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Kidnapped—Chapter 22: The Flight In The Heather: The Moor

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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 22 The Flight In The Heather The Moor Some seven hours' incessant hard travelling brought us early in the morning to the end of a range of mountains. In front of us there lay a piece of low, broken desert land, which we must now cross. The sun was not long up, and shone straight in our eyes.

A little thin mist went up from the face of the moorland like a smoke, so that, as Alan said, there might have been twenty squadron of dragoons there, and we none the wiser. We sat down therefore in a howl of the hillside till the mist should have risen, and made ourselves a dish of dramach, and held a counsel of war. "'David,' said Alan, "'this is the Kittle Bit.

Shall we lie here till it comes night, or shall we risk it and stave on ahead?' "'Well,' said I, "'I am tired indeed, but I could walk as far again, if that was all.' "'Ay, but it is nay,' said Alan. "'Nor yet the half. This is how we stand.

Appen's fair death to us. To the south it's all Campbell's, and no to be thought of. To the north, well, there's no muckle to be gained by going north, neither for you, that wants to get to Queensferry, nor yet for me, that wants to get to France.

Well, then, we'll can strike east.' "'East be it,' said I, quite cheerily. But I was thinking in to myself. Oh, man, if you'd only take one point of the compass, and let me take any other, it would be the best for both of us.' "'Well, then, east, you see, we have the mures,' said Alan.

"'Once there, David, it's mere pitch and toss. Out on yon bald, naked flat place, where can a body turn to? Let the redcoats come over a hill, they can spy you miles away, and the sorrows in their horses' heels, they would soon ride you down. It's no good place, David, and I'm free to say it's worse by daylight than by dark.' "'Alan,' said I, hear my way of it, Appen's death for us, we have none too much money, nor yet meal, the longer they seek the nearer they may guess where we are.

It's all a risk, and I give my word to go ahead until we drop.' Alan was delighted. "'There are wiles,' said he, when ye are altogether too canny and wiggish to be company for a gentleman like me, but there come other wiles when ye show yourself a metal spark, and it's then, David, that I love ye like a brother.' The mist rose and died away, and showed us that country lying as waste as the sea, only the moorfowl and the peewees crying upon it, and far over to the east a herd of deer moving like dots. Much of it was red with heather, much of the rest broken up with bogs and hags and peaty pools.

Some had been burnt black in a heath-fire, and in another place there was quite a forest of dead furs, standing like skeletons, a wearier-looking desert man never saw, but at least it was clear of troops, which was our point. We went down accordingly into the waste, and began to make our toilsome and devious travel towards the eastern verge. There were the tops of mountains all round, you are to remember, from whence we might be spied at any moment, so it behoved us to keep in the hollow parts of the moor, and when these turned aside from our direction to move upon its naked face with infinite care.

Sometimes for half an hour together we must crawl from one heather-bush to another, as hunters do when they are hard upon the deer. It was a clear day again, with a blazing sun, the water in the brandy-bottle was soon gone, and altogether, if I had guessed what it would be to crawl half the time upon my belly, and to walk much of the rest stooping nearly to the knees, I should certainly have held back from such a killing enterprise. Toiling and resting and toiling again, we wore away the morning, and about noon lay down in a thick bush of heather to sleep.

Alan took the first watch, and it seemed to me I had scarce closed my eyes before I was shaken up to take the second. We had no clock to go by, and Alan stuck a sprig of heather in the ground to serve instead, so that as soon as the shadow of the bush should

fall so far to the east I might know to rouse him. But I was by this time so weary that I could have slept twelve hours at a stretch.

I had the taste of sleep in my throat, my joints slept even when my mind was waking, the hot smell of the heather and the drone of the wild bees were like possets to me, and every now and again I would give a jump and find I had been dozing. The last time I woke I seemed to come back from farther away, and thought the sun had taken a great start in the heavens. I looked at the sprig of heather, and at that I could have cried aloud, for I saw I had betrayed my trust.

My head was nearly turned with fear and shame, and at what I saw when I looked out around me on the moor my heart was like dying in my body. For sure enough a body of horse soldiers had come down during my sleep, and were drawing nearest from the south-east, spread out in the shape of a fan, and riding their horses to and fro in the deep parts of the heather. When I waked Alan he glanced first at the soldiers, then at the mark and the position of the sun, and knitted his brows with a sudden quick look, both ugly and anxious, which was all the reproach I had of him.

"What are we to do now?" I asked. "We'll have to play at being hares," said he. "Do ye see Yon Mountain?" pointing to one on the north-eastern sky.

"Ay," said I. "Well, then," says he, "let us strike for that. His name is Ben Alder. It is a wild desert mountain full of hills and hollows, and if we can win to it before the morn we may do yet." "But, Alan," cried I, "that will take us across the very coming of the soldiers." "I ken that fine," said he, "but if we are driven back on Appan we are two dead men.

So now, David Mann, be brisk.' With that he began to run forward on his hands and knees with an incredible quickness, as though it were his natural way of going. All the time, too, he kept winding in and out in the lower parts of the moorland where we were the best concealed. Some of these had been burned, or at least scathed with fire, and there rose in our faces, which were close to the ground, a blinding choking dust as fine as smoke.

The water was long out, and this posture of running on the hands and knees brings an over-mastering weakness and weariness, so that the joints ache, and the wrists faint under your weight. Now and then, indeed, where was a big bush of heather, we lay a while, and panted, and putting aside the leaves, looked back at the dragoons. They had not spied us, for they held straight on, a half-troop, I think, covering about two miles of ground, and beating it mighty thoroughly as they went.

I had awakened just in time, a little later, and we must have fled in front of them, instead of escaping on one side. Even as it was, the least misfortune might betray us, and now and again, when a grouse rose out of the heather with a clap of wings, we lay as still as

the dead, and were afraid to breathe. The aching and faintness of my body, the labouring of my heart, the soreness of my hands, and the smarting of my throat and eyes in the continual smoke of dust and ashes, has soon grown to be so unbearable that I would gladly have given up.

Nothing but the fear of Alan lent me enough of a false kind of courage to continue. As for himself, and you are to bear in mind that he was cumbered with a greatcoat, he had first turned crimson, but as time went on the redness began to be mingled with patches of white. His breath cried and whistled as it came, and his voice when he whispered his observations in my ear during our halts sounded like nothing human, yet he seemed in no way dashed in spirits, nor did he at all abate in his activity, so that I was driven to marvel at the man's endurance.

At length, in the first gloaming of the night, we heard a trumpet sound, and looking back from among the heather, saw the troop beginning to collect. A little after they had built a fire and camped for the night, about the middle of the waist. At this I begged and besought that we might lie down and sleep.

There shall be no sleep the night, said Alan. From now on these weary dragoons of yours will keep the crown of the moorland, and none will get out of Appen but winged fowls. We got through in the nick of time, and shall we jeopard what we have gained? Na, na, when the day comes it shall find you and me in a fast place on Ben Alder.

"Alan," I said, "is not the want of will, it's the strength that I want. If I could I would, but as sure as I am alive I cannot." "Very well, then," said Alan. "I'll carry ye." I looked to see if he were jesting, but no, the little man was in dead earnest, and the sight of so much resolution shamed me.

"Lead away," said I. "I'll follow." He gave me one look, as much as to say, Well done, David, and off he set again at his top speed. It grew cooler and even a little darker, but not much, with the coming of the night. The sky was cloudless.

It was still early in July, and pretty far north. In the darkest part of that night you would have needed pretty good eyes to read, but for all that I have often seen it darker in a winter midday. Heavy dew fell and drenched the moor like rain, and this refreshed me for a while.

When we stopped to breathe, and I had time to see all about me, the clearness and sweetness of the night, the shapes of the hills like things asleep, and the fire dwindling away behind us like a bright spot in the midst of the moor, anger would come upon me in a clap that I must still drag myself in agony and eat the dust like a worm. By what I have read in books I think few that have held a pen were ever really wearied, or they would write of it more strongly. I had no care of my life, neither past nor future, and I scarce remembered there was such a lad as David Balfour.

I did not think of myself, but just of each fresh step which I was sure would be my last, with despair, and of Alan who was the cause of it, with hatred. Alan was in the right trade as a soldier. This is the officer's part to make men continue to do things they know not where for, and when, if the choice was offered, they would lie down where they were and be killed.

And I dare say I would have made a good enough private, for in these last hours it never occurred to me that I had any choice but just to obey as long as I was able, and die obeying. Day began to come in, after years, I thought, and by that time we were past the greatest danger, and could walk upon our feet like men, instead of crawling like brutes. But, dear heart, have mercy! What a pair we must have made, going double like old grandfathers, stumbling like babes, and as white as dead folk! Never a word passed between us.

Each set his mouth and kept his eyes in front of him, and lifted up his feet and set it down again, like people lifting weights at a country play, all the while with the more foul-crying peep in the heather, and the light coming slowly clearer in the east. I say Alan did as I did, not that ever I looked at him, for I had enough ado to keep my feet. But because it is plain he must have been as stupid with weariness as myself, and looked as little where we were going, or we should not have walked into an ambush like blind men.

It fell in this way. We were going down a heathery bray, Alan leading, and I following a pace or two behind, like a fiddler and his wife, when upon a sudden the heather gave a rustle, three or four ragged men leaped out, and the next moment we were lying on our backs, each with a dirk at his throat. I don't think I cared.

The pain of this rough handling was quite swallowed up by the pains of which I was already full, and I was too glad to have stopped walking to mind about a dirk. I lay looking up in the face of the man that held me, and I mind his face was black with the sun, and his eyes very light, but I was not afraid of him. I heard Alan and another whispering in the gaelic, and what they said was all one to me.

Then the dirks were put up, our weapons were taken away, and we were set face to face sitting in the heather. They are Clooney's men, said Alan. We could nay have fallen better.

We're just to bide here with these, which are his out-sentries, till they can get word to the chief of my arrival. Now Clooney Macpherson, the chief of the clan Varrock, had been one of the leaders of the great rebellion six years before. There was a price on his life, and I had supposed him long in France, with the rest of the heads of that desperate party.

Even tired as I was, the surprise of what I heard half-wakened me. What? I cried. Is Clooney still here? Ay, is he so, said Alan.

Still in his own country and kept by his own clan. King George can do no more. I think I would have asked further, but Alan gave me the put-off.

I'm rather wearied, he said, and I would like fine to get a sleep, and without more words he rolled on his face in a deep heather-bush, and seemed to sleep at once. There was no such thing possible for me. You have heard grasshoppers whirring in the grass in the summer time.

Well, I had no sooner closed my eyes than my body, and above all my head, belly, and wrists, seemed to be filled with whirring grasshoppers, and I must open my eyes again at once, and tumble and toss, and sit up and lie down, and look at the sky which dazzled me, or at Clooney's wild and dirty sentries, peering out over the top of the bray and chattering to each other in the Gaelic. That was all the rest I had, until the messenger returned, when, as it appeared that Clooney would be glad to receive us, we must get once more upon our feet and set forward. Alan was in excellent good spirits, much refreshed by his sleep, very hungry, and looking pleasantly forward to a dram and a dish of hot collops, of which, it seems, the messenger had brought him word.

For my part, it made me sick to hear of eating. I had been dead heavy before, and now I felt a kind of dreadful lightness, which would not suffer me to walk. I drifted like a gossamer.

The ground seemed to me like a cloud, the hills a featherweight, the air to have a current like a running burn, which carried me to and fro. With all that, a sort of horror of despair sat on my mind, so that I could have wept at my own helplessness. I saw Alan knitting his brows at me, and supposed it was an anger, and that gave me a pang of light-headed fear, like what a child may have.

I remember, too, that I was smiling, and could not stop smiling, hard as I tried, for I thought it was out of place at such a time. But my good companion had nothing in his mind but kindness, and the next moment two of the ghillies had me by the arms, and I began to be carried forward with great swiftness—or so it appeared to me, although I dare say it was slowly enough in truth—through a labyrinth of dreary glens and hollows, and into the heart of that dismal mountain of Ben Alder.