loss to Providence, is to call Providence purely and delicately a thief or something of the kind. And here *El Porvenir de Visayas* has also fooled the laws, the administration of justice, the judges, and the courts of the Philippines.

Yes, indeed; censorship permits these things to be said, to call providential an act that impairs the force of the law. It permits to be said that the courts are not worth a straw and that the civil guard may be treated scoffingly when through incapacity or barbarity, it fails in its duties or does not accomplish the mission entrusted to it. It permits this to be called *wholesome* when it is the most pernicious; for, if criminals have to be treated in this way, there will not be any more criminal who will present himself or allow himself to be caught henceforth, like our candid laborer. As the law has neither force nor prestige, as the courts no longer inspire any one with confidence, as the civil guards neither know how to guard criminals, considering one who commits an offence a desperado, a ferocious beast, and in order to live he will be obliged to multiply his exploits. *Lasciate ogni speranza!*⁴ And as there shall always be criminals, because there shall always be injustice, passions, oppressors, despots and wretched men, it turns out that the *wholesome example* will be very wholesome in increasing the delinquents qualitatively and quantitatively.

However, from all this regrettable incident, it seems that it can be inferred, like the mephitic exhalation of a heap of garbage, the desire not to do justice but to kill the criminal; something sanguinary, inhuman, base, something ferocious. But we are sure that those newspapers expressed themselves thus out of pure irony.

Indeed, there are cruel sarcasms; there are ironies in the Philippines that are not suspected in Europe! The Tacitus, Voltaires, Byrons, and Heines abound there unknowingly.

And we say to the Civil Guard: If that man whom you ought to deliver safe and sound to the court of justice and whom you have shot on the way, is a maniac, hysterical, like many who are seen in Europe, who are presented as the presumed criminals in famous crimes, what responsibility must you have before God since you have none before your fellow men? In London we saw in the case

⁴ Or, *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*. (Abandon all hope ye who enter here.) From Dante, *La Divina Commedia*, Zanichelli, Bologna, 1944, canto III, stanza 3.

of Jack, the disemboweller, more than the men present themselves as the famous murderer. If the policemen in charge of their custody *had complied with their duty*, as you did with your own. . . but, not here in Europe, the policeman never complies with his duty, here there is no Providence; the criminals arrive safe and sound; the police defends them sometimes at great personal risk against the ire of the indignant and exasperated multitude. No, here where there are more criminals, where horrible crimes are committed, parricides, barbarous, cruel, and well meditated murders; here where the criminal has better means of escaping because of the excessive number of inhabitants, because domicile searches do not exist, because of the way houses are built, but because of the ease of means of communication, because of the frontiers, because of the size of the continent, here never has a criminal been known to have been killed because in access of *madness he had tried to escape!.. Ah!* We don't know if the Philippines has her equal in the uncivilized world; we can't say so definitely, but indeed we maintain that the irony of her journalists knows no rivals.

And we shall conclude giving a warning.

The Civil Guard of the Philippines is called a *Worthy Corps*, because in the Peninsula this body is really so, as it is also differently formed and its members are better chosen. The Inquisition was also called Holy and those who composed it believed that under the protection of this name, they could dare everything, that they could abuse everything. But no; posterity has judged it, has execrated it; the epithet of Holy did not save it, and its name now means everything that is odious, cruel, inhuman, horrible. God and man have condemned it.

Neither will the name "worthy" be of any avail to you if you continue abusing your immunity, if under the protection of your privileges, you oppress the unfortunate, you break their bones with the butts of guns, or you shoot them as for sport, in obedience to passions and vengeance. The daily will come, sooner or later, when the people, more intelligent and better educated, shall awaken from their ignorance and discover the long wake of blood and tears that marked your path in the past, and then, horrified by a natural reaction, will condemn you to abomination as the European peoples have condemned their executions in the past centuries. Perhaps its resentment might reduce you to the most ignoble level of society, like the utensils in a house necessary to clean it of all filth, the most abject and lowest, and you will wander shamefully, avoiding the centers of light, exiled from respectable

society, like those upon whom weigh the curse of so many victims, burnt, tortured and buried during centuries of the religious intolerance of the Inquisition and ambitious theocracy, unfortunate heirs of mockery and contempt, compelled to disguise themselves and to slip away unperceived in order not to rouse vengeance with the odor of the corpses of their victims. Then the people who have forgotten the great learned men who fled with truly apostolic monks and men, only to remember the Torquemadas⁵ and Alexander VI's⁶ will also forget all the good services that the worthy corps had rendered and will remember only its tyrannies and cruelties and perhaps confuse with the tyrants the rest to whom the mother country is indebted.

But, in the meantime, fulfill your duty!

⁵ Tomás de Torquemada (1420-1498), Spanish grand inquisitor.

⁶ Pope (1492-1503). His name was Rodrigo Lanzol y Borja of the Borgia family, noted for his wordiness and the father of Lucrezia Borgia.

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MORE ON THE NEGROS AFFAIR

In the preceding issue, commenting on the article in *El Porvenir de Visayas* on the shooting of a prisoner by the civil guards in charge of escorting him, we said that it was a sarcasm to the Corps and the administration of justice, and we could have also added to Providence whom the newsman identified with Remington guns in describing it as *truly providential*.

Well then, a person who claims to know the reporters of that newspaper wants to assure us that there was no such sarcasm but only a pure and simple, naked expression of the convictions and ideas that its reporters profess.

We protest against the accusation that depicts under a very poor light not only the moral sense of the newsmen of those regions but also the common sense and the most rudimentary theories of reasoning. In fact, how can the most incapable of the most incapable among men (and we no longer speak of the *El Porvenir de Visayas*) maintain without sarcasm or mockery that the civil guard had fulfilled his duty when precisely he has done the reverse? *El Porvenir de Visayas* should know how to read, and must have undoubtedly read everything that the *Cartilla del Guardia Civil* says in chapter IX (part I) pages 34, 35, 36, 37, concerning the Conveyance of Prisoners which says thus:

ARTICLE 1. If the duties of the Civil Guard hitherto stated ought to compel him to live with extreme and continuous vigilance, none demands from him so much greater circumspection and care than the conveyance of prisoners; for to this service should be closely joined the sacred fulfillment of his duties, the security of the prisoners, and the consideration and kindness with which they ought to be treated.

ART. 2. Every prisoner who is placed under the Civil Guard ought to be considered sufficiently safe and will be guarded without any fail until his destination assigned by the laws; in the same way that he ought to believe that he will be justly free from insults or abuses from any one, whatever his category may be, and from the excesses that at times are wont to be committed against prisoners.

ART. 3. *The civil guard is the first agent of justice, and rather than tolerate that the least violence or outrage be committed against the prisoners he may escort, he ought to perish. He should never permit anyone to insult them before or after suffering the penalty imposed upon them by law.*

ART. 4. The escape of a prisoner will be a very grave charge against the civil guard; and he ought to keep in mind that besides requiring, for the good of the service, the complete security of those entrusted to his care, for this offence, a penalty may be imposed upon him equal to what ought to have been imposed upon the escaped prisoner, according to the seriousness of the crime of which he was accused.

ART. 5. He should not engage in any kind of conversation with the prisoners of both sexes whom he is escorting nor permit any intimacy whatever.

ART. 6. If he has to pass through forests, ravines, and craggy terrain, he must redouble his vigilance and tie together the prisoners. if it were necessary, to prevent escape that they frequently attempt taking advantage of places of this nature.

ART. 7. Sick prisoners conveyed on beasts of burden will be guarded *without ever trusting in the circumstance of their illness*, always making them all march together at a comfortable pace.

ART. 8. He will avoid, under the pretext of colic, accident, or other illness, that there be any distance between the prisoners he is escorting; because they can very well have the idea that through a feigned illness, they can succeed to flout the vigilance of their guards and escape.

ART. 9. Whenever a prisoner by his category, office that he might have held or any other circumstance, is entitled to courtesy, the civil guard will fulfill his duty by giving him what he deserves, complying with the laws in this regard.

ART. 10. If any of the prisoners should ask for permission to do some personal necessity, a guard will accompany him, making all the others stop until he returns.

ART. 11. The one in command of the force he is escorting in the category of prisoners—some military men—will take care that on the first day of each month they draw up their service records which will be attested by the corresponding official, taking care besides of forwarding the said documents to the chiefs on detail of

the Corps to which they belong so that they may be credited their salaries.

ART. 12. In the towns where they have to spend the night, the civil guard escorting a prisoner or prisoners ought to deliver him or them to the *gobernadorcillo**, taking the corresponding receipt which he must return the next day when he takes the prisoners, which he will do at the moment he resumes the journey.

ART. 13. By no means should the guard either eat or drink with the prisoners he is escorting, nor buy anything at their request.

ART. 14. The service of the conveyance of prisoners must be regulated in such a way that *the marches may be commensurate with the condition of the prisoners who are being escorted* and they will be forced only if there is an express order to do so.

ART. 15. When the prisoners reached their destination, they will be delivered to the competent authority who will issue the corresponding receipt.

As the readers can see, there is nothing in all this chapter, written in the true spirit of humanitarianism and morality, even a half phrase authorizing the civil guard to shoot a criminal *who, in an access of fury, attempts to escape*. Consequently, to suppose that *El Porvenir de Visayas* had spoken seriously in saying that the civil guard had complied with his duty, when he had done nothing more than fail in it, is to consider him openly and frankly an imbecile who reasons with the sole of his shoes, an opinion that we are far from attributing to *El Porvenir de Visayas* however much the future of those islands may seem very unfortunate.

But let us leave aside the jeers of the newspaper and let us analyze the incident by itself.

Is it possible that a prisoner, guarded and manacled by a soldier, can escape in such a way that his guard cannot prevent him?

The most furious prisoner, the most robust, the most agile, once manacled (and in the manner that the civil guards know how to do it, who any excuse the elbow with elbow the most inoffensive and decrepit persons) cannot evade his guardian however little careful and perspicacious he might be. As the conveyance took place in the daytime, the guard could perceive the intentions of the prisoner to untie or loosen his ligatures. Moreover, it is a well observed fact that without the freedom of the upper members, movement and running would be very difficult and the most agile

* Mayor of the town.

runner without the counter-balance of his arms loses one-third of his speed. We have seen chains or rosaries of prisoners escorted by soldiers of the civil guard, thirty or twenty, of all ages and constitutions, go through towns and solitary roads, we have seen them lashed with rods and beaten with the butts of muskets so that they may walk faster, and in wishing to hasten their step, the lack of freedom of their arms made them fall to the ground from which they rose with great difficulty, in spite of all the blows and lashing that they received. Well now; if among thirty men no one had succeeded to escape, notwithstanding that there were only two guards how could one prisoner alone, who was carefully guarded, attempt an escape that would compel the civil guard to fire at him? Because it must be supposed that the one escorting him (if he is alone, and not two) will not be a lame man and if he were, he must not lose sight of him and will hold in his hand the end of the cord with which he is tied. The articles in the regulation for the conveyance of prisoners specify in detail all the circumstances and all the eventualities, as our readers must have seen, that only an excessive carelessness, a complete but punishable disregard of them, can encourage a prisoner to escape. And neither the prisoner nor human justice is responsible for this but the guard who forgets his trust.

But even supposing that the civil guard had been careless and for an instant loses sight of him, the movement of the criminal will be enough to attract his attention and stop the fugitive after a few steps, and if it were not so, his prudence and his kindness will suggest to him a shot in the air to frighten him, which unfortunately is not done in these cases but rather some seem to entice the prisoner to escape, and letting him run ten or twelve steps, they shoot him with their rifle or revolver. This is absolutely barbarous and surpasses everything that can be imagined, that, not only does it remind us of African customs, but what is more of a contrary meaning. No one authorizes a jockey to kill a horse that escapes him and the life of a horse cannot be more sacred than that of a man, even if he is an Indio subject to Spanish rule.

It is the duty of the civil guard to watch the criminal and as the regulation provides definitely, *"to guard him without fail until the destination assigned by the laws,"* he has the means and intelligence to insure his person. In civilized Europe, where human dignity is more respected and where the rope is not abused, the police have found means to prevent criminals from escaping, sometimes by removing from them one shoe, sometimes by pulling out

the buttons of their pantaloons. In the Philippines the rope has always served in place of the intelligence of the civil guards and now they want to substitute lead for it.

If this is sanctioned, in truth it would be better to live among savages, go to the mountains where the Negrios live, and to disown everything that smells of Christianity and civilization.

Nevertheless, there is nothing in the entire *Cartilla de la Guardia Civil*, even an article, that authorizes the guard to use his firearm and less to execute the criminals. The regulation that we cite, dated 1879, only names two cases in which a firearm can be used and they are: Article 7 of chapter I, first part, and article 26 of chapter II, part 3, which state the following:

ART. 7. His first weapons should be persuasion and moral force; resorting to what he carries with him, only when he finds himself confronted with others, or his words had not sufficed.

ART. 26. Every soldier is forbidden to fire his arm without the authorization of the commander, excepting the cases that are reserved for the sentry.

These cases are when one does not reply to "Who goes there?", repeated three times, one flees, or disobeys the cry, etc., etc. . . .

The disjunctive, "or his words had not sufficed" refers to tumults on the street, disturbances, and so forth, for it is ridiculous to apply it to the conveyance of prisoners. It is rare that any one goes to prison willingly and "persuaded". Ours indeed was a *rara avis*, for he presented himself voluntarily, though perhaps with the knowledge of what was going to happen to him. For that reason perhaps, and for being an exception, they shot him, though shootings of this kind are not rare over there.

The author of the regulation, though he had studied all cases, foreseen all eventualities, and asserted the seriousness of the escape of a prisoner (Art. 4), never made the most remote allusion to the use of this barbarous method to stop an escape.

To speak of access of fury is stupid, for never has it been said that madness may be punished with summary execution.

The court of justice ought to ask for a strict accounting of those who abuse their power and fail in their sacred ministry. The Corps of the Civil Guard, if it wants to be exempted from this crime and to fulfill nobly the purpose for which it was created, ought to punish those who prevent the investigation of the truth in violation of their duty and of their downright and repeated abuses. Who

can assure us that the assassin was not a mere tool? Who knows if his hand was moved by another will? Did it not happen in Manila a few years ago that a countryman assassinated some Spaniards who lived in the environs and later turned out to be a paid assassin? If on that occasion plain justice had played one of its own pranks, it would have rendered without doubt some great service to the instigator of those murders, but it would have contributed also to immorality by leaving unpunished the real criminal.

Moreover, if we are going to accept these abuses and close our eyes to them; if we are going to substitute for the courts of justice military rule and still without its councils of war and its procedures; if we are going to recognize the right of every soldier to shoot any one for this or that excuse, more or less puerile and stupid, then close the courts of justice, dismiss all the judges, silence all the lawyers, and burn all the codes! Congratulations! Thus we shall economize a great deal, and we cannot be charged of being hypocrites or frauds, that while we talk of laws, of justice, and of morality before an audience, behind the stage we have all cowardice, all complacency! In this way at least the people will know what to expect, will know what awaits them, and will not trust innocently phrases and hollow phrases! And time will tell who will come out the winner.

But, in the meantime, let us hope that Mr. Becerra who has begun to direct the affairs of the ministry of colonies with spirit and good intention, will have enough energy to make the laws respected. Mr. Becerra knows very well the fate that awaits those who begin with a human head and end in fish, *dessinant in piscem*, as Horace says. Let us hope that he will prove that he has not fallen in a profound lethargy after having earned an excellent fame.

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A HOPE

The Ministry and the party to which Mr. Becerra¹ belonged have fallen, dragging down with them many hopes.

Gone with them also are those of many Filipinos who had heard the speeches of Mr. Becerra delivered at the Congress on 6 March of the present year on the occasion of the debate on the parliamentary representation of the Philippines.

Mr. Becerra had said that he was in favor of this reform, that the Filipinos ought to have a voice, that it was just that one who pays tax votes, and that it was Christian-like to defend the helpless and defenseless, that it was little to ask only for three deputies when Spain asks for universal suffrage, and in short, *what can be done today should not be left for tomorrow.*

If that statement of Mr. Becerra today does not mean exactly what it did on 6 March, the time he spoke, *tomorrow* neither ought to mean *never*.

The Filipino people, trusting in the honorable promise of a Spanish Minister, hoped and believed that the silence that followed the activity of Mr. Becerra signified the eve of a great day.

Four months passed and during this long period of time, the promise of the Minister was not mentioned again nor the justice that is due eight million subjects.

Oh, Thou who has made the heart of man believe in the promises of another man, why have Thou not given him a part of your inflexible will and a reflection of your memory so that he may remember all his promises?

But enough! Mr. Becerra has fallen and we don't want to tell him now our bitterness however great our resentment may be. We have hoped in a man!

We are human and nothing human can surprise us, we say, translating Terence.

We prefer to recall the reforms that the Philippines *heard* during the ministry of Mr. Becerra.

These reforms, though few, are not insignificant.

¹ Manuel Becerra, Liberal, minister of Colonies.

We would prefer to talk about the Civil Code, if the arbitrariness of General Weyler and the complacency, not to say weakness, of Mr. Becerra had not left by halves that reform, which has made more patent the power of the religious corporations and the impotence of the ministers who are called besides democrats and liberals.

Mr. Balaguer who had given the example with the introduction of the Penal Code, did not allow any amendment proposed on behalf of Captain General Terreros and his reform was implemented whole in spite of all protests.

That reform of Mr. Balaguer was a beautiful precedence. Integrity and conviction!

The heads of *barangay* owe Mr. Becerra a great benefit: The fixing of the stipend of the curates. We must not forget it. So rare are the reforms carried out!

Afterwards?

We don't remember others that may have general interest but nonetheless, we must admit that Mr. Becerra has had very good and grand designs and these are not little when one considers that the Ministry of Colonies is a ministry for beginners.

Let us throw the blame of the failure not on the man but on circumstances and on men. Bah! One cannot always struggle; there is the quarter hour of Rabelais.

Let us see what the Conservatives have for us. Until now the Conservative ministers who have held the portfolio of overseas colonies have been neither good nor bad to the Philippines; that is, they have hardly paid any attention to that country. Their old motto seemed to be:

Peor es meneallo.²

Ayala left some dramas and very good sonnets. Have the dramas been staged in Manila? We don't know. The sonnets have been read and have pleased many people.

Of the others not even an assonant remains.

There was, if our memory does not fail us, one Count Tejada de Valdosera, but frankly we don't remember whether he was a conservative or a liberal. We have nothing in our mind to enlighten us somewhat about what this minister did for the Philippines. We have a vague idea about him in the same manner as a figure which

² Or, *mejor es no meneallo* (Better let it alone).
La Solidaridad, vol. II, 153-154, 15 July 1890

is confused with others placed in the extreme end of a painting and we don't forget him on account of a name and a title. For us he belongs to the blessed name of Ministers. Peace to them!

Nonetheless we confess that under the conservative ministries we have had such good and such bad governors-general as under the liberals. The conservatives have never given us a Weyler but indeed a Jovellar, a Terreros, who can be accused of anything one likes except of complacency

It seems also that General Jovellar and General Terreros did not return from the Philippines much richer than when they went out there; neither did they go about surrounded by friars, nor did they allow them to dominate them.

Let us be just to both.

Now, may the Filipino people, without distrusting men place their confidence in something more lofty, in someone with better memory, in someone who knows better the value of justice and of a sacred promise.

God has made man free and has promised victory to one who perseveres, to one who struggles, to one who acts justly.

God has promised man his redemption after the sacrifice.

Let man fulfill his duty and God will fulfill his!

La Solidaridad, Vol. II, 153-154 (15 July, 1890).

THE INDOLENCE OF THE FILIPINOS

I

Doctor Sancianco in his *Progreso de Filipinas* (Philippine Progress) has dealt with this question—*cackled* about it, as he says. Citing facts and reports furnished by the very same Peninsular authorities who govern the Philippines, he has demonstrated that such indolence does not exist and whatever is said about it does not deserve a reply nor even slight attention.

However, as it is still being discussed, not only by the government employees who hold it responsible for their own stupidities, not only by the friars who consider it necessary to make themselves irreplaceable, but also by serious and disinterested persons; and as against the evidence cited by Dr. Sancianco, others of greater or less weight can be presented, it seems to us desirable to study thoroughly this question without contempt or sensitiveness, without bias, without pessimism. And as we can only serve our country by telling her the truth, however bitter it be, as a categorical and artificial denial cannot destroy a real and positive fact, despite the brilliance of the arguments, as a mere assertion is not enough to create an impossible thing, we are going to examine the question calmly with all the impartiality of which a man is capable who is convinced that there is no redemption unless based solidly on virtue.

Very much misused is the word *indolence*, in the sense of little love for work, lack of activity, etc.; but ridicule has covered the misuse. This popular subject has suffered the same fate as certain panaceas and specifics which have been discredited because of the impossible virtues attributed to them by charlatans. In the Medieval Age, and even in many Catholic countries of our times, whatever superstitious folk cannot understand, or men because of malice refuse to confess, is attributed to the devil; in the Philippines, one's own and another's shortcomings, the stupidities of some, and the crimes of others are attributed to indolence. Thus, as in the Medieval Age, one who tried to seek an explanation of natural phenomena outside of the devil's influence was persecuted, in the Philippines one who seeks the origin of his ignorance beyond the accepted beliefs meets a worse fate.

It turns out that there are some who are very much interested in declaring this misuse a dogma and others in combatting it as a ridiculous superstition, if not a punishable fraud. However, it should not be deduced that a thing does not exist because of its misuse.

We believe that there should be something behind so much outcry, for so many people cannot have agreed to lie at the same time, among whom, as we have said, are some very serious and disinterested individuals. Some will act in bad faith through levity, through lack of discernment, faulty reasoning, ignorance of the past, *etc.*; others will repeat what they hear without investigation nor reflection; others will speak through pessimism or impelled by that human characteristic which regards perfect or almost perfect whatever is one's own and defective what is another's; but it cannot be denied that there are some who worship truth, if not always the truth itself, at least its semblance, which is truth in the mind of the crowd.

Analyzing carefully then all the incidents and all the men we have known since our childhood and the life in our country, we believe that indolence exists there.¹ The Filipinos who can stand beside the most active men of the world will doubtless not challenge this admission. It is true that there they have to work and struggle much against the climate, against nature, and against men; but we should not take the exception for the general rule and we should seek the welfare of our country by stating what we believe is true. We must confess that the indolence actually and positively exists; but instead of regarding it as the *cause* of the backwardness and disorder, we should regard it as the *effect* of disorder and backwardness, which fosters the growth of a *disastrous predisposition*.

With the exception of Dr. Sancianco, those who have dealt with the subject of indolence have been satisfied with denying or affirming it; we don't know anyone who has studied its causes. However, those who admit its existence and exaggerate it more or less have not failed to prescribe remedies taken here and there, from Java and other Dutch and English colonies, like the quack who, having seen a fever cured with a dozen sardines, prescribed this fish for every rise in temperature he observed in his patients.

We shall do the opposite. Before proposing a remedy, we shall examine the causes and though a predisposition, strictly speaking, is not a cause, we are going to study however in its true worth the predisposition due to nature.

¹ This article was written in Spain and hence the use of "there" in referring to the Philippines. It was published in instalments in *La Solidaridad*, vol. II, 158-160, 15 July 1890; 167-169, 31 July 1890; 172-180, 15 August 1890; 190-196, 31 August 1890; 203-204, 1 September 1890.

The predisposition exists. Why should it not exist?

The warm climate requires quiet and rest for the individual, just as cold incites him to work and to action. For this reason the Spaniard is more indolent than the French, and the French more so than the German. The very Europeans who accuse the peoples of the colonies of indolence (and I'm no longer referring to the Spaniards but also to the Germans and Englishmen), how do they live in the tropical countries? Surrounded by many servants, never walking but riding, needing servants not only to remove their shoes but even to fan them! And nevertheless they live and eat better, work for themselves and to enrich themselves, with the hope of a future, free, respected, while the poor colonial, the *indolent* colonial, is poorly nourished and lives without hope, toils for others, and is forced and compelled to work! What? The white men will reply perhaps that they are not made to suffer the rigors of the climate. A mistake! Man can live under any climate if he will only adapt himself to its requirements and conditions. What kills the European in the warm countries is the abuse of alcohol, the desire to live as in his own country under another sky and another sun. We the inhabitants of tropical countries live well in northern Europe whenever we take the same precautions as the people there do. The Europeans can also live well in the torrid zone if they would only get rid of their prejudices.

The fact is that in the tropical countries severe work is not a good thing as in cold countries, for there it is annihilation, it is death, it is destruction. Nature, as a just mother knowing this, has therefore made the land more fertile, more productive, as a compensation. An hour's work under that burning sun and in the midst of pernicious influences coming out of an active nature is equivalent to a day's work in a temperate climate; it is proper then that the land yield a hundredfold! Moreover, don't we see the active European who has gained strength during winter, who feels the fresh blood of spring boil in his veins, don't we see him abandon his work during the few days of his changeable summer, close his office, where the work after all is not hard—for many, consisting of talking and gesticulating in the shade beside a desk—run to watering-places, sit down at the cafes, stroll about, etc.? What wonder then that the inhabitant of tropical countries, worn out and with his blood thinned by the prolonged and excessive heat, is reduced to inaction? Who is the indolent one in the offices in Manila? Is it the poor clerk who comes in at eight in the morning and leaves at one o'clock in the afternoon with only his parasol, and copies and writes and works by

himself and for his chief, or is it his chief who comes in a carriage at ten o'clock, leaves before twelve, reads his newspaper while smoking with his feet stretched out on a chair or a table, or speaking ill of everything with his friends? Who is the indolent one, the *Indio* coadjutor, poorly paid and badly treated, who has to visit all the indigent sick living in the country, or the friar curate who gets fabulously rich, goes about in a carriage, eats and drinks well, and does not trouble himself unless he can collect excessive fees?

Leaving aside the Europeans, in what hard work do the Chinese engage, the industrious Chinese who flee from their country driven by hunger and want and whose sole ambition is to amass a small fortune? With the exception of some porters, an occupation which the Filipinos also follow, almost all of them are engaged in trading, in commerce; so very rarely do they take up agriculture that we know of no one. The Chinese who cultivate the soil in other colonies do so only for a certain number of years and then retire.

We find then the tendency to indolence very natural and we have to admit it and bless it because we cannot alter natural laws, and because without it the race would have disappeared. Man is not a brute, he is not a machine. His aim is not merely to produce despite the claim of some white Christians who wish to make of the colored Christian a kind of motive power somewhat more intelligent and less costly than steam. His purpose is not to satisfy the passions of another man. His object is to seek happiness for himself and his fellow men by following the road towards progress and perfection.

The evil is not that a more or less latent indolence exists, but that it is fostered and magnified. Among men, as well as among nations, there exist not only aptitudes but also tendencies toward good and evil. To foster the good ones and aid them, as well as correct the bad ones and repress them would be the duty of society or of governments, if less noble thoughts did not absorb their attention. The evil is that indolence in the Philippines is a magnified indolence, a snow-ball indolence, if we may be permitted the expression, an evil which increases in direct proportion to the square of the periods of time, an effect of misgovernment and backwardness, as we said and not a cause of them. Others will think otherwise, especially those who have a hand in the misgovernment, but it does not matter; we have affirmed one thing and we are going to prove it.

II

When the condition of the patient is examined after a long chronic illness, the question may arise whether the weakening of the

fibers and the debility of the organs are responsible for the persistence of the malady or its continuation is the effect of the poor treatment. The attending physician attributes the failure of his skill to the poor constitution of the patient, to the climate, to his surroundings, etc. On the other hand, the patient will attribute the aggravation of his illness to the method of treatment followed. Only the common men, the curious ones, will shake their heads unable to reach a decision.

Something like this happens to the Philippine question.

Instead of physician, read Philippines; instead of malady, indolence.

As it happens in similar cases, when a patient gets worse, everybody loses his head, each one dodges the responsibility to throw it to somebody else, and instead of discovering the causes to combat the evil in them, they devote themselves at best to attacking the symptoms. Here a blood-letting, a tax; there a plaster, forced labor; farther there a sedative, a trifling reform, etc. Every new arrival proposes a new remedy: One, novena, the relic of a saint, the viaticum, the friars; another proposes a shower-bath; still another, pretending to hold modern ideas, a blood transfusion. "Nothing; the patient has only eight million indolent red corpuscles; some tiny white ones in the form of an agricultural colony which will get us out of the trouble."

So on all sides there are lamentations, gnawing of lips, clenching of fists, many empty words, much ignorance, a great deal of talk, much fear. The patient is nearing his end!

Yes, blood transfusion, blood transfusion! New life, new vitality! Yes, if the new white corpuscles, all that you are going to introduce into her veins, the new white globules that were a cancer in another organism, have to resist the evils of the organism, have to resist the many blood-lettings that she undergoes each day, have more resistance than eight million red corpuscles, must cure all the disorders, all the degeneration, all the trouble in the principal organs. be thankful that they are transformed into coagulations which impede circulation and produce gangrenes, be thankful that they do not reproduce the cancer!

While the patient breathes, we should not lose hope, and however late we may be, never is a conscientious study superfluous, at least, if she dies, the cause of death will be known. We are not trying to put all the blame on the physician and still less on the patient. As we have already mentioned, if the predisposition due to the clim-

ate—a just and natural predisposition—did not exist, the race would disappear, a victim of excessive work in a tropical country.

Indolence in the Philippines is a chronic malady, but not a hereditary one. The Filipinos have not always been what they are now, witnesses being all the historians of the first years of the discovery of the Philippines.

The Malayan Filipinos before the coming of the Europeans carried on an active trade, not only among themselves but also with all their neighboring countries. A Chinese manuscript of the XIII century, translated by Dr. Hirth (*Globus*, Sept. 1889) and which we will take up on another occasion, speaks of the relations of China with the Islands—purely commercial relations—and the activity and honesty of Luzon traders who took Chinese products and distributed them throughout the Islands, traveling for nine months, and returned afterwards to pay religiously even for goods that the Chinese did not remember to have given them. The products which they exported in exchange were crude wax, cotton, pearls, tortoise-shell, betelnuts, dry-goods, etc.

The first thing noticed by Pigafetta, who came with Magellan in 1521, on arriving in Samar—the first island of the Archipelago they reached—was the courtesy and kindness of the inhabitants (*cortesi e buoni*) and their trade. “To honor our captain,” he says. “they conducted him to their boats where they had their merchandise consisting of cloves, cinnamon, pepper, nutmegs, mace, gold, and other things; and they made us understand through gestures that such articles could be found in the islands to which we were going”

Further on he mentions vessels and utensils of pure gold he found in Butuan where the people were engaged in mining; he describes the silk dresses, daggers with long gold hilts and scabbards of carved wood, gold teeth, and others. Among the cereals and fruits he mentions rice, millet, oranges, lemon, Indian corn, etc.

That the Islands maintained relations with neighboring countries and even with distant ones was proven by the Siamese boats loaded with gold and slaves which Magellan found at Cebu. These boats paid certain duties to the ruler of the island. In the same year 1521 the survivors of Magellan's expedition found the son of the rajah of Luzon who, as captain-general of the Sultan of Borneo and admiral of his fleet, had conquered for him the great city of Lave (Sarakwak?). Might this captain, who was greatly feared by all his ene-

mies (*temuto sommamente de gentili*)², be the Rajah Matanda whom the Spaniards afterwards found in Tondo in 1570?

In 1539, the warriors of Luzon took part in the formidable struggle for Sumatra, and under the orders of Angi Siry Timor, Rajah of Batta, conquered and overthrew the terrible Alzadin, Sultan of Atchin, celebrated in the annals of the Far East. (*Marsdeu, History of Sumatra*, Chapter XX)

At that time, that sea, where float these islands like a handful of emeralds on a crystal tray, sailed in all directions junks, *paraus*, *balanngys*, *vintas*—craft light as shuttles and so large that they can hold one hundred rowers on one side (Morga); that sea bore everywhere commerce, industry, and agriculture by the force of oars moving to the tune of war songs, genealogy songs, and songs of the prowess of Philippine deities. (Colin, Book I, Chapter XV.)

Wealth abounded in the Islands. Pigafetta tells us of the abundance of foodstuffs in Paragua and of its inhabitants almost all of whom cultivated their own farms (*quasi tutti lavorano i propri campi*.) On this island the survivors of Magellan's expedition were well received and provisioned. Shortly after, these same people captured a vessel, plundered and sacked it (*pigliammo e lo saccheggiammo*) and captured in it the chief of the same Island of Paragua (!) together with his son and brother.

In this same vessel they captured bronze lombards,³ and this is the first mention of Philippine artillery. These lombards were used by the chief of Paragua in fighting the savages in the interior.

They let him ransom himself within seven days, demanding 400 measures (cavanes?) of rice, 20 pigs, 20 goats, and 450 chickens. This is the first case of piracy recorded in Philippine history. The Paragua chief paid everything and moreover spontaneously added coconuts, bananas, sugar cane, and jars full of palm-wine. When Caesar was taken prisoner by the corsairs and required to pay a ransom of twenty-five talents he replied: "I'll give you fifty, but afterwards I'll have you crucified!"

The chief of Paragua was more generous: He forgot. While his conduct might reveal weakness, it also showed that the islands had abundant supplies. This chief was named Tuan Mahamud; his brother, Guantail; and his son, Tuan Mahamed. (Martin Mendez. Purser of the ship *Victoria*, Archivo de Indias).

² Literally, "extremely feared by the heathen".

³ Lombard: Lantaka? It is the small Moro cannon still in use. (Rizal)

A very extraordinary thing which showed the facility with which the Filipinos learned Spanish was that fifty years before the arrival of the Spaniards in Luzon, in the very same year of 1521 when they first came to the Islands, there were already people of Luzon who understood Castilian. In the negotiations for peace between the survivors of Magellan's expedition and the chiefs of Paragua after the death of the servant-interpreter Henry, "they availed themselves of the services of a Moro who had been captured in the island of the King of Luzon who understood some Castilian," (Martin Mendez, *doc. cit.*) Where did this extemporaneous interpreter learn Castilian? In the Moluccas? In Malacca, from the Portuguese? In Cebu during the short stay of Magellan's expedition? The Spaniards had not reached Luzon before 1571.

Legaspi's expedition found in Butuan several traders from Luzon embarked in their *paraws* (boats) laden with iron, wax, blankets, porcelain, etc. (Gaspar de San Agustin), plenty of foodstuffs, trade activity, life in all the southern islands. The first news they heard was that Luzon, or its capital, Manila, was the point to which the largest boats from China went and that even the traders from Borneo went there to get their stock. (G. de S. A.)

They reached the Island of Cebu, "*abounding in provisions, with mines and gold placers and peopled with natives*", as Morga says. "Very populous and the port is frequented by many ships that came from the islands and kingdoms near India", says Colin, and although they were received peacefully, soon discords arose. The city was taken by force and burned. The fire destroyed the food supplies and naturally famine broke out in that town of one hundred thousand inhabitants, as the historians say, and among the members of the expedition; but the neighboring islands quickly remedied the situation, thanks to the abundance of their own food supplies.

All the histories of those first years, in short, abound in long accounts of the industry and agriculture of the people—mines, gold placers, looms, cultivated farms, barter, (trade), shipbuilding, poultry and stock-raising, silk and cotton-weaving, distilleries, manufacture of arms, pearl-fisheries, the civet industry, horn and leather industry, etc. All these could be found at every step and considering the time and conditions of the Islands, they prove that there was life, there was activity, there was movement.

And if this, which is a deduction, does not convince one whose mind is imbued with unjust prejudices, of some worth should be the testimony of the much-quoted Dr. Morga who was Lieutenant Gov-

ernor of the Philippines and Justice in the *Audiencia* * of Manila for seven years, and after rendering valuable service in the Archipelago, was appointed Criminal Judge in the *Audiencia* of Mexico and Counsellor of the Inquisition. His testimony, we say, is highly credible, not only because all his contemporaries have spoken of him in terms that border on veneration but also because his work—from which we take these quotations—is written with much circumspection and prudence with reference to the authorities in the Philippines as well as to the mistakes they committed. "The natives"—Morga says in Chapter VIII, speaking of the occupations of the Chinese—"are very far from pursuing these occupations and have even forgotten much about farming, poultry and stock-raising, weaving cotton blankets as they used to do when they were pagans and a long time after the conquest of the country."

The whole chapter VIII of his work deals with this moribund and greatly forgotten industry and yet in spite of that how long is his chapter VIII!

And not only Morga, not only Chirino, Colin, Argensola, Gaspar de San Agustin, and others agree in this matter; modern travelers after two hundred and fifty years, considering the prevailing decadence and misery, assert the same thing. When Dr. Hans Meyer saw how well the unconquered tribes cultivate their land, working energetically, he asks himself if they would not become indolent when they in turn were converted into Christianity and placed under a paternal government.

Consequently the Filipinos, in spite of the climate, in spite of their few necessities (they then had less than now) were not the indolent creatures of our time, and as we shall see later on, neither were their morals and their mode of living what they are now pleased to attribute to them.

How then and in what way was the active and enterprising heathen *Indio* of ancient times converted into a lazy and indolent Christian, as our contemporary writers say of him?

We have already spoken of the more or less latent tendency to indolence existing in the Philippines and should exist everywhere, in the whole world, in every man, for all of us hate work in varying degrees, according to whether it is more or less hard, more or less unprofitable. The *dolce far niente* of the Italians; the *rascarse la barriga* (scratch the belly) of the Spaniards and the supreme ambition of the bourgeois to live in peace and tranquility on his income, attest this.

What forces contribute to awaken from its lethargy this terrible predisposition? How did the Filipino people so devoted to their customs as to border on habit, abandon their former industry, their trade, their sea-faring, etc. to the point of forgetting completely their past?

III

A fatal combination of circumstances, some independent of the will despite the efforts of men, others the offspring of stupidity and ignorance, others the inevitable corollaries of false principles, and still others the result of more or less base passions, has induced the decline of work, an evil which instead of being remedied by prudence, mature reflection, and recognition of the errors committed by a deplorable policy through regrettable blindness and obstinacy, has gone from bad to worse until reaching the condition in which we see it now.

First came the wars; internal disturbances which the new order naturally brought about. It was necessary to subject the people either by cajolery or by force; there were fights, there were deaths; those who have submitted peacefully seemed to repent of it; insurrections were suspected and some occurred; naturally there were executions and many skilled workers perished. To these disorders add the invasion of Limahong, add the continuous wars to which the inhabitants of the Philippines were dragged to maintain the honor of Spain, to extend the sway of her flag in Borneo, in the Moluccas, and Indochina. To repel the Dutch foe, costly wars; futile expeditions in each of which it was known that thousands and thousands of Filipino archers and rowers were sent but nothing was said if they ever returned to their homes. Like the tribute that at one time Greece sent to the Minotaur of Crete, the Filipino youth who joined the expedition bade their country farewell forever. Before them, in the horizon, was the stormy sea, the endless wars, the hazardous expeditions. For this reason, G. de San Agustin says: "Though formerly there were many people in this town of Dumangas, in the course of time there has been a *great diminution because the natives are the best sailors and most skilled rowers on the whole coast*, and so the governors in the port of Iloilo get here most of the crew for the vessels they send out When the Spaniards arrived in this island (Panay), it is said it had more than fifty thousand families; but they diminished greatly and at present they are about fourteen thousand tax-payers" From fifty-thousand families to fourteen thousand tax-payers in a little over half a century!

We would never get through if we had to quote all the evidence presented by authors on the frightful diminution of the inhabitants of the Philippines in the first years following the discovery. In the time of their first bishop, that is, ten years after Legazpi, Philip II said that they had been reduced to less than two-thirds.

Add to these fatal expeditions that wasted all the moral and material energies of the country the frightful depredations of the terrible pirates of the South instigated and encouraged by the Government, first to provoke a quarrel with them and afterwards to leave unarmed the islands subjected to it. During these incursions, which reached the very shores of Manila until Malate itself, could be seen through the sinister glow of burning towns depart for captivity and slavery chains of wretched men who had not been able to defend themselves, leaving behind them the ashes of their homes and the corpses of their parents and children. Morga, who gives an account of the first piratical incursion, says: "This boldness of the Mindanaos in the Pintados Islands caused great damage and fear and fright which they instilled in the inhabitants who, being under Spanish rule, were disarmed and subjected to tributes so that they were left without the means to defend themselves nor were they protected by the Government, unlike the time when there were no Spaniards in the land" These piratical incursions reduced more and more the number of inhabitants of the Philippines, for the independent Malays were notorious for their atrocities and murders whether because they considered it necessary in order to preserve their independence to weaken the Spaniards by reducing the number of their subjects or because they were animated by a great hatred and profound resentment against the Christian Filipinos who, though belonging to their race, served and helped the foreigners to deprive them of their precious liberty. And these expeditions lasted nearly three centuries, occurring five or ten times a year, and each expedition cost the Islands more than eight hundred prisoners.

"With the invasions of the pirates, Joloans, and Mindanaos" says Fr. G. de San Agustin, "the population of Bantayan Island has greatly diminished, because the pirates captured the inhabitants with ease as they had no forts and were far from Cebu where help could come. In the year 1688 the Jolo enemy caused much damage in this island leaving it almost *depopulated*." (P. 380)

These severe attacks coming from outside produced a counter effect on the interior which, following our clinical comparisons, was like the effect of a cathartic or diet on an individual who has just lost a great deal of blood. In order to face so many calamities to

secure their hold, to take the offensive in these disastrous struggles, to isolate the bellicose Joloan from his neighbors of the south, to care for the needs of the empire of the Indias (for one of the reasons why the Philippines was retained was its strategic position between New Spain and the Indias, as contemporary documents attest); to wrest from the Dutch their growing colonies of the Moluccas and get rid of troublesome neighbors; in short to maintain the trade of China with New Spain, it was necessary to construct new and large ships which, as we have seen, costly as they were to the country because of their equipment and the rowers they required, were not less so for the way they were built. Fernando de los Rios Coronel, who fought in these wars and later became a priest, speaking of these ships to the king, said that "As they were so large, the necessary timber scarcely could be found in the mountains (of the Philippines!) and thus it was imperative to seek it even with great difficulty in the interior and once found, in order to haul and bring it to the shipyard, it was necessary to employ so many men that the towns of the surrounding country became depopulated. They got it out with immense labor, damage, and cost to them. The *Indios* furnished the masts of a galleon, according to the Franciscan friars; and I heard the governor of the province where they were cut, which is Laguna de Bay, say that to haul them seven leagues across rough mountains took 6,000 *Indios* three months and they were paid by the towns 40 reales each a month, without food which the wretched *Indio* has to get himself"

And Gaspar de S. Agustin says: In these times (1690) Bakolor has not the people that it had in the past on account of the uprising in that province under Governor Sabiniano Manrique de Lara and of the continuous cutting of timber for His Majesty's shipyards, which hinders them from cultivating the very fertile plain they have, etc."

If this is not sufficient to explain the depopulation of the Islands and the neglect of industry, agriculture, and commerce, then add "the *Indios* who were hanged, those who left their wives and children and fled in disgust to the mountains, those who were sold into slavery to pay the taxes levied on them", as Fernando de los Rios says. Add all this to what Philip II said in reprimanding Bishop Salazar about "*Indios* sold by some encomenderos to others, those flogged to death; the women who are crushed to death by their heavy burdens and who sleep in the fields and give birth and nurse their children there and die bitten by poisonous insects; the many who are executed and left to die of hunger, and who die for eating poisonous herbs and the children killed by their mothers at birth," and you will under-

stand how in less than thirty years the population of the Philippines was reduced one-third. We don't say this ourselves; it was said by Gaspar de San Agustin, the anti-Filipino Augustinian friar *par excellence*, and he proved it throughout the rest of his work by mentioning often the state of neglect in which lay the farms once flourishing and so well cultivated, the sparsely populated towns which before were inhabited by many families of *principles*.

Is it strange then that the inhabitants of the Philippines should be dispirited when in the face of so many calamities they could not tell if they would ever see sprout the seed they have planted, if their farms would be their graves, or if their crop would feed their executioner? What is strange when we see the pious but impotent friars of that time advise their poor parishioners, in order to free them from the tyranny of the *encomenderos*, to stop work in the mines, to abandon their industries, to destroy their looms, pointing to them heaven as their sole hope, preparing them for death as their only consolation?

Man works for a purpose; remove the purpose and you reduce him to inaction. The most industrious man in the world will fold his arms the moment he learns that it is folly to be so, that his work will be the cause of his trouble, that because of it he will be the object of vexations at home and the greed of the pirates from outside. It seems that these thoughts never crossed the minds of those who cry out against the indolence of the Filipinos.

Even if the Filipino were not a man like the rest; even if we suppose that his zeal for work is as essential as the movement of a wheel fitted in the gear of other wheels in motion; even if we regard him as lacking in foresight and understanding of the past and the present; we still have to explain the existence of the evil. The neglect of the farms by their tillers—many of whom were dragged out of their homes by wars and piracy—was sufficient to nullify the hard labor of so many generations. In the Philippines, abandon for a year the best cultivated land and you will see that you will have to begin all over again. The rain will wipe out the furrows, the floods will drown the planting, weeds and shrubs will grow everywhere, and on seeing so much futile labor, the farmer drops his hoe and abandons his plow. Isn't there left the fine life of a pirate?

Thus is understood the sad disappointment we find in the writings of the friars of the XVII century in speaking of flooded plains, once very fertile, of depopulated provinces and towns, of products which have disappeared from trade, of the extermination of leading families. Those pages seem like a sad and monotonous night scene

after a lively day. About Kagayan, Fr. San Agustin said with sad brevity: "They had much cotton which they made into good cloth that the Chinese and the Japanese bought and carried away." In the time of this historian industry and commerce had come to an end!

It seems that these causes are sufficient to breed indolence even in the bosom of a beehive. Thus is explained why after thirty-two years of Spanish rule the circumspect and prudent Morga said that the *Indios* "have forgotten much about farming, poultry and stock-raising, cotton growing, and weaving of blankets as they did when they were Pagans and *long after the country had been conquered*."

Still they struggled on for a long time against indolence, indeed, but their enemies were so many that at last they gave up.

IV

We know the causes that predisposed and provoked the evil. Let us now see what factors foster and sustain it. In this connection, the Government and we the governed should bow our heads and say: We deserve our fate.

It is very true that we have once said that when a house becomes disturbed and disorderly, we should not blame the youngest child nor the servants but its head, especially if his power is unlimited. He who does not act freely is not responsible for his actions; and the Filipino people, not being free, are not responsible either for their misfortunes or their woes. It is true we said this; but as will be seen later on, we also have a large share in the perpetuation of such a disorder.

Among other things the following contributed to foster the evil and aggravate it:

(1) The constantly lessening encouragement to labor in the Philippines. The Government, fearing the frequent contact between the Filipinos and other men of the same race who are independent and free like the Borneans, Siamese Cambodians, and Japanese—people whose customs and feelings differ very much from those of the Chinese—has looked upon them with great mistrust and treated them harshly, as Morga attests in the latter part of his book, until they have finally stopped coming to the country. In fact, the Government at one time thought that the Borneans were planning an uprising; we say *thought*, because there was not even an attempt, though there were many executions indeed. And as these nations were precisely the only ones that absorbed Philippine products, relations with them being cut off, their consumption of our products also ceased. The

only two countries whose relations with the Philippines continued were China and Mexico or New Spain, and this trade benefited only China and some private individuals of Manila. In fact the Celestial Empire used to send to the Philippines its junks laden with merchandise, which led to the closing down of the factories in Seville and ruined Spanish industry, and returned laden with the silver that every year was sent to the Philippines from Mexico. Nothing from the Philippines then went to China, not even gold, for in those years the Chinese traders would accept no payment except silver coin. To Mexico went something more—some blankets and textile which the *encomenderos* obtained by force or bought at an absurd price from the Filipinos. Also went small quantities of wax, amber, gold, civet, etc., but no more, as Admiral Jeronimo de Bañuelos y Carrillo attested, when he petitioned the King to allow (!) *the people of Manila to load as many ships as they could with the products of the country, such as wax, gold, perfumes, ivory, and cotton cloth which they should buy from the natives... Thus would they win the friendship of these peoples, furnish New Spain with their products, and the money brought to Manila would not leave this place.*

The coastwise trade, so flourishing formerly, disappeared on account of the piracy of the Malayans of the South; and trade in the interior of the Islands almost disappeared completely owing to restrictions, passports, and other administrative requirements.

Of no little importance were the impediments and obstacles which since the very beginning have been thrown in the way of the farmer by the rulers who were influenced by childish fear and saw everywhere signs of conspiracies and uprisings. The Filipinos were not allowed to go to their work or farms (*granjerias* as they were then called) unless with a permit from the Governor or the provincial governors and justices and even of the priests, as Morga says. Those who know the administrative slowness and confusion in a country where the authorities work scarcely two hours a day; those who know the cost of going to and coming from the provincial capital to ask for a permit; those who are aware of the petty retaliation of the little office tyrants will understand how with this barbaric arrangement it is possible to have only the most absurd agriculture. It is true that this absurdity—which would be ludicrous if it were not so serious—has disappeared long ago; but if the ruling has disappeared other things and regulations have been substituted for it. The Moro pirate has disappeared, but the bandit remains, infesting the farms and awaiting to kidnap the farmer for a ransom. Well now, the Government which constantly fears the people, denies all

the farmers even the use of a rifle, or if it does allow it, it makes its acquisition very difficult and withdraws it at pleasure. And so it happens that the farmer, thanks to his means of defense, sows and pours his meager capital into the furrows he has so laboriously opened; but, when harvest time comes, it occurs to the Government—which is unable to repress banditry—to deprive him of his weapon. Then, without a means to defend himself and without security, he is reduced to inaction and abandoned the farm, the work, and indulges in gambling as a better means of gaining a livelihood. The gambling table is under government protection; it is safer! A deplorable counselor is fear, which does not only weaken, but, in confiscating the weapons, strengthens the very same foe!

The miserly return that the Filipino gets from his labor would in the end discourage him. Through the historians we learn that the *encomenderos*, after reducing many to slavery and compelling them to work for their benefit, made the rest sell them their products at an insignificant price or for nothing or cheated them with false measures. Speaking about Ipior in Panay Fr. G. de San Agustin says: It was formerly very rich in gold... but irked by the vexations they received from some provincial governors, they have ceased getting it, preferring to live in poverty than to suffer such hardships." (P. 378) Further on, speaking of other towns, he says: "They were irritated by the bad treatment of the *encomenderos* who, in the administration of justice had treated them more like slaves than their children, and they only looked after their own interests at the expense of the modest fortunes and lives of their charges." (P. 422) Further on: "In Leite, where they wanted to kill an *encomendero* of the town of Dagami for the great vexations that he was causing them, demanding for a tribute of wax which he weighed on a false balance he himself has made..."

This state of affairs has lasted a long time and still exists, despite the fact that the breed of *encomenderos* has become extinct. A name is gone but the vice and passions do not disappear while reforms merely change names.

The wars with the Dutch, the invasions and piracy of the Joloans and Mindanaos have ended, the people have been transformed; new towns have arisen while others have become impoverished; but surviving are the vexations and the frauds as much as, if not worse than in those early years. We will not cite our own experiences, for aside from the fact that we don't know which to select, critical individuals may reproach us with being partial; neither will we cite those of other Filipinos who write for the newspapers, no. We will

confine ourselves to translating the words of a modern French traveler who stayed in the Philippines for a long time: "...the good curate", he says, referring to the rosy picture of the Philippines given him by a member of a religious order, "had not told me of the governor (Alcalde Mayor) the highest functionary of the district, who is so busy with enriching himself that he has no time to tyrannize his docile subjects. The governor, in charge of administering the country and collecting the various taxes in the name of the Government, devotes himself almost entirely to business; for him the high and noble functions of his office are nothing more than instruments for personal gain. He monopolizes all business, and instead of stimulating around him love of work, instead of curbing the very natural indolence of the natives, abusing his authority, he thinks of nothing else but of destroying all competition which might bother him or attempt to share in his profits. Little does it matter if the country is impoverished, is without education, without trade, without industry, provided the governor gets rich quickly."

The traveler, however, has been unfair in picking out particularly the governor, why the governor only?

We are not quoting passages from the writings of other travelers because we don't have their works before us and we don't want to quote from memory.

The great difficulty that every enterprise encountered with the Administration also contributed not a little to kill off every commercial or industrial movement. All the Filipinos and all those in the Philippines who have wished to engage in business know how many documents, how many comings and goings, how many stamped papers, and how much patience are necessary to secure from the Government a permit for an enterprise. One must count on the good will of this one, on the influence of that one, on a good bribe to another so that he would not pigeonhole the application, a gift to the one further on so that he may pass it on to his chief. One must pray to God to give him good humor and time to look it over; to give another enough talent to see its expediency; to one further away sufficient stupidity not to scent a revolutionary purpose behind the enterprise; and may they not spend their time taking baths, hunting, or playing cards with the Reverend Friars in their convents or in their country houses. And above all, much patience, a great knowledge of how to get along, plenty of money, much politics, many bows, complete resignation. How strange it is that the Philippines should remain poor despite its very fertile soil

when History tells us that the most flourishing countries today date their development and well-being from the day they got their liberty and civil right? The most commercial and most industrious countries have been the freest countries. France, England, and the United States prove this. Hong Kong, which is not worth the most insignificant island of the Philippines, has more commercial activity than all our islands put together because it is free and well governed.

Trading with China which was the whole occupation of the colonizers of the Philippines was not only prejudicial to Spain but also to the life of her colonies. In fact, the government officials and private citizens of Manila, finding an easy means of enriching themselves, neglected everything. They did not see to it that the land is cultivated nor did they encourage industry. For what? They had the trade with China, all they had to do was to take advantage of it and gather the gold that dropped on its path from Mexico to the interior of the Celestial Empire, an abyss from which it did not come out again.

The pernicious influence of the rulers, that of surrounding themselves with servants and despising physical or manual labor as unworthy of the nobility and aristocratic pride of the heroes of so many centuries; those lordly manners that the Filipinos have translated into *Tila ka Kastila* (You're like a Spaniard); and the desire of the ruled to be the equal of the rulers, if not entirely, at least in manners—all these naturally produced aversion to activity and hatred or fear of work.

Moreover, why work? Many Filipinos said to themselves. The curate says that the rich man will do not go to heaven. The rich man on earth is exposed to all kinds of vexation, to all kinds of trouble: to be appointed *Cabeza de Barangay* (Head of the Barangay), to be deported if an uprising breaks out, to be forced to lend money to the military chief of the town, who, in order to pay you for favors received, will seize your workmen and farm animals to compel you to beg him for clemency and thus very easily pays up. Why be rich? So that all officers of justice would keep a lynx eye on your actions; so that at the least mistake they would stir enemies against you and indict you and concoct a labyrinthine and complicated story against you from which you can only get out, not by Ariadne's thread but by Dana's⁴ shower of gold, and

⁴ She was the daughter, according to Greek mythology, of King Minos of Crete, who gave Theseus, a hero and son of King Aegeus of Athens, a ball of thread to guide him out of the labyrinth of the Minotaur, a monster.

⁵ In classical mythology she was the mother of Perseus by Zeus, who visited her as a golden shower in her prison tower

still be grateful if you are not afterwards set aside for some other case if need be. The *Indio*, whom they pretend to regard as an imbecile, is not so much so that he does not understand that it is ridiculous to work himself to death to live as he did. A saying of his is that *swine is cooked in its own fat*, and as among his bad qualities he has the good one of applying to himself all the reproaches and censures that he hears, he prefers to remain miserable and indolent to playing the role of the wretched pachyderm.

Add to this the introduction of gambling. We don't mean to say that before the coming of the Spaniards the *Indios* did not gamble—the passion for gambling is innate in adventurous and excitable races and the Malayan race is one of them. Pigafetta tells us of cockfights and betting on Paragua Island—cockfighting must also have existed in Luzon and all the islands, for in the terminology of the game are found two Tagalog words—*sabong* (fight) and *tari* (gaff). But there is not the least doubt that the Government is responsible for its promotion and perfection. Through Pigafetta tells us about it, he mentions only Paragua and not Cebu or any other island in the south where he stayed a long time. Morga does not mention it, despite the fact that he spent seven years in Manila, and he describes various kinds of fowl, wild hens, and roosters. Neither does Morga speak of gambling when he talks about vices and other defects more or less hidden, more or less insignificant. Moreover, with the exception of the two Tagalog words—*sabong* and *tari*—the others are of Spanish origin, like *sultada* (the act of setting free the cocks for the fight and the fight itself) *pusta* (from the Spanish word *apuesta*, bet), *logro* (winnings) *pago* (payment), *sentenciador* (referee) *case* (to cover the bets), etc. We say the same about gambling. The word *sugal* (from the Spanish *jugar*, to gamble), like *kumpisal* (*confesar*, to confess to a priest) indicates that gambling was unknown in the Philippines before the Spaniards, the Tagalog word *laro* (play) not equivalent to *sugal*. The word *balasa* (from the Spanish *barajar*) proves that the introduction of playing-cards was not due to the Chinese, who also have a kind of playing-cards, because if it were so, it would have taken the Chinese name. What more? The words *taya* (tallar, to bet), *paris-paris* (Spanish *pares*, pairs of cards), *politana* (*napolitana*, a winning combination of cards), *sapote* (to stack the cards) *Kapote* (to slam), *monte* (a card-game), etc., all prove the foreign origin of this terrible plant which only produces vice and has found in the character of the *Indio* a suitable soil, fertilized by circumstances.

Along with gambling which breeds dislike for steady and difficult work by its promise of easy money and its appeal to the emotions, with the lotteries, with the prodigality and hospitality of the Filipinos went also, to swell this train of misfortunes, the religious functions—the large number of fiestas, the lengthy Masses at which women spent their whole mornings, the novenae, their afternoons, and the processions and rosaries, their nights. Consider that lack of capital, lack of means, paralyzes all activity and you will see why the *Indio* must perforce be indolent; for if any money might remain to him from the trials, imposts, exactions, he would have to give it to the curates for bulls, scapularies, candles, novenae, etc. And if this does not suffice to produce an indolent character, if climate and nature are not enough in themselves to daze him and deprive him of all energy, then consider that the doctrines of his religion teach him to irritate his fields during the dry-season, not by means of canals but with Masses and prayers; to protect his animal during an epidemic with holy water, exorcism, and benedictions costing five *duros* an animal; to drive away the locusts with a procession led by the image of St. Augustine, etc. Doubtless it is good to trust greatly in God, but it is better to do what one can and not bother the Creator so often even when these importunities redound to the benefit of His ministers. We have observed that the peoples who believe most in miracles are the laziest, just as spoiled children are the most ill-bred. Whether they believe in miracles to lull their laziness or they are lazy because they believe in miracles, we cannot say; but the fact is that the Filipinos were much less lazy before the word *miracle* was introduced into their language.

The facility with which individual liberty is curtailed; the endless worry of all people knowing that they are liable to a secret report, an administrative action, and to be accused of being a *filibustero* (rebel) or a suspect, an accusation which need not be proven nor is the presence of the accuser necessary to produce the desired result; the lack of confidence in the future; the uncertainty of reaping the fruit of one's labor, as in a city in the grip of an epidemic where every individual yields to fate, shuts himself in his house or goes about amusing himself trying to spend the few days that remain of his life in the least disagreeable way possible.

The apathy of the Government itself toward everything pertaining to commerce or agriculture contributes not a little to foster indolence. There is no encouragement at all either for the manufacturer or the farmer; the Government gives no aid either when the harvest, is poor, when the locusts lay

waste in the fields, or when a typhoon destroys in its path the wealth of the land; nor does it bother to seek a market for the products of its colonies. Why should it do so when these same products are buried with imposts and duties and have no free entry in the ports of the mother country, nor is their consumption there encouraged? While we see all the walls of London covered with advertisements of the products of its colonies, while the English make heroic efforts to substitute Ceylon tea for Chinese, they themselves starting the sacrifice of their taste and stomach, in Spain, with the exception of tobacco, nothing from the Philippines is known—neither its sugar, coffee, hemp, fine textile, nor its Ilocano blankets. The name of Manila is known only thanks to the shawls from China or Indochina which at one time reached Spain by way of Manila—silk shawls embroidered fantastically but coarsely which no one in Manila has thought of imitating, as they are so easily made; but the Government is engrossed in other things and the Filipinos do not know that in the Peninsula *piña* embroideries and very fine *jusi* gauze. Just as our indigo trade disappeared due to the fraudulent manipulations of the Chinese whom the Government could not watch, busy with other things as it was, so are our other industries now dying. The fine manufacturers of the Bisayas are gradually disappearing from the market and from use, the people getting poorer cannot afford to buy the costly fabrics and have to be content with calico or the imitations by the Germans who imitate even the works of our silversmiths.

The fact that the best estates, the best tracts of land in some provinces, the more profitable ones because of their accessibility, are in the hands of the religious corporations whose desideratum is the ignorance and the condition of semi-wretchedness of the Filipinos so that they can continue governing them and make themselves necessary to their hapless existence, is one of the reasons why many towns do not progress despite the efforts of their inhabitants. We will be contradicted with the argument that the towns which are the property of the friars are relatively richer than those which do not belong to them. We believe it! Just as their brethren in Europe, in founding their convents, have chosen the best valleys, the best uplands for the cultivation of the vine or the manufacturer of beer, so also the Philippine monks have known how to select the best towns, the beautiful plains, the well-watered fields to make of them very rich estates. For sometime the friars have deceived many by making them believe that if these estates were prospering it was because they were

under their supervision and they have goaded the indolence of the Filipino. But they forget that in some provinces, where they have not succeeded to get possession of the best tracts of land for one reason or another, their estates, Bauan and Liang, are inferior to Taal, Balayan, and Lipa, regions cultivated entirely by Filipinos without any monkish interference.

Add to this lack of material inducement the absence of moral support and you'll see that in that country one who is not lazy must needs be a fool or at least an imbecile. What future awaits one who distinguishes himself, who studies, who rises above the crowd? A young man becomes a great chemist⁶ through study and sacrifice and after a long course of training during which neither the Government nor anyone gave him the least help, graduates from the university and works. A competitive examination is held to fill a certain position. The young man because of his knowledge and perseverance wins it, but after winning it the position is abolished because... we do not wish to give the reason. But when a municipal laboratory is closed in order to abolish the position of director who got his post through a competitive examination, while other positions, like that of press censor, are retained, it is because of the belief that the light of progress will hurt the people more than all the adulterated foods. In the same way another young man⁷ wins a prize in a literary contest, and as long as his identity was unknown, his work is discussed, the newspaper praise it, and consider it a masterpiece; the sealed envelopes are opened, the winner turns out to be a Filipino, and among the losers are Peninsulars; then all the newspapers extol the losers! Not one word of encouragement from the Government nor from anybody for the native who fondly cultivates the language and literature of the mother country! Finally, leaving out many other more or less insignificant reasons, the enumeration of which would be interminable, we are going to conclude this dreary list with the principal one and the greatest of all—the education of the Filipino.

The education of the Filipino from birth until the grave is brutalizing, depressing, and anti-human (the word *in-human* is not expressive enough; whether the Academy⁸ approves it or not, let it

6 "The great chemist" alluded to was Anacleto del Rosario, a Filipino. The position for which he qualified through competitive examination was Director of the Municipal Laboratory of Manila with an annual salary of ₱3,000.00. When the governor general, Valeriano Weyler, learned that he was a Filipino, he reduced the salary to ₱300.00 a year. (Rizal's letter to Mariano Ponce, dated London, 3 December 1888 in *Epistolario Rizalino*, II, 87-88).

7 This was Rizal himself whose composition *El Consejo de los Dioses* won the first prize in the contest sponsored by the Liceo Artístico-Literario de Manila in 1879 when he was a student at the University of Santo Tomas.

8 The Real Academia de la Lengua, the authority on the Spanish language and publisher of what is popularly called *Diccionario de la Lengua Española*.

go). Undoubtedly, the Government, some Jesuit priests and some Dominicans like Fr. Benavides, have done much by founding colleges, primary schools, etc. But this is not enough; their effect turns out to be useless. For five or ten years the youth comes in contact with books, chosen by the very same priests who boldly declare that it is an evil for the Filipinos to know Castilian, that the Filipino should not be separated from his carabao, that he should not have any further ambition, etc. During these five or ten years the majority of students have grasped nothing more than that no one understands what the books say, not even perhaps the professors themselves. During these five or ten years the students have to contend with the daily preaching that lowers human dignity, gradually or brutally killing their self-respect—that eternal, tenacious, persistent effort to humble the native, to make him accept the yoke, to reduce him to the level of a beast, an effort supported by some private individuals, writers or not. If this produces the desired effect on some, on others it has an opposite effect, like the breaking of a cord that is stretched too far. Thus, while they try to make of the Filipino a kind of animal, they expect from him divine actions. And we say divine actions because he must be a God who does not become indolent under that climate and the circumstances already mentioned. Deprive a man then of his dignity, and you not only deprive him of his moral stamina but also you render him useless even to those who want to make use of him. Every being in creation has his spur, his mainspring; man's is his self-respect; take it away from him and he becomes a corpse, and he who demands activity from a corpse will find only worms.

Thus is explained why the Filipinos of today are no longer the same as those of the time of the discovery, either morally or physically.

The old writers, like Chirino, Morga, and Colin, are pleased to describe them as "well-featured with good aptitudes for anything they take up, keen and irascible, and resolute, very clean and neat in their persons and clothing, and of good mien and bearing" etc. (Morga) Others delight in detailed accounts of their intelligence and pleasant manners, of their aptitude for music, the drama, dancing, and singing, of the facility with which they learned, not only Spanish but also Latin, which they acquired by themselves (Colin), others, of their exquisite urbanity in their dealings and their social life; others, like the early Augustinians whose accounts Gaspar de San Agustin copies, find them more gallant and genteel than the

inhabitants of the Moluccas, etc. "All live off their husbandry" adds Morga, "their farms, fisheries, and trade, sailing from island to island and going by land from one province to the other."

On the other hand, our present-day writers, without being better than the old ones, either as men or as historians, without being more brave than Hernan Cortes and Salcedo, nor more prudent than Legazpi, nor more righteous than Morga, nor more studious than Colin and Gaspar de San Agustin, our writers today, we say, find that the *Indio* is "a creature something more than a monkey but much less than a man, an anthropoid, dull-witted, imbecile, exceedingly homely, dirty, meek, smiling, ill-dressed, indolent, vicious, lazy, brainless, unmoral, etc."

To what is this retrogression due? Is it the lucky civilization, is it the religion of salvation of the friars, called euphemistically of Jesus Christ, that has produced this miracle, that has atrophied his brain, paralyzed his heart and converted him into the vicious animal that writers depict?

Alas! The whole misfortune of the Filipinos of today is that they have become brutes only half-way. The Filipino is convinced that to be happy it is necessary for him to lay aside his dignity as a rational being, to hear Mass, to confess, obey the curate, believe whatever he is told, pay whatever is demanded of him, pay and always pay; toil, suffer and keep silent, without aspiring to know, to understand not even Castilian, *without separating himself from his carabao*, as the friars impudently say,⁹ without protesting against an injustice, against an arbitrariness, against an assault, against an insult; that is, not to have a heart, brain, or gall—a creature with arms and a purse full of gold—there's the ideal *Indio*! Unfortunately, or because the brutalization is not yet complete, or because the quality of man is inherent in his being in spite of his condition, the *Indio* protests, he still aspires, he thinks and strives to rise — and there's the trouble!

V

In the preceding chapter we outlined the causes proceeding from the government which foster and maintain the evil we are discussing. Now it behooves us to analyze those emanating from the people. Peoples and governments are correlated and complementary. A stupid government is an anomaly among a righteous people

⁹ Cf. Fray Miguel Lucio Bustamante, *Si Tandang Basing Macunat*, 1886, a pamphlet written in Tagalog against educating the Filipinos.

just as a corrupt people cannot exist under rulers and wise laws. Like people, like government, we will say, paraphrasing a popular adage

All these causes can be reduced to two classes: Defects of education and lack of national sentiment.

We have already spoken of the influence of climate at the beginning, so we will not treat of the effects arising from it.

The very limited home education, the tyrannical and sterile education in the few educational centers, the blind subjection of youth to his elders, influence the mind not to aspire to excel those who preceded him and merely to be content to follow or walk behind them. Stagnation inevitably results from this, and as he who devotes himself to copying fails to develop his inherent qualities, he naturally becomes sterile; hence decadence. Indolence is a corollary derived from the absence of stimulus and vitality.

The modesty infused into the conviction of everyone, or to speak more clearly, the insinuated inferiority, a kind of daily and constant plucking of the soul so that it would not fly to the region of light, deadens the energies, paralyzes all tendency towards advancement, and at the least strife a man gives up without fighting. If by one of those rare accidents, some madman, that is, an active man, excels, instead of his example serving as a stimulus to others, it only induces them to persist in their indolence. "There is the one who will work for us, let us sleep!" relatives and friends say to themselves. It is true also that sometimes the spirit of rivalry is awakened, but only it awakens with bad humor and envy and instead of being a helpful lever, it is a discouraging obstacle.

Nurtured with the stories of anchorites who lead a contemplative and lazy life, the Filipinos spend theirs giving their money to the Church in the hope of miracles and other wonderful things. Their will is hypnotized. Since childhood they have learned to act mechanically, without knowing the purpose, thanks to the exercise imposed upon them very early of praying for whole hours in an unknown language, of worshipping without understanding, of accepting beliefs without questioning, of imposing upon themselves absurdities, while the protests of reason are repressed.

Is it any wonder that the Filipino, with this vicious dressing of his intelligence and will, who was formerly logical and consistent—as proven by the analysis of his past and his language—should now be a monstrosity of disastrous contradictions? This incessant struggle between reason and duty, between his organism and his new ideals, this civil war which disturbs the peace of his conscience all his

life, will in the end paralyze all his energies, and with the aid of the severe climate, makes his eternal vacillation, his doubts, the origin of his indolent disposition.—“You can’t do more than old So and So! Don’t aspire to be greater than the curate! You belong to an inferior race! You haven’t any energy.” They say this to the child; and as it is repeated so often, it has perforce become engraved in his mind and thence it seals and shapes all his actions. The child or the youth who tries to be anything else is charged of being vain and presumptuous; the curate ridicules him with cruel sarcasm, his relatives look upon him with fear, and strangers pity him greatly. No going forward! Get in line and follow the crowd!

His mind conditioned thus, the Filipino follows the most pernicious of all routines—a routine, not based on reason but imposed and forced. And note that the Filipino himself is not naturally inclined to routine, for his mind is disposed to accept all the truth, just as his house is open to all strangers. The good and the beautiful attract him, seduce him, and captivate him like the Japanese, many times he exchanges the good for the bad, if it is presented to him adorned and glittering. What he lacks principally are freedom to give expansion to his adventuresome spirit and good examples, beautiful prospects in the distance. It is necessary for his spirit, though it is dismayed and frightened by the elements and the overwhelming manifestation of its mighty forces, to store up energy, to pursue lofty purposes, in order to struggle against the obstacles in the midst of unfavorable natural environment. In order that he may progress it is essential that a revolutionary spirit, so to speak, should boil in his veins, since progress necessarily requires change, implies the overthrow of the past, there erected as God, for the present, the triumph of new ideas over the old and accepted ones. It is not enough to appeal to his fancy, to offer him exquisite things, nor to dazzle him with lights like the *ignis fatuus* which mislead travelers at night; all the flattering promises of the fairest hopes will not suffice so long as his spirit is not free, his intelligence is not respected.

The reasons arising from the absence of national sentiment are even more lamentable and more transcendental.

Convinced through insinuation of his inferiority, his mind bewildered by his education—if the brutalization we discussed above can be called education—with only his racial susceptibility and poetical imagination remaining in him, the Filipino in the exchange of usages and ideas among the different nations, allows himself to be guided by his fancy and self-love. It is sufficient that a foreigner praise to him the imported merchandise and find fault with the

native product for him to shift hastily, without thinking that every thing has its weak side and the most sensible custom appears ridiculous to the eyes of those who do not follow it. They dazzled him, with tinsel, with strings of multi-colored glass beads, with noisy rattles, shining mirrors, and other trinkets, and in exchange he gave his gold, his conscience, and even his liberty. He changed his religion for the rituals of another religion, the convictions and usages dictated by his climate and his necessities for other usages and other convictions which have grown under another sky and under a different inspiration. His spirit, disposed to everything which seemed to be good, then was transformed according to the taste of the nation that imposed upon him its God and its laws; and as the trader with whom he dealt did not bring along the useful iron implements, the hoes to till the fields, but stamped papers, crucifixes, bulls, and prayer-books; as he did not have for an ideal and prototype the tanned and muscular laborer but the aristocratic lord, carried in a soft litter, the result was that the imitative people became clerks, devout, prayer-loving, acquired ideas of luxurious and ostentatious living without improving correspondingly their means of subsistence.

Moreover, the lack of national sentiment breeds another evil which is the scarcity of any opposition to the measures that are prejudicial to the people and the absence of any initiative that will redound to their welfare. A man in the Philippines is only an individual; he is not a member of a nation. He is deprived of the right of association and therefore he is weak and inert. The Philippines is an organism whose cells must have no arterial system to water them, nor a nervous system to register their impressions; nonetheless these cells must yield their product, get it where they can, if they perish, let them perish. In the opinion of some persons, this is desirable so that a colony may remain a colony. Perhaps they are right, but not that a colony may flourish.

The result of this is that if a harmful measure is promulgated, no one protests: everything goes well apparently until later the evils are felt. Another blood-letting and as the organism neither has nerves nor voice, the physician proceeds, believing that the treatment is not injurious. He needs a reform but as he must not speak, he keeps silent and gets no reform. The patient wants to eat, wants to breathe fresh air; but as such desires may offend the susceptibility of the physician who thinks that he has already provided everything necessary, he suffers and languishes for fear of receiving a bawling, enduring a plaster, and a new blood-letting. And so on indefinitely.

In addition to this, love of peace and the horror many have of accepting the few administrative posts that fall to the lot of the Filipinos on account of the troubles and annoyances they bring them, lead to the appointment of the most stupid and incompetent men to municipal posts—officials who submit to everything, who endure all the caprices and exactions of the curates and their superiors. And with imbecility in the lower echelons, and ignorance and giddiness in the upper, with the frequent changes and endless apprenticeships, with great fear and numerous administrative obstacles, with a voiceless people that have neither initiative nor cohesion, with government employees, who nearly all strive to amass a fortune and return to their country, with people who exist with great difficulty from birth, to create prosperity, to develop agriculture and industry, to establish enterprises and associations, which prosper with difficulty even in free and well-organized countries, cannot be expected to happen in the Philippines.

Yes! Every attempt is useless which does not spring from a profound study of the malady that afflicts us. In order to combat indolence some have proposed increasing the needs of the *Indio*, raising his taxes, etc. What happened? Criminals have multiplied; penury has been aggravated. Why? Because the *Indio* already has enough necessities with the Church functions, feasts, head-ships of the *barangay*, and bribes that he must give so that his life may drag on wretchedly. The cord is already too taut.

We have heard many complaints and every day we read in the papers about the efforts the Government is making to pull the country out of its state of indolence. In considering its plans, its illusions, and its difficulties comes to our mind the story of the gardener who wished a tree he planted in a small pot to grow big. The gardener spent his time fertilizing and watering the handful of earth, pruning the plant frequently, pulling at it to lengthen it and hasten its growth, grafting on it cedars and oaks until one day the little tree died. The gardener was convinced that it belonged to a degenerate species. He attributed the failure of his experiment to everything except to the lack of soil and to his indescribable folly.

Without education and liberty—the soil and the sun of mankind—no reform is possible, no measure can give the desired result. This does not mean that we should first demand for the Filipino the education of the sage and all imaginable liberties before putting a hoe in his hand or placing him in a workshop; such a pretension would be an absurdity and vain folly. What we want is that no obstacles be placed on his way, not to increase the many that

the climate and the situation of the islands already create for him not to begrudge him educational opportunities for fear that when he becomes intelligent he will separate from the colonizing nation or demand rights to which he is entitled. Since some day or other he will become enlightened whether the Government likes it or not, let his enlightenment be as a gift given to him and not as a spoil of war. We wish the policy to be sincere and consistent or highly civilizing, without petty reservations, without distrust, without fear nor misgivings, wishing the good for the sake of the good, civilization for the sake of civilization, without ulterior thoughts of gratitude or ingratitude, or if not, a policy of courageous, open exploitation, tyrannical, and selfish, without hypocrisy or deception, withal a well thought out and studied system for domination and compelling obedience, for ruling to get rich, and getting rich to enjoy. If the Government adopts the first, it can rest assured that some day or other it will reap the fruits and find a people who will be with it at heart and in interests; there's nothing like a favor to win friendship or enmity, or it is either hurled into his face or bestowed on him in spite of himself. If the Government decides in favor of systematic and regulated exploitation, stifling the desire for independence of the colonists with the jingle of gold and the sheen of opulence, paying with material wealth the lack of freedom as the English do in India, leaving them under the rule of native potentates, then build roads, lay out highways, construct railroads, foster freedom of trade; let the Government attend more to material interests rather than to the interests of the four friar corporations: let it send out intelligent employees to develop industry, just judges, all well paid, so that they would not pilfer or be venal, and lay aside all religious pretext. This policy has the advantage in that while it may not completely lull to sleep the instinct of liberty, yet the day that the mother country lose her colonies she will at least keep the gold amassed and not regret having reared ungrateful children.

COWARDLY REVENGE

We received a telegram from Hong Kong dated 14 August informing us of the filing of administrative charges against Messrs. Paciano Mercado, Silvestre Ubaldo, Antonino and Leandro Lopez, Mateo Elejorde, and others, brother, brothers-in-law, and friends of Mr. Jose Rizal respectively.

Mr. Manuel Hidalgo, brother-in-law also of Mr. Rizal, has been twice exiled to Bohol without trial, without being permitted to defend himself, without knowing what his crime was, besides being brother-in-law of the author of *Noli me tangere*, a book the friars believe prejudicial to their interests.

Mr. Mariano Herbosa, also brother-in-law of the same Mr. Rizal, who died of cholera, was buried outside of the cemetery, denied all obsequies, in spite of the fact that he descended from a family to whom the town's church owed all the images of saints that were venerated on its altars; in spite of the fact that half of his patrimony if not two-thirds of it, had been invested in dresses for the saints, in cars for saints' images, alms, in pious donations. The church of Calamba, or rather the one who manages it, has a very poor memory indeed not to remember the good done it. It is true of course that he is a young man who has no memory for any thing except his indigestible and ridiculous sermons.

We know how these administrative charges are formulated and may God will that those who took part in their preparation may not regret it later. The victims are all peaceful and honorable citizens and their greatest crime in the eyes of those who persecute them is the good example that they give by earning their livelihood worthily and honestly.

Tyranny in France had its Bastille; the Inquisition, its *autos-da-fé* and tortures; the Philippines has her arbitrary banishments.

It seems that some are bent upon showing the Filipinos in a practical way that there it is nonsense to live honestly trusting in the efficacy of the laws; that in a disorderly country, it is a great crime to think of tranquility and work, without ever asking the Government anything except to farm in peace the lands of their ancestors.

Let us see who will get tired first, whether the provokers or the peaceful people of the Philippines.

It is the turn of the Government to put a remedy to these infamies, because once in a while the Government pays for broken glass.

* Rizal was writing in Spain; "there" means the Philippines.

IRRITATION

It is an ungrateful task to intervene in a dispute and defend persons who are neither armless nor paralytic or whose pen is kept down or who do not need defenders. For that reason we hesitate to answer the article of Bachelor Manuel de Veras,¹ published in the satirical magazine *Manililla* of Manila, 1 June 1889.

Moreover there are other reasons.

The character of *Manililla* (a weekly, illustrated, comical, and humorous) explains the kind of attack and precludes very serious reply.

The author, despite his apparent evil intention, his irritation, and his coarse jokes, does more harm to himself than to the illustrious Professor Ferdinand Blumentritt, and his attacks are personal rather than arguments and reasons.

But there are certain considerations that oblige us to defend him or to *simulate a defense*, if one who does not feel really attacked can need defense. Mr. Blumentritt, because of his love for Spain and the Philippines, is now the target of some childish Spaniards and gross insults and it seems that it is the duty of Spaniards and Filipinos to defend him, at least for the purpose of protesting against those attacks and to prove that we know what is justice and what is gratitude. Because, if not, the worthy Austrian professor could curse the hour he began to advocate for the rights of Spain, to learn her language, to study her history, to wish the welfare of her colonies, devoting to that nation his time and his life, only to encounter later insults instead of considerations, ingrates instead of grateful men!

No; under pain that Bachelor Manuel de Veras himself might laugh at our candour for taking seriously his sallies against our learned Austrian professor, we are going to make a defense proportional to the attack, for we prefer to be taken as naive rather than ingrates and ill-bred.

There is a certain irritation against Blumentritt for dealing with Spanish affairs. Another writer from Manila already asked him *who had given him candles for the funeral*.²

¹ Pseudonym of Manuel María Rincon, a Spaniard.

² Literal translation of a Spanish saying meaning "what right has he to meddle in the affair."

While he defended the rights of Spain against foreign nations, against the Germans themselves, against Bismark himself, while in his writings he tried to recover the glories of Spain and to excuse or explain the defects and faults of the rulers and the religious corporations, everything was excellent, they praised him and decorated him, all considered him learned, no one doubted his learning, no one asked him why he held a candle at the funeral, not even Bismark despite his fame of tyrant and absolute. Ah! Happy days were those...! Then, neither the Indios themselves, who were almost the only ones who were censured in his works (thanks to the description that those who now and then call themselves their *fathers* or their *brothers* made of them) protested or complained but rather they looked upon him with sympathy for his disinterestedness and his learning and they excused some of his estimates or prejudices infused by the books he had studied.

But, according as the professor studied the matter and came in contact with the oppressed and slandered race, his estimates also were modified. In order to judge a case, it was not always good to hear only one side, and then he understood that not all the injustice was on the side of the Indios just as neither were virtues, reason, and justice a monopoly of the Spaniards. Then his love for Spain and the Philippines moved him to say the truth in order to put the Mother Country on the alert, to make her understand her interests and the abyss that was opening at her feet; and hence the ire of the gods!

Ah! Gil Blas de Santillana!³

Why do not his enemies discuss with him, why do they reply to his arguments and alleged data with mud and filth?

And his word is not a figure of speech but it is the content of the article in which the Bachelor attacks him. He says at the end:

For Blumentritt is a *zero* who is looking for a figure to give him courage, inasmuch as he alone does not have it.

Thus, his friendship with the other *zero* is explained.

And hence between the two, by placing Philippine unity ahead, they may have real courage.

One and two *zoros*.

Then... The number *one hundred*.

If this end of the article will be examined, it will have nothing

³ *Gil Blas de Santillana*, a novel by the French writer Alain-René Le Sage. Gil Blas, the hero, is a clever but weak and conceited fellow who, in relating his various adventures, does not always exhibit himself in the best light.

funny about it, for it is dirty, above all to those who travelled through Spain and know how their number *cientos* are.

The author of the article has the modesty not to appropriate his funny joke and he attributes it to a *person of very renowned merit, resident of the Philippines, etc., etc.*

We are very sorry for the merit, for the Philippines, and for *Manililla*.

One can be a person with many epithets and *etceteras* without being dirty and a magazine can be funny without being indecent. Besides, there is one thing. When one picks up rubbish to hurl against some one, there is, to begin with, the certainty that he himself will get soiled first and one does not know if the shot will hit the mark.

And this is what has happened to the Bachelor Manuel de Veras.

With respect to his criticism that Blumentritt's bibliography listed as "books a series of newspaper articles," it proves that he does not know the use of a bibliography, he has not seen bibliographical catalogs in which are included not only periodical articles that deal specially with one subject but even extraneous ones that incidentally deal with the subject, and he believes that the merit of a work consists in a greater or less number of pages or in the form of the writings. There are periodical articles that are more valuable than books, although the author of the article thinks otherwise. Moreover Blumentritt, in putting in his bibliography periodical articles, so states and cites the periodical, the volume, *etc.* Now, we can agree that many of the books and articles that he cites, especially bibliographer ought not to reject them as a critic. One must admire him and we admire him more than anybody else, because we would never have been capable of doing what he does, despite all that we owe the Philippines.

Now, to say this: "That it received a prize at the Exposition! How remarkable! Real merit, considering the profusion of rewards, consists in not having been awarded a prize." This does not concern Mr. Blumentritt. Perchance Mr. Manuel de Veras had not been awarded a prize, if he has presented something, but this is not the fault of the Austrian professor. They rewarded him and as at that time, it was not yet agreed that a reward means the opposite, it is not surprising that he had not been able to protest against the distinction with which they honored him. The fault lies with the Madrid government or Bachelor Manuel de Veras for not having made it known before.

Let them settle it there!

THE PHILIPPINES A CENTURY HENCE

I

Following our custom of discussing frankly the most difficult and delicate questions relating to the Philippines, regardless of the consequences that our frankness might bring upon us, we are going to deal in the present article with her future.

To foretell the destiny of a nation it is necessary to open the book that tells of her past. The past of the Philippines can be summarized briefly as follows:

Soon after being incorporated in the crown of Spain she had to support with her blood and the vigor of her sons the wars and imperialistic ambitions of the Spanish nation. In these struggles, in this terrible crisis of peoples when they change government, laws, usages, customs, religion, and beliefs, the Philippines was depopulated, impoverished, and retarded, astounded by her metamorphosis with no more confidence in her past, still without faith in her present, and without any flattering hope in the future. The former rulers who had endeavored only to inspire their subjects with fear, keep them in subjection, and accustom them to bondage, fell like the leaves of a dried tree; and the people who had no love for them and who had no notion of liberty, readily changed masters, hoping perhaps to gain something from the new order.

Then began a new era for the Filipinos; little by little they lost their old traditions, the mementos of their past; they gave up their writing, their songs, their poems, their laws in order to learn by rote other doctrines which they did not understand, another morality, another aesthetics different from those inspired by their climate and their manner of thinking. Then they declined, degrading themselves in their own eyes; they became ashamed of what was their own; they began to admire and praise whatever was foreign and incomprehensible; their spirit was dismayed and it surrendered.

Thus passed away years and centuries. Religious pomp, the rituals, songs, lights, images dressed in gold that appealed to the eyes, the cult in a mysterious language, the stories, the miracles, and the sermons hypnotized the spirit of the people, by nature already superstitious, though without succeeding to destroy it completely, despite the system that was followed with implacable tenacity.

Having reached this low ebb of moral degradation, this dismay, this disgust of themselves, the inhabitants of these Islands were

ready for the *coup de grace* calculated to destroy totally their will power and their dormant minds, to convert them into brutes and beasts of burden, a humankind without brains and without hearts. Then the race was openly insulted, denying that it possessed any virtue, any human quality, and there were even writers and priests who went further in alleging that the people of this country had no capacity not only for virtue but also for vice.

This blow, which they thought was mortal, became precisely its salvation. There are dying men who recover thanks to some strong medicine administered to them.

So many sufferings were topped with insults and the lethargic spirit again became alive. Sensibility, the quality *par excellence* of the Indio, was wounded; and if he had the patience to suffer and die at the feet of a foreign flag, he lost it when the one for whom he was dying paid him with insults and inanities. Then he examined himself little by little and realized his misfortune. Those who didn't expect this outcome, like despotic masters, considered every complaint and every protest an offense, and they punished with death, drowned in blood, every cry of pain, and misdeeds after misdeeds were committed.

The spirit of the people didn't allow itself to be thus intimidated, and though it had been awakened in a few hearts only, its flame, however, was spreading surely and fiercely thanks to the abuses and stupid tricks of certain classes to destroy noble and generous sentiments. Thus, when a flame puts on fire a dress, fear and confusion make it spread more and more, and every shake, every blow, is a blast of the bellows that serves to quicken it.

Undoubtedly during all this period neither were there lacking generous and noble spirits among the ruling race who stood for the laws of justice and humanity, nor mean and cowardly men among the subject people who aided in the debasement of their own native land. But both classes were exceptions and we speak in general terms.

This is a sketch of her past. Let's understand her present. And now, what will her future be?

Will the Philippines remain as a Spanish colony, and in this case, what kind of colony? Will she become a Spanish province with or without autonomy? And in order to attain this status, what kind of sacrifices must she make?

Will she eventually separate from the mother country, Spain, to live independently, to fall into the hands of other nations or to ally herself with other neighboring powers?

It's impossible to answer these questions, for to all of them one can reply with a *yes* or *no*, according to the time one has in mind. If there's no permanent condition in nature, how much less there ought to be in the life of peoples, beings endowed with mobility and movement! So that in order to reply to these questions it's necessary to fix a limited space of time, and with reference to it, attempt to foresee future happenings.

II

What will the Philippines be a century hence?

Will it continue to be a Spanish colony?

If this question had been asked three centuries ago when, at the death of Legazpi, the Malayan Filipinos began little by little to be disillusioned and finding the yoke burdensome, tried in vain to shake it off, without doubt the answer would have been easy. For those who were enthusiastic about the freedom of their native land, for those indomitable Kagayanes who were animated by the spirit of the Magalats, for the descendants of the heroic Gat* Pulintang and Gat Salakab of the Province of Batangas, independence was sure; it was only a question of mutual understanding and making a determined effort. However, for one disillusioned through sad experiences who saw everywhere disagreement and disorder, apathy and brutalization in the lower classes, dismay and disunion in the upper classes, there was only one answer and this was: Stretch out the hands to the chains, lower the neck to put it under the yoke, and accept the future with the resignation of a sick man who sees the leaves falling and has a premonition of a long winter among whose snows he can discern the brink of his grave. At that time disagreement was the cause of pessimism. Three centuries passed, the neck was getting accustomed to the yoke, and every new generation, born in chains, adapted itself better each time to the new conditions.

Well now, is the Philippines in the same condition as three centuries ago?

* Gat was a Tagalog title prefixed to the name of a man who belonged to the aristocracy.

To the Spanish liberals the moral condition of the Philippines remains the same, that is, the Filipino Indios have not advanced. To the friars and their henchmen the people have been redeemed from savagery, that is, they have progressed. To many Filipinos, their moral, their spirit, and their customs have degenerated, as all the good qualities of a people degenerate when they fall into slavery, that is, when they have gone backward.

Setting aside this appraisal in order not to depart from our objective, we are going to draw a brief parallel between the political situation then and that of the present to find out whether what was not possible at that time will now be possible or vice versa.

Let us discard whatever adherence the Filipinos might have to Spain. Let us suppose for a moment that between the two peoples there exist only hatred and suspicion, as Spanish writers allege. Let us admit the premises cackled by many that three centuries of Spanish domination have not succeeded to make the seed of affection or gratitude germinate in the heart of the Indio, and let us see if the Spanish cause has gained ground or not in the Archipelago.

Formerly, defending the Spanish standard in the Islands was a handful of soldiers, three or five hundred at most, many of whom were engaged in commerce and were scattered not only in the Archipelago but also in the neighboring countries, busy with the wars against the Muslims of the South, the English, and Dutch and incessantly disturbed by the Japanese, Chinese, and by this or that province or tribe at home. At that time the communication between Mexico and Spain was slow, infrequent, and difficult; frequent and violent were the disturbances among the powers that ruled the Archipelago; the treasury was almost always empty, the life of the colonizers depending on one fragile ship, the carrier of Chinese trade; at that time the seas in those regions were infested with pirates, all enemies of the name Spaniard, the navy defending this being an improvised one, manned very often by untrained soldiers of fortune, if not by foreigners and enemies, as was the armada of Gómez Perez Dasmariñas,* frustrated and captured by the Chinese rowers who assassinated him, putting an end to all his plans and ambitions. Nevertheless, despite such misfortune, the Spanish standard has remained aloft for more than three centuries and its power, though diminished, continues to govern the destinies of the Philippine Archipelago.

* Governor-general of the Philippines (1590-1593), killed while asleep by Chinese rowers of the galley on which he was embarked during his expedition to the Moluccas in 1593.

On the other hand the present situation seems to be rosy and golden, we would say, a beautiful morning compared with the tempestuous and agitated night of the pasts. Now the material forces of the Spanish government have trebled; relatively the navy has improved; the civil as well as the military branches are better organized; the communication with the Metropolis is quicker and more dependable; she no longer has enemies outside; her possession is assured; and the subject country apparently has less spirit, less aspiration for independence, a word that seems almost incomprehensible to her; at first glance everything then augurs another three centuries at least of peaceful domination and tranquil lordship.

However, over these material considerations soar invisible others of a moral character, much more transcendental and cogent.

The peoples of the Orient in general and the Malaysians in particular are notable for their sensitiveness; in them predominates a nice sensibility of feeling. Even today, despite the contact with Western nations, whose ideals are distinct from theirs, we see the Malayan Filipinos sacrifice everything, liberty, comfort, welfare, name, on the altar of an aspiration, of a vanity, be it religious, scientific, or of any other character whatsoever, but at the slightest injury to his *amour propre*, he forgets all his sacrifices and he never forgets the offense he believed he had received.

Thus the Filipinos have remained faithful to Spain for three centuries, giving up their liberty and independence, now fascinated by the hope of a promised heaven, now flattered by the friendship offered them by a great and noble nation, now also compelled to submission by the superiority in arms that for persons with a low opinion of themselves held a mysterious character, or now because the foreign invader, taking advantage of internal dissensions, played the role of a third party to divide and rule.

Once under Spanish domination, the Philippines remained stable thanks to the adhesion of the towns, to the enmities between them and to the fact that the sensitive *amour propre* of the native had not yet been hurt. At that time the people saw their fellow nationals occupying the higher ranks in the army, Filipino masters of camp fighting beside the heroes of Spain, sharing their laurels, and never deprived of either honor, fame, or consideration. Then for fidelity and adhesion to Spain, love of the Mother Country, the *Indio* could become an *encomendero* and even general in the army, as during the British invasion. They have not yet invented

the insulting and ridiculous names with which later they disgraced the most difficult and painful posts held by native chiefs. Then it was not yet fashionable to insult and injure in print, in newspapers, in books with *superior permission* or *ecclesiastical license* the people who paid, fought, and shed their blood for the honor of Spain, nor was it considered noble or a joke to insult an entire race, which is forbidden to reply and defend itself. And if there were hypochondriac priests who, in the leisure of their cloisters, had dared to write against the people, like the Augustinian Gaspar de San Agustin and the Jesuit Velarde, their offensive writings never were published and much less were they honored with mitres or promoted to high posts. It is also true that the *Indios* of that time were not like those of today: Three centuries of brutalization and obscurantism must have exerted some influence on us. The most beautiful divine work in the hands of certain artisans can be converted in the end into a caricature.

The friars of that time, desiring to secure their power over the people, sided with them and together they turned against the oppressive *encomenderos*. Naturally the people who considered them better educated and influential trusted them, followed their advice and listened to them even in their most bitter moments. If they wrote, they defended the rights of the *Indios* and they made their complaints reach the distant steps of the Spanish throne. And not a few friars among laymen and military men undertook perilous journeys as *representatives of the country*. Added to this was the strict *residencia*¹ to which were subjected all departing officials of the government from the captain general to the lowest which consoled a little and pacified the injured parties and satisfied, though only in form, all the discontented elements.

All this has disappeared. The mocking laughter like mortal poison penetrates the heart of the *Indio* who pays and suffers and it is more offensive when it is under protection. The same sore, the general outrage perpetrated against an entire race has erased the ancient enmities between the different provinces. The people no longer have confidence in their former protectors, now their exploiters and executioners. The masks have fallen off. They have realized that, that affection and piety of old resemble the affection of a wet-nurse who, unable to live elsewhere, desires their perpetual childhood, the eternal weakness of the infant, so that she can con-

¹ A government functionary was required to give an accounting of his official actions at the end of his term. Then all those who had grudges against him could present their charges. If the complainants were influential, they could prevent his return to Spain and imprison him in Fort Santiago.

tinue to receive her salary and live on him. They have seen that not only do they not nourish him so that he would grow but they poison him to thwart his growth, and at his slightest protest, they become furious! The old semblance of justice, the holy *residencia*, has been abandoned. The chaos begins in the conscience. The affection shown to a governor-general like La Torre becomes a crime under the administration of his successor and it's enough for a citizen to lose his liberty and his home. If the order of a chief is obeyed, as in the recent question of the admission of corpses in churches, that is sufficient cause later to annoy and persecute by all means possible the obedient subject. Duties, taxes, and contributions increase without any corresponding increase in rights, privileges, and liberties or an assurance of the continuation of the few existing ones. A regime of continuous terrorism and anguish stirs up the minds of men, a regime worse than an era of disturbances, for the fears that the imagination created are generally greater than the real ones. The country is poor; it is going through a great financial crisis, and everybody points with their fingers to the persons who are causing the evil, and yet no one dares to lay their hands on them!

It is true that the Penal Code, like a drop of balsam on so much bitterness, has been promulgated; but of what use are all the codes in the world if because of confidential reports, trivial motives, anonymous traitors, any respectable citizen is banished, is exiled, without any trial? Of what use is that Penal Code, of what use is life, if there are no security of the home, faith in justice, and confidence in the tranquility of conscience? Of what use are all that scaffolding of names and all that pile of articles, if the cowardly accusation of a traitor can influence the timorous ears of the supreme autocrat more than all the cries of justice?

If this state of things continues; what will the Philippines be a century hence?

The storage batteries are charging little by little, and if the prudence of the government does not provide an outlet for the complaints that are accumulating, it's possible that one day the spark would fly out. This is not the place to speak of the success that such an unfortunate conflict might have; it depends upon fate, upon arms, and on a million circumstances that men cannot foresee; but even if all the advantages were on the side of the government and consequently, the probabilities of victory, it would be a Pyrrhic victory, and a government should not want that.

If those who guide the destinies of the Philippines should persist in their refusal to grant reforms, in making the country retrogress, in going to the extreme in its rigorous repression of the classes that suffer and think, they will succeed in making them gamble away the miseries of an insecure life, full of privations and bitterness, for the hope of obtaining something uncertain. What would be lost in the struggle? Almost nothing. The life of large discontented classes offers no great attraction that it should be preferred to a glorious death. Suicide can well be attempted; but afterwards? Would there not remain a stream of blood between victors and vanquished, and could not the latter with time and experience become equal in strength as they are already numerically superior to their rulers? Who says no? All the petty insurrections that had broken out in the Philippines had been the work of a few fanatics and discontented military men who, in order to attain their ends, had to resort to deceit and trickery or avail themselves of the subordination of their subalterns. Thus they all fell. None of the insurrections was popular in character nor based on the necessity of the whole nation nor did it struggle for the laws of humanity or of justice. Thus the insurrections did not leave behind them indelible mementos; on the contrary, the people, their wounds healed, realizing that they have been deceived, applauded the downfall of those who had disturbed their peace! But, if the movement springs from the people themselves and adopts for its cause their sufferings?

Therefore, if the prudence and wise reforms of our ministers do not find competent and determined interpreters among the rulers beyond the seas and faithful continuators in those called upon by the frequent political crises to occupy so sensitive a post; if the complaints and needs of the Filipino people are eternally to be answered with *the petition is denied* inspired by the classes that thrive on the backwardness of the subject; if all just claims are disregarded and considered subversive tendencies, denying to the country representation in the Cortes and the right to protest against all kinds of abuses which escape the snare of the laws; and if finally the system so effective in alienating the people's goodwill, spurring their apathy by means of insults and ingratitude, will be continued, we can assure that within a few years the present state of things will be modified completely and inevitably. Today there is a factor which did not exist before. The national spirit has awakened, and a common misfortune and a common abasement have united all the inhabitants of the Islands. It counts on a large enlightened class within and without the Archipelago, a class created and augmented

more and more by the stupidities of certain rulers who compel the inhabitants to expatriate themselves, to seek education abroad—a class that perseveres and struggles thanks to the official provocations and the system of persecution. This class whose number is increasing progressively is in constant communication with the rest of the Islands, and if today it constitutes the brains of the country, within a few years it will constitute its entire nervous system and demonstrate its existence in all its acts.

Well now, in order to block the road to progress of a people, the government counts on various means: Brutalization of the masses through a caste loyal to the government, aristocratic as in the Dutch colonies, or theocratic as in the Philippines; the impoverishment of the country; the gradual destruction of its inhabitants; and the fostering of the enmity between the races.

The brutalization of the Malayan Filipinos has been shown to be impossible. Despite the black plague of friars in whose hands is the education of the youth, who waste miserably years and years in the classrooms, coming out of them tired, fatigued, and disgusted with books; despite the censorship that wants to close all roads to progress; despite all the pulpits, confessionals, books, novenae that inculcate hatred of all knowledge, not only scientific but even of the Castilian language; despite all that system, organized, perfected, and followed with tenacity by those who wish to keep the Islands in holy ignorance; there are Filipino writers, free thinkers, historiographers, chemists, physicians, artists, jurists, etc. Enlightenment is spreading and its persecution encourages it. No; the divine flame of thought is inextinguishable among the Filipino people, and in some way or another it has to shine and make itself known. It is not possible to brutalize the inhabitants of the Philippines!

Can poverty arrest their development?

Perhaps, but it is a very dangerous measure. Experience shows us everywhere and above all in the Philippines, that the well-to-do classes have always been the partisans of peace and order, because they live relatively better and might lose in case of civil disturbances. Wealth brings with it refinement and the spirit of preservation, while poverty inspires adventurous ideas, the desire to change things, little attachment to life, and the like. Machiavelli himself finds dangerous this method of subjecting a people, for he observes that the loss of well-being raises more tenacious enemies than the loss of life. Moreover, when there are wealth and abundance, there is less discontent, there are less complaints, and the

government, richer, has also more means to support itself. On the other hand, a poor country is like a house where poverty exists; and moreover, of what use has the Metropolis of an emancipated and poor colony?

Neither is it possible to destroy gradually the entire population. The Filipino race, like all the Malaysians, does not succumb to the foreigner as do the aborigines of Australia, the Polynesians, and Indians of the New World. Despite the numerous wars that the Filipinos had engaged in, despite the epidemics that visit them periodically, their number has trebled, like the Malaysians of Java and the Moluccas. The Filipinos accept civilization and maintain contact with all peoples, and can live in all climes. Alcohol, the poison that exterminates the natives of the islands in the Pacific, has no sway in the Philippines; on the contrary, it seems that the Filipinos have become more sober, if their present condition is compared with that described by the old historians. The little wars with the inhabitants of the South consume only the soldiers, people whose loyalty to the Spanish flag, far from making them a danger, makes them precisely one of its strongest supports.

There remains the fostering of hostility between the provinces themselves.

This was possible before when communication between the islands was difficult and infrequent, when there were no steamships or telegraph, when the different provinces had their own regiments, and some of them were flattered by the grant of privileges and honors and some were supported against the stronger ones. But now that these privileges have been withdrawn, the regiments have been rearranged because of distrust, the people go from one island to another, naturally communication and exchange of ideas have increased, and realizing that they are all menaced with the same danger and their common sentiments are hurt, they become friends and they unite. It is true that their union is not as yet complete, but the measures of good government, the deportations, the oppression suffered by citizens in their towns, the mobility of government officials, the scarcity of schools, which brings together the youth of all the islands, who thus get to know each other—all these lead to national unity. The trips to Europe contribute also not a little towards unity, for abroad person from the most distant provinces, from the sailors to the wealthy businessmen, seal their patriotic sentiments, and at the sight of modern liberties and the remembrance of their country's misfortunes they embrace and call themselves brothers.

In short, then, the advancement and moral progress of the Philippines is inevitable; it is fated.

The Islands cannot remain in their present condition without petitioning the Metropolis for more liberties. *Mutatis, mutandis*. (With the necessary changes.) To new men, a new social status.

To wish them to remain in their swaddling clothes is to risk that the so-called infant turn against his nurse and flee, tearing away the old rags that confine him.

The Philippine, then, either will remain under Spain but with more rights and freedom, or will declare herself independent after staining herself and the Mother Country with her own blood.

As no one should wish or hope for such an unfortunate rupture of relations, which would be bad for all and should only be the last argument in a most desperate case, let us examine the forms of peaceful evolution under which the Islands could remain under the Spanish flag without injuring in the least the rights, interests, or dignity of both countries.

III

If the Philippines has to remain under Spanish rule, she must be transformed politically as demanded by the course of her historical evolution and the needs of her inhabitants. We have proven this in the previous article.

This transformation, we also said, has to be violent and fatal if it should originate from the masses; peaceful and rich in results if from the upper classes.

Some rulers have perceived this truth and, inspired by their patriotism, have tried to institute needed reforms to forestall events. Until the present, notwithstanding how many reforms have been ordered, they have produced limited results for the government as well as for the country, and in some instances they spoiled even those that promised success. It is because they are building on ground lacking in solidity.

We said, and we are repeating it once more, and will always repeat it: All reforms of a palliative character are not only useless but even injurious when the government is confronted with evils that need a *radical* remedy. If we were not convinced of the integrity and uprightness of certain rulers, we would be tempted to say that all those partial reforms were only poultices and pomades of a physician who, not knowing how to cure cancer or not daring to eradicate it, wishes to mitigate the sufferings of the patient or temporize with the pusillanimity of the timid and ignorant.

All the reforms of our liberal ministers were, are, and will be good . . . if they were carried out.

When we think of them, we are reminded of Sancho Panza's dietetic regimen on the *Insula Barataria* (Barataria Isle).^{*} He sat at a sumptuous table "full of fruits and a large variety of dishes", but between the mouth of the unhappy man and each dish the doctor, Pedro Rezio, interposed his wand, saying, *Absit!* (Remove!) and they removed the food leaving Sancho more hungry than ever. It is true that the despotic Pedro Rezio gave reasons which it seemed Cervantes intended for the government of the colonies: "One should not eat, Governor, unless it is the usage and custom on other islands where there are governors", etc. He found fault with every dish, some are hot, others moist, etc., exactly like our Pedro Rezios here and overseas. Damned the good that the art of his cook did to Sancho!

In the case of our country, the reforms play the role of the dishes; the Philippines is Sancho, and the role of the quack is played by many persons who are interested in leaving the dishes untouched so that they themselves would enjoy them perhaps.

It turns out that the exceedingly patient Sancho, or the Philippines, misses his freedom, detesting all governments, and ends by rebelling against his false physician.

In the same way, while the Philippines has no free press, no voice in the legislative body to inform the Spanish government and the nation whether the decrees are being duly enforced or not, are beneficial or not to the country, all the skill of the minister of the colonies will meet the same fate as the dishes on *Insula Barataria*.

The minister then who would wish his reforms to be real reforms should begin by declaring freedom of the press in the Philippines and creating Filipino deputies.

A free press in the Philippines is necessary because rarely do the complaints there reach the Peninsula, very rarely, and if they do reach it, they are so masked, so mysterious, that no newspaper would dare publish them, and if they are published at all, they are published late and badly.

The government that administers the country from a very far distance has more need of a free press, even more than the government in the Metropolis, if it wishes to be straight and decent. The

^{*} Sancho Panza is the squire of Don Quijote de la Mancha, also the title of a Spanish romance by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra ridiculing books of chivalry. Sancho Panza is a peasant, crude and ignorant, but shrewd.

government in the country can still dispense with the press (if it can) because it is on the spot, because it has eyes and ears, and because it sees at close hand what it is ruling and administering. But the government that rules from afar, absolutely needs that the truth and the facts reach it through all possible means so that it can appreciate and judge them better and this necessity becomes imperative when it concerns a country like the Philippines whose inhabitants speak and complain in a language unknown to the authorities. To govern in another way will also be called "to govern", as it is necessary to give it a name, but that is to govern badly; it is like judging by listening to only one of the parties; it is to steer a ship without taking into account its conditions, the condition of the sea, the reefs, the shoals, the direction of the wind, the currents, etc. It is to administer a house thinking only of giving it lustre and importance without finding out what is in the safe, without considering the servants and the family.

But routine is common to many government and routine says that the freedom of the press is a danger. Let us see what history says. Uprisings and revolutions have always taken place in countries under tyrannical governments, under those where the mind and the human heart are compelled to keep silent.

If the great Napoleon had not muzzled the press, perhaps it would have warned him of the danger into which he was falling and it might have made him understand that the people were tired and the land needed peace. Perhaps his genius, instead of being spent in external aggrandizement, falling back on itself, might have worked for the consolidation of his power and succeeded. In the history of Spain itself many revolutions occurred when the press was muzzled. What colony, having a free press and enjoying liberties, has become independent? Is it preferable to govern in the dark or to govern with understanding?

Some one may reply that a free press would endanger the rulers' prestige, that pillar of spurious governments. We will answer him that the prestige of the nation is preferable to that of some individuals. A nation wins respect not by covering up abuses, but by punishing them and condemning them. Besides, to that prestige happens what Napoleon said of great men and their valets. We who suffer and know all the stories and oppression of those false gods do not need a free press to understand them; long ago they have lost their prestige. The government needs a free press, the government that still dreams of prestige, that builds on mined ground.

We say the same thing about Filipino deputies.

What danger does the government see in them? One of three things: They turn out seditious, trimmers, or as they should be.

Supposing that we became absurdly pessimistic and admitted the insult, great for the Philippines but greater still for Spain, that all the Filipino deputies are separatists and all entertain revolutionary ideas, isn't there the majority, Spanish and patriotic, isn't there the clear-sightedness of the rulers to oppose their proposals and combat them? And isn't this better than to let discontent ferment and spread in the privacy of the home, in the huts, and in the countryside? It is true that the Spanish people never deny their blood if patriotism demands it; but would not the fight for principles in the parliament be preferable to the exchange of bullets on swampy ground, 3,000 leagues away from the motherland, in impenetrable forests, under a burning sun or in torrential rains? The pacific struggle of ideas, besides serving as a thermometer for the government, has the advantage of being cheaper and more glorious, because the Spanish parliament abounds precisely in champions of the word, invincible in the field of speeches. Moreover, they say that the Filipinos are indolent and mild; what then has the government to fear? Does it not influence elections? Frankly it is giving the rebels too much honor to fear them in the Cortes of the nation.

If they turn out trimmers, which is to be expected and probably they have to be, so much the better for the government, and so much the worse for the voters. They are a few more votes in favor of the government which can laugh all it pleases at the rebels, if there are any.

If they turn out as they should be, worthy, honorable, and loyal to their mission, they will doubtless annoy the ignorant and incompetent minister with their questions, but they will help him govern, and they will be an addition to the honorable persons among the representatives of the nation.

Well now; if the real handicap of the Filipino deputies is their *Igorot smell* which makes the veteran general Mr. Salamanca feel so uneasy in plain Senate, Mr. Sinibaldo de Mas, who has seen the Igorots closely and has wished to live with them, can affirm that they will smell at the worst like gunpowder, and Mr. Salamanca undoubtedly is not afraid of that smell. And if it is only this, the Filipinos who in their country have the habit of taking a bath every day, once they become deputies can abandon such a dirty

custom, at least during the legislative session, in order not to molest with the odor of the bath the delicate olfactory sense of the Salamancas.

It is useless to refute certain impediments some fine writers have put forth, such as more or less brown color of the skin and the more or less large-nosed faces. In the matter of aesthetics each race has its own idea. China, for example, which has 414 million inhabitants and possesses a very ancient civilization, finds all Europeans ugly, calling them *Fan-Kuai* or red devils. Her aesthetics has 100 million more followers than European aesthetics. Besides, if we have to discuss this, we would have to accept the inferiority of the Latins, especially of the Spaniards, with respect to the Saxons who are much fairer.

And so long as the Spanish Cortes is not an assembly of Adonises, Antinouses, boys, and other similar angels; so long as one goes there to legislate and not to *socratize* or wander through imaginary hemisphere, we believe that the government should not be deterred by those obstacles. Right has no skin nor has reason noses.

We see, then, no valid reason why the Philippines should not have deputies. With their creation many discontented persons will be mollified, and instead of imputing the evils in the country to the government, as it happens today, they will bear them better, because at least they can complain, and because, having their own sons among the lawmakers, makes them in a certain way responsible for their acts.

We do not know if we are serving well the real interests of our country by asking for deputies. We know that the lack of enlightenment, the pusillanimity, the selfishness of many of our compatriots, and the audacity, the astuteness, and the powerful means at the command of those who want obscurantism to prevail there can convert the reform into an obnoxious instrument. But we wish to be loyal to the government and we point out to it the road that seems to us best so that its efforts would not come to naught, so that the discontented elements would disappear. If after such a just as well as necessary measure is implemented, the Filipino people are so foolish and pusillanimous that they would turn against their own interests, then let them bear the responsibilities and suffer all the consequences. Every country meets the fate that she deserves, and the government can say that it has fulfilled its duty.

These are the two fundamental reforms which, well interpreted and implemented, can dispel all the clouds, attest the affection of Spain, and make fruitful all subsequent ones. These are the reforms *sine quibus non*.*

The fear that from them would come independence is puerile. The free press will let the government know the throbs of public opinion, and the deputies, if they are the best among the sons of the Philippines, as they should be, will be its hostages.

There being no motive for discontent, with what will the masses be stirred up?

In a similar way, the obstacle that others find in the defective education of the majority of the Filipinos is inadmissible. Besides, not being as defective as alleged, there is no plausible reason whatsoever to deprive the ignorant and the helpless (through his own fault or another's) of a representative who can watch over him so that he would not be trampled. He's precisely the one who needs it most. Nobody ceases to be a man, no one loses his rights to civilization for being solely more or less civilized. Inasmuch as the Filipino is considered a competent citizen when he is asked to pay taxes and to defend the Mother Country with his life, why should he be denied competence when it comes to conceding him a right? Moreover, why should he be responsible for his ignorance? Every one, friend and foe alike, admits that every Filipino even before the arrival of the Spaniards knew how to read and write. Today we see that the most humble families make enormous sacrifices so that their children can obtain a little education, even going to the extent of letting them become servants in order to learn Spanish at least. How can we expect the people to be enlightened in their present condition when we see that many educational decrees the government issues encounter Pedro Rezios who prevent their implementation because they are in control of education? If the Filipino then is sufficiently intelligent to pay taxes, he should also be so to elect a representative who can watch over him and his interests with the product of which he serves the government of the country. To reason out in another way is a one-sided argument.

The laws and acts of the authorities being watched over, the word *Justice* will cease to be a colonial irony. The English are respected in their possessions because of their strict and ex-

* These are the indispensable reforms.

peccious administration of justice, in such a way that the people place full confidence in the judges. Justice is the foremost virtue of civilized nations; it subdues the most barbarous nations. Injustice excites the weakest to rebellion.

The government posts should be filled through competitive examination, and the examination results should be made public so that discontent would not arise and there would be encouragement. Thus if the *Indio* does not shake off his indolence, he can not complain if all the positions are filled by *Castilas* (Spaniards).

We suppose that Spaniards are not afraid to take part in this competition; thus they can demonstrate their superiority through the superiority of their intelligence. Although this is not done in the Metropolis, it should be practised in the colonies, inasmuch as true prestige should be sought in moral endowments, because colonizers should be or seem to be at least, just, intelligent, and upright, just as man feigns virtues when he is in contact with strangers. Positions thus gained are not subject to arbitrary dismissal and this method of selecting government employees creates employees and officials who are apt and know their duties. The posts occupied by the *Indios*, instead of endangering Spanish rule, will serve only to strengthen it; for, what interest would they have to change what is secure and stable for the uncertain and problematical? The *Indio*, besides, is a lover of quietude and prefers a modest present to a brilliant future. The various Filipino functionaries who are still holding office attest it; they are the most sluggish conservatives.

We can add other particular reforms referring to commerce, agriculture, security of the individual and property, education, and others, but we are going to discuss them separately in other articles. At present we are satisfied with the present projects, lest someone say we are asking too much.

Some may criticize us for being utopians, but what's utopia? Utopia was a country imagined by Thomas Moore where there were universal suffrage, religious toleration, an almost complete abolition of the death penalty, etc. When the little novel was published, these things were considered impossible dreams, that is *utopian*. Nonetheless, civilization has left far behind the land of Utopia; human will and conscience have realized miracles, have abolished slavery and the death penalty for adultery—impossible things even in that very same Utopia!

The French colonies have representatives; in the British Parliament they have also discussed the representation of the Crown colonies, for others already enjoy a certain autonomy and the press there is also free; only in Spain, who in the XVI century was the model colonizing power, is colonial representation delayed. Cuba and Puerto Rico, whose population is not even a third of that of the Philippines and have not made sacrifices for Spain as the Philippines has, have many deputies. At the beginning, the Philippines had hers who dealt with the kings and popes about the needs of the country. She had them in the critical moments when Spain was groaning under the Napoleonic yoke and she did not take advantage of the misfortune of the Metropolis as the other colonies did but even drew closer to Spain, thus giving proofs of her loyalty; she remained loyal many years afterwards What crime has the Philippines committed that she should thus be deprived of her rights?

In short, the Philippines will remain Spanish if she enters the path of rightful and civilized life, if the rights of her people are respected, if they are granted others they should have, if the liberal policy of the government is carried out without shackles or meanness, without subterfuges or false interpretations.

On the other hand, if it is desired to consider the Islands a lode to be exploited, a means to satisfy ambitions, to free the Metropolis of taxes, exhausting the goose that lays the golden eggs and lending a deaf ear to all the cries of reason, then, however great is the loyalty of the Filipinos, they cannot prevent that the fatal laws of History be fulfilled. *The colonies established to serve the political or commercial policy of a Metropolis all end by becoming independent*, said Bachelet; before Bachelet said so, it had already been said by all Phoenician, Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, English, Portuguese, and Spanish colonies.

Close doubtless are the ties that bind us to Spain. Two peoples cannot live in continuous contact for three centuries sharing a common fate, shedding their blood on the same battlefields, believing in the same faith, worshipping the same God, exchanging common ideas, without developing between them bonds stronger than those imposed by arms and fear. Inevitably mutual sacrifices and benefits have brought mutual affection. As Machiavelli, who had a deep knowledge of the human heart said: *La natura d'oumini, e così obbligarsi per le beneficii che essi fanno, come per quelli che essi ricevono*. (It is human to be bound by benefits given as well as

those received.) All this and still more are true; but it is pure sentimentalism, for on the bitter field of politics stark necessity and interests prevail. No matter how much the Filipinos owe Spain they cannot be compelled to renounce their right to redemption, to let the liberal and enlightened among them roam as exiles from their native land, to let the most common aspirations smother in its atmosphere, to tolerate that the peaceful citizen live in continuous anguish and the fate of the people depend on the caprice of only one man. Spain can not justify even in the name of God himself that six million men be brutalized, exploited, and oppressed, denying them light, the innate human rights and afterwards heap upon them contempt and insults. No, there is no gratitude that can excuse it, there is no sufficient gunpowder in the world that can justify the attacks against the liberty of the individual, against the sanctity of the home, against the laws, against peace and honor, attacks which are committed daily in the Philippines. There is no God that will applaud the sacrifice of our dearest affections, of our families, the sacrilege and transgressions which are committed by those who have the name of God on their lips. No one can demand from the Filipino people the impossible. The noble Spanish people, so devoted to their liberties and rights, cannot tell the Filipino people to renounce theirs; the people that delight in the glories of their past cannot ask of another, educated by them, to accept the vilification and dishonor of their name!

We who are now fighting on the legal and peaceful ground of discussions understand it thus, and with our sight fixed on our ideals we shall not cease to advocate for our causes, without going beyond the limits of the law; but, if violence will silence us or we have the bad luck of falling (which is possible, for we are not immortal), then we would not know what road will be followed by the numerous shoots of better sap who will rush headlong to take the places that we shall leave vacant.

If what we desire is not realized . . .

Before that unfortunate eventuality, it is necessary that fear should not deter us, that instead of closing our eyes, we should look straight ahead to see what the future has in store for us. And for that purpose, after throwing a handful of earth in tribute to Cerberus* let us enter freely the abyss to probe its terrible mysteries.

* In Greek and Roman mythology a three-headed dog guarding the entrance to Hades, the Abode of the dead and colloquially, Hell.

IV

History does not record in its annals any enduring rule of one people over another, who belong to different races, with distinct usages and customs, with adverse or divergent ideals.

One of the two has had to yield or succumb. Either the foreigner was overthrown, as it happened to the Carthaginians, the Arabs, and the French in Spain, or the native people had to succumb or withdraw, as in the case of the inhabitants of the New World, Australia, New Zealand, and others.

One of the longest foreign rules was that of the Arabs in Spain which lasted seven centuries. But, despite the fact that the conquering people lived in the midst of the vanquished; despite the division of the small states of the Peninsula that emerged little by little like tiny islands in the center of the great Saracen flood; despite the knightly spirit, the gallantry, and religious tolerance of the caliphs, they were finally driven out after bloody and tenacious battles which built the Spanish nation and created the Spain of the XV and XVI centuries.

The existence of a foreign body in another endowed with strength and activity is against all natural and moral laws. Science teaches us that either it is assimilated, it destroys the organism, it is eliminated, or it is encysted.

The encystment of a conquering people is impossible, whenever it means complete isolation, absolute inertia, adynamia of the victorious element. Encystment here signifies the tomb of the foreign invader.

Well then; applying these considerations to the Philippines, we are obliged to conclude, deducing from everything we have been saying, that if her people are not assimilated by the Spanish nation, if the rulers do not take possession of the spirit of her inhabitants, if equitable laws and sincere and liberal reforms do not make them forget that they belong to distinct races, or if both peoples do not fuse to form one homogenous social and political mass, which is not troubled by opposing tendencies and antagonistic feelings and interests, the Philippines one day will declare herself inevitably and unmistakably independent. Neither Spanish patriotism nor the appeal of all the little tyrants in the colonies, nor the love for Spain of all the Filipinos, nor the doubtful dismemberment of the Islands and internal strife can go against this law of destiny. Necessity

is the strongest god the world knows, and necessity is the result of physical laws put into action by moral forces.

We said, and statistics prove it, that it is impossible to destroy the Filipino race. And though it might be possible, what interest could Spain have in the destruction of the inhabitants of a land that she could not occupy or cultivate, whose climate is to a certain degree dismal? Of what use would the Philippines be to her without the Filipinos? Precisely, considering her system of colonization and the transient character of the Spaniards who go to the colonies, a colony is more useful to her and more valuable the more inhabitants and riches it possesses. Moreover, in order to destroy six million Malaysians, even supposing that they are still in their infancy and they never can learn how to fight and defend themselves, Spain would need to sacrifice a fourth of her population. We wish to remind the partisans of colonial exploitation of this fact. But nothing like this can happen. What is imminent is that if Spain would deny the Filipinos education and the liberties essential to human life, they would seek their education abroad behind the back of Spain, the Mother Country, and will secure in some way or another certain advantages in their country. The result: the resistance of near-sighted and rickety politicians is not only useless but injurious, for what could be a motive for gratitude and love is converted into resentment and hatred.

Hatred and resentment on one side, distrust and indignation on the other, will finally end in a violent and terrible collision, especially when there are elements interested in the disturbance of public order so that they can gain something out of it, so that they can show their great power, so that they can hurl lamentations, so that they can recriminate and activate violent measures, and the like. Expected to triumph is the government, and generally (and that is the custom) it goes to the extreme in meting out punishment, either to give a terrible warning, to make a show of severity or in order to take revenge on the vanquished for the moments of terror and anguish that the danger had caused it. Inevitable accessory of these catastrophes is the pile of injustices committed against innocent and peaceful people. Personal revenge, denunciations, infamous accusations, covetousness, the opportune moment for a calumny, the hurried and expeditious proceeding of the military tribunal, the pretext of the integrity of the Mother Country and reason of State which covers and answers for everything even for scrupulous consciences, that unfortunately are now rare, and above all the dread, the cowardice, that takes hold of the vanquished—all these

things augment the severity of the victor and the number of victims. The result is that a stream of blood is interposed between the two peoples; that the wounded and resentful, instead of diminishing, increase, for to the families and friends of the guilty who always believe the punishment excessive and the judge unfair, one has to add the families and friends of the innocent who see no advantage in living and acting submissively and peacefully. Consider, moreover, that if the prescribed measures are already dangerous in a country with a homogenous population, the danger becomes a hundredfold when the government is run by a race different from that of the governed. In the first case, an injustice can still be attributed to a single man, to a ruler motivated by personal passions, and with the tyrant dead, the offended is reconciled with the government of his nation. But in countries ruled by a foreign nation, the most justly severe measure is interpreted as injustice and oppression, because it is ordered by a foreigner who has no sympathy with or is an enemy of the country. The offense not only offends the offended but his entire race, because it is not generally considered personal, and resentment naturally extends to the whole governing nation and does not die with the offender.

For this reason, the colonizing powers should be endowed with immense prudence and exquisite tact; and the fact that the government of the colonies in general and the ministry of the colonies in particular are considered schools for apprenticeship contribute notably towards the fulfilment of the great law that colonies declare themselves independent sooner or later.

Thus from that precipice peoples hurl themselves headlong while they bathe in blood and are soaked in gall and tears. If the colony has vitality, it learns to fight and improve itself in the struggle, while the Mother Country, whose survival in the colony depends on the peacefulness and submission of the subjects, weakens each time, and though she makes heroic efforts, at last, as her defenders are inferior in number and she has only a fictitious life, she ends by dying. She is like a rich sybarite who, accustomed to be served by numerous servants who work and plant for him, the day when his slaves refuse to obey him, as he cannot live by himself, has to die.

Vengeance, injustice, and distrust on one hand and on the other the sentiment of patriotism and of liberty, which will be awakened by these continuous struggles, insurrections, and uprisings, will end by spreading the movement and one of the two peoples has to succumb. The laxness will be brief since it would be equi-

valent to a much more cruel slavery than death for the people and to a loss of prestige disgraceful to the ruler. One of the two peoples has to succumb.

Spain, on account of the size of her population, the condition of her army and navy, her distance from the Islands, her little knowledge of the colony, and for fighting against a people whose love and goodwill have been alienated, has by force to yield, if she does not wish to risk, not only her other possessions and her future in Africa, but also her own independence in Europe. All this at the cost of much blood, many crimes, after mortal combats, assassinations, conflagration, executions, hunger, destitution, and so forth. The Spaniard is brave and patriotic and sacrifices everything in favorable moments for the good of the Motherland; he has the boldness and determination of his bull. The Filipino does not love his country less, and though he is more calm, peaceful, and not easily excited, once started, he does not stop, and for him every fight means the death of one of the fighters; he preserves all the meekness and all the tenacity and fury of the carabao. Climate influences equally bipeds and quadrupeds.

The terrible lessons and the harsh teachings that these strifes have given the Filipinos have served to improve and strengthen his morale. Spain of the XV century was not the Spain of the VIII century. With their harsh experience, instead of engaging in the internal strife of some islands with others, as it is generally feared, the Filipinos will stretch out their hands mutually, like the shipwrecked when they reach an island after a dreadful stormy night. Let them not say that what happened to the American republics will happen to us. These won their independence easily and their peoples were animated by a spirit different from that of the Filipinos. Besides, the danger of falling again into the hands of other powers, of the English or the Germans, for example, will compel them to be sensible and prudent. The absence of the preponderance of one race over the others will dissuade them from entertaining the mad ambition to dominate; and as the tendency of oppressed countries, once they have shaken off the foreign yoke, is to adopt a freer government, like a lad who comes out of school, like the oscillation of the pendulum, by the law of reaction, the Islands will adopt probably a federal republic . . .

If the Philippines obtain her independence at the end of heroic and tenacious struggles, she can be sure that neither England nor France, and less Holland, will dare to pick up what Spain has not

been able to keep. Africa, within a few years, will completely absorb the attention of the Europeans, and there is no sensible nation that, in order to get a handful of poor and war-stricken islands, would neglect the immense territory that the Black Continent offers—virgin, unexploited, and scarcely defended. England already has enough colonies in the East and will not expose herself to lose the balance of power. She will not sacrifice her Indian Empire for the poor Philippine Archipelago; if she cherished this ambition, she would not have returned to Manila in 1763; * she would have retained any point in the Philippines to expand little by little from there. Besides, why should the merchant John Bull allow himself to be killed for the Philippines when England after all is no longer the Mistress of the Orient,—when she has Singapore, Hongkong, Shanghai, and others? Probably England will favor Philippine independence, for an independent Philippines will open her ports to her and grant her more commercial privileges. Moreover, in the United Kingdom there is a prevailing opinion that she has already too many colonies which are detrimental to and weakens much the Metropolis.

For the same reasons Germany will not want to run a risk, because her forces would be unbalanced and a war in distant countries will endanger her position in Europe. So we see that her policy in the Pacific as well as in Africa is limited to the easy acquisition of *territories which do not belong to anybody*. Germany avoids all foreign entanglements.

France has much to do and sees more future in Tonkin and China. Besides, France is not eager to acquire colonies. She loves glory but the glory and the laurels that grow on the battlefields of Europe; the echo of the battlefields of the Far East does not satisfy her thirst for renown because it is already lusterless when it reaches her. She has besides other duties at home as well as on the Continent.

Holland is sensible and will be contented to hold the Moluccas and Java. Sumatra offers her a better future than the Philippines, whose seas and coasts are of bad omen for the Dutch expeditions. Holland goes about cautiously in Sumatra and Borneo for fear of losing them all.

China will consider herself lucky if she succeeds in maintaining her unity and is not dismembered or divided by the European powers engaged in colonizing on the Asiatic continent.

* Rizal refers to the Treaty of Paris, 10 February 1763, ending the war between England and Spain and the British occupation of Manila.

The same happens to Japan. On her north is Russia who covets and spies on her, on her south is England who has even introduced English as an official language in her country. She is moreover under such a European diplomatic pressure that she cannot think of colonial expansion until she can get rid of it, which will not be easy to achieve. It is true she is over-populated, but Korea attracts her more than the Philippines, and it is easier to take besides.

Perhaps the great American republic with interest in the Pacific and without a share in the partition of Africa may one day think of acquiring possessions beyond the seas. It is not impossible, for example is contagious, greed and ambition being the vices of the strong, and Harrison expressed himself in this sense over the question of Samoa; but neither is the Panama Canal open nor do her states have a plethora of inhabitants, and in case she openly embarks on colonial expansion, the European powers may not leave the way open to her, as they know very well that appetite is whetted by the first morsels. North America would be a bothersome rival once she enters the field. It is moreover against her traditions.

Very probably the Philippines will defend with indescribable ardor the liberty she has bought at the cost of so much blood and sacrifice. With the new men that will spring from her bosom and the remembrance of the past, she will perhaps enter openly the wide road of progress and all will work jointly to strengthen the Mother Country at home as well as abroad with the same enthusiasm with which a young man returns to cultivate his father's farmland so long devastated and abandoned due to the negligence of those who had alienated it. Then the mines—gold, iron, copper, lead, coal, and others—will be worked again, which will help solve the problem of poverty. Perhaps the people will revive their maritime and commercial activities for which the islanders have a natural aptitude, and free once more, like the bird that leaves his cage, like the flower that returns to the open air, she will recover her good old qualities which she is losing little by little and again become a lover of peace, gay, lively, smiling, hospitable, and fearless.

This and other things besides can happen within one hundred years more or less. But the most logical augury, the prophecy based on better probabilities can fail due to insignificant and remote reasons. An octopus which clung to Mark Anthony's ship changed the face of the world; a cross on Calvary and a Just Man nailed on it changed the morality of half of mankind, and nevertheless, before Christ, how many just men did not perish iniquitously and how many crosses were not raised on that hill? The death

of the Just sanctified His teaching incontrovertible. A crag on the battlefield of Waterloo buried all the glories of two luminous decades, the whole Napoleonic world, and liberated Europe. On what fortuitous circumstances will depend the destiny of the Philippines?

However, it is unwise to trust in the fortuitous; there is an imperceptible and incomprehensible logic at times in historical events. It is to be desired that peoples as well as governments adjust themselves to it.

So we repeat and we shall always repeat, while there is time, that it is better to anticipate the wishes of a people rather than to yield to force; the first wins sympathy and love; the second, contempt and indignation. Inasmuch as it is necessary to give to six million Filipinos their rights so that they would be Spaniards in fact, let the government grant them freely and spontaneously without insulting reservations, without irritating distrust. We will not tire repeating this while there remains a spark of hope; we prefer this disagreeable task to have to say one day to the Mother Country: "Spain, we have spent our youth serving your interests in our country, we have appealed to you, we have consumed all the light of our intellect, all the ardor and enthusiasm of our heart working for the good of what was yours, entreating you for a loving glance, for a liberal policy to insure the peace of our country and your rule over these devoted but unfortunate Islands! Spain, you have remained deaf, and wrapped in your pride, you have pursued your fateful way and you have accused us of being traitors, solely because we love our country, because we tell you the truth and we hate all kinds of injustice. What do you want us to tell our unhappy country when she asks us about the result of our efforts? Have we to tell her that, as for her sake we have lost everything—youth, future, illusions, tranquility, family—as in her service we have exhausted all the resources of hope, all the disappointments of our eagerness, she takes the remainder that is useless to us, the blood of our veins, and the strength that remains in our arms? Spain! Have we to say one day to the Philippines that you are deaf to her ills and that if she wants to be saved she should redeem herself alone?"

The author wrote these articles in Spain, hence the use of "there" in referring to the Philippines.

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RIZAL



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