

# OpenTheo

## Kidnapped—Chapter 30: Good-Bye

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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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You can also listen to the audio of these episodes on iTunes:  
<https://itunes.apple.com/gb/podcast/alastairs-adversaria/id1416351035?mt=2>.

## Transcript

Chapter 30. Good-Bye. So far as I was concerned myself, I had come to port.

But I still had Alan, to whom I was so much beholden, on my hands. And I felt besides a heavy charge in the matter of the murder, and James of the Glens. Above these heads I unbosomed to Rankela the next morning, walking to and fro about six of the clock before the house of shores, and with nothing in view but the fields and woods that had been my ancestors, and were now mine.

Even as I spoke on these grave subjects, my eye would take a glad bit of a run over the prospect, and my heart jump with pride. About my clear duty to my friend the lawyer had no doubt. I must help him out of the country at whatever risk.

But in the case of James he was of a different mind. Mr. Thompson, says he, is one thing, Mr. Thompson's kinsman quite another. I know little of the facts, but I gather that a great noble, whom we will call, if you like, the D of A, has some concern, and is even supposed to feel some animosity in the matter.

The D of A is doubtless an excellent nobleman. But Mr. David, Timio quinquere deus, if you interfere to balk his vengeance, you should remember there is one way to shut your testimony out, and that is to put you in the dock. There you would be in the same pickle as Mr. Thompson's kinsman.

You will object that you are innocent. Well, but so is he. And to be tried for your life before a Highland jury, on a Highland quarrel, and with a Highland judge upon the bench, would be a brief transition to the gallows.

Now I had made all these reasonings before, and found no very good reply to them, so I put on all the simplicity I could. In that case, sir, said I, I would just have to be hanged, would I not? My dear boy, cries he, go in God's name and do what you think is right. It is a poor thought that at my time of life I should be advising you to choose the safe and shameful, and I take it back with an apology.

Go and do your duty, and be hanged, if you must, like a gentleman. There are worse things in the world than to be hanged. Not many, sir, said I, smiling.

Why, yes, sir, he cried, very many, and it would be ten times better for your uncle, to go no farther afield, if he were dangling decently upon a gibbet. Thereupon he turned into the house, still in a great fervour of mind, so that I saw I had pleased him heartily, and there he wrote me two letters, making his comments on them as he wrote. This, says he, is to my bankers, the British linen company, placing a credit to your name.

Consult Mr. Thompson, he will know of ways, and you with this credit can supply the means. I trust you will be a good husband of your money, but in the affair of a friend like Mr. Thompson, I would be even prodigal. Then for his kinsman, there is no better way than that you should seek the advocate.

Tell him your tale, and offer testimony. Whether he may take it or not, is quite another matter, and will turn on the D of A. Now that you may reach the Lord Advocate well recommended, I give you here a letter to a namesake of your own, the learned Mr. Balfour of Pilrig, a man whom I esteem. It will look better that you should be presented by one of your own name, and the Laird of Pilrig is much looked up to in the faculty, and stands well with Lord Advocate Grant.

I would not trouble him if I were you with any particulars, and, do you know, I think it would be needless to refer to Mr. Thompson. Form yourself upon the Laird. He is a good model.

When you deal with the Advocate, be discreet, and in all these matters may the Lord guide you, Mr. David. Thereupon he took his farewell, and set out with Torrance for the ferry, while Alan and I turned our faces for the city of Edinburgh. As we went by the footpath, and besides the gate-posts, and the unfinished lodge, we kept looking back at

the house of my father's.

It stood there, bare and great and smokeless, like a place not lived in, only in one of the top windows there was the peak of a nightcap bobbing up and down and back and forward, like the head of a rabbit from a burrow. I had little welcome when I came, and less kindness while I stayed, but at least I was watched as I went away. Alan and I went slowly forward upon our way, having little heart either to walk or speak.

The same thought was uppermost in both, that we were near the time of our parting, and remembrance of all the bygone days sate upon us sorely. We talked indeed of what should be done, and it was resolved that Alan should keep to the county, biding now here, now there, but coming once in the day to a particular place where I might be able to communicate with him, either in my own person or by messenger. In the meanwhile I was to seek out a lawyer, who was an appan steward, and a man therefore to be wholly trusted, and it should be his part to find a ship, and to arrange for Alan's safe embarkation.

No sooner was this business done, than the words seemed to leave us, and though I would seek to jest with Alan under the name of Thompson, and he with me on my new clothes and my estate, you could feel very well that we were nearer tears than laughter. We came the byway over the hill of Castorphen, and when we got near to the place called Rest and Be Thankful, and looked down on Castorphen bogs and over to the city and the castle on the hill, we both stopped, for we both knew without a word said that we had come to where our ways parted. Here he repeated to me once again what had been agreed upon between us, the address of the lawyer, the daily hour at which Alan might be found, and the signals that were to be made by any that came seeking him.

Then I gave what money I had, a guinea or two of ranculas, so that he should not starve in the meanwhile, and then we stood a space, and looked over at Edinburgh in silence. Well, good-bye, said Alan, and held out his left hand. Good-bye, said I, and gave the hand a little grasp, and went half down hill.

Neither one of us looked the other in the face, nor so long as he was in my view did I take one back glance at the friend I was leaving. But as I went on my way to the city I felt so lost and lonesome that I could have found it in my heart to sit down by the dyke, and cry and weep like any baby. It was coming near noon, when I passed in by the West Kirk and the Grassmarket into the streets of the capital.

The huge height of the buildings, running up to ten and fifteen storeys, the narrow arched entries that continually vomited passengers, the wares of the merchants in their windows, the hubbub and endless stir, the foul smells and the fine clothes, and a hundred other particulars too small to mention, struck me into a kind of stupor of surprise, so that I let the crowd carry me to and fro, and yet all the time what I was thinking of was Alan at rest and be thankful, and all the time, although you would think I

would not choose but be delighted with these brags and novelties, there was a cold gnawing in my inside, like a remorse for something wrong. The hand of Providence brought me in my drifting to the very doors of the British Linen Company's bank.