

# OpenTheo

## **Kidnapped—Chapter 7: I Go To Sea In The Brig "Covenant" Of Dysart**

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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 7. I Go To Sea In The Brig Covenant Of Dysart. I came to myself in darkness, in great pain, bound hand and foot, and deafened by many unfamiliar noises. There sounded in my ears a roaring of water as of a huge mill-dam, the thrashing of heavy sprays, the thundering of the sails, and the shrill cries of seamen.

The whole world now heaved giddily up, and now rushed giddily downwards. And so sick and hurt was I in body, and my mind so much confounded, that it took me a long while, chasing my thoughts up and down, and ever stunned again by a fresh stab of pain, to realise that I must be lying somewhere bound in the belly of that unlucky ship, and that the wind must have strengthened to a gale. With the clear perception of my plight, there fell upon me a blackness of despair, a horror of remorse at my own folly, and a passion of anger at my uncle, that once more bereft me of my senses.

When I returned again to life, the same uproar, the same confused and violent movements, shook and deafened me, and presently, to my other pains and distresses,

there was added the sickness of an unused landman on the sea. In that time of my adventurous youth, I suffered many hardships, but none that was so crushing to my mind and body, or lit by so few hopes as these first hours aboard the brig. I heard a gunfire, and supposed the storm had proved too strong for us, and we were firing signals of distress.

The thought of deliverance, even by death in the deep sea, was welcome to me. Yet it was no such matter, but, as I was afterwards told, a common habit of the captain's, which I here set down to show that even the worst man may have his kindlier side. We were then passing, it was the port of Dysart, where the brig was built, and where old Mrs. Holseys and the captain's mother had come some years before to live, and whether outward or inward bound, the covenant was never suffered to go by that place by day, without a gun fired and colours shown.

I had no measure of time. Day and night were alike in that ill-smelling cavern of the ship's bowels where I lay, and the misery of my situation drew out the hours to double. How long, therefore, I lay waiting to hear the ship split upon some rock, or to feel her real head foremost into the depths of the sea, I have not the means of computation.

But sleep at length stole from me the consciousness of sorrow. I was awakened by the light of a hand-lantern shining in my face. A small man of about thirty, with green eyes and a tangle of fair hair, stood looking down at me.

Well, said he, how goes it? I answered by a sob, and my visitor then felt my pulse and temples, and set himself to wash and dress the wound upon my scalp. Ay, said he, a sordunt. What man? Cheer up.

The world's no done. You've made a bad start of it, but you'll make a better. Have you had any meat? I said I could not look at it, and thereupon he gave me some brandy and water in a tin panikin, and left me once more to myself.

The next time he came to see me I was lying betwixt sleep and waking, my eyes wide open in the darkness, the sickness quite departed, but succeeded by a horrid giddiness and swimming that was almost worse to bear. I ached, besides, in every limb, and the cords that bound me seemed to be of fire. The smell of the hole in which I lay seemed to have become a part of me, and during the long interval since his last visit I had suffered torches of fear, now from the scurrying of the ship's rats that sometimes patted on my very face, and now from the dismal imaginings that haunt the bed of fever.

The glimmer of the lantern, as a trap opened, shone in like the heaven's sunlight, and though it only showed me the strong dark beams of the ship that was my prison, I could have cried aloud for gladness. The man with the green eyes was the first to descend the ladder, and I noticed that he came somewhat unsteadily. He was followed by the captain.

Neither said a word, but the first set to and examined me, and dressed my wound as before, while Hosisen looked me in my face with an odd black look. "Now, sir, you see for yourself," said the first. "A high fever, no appetite, no light, no meat.

You see for yourself what that means." "I am no conjurer, Mr. Reac," said the captain. "Give me leave, sir," said Reac. "You have a good head upon your shoulders, and a good Scotch tongue to ask with, but I will leave you no manner of excuse.

I want that boy taken out of this hole and put in the folksall." "What ye may want, sir, is a matter of concern to nobody but yourself," returned the captain. "But I can tell you that which is to be. Here he is, here he shall bide." "Admitting that you have been paid in a proportion," said the other, "I will crave leave humbly to say that I have not.

Paid I am, and none too much to be the second officer of this old tub, and you can very well if I do my best to earn it. But I was paid for nothing more. "If you could hold back your hand from the tin pan, Mr. Reac, I would have no complaint to make of you," returned the skipper.

"And instead of asking riddles, I make bold to say that ye would keep your breath to cool your porridge." "Will be required on deck," he added in a sharper note, and set one foot upon the ladder. But Mr. Reac caught him by the sleeve.

"Admitting that you have been paid to do a murder," he began. "Hose season turned upon him with a flash." "What's that?" he cried.

"What kind of talk is that?" "It seems it is the talk that you can understand," said Mr. Reac, looking him steadily in the face. "Mr. Reac, I have sailed with ye three cruises," replied the captain.

"In all that time, sir, you should have learned to know me. I'm a stiff man and a dour man. "But for what ye say the now, fie, fie, it comes from a bad heart and a black conscience.

"If ye say the lad will die—" "Ay, will he?" said Mr. Reac. "Well, sir, is not that enough?" said Hose season. "Flit him where ye please." Thereupon the captain ascended the ladder, and I, who had lain silent throughout this strange conversation, beheld Mr. Reac turn after him and bow as low as to his knees in what was plainly a spirit of derision.

Even in my then state of sickness I perceived two things—that the mate was touched with liquor, as the captain hinted, and that, drunk or sober, he was like to prove a valuable friend. Five minutes afterwards my bonds were cut. I was hoisted on a man's back, carried up to the foc'sle, and laid in a bunk on some sea-blankets, where the first thing that I did was to lose my senses.

It was a blessed thing, indeed, to open my eyes again upon the daylight, and to find

myself in the society of men. The foc'sle was a roomy place enough, set all about with berths, in which the men of the watch below were seated smoking, or lying down asleep. The day being calm and the wind fair, the scuttle was open, and not only the good daylight, but from time to time, as the ship rolled, a dusty beam of sunlight shone in, and dazzled and delighted me.

I had no sooner moved, moreover, than one of the men brought me a drink of something healing which Mr. Reac had prepared, and bade me lie still, and I should soon be well again. There were no bones broken, he explained. A clower on the head was Nathan Mann, said he.

It was me that gave it ye. Here I lay for the space of many days a close prisoner, and not only got my health again, but came to know my companions. They were a rough lot indeed, as sailors mostly are, being men rooted out of all the kindly parts of life, and condemned to toss together on the rough seas, with masters no less cruel.

There were some among them that had sailed with the pirates, and seen things it would be a shame even to speak of. Some were men that had run from the King's ships, and went with a halter round their necks, of which they made no secret, and all, as the saying goes, were at a word and a blow with their best friends. Yet I had not been many days shut up with them before I began to be ashamed of my first judgment, when I had drawn away from them at the ferry pier, as though they had been unclean beasts.

No class of men is altogether bad, but each has its own faults and virtues, and these shipmates of mine were no exception to the rule. Rough they were, sure enough, and bad, I suppose, but they had many virtues. They were kind when it occurred to them, simple even beyond the simplicity of a country lad like me, and had some glimmerings of honesty.

There was one man, of maybe forty, that would sit on my berth-side for hours and tell me of his wife and child. He was a fisher that had lost his boat, and thus been driven to the deep sea voyaging. Well, it is years ago now, but I have never forgotten him.

His wife, who was young by him, as he often told me, waited in vain to see her man return. He would never again make the fire for her in the morning, nor yet keep the ban when she was sick. Indeed, many of these poor fellows, as the event proved, were upon their last cruise.

The deep seas and cannibal fish received them, and it is a thankless business to speak ill of the dead. Among other good deeds that they did, they returned my money, which had been shared among them, and though it was about a third short, I was very glad to get it, and hoped great good from it in the land I was going to. The ship was bound for the Carolinas, and you must not suppose that I was going to that place merely as an exile.

The trade was even then much depressed, since that, and with the rebellion of the colonies and the formation of the United States, it has, of course, come to an end. But in those days of my youth, white men were still sold into slavery on the plantations, and that was the destiny to which my wicked uncle had condemned me. The cabin-boy Ransom, from whom I had first heard of these atrocities, came in at times from the round-house, where he birthed and served, now nursing a bruised limb in silent agony, now raving against the cruelty of Mr. Shewan.

It made my heart bleed. But the men had a great respect for the chief-mate, who was, as they said, the only seaman of the whole jingbang, and none such a bad man when he was sober. Indeed, I found there was a strange peculiarity about our two mates, that Mr. Reack was sullen, unkind, and harsh when he was sober, and Mr. Shewan would not hurt a fly except when he was drinking.

I asked about the captain, but I was told drink made no difference upon that man of iron. I did my best in the small time allowed me to make something like a man, or rather I should say something like a boy, of the poor creature Ransom. But his mind was scarce truly human.

He could remember nothing of the time before he came to sea, only that his father had made clocks, and had a starling in the parlour, which could whistle the North Country. All else had been blotted out in these years of hardship and cruelties. He had a strange notion of the dry land, picked up from sailors' stories, that it was a place where lads were put to some kind of slavery called a trade, and where apprentices were continually lashed and clapped into foul prisons.

In a town he thought every second person a decoy, and every third house a place in which seamen would be drugged and murdered. To be sure I would tell him how kindly I had myself been used upon that dry land he was so much afraid of, and how well fed and carefully taught both by my friends and my parents, and if he had been recently hurt he would weep bitterly, and swear to run away, but if he was in his usual crack-brain humour, or still more, if he had had a glass of spirits in the round-house, he would deride the notion. It was Mr. Reac, heaven forgive him, who gave the boy drink, and it was doubtless kindly meant, but besides that it was ruin to his health, it was the pitifulest thing in life to see this unhappy, unfriended creature staggering and dancing, and talking he knew not what.

Some of the men laughed, but not all. Others would grow as black as thunder, thinking perhaps of their own childhood, or their own children, and bid him stop that nonsense and think what he was doing. As for me, I felt ashamed to look at him, and the poor child still comes about me in dreams.

All this time, you should know, the Covenant was meeting continual headwinds, and tumbling up and down against head seas, so that the scuttle was almost constantly shut,

and the foc'sle lighted only by a swinging lantern on a beam. There was constant labour for all hands, the sails had to be made and shortened every hour, the strain told on the temper, there was a growl of quarrelling all day long from berth to berth, and as I was never allowed to set my foot on deck, you can picture to yourselves how weary of my life I grew to be, and how impatient for a change. And a change I was to get, as you shall hear.

But I must first tell of a conversation I had with Mr. Reac, which put a little heart in me to bear my troubles. Getting him in a favourable stage of drink, for indeed he never looked near me when he was sober, I pledged him to secrecy, and told him my whole story. He declared it was like a ballad, that he would do his best to help me, that I should have paper, pen, and ink, and write one line to Mr. Campbell, and another to Mr. Rankula, and that if I had told the truth, ten to one he would be able, with their help, to pull me through and set me in my rights.

And in the meantime, says he, keep your heart up, you're not the only one, I'll tell you that, there's many a man hoeing tobacco overseas that should be mounting his horse at his own door at home, many and many, and life is all a very oram, at the best. Look at me, I'm a led son and more than half a doctor, and here I am, man-jacked to ho-season. I thought it would be civil to ask him for his story.

He whistled aloud. Never had one, said he. I like fun, that's all.

And he skipped out of the foc'sle.