

OpenTheo

Kidnapped—Chapter 8: The Round House

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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 8 The Round House One night, about eleven o'clock, a man of Mr. Reac's watch, which was on deck, came below for his jacket, and instantly there began to go a whisper about the folksall that Schuon had done for him at last. There was no need of a name—we all knew who was meant—but we had scarce time to get the idea rightly in our heads, far less to speak of it, when the scuttle was again flung open and Captain Hosieson came down the ladder. He looked sharply round the bunks in the tossing light of the lantern, and then, walking straight up to me, he addressed me, to my surprise, in tones of kindness.

My man, said he, we want you to serve in the Round House. You and Ransom are to change berths. Run away aft with you.

Even as he spoke, two seamen appeared in the scuttle, carrying Ransom in their arms, and the ship at that moment giving a great sheer into the sea, and the lantern swinging, the light fell direct on the boy's face. It was white as wax, and had a look upon it like a dreadful smile. The blood in me ran cold, and I drew in my breath as if I had been struck.

Run away aft! Run away aft with you! cried Hosieson. And at that I brushed by the sailors and the boy, who neither spoke nor moved, and ran up the ladder on deck. The brig was sheering swiftly and giddily through a long cresting swell.

She was on the starboard tack, and on the left hand under the arched foot of the foresail, I could see the sunset still quite bright. This at such an hour of the night surprised me greatly, but I was too ignorant to draw the true conclusion, that we were going north about round Scotland, and were now on the high sea between the Orkney and Shetland Islands, having avoided the dangerous currents of the Pentland Firth. For my part, who had been so long shut in the dark, and knew nothing of headwinds, I thought we might be half way or more across the Atlantic, and indeed, beyond that I wondered a little at the lateness of the sunset light, I gave no heed to it, and pushed on across the decks, running between the seas, catching at ropes, and only saved from going overboard by one of the hands on deck, who had been always kind to me.

The round-house, for which I was bound, and where I was now to sleep and serve, stood some six feet above the decks, and considering the size of the brig, was of good dimensions. Inside were a fixed table and bench, and two berths, one for the captain, and the other for the two mates, turn and turn about. It was all fitted with lockers from top to bottom, so as to stow away the officer's belongings, and a part of the ship's stores.

There was a second storeroom underneath, which you entered by a hatchway in the middle of the deck. Indeed, all the best of the meat and drink, and the whole of the powder were collected in this place, and all the firearms, except the two pieces of brass ordinance, were set in a rack in the aftermost wall of the round-house. The most of the cutlasses were in another place.

A small window with a shutter on each side, and a skylight in the roof, gave it light by day, and after dark there was a lamp always burning. It was burning when I entered, not brightly, but enough to show Mr. Shewan sitting at the table, with the brandy bottle and a tin panikin in front of him. He was a tall man, strongly made and very black, and he stared before him on the table like one stupid.

He took no notice of my coming in, nor did he move when the captain followed and leant on the berth beside me, looking darkly at the mate. I stood in great fear of Hoseason, and had my reasons for it, but something told me I need not be afraid of him just then, and I whispered in his ear, How is he? He shook his head like one that does not know and does not wish to think, and his face was very stern. Presently Mr. Reack came in.

He gave the captain a glance that meant the boy was dead as plain as speaking, and took his place like the rest of us, so that we all three stood without a word, staring down at Mr. Shewan, and Mr. Shewan, on his side, sat without a word, looking hard upon the table. All of a sudden he put out his hand to take the bottle, and at that Mr. Reack

started forward and caught it away from him, rather by surprise than violence, crying out with an oath that there had been too much of this work altogether, and that a judgment would fall upon the ship, and as he spoke, the weather sliding doors standing open, he tossed the bottle into the sea. Mr. Shewan was on his feet in a trice.

He still looked dazed, but he meant murder, I, and would have done it for the second time that night, had not the captain stepped in between him and his victim. Sit down, roars the captain. Ye sot and swine, do ye know what ye've done? Ye've murdered the boy.

Mr. Shewan seemed to understand, for he sat down again, and put up his hand to his brow. Well, he said, he brought me a dirty panikin. At that word the captain and I and Mr. Reack all looked at each other for a second with a kind of frightened look, and then Hosieson walked up to his chief officer, took him by the shoulder, led him across to his bunk, and bade him lie down and go to sleep, as you might speak to a bad child.

The murderer cried a little, but he took off his sea boots and obeyed. Ah, cried Mr. Reack with a dreadful voice, ye should have interfered long sign. It's too late now.

Mr. Reack, said the captain, this night's work must never be kent in Dysart. The boy went overboard, sir. That's what the story is, and I would give five pounds out of my pocket it was true.

He turned to the table. What made ye throw the good bottle away? He added. There was no sense in that, sir.

Here, David, draw me another. They're in the bottom locker. And he tossed me a key.

You'll need a glass yourself, sir, he added to Reack. Yarn was an ugly thing to see. So the pair sat down and hob-a-nobbed, and while they did so, the murderer, who had been lying and whimpering in his berth, raised himself upon his elbow and looked at them and at me.

That was the first night of my new duties, and in the course of the next day I had got well into the run of them. I had to serve at the meals, which the captain took at regular hours, sitting down with the officer who was off duty. All the day through I would be running with the dram to one or other of my three masters, and at night I slept on a blanket thrown on the deck-boards at the aftermost end of the round-house, and right in the draft of the two doors.

It was a hard and a cold bed, nor was I suffered to sleep without interruption, for someone would always be coming in from deck to get a dram, and when a fresh watch was to be set, two and sometimes all three would sit down and brew a bowl together. How they kept their health I know not, any more than how I kept my own. And yet in other ways it was an easy service.

There was no cloth to lay, the meals were either of oatmeal porridge or salt junk, except twice a week when there was duff. And though I was clumsy enough, and not being firm on my sea-legs sometimes fell with what I was bringing them, both Mr. Reac and the captain were singly patient. I could not but fancy they were making up leeway with their consciences, and that they would scarce have been so good with me if they had not been worse with ransom.

As for Mr. Shewan, the drink or his crime, or the two together, has certainly troubled his mind. I cannot say I ever saw him in his proper wits. He never grew used to my being there, stared at me continually, sometimes, I could have thought, with terror, and more than once drew back from my hand when I was serving him.

I was pretty sure from the first that he had no clear mind of what he had done, and on my second day in the round-house I had the proof of it. We were alone, and he had been staring at me a long time, when all at once up he got, as pale as death, and came close up to me, to my great terror, but I had no cause to be afraid of him. "'You were not here before?' he asked.

"'No, sir,' said I. "'There was another boy?' he asked again. And when I had answered him, "'Ah!' says he, "'I thought that,' and went and sat down, without another word, except to call for brandy. You may think it strange, but for all the horror I had, I was still sorry for him.

He was a married man, with a wife and leith, but whether or no he had a family, I have now forgotten. I hope not. Altogether it was no very hard life for the time it lasted, which, as you are to hear, was not long.

I was as well fed as the best of them, even their pickles, which were the great dainty, I was allowed my share of, and had I light I might have been drunk from morning to night, like Mr. Shewan. I had company, too, and good company of its sort. Mr. Reack, who had been to the college, spoke to me like a friend when he was not sulking, and told me many curious things, and some that were informing, and even the captain, though he kept me at the stick's end the most part of the time, would sometimes unbuckle a bit, and tell me of the fine countries he had visited.

The shadow of poor ransom, to be sure, lay on all four of us, and on me and Mr. Shewan in particular most heavily. And then I had another trouble of my own. Here I was doing dirty work for three men that I looked down upon, and one of whom, at least, should have hung upon a gallows.

That was for the present, and as for the future I could only see myself slaving alongside of the Negroes in the tobacco fields. Mr. Reack, perhaps from caution, would never suffer me to say another word about my story. The captain, whom I tried to approach, rebuffed me like a dog, and would not hear a word.

And as the days came and went, my heart sank lower and lower, till I was even glad of the work which kept me from thinking.