

**Patria (March 14, 1892) "Tampa and Key West" (p. 4)**

In November of last year, the Cubans of Tampa, through the voice of the Independence Club Ignacio Agramonte, invited their compatriot José Martí to visit.

In December, the Cubans of Key West, at the initiative of a youth commission, invited José Martí to visit his countrymen in Key West.

Upon returning to New York, the invited Cuban used his first moments in good health to tell the Cubans and Puerto Ricans gathered on an enthusiastic night in Hardman Hall about the singular merits of character, and the proven capacity of the free institutions which he observed and admired in Tampa and Key West. It was visibly difficult for the speaker to contain the abundance of his gratitude.

This first issue of PATRIA publishes as a supplement José Martí's speech concerning Tampa and Key West.

**Patria (March 14, 1892) Supplement to Issue 1: "Tampa and Key West: José Martí's Speech at Hardman Hall, Feb. 17, 1892"**

Cubans:

The joy, mixed with awe, of the explorer who discovers pure gold beneath the rough and disturbed earth, of the explorer who announces the discovery to his companions who are only halfway there, cannot be compared with the joy of the one who returns to those who helped him keep the faith with his hands full of gold. My hands are full of immaculate gold. And I still tremble with the joy of having seen the greatest sum of virtue that I have seen among men, –in the men of my homeland. What I have to say, before my voice fades and my heart stops beating in this world, is that my country possesses all the virtues necessary for the conquest and maintenance of freedom. And if there is a mayor or notary who doubts it, I will show him those cities raised in free expression by the most varied and unequal constituencies that war, misery and human dignity have discharged upon the rocks and sand [of Key West and Tampa]; I will show him the people's house, which the people pay for and manage, and where the people meet and are educated; I will show him the workshops where men, distinguishing real life from books, practice politics, which is the study of the public interest, in work that heals and moderates, and in the truth that puts them on firm footing; I will show him those simple and happy little houses, with so much light and so many smiles and so many roses, where the newlywed receives her worker with their child in her arms, and as witnesses there are the books on the shelf and the portraits of our patriotic heroes, –those houses with two floors, one for the family that works, and one for Cubans without a home; I will show him those families that, when a revolutionary club dissolves due to lukewarm interest, take its banner home, and the club lives on in the house; I will show him those children, without shirt collars or vests, who hug the unknown traveler crying out: "Remember me, I want to learn!"; I will show him the

elderly men and women who gave their first fortune, and their second fortune, and then their children to the ideal of seeing their country free, and kneeling on the earth that opens to receive them, raise their dying arms and declare: "I adore you, my *patria!*"

And the bedecked steamer ship, and the full workshops, and the enemies that embrace each other, and the prancing horses, would be but the foam of a dead sea, the last remnants of an illustrious shipwreck, if today, when can feel the urgency in our guts, and hear the voices above our heads; today, when something impels us into each other's arms, like when the sentinel issues the alarm, and the brave run selflessly to arm themselves; today, when all the trifles of preparation, all the weaknesses of isolation, all the reserves of antipathy, all the differences of distance are thrown into a magnificent furnace, and in an illuminating fire they are fused and consumed, so that from afar all that is seen is the great flame...Will we use our freedom to arrange with time and greatness the best way to serve our despondent homeland, or will we deserve the stigma of history for not having joined forces with the necessary drive to save it? These reunions that bring us all together, this embrace of men who yesterday did not know each other, this honey of tenderness and mystical rapture that is melting our hearts, and this spirited outburst of the most difficult virtues, which make the title of Cuban desirable and enviable, they say that we have gathered our forces in time, that in Tampa the eagle takes flight, and in Key West the sun shines, and in New York the snow gives light, that history will not find us guilty!