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The Conquerors as Seen by the Conquered

Fray Juan Pobre De Zamora

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Texts and Documents

The Conquerors As Seen By The Conquered

FRAY JUAN POBRE DE ZAMORA, OFM

Translated by WILLIAM HENRY SCOTT

Translator's Introduction. In 1983, Father Cayetano Sánchez Fuertes, OFM, published chapter 61 of Fray Juan Pobre de Zamora's "Historia de la pérdida y descubrimiento del galeón San Phelipe con el glorioso martirio de los gloriosos mártires del Japón" in the *Archivo Ibero-Americano*, vol. 43, pp. 357-63, making use of a copy in the Archivo Ibero-Oriental, Madrid, of the original document which appears in the Lilly Library (Bloomington, Indiana), MS Fol. 13. The very appropriate title translated above, "Los conquistadores vistos por los conquistados," was supplied by Father Cayetano.

Fray Juan Pobre de Zamora was a lay brother of the Franciscan Order who arrived in the Philippines in April or May 1594, preached the Gospel in Camarines, and was then sent to Japan in 1595 to investigate the Franciscan-Jesuit controversy there, returning the same year to write his report. On 20 March 1596, he sailed for Mexico on the ill-starred galleon *San Felipe* which, overloaded with a valuable cargo and crowded with passengers, was caught in a series of storms, lost her rudder and most of her rigging, but managed to make the coast of Shikoku. There, Japanese boats came out from Hirado and offered to tow her into port, but deliberately ran her aground on a shoal and confiscated her cargo. Her crew and passengers were thus in Japan when the famous martyrdoms of 2 February 1597 took place in Nagasaki on nearby Kyushu. Fray Juan himself managed to get to Macao on a Portuguese vessel and left for Spain again the next year. He made two more trips to the Philippines in 1602 and 1609, and died in Spain in 1614 or 1615.

Among Fray Juan's fellow passengers on the *San Felipe* was a Bikolano Christian by the name of Tomas with whom he struck up an acquaintance, and chapter 61 of his "Pérdida y descubrimiento" is the account of a dialogue between them in Hirado after their misfortunes. Of particular interest is the inclusion of the Spanish translation of a Bikolano letter originally written in Philippine script, from a chieftain of Gumaca (in Quezon Province today) named Panpanga to his brother Antonio Simaon, Tomas's friend.

In the translation offered here, I render *indio* as Filipino, respell *Umaca* as Gurnaca and *Urando* as Hirado, but leave *tingue* ("mountains," from Malay *tinggi*, "high") as it appears in the original.

The poor man, having done with his doleful and zealous sobbing, looked up and saw a Filipino coming in sight with a load of firewood from deeper in the mountain, with whom he had a great friendship, and when he got where he was and recognized him, he stopped with the firewood and said:

"Praised be our Lord Jesus Christ. Why so sad, brother?"

"May he be always praised, brother," he replied. "To explain whence my sadness comes, I ask: who has ever seen such afflictions as our Lord has laid on us since we set out from Manila and yet we are so ungrateful that it has made no impression in our hearts?"

"True," said the Filipino, for he knew how to speak Spanish well. "We are an untamed people. God help us and soften our hearts. How much better it would be, brother, had our bodies been drowned in the midst of those typhoons! For then at least our hearts would have been contrite through our fear and with the confessions we were forced to make, for now it appears that on land we go about our business all forgetful of what was promised to God, for it is a great sorrow to see with what little fear they behave even among these Japanese foreigners."

"Certainly," said the Spaniard, "it would be sensible for them to give them a good example, since most of them wish to become Christians."

"Many refrain from becoming such," said the Filipino, "because they see little peace and little brotherhood in the Spaniards. Most of them think that on becoming Christians they would live like this. I know a Filipino called Panpanga from my place, from whom I have a letter he wrote to a brother of his to our shame, in which he gives an account of the reasons he did not become a Christian."

"I would be very pleased to hear it," said the Spaniard.

So, taking the letter out of his shirt, he said:

"Here it is in Tagalog letters. Let's go to town and on the way I'll explain the circumstances which led this Filipino to write it, and then I'll translate it into Spanish."

So, as they started down the mountain and came out on the

plain, the Filipino said:

When I came from Gumaca, which is on the opposite coast [from Manila], where I am a native, a Filipino chieftain came with me called Simaho. We reached Manila, where we became Christians. This Filipino had a brother and sister in our town, and with the light which he now had of Heaven, he bewailed his past darkness, because he was a man naturally good. And remembering his brother and sister with the great desire that they become Christians, he wrote them a letter in which he advised them that they should understand that if they did not become Christians they would go to Hell, and prayed them to come to Manila and stay in his house—for he was now married—and be baptized and then they could return to our town. After reading the devout Filipino's letter, his brother and sister came to Manila at once and went and put up in their brother's house, who admonished them every day and taught them our law. The sister, called Aliway, was quickly converted because she didn't go out of the house, and named Catalina. But the brother, called Panpanga, on the contrary, he could not persuade to be converted, and despite everything he said, his brother was unmoved and held his peace, though sometimes he would say, "Very well, we'll think it over carefully." And so he would go out every day and take a walk around Manila.

He went through the Parian of the Chinese and Japanese and noted what was going on. Other times he went through the marketplace and went into the governor's palace and took careful note of the behavior of the soldiers there; he went upstairs with some other Filipinos, for a Filipino had come there from Gumaca to file a case, and thus he saw the methods of those clerks and other solicitors. Sometimes he also looked in and saw what the Filipinos were answering in the suits filed against them in the Audiencia. He entered the churches and carefully observed the way they prayed and sang and the rest of the ceremonies performed in those temples. Then he would return to his brother's house in the evening, who would ask him how Manila struck him and how soon he expected to become a Christian. Panpanga would respond to him in few words for he was a judicious man, "Brother, the things which seem good to me are few and those which seem evil many. Let us go on thinking it over carefully, for I see few good deeds but many good words with bad deeds."

So in this way he stayed half a year in his brother's house, and when the time came that the cargo arrived for the galleons *Santo Tomas* and *Santa Potenciana*, Panpanga went around observing the trafficking and disorder in Manila during those days. Sometimes he entered the churches and found them deserted. And, eager to see the ships themselves, he told his brother he would go to Cavite and see the ships where they brought so many goods. But when he reached the port of Cavite and saw the great confusion and the many oaths and greed with which they went about loading, he was frightened.

"How much more," said the Spaniard, "that Filipino would have been frightened at the loading of this sad ship we took before it broke up! Never did I see such confusion."

And he began to cry again, saying:

"Ah, woe to you, Manila! when will you ever set your affairs in order! Ay, false deceivers, schemers, fabricators of bribes, out-bidders by the ton! Oh, who could denounce them, one from the other!"

"Don't make yourself miserable, my brother," replied the Filipino, "for they have already paid dearly for it."

"I would like them to feel it in their souls so they would reform—that's why I'm crying. Because that wealth—He who gave it took it away, and He will give it again and take it away yet again until no more ships be seen on this earth bearing the names of apostles but made into dens of thieves, and in my mind this is so painful to me I don't even want to remember it, for it seems to me useless when we have the cause of our misfortune right before our eyes."

"Never mind, brother: the best thing is to commend it to God. But, to get back to the Filipino from my place—"

The day he went to see how the galleon was being loaded, he returned to Manila frightened, arriving in the afternoon, and, passing down a street near Santo Domingo, in a house I know very well, he saw that they were making bales and tying them with rattan at great speed, and a Spaniard pushing the Filipinos so much that Panpanga stopped to watch, and, after he was there a little while watching the great care he was putting into the work, the owner happened to look up toward the door and saw two or three Filipinos watching what he was doing, and he came out very angry but very slyly and suddenly grabbed Panpanga, for the

others saw him coming, and pulled him inside and told him to help those Filipinos get the work done quicker and he would pay him for it. Since Panpanga was a Filipino chieftain, he told him he didn't know how to do that kind of work, and the Spaniard, whom I know very well, punched him three or four times and told him, "I'll get you a teacher." And he pushed him inside without listening to him and closed him up in a room with three other Filipinos and kept him there for four days, when, by dint of slaps and kicks and being pushed around by the neck, he became an expert in short order.

"As they do every day," said the Spaniard. "And did he pay him afterwards?"

"Yes, for after he had finished," said the Filipino, "because Panpanga asked for his wages, he gave him for the four days two kicks, not counting the blows he had already received. And then, to salve his conscience, he ordered him given a ganta of rice, and when the Filipino didn't want it, gave him a slap in the face. And since it looked as if he was going to lock him up again in the room, the Filipino gave a leap and got out on the street and went to his brother's house, who, on seeing him so thin and changed, asked him why he had stayed so long in Cavite."

"It was five days ago I left Manila, and a Spaniard got me and kept me in his house for four of them, where the pay he gave me was blows. And if you don't believe it, look where he punched me this morning."

"Have patience," said his brother, "because for us this is the path to Heaven."

And, since his brother Panpanga was so judicious, he said: "And for the Spaniards, what is the path?"

"If they are bad," said Simaon, who is now called Antonio, "they will go to Hell, and those who are good will go to the glory of Heaven."

"But where are these good ones that I don't see them?"

"Don't you see all the religious, those who serve God by day and by night?"

"So, tell me, brother," said Panpanga, "is your God and that of the friars one and that of the Spaniards another?"

"No, brother," said Simaon. "Because everybody has one God and there is no other."

"So how is it that most of them speak evil of their God?"

"How do they speak evil?" said his brother.

"Suppose you go to Cavite and you will see how bad they treat their God. Otherwise, go to the house of that Spaniard where I went, and you will see how he treats Him."

"Do not think," said his brother, "that when they swear or curse and make some oath they are speaking evil of their God by this."

"I cannot believe that they are saying good, because what they say, they say very angry. Therefore, my brother, you stay here with your God for I am going to go back to my *tingues*."

And, so saying and doing, he left his brother's house. And for all that he begged him to stay, he could not persuade him, nor did he wish to take his sister back again, either, because she was a Christian. Thus he left for our town of Gumaca, and feeling that he was not safe even there because it was a port which the Spaniards regularly frequented coming or going to Camarines and the Bicol River, he crossed the gulf of the sea in front of Gumaca and went up into the *tingues* where he had his heritage and fields. And in such manner did he excite the hearts of the Filipinos with his arrival, that all those whom he met he not only told not to become Christians, but even to avoid going to Manila.

"Oh holy God!" said the Spaniard. "What damage the Spaniards do with their bad example and evil living!"

"The damage they do is such," said the Filipino, "that the religious who went to Gumaca afterwards had the greatest labor they had in all the islands to reduce those Filipinos: it seemed to them that they had come to deceive them and, if it had not been for the great love and friendliness which they saw in the friars of Saint Francis, I believe there would not have been one Christian convert, so frightened and excited were they with what Panpanga told them. And he, after seeing himself free among those mountains, wrote a letter to his brother, which he then gave to me."

"I would be very pleased to see it," said the Spaniard.

"Here I have it," said the Filipino. "And once we reach Hirado, we will read it after eating and I will translate it for you."

With this, they arrived at the town at the time when the Pilot Major had just arrived from Miaco [Kyoto] and told what he had seen, with which he frightened all the Spaniards no little.

It was already two in the afternoon when the Spaniard, eager to hear the letter, left his lodgings after taking a little rest and went to Tomas's—for so the Filipino was called—and told him to read

him the letter.

"I have to go and get firewood for the ship now, so on the way I will read it to you."

"Very well," said the Spaniard.

So the two of them went together. And, taking the letter from his shirt, he read it aloud, translating it into Castilian, since he knew it very well:

LETTER FROM PANPANGA TO HIS BROTHER ANTONIO

It will be almost a year ago that I received a letter from you, and went there as soon as I saw it, together with your sister—for she is no longer mine, since she is a Christian, and let herself be misled like a woman. But I, as a man, know how to think carefully before I act, and so I went to your Manila, looking around and observing what went on, and all I can tell you is that never have I seen men of more war and less peace among themselves than the Spaniards.

Half a year I was in that place, and rarely did I see quarreling among the Chinese and Japanese. And as for us, you know very well how few quarrels we have. And although in ancient times we used to make war among ourselves, since the Spaniards came, we have all lived in peace and they were left with the fighting. In half a year I saw quarrels there in Manila more than a hundred times, and the one day I went to Cavite, I saw more than six arguments among those on the galleon. And some Spaniards killed two other Spaniards in just half a year. When I went through the Parián, I found Spaniards quarreling with the Chinese every day, and because they did not give them their goods for what they wanted, they would threaten them with violence, and kick and slap them and grab them by the neck, and call them queers, cuckolds, thieves, traitors, dogs, Moros, and other names for which there are no words among us, and us they called carabaos.

Sometimes I also went to the governor's house and saw the soldiers there under arms who were always gambling and speaking evil of their God, and this as angry as if they were crocodiles, so wild they were.

I also went up into the governor's house and saw others who were writing as clerks, and, as you know, in the law suit which one from our town filed, they took twelve pesos for just two or three papers which he made, and as for me, they took my gold

chain and because I defended it, kicked me, besides what that Spaniard gave me which I told you.

You often told me that your God orders them not to steal or do evil nor covet anybody else's goods. Either you lied to me when you said that or your God orders the opposite, because I saw Spaniards in the marketplace stealing whatever they could from the Chinese, and also not wanting to pay them for what they had bought.

I also saw with what great greed they went to load the galleon, doing much harm to the Filipinos during that time, and then also speaking evil of God.

Once I saw some priests quarreling inside the church, and a Spaniard killed near it, and therefore I tell you that from here on, don't you or your sister call yourselves my brother and sister, but, myself, I want to go up to the *tingues* and walk through these mountains and, as is my nature, eat camote roots and bananas in peace among these carabaos and deer, and here I will remain with my natural friends.

"This, brother, is a summary of what this letter contains from the Filipino Panpanga, which, though not very well composed, at least shows him to be of good intellect."

"Truly, brother," said the Spaniard, "in a few words he tells the truth of everything that goes on in Manila. God reform it by his mercy and bring them to true repentance, and convert this Filipino who wrote the letter to become a Christian, for I am certain that he would be a good one if he were."

"He already is, and such that there is none better in the whole land."

"Oh, what a joy to hear! But how did he become a Christian?"

"I learned it about a year ago from his brother Antonio, and it was like this. When the friars of Saint Francis reached Gumaca and learned that many Filipinos were roaming around those mountains, they went to look for them, and, coming across Panpanga, showed him such love and told him so many things that he came to town, and there, when he saw the holy life of the friars and there were no Spaniards to impede it, he became a Christian helped by the Grace of God, and was the cause of many other Filipinos coming down, for they had great love for him, and thus Gumaca was settled and is now one of the best towns on the opposite coast because of the many who have come down from the *tingues* and the mountains."

TEXT

Los conquistadores vistos por los conquistados*

Abiendo concluido el pobre hombre (se refiere a Fr. Juan Pobre, O.F.M.) con su lastimoso y celoso llanto, bio que asomaba un indio que benia de más adentro del monte con un haz de leña, con el qual tenía mucha amistad; y como llegó adonde estaba y lo conoció, parando con la leña, dijo:

—Loado sea nuestro Señor Jesuxpo. ¿Por qué está triste, hermano mio? Bámonos hacía el pueblo, porque ya es ora de comer.

—Sea por siempre bendito, hermano—respondió—, que mi tristeza ya puede saber de dónde procede, porque ¿quien ha bisto tantos abusos como nuestro Señor nos ha dado desde que salimos de Manila, y estamos todavía tan yngratos que no ha hecho mella en nuestros corazones?

—Cierto — dijo el indio, porque sabia hablar uien español— Gente yndómita somos. Dios nos remedie y ablande nuestros coracones. ¡Cuanto mejor fuera, hermano, que en medio de aquellas tormentas fueran anegados nuestros cuerpos! Porque a lo menos yban contritas nuestras almas con el temor y con la confesión que abiamos hecho, porque agora en tierra parece que andamos todos olvidados de lo que a Dios prometieron, pues es gran lástima de ber con el poco temor que biben aun estando entre estos extranjeros japoses.

—Por cierto — dijo el castilla—, fuera rracón que dieran a éstos buen exenplo, pues desean ser, los mas, cristianos.

—Muchos dejan de serlo —dijo el indio— porque ben en los españoles poca paz y poca hermandad. Unos con otros piensan que, en haziéndose cristianos an de bibir desta manera. Yo conozco a un yndio de mi tierra llamado Panpanga, del qual tengo vna carta que escribió a un su hermano para confusión nuestra, en que le daba quenta de quál hera la rracón porque no se hazia cristiano.

—Mucho holgaria de oírla — dijo el castilla.

Sacando la carta del seno, dijo:

—Béla aqui en letra tagala. Bámonos al pueblo y de camino yré contando la ocasión que tubo este indio para escribirla, y luego la iré diziendo en lengua de Castilla.

Comensaron a bajar por el monte abajo hasta dar en la plaia, y poco a poco comenzó el indio a dezir:

—Quando yo bine de Umaca, que está en la Contracosta, donde soy natural, bino en mi compañía vn indio principal, al qual llamada Simaho. Llegamos a Manila, donde nos hizimos cristianos. Tenia este yndio en nuestro pueblo vn hermano y una hermana, y con la luz que ya tenia del cielo, lloraba las tinieblas pasadas, porque hera mancebo mui bien ynclinado. Y, acordán-

*Capitulo 61 de la Istoria de Juan Pobre de Zamora, fols. 242-246.

dose de sus hermanos, con gran deseo de que fuesen cristianos, les escribió una carta, en que les decía y avisaba, que mirasen que si no se hacían cristianos se irían al infierno, y rogábalos que se viniesen a Manila y estarían en su casa, porque ya era casado, y se bautizarían y se podrían volver luego a nuestro pueblo. Oyó la carta del devoto indio, luego se vinieron sus hermanos a Manila, y fueron a posar a la casa de su hermano, a los cuales cada día amonestaba y enseñaba la ley nuestra. La hermana, llamada Aliuai, como no salía de casa, presto se convirtió y llama Catalina. Mas el hermano, llamado Panpanga, por el contrario, no había remedio con él de que se convirtiese; mas antes a todo lo que decía el hermano disimulaba y callaba, y algunas veces decía: Ahora bien, verémoslo bien. Y así salía cada día a dar una vuelta por Manila. Yba por el parían de los sangleyes y de los japones, y notaba lo que pasaba. Otras veces pasaba la plaza y se iba al palacio y atentamente notaba las costumbres de aquellos soldados: subía a lo alto con otros indios, porque andaba allí un indio de Vmaca, que traía un pleito; y así miró el modo de aquellos escribanos y otros procuradores. También alguna vez asomaba por ver lo que respondían los indios en los pleitos que traían en la audiencia. Entraba por las iglesias, y con atención miraba el modo de rezar y cantar y de las demás ceremonias que en los templos se hacían. Volviese a la tarde en casa de su hermano, el cual le preguntaba qué le parecía de Manila y que cuándo aguardaba a hacerse cristiano. Respondíale Panpanga en pocas palabras, porque era muy cuerdo: Hermano, pocas cosas son las que me parecen bien y muchas son las que me parecen mal. Vamos poco a poco mirando bien lo que somos de hacer, porque veo pocas obras buenas y muchas palabras con muchas obras malas. Desta manera estuvo medio año en casa de su hermano, y en aquel tiempo se llegó la carga de los nabios Santo Tomás y Santa Potenciana, y andaba mirando Panpanga el tráfico y confusión que aquellos días había en Manila. Entraba entonces en las iglesias, y hallábalas yermas. Y con deseo de ver los nabios, dijo a su hermano que quería ir a Cabite y ver los nabios donde tanta hacienda llevaban. Llegado al puerto de Cabite, cuando vio el gran tráfico y los muchos juramentos y codicia con que se cargaban, quedó espantado.

—¡Cuanto mas —dijo el castilla— se espantará si se hallara ese indio a la cargazón deste triste nabio que tenemos delante hecho pedacos! Jamás bi tal confusión.

Y comenzó de nuevo a llorar y diciendo:

—¡Ay de ti, Manila, cuándo comensarás a hacer tus cosas bien hordenadas! ¡Ay, traidores falsos, traidores, ymbentores de coechos, pujadores de toneladas! ¡O quién pudiera señalar a un fulano y a otro y a otro fulano!

—No recibamos pena, hermano mio —dijo el indio—, pues ya bien lo han pagado.

—Querria yo que lo sintiesen en sus almas para que se enmendasen, y por eso es lo que yo lloro. Porque la hacienda, el que la dio la quitó y volverá a

dar y aún bolberá a quitar, porque no se puede sufrir aún en la tierra ber nabios, con sobrenombres de Apóstoles, hechos cuevas de ladrones, y para mi memoria esto me es de tanta pena que no queria acordarme de ello y parésemi que es por demás, pues tenemos presente la causa de nuestra desdicha.

—Dejemos eso, hermano. Lo más seguro es encomendallo a Dios. Y, volviendo al indio de mi tierra, el día que bino a ber cómo se cargaba el nabio se bolbió admirado a Manila, donde llegó tarde, y, pasando por vna calle junto a Santo Domingo, bio en una casa, la qual sé yo mui bien, que a gran priesa estaban enfardando y enbejucando caxones, y daba tanta priesa el español a los yndios, que se paró Panpanga a berlo, y, como estubiese vn rrato mirando la gran solícitud que ponía en aquella obra açertó a mirar el dueño hacia la puerta, y bio dos o tres yndios que estaban mirando lo que él mandaba, y muy enojado salió mui disimulado y echó mano de Panpanga, porque los otros lo vieron, y lo metió dentro y dijo que ayudase aquellos yndios a acabar presto de enfardelar, que se lo pagaría. Panpanga, como era yndio principal, le dijo que no sabía aquel oficio, y el castilla, a quien yo bien conozco, le dio tres o cuatro puñadas y le dijo: yo os sacaré maestro. Y lo metió dentro sin escucharle rrazones y lo encerró en un aposento con otros tres yndios, y lo tubo allí quatro dias, donde a palos y coçes y a pescocones salió en brebe tiempo maestro.

—Como de eso hacen cada día —dijo el castilla. ¿Y pagóle despues?

—Sí, que, después de aber acabado —dijo el indio—, porque le pidió Panpanga su jornal, le dio, por quatro dias, sin los palos que abia llebado, dos coces. Y porque le debia de remorder la conciencia, le mandó dar vna ganta de arroz, la qual, porque el yndio no quiso, le dio vn bofetón. Y haciendo muestra de querele bolber a encerrar en el aposento, el indio dio vn salto y se salió a la calle y se fue a casa de su hermano, el qual, como lo bio flaco y demulado, le dijo que cómo se abia detenido tanto en Cabite.

—Cinco dias á que sali de Manila, y me tomó vn castilla y me tubo por fuerca quatro dias en su casa, donde la paga que me dio fueron palos. Si no, mira esta puñada que esta mañana me dio.

—Ten paciencia —dijo el hermano—, porque para nosotros ese es el camino del cielo.

—Y, como su hermano Panpanga fuese tan discreto, le dijo:

—Y el de los castillas, ¡cual es el camino?

—Si son malos —dijo Simaon, que agora se llama Antonio—, yrse an al ynfierno, y los que son buenos yránse a la gloria del cielo.

—Pues, ¿dónde están esos buenos, que no los beo?

—¿No bes tantos religiosos, los quales sirben a Dios de noche y de día?

—Pues, dime, hermano —dijo Panpanga—, ¿tu Dios y el de los frailes es uno y el de los castillas otro?

—No, hermano —dijo Simaon. Porque todos tienen vn Dios y no ay otro.

— Pues como los mas dizen mal de su Dios?

— Como dizen mal?—dijo el hermano.

—Pues bete a Cabite, y verás quán mal tratan a su Dios. Y si no, bete en casa de aquel castilla donde yo bengo, y berás quál lo trata.

—No pienses —dijo el hermano— que quando dizen juro o boto y otros juramentos, dizen por eso mal de su Dios.

—No puedo yo creer que dizen bien, porque lo dizen mui enojados. Ansi que, hermano mio: quédate con tu Dios, que yo quiero bolber a mis *tingues*.

—Y, diziendo y haziendo, se salió de casa de su hermano. Y por más que le rrogó se quedase, jamás lo pudo acabar con él, ni tampoco quiso bolber a llebar a su hermana, porque era cristiana. Y ansi se partió para nuestro pueblo de Vmaca, y, aun pareciéndole que alli no estaba seguro por ser puerto donde de ordinario suelen pasar los españoles que ban o bienen a Camarines y al rrio Bicor, atravesó aquel golfo de mar que está frontero de Vmaca, y se subió a los *tingues*, donde tenía su eredad y sementera. Y de tal manera alborotó los coracones de los yndios con su llegada, que a todos los que encontraba no sólo les dezia que no fuesen cristianos, mas que se guardasen también de ir a Manila.

— O santo Dios —dijo el castilla— quanto daño hazen los españoles con su mal exemplo y mala bida!

—Es tanto el daño que hazen —dijo el indio— que pasaron después los religiosos que fueron a Umaca, el maior trabajo en reducir aquellos indios que an tenido en todas las yslas; parecióles que les iban a engañar y, si no fuera por el grande amor y familiaridad que ben en los frailes de San Francisco, creo no se hubiera hecho ningún cristiano. Tanto les espantó y alborotó con lo que les dijo Panpanga, el qual después que se bio libre entre aquellos montes, escribio vna carta al hermano, la qual también me dio.

—Holgaria mucho de berla —dijo el castilla.

—Aqui la llebo —dijo el indio. Y, pues llegamos a Vrando, después de comer la leeremos y te la yré declarando.

Carta de Panpanza a su hermano Antonio

Con esto llegaron al pueblo al tienpo que el Piloto maior acababa de llegar del Miaco, el qual conto lo que abia visto, con lo que no poco atemorizó a todos los españoles.

Ya serian las dos de la tarde, quando el castilla, deseoso de oir la carta, después de aber rreposado vn poco, se salió de la posada y se fue hazia la de Thomé, que asi se llamaba el indio, y le dijo que le leyese la carta.

—Yo tengo de ir agora por leña al nabio, de camino la yré leyendo.

—Sea ansi —dijo el castilla.

Se fueron los dos juntos. Y sacando la carta del ceno, dijo bolbiéndola en castellano, porque lo sabuia muy bien:

Carta de Panpanga a su hermano Antonio

Por el tiempo en que agora estoi abrá un año, recibí vna carta tua, y luego como la bi, fui con tu hermana, pues ya no es mia, pues es cristiana y se dejó engañar como mujer. Mas yo, como hombre, que sé primero mirar mui bien lo que hacia, y ansi andube por esa tu Manila mirando y notando lo que pasa, y lo que te sé decir, que jamás bi hombres de maior guerra y de menos paz que los castillas tienen vnos con otros.

Medio año estube en esa tierra, y por marabilla bi reñir a los sangleyes y a los japanes. Y nosotros, ya sabes quan pocas pendencis tenemos. Y, aunque antiguamente teníamos guerra vnos con otros, después que los castillas binieron, andamos con mucha paz y se quedaron ellos con la guerra. Yo bi reñir ay en Manila en medio año más de cien vezes, y el dia que fui a Cabite, bi reñir a los del nabio más de seis vezes. Y mataron en medio año vnos castillas a otros dos castillas. Quando yba por el parían, cada dia hallaba rinendo a españoles con sangleies, y porque no les daban su hazienda a como ellos querian, les hazian muchos fieros y les daban de coces y pescociones y bofetones, y los llamaban putos, cornudos, ládrones, traidores, perros, moros y otros nonbres que entre nosotros no ay lengua para dezirlos, y a nosotros nos llaman *carabaos*.

Fui también algunas vezes a casa del Gobernador y bi unos soldados armados, los quales sienpre jugaban y decian mucho mal de su Dios, y esto tan enojados como si fueran caimanes, segun estaban de, bravos.

También subí encima de la casa del Gobernador y bi a otros que estaban escribiendo y, como tú sabes, el pleito que traia el de nuestro pueblo, por dos o tres escritos que hizo le llebaron doce pesos y a mi me quitaron la cadena de oro, y porque la defendi, me dieron de coces, con los demas que me dió el castilla que te dije.

Algunas beces me decias que tu Dios manda que no hurten ni hagan mal y no se desee la hazienda de nadie. O tú me mentiste en lo que dijiste o tu Dios se lo manda al contrario, porque yo bi a españoles en la plasa hurtar a los sangleies lo que podian, y también no querer pagarles lo que les abian vendido.

Bi también con gran codicia andar a cargar el nabio, haziendo en aquel tiempo mucho mal a los yndios, y tambien entonces decian mal de Dios.

También bi una vez reñir dentro de la yglesia vnos Padres, y matar a vn castilla junto de ella, por lo qual te digo que de aqui para adelante tu y tu hermana no os llaméis mis hermanos, mas me quiero subir por los tingues y andar por estos montes, y, con mis naturales, comer raizes de camotes y plátanos en paz entre estos carabaos y benados, que yo acá me quedo con mis amigos naturales.

—Esto es, hermano, en suma lo que contiene esta carta del yndio panpanga, la qual, aunque no ba mui compuesta, daba a lo menos a entender

ser de buen entendimiento.

—Berdaderamente, hermano —dijo el castilla—, que en breves palabras dijo la berdad de todo lo que pasa en Manila. Dios lo rremedie por su misericordia y los traiga a hacer la berdadera penitencia, y a ese yndio que escribió la carta lo conbierta a ser cristiano, que cierto creo, si lo fuere, lo seria bueno.

—Ya lo es, y tal que no lo ay en toda la tierra mejor.

—¡O, como gusto deso! Pues, ¿como se hizo cristiano?

—Yo lo supe abra un año de su hermano Antonio, y fue que, como llegasen a Vmaca frailes de San Francisco y supiesen que andaban por aquellos montes muchos yndios, fueron a buscarlos y, encontrándose con Panpanga, tanto amor le mostraron y tantas cosas le dijeron que se bino al pueblo, y alli, como bia la santa bida de los frailes y no abia castillas que lo inpidiesen, se hico cristiano, ayudado de la gracia de Dios y fue causa porque otros muchos yndios biniesen, porque to tenian grande amor, y ansi se pobló Vmaca y es agora vn pueblo de los buenos que ay en la Contracosta por los muchos que an bajado de los tingues y montes.