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Kidnapped—Chapter 28: I Go In Quest Of My Inheritance

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For the Easter season, I am posting some rather different things on this channel, in addition to my regular output, as a little gift to my followers and supporters. This is the fourth book I am reading through: 'Kidnapped', by Robert Louis Stevenson. I hope that you all enjoy!

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Transcript

Chapter 28. I Go In Quest Of My Inheritance. I made what change I could in my appearance, and blithe was I to look in the glass and find the beggarman a thing of the past, and David Balfour come to life again.

And yet I was ashamed of the change too, and above all of the borrowed clothes. When I had done, Mr. Rankula caught me on the stair, made me his compliments, and had me again into the cabinet. Sit ye down, Mr. David, said he, and now that you are looking a little more like yourself, let me see if I can find you any news.

You will be wondering, no doubt, about your father and your uncle. To be sure it is a singular tale, and the explanation is one that I blush to have to offer you, for, says he, really with embarrassment, the matter hinges on a love affair. Truly, said I, I cannot very well join that notion with my uncle.

But your uncle, Mr. David, was not always old, replied the lawyer, and what may perhaps surprise you more, not always ugly. He had a fine gallant air. People stood in their doors to look after him, as he went by upon a metal horse.

I have seen it with these eyes, and I ingenuously confess, not altogether without envy, for I was a plain lad myself, and a plain man's son, and in those days it was a case of *ade te quibellis es, Sebele*. It sounds like a dream, said I. Ay, ay, said the lawyer. That is how it is with youth and age.

Nor was that all, but he had a spirit of his own that seemed to promise great things in the future. In 1715, what must he do but run away to join the rebels? It was your father that pursued him, found him in a ditch, and brought him back, *multum gumentum*, to the mirth of the whole country. However, *me ora canamus*, the two lads fell in love, and that with the same lady.

Mr. Ebenezer, who was the admired and the beloved, and the spoiled one, made no doubt mighty certain of victory, and when he found he had deceived himself, screamed like a peacock. The whole country heard of it. Now he lay sick at home, with his sleep family standing round the bed in tears.

Now he rode from public house to public house, and shouted his sorrows into the lug of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Your father, Mr. David, was a kind gentleman, but he was weak, dolefully weak, took all this folly with a long countenance, and one day, by your leave, resigned the lady. She was no such fool, however.

It is from her you must inherit your excellent good sense, and she refused to be bandied from one to another. Both got upon their knees to her, and the upshot of the matter for that while was that she showed both of them the door. That was in August, dear me, the same year I came from college.

The scene must have been highly farcical. I thought myself it was a silly business, but I could not forget my father had a hand in it. Surely, sir, it had some note of tragedy, said I. Why, no, sir, not at all, returned the lawyer, for tragedy implies some ponderable matter in dispute, some *dignus vindicae nodus*, and this piece of work was all about the petulance of a young ass that had been spoiled, and wanted nothing so much as to be tied up and soundly belted.

However, that was not your father's view, and the end of it was, that from concession to concession on your father's part, and from one height to another of squalling sentimental selfishness upon your uncle's, they came at last to drive a sort of bargain, from whose ill results you have recently been smarting. The one man took the lady, the other the estate. Now, Mr. David, they talk a great deal of charity and generosity, but in this disputable state of life I often think the happiest consequences seem to flow when a gentleman consults his lawyer, and takes all the allows him.

Anyhow, this piece of quixotry on your father's part, as it was unjust in itself, has brought forth a monstrous family of injustices. Your father and mother lived and died poor folk, you were poorly reared, and in the meanwhile what a time it has been for the tenants on

the estate of shores! And I might add, if it was a matter I cared much about, what a time for Mr. Ebenezer! And yet that is certainly the strangest part of all, said I, that a man's nature should thus change. True, said Mr. Rankilla, and yet I imagine it was natural enough.

He could not think that he had played a handsome part. Those who knew the story gave him the cold shoulder, those who knew it not, seeing one brother disappear and the other succeed in the estate, raised a cry of murder, so that upon all sides he found himself evited. Money was all he got by his bargain.

Well, he came to think the more of money. He was selfish when he was young, he is selfish now that he is old, and the latter end of all these pretty manners and fine feelings you have seen for yourself. Well, sir, said I, and in all this what is my position? The estate is yours beyond a doubt, replied the lawyer.

It matters nothing what your father signed. You are the heir of Entail. But your uncle is a man to fight the indefensible, and it would be likely your identity that he would call into question.

A lawsuit is always expensive, and a family lawsuit always scandalous. Besides which, if any of your doings with your friend Mr. Thompson were to come out, we might find that we had burned our fingers. The kidnapping, to be sure, would be a court card upon our side, if we could only prove it.

But it may be difficult to prove, and my advice on the whole is to make a very easy bargain with your uncle, perhaps even leaving him at Shores, where he has taken root for a quarter of a century, and contenting yourself in the meanwhile with a fair provision. I told him I was very willing to be easy, and that to carry family concerns before the public was a step from which I was naturally much averse. In the meantime, thinking to myself, I began to see the outlines of that scheme on which we afterwards acted.

The great affair, I asked, is to bring home to him the kidnapping. Surely, said Mr. Rankula, and if possible out of court, for mark you here, Mr. David, we could no doubt find some men of the Covenant who would swear to your occlusion, but once they were in the box we could no longer check their testimony, and some word of your friend Mr. Thompson must certainly crop out, which, from what you have let fall, I cannot think to be desirable. Well, sir, said I, here is my way of it, and I opened my plot to him.

But this would seem to involve my meeting the man Thompson, says he, when I had done. I think so indeed, sir, said I. Dear Doctor, cries he, rubbing his brow, dear Doctor, no, Mr. David, I am afraid your scheme is inadmissible. I say nothing against your friend Mr. Thompson.

I know nothing against him, and if I did, mark this, Mr. David, it would be my duty to lay

hands on him. Now I put it to you, is it wise to meet? He may have matters to his charge. He may not have told you all.

His name may not even be Thompson, cries the lawyer, twinkling, for some of these fellows will pick up names by the roadside as another would gather whores. You must be the judge, sir, said I. But it was clear my plan had taken hold upon his fancy, for he kept musing to himself till we were called to dinner, and the company of Mrs. Rankula, and that lady had scarce left us again to ourselves and a bottle of wine, ere he was back harping on my proposal. When and where was I to meet my friend Mr. Thompson? Was I sure of Mr. T's discretion? Supposing we could catch the old fox tripping, would I consent to such and such a term of an agreement? These and the like questions he kept asking at long intervals, while he thoughtfully rolled his wine upon his tongue.

When I had answered all of them, seemingly to his contentment, he fell into a still deeper muse, even the claret being now forgotten. Then he got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and set to work writing and weighing every word, and at last touched a bell, and had his clerk into the chamber. "'Torrance,' said he, "'I must have this written out fair against to-night, and when it is done, you will be so kind as to put on your hat, and be ready to come along with this gentleman and me, for you will probably be wanted as a witness.' "'What, sir?' cried I, as soon as the clerk was gone.

"'Are you to venture it?' "'Why, so it would appear,' said he, filling his glass. "'But let us speak no more of business. The very sight of Torrance brings in my head a little droll matter of some years ago, when I had made a tryst with the poor oaf at the Cross of Edinburgh.

Each had gone his proper errand, and when it came four o'clock, Torrance had been taking a glass, and did not know his master, and I, who had forgot my spectacles, was so blind without them, that I give you my word I did not know my own clock.' And thereupon he laughed heartily. I said it was an odd chance, and smiled out of politeness. But what held me all the afternoon in wonder, he kept returning and dwelling on this story, and telling it again with fresh details and laughter, so that I began at last to be quite put out of countenance, and feel ashamed for my friend's folly.

Towards the time I had appointed with Allan, we set out from the house, Mr. Rankilla and I arm in arm, and Torrance following behind with the deed in his pocket, and a covered basket in his hand. All through the town the lawyer was bowing right and left, and continually being button-holed by gentlemen on matters of borough or private business, and I could see he was one greatly looked up to in the county. At last we were clear of the house, and began to go along the side of the haven, and towards the Whore's Inn and the Ferry Pier, the scene of my misfortune.

I could not look upon the place without emotion, recalling how many that had been there with me that day were now no more, ransom taken, I could hope, from the evil to come,

shew and past where I dared not follow him, and the poor souls that had gone down with the brig in her last plunge. All these, and the brig herself, I had outlived, and come through these hardships and fearful perils without scathe. My only thought should have been of gratitude, and yet I could not behold the place without sorrow for others, and a chill of recollected fear.

I was so thinking when, upon a sudden, Mr. Rankilla cried out, clapped his hand to his pockets, and began to laugh. Why, he cries, if this be not a farcical adventure, after all that I said, I have forgot my glasses. At that, of course, I understood the purpose of his anecdote, and knew that if he had left his spectacles at home it had been done on purpose, so that he might have the benefit of Alan's help without the awkwardness of recognising him.

And, indeed, it was well thought upon, for now, suppose things to go the very worst, how could Rankilla swear to my friend's identity, or how be made to bear damaging evidence against myself? For all that, he had been a long while of finding out his want, and had spoken to and recognised a good few persons as we came through the town, and I had little doubt myself that he saw reasonably well. As soon as we were past the whores, where I recognised the landlord smoking his pipe in the door, and was amazed to see him look no older, Mr. Rankilla changed the order of march, walking behind with torrents, and sending me forward in the manner of a scout. I went up the hill, whistling from time to time my gaelic air, and at length I had the pleasure to hear it answered, and to see Alan rise from behind a bush.

He was somewhat dashed in spirits, having passed a long day alone skulking in the county, and made but a poor meal in an ale-house near Dundas. But at the mere sight of my clothes he began to brighten up, and as soon as I had told him in what a forward state our matters were, and the part I looked to him to play in what remained, he sprang into a new man. "'And that is a very good notion of yours,' says he, "'and I dare to say that you could lay your hands upon no better man to put it through than Alan Breck.

It is not a thing, Marquis, that any one could do, but takes a gentleman of penetration. But it sticks in my head your lawyer-man will be somewhat wearying to see me,' says Alan. Accordingly I cried and waved on Mr. Rankilla, who came up alone, and was presented to my friend Mr. Thompson.

"'Mr. Thompson, I am pleased to meet you,' said he, "'but I have forgotten my glasses, and our friend Mr. David here,' clapping me on the shoulder, "'will tell you that I am little better than blind, and that you must not be surprised if I pass you by to-morrow.' This he said, thinking that Alan would be pleased, but the Highland man's vanity was ready to startle at a less matter than that. "'Why, sir,' says he stiffly, "'I would say it mattered the less as we are met here for a particular end, to see justice done to Mr. Balfour, and by what I can see not very likely to have much else in common.

But I accept your apology, which was a very proper one to make.' "That is more than I could look for, Mr. Thompson,' said Rankilla heartily. "And now as you and I are the chief actors in this enterprise, I think we should come into a nice agreement, to which end I propose that you should lend me your arm, for, what with the dusk and the want of my glasses, I am not very clear as to the path, and as for you, Mr. David, you will find Torrance a pleasant kind of body to speak with. Only let me remind you, it is quite needless he should hear more of your adventures, or those of—' Mr. Thompson.

Accordingly these two went on ahead in very close talk, and Torrance and I brought up the rear. Night was quite come when we came into view of the House of Shores. Ten had been gone some time.

It was dark and mild, with a pleasant rustling wind in the south-west that covered the sound of our approach, and as we drew near we saw no glimmer of light in any portion of the building. It seemed my uncle was already in bed, which was indeed the best thing for our arrangements. We made our last whispered consultation some fifty yards away, and then the lawyer and Torrance and I crept quietly up and crouched down beside the corner of the house, and as soon as we were in our places, Alan strode to the door without concealment and began to knock.