Intertextual Links

Go over the extracts below and establish 10 hyperlinks within the corpus or between them and some extract from *Sebastian's Pride*. In the case of the latter you don't need to copy the passage: just type the opening and closing words and the corresponding pages and establish the link from one of those words. You can alos add links to other texts.

From: GRIERSON, William (n/d). "The Voyage of the Symmetry". In: Stewart, Iain A. D. (ed.) (2000) *From Caledonia to the Pampas: Two accounts by early Scottish emigrants to the Argentine*. Tuckwell Press.

En route to Buenos Aires, an unidentified member of the groups of Scottish immigrants on board the *Symmetry* wrote a poetic account of his voyage using the pen name of 'Tam'o Stirling'. As the boat nears South America, Tam comments on the speculations among his fellow passengers:

They wondered what people the Argentines were,
Savage or civilised –colour, and figure,
And lasses resolved they would droon themselves ere
They'd gang without claes or be kissed by a nigger.

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From: ROBSON, Jane (n/d). "Faith Hard Tried: the Memoir of Jane Robson". In: Stewart, Iain A. D. (ed.) *From Caledonia to the Pampas: Two accounts by early Scottish emigrants to the Argentine*. Tuckwell Press

This is the journal of a Scottish immigrant who settled in the Chascomús area.

One day my mother and Mr. W. went to town… to bring my eldest sister home from school (the only means of getting from place to place was on horseback). Well, on the return journey they had a most alarming and exciting experience. All went well until within two or three leagues from home. They were cantering along, my mother with my sister on behind her, when suddenly three horrible rough looking men came towards them threatening and muttering. 'Let us kill them first', evidently intending to rob them. It occurred to my mother that it would be best not to appear at all alarmed, not an easy thing to do for she felt very frightened and with reason too. Mother turned and looked round as though she was expecting some companions, and spoke as if one was coming along. The men evidently thought that probably this one might have money, so they would get what they could from him and then settle with Mother and her companion, for they galloped off. Mother said, 'Now, Mr. W., our only chance is to hide in the *cardos*', but he said, 'My horse will never face them'. Mother said, 'Then I will go first'. She was on a very fiery animal, so turning the horse and facing him towards the thistles she gave him some hard cuts with her whip. The horse made a tremendous jump and sprang right into the midst of the thistles. In her excitement, mother had forgotten my sister, who was seated behind her, and the poor little

girl fell off. As the way was somewhat cleared now and Mother's horse had given the lead, Mr. W.'s animal, after some persuasion, followed and they pushed their way a little distance, the horses and riders getting terribly scratched and torn. Very soon they heard the galloping of horses. It was their would-be murderer returning. At this moment, Mother remembered my sister and exclaimed, 'Of, My God, my child.' Finding her gone she knew she must have fallen where her horse made this big jump, and not hearing her call she imagined she must have been severely hurt or killed. Her feelings were indescribable, that her poor little child was left to the tender mercy of those ruffians. Her first impulse was to rush back, never mind the consequences to herself, when she heard Mr.W. say in a low tone, 'I have the child. He had picked her up. She was unconscious for a time, as much from fright as the fall, but she soon recovered. Well, they remained scarcely breathing for fear they night be found, when they knew their lives would not be worth a moment's purchase. They could hear the men as they galloped past, vowing vengeance, and no doubt having been baulked and deceived into thinking there was someone they could have stolen money from, and finding their other pray also gone, they were in a fearful fury and rushed ob full speed hoping to overtake them. Mother waited for some time, and then they went on through the *cardos*, picking places as best they could, hoping to find a way out, and knowing they dared not go back into the road or 'track' again. Then the sun set… and darkness came on. After that it was still more hopeless. My father was at home, and as night came on he became very alarmed at my mother not appearing, knowing hat bad characters were wondering about and that Mother had money wit her. He kept walking about, I trotting after him. He did not go to rest that night but kept searching and calling. When morning at last dawned, to our unspeakable relief, the lot ones came, but in such a state, their faces and hands were covered in blood and the horses too were bleeding as the *espinas* of the thistles were sticking into them. They, poor things, had an awful night, trying in vain to find a way home. (pp. 77 – 79)

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At this time [1828 – 1829] the country was more unsettled. Rosas was outside, and Lavalle in, Buenos Aires. There were band of Indians wandering about who were Rosas's men. Lavalle's soldiers were also wandering about, stealing, murdering and causing the greatest alarm. It was well named 'the reign of terror'. It became so terrible that all the families who possibly could went into the town for more safety. My father said that Mother must go with us children, but she said, no, if he could not go she would not leave him. So for a time we remained on, always in danger.

Then an alarming thing happened. It was a common thing for the men (those wandering ruffians) to come to the house and insist on searching it, pretending they were looking for firearms, and then they would steal anything they could lay their hands on. The climax came one day when Father and Mr. G. were away. We had an old peon, who had been a sailor and had lost his arm in one of the many fights and brawls with the Portuguese, I think. He was such a good, faithful old fellow, devoted to Mother and us children. He saw a party of men making for our house so he ran to the door and met them. One of the party dismounted, and drawing his sword commenced threatening and striking the peon. Mother rushed forward and the soldier sheathed his sword, but instead drew his gun and levelled it at her. She, is stepping back to avoid him, fell. In an instant, our good dog 'Stout' jumped

over to protect her, and stood growling and showing his teeth. The brute of a soldier slashed at him with his sword, cutting him to the backbone in three places. The dear old dog still stood his ground though the blood was pouring off him and on to my mother. I then helped to drag Mother up. At this moment, Mrs. S., hearing the noise, came flying in and the men turned their attention to him. He tried to keep their attention occupied until a band of Lavalle's soldiers which he had seen coming, could arrive, but the men sitting on their horses outside saw them also, and, knowing that they would be taken prisoner, gave a shout of warning. They were all on their horses in an instant and galloped off as hard as their horses could go. We afterwards found out that one of these men was an old peon of ours, who had been discharged for doing something wrong. In revenge (and also, no doubt, hoping to get something for himself) he had brought this band of ruffians as he knew that there was money and some valuables in the house, which he intended stealing. He would not have stopped at any crime to gain his ends and be revenged.

(pp. 80 – 81)

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At last the revolution came to an end and Rosas was in power.
People began to return to the camp and their homes, and our parents decided to go also. They were feeling sad and anxious, as they did not know if they would find anything left of their home. Alas, there was little indeed left. Everything that would burn had gone, and there was nothing left but ashes.
We now had to start our life afresh, and very up-hill work it was.

(p. 83)

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Several of us went to the races one day. I remember this particular occasion very well as it was St. Patrick' day… some of the races were run and then it came to one between as Irishman and a native. They both had good hopes of winning and ran almost evenly. Just as they were coming to the winning post they both made a mistake and ran the wrong side of the boundary flags. The Irishman was first, but for some reason best known to themselves, the judges decided in favour of the native. At once, of course, there was a great discussion, some taking one side and some the other. I felt sure there would be a row. The Irishman had a young brother with him who had just come out to the country, and knew nothing of the character of the natives. Seeing the winner (the native) going off, he ran after him and seized him by the leg. Just as a I reached him the native made a swipe at him with his knife, cutting his face. I the stood in front of him (while the soldiers who were supposed to be keeping order had not yet arrived on the scenes). Two or three now tried to get at the boy, pulling me from side to side and stabbing at he boy under my arms. They would not hurt me, I knew, for I was on good terms with the natives. At last it got too much for me, for it had now become a free fight, so I called out to the English, 'Are you going to see your countryman butchered?' Then they came. The Irishman who had been racing was now mixed up with the rest and a man attacked him. He put up his hand to defend himself, and his brutal assailant made a cut at him, slashing two fingers completely off and sending them flying through the air, and two others were cut through and just hanging. We were now surrounded by English people and they protected us while I got on my horse and tool the

wounded man on behind. I bound his wounded hand up in my large neck handkerchief and rode off with him to our house. We had no sooner got in safely when I saw the *alcalde* and two soldiers coming. I went to the door and stood with one hand on either side waiting for them. They came with much bluster and said they had come for the man and would take him away bound like a pig. I said, 'You will not have him and don't dare to put a foot in my house. The man is seriously wounded; if you took him and he died, his death would be at your door. I will be responsible for him appearing before the Justice'. With that, after some more argument, they left. They kept our English friends in prison for two days, though they had really done nothing.

(pp. 106 – 107)

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From: HUDSON, William Henry (1918/1991). *Far Away and Long Ago A childhood in Argentina*. London: Eland.

A classic, the memoirs of the writer and naturalist whose family settled in the province of Buenos Aires, close to La Plata (where the town now has his name). He died in London.

And on that very afternoon the feared man arrived, Mr. Trigg by name, an Englishman, a short, stoutish, almost fat little man, with grey hair, clean-shaved sunburnt face, a crooked nose which had been broken or was born so, clever mobile mouth, and blue-grey eyes with a humorous twinkle in them and crow's-feet at the corners. Only to us youngsters, as we soon discovered, that humorous face and the twinkling eyes were capable of a terrible sternness. He was loved, I think, by adults generally, and regarded with feelings of an opposite nature by children. For he was a schoolmaster who hated and despised teaching as much as children in the wild hated to be taught. He followed teaching because all work was excessively irksome to him, yet he had to do something for a living, and this was the easiest thing he could find to do. How such a man ever came to be so far from home in a half-civilized country was a mystery, but there he was, a bachelor and homeless man after twenty or thirty years on the pampas, with little or no money in his pocket, and no belongings except his horse—he never owned more than one at a time--and its cumbrous native saddle, and the saddle-bags in which he kept his wardrobe and whatever he possessed besides. He didn't own a box. On his horse, with his saddle- bags behind him, he would journey about the land, visiting all the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers, who were mostly sheep-farmers, but religiously avoiding the houses of the natives. With the natives he could not affiliate, and not properly knowing and incapable of understanding them he regarded them with secret dislike and suspicion.

And by and by he would find a house where there were children old enough to be taught their letters, and Mr. Trigg would be hired by the month, like a shepherd or cowherd, to teach them, living with the family. He would go on very well for a time, his failings being condoned for the sake of the little ones; but by and by there would be a falling-out, and Mr. Trigg would saddle his horse, buckle on the saddle-bags, and ride forth over the wide plain in quest of a new home. With us he made an unusually long stay; he liked good living and comforts generally, and at the same time he was interested in the things of the mind, which had no place in the lives of the British settlers of that period…

(pp. 26 – 27)

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As a child those dreadful deeds did not impress me, since I did not witness them myself, and after looking at that stain of blood on the grass the subject faded out of my mind. But as time went on and I heard more about this painful subject I began to realize what it meant. The full horror of it came only a few years later, when I was big enough to go about to the native houses and among the gauchos in their gatherings, at cattle-partings and brandings, races, and on other occasions. I listened to the conversation of groups of men whose lives had been mostly spent in the army, as a rule in guerrilla warfare, and the talk turned with surprising frequency to the subject of cutting throats. Not to waste powder on prisoners was an unwritten law of the Argentine army at that period, and the veteran gaucho clever with the knife took delight in obeying it. It always came as a relief, I heard them say, to have as victim a young man with a good neck after an experience of tough, scraggy old throats: with a person of that sort they were in no hurry to finish the business; it was performed in a leisurely, loving way. Darwin, writing in praise of the gaucho in his *Voyage of a Naturalist*, says that if a gaucho cuts your throat he does it like a gentleman: even as a small boy I knew better--that he did his business rather like a hellish creature revelling in his cruelty. He would listen to all his captive could say to soften his heart--all his heartrending prayers and pleadings; and would reply: "Ah, friend,"--or little friend, or brother--"your words pierce me to the heart and I would gladly spare you for the sake of that poor mother of yours who fed you with her milk, and for your own sake too, since in this short time I have conceived a great friendship towards you; but your beautiful neck is your undoing, for how could I possibly deny myself the pleasure of cutting such a throat—so shapely, so smooth and soft and so white! Think of the sight of warm red blood gushing from that white column!" And so on, with wavings of the steel blade before the captive's eyes, until the end.

When I heard them relate such things--and I am quoting their very words, remembered all these years only too well--laughingly, gloating over such memories, such a loathing and hatred possessed me that ever afterwards the very sight of these men was enough to produce a sensation of nausea, just as when in the dog days one inadvertently rides too near the putrid carcass of some large beast on the plain.

As I have said, all this feeling about throat-cutting and the power to realize and visualize it, came to me by degrees long after the sight of a blood-stain on the turf near our home; and in like manner the significance of the tyrant's fall and the mighty changes it brought about in the land only came to me long after the event. People were in perpetual conflict about the character of the great man. He was abhorred by many, perhaps by most; others were on his side even for years after he had vanished from their ken, and among these were most of the English residents of the country, my father among them. Quite naturally I followed my father and came to believe that all the bloodshed during a quarter of a century, all the crimes and cruelties practised by Rosas, were not like the crimes committed by a private person, but were all for the good of the country, with the result that in Buenos Ayres and throughout our province there had been a long period of peace and prosperity, and that all this ended with his fall and was succeeded by years of fresh revolutionary outbreaks and bloodshed and anarchy. Another thing about Rosas which made me ready to fall in with my father's high opinion of him was the number of stories about him which appealed to my childish imagination. Many of these related to his adventures when he would disguise

himself as a person of humble status and prowl about the city by night, especially in the squalid quarters, where he would make the acquaintance of the very poor in their hovels. Most of these stories were probably inventions and need not be told here…

(pp. 124 – 127)

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It is commonly said among the gauchos that when a man has proved his prowess by killing a few of his opponents, he is thereafter permitted to live in peace. (p. 139)

I found Don Evaristo himself in the house, and with him his first and oldest wife, with several of the grown-up children. I was grieved to see the change in my old friend; he had aged greatly in seven years; his face was now white as alabaster, and his full beard and long hair quite grey. He was suffering from some internal malady, and spent most of the day in the large kitchen and living-room, resting in an easy- chair. The fire burnt all day in the hearth in the middle of the clay floor, and the women served mate and did their work in a quiet way, talking the while; and all day long the young men and big boys came and went, coming in, one or two at a time, to sip mate, smoke, and tell the news--the state of the well, the time the water would last, the condition of the cattle, of horses strayed, and so on.

The old first wife had also aged--her whole dark, anxious face had been covered with little interlacing wrinkles; but the greatest change was in the eldest child, her daughter Cipriana, who was living permanently at La Paja Brava. The old mother had a dash of dark or negrine blood in her veins, and this strain came out strongly in the daughter, a tall woman with lustreless crinkled hair of a wrought-iron colour, large voluptuous mouth, pale dark skin, and large dark sad eyes.

I remembered that they had not always been sad, for I had known her in her full bloom--an imposing woman, her eyes sparkling with intense fire and passion, who, despite her coarse features and dark skin, had a kind of strange wild beauty which attracted men. Unhappily she placed her affections on the wrong person, a dashing young gaucho who, albeit landless and poor in cattle, made a brave appearance, especially when mounted and when man and horse glittered with silver ornaments. I recalled how one of my last sights of her had been on a Sunday morning in summer when I had ridden to a spot on the plain where it was overgrown with giant thistles, standing about ten feet high, in full flower and filling the hot air with their perfume.

There, in a small open grassy space I had dismounted to watch a hawk, in hopes of finding its nest concealed somewhere among the thistles close by. And presently two persons came at a swift gallop by the narrow path through the thistles, and bursting out into that small open spot I saw that it was Cipriana, in a white dress, on a big bay horse, and her lover, who was leading the way. Catching sight of me they threw me a "Good morning" and galloped on, laughing gaily at the unexpected encounter. I thought that in her white dress, with the hot sun shining on her, her face flushed with excitement, on her big spirited horse, she looked splendid that morning.

But she gave herself too freely to her lover, and by and by there was a difference, and he rode away to return no more. It was hard for her then to face her neighbours, and eventually she went away with her mother to live at the new estancia; but even now at this

distance of time it is a pain to remember her when her image comes back to my mind as I saw her on that chance visit to La Paja Brava.

(pp. 186 – 188)

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Jack the Killer was one of those strange Englishmen frequently to be met with in those days, who had taken to the gaucho's manner of life, when the gaucho had more liberty and was a more lawless being than he is now or can ever be again, unless that vast level area of the pampas should at some future time become dispeopled and go back to what it was down to half a century ago. He had drifted into that outlandish place when young, and finding the native system of life congenial had made himself as much of a native as he could, and dressed like them and talked their language, and was horse-breaker, cattle-drover, and many other things by turn, and like any other gaucho he could make his own bridle and whip and horse-gear and lasso and bolas out of raw hide. And when not working he could gamble and drink like any gaucho to the manner born--and fight too. But here there was a difference.

Jack could affiliate with the natives, yet could never be just like them. The stamp of the foreigner, of the Englishman, was never wholly eradicated. He retained a certain dignity, a reserve, almost a stiffness, in his manner which made him a marked man among them, and would have made him a butt to the wits and bullies among his comrades but for his pride and deadly power. To be mocked as a foreigner, a gringo, an inferior being, was what he could not stand, and the result was that he had to fight, and it then came as a disagreeable revelation that when Jack fought he fought to kill. This was considered bad form; for though men were often killed when fighting, the gaucho's idea is that you do not fight with that intention, but rather to set your mark upon and conquer your adversary, and so give yourself fame and glory. Naturally, they were angry with Jack and became anxious to get rid of him, and by and by he gave them an excuse. He fought with and killed a man, a famous young fighter, who had many relations and friends, and some of these determined to avenge his death. And one night a band of nine men came to the rancho where Jack was sleeping, and leaving two of their number at the door to kill him if he attempted to escape that way, the others burst into his room, their long knives in their hands. As the door was thrown open Jack woke, and instantly divining the cause of the intrusion, he snatched up the knife near his pillow and sprang like a cat out of his bed; and then began a strange and bloody fight, one man, stark naked, with a short-bladed knife in his hand, against seven men with their long facons, in a small pitch-dark room. The advantage Jack had was that his bare feet made no sound on the clay floor, and that he knew the exact position of a few pieces of furniture in the room. He had, too, a marvellous agility, and the intense darkness was all in his favour, as the attackers could hardly avoid wounding one another. At all events, the result was that three of them were killed and the other four wounded, all more or less seriously. And from that time Jack was allowed to live among them as a harmless, peaceful member of the community, so long as no person twitted him with being a gringo.

Quite naturally, my brother regarded Jack as one of his greatest heroes, and whenever he heard of his being in our neighbourhood he would mount his horse and go off in search of him, to spend long hours in his company and persuade him to talk about that awful fight in a dark room with so many against him. One result of his intimacy with Jack was that he

became dissatisfied with his own progress in the manly art of self-defence. It was all very well to make himself proficient with the foils and as a boxer, and to be a good shot, but he was living among people who had the knife for sole weapon, and if by chance he were attacked by a man with a knife, and had no pistol or other weapon, he would find himself in an exceedingly awkward position. There was then nothing to do but to practise with the knife, and he wanted Jack, who had been so successful with that weapon, to give him some lessons in its use.

Jack shook his head. If his boy friend wanted to learn the gaucho way of fighting he could easily do so. The gaucho wrapped his poncho on his left arm to use it as a shield, and flourished his facon, or knife with a sword-like blade and a guard to the handle. This whirling about of the knife was quite an art, and had a fine look when two accomplished fighters stood up to each other and made their weapons look like shining wheels or revolving mirrors in the sun. Meanwhile, the object of each man was to find his opportunity for a sweeping blow which would lay his opponent's face open. Now all that was pretty to look at, but it was mere playing at fighting and he never wanted to practise it. He was not a fighter by inclination; he wanted to live with and be one with the gauchos, but not to fight. There were numbers of men among them who never fought and were never challenged to fight, and he would be of those if they would let him. He never had a pistol, he wore a knife like everybody else, but a short knife for use and not to fight. But when he found that, after all, he had to fight or else exist on sufferance as a despised creature among them, the butt of every fool and bully, he did fight in a way which he had never been taught and could not teach to another. It was nature: it was in him.

When the dangerous moment came and knives flashed out, he was instantly transformed into a different being. He was on springs, he couldn't keep still or in one place for a second, or a fraction of a second; he was like a cat, like india rubber, like steel—like anything you like, but something that flew round and about his opponent and was within striking distance one second and a dozen yards away the next, and when an onset was looked for it never came where it was expected but from another side, and in two minutes his opponent became confused, and struck blindly at him, and his opportunity came, not to slash and cut but to drive his knife with all his power to the heart in the other's body and finish him for ever. That was how he had fought and had killed, and because of that way of fighting he had got his desire and had been permitted to live in peace and quiet until he had grown grey, and no fighter or swashbuckler had said to him, "Do you still count yourself a killer of men? then kill me and prove your right to the title," and no one had jeered at or called him "gringo."

(pp. 251 – 253)

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From: BULFIN, William (1997). *Tales of the Pampas* (bilingual edition). Buenos Aires: L.O.L.A.

Stories of the Irish settlers in the province of Buenos Aires.

‘The Course of True Love’

Although it is not written, it is still true, that over the richest sheep-runs in the province of

Buenos Aires you may gallop during every hour of the longest day in summer without crossing a single rood of land that is not owned by some son of the Emerald Isle or by his children. Full sixty years ago the first Irish sheep-farmers went forth from Buenos Aires city into the teeming wilds of the Pampa, and made their pioneer homes in the track of the frontier cavalry regiments that were fighting back the Indians. The success of these hardy settlers induced their kinsfolk to follow in their footsteps; and now, for leagues and leagues inland from the banks of El Rio de La Plata and the Parana, north and west of Buenos Aires, stretch the estates, or. *estancias,* of men of Irish birth or parentage. On these estates or "camps," as they are called, not only are the proprietors and managers Irish, but the shepherds and estancia hands as well; not only are the comfortable and, in many cases, luxurious homes or estancia houses tenanted by Irish, but also every ranch or *puesto* that you can see with a telescope here and there over the level leagues of clover and thistle which extend on every side of you to the horizon. In some of those estancias live men who own from fifty to one hundred thousand sheep). In some of the distant huts are shepherds paid by the month; in others are shepherds who own a part of the flock they mind; while in others are men who own from two to four or five thousand sheep, on rented land. But whether millionaires or labourers, all are Irish in thought, in sympathy, and in character.
Exile has, of course, modified some of their idiosyncrasies and accentuated others. The wilderness has taught them some of its mysteries, has sharpened some of their senses and faculties that would in other conditions of life have remained comparatively dull; has, to some extent, increased their natural sensitiveness and deprived them of some of their spirituality, as well as taken the corners and angles off their Celtic mysticism. Spanish phrases and idioms have inflected the English which they habitually use; but the brogue of Leinster and Munster has remained intact. Spanish and Creole customs have, in a greater or less degree, insensibly woven themselves into their life; but they are unwilling to admit this, and their struggle to preserve the traditions of the motherland is constant and earnest. Sociability they cannot very successfully cultivate, for the exigencies of sheep-farming oblige them to live far apart; but the old geniality is there, and, although the circumstances in which they are placed are productive of shyness and over-sensibility, the inextinguishable humour of their race abides with them undimmed.

(pp. 135 -136)

'Campeando'

"You are getting' too much of the country into you, me boy –racin', and bettin', and helpin' the natives to cut each other to pieces, and galavantin' around the seven parishes suckin' *mate* and colloguerin' with the gauchos- that's all right while it lasts. But you'll get a bad name for yourself, take my words for it…."
"But, Mike, they sent me out with Castro. It wasn't my fault to go."
"That's all collywest. Of course they sent you. If you're always stuck with the natives behind the *galpon* instead of tendin' to your good name, you'll be sent with them, and you'll get into their ways, and the day'll come when the-dickens a decent man in the country will have anything to say or do with you."
Mike was as good as gold, and meant well by me. But he failed to convince me.

(p.110)