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## Villafranca's "Desde Filipinas a Europa"

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## Texts and Documents

### Villafranca's "Desde Filipinas a Europa"

PERFECTO TERRA, JR.

#### INTRODUCTION

On my way to Amalfi a few years ago, in a secondhand bookshop on the Via Medina in Naples, I chanced upon a book entitled: *Desde Filipinas a Europa*, written by a D. Faustino Villafranca, a prebend of the Manila Cathedral, and published in 1870. The complete title of the book is:

Correspondencias / de un viaje / desde Filipinas a Europa / por / Sicilia, Napoles, Roma, / Italia, Paris, Londres y Espana. / Comprenden / la descripcion de varias poblaciones del transito, / incluso Canton en China, / con los sucesos del viaje en la ida y vuelta. /

The book was published by the Imprenta Revista Mercantil de J. de Loyzaga y Cia, in Manila in 1870. It is in the epistolary form, and contains seventy letters which are addressed to imaginary ecclesiastical brothers and are dated from 5 February to 25 November 1869. It is 283 pages long.

The book is not listed in Tubangui's bibliography of Filipiniana at Valladolid in Spain nor in the British Library nor in the bibliography of Philippine Books in the U.S. Library of Congress. Wenceslao Retana's *Aparato Bibliografico* has the following entry:

Cronica epistolar de un largo viaje verificado por el Autor, tagalo, que revela dotes de observador y acredita ser un escritor facil, aunque un tanto adocenado. Segun Pons, D. Faustino Villafranca "fue el primer filipino y el primer oriental que ha viajado por Europa describiendo de paso en espanol sus *Viajes*." Visito en Roma a Pio IX y en Paris a D.<sup>a</sup> Isabel II, recién destronada.

Obra muy agotada.

If it is true, as claimed by D. Pons, that Faustino Villafranca was the first native Filipino and the first oriental to write about his travels in Europe, then his book *Desde Filipinas a Europa* is significant enough to be placed side by side with the great travel books of the nineteenth century. The book is unique on two scores. It is among the earliest books written by a native of one of the colonies of a European country about Europe. Travel books were a dime a dozen during the nineteenth century. Their accounts were more or less factual and imbued with the scientific spirit of honest enquiry, so that they are still of value to scholars and researchers who want to study the history of the colonies during that period. There were a few, however, whose accounts were so distorted by prejudices common to colonizers that they are now interesting only as curiosities of a bygone age, for they tell more about the ignorance that reigned in some quarters in Europe rather than the actual conditions in the colonies. The uniqueness of Villafranca's book lies in the fact that he reverses the process. For the first time, Europe is viewed by a native of a European colony with surprising criticalness and scientific objectivity. His account would be very useful even to European readers interested in knowing about Europe as it was during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

*Desde Filipinas a Europa* is also unique in nineteenth-century Philippine literature. With a few exceptions, literary production in the Philippines was confined to religious books, books on penances and indulgences, prayer books, books on how to save one's soul, and worse, mediocre imitations of mediocre Spanish writers, altogether reactionary and obscurantist. Villafranca's book, however, is informed with the liberal and scientific spirit that was still struggling to survive in the Philippines. One might expect that Villafranca's view of Europe would be blurred by religious obscurantism, since he was a cleric, and that it would also be colored by a colonial mentality; but it displays none of these. In his account Villafranca shows an astonishing clarity of mind and a self-assurance, as though he had been schooled all along in the liberal-scientific tradition of Europe, praising what needed praise, admiring the great scientific inventions and the progress they brought about, but also criticising the shortcomings that he saw.

# WHO WAS FAUSTINO VILLAFRANCA?

Wenceslao Retana describes Faustino Villafranca with this sole quotation from D. Pons: "el primer indio y el primer oriental que ha viajado por Europa describiendo de paso en español sus *Viajes*." Others are left the task of trying to reconstruct a picture of Villafranca from the pieces of information he scatters about himself as he travelled through Europe. However, we can glean enough data from the book to make a profile of the man, get some insight into his character, his prejudices, political beliefs, and his general thinking on various subjects to enable us to make some tentative conclusions about him.

We know from the title page that he was a prebend or sinecure of the Manila Cathedral and that he was at one time a student at the University of Santo Tomas from his account of his visit to the Dominican college at Ocana in Spain:

The porter led me to the rectoral cell and you could imagine the tender emotions I felt when I embraced F. Ceferino after two years of absence . . . Shortly after this I saw F. Rivas, former rector of the University of Manila, and also the old F. Fuixa, ex-rector of the same university. Then I saw the celebrated F. Moran, and F. Mateo, a student at the University of Santo Tomas and our friend who is now a professed Dominican . . . I occupied the room where Sr. Cuartero was billeted when he was consecrated as the Bishop of Jaro, and this led me to gentle remembrances of our old professor. (XLVII, par. 1)

His close connections with the Dominicans are further bolstered by the fact that everywhere he went where there was a Dominican mission, school or seminary such as that of Rosary Hill in Hong-kong, he made it a point to either visit or stay there. In Rome he stayed at the Dominican seminary of Minerva where the Pope celebrated mass during Holy Week each year. He was accompanied by the Father Prior of the seminary, visiting churches and museums, piazzas and ruins.

From his casual mention here and there of friends and acquaintances, we can assume that he came from a comfortably well-off social background, enough to precipitate him into the company of colonial bureaucrats and their relatives in Spain. This was quite an achievement for an *indio* of his time, considering that even the educated and wealthy natives were spurned by the Spaniards in the Philippines. At Valencia, Spain, he was es-

corted around town by a certain Comandante Felix, "hermano de que fue magistrado de Manila y muy conocido en esa capital," and a Don Jose Cano, "hermano de uno de los ayudantes de Capitan General de Filipinas" and a provincial deputy of Valencia. At Tolosa near San Sebastian, he was met by a Sr. Miramon, "magistrado que fue de Manila." He also knew a Sr. Quevedo, "Ministro Plenipotenciario en Manila." His passage across Europe was made easy by a host of ecclesiastical connections and the relatives of bureaucrats and ex-bureaucrats of the colonial government in Manila and he moved among them with ease. It is through these connections that he was granted an audience by the Duke of Madrid, Don Carlos VII and the ex-Queen Isabel II, who were both living in exile in Paris.

Since he was a cleric we may assume that he had a grounding in Christian learning, and in the Greek and Latin classics. What is unexpected, however, is the ease with which he makes allusions from them at the appropriate time. For instance when he visits the London underground, one of the engineering marvels of the time, he alludes rather appropriately to the caves of Vulcan:

There are steel railways underneath the city inside subterranean tunnels. We went on a train through one of these railways and it was indeed awesome to see these caverns that look like the mansions of Vulcan. Here you don't see the trains running – you perceive them only through their obscure rumble, the sparks that fly off from the burning coals in their engines and the light from their lamps. (XLII, par. 6)

He refers to the dancers on the French ship *Cambodge* as "hijos de *Terpsicore* en el suelo movedizo de los dominios de *Neptuno*." He recalls the migration of the Israelites upon seeing the coast of Aden. There are many instances in the book when objects, places and events elicit the most apt allusions from the classics or from Christian knowledge.

As we read further on, we begin to notice that Villafranca was also armed with knowledge of both the ancient and contemporary history of Europe so that what he observes is enriched by added information and becomes alive and memorable. When he reaches Biarritz on the Spanish-French border, he casually adds: "Biarritz, memorable tambien por la entrevista de Napoleon III con Isabel II." He was of course referring to the welcome extended by Napoleon III to the disgraced and dethroned Isabel II

on her way to her exile in Paris. In Rome, he would explain the origin and history of various landmarks:

The Forum of Nerva is now the monastery and church of St. Catherine of Sienna . . . in its convent can be found the tower of Nero, named thus because it is claimed rather dubiously that it is where Nero played his lyre while enjoying the sight of Rome burning. (XXVII, par. 12)

Here is another example:

The Roman Forum was the first piazza for popular gatherings in ancient pagan Rome. It was also named Campo Vacchino because prior to its being a piazza it was a cattle market.

About the parish church of the Dominicans on Monte Mario, Villafranca added a bit of contemporary history in his description:

Its parish priest was assassinated and robbed by the Garibaldinos in their invasion two years ago . . . .

Other places are viewed in the light of contemporary events:

At the piazza of St. Paul's one sees the barracks destroyed by a mine installed by the revolutionaries, killing more than twenty pontifical guards. The Castel Sant 'Angelo and another ward were also mined and robbed . . . . (XXVIII, par. 23)

It is in fact in his casual references to contemporary history that Villafranca gives away, although indirectly, his political leanings.

In his visits to the many landmarks of the cities of Europe, Villafranca shows an almost encyclopedic memory and a talent for remembering details, objects, incidents, coupled with a vividly descriptive eye. His account of an afternoon in a Roman piazza (see Appendix) is a classic: all the characters beloved of Fellini are there, come to life — dwarfs, jugglers, clerics, cripples, rustics, serious-looking Romans, etc. I have yet to come across an account written by any Philippine traveller, past or present, save perhaps Nick Joaquin's visit to Cuba, that could convey the pulse of life in the places visited with such vibrancy as Villafranca's. In him we have a traveller who not only possessed an observant but also an informed eye that beheld everything critically. Ignorance was a common trait among travel writers from the West who visited the colonies in the nineteenth century, so that their accounts were remarkable only for the prejudices they projected, such as the lamentable Mrs. Dauncey's narration of her stay in the Philip-

pires. What is extraordinary with Villafranca is that although he came from a relatively backward colony of a moribund colonial power, he was not over-awed by all the wealth and material progress he saw in Europe. Even if he confined himself mainly to the tourist belt of the countries in Europe, thus to their more picturesque and beautiful places adorned with the fruits of the industrial revolution, he never lost his keenly critical eye and even had intimations of the opposite to what he was seeing.

### VILLAFRANCA'S POLITICAL VIEWS

So far we have established the broad outline of the portrait of Villafranca. What about his political beliefs, his *Weltanschauung*? There is no systematic expression in his book of any ideology or politics. But we can gather enough evidence from the casual remarks he makes in the book to discern his leanings. Being a Catholic cleric, he was of course convinced of the truth and superiority of his religion. Ecumenism was a word that did not exist in the nineteenth century vocabulary, especially as religion was still very much a partner in the colonial consolidation effected by the contending Protestant and Catholic powers. He had a long and serious argument with some Protestant missionaries who were on their way to India when he shared a train compartment with them:

When I least expected, I found myself in the company of three Protestant ministers, all German, and one of them was the chief of the mission to Madras in India. He spoke to me in some passable Latin and he seemed to me quite informed. He spoke of his evangelical principles and tried to convince me that they were the same as ours. He told me of the propagation of the Bible as the only efficacious way of spreading the word of God and his love. His litany of errors opened up a discussion. I spoke to him of the necessity of a visible head of the church, the supremacy of the Pope, the sacrament of penance, and various other points of dogma which he could not accept, and which are not found in the Bible. . . .

The discussion became long and abrasive, prompting Villafranca to remark:

. . . They took notes during our discussion. As they are mercenaries, their salaries get augmented in proportion to the number of their conversions, or at least, for each polemic that they engage themselves in . . . . (LXIII, pars. 2 and 4)

We gather that he was an admirer of monarchy. In Paris, he visited Don Carlos VII, Duke of Madrid and the ex-Queen Isabel, both in exile:

I made my way one afternoon to the palace at Avenue de Roi de Rome. General Calonge and his son invited me to enter the reception room where I was received by the unfortunate Señora. She told me among other things that she never expected I would be presented to her in Paris, and that she was happy over the loyalty of the Philippines and approved my visit to the unfortunate mother country. (XLIV, par. 4)

In Rome he showed that he was not very fond of republicans, judging from his remarks. However, it must be considered that Rome was under the paternal government of the Pope and Villafranca, being a cleric would be loyal to the Pope. In Spain, however, his attitude toward republicans becomes ambiguous. There he encountered in nearly every city that he visited, overt clashes between republicans and monarchists, Carlistas and Isabelinos, socialists and communists against clerical forces, etc. In Sevilla he noticed:

There is news here that the house of the republican deputy, Sr. Rubio, was bombed and reduced to rubble. Who did it? Who were they? No one could say, and it is not very easy to guess. What is certain is that here, as well as in the whole of Spain, political agitation is widespread. Socialism and communism are rife in Andalucia but in the actual situation they lack sympathy. (LVII, par. 11)

In Valencia, he witnessed:

. . . an awesome republican demonstration in which 50 armed men took part in taking over the government ministry; the popularly elected mayor and the president of Congress, Sr. Rivero, arrived with troops and confronted the republicans. The risks were high, but they finally ended the conflict and dislodged the republicans from the building. (LVIII, par. 3)

He was nearly marooned in Barcelona:

Today, bills were posted all over the city notifying the public that under the orders of General Gazminde, the municipal body (*ayuntamiento*) was dissolved and a new one has been formed to replace it, one that is favorable to the revolution. Another news widespread in the city is that the railways between Tarragona and Zaragoza have been closed, the electric cables having been cut by the insurgents who were rejoicing in the countryside, and who intend to isolate Barcelona. Right now they only



have to close the railway to Gerona before we are completely isolated and sequestered. I must therefore leave before this happens. (LX, par. 15)

Spain was not only split by internal struggles between various political factions but she was also being torn apart by uprisings in her last remaining colonies. In Sevilla, Villafranca saw the sending of troops to Cuba:

I was on the street when troops of soldiers dressed in their travel uniforms passed by. They were on their way to Cuba to suppress the uprising there. They seemed quite happy and even joyful. An old lady in the crowd exclaimed in a voice filled with compassion: how young they are and how happy they go, the poor things, to the slaughter house! How much reason there is in her outburst, but no one at this moment would listen to the omen. (LVII, par. 5)

Villafranca was in Spain during one of her many convulsions, and the sight of the struggles made him reflect on the destiny of the country:

In this capital (Madrid) people do not live in peace. Political agitations never cease. When the Carlists quiet down, the republicans in their turn rise up, each day the agitation becoming worse, and frightening. The Isabelinos and Alfonsistas do not stop in advancing their own candidates to the throne. These elements that are varied and opposing one another cannot but produce a political labyrinth whose end all desire but could not see. Meanwhile, commerce and industry are paralysed and the emigration of wealthy families continues. Those who have invested money on enterprises pull them out, increasing the misery that is already there. God has not yet extended his hand to help poor Spain whose future seems to be getting more and more obscure.

At the cry of liberty, Havana or Cuba in her turn, stretches her might and at the risk of her own ruin, proclaims independence. So much blood and money it has cost Spain and will do so. And if at last Cuba escapes her as she fears, it will be without doubt the depths of her disgrace and with Havana she will lose a rich jewel on her crown. (LXII, par. 5)

Villafranca expresses deep sympathy for the plight of Spain as a whole, but not for a single political group. He shows a certain opposition to the revolution in Cuba and seems to view political struggles as futile. When he says of Cuba: "at the risk of her own ruin she proclaims independence," he could easily have been thinking of the Philippines. This is the lynch pin to his political beliefs, which links him directly to the following generation of *ilustrados*, those of the *Indios Bravos* and *La Solidaridad*. The core

of all the political demands of the ilustrados was to be integrated with "mother Spain" through representation in the *Cortes*. How then should we view Villafranca? How to relate him to the writers and thinkers of the second half of the nineteenth century in the Philippines? Quite simply this: he pre-figures the next generation who would come into prominence for their reformist agitations. He possessed a knowledge about the world outside the Philippines that was far beyond what could be derived from colonial education. He had a keenly critical faculty that enabled him to winnow what was progressive from the backward amongst the things he saw in Europe. He was acutely inquisitive and enthusiastically appreciative of the material and social advances being made in Europe. He desired the same things for the Philippines, reflecting the goal of the nascent bourgeoisie in the country. He expressed this succinctly in his summary:

How much Manila would gain if she were part of the vital lines of communication linking China with India, Egypt with Europe, Europe with America, America with the islands of the Pacific, Japan and China, or at least have a rapid means of communication with all the other points in the Pacific. There is much she would gain in material as well as social advancement in that she would be able to observe with her own eyes, compare herself with, emulate and even aim to reach the same level or at least the closest possible level of, the most advanced nations.

#### CHALLENGES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

Although the main international sea routes had been charted by the middle of the nineteenth century and ships were plying them at regular intervals, foreign travel was still at best an inconvenient enterprise and oftentimes hazardous. While it is true that there was an extraordinary movement of people going to and from Asia and Europe, the majority of these were soldiers sent to pacify newly occupied lands or to consolidate territorial gains, clerics in large numbers raring to plant the various seeds of Christianity in the colonies,<sup>1</sup> businessmen and employees of European com-

1. At the port of Aden, Villafranca saw "this very afternoon, a lovely ship of the *Mensagerias Imperiales* arrived and among those who disembarked were 13 missionaries who were bound for our own Filipinas" (XII, par. 3). Aboard the *Mooltan*, among Villafranca's companions enroute to Europe were "the Protestant bishop of Colombo with his wife and daughter. He was retiring back to England. There was also an Irish Catholic priest from the English colonies in Australia who said he was going to visit Rome"

panies in Asia, and government officials assuming their posts in the colonies.<sup>2</sup> There were a few who travelled for adventure and research and who subsequently put their discoveries in the service of science. Those who travelled for pleasure were few and consisted mainly of wealthy people and some who, like Villafranca, were lucky enough to have some means to travel.<sup>3</sup>

Those who had the courage to travel soon discovered that the pleasure of travelling on a ship was frequently canceled by myriad inconveniences.

To start with, one did not travel on one ship throughout. On the way to Europe Villafranca had to change ships five times.

Manila to Hongkong: 5.2.69/7.2.69: *Marques de la Victoria*

Hongkong to Pont de Gal: 11.2.69/24.2.69: *Orissa* (P&O)

Pont de Gal to Suez: 28.2.69/12.3.69: *Mooltan*

Alexandria to Malta: 13.3.69/19.3.69: *Poonah*

Malta to Naples: 21.3.69/23.3.69: *Marsala* (Italian).

The discomforts of travelling by ship were many and varied. If one did not have enough means, one travelled second or third class and this meant cramped quarters:

We were 180 passengers altogether . . . there was some kind of confusion as there were not enough cabins for all. The officers had to abandon and cede their own rooms to accommodate passengers . . . I took one of those pavillions on deck which has the advantage of having as cover a kind of temple roof and not suffering the heat that those below suffer . . . (X, par.) The meagerness of food is notable in the second class, and the passengers have only one waiter. Their cabins, moreover were uncomfortable because their beds were placed closely side by side and as a consequence very little air circulated within. (XII, par.)

(X, par. 7). On board the *Poonah* at Alexandria, Villafranca met: "the Archbishop of Goa with his secretary and a German prince who was travelling incognito. The Archbishop, who is Catholic, is retiring back to Lisbon due to illness, having been worn out with the immense task of governing all the Portuguese and Catholic dioceses of India singlehanded, because the sees were left vacant as the Portuguese government could not provide the prelates for them" (XV, par. 15). On his return East at Suez, Villafranca met three Protestant ministers, all German, one of whom was the head of the mission for Madras in India (LXIII, par. 2).

2. "Amongst those who came aboard with me were the Plenipotentiary of Spain to China, the ex-Fiscal, Señor Marques de Campo Santo and a nephew of the actual Minister of State in France, all of them quite well known and friendly, especially the first one." Aboard the *Marques de la Victoria* enroute to Hongkong (I, par. 10).

3. Aboard the *Mooltan*, Villafranca saw "the señor Rajah or King of the interior of Hindustan, with numerous servants. He came from Calcutta and was taking his two

Passengers of the second class soon learned ingenious ways of survival as Villafranca observes:

The calmness of the sea and an agreeable temperature have returned and given fresh hopes to the passengers of the second class to abandon their caves, as they themselves call their deep berths, and surface to the deck to pass the night, as is their custom. This needs some kind of ingenuity: they have to find commodious armchairs with blankets to sleep on until the break of day. One evening, it happened that the armchair where one of my companions normally slept was occupied by an Englishman from the first class who came here to have some fresh air and fell asleep. My companion, already drowsy with sleep, got impatient waiting for the Englishman to wake up. He walked up towards the armchair, gave it a kick and pretended he tripped over it, waking up the Englishman with a jolt, who shortly afterwards left for his berth to complete his sleep, leaving our astute friend in the possession of the armchair, singing praises of his own victory as a warning to others. (XII, par. 6)

Food was another problem. Coming from a country where food is naturally varied, Villafranca complains about the food served on English ships:

The English fare is frugal; the greater portions of food served are vegetables and greens; very little meat is served and there is hardly any fish. Moreover their food, when spiced, is too strongly spiced. They serve beer and brandy. The desserts are mainly pastries; after bread and cheese, they serve fruits with a portion of sweetmeats consisting of raisins, almonds and hazelnuts. Food is served with so much ceremony, etiquette and care, as though it was a grand occasion. In truth, Spanish food is so much more tasty and preferable in all senses. (IV, par. 6)

As the ships were not as stable as modern ships, they were more susceptible to waves and ocean storms and this caused much seasickness among their passengers.

On the 8th day, a fresh wind which came from the prow blew, creating huge waves. Everyone felt seasick, especially the ladies. (XII, par.)

On his way back Villafranca's ship encountered a storm in the China sea:

sons to England to be educated there. One of the sons was hardly 14 years of age. He is one of those rajahs who have ceded their territories in India to the English; in return they are receiving a more or less considerable amount of compensation or pension which will diminish in time" (X, par. 4).

On the first day, I had hardly lifted my head, wanting to have a cup of chocolate on the table of my room, when my chair rocked to and fro, rolled and was thrown over the table and landed on my bed, swiping my cup of chocolate and a glass of water with it, pouring their contents over me. My companion, already suffering from seasickness was sleeping on the bed in front of mine. He was thrown off the bed and landed on the floor under the table. It was the third or fourth time he fell off the bed, but he was safe, and duly returned back to bed . . . Of my former companions, four of us occupied the captain's room which was quite capacious. For chairs from the corridors were converted into beds arranged in a semicircle. It seemed to me at times that we were in a hospital instead of a ship, thrown thither and hither, with our spittoons in our hands, including our animated captain who ordered the sails to be folded and laid on the floor. Our stomachs could hardly accept soup, let alone food even if we had had nothing. Besides, cups and plates could not remain still. All the pots and frying pans and stews flew out of the kitchen to have some fresh air on the deck . . . (LXX, par. 1 & 2)

Apart from seasickness, typhoons, etc., there was the inevitable sickness among the passengers and the occasional death:

One day, the youngest of the three Spanish sailors on the *Marques* had a fever . . . (V, par 5) [Villafranca himself fell ill:] The doctor on the ship noticed my cough one evening and gave me some medicaments which seemed to work. (VIII, par. 9)

On his way back to the Philippines Villafranca mentions a death on the ship:

On the 7th day we received the disturbing news that we had a cadaver on board. It was that of a French machinist who they say was bound for Cairo and who arrived on board already ill, add to that, he was always drunk. The night before the fatal hour he had convulsions upon which the doctor asked for help so that he could be brought up to the deck to have some fresh air, not suspecting that he was near death. Lying down on his bed and well covered, he was brought upstairs. The Dutch missionaries watched over him should he have anymore attacks, not knowing to our surprise that he was already dead. (LXII, par. 4)

#### FIGHTING BOREDOM

One of the main curses of a long journey by ship was boredom. As an antidote to this the ship usually provided games:

There are different games on this ship including various types of card

games like *Tuno*, *tabla del burro*, and *juegos de naipes*, as well as chess. There is also a swing where for two days the girls sat. It so happened that one of these girls fell on the floor, and felled, with the tips of her feet, two Dutchmen who were passing below just when there occurred a descending ondulation. She turned pale because one of the Dutchmen shouted at her. On the third day an American wanted to put his daughter on the swing, at which point he was opposed by one of the Dutchmen who did not want to be disturbed by its movement. In his ire, the American took a flick knife and cut the swing off, thus was his mission on board ended. (LXIV, par. 7)

The passengers also devised their own entertainments. Aboard the *Cambodge* on the Red Sea, the passengers held a ball:

Since the 11th night one felt a mounting heat that was almost suffocating, and it was precisely on one of these nights that the officers of the ship organised a dance. The French character is quick to act on such diversions, and they immediately arranged chairs and seats here and there, hung lights and lanterns on the awnings converting the covered poop of the ship into a salon for dancing. Fortunately for the occasion there was on board a company of young and poor Italians who with their harps and violins and a beautiful little organ were making their way to India to seek their fortune. They brought their instruments to the dance and with the sound of their musical instruments the dance commenced. But to dance on this sea one had to do a delicate balancing act. One of the sons of Terpsicore fell on the floor with his partner, followed by another pair. Poor creatures suffering the consequences of taking Terpsicore to this mobile floor of the domains of Neptune! The dance however continued to the satisfaction of the dancers and music continued until eleven o'clock. (LXIV, par. 3)

Outside such group activities, there was plenty of scope to amuse oneself. Villafranca sometimes found diversion by just watching with his wry sense of humour the foibles of people such as we have already seen and in the following, which we shall quote in Spanish as the humour is quite untranslatable:

Se siente mas calor . . . Un joven Ingles, contratista de hielo en estos puntos, se me acerca, y enterado de que soy de Manila, me dice que estuvo en ella seis semanas, y que ha vivido por Nactajan, con uno de la casa de Sturgis: que sabia un poco el castellano, y en prueba de ello dijo: 'Usted esta compromevida conmigo; Usted baila divinamente; tiene usted bonitos ojos.' Con lo cual me dejo estupefacto! (V, par. 10)

Villafranca also amused himself by observing the various costumes of people on the ship:

The reunions on the prow continued to be animated and diverting. It is curious to see here in the afternoons a collection of diverse costumes; the children of the Indian rajah, although dark brown skinned often appeared dressed in a species of long jackets of white cloth or violet, trousers made of scarlet silk, embroidered with threads of gold and silver, clad in shoes made of embroidered cloth, and a hat imitating the Scot's, also embroidered with gold, although with very little taste. The Protestant Bishop is dressed in a frock, a closed waistcoat, and well pressed trousers, all in black. The English with their different hats some of which were extravagantly decorated, the English ladies with their waistbands and vertical ribbons, and a small hat perched against the front, which they carry with no certain amount of grace. The Moslems with their turbans and shirts tightly held to the body by a belt . . . (XI, par. 5)

And of course there was always nature:

In the afternoons . . . the position of the sun often gave us sublime impressions: one could see Phoebus as he throws over a magnificent and wide bed of glittering gold — the enchantment that such moments offer at the sight of his rays could serve as a model for making beautiful paintings.

Moonlit nights in their turn offer an enchanting chapter. If the moon is new and you catch it at the moment of its rising and one of its horns is hidden by the coast or an island, the other side is a phenomenon of a brilliantly luminous hook. And if the moon is full and you see it rising at the edge of the seas, you could confuse it with a great lamp, solid and red or an enormous aerostatic globe of artificial light thrown into space and floating there. And how many times have we fallen into the enchantment of the beauty of Venus . . .

The tracks that the ship leaves on the skin of the sea become phosphorescent the harvest of fishes that play and jump on the surface become incandescent, their luminosity corresponding to their length and density. Such are some of the scenes that make this long and arduous journey pleasant. (LXIV, par. 14-16)

And there were bonuses such as:

. . . birds perched on the mast on the ship while it is anchored because afterwards they would no longer see land because the ship would have moved far. One morning I had for company a swallow that got trapped in my cabin. It was one of the many that fly from Europe to Africa at the onset of winter and having entered my cabin yesterday afternoon through my door, stayed to rest and spend the night with me. (LXIV, par. 8)

When one reached land, travelling was made easier by different

means of transport. Locomotives by this time had not only criss-crossed Europe but the greater part of the world. However, there were still hazards which our traveller to Europe discovered, as at Aden when he accompanied an Irish priest to deliver a letter to a nun in a convent:

We hired a calesa for 3 rupees or a peso and told the driver to take us to the convent of the French religious. We started our journey on tortuous roads at the foot of sharply inclined rocks. There were not a few merchants including Arabs, Persians and blacks coming and going with their camels and mules loaded with merchandise, mounted by black assistants or guided by them. An electric telegraph line followed the direction of the street and after a number of ups and downs we arrived at the gate of a Castle erected on top of a rock. We entered a wide gate opened on the same rock with a bridge above, and arrived in the town which is not big. All the houses were made of stone and nearly all were low and could be said to be no more than halls divided into rooms . . . . At last our calesa stopped. And what a surprise it was for us: we were delivered into a brothel full of black prostitutes who started a pandemonium upon beholding us — but their rejoicing was shortlived as we ran as fast as we could ordering our rogue of a driver to hurry away and take us to the sacred convent . . . . (XI, pars. 9 & 10)

However, after a long voyage at sea with all its inconveniences and discomforts, one was no longer jolted quite so rudely by such incidents, and having reached land, one felt almost like a veteran. The ultimate reward of travelling however is finally given only to him who can go beyond the actual physical act of travelling and look deeper so that he can cull from this experience knowledge that he can share with others and even pass on to future generations. That is Villafranca's contribution.



## EXCERPTS FROM VILAFRANCA'S JOURNEY FROM THE PHILIPPINES TO EUROPE

### A. PROLOGUE

Dear Brothers: in writing to you I propose to include not only my stops and the situations I found myself in but also all that occurred to me, my observations during my travels, and all that I saw and admired in the countries I visited. You will see that I shall dwell on the smallest details, whenever possible, to make you understand how life goes on with the march of these times, the cost of travelling by sea to far-off places and staying for some time in the countries that are not so well known, as well as in those that are more civilised, the description of the beauty and grandeur of these countries, the advantages and disadvantages of their climate, the march of human progress, the extent of the development of human forces and the things in which these forces have been happily employed.

These relations and descriptions will take some work. But in return, I will have the satisfaction of knowing that the events and things that I have seen, admired and experienced will be consigned, with much more security, to this book than to the fragile pages of memory. And they may perhaps become useful sometime to our countrymen who, from our little corner of the globe wish to know about the world, and who would without doubt, congratulate me if I would unfold even briefly everything that occurred to me in my travels, which is contained here within these rough pages.

### B. THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION

XXII Rome 7th April 1869

. . . Annually the Pope celebrates the feast of the Annunciation here at the Dominican church of Sta. Maria sopra la Minerva which is named thus because it was erected over the ruins of the palace of the pagan Minerva.

The church is well disposed for these functions, being one of the most notable churches in Rome. Troops formed along the streets hung with lovely buntings where the procession would pass. These streets are covered with yellow sand gathered from Monte Aureo, now named Montorio. Vast numbers of people overflowed into all the avenues and pavements, especially into the Plaza of Minerva in whose center one sees a small obelisk on top of an elephant. The luxurious coaches of the military chiefs, the senators, the prelates and their excellencies, the Cardinals, arrived successively. The Cardinals were dressed in purple and each one, moreover, apart from his liveries had with him on his magnificently gilded coach an ecclesiastic who assisted him (*capellan caudatorio*), a page of cape and sword who bore the scarlet cap in his hand, and another page who was always the first to come down the

steps of the coach. The prelates also arrived with escorts, but were less ostentatious in their coaches and liveries. From afar one could distinguish them by the violet color of the plumes on their horses, and by the absence of a processional canopy. Some Cardinals arrived in their resplendent coaches with the coat of arms of their nobility and three of these being princes had an extra coach each. They were their excellencies, the Cardinals Antonelli, Bonaparte and Hohenlohe.

There was an anxious time of waiting because the Pontifical and Regal retinue from the Vatican encountered obstructions on the way, that is, the vast crowds cheering the Pope at all his stops, waving their kerchiefs and throwing flowers from their windows and balconies slowed down his progress. Just before ten o'clock, the coach of the Papal sacristan entered the piazza, and a few moments afterwards, at the sound of music from the bands and the voices of the officers giving orders to present arms, the standard bearer came on horseback, followed by lancers, and at a distance from them came the pontifical household staff. Then the cross-bearer, mounted on a white horse beautifully caparisoned, came with his corresponding escort. At a certain distance still came the brilliant coach of His Holiness, the Pope, surrounded by Noble Guards and pulled by six white horses beautifully caparisoned and held by young men (*zagales*) in white wigs, as is the ancient custom. When the Papal Party arrived, everyone knelt down and cheered at the same time, their cheering following the blessings that His Holiness showered on the crowds with such sweetness and sympathy, and everyone seemed to overflow with joy in seeing this Vicar of Christ on earth honored accordingly.

The facade of the Minerva was completely covered by a huge wooden framework which perfectly decorated the design of its new facade. This framework is scheduled for the general illumination on the 12th — for this reason, His Holiness made his way towards the convent, all of whose cloisters were hung with tapestries. From the sacristy, His Holiness and all the Cardinals moved in procession towards the church and after a brief prayer to the Holy Sacrament at the chapel of Santo Domingo, the Pope sat on the sedan with his cape and tiara and was borne on the shoulders of 12 bearers along the lateral nave, turning around towards the principal nave up to the presbytery, where he sat on his throne. Cardinal de Silvestri, assisted by canons, officiated at the altar behind his Holiness, and the pontifical choir once again exhibited its indisputable mastery in singing the sacred canticles without the accompaniment of any instrument. Before the elevation of the host, His Holiness was conducted to the center of the presbytery to kneel on a pew together with all the assisting prelates who were arranged in two rows on the sides, staying in this position until the end of the service. Music from the band accompanied the act of Elevation. Thus the mass was concluded with all Pontifical pomp, and after this four deputies of the Archicofradia del Santísimo Rosario, followed by twelve young maidens dressed in white came

towards the throne of His Holiness. These young maidens were to receive the dowries promised to them by the Archicofradia, and after kissing the feet of His Holiness, each one received her dowry of ₱100 more or less; the deputies also passed a plate to their Eminences, the Cardinals, who in their turn gave three or more pesos as gifts.

Thus this solemn and beneficial function was finished, and in his return to the sacristy, His Holiness stopped for the kissing of the feet, for that is how one pays homage to the Vicar of Christ. During this exercise the Father Prior took my hand and led me towards His Holiness. When we were nearing him, His Holiness displayed a certain anxiety to find out who I was. The Father Prior told him I was a prebend from Manila, at which information he shared opportune remembrances of the Philippine Islands and while we kissed his feet, he mentioned that the Bishop of Nueva Caceres would be here for the centenary of St. Peter, to which the Father Prior replied that I was his disciple, adding that the Bishop would not arrive for the Council. We withdrew to give way to the others who wanted to have a word with his Holiness, but our short conversation with the Pope attracted the attention of this respectable assembly. From the time he dismounted from his carriage at his arrival, I noted that Filipino features aroused his curiosity because he looked twice towards the small viewing window where the Father Prior and I were looking out. Now, thanks to God, a native of the Philippines will no longer be something strange to him. Since Sicily I have noticed that the Filipino type is completely unknown in Italy.

Before his return to the Vatican His Holiness mounted his coach quickly and graciously acknowledged the enthusiastic ovation of the immense crowds who threw flowers and cheered thunderously: Long live the Pontiff! Long live the king! Long live Pius IX! And this cheering continued in all the streets as he progressed back towards the Vatican.

### C. THE PIAZZA DE SENA

XXXI Rome 13th May 1869

The orphans in the streets call one's attention. They always walk around in long white robes and they usually do the task of burying dead infants, carrying the coffins themselves and intoning prayers as they walk in procession.

In order to observe the variety of the religious communities there are in Rome, one only has to take an afternoon walk. Because Rome has this heavy, humid and oppressive atmosphere, doctors advise a lot of walking and exercise. Thus you see in the streets religious of all classes, those that are not in cloister, communities from various colleges with their different soutanes of scarlet, purple, black, or those that have purple sashes or red hems etc., and

sometimes one sees children dressed in long frocks with caps of long and pointed tops.

For these walks Rome has not only its numerous streets and piazzas but also villas and town houses with gardens, of which there are plenty here, and which belong to the powerful princes or wealthy owners. . . .

The spacious Piazza de Sena is used for presenting gymnastic spectacles, pole climbing and various other games. On the ninth day of this month an American named Vells made his aerial ascent from this piazza. It was 5:15 when he started to release into the air nine preliminary balloons, two of which descended prematurely and the other two burnt out after moving southeastwards. They became blobs of red and black on the horizon. After a short interval, he released above our heads a rubber balloon inflated with gas which, thank God, lifted up easily. This enormous globe is called the Coliseo and it was this balloon that carried Vells in his ascent. He was in a basket suspended from the balloon, doing his maneuvers. He promised to ascend upwards up to 3,000 feet. He passed the tops of the trees, then released the announced doll with a parachute, but no sooner had he done this when he himself and his great globe started coming down, falling somewhere not far from the piazza without even reaching a height of 300 feet. There was a great roar of disapproval from the crowd who ran to surround him, especially those who paid for tickets for seats and special viewing boxes and who felt cheated by it all.

People say that last year an American girl attempted the same ascent and she went so high up she was nearly lost to sight.

Rome has six theaters, the principal one being the Apolo, although this one does not have the splendid facade that the more modern theaters have. There are also smaller popular theaters where the people from the poor and lower classes go to amuse themselves.

In the streets one sees magicians, cardsharks, jugglers, street singers with hand organs and demagogues surrounded by their choirs of poor admirers.

There is no shortage here of dwarfs, cripples and hunchbacks whom one frequently encounters in the streets. But they very rarely bother anyone, always keeping a discreet distance and an admirable composure. If they see you are a stranger with an obviously foreign face, they look at you with polite curiosity and if they speak to you they speak courteously.

The peasants and countryfolk are dressed in their varied and graceful clothes of many contrasting and lively colors, with scarves folded doubly over the head. The Roman ladies dress with severe elegance while the young Roman men comport themselves with an agreeable circumspection, guarding a lot of urbanity.

I find falsehood in the saying: *Roma veduta, fide perduta*. Rome is not fanatical, but neither is it unreligious nor is it a victim of religious indifference. It is, one might say, in the middle of extremes, and enjoys a liberty,

properly said, a rational liberty that is both well intentioned and comprehended, leaving everyone contented and happy under the paternal government of the Pope.

If there is one criticism one could make, it is in its policy of public hygiene, specially in the cleaning of the streets. One sees vegetable stalls and markets everywhere, and clotheslines on which the laundry is hung to dry in the sun, are in every window. But this unsanitariness could easily be explained by the fact that there are large numbers of foreigners and tourists constantly moving about in Rome, and it is nearly impossible to clean the streets because of the continuous passage of animals and carriages. No sooner is a street cleaned than it is once more befouled by the numerous mules and buffaloes that look very much like our carabaos in Manila, goats and cows which are situated at various points to provide fresh milk for the inhabitants of the city. These animals are provided places just outside the markets, thus shortening the distance for the procurement of milk for the people. However, these places are close to one another, hence the impossibility of maintaining cleanliness. Again within the houses, the space where one could do the laundry is taken over by these animals; that is why the windows are used for drying clothes. And although this is prohibited, the government is extremely paternal and closes its eyes to this and other minor infringements of law.

#### D. PARIS

XXXVIII Paris 30th May 1869

In the company of Fr. Esteves I toured this city quite thoroughly. While it does not have the monumental grandness of Rome, it is, in its turn, more pulchritudinous and magnificent and also has its marvels. Within a circumference of nine French leagues it contains an infinity of streets, avenues, and boulevards or spacious streets that are long and well lined with pavements made of stone like those of Rome, except that the narrow streets' centers are made of concrete while some zones are asphalted. The present emperor gave Paris its new visage with its formation of boulevards which does not mean bulwarks (*boulevard/baluarte*) but the most principal streets, adorned with lovely trees on either side of the wide pavements whose creation meant the destruction of many good buildings — but the owners were more than handsomely indemnified. In order to preserve the level of certain spaces in some areas, the centers designated as streets were dug out, forming elevated pavements on either side with iron railings. On them are to be found beautiful, tall and harmoniously uniform looking buildings, galleries, kiosks and small columns that serve as drinking fountains. Its piazzas are also very spacious, the principal one being the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by eight allegorical statues representing the principal cities of France. In its center stands an obelisk erected by Louis Philippe on whose base one sees allegories in gilt. It was on this site, they say, that Louis XVI was decapita-

ted. On either side of the obelisks are two lovely fountains. To the right of the Concorde one comes to the Madeleine. The plaza extends up to the Champs Elysees at whose entrance are two equestrian statues. To the left is the Jardins des Tuileries on the bottom end of which stands the palace of the same name where the emperor resides. The entrance to this garden is guarded by two other equestrian statues on bulwarks that descend toward the interior in two semi-circular ramps, one of which leads up to the garden reserved for the prince. The parapets of this elevated garden are decorated with statues on either side. Past the entrance one encounters an octagonal tank with a small fountain in the middle surrounded with allegorical and monumental statues. In this tank in which one sees multicolored fish, I saw one afternoon a small propeller-driven boat, hardly two palms in length, surge up, letting out smoke that smelt of wine spirits. The Tuileries extends into an immense tree-shaded walk that seems like a well-cleared forest with plenty of adornments, interrupted here and there by small gardens and reserves which are adorned in their turn with statues and small pools. In some parts of these woods music is played in the afternoons for the people who congregate and tarry here and occupy the seats provided for only two sous.

The Palace of the Tuileries crowns this landscape, ostentatiously magnificent with its three towers, one in the centre and two on either side. It is two storeys high and embellished with Corinthian pillasters and tasteful balconies. Turkish soldiers of the Argelle guard this palace. An extension of this palace continues up to the flanks of the Louvre Palace which is more beautiful still. An immense plaza across which people have to walk in order to get from one side of the Palace to another is in the center and in the very middle of this plaza is a grandiose triumphal arch. The Louvre has inside it galleries formed by superb Corinthian columns, whose cornices are adorned with statues of celebrated men. It has two storeys like the Tuileries and is designated as a museum of fine arts. In the two storeys there are countless rooms and salons of busts, of sarcophagi, colossal statues and the deformities of the VIII century, antique inscriptions and various statues and objects from ancient Egypt. On the second floor one finds the magnificent room of Apollo where stucco and gilt abound together with various paintings of kings, emperors and celebrated people. There are also numerous display cabinets containing precious antique jewellery, utensils and various other objects — the cabinets in the center of the room contain some of the most exquisite art objects. A continuation of this salon is devoted to 12 or more departments and rooms devoted to painting amongst the most excellent of which one could write volumes. To be found here is the Purísima Concepcion of Murillo which, according to some, cost the government more than 600,000 francs; the Pojoso, the Nacimiento del Nino Dios, San Francisco en Extasis, and other paintings also of Murillo are also here, as well as paintings by Cagliari, Titian, Perugino, Rafael, Poussin, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens who

sometimes idolises license, Da Vinci, Gericault, etc. In these rooms painters of both sexes come to copy the masterpieces . . .

Let us now go to the Champs Elysees which is extensive and endowed with delightful tree-shaded walks and lovely promenades, where one encounters a world of people passing their time in many distractions and amusements. To the right there are various circular constructions where children ride on little wooden cars and horses suspended on a big wheel that turns round and round, and where at certain heights, rings are hung so that they could take them with the point of a sword to the extraordinary delight of our little riders. There are also miniature theatres where puppets perform, a male and a female puppet having a lively chat, but suddenly they metamorphose, he into a horse and she into a car and they both go, running away, pulled by him perfectly. One also finds big and elegant cafes where in the evenings concerts are held, accompanied with little comic plays and mimes of various types, and in which the spectators sit down without having to pay any more than the cost of beer or coffee which they offer at a good price. These concerts serve as a school for male and female singers who have aspirations to sing in theatres. Here one also encounters the empress' circus which holds equestrian functions almost every night. On this side of the Champs Elysees itself, one sees in certain parts that there are apparatus with benches for those who want to sit, according to one's weight, assuming one pays; thus everything is provided for. Apart from the drinking fountains, there are also cabinets divided into two well kept and clean divisions for men and women who wish to answer the call of nature. The great palace of the Elysee also rises on this side.

To the left one sees the magnificent Palace of Industry, where The Exposition of '55 was held, divided into many salons and departments, with arches made of iron and covered with crystal above. Here there is a museum of photographs of various types and dimensions, some as big as the height of a man; excellent stereoscopes and a camera obscura of photographic projections. By means of a lantern, photographic vistas are presented as though on canvas including those taken of the last total eclipse of the sun. Individual exhibitions are also held here. Further along is a circular edifice covered in crystal which has the shape of half an orange and within which one can admire a grandiose panorama of the bloody battle of Solferino. In the middle is a great promontory of earth on whose side are scattered bullets, fragments of canons, fusils and clothing revealing a massacre. A gallery forms its center and here the spectators find themselves, and from here they view all around them a battle camp without any limit, under the sky that forms its horizon. Here you see the Austrians and French engaged in battle, advancing cavalries, batteries being maneuvered and a fiery explosion of powder in the Austrian batteries. Here Napoleon is shown in his best state, and between them the doctor whose horse lies wounded; here one sees the town of Solferino,

the mountain of the same name which the Austrians occupied and retreated from when this panorama was executed.

These Champs Elysees are moreover adorned with gardens and fountains and of these the six from the extreme to the center are the most delightful and attractive. An immense affluence of people constantly animates these Champs whose center is always jammed with cars usually in the afternoons when they drive to the boundaries four by four in a row. It is said that in this capital there are approximately 10,000 carriages of various sorts and 300,000 horses.

The triumphal arch of the Etoiles stands at the end of this Champs Elysees, parted only in the middle by a small trajectory on whose side one sees the Palace of Queen Cristina. This monumental arch is immense and adorned with colossal statues and inscriptions narrating the battles made and won by Napoleon I. A staircase inside the arch leads one to the upper part of the arch where one discovers the panorama of Paris. It is named the Etoile because it occupies the center of a big circular plaza from whose circumference radiates twelve boulevards forming a star. These boulevards are adorned with four rows of trees, and one of these boulevards is called Avenue de Roi de Rome, where the magnificent, albeit small, palace of Queen Isabel II, ex-queen of Spain stands.

The arch is face to face with the Palace of the Tuileries which is divided on the other extreme by a lovely walk, half of whose distance being not far from a French league.

We now go back to the Concorde. If one likened it to the two arms of the cross, one arm would pertain to the parish of Madeleine on one side, and the other, past the bridge, to the Legislative Corps or the Chamber of Deputies. These two edifices are very much alike, but magnificent with beautiful colonnades of the Corinthian order that form their vestibules, crowned, one and the other, with a tympanum in whose center are groups of statues in high relief. The Chamber of Deputies has, moreover, six statues at the foot of its staircase which have been remade and replaced.

On its side rises the magnificent building of the Ministry of State for External Trade, and further along, behind it, one discovers the vast and beautiful Palais des Invalides, erected by Ludovic the Great, where soldiers invalided by war recuperate. There are canons and a garden at the entrance. In its upper patio one sees a frontispiece whose superior niche is occupied by a statue of Napoleon I; and contiguous to this is a chapel where banners and pennants captured in battle are kept. Its transept and superb elevated cupola are presently separated from it because it is designed for the sepulcher of Napoleon I whose remains are contained in a magnificent sarcophagus of porphyry located at a low and circular site in front of the same cupola, and surrounded by columns and flags arranged in the form of a trophy. The site of the sepulcher is well decorated and one is conducted to it by a staircase



from the presbytery. Its major altar is formed by four big and twisted columns of marble from Siberia with cornices of gilded bronze on top of a base of choice marbles. A great crucifix of bronze occupies the center. Various chapels are to be seen distributed in this church, all adorned with monuments and mausoleums one of which is the sumptuous one of Joseph Bonaparte which is made of exquisite marbles. Here the tourists and foreigners are allowed to enter daily except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

I have mentioned one bridge amongst others which is the widest and most solid in construction, over the Seine, the river which passes alongside the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees and is the principal river of Paris. Along it one sees baths well constructed, commodious and roomy; washplaces where a great number of women congregate to wash various clothing, each one in its proper department; boats coming and going, conducting people from one part to another, and a morgue or small edifice where cadavers are deposited and collected, cadavers which are usually fished out of this perilous river. Further down the Seine, the river divides in two, forming two islands in its center that are well built upon and populated.

Towards the Madeleine, forming the side of the Concorde, is the sumptuous edifice of the Marine Ministry which is adorned with arches and Corinthian columns. There is another edifice identical to it, which has been partitioned and sold to private owners on the condition that they would not alter its exterior architecture.

The houses of Paris are beautiful and tall, having five to seven storeys including the attic which, constructed with an incline from the center and covered with zinc or slate, give a singularly striking aspect indeed. Their balconies with railings or iron grills are always well crafted and beautiful and the decorations of the facades are of fine craftsmanship. Ash or greyish color dominates in all the buildings. The chimneys of the rooms found on top of the roofs in the form of breastwork with longish tubes sticking out are the only parts that could probably lessen the beauty of these buildings because they look like pipes of an immense organ and are quite disconcerting to look at. As a consequence of this, the more modern buildings are now constructed with shorter chimneys with pipes hardly emerging from the breastwork. These chimneys are unknown to the houses in Manila because we don't have the cold which necessitates them to heat their houses over here. One inconvenience in these houses is that because of their height, in order to find somebody, one has to know four things, the *rue*, the avenue or boulevard where the house is located, the number of the house, the number of the floor counting or not counting the mezzanines, the number of the room or rooms he or she is occupying. It is also necessary to have extra powerful lungs in order to ascend the long spiralling staircases at the pain of collapsing on one of the potted plants on the seats provided for those who tire during this semi-aerostatic ascent.

In the boulevards where shops and other selling establishments abound, there are also numerous subterranean floors or basements that serve as bodegas or caves; and one espies from the sidewalk, through the lattices covered with crystal through which they receive light and air, that in some cases these underground floors are used as kitchens.

The showrooms in all the first class shops are spacious, elegant, well decorated and provided for; in some of them one sees jewels including diamonds of immense value. A pocketwatch which I saw was distinguished from the rest because it was made of rock crystal and the inscription says that it cost the author thirty years of work. The passages are many and almost all covered in glass.

The restaurants and cafes are also worth mentioning because they are so presentable that one could not ask for more. One restaurant which I saw served dinner daily to approximately 2000 people. Apart from its numerous tables with marble tops on the ground floor, it also has more eating galleries above: luxury lamps, cabinets everywhere and other decorations make this place pleasant and beautiful. The kitchen in the center, serves on both sides by six very clean and well ordered stoves. One does not see any smoke, nor stains on the pots and other utensils. Apparatus is provided for cleaning them so that service is also faster. The waiters are dressed decently although without aprons like those in Rome cafes; they are fast and they serve the customers in a friendly manner. At the entrance one is handed a menu of what they are serving with the fixed price which is reasonable and a list of drinks available. It is advisable to choose immediately what you like as soon as one has looked at the menu. At the exit there are two tables on both sides, where lady cashiers collect the payment, listing down what has been consumed. All these establishments are lighted at night by gas lamps which during the day one sees in many capricious forms and which also serve as public lights.

So much contributes to the general cleanliness of Paris, its good and spacious bridges where one can cross with ease and comfort. There is the canal of St. Martin which passes under the city up to the Place de la Bastille from where it disgorge into the Seine — here embarcations from many ports enter and leave.

#### E. SUMMARY

I have concluded my voyage and have gained the satisfaction of relating that the facility, security, speed and regularity with which one makes these voyages by sea or land are not only inviting but merit the difficulties that one has to go through in order to effect them. And having undertaken mine with certainty, I found it important as well as diverting. Who does not at least wish to know the greater part of the seas and regions that form the

surface of our globe? The diversity of the countries, their climates, vegetations and even skies, and the different races of man with their habits and customs — all these multiply as one travels continuously and the varying impressions and observations multiply with the objects one sees which are worthy of reflection. Time and money must not be wasted but must be employed gainfully in useful excursions.

I shall pass over China with its rarities, Indonesia with its French modification, India with its resources, Arabia and Egypt with all their biblical and historical memories, and I shall concentrate alone on three capitals of Europe. How many more things cannot one seem to admire and study? I shall speak of Rome, Paris and London which compete justly for fame, each in its own sphere.

Since touching at Malta, that records its glorious history, and while passing through Sicily and Naples, advantageously gifted by art and natural beauty, the impressions one gathers are more and more augmented. What emotions are awakened when one finds oneself at the foot of two of the most formidable and famous volcanos in the world, the Etna and Vesuvius, with the panorama and amazing beauty of the Bay of Naples and the enchanting perspective of the town from the walls up to the horizon!

Without doubt these impressions pale when one arrives at the capital of the Catholic Orb, at Rome, so famous in antiquity as well as in modern times. It is not certain whether it is the beauty of the town which calls the attention, because being so ancient and built upon seven hills, much of its merit is lost due to its unequal and narrow streets, in spite of the magnificence of the greater part of its built-in sites; but the cumulus of monuments, now pagan, now Christian, rival one another in their glorious, or as the case may be, sad memories, in grandness, richness and artistic merit. Whoever wishes to be inspired by beauty, by the heroic, by the sublime and the holy must dally here, and I am sure that if he comes with a sound heart he will be astounded and will reflect truly and deeply. With the Basilica of St. Peter alone and the Vatican Palace, one has enough to inspire one completely.

The pass at Mont Cenis, at a proper time, offers with its majestic panorama one of the most important pages of nature, and also presents a proof of the powerful advance of human ingenuity in these smokey vehicles, which, with the force of steam, not only scale the mountains, piercing them and dragging along enormous masses, but also ascend the heights, climbing them until they reach the realms of clouds.

Having seen Rome, the attention is called by other principal cities of Italy, and by the beauty of their towns which being more modern, are endowed with wider streets, better lined with paving stones which no doubt enhance the gracefulness and architectonic perfection of their edifices.

On the other side of the Alps extends the green and dilated planes of a prosperous country in whose center one encounters the delightful capital

called Paris, where human ingenuity displays its power with an enchanting face. Here the sumptuousness and splendor in everything, in order to give man the most advantageous possibility of wellbeing in life, put into play all the resources of industry. The town is pulchritudinous and magnificent and much more extensive than Rome. It does not have the grand monuments of Rome, but its well adorned and tall edifices, constructed with uniformity; its streets, wide and carefully made; its lovely walks; the luxe, cleanliness and neatness bestowed on everything; its many spectacles more or less important, which multiply leisure and expansion in all areas; its varied and rich museums; its extensive gardens and interesting collection of live animals, give to this capital a fascinating aspect, no less magnificent, revealing its refined and rare culture and civilization, and making it a center of life, of instruction and pleasure.

From here one passes on to the capital of England in approximately ten hours and a half, including the Channel crossing and the locomotive trip which is the best organized and fastest I have seen. The speed of the train does not allow one to observe anything but distant objects; everything near is covered with shrubbery like a long stretch of green extended up to the edge of the road. The trip does not cost much, and neither does it lack in good company.

London, the capital of positivism, where human ingenuity has procured by its power wellbeing through wealth, is incomparably sprawling, as the town contains three or more million inhabitants, beside which, Paris has only two million, and Rome about two hundred thousand. London neither has the grand monuments of Rome nor the seductive beauty of Paris, but it does not lack in magnificence, although one has to walk around a lot in order to discover it. One sees whole streets with slums and ugly housing districts blackened by circumstance of climate. Its public edifices, museums and big hotels which seem to climb up to the clouds are, without doubt, magnificent inside. But the city neither has the sky of Italy nor of France because most of the time it is enveloped in thick fog. In spite of this, the animation and commercial movement is on a big scale on land as well as at sea, and I must add, under the earth and waters, because the city has been pierced by a subterranean tunnel, and under the river Thames itself a railway crosses within a tunnel where there are a lot of shops to entertain passengers.

The rooms in these great capitals are commodious, and more or less costly, depending on what one wants, although ordinarily London is more expensive than Paris, and Paris more expensive than Rome. In all three one receives considerate attention, thanks to the culture and civilization that predominate. In the streets no one bothers anyone, because there are so many people and of such diverse races. One's pocket must be guaranteed because here, one is attended to according to how much one pays and not how one looks.

In these capitals guides are abundant and so too are vehicles. But it is better to dispense with the services of the former, and if you could, dispense with transport too so that it would be cheaper still.

Catholicism is respected practically everywhere with this difference: In Rome it is exalted in all senses, in Paris it is politically downgraded and in London systematically persecuted.

In Rome one is advised of a fraternal Christian liberty; in Paris, one has a liberty that sometimes becomes libertinage and in London this liberty is expressed as individual independence. The Arts are notable in the first, the prodigies of industry in the second, and the prowess of commerce in the third. Rome is distinguished by its Christian knowledge, Paris by its secular and profane visage and London by its positivist attitude. In Rome one takes joy in peace and tranquility, in Paris in the expansion of happiness, and in London in extraordinary movement.

The Roman character or better said, the Italian, is sweet to the point of annoyance; the French in their festive gaiety border on the precious; the English keep their reserve to the point of gloominess and sullenness, while the Spanish character is frank and haughty.

I have not spoken till now of Madrid, capital of our Spain, because its present circumstances do not allow her yet to be placed side by side with the premier capitals of Europe in spite of her 300,000 inhabitants, and the grandness and magnificence she is endowed with. But Spain as a nation, as much for its noble and glorious history as its Arabic monuments and notable temples, is not behind Italy, France or England.

After all this, and being sated with admiring the prodigies effected by human ingenuity in such advances and progress, the disillusionment that overcomes one, and the emptiness one feels at the end demonstrate that for all the apparent ease and display of prowess, man's powers are still not enough to satisfy him completely. And if one reflects that here where one admires such progress and advances, the defects and aberrations of human intelligence are great, even counting the conquests that it may achieve in its own terrain, one arrives at the conviction that such progress is no more than a compensation for other losses, proving once more that human ingenuity is limited and that it cannot encompass one thing without suffering the loss of another.

Still, one must congratulate this great artery of movement that by means of ships the world is circumnavigated, putting China in rapid communication with India, Egypt with Europe, Europe with America, America with the Pacific islands, Japan and again, China. How much would Manila gain if she were part of this vital line or if at least she had quick and easy communication like that possessed by other parts of the Oceania. So much would be gained in material and social advancement because the country, in observing with its own eyes the progress of other countries, would emulate them, have the impulse to know itself, and try to put itself not only at the level of, but at the closest possible proximity to, the heights reached by other nations.