



ASCANIUS :

OR, THE

Young ADVENTURER;

A TRUE HISTORY.

*Translated from a Manuscript privately handed about
at the Court of Versailles.*

CONTAINING,

A particular Account of all that happen'd to a certain Person during his Wanderings in the *North*, from his first Arrival there, in *August 1745*, to his final Escape *September 19*, in the following Year.

The whole introduced with a more critical and candid History of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion, than any yet publish'd; and interspersed with Remarks on the Characters of the principal Persons who appear'd in the Interest of *Ascanius*; particularly the celebrated *Miss Cameron*, *Miss Mac Donald*, the Duke of *Perth*, the Earl of *Kilmarnock*, Messieurs *Sherridan* and *Sullivan*, &c. &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *T. Johnston*, in *Salisbury-Court, Fleet Street*. 1746.



T H E
T r a n s l a t o r s
 I n t r o d u c t i o n .



DIVIDE and DESTROY has, for these several hundred Years past, been the first Principle or Maxim of the Kings of France, with regard to their Conduct towards and Intercourse with most other European States and Powers. And the End they propose by thus dividing and destroying is obvious enough; viz. To increase their own Dominions; which cannot so easily be done while the neighbouring Nations are not weakened by intestine Divisions, nor divided each against itself by Party Dissentions. For under these salutary Circumstances they will be able to stop the Progress, and turn aside the gigantick Strides of the Gallic or any other Monarch, towards the universal Empire of Europe, and consequently half the Globe besides

Among the several European Nations who from time to time have put a Check to the Gallic

Incroachments, none have more gloriously distinguish'd themselves than the generous Britons; and therefore none more obnoxious to France, or more the Object of her Jealousy; and consequently none whom she more desires to ruin by all the Force and all the Artifices in her Power.

In vain hath France brought forth her Armies against us, in vain are all her Efforts by open Force: Nothing but Artifice and Corruption can avail the Enemies of Britain. Oft have we turned aside and repulsed their Arms, but, alas! as oft have we suffer'd by her wily Arts, her deep Dissimulation her fraudulent Practices.*

Surely no sensible Englishman, no impartial Briton, can imagine that the House of Bourbon hath any further Affection or Regard to that of Stuart, than so far as the latter may serve and advance the selfish Views of the other? The exploded Rights of the exiled Stuarts have more than once furnish'd France with Opportunities of exciting the deluded Britons to turn their Swords, each Man against his Neighbour and his Brother, as the readiest and most effectual Way to weaken us 'till rendered unable to defend ourselves against a foreign Enemy, and then inevitably to fall an easy Prey to that Power, and into that slavish Dependance, from which a P— of the House of Stuart would be the last Person in the World to attempt our Deliverance.

In 1743, France, meditating on and concerting that

** See the ingenious Mr. Granville's Synopsis of England lately published.*

hostile Declaration against us, which appeared in the following Year, but at the same time dreading the British Arms in the open Field, resolved to try the old Method for turning the Points of our Swords against our own Breasts. To facilitate this Scheme, the unhappy House of Stuart (unhappy only by its own Misconduct) lay ready. The young Ascanius being sent for from Italy, was given to understand that if he would renew his Family Pretensions to, and venture his Life for, the British Crown, he should not want Assistance. The destitute P—— neither inclined nor dared to refuse the Offer, his chief Dependance being on the French Court.

Accordingly a Correspondence was settled with such Persons of Consequence in Britain as still thought themselves obliged to follow the Fortune of the House of Stuart; and with all British Exiles who were become such by their inviolable Attachment to that Family.

Mean time, while the Seeds of this Project were sowing, France declared War against Britain, and for about a Year maintained it fairly in the Field, 'till all was ready for striking a darker and less generous Blow; for stabbing the unsuspecting Britannia to the Heart with her own Sword, even while she held it in her own Hand.

The Scheme being ripened to Perfection, Ascanius embarks for the Northern Part of the British isle, in order to excite the People to take Arms against the Prince then sitting on the Throne of the united Kingdoms, that while his Troops were employed in defending him at Home, his Dominions abroad, and

those of his Allies; might fall an easy Prey to the most rapacious, the most Christian King; who for want of such a Diversion in his Favour, might have been reduced to the hard Necessity of agreeing to a just and reasonable Peace.

This Attempt of Ascanius was doubtless extreamly bold. Himself an unexperienced Youth, and little acquainted with the World, undertakes to raise a Rebellion among a People to whom he was entirely a Stranger, and in a Country wherein even his Family was unknown, except in former Generations. But Ascanius had, an Interest among the Britons, independent on personal Acquaintance, or even on personal Accomplishments; which neither Merits nor Demerits could advance or diminish: This was the Doctrine of an Indefeasible Right of Succession, or, as Mr. Pope happily expresses it,

The right divine of Kings to govern wrong!

This Doctrine paved our Adventurer a Way into these Kingdoms, and many scrupled not to forfeit for him their Allegiance to a King, known, tried and approved by all Men, except those whose Understandings were subverted by unintelligible Notions of a natural Right, which never existed in Nature. Notions which in our present Circumstances tend only to involve us in the most inextricable Difficulties, in the most deplorable Misfortunes. To attempt the Subversion of the present Government, which hath been taking Root among us for so many Years, and which is so strongly fortified even by the: very Doctrine I have mentioned, (by a direct lineal Succession) to attempt this, I say, was surely little

less than Madness; especially as the British Nation hath no material Objection to her present King, nor the least Prospect of any to his Heirs.



ASCANIUS :

OR, THE

Young ADVENTURER.

BOOK I.

*Containing a Succinct and Impartial
Account of the late Rebellion in SCOTLAND.*

JULY 14th 1745, *Ascanius*, after having for some Time reposed himself at the House of the Duke *de Fitz-James*, at *Port Lazere* in *Britany*, embark'd at that Place for *Scotland*. The Vessel appointed by the *French King* to carry the P—, was a Frigate of eighteen Guns; which sailing first to *Belleisle*, was join'd by the *Elizabeth*, formerly an *English Man of War*, but taken by the *French* in *Queen Ann's Time*.

She had above sixty Guns mounted, and was very well mann'd for this Occasion. In their Passage they met with the *Lion*, Capt. *Brett*, and two other *English* Men of War, with a Fleet of Merchantmen under Convoy. The Frigate immediately bore away, but the *Lion* and the *Elizabeth* maintain'd a desperate Fight, 'till the Night came, and saved the latter, who run off, and got into *Brest*, in a most terrible Condition. Her Captain and about seventy Men were killed, and double the Number wounded. She had on board a large Sum of Money, and Arms for several thousand Men, all design'd for the Service of *Ascanius* in *Scotland*.

Mean Time the Frigate continuing, her Voyage, arrived among the *Scotch* Isles, and after hovering about for several Days, at last put into the Country of *Lochabar*, and there *Ascanius*, with only seven Attendants landed, and went directly to the House of Mr. *McDonald* of *Kinloch-Moidart*, who, with many others, had been gain'd beforehand. Here he remained in private several Weeks, while some of the Highland Chiefs were getting, the Clans together, in order, to declare openly for him, and to endeavour in the first Place to reduce the Kingdom of *Scotland*. By the Middle of *August* they had assembled about 1800 Men, consisting of the *Stuarts* of *Appin*, the *McDonalds* of *Glengary*, the *Camerons* of *Lochiel*, and some others. *Ascanius* let up his Standard, on which was this Motto, *Tandem triumphans**. He also published two Manifestos in his Father's Name; one of which was printed and dated in the Year 1743. The

* That is, *At length triumphant*.

third he published in his own Name, which he promised many Things agreeable to the Scots, and among others the Dissolution of the Union with *England*.

By this Time the Government was informed of his being in the Highlands; and though at first his Undertaking was ridiculed, it was soon after thought proper to send strict Orders to Sir *John Cope*, Generalissimo of the King's Forces in *Scotland*, to take all possible Care to prevent the young Adventurer from making his Party formidable; and if possible to take him alive or dead: And as an extraordinary Inducement to this, a Reward of 30,000*l.* was, by the Lords of the Regency (the King being, then in *Germany*) set on the Head of *Ascanius*.

Before the End of *August*, two Companies of General *Sinclair's* Regiment being sent to reconnoitre the Highlanders, were most of them made Prisoners, as was soon after a Captain of *Guise's* Foot. This Gentleman being released on his Parole, gave the Government the first circumstantial Account of the Number and Condition of the Highland Forces.

And now *Ascanius* prepared to march Southward, with a View of taking the City of *Edinburgh*, the Capital, of the Kingdom. Mean Time *Cope* having collected together all the King's Forces in *Scotland*, and arm'd the Militia, was marching for the Highlands in quest of *Ascanius*; who not chusing to risk a Battle in the Infant State of his affairs, gave the old General the Slip over the Mountains, and the fourth of *September* he enter'd *Perth* without Resistance. The News of this being carried to *Cope*, who was got as far

as *Inverness*, after a very fatiguing March, he saw no other Remedy than to march back again, though not the same Way that he came. Accordingly he order'd Transport Ships to meet him at *Aberdeen*, to carry his Forces from thence to *Leith*. Mean Time *Ascanius* proclaim'd his Father at *Perth*, where he was joined by several Persons of Distinction, who brought with them considerable Supplies of Men and Arms. From hence *Ascanius* march'd his Troops (which by this Time he had, with the Assistance of Mr. *Sullivan* and the *French* Officers, pretty well disciplined) towards the River *Forth*, which they forded on the thirteenth, *Ascanius* first plunging in at the Head of the Infantry. Directing now his March towards *Glasgow*, (one of the finest Cities in *Scotland*, and noted for its University) he summon'd it, but receiv'd no Answer, he alter'd his Rout, and marched directly for *Edinburgh*, which he doubted not to reach before *Cope* could be back from *Aberdeen*; and so it happen'd.

While both Parties were thus advancing; towards the Metropolis, the Inhabitants were making great Preparations for a vigorous Resistance, in case *Ascanius* should first appear before the Walls. But the P— having many Friends in the City, no sooner came nigh it, which he did on the sixteenth, than a Treaty of Surrender was enter'd upon, and the next Morning the Provost, who is the first Civil Magistrate there, admitted him into the Place. However, the brave, though very old General *Guest*, retired with a few Regulars into the Castle, which he so obstinately held for the King, that *Ascanius* could never make

himself Master of it.

While the P—— was entering the City, *Cope* was debarking his Troops at *Dunbar*, within two Days March of *Edinburgh*, and being there joined by Brigadier *Fowke*, with *Hamilton's* and *Gardner's* Dragoons, he march'd on the Nineteenth, and encamped that Night near *Haddington*. Early next Morning continuing their March, they arrived at *Preston-pans* in the Evening, where they perceived the Troops of *Ascanius* on the Hills towards *Edinburgh*, at which Place only a small Body of Highlanders wen left to secure a Retreat thither, in case of Necessity. That Night both Parties lay under Arms, and some firing frequently pass'd between them. The next Morning *i. e.* on the Twenty-first, about three o'Clock, the King's Troops were briskly attack'd. The Dragoons ran on the first Fire, and left the Infantry exposed to the broad Swords of the Highlanders, with whose Weapons and Manner of fighting they were quite unacquainted; and not having Time to recover the Disorder they were thrown into by the first Attack, they were finally routed in a few Minutes. About three hundred were cut to Pieces on the Spot, and most of the rest made Prisoners. Among the Slain was the brave Colonel *Gardner*, who scorning to fly with his Regiment, and fighting gallantly to the last, perished with some other Officers of Note. Many other principal Officers were desperately wounded, as were a considerable Number of the common Prisoners. All the Cannon, Tents, and every Thing the vanquished had to lose was taken. As for the General, he had the good Fortune to escape to

Berwick, as did the Earls of *Loudon* and *Hume*; and Brig. *Fowke*, and Col. *Lascelles* got safe to *Dunbar*.* This Action was called the Battle of *Preston-Pans*, or by some the Battle of *Seaton*, from two little Towns near which it was fought; but it is more properly called the Battle of *Gladsmoor*, which was the Field of Action, being a wide barren Heath, about seven Miles East from *Edinburgh*: We have no certain Accounts of the Number of *Cope's* Army. The Regiments he had were those of *Gardner*, *Hamilton*, *Lee*, *Guise*, *Murray*, *Lascelles*, and *Loudon*; but of these almost every one wanted near a third of their compliment of Men, and in all they are supposed not to have exceeded 4000, Sutlers, &c. &c. included. The Victors

* In the Year following *Cope*, *Lascelles*, and *Fowke* were called to Account before a Court Martial, for their Behaviour in this Action, but were honourably acquitted.

did not exceed 3400; and of these above two Fifths had no occasion to strike nor did strike a Stroke.

The Defeat of these regular Troops gained *Ascanius* and his new raised Men great Reputation, and induced many to join them, who 'till now had sat still thro' Fear of the King's Party. The P—— did not return to *Edinburgh* 'till the 24th, quartering his Men in the mean time at *Duddingstone* and *Musselburgh*. On the 28th and the Day following, he sent away his Prisoners to *Perth*, and prepared to besiege the Castle of *Edinburgh* in Form.

On the first of *October* the Trenches were opened on the Castle Hill, and thereupon the Garrison began to fire upon the Highlanders, of whom they killed three Men, and wounded Col. *Macdonald*, one of their principal Officers, who had been in the Service of the King of *Spain*, and whose Experience in the military Art made his Life of great Importance to *Ascanius*. However the utmost Efforts of the Garrison, and the most obstinate Defence they could have made, had been insufficient to induce the Besiegers to abandon their Works; but the Want of heavy Cannon, and most other Requisites for such a Siege, were the Cause of the laying aside this Design; which it must be confessed was rashly begun, through the Ignorance of some of the Highland Chiefs, whose Impetuosity *Ascanius* thought himself obliged in Prudence to humour, 'till Experience should teach them what sound Reasoning had been unable to do.

And now *Glasgow* was again summoned to surrender, and 15000*l.* Contribution-Money was demanded; however 5000 Guineas being immediately

paid, *Ascanius*, whose Moderation was equal to his Generosity, abated them the rest. Mean time Hostilities betwixt the P—'s Troops and the Garrison, continued 'till the fifth, when the former having lost twenty Men in an Attempt to dislodge a Party of the latter from a Post on the Castle Hill, and upon finding the Houses in the City begin to be beaten about their Ears by the Castle Guns, an Armistice was agreed on, and the Communication betwixt the City and Castle restored.

About this Time *Ascanius* received a considerable Addition to his Forces, both by Supplies of Artillery, Arms, Ammunition, &c. from *France*, and by the Junction of several Persons of Distinction, all *Scots*; however he had the Misfortune to lose a large *Spanish* Ship, laden with Stores and Money for his Service, which was taken by the *Try-all* Privateer of *Bristol*. At the End of this Month *Ascanius* detach'd Part of his Army to *Dalkeith*, where they encamped. Two hundred Carts were employed in bringing hither the Supplies lately arrived, and which were removed from *Montrose* and *Stonehive* without any Loss: This was chiefly owing to the Battery erected at *Alloway*, and other Precautions taken by *Ascanius* to secure the Passage of the Frith.

And now the P—, and his Followers prepar'd for a March into *England*, hoping by so bold and unexpected a Step, to strike Terror into the *Georgians*,* and to get Possession of some Fastnesses

* Here the Reader may take Notice, that (for the Sake of Brevity, or for any other Reason which any one is at Liberty

in that Kingdom, if not the Capital itself, before they could recover themselves.

Mean time the Government, apprehensive of the P—'s forming such a Design, was taking all possible Measures to ruin it. An Army of 14000 Men was assembled on the northern Frontier, under Field Marshall *Wade*, an old General of much Experience and *Precaution*. The Militia of the Northern Counties were also raised, and a considerable Number of them, besides other Troops, appointed to garrison the City of *Carlisle*; the Capital of *Cumberland*, the nearest County to *Scotland* on the North-West, and by which *Ascanius* must march, or by *Newcastle upon Tyne*, where *Wade* lay. The most zealous of the *Georgians* also distinguished themselves by Associations and voluntary Contributions for the Defence of their Government. In short, the whole *Georgian* Party throughout the Kingdom appeared as it were in Arms: So great was their Dread of our young Adventurer, and so terrible their Apprehensions of the Strength of his Party in both Kingdoms. But, beyond all others, the zeal of the Archbishop of *York* was remarkably Fruitful. And his; Activity being seconded by the *Yorkshire* Nobility and Gentry, four new Regiments were raised and maintained at the Expence of that County; besides a Body of Gentlemen who served on Horseback at their own Expence, stiling themselves the *Royal Hunters*; and of these General *Oglethorpe* had the Command.—At the same Time *Duncan*

to assign) I shall henceforth distinguish the contending Parties by the Appellations of *Georgians* and *Adventurers*.

Forbes, Esq; Lord President of the Court of Session in *Scotland*, extremely distinguish'd himself there, by his Zeal for the *Georgian* Interest, of which he was undoubtedly the chief Support in the North of that Kingdom; and it was principally by his Means that a considerable Body of *Georgian Highlanders* and other *Scots*, were raised, under the Command of the Earl of *Loudon*, for the Security of the Forts of *Inverness*, *Augustus*, and *William*, which are a Chain of fortified Places commanding the North of *Scotland*.

But notwithstanding all these vigorous Preparations to frustrate and ruin his Designs, the intrepid *Ascanius* resolved to pursue them thro' all Obstacles, all possible Dangers. *Nov.* 1st. he went from *Edinburgh* to the Camp at *Dalkeith*, from whence he daily dispatch'd his Agents into *England*, and from time to time he received Intelligence of what was doing there, both by his Friends for him, and by his Enemies against him. And tho' he had the Mortification to find that, contrary to the Assurances he had received, the former were but few, that is such as were hearty in the Cause, and determined to run all Risks to serve it, yet he still inflexibly resolved to push the desperate Attempt having only, as he had publickly signified, a *Crown* or a *Coffin* in view. He hoped that by his Presence in *England*, the Reputation he had already acquired by the extraordinary Progress of his Arms, and the bold Pushes he was yet determined to make; he should be able to put new Life into his *English* Friends, to reclaim the Apostate, to fix the Wavering, to animate the Fearful, and to inspire the Zealous with that

Activity, Courage, and Contempt of Danger, of which himself would give an immediate Example.

With these Views, and in this resolute Disposition, *Ascanius* begun his March for *Carlisle*. His Army did not at this Time exceed 6700 effective Men, a small Number for such an Expedition; but he relied much on *English* Reinforcements, and more on a timely Descent by the *French* in the South. For in case of such a Diversion, nothing could have effectually obstructed his March to *London*. The principal Persons in his Army, were the Duke of *Perth*, the *P*—'s General; Lord *George Murray*, Lieutenant General Lord *Elcho*, Son to the Earl of *Wemyss*, and Colonel of the Lifeguards; the Earl of *Kilmarnock*, Colonel of a Regiment mounted and accoutred as *Hussars*; Lord *Pitsligo* General of the Horse; the Lords *Nairn*, *Ogilvie*, *Dundee*, and *Balmerino*; Mess. *Sherridan* and *Sullivan*, *Irish* Gentlemen; General *McDonald*, Aid de Camp to *Ascanius*, *John Murray* of *Broughton*, Esq; his Secretary, and many others.

On the sixth the Army pass'd the *Tweed*, and entered *England*. Marshal *Wade* was at this Time, as hath been observ'd, at *Newcastle* upon *Tyne*; and might have intercepted *Ascanius* on the Borders, but being ignorant of the Rout the *Adventurers* intended to take, whether by *Carlisle*, or by *Newcastle*, the cautious old General determined to wait their Motions, and by them regulate his own: But this Conduct rendered both him and his Army, of little or no use to the Government in this critical and dangerous Juncture; for *Ascanius* taking the *Carlisle* Road, he arrived at that City, (which is almost Parallel

to the *Scotch* Coast with *Newcastle*, from whence it is but three Winter-Day's March) and took it before *Wade* could arrive to prevent him. After proclaiming his Father here, *Ascanius* proceeded Southward, leaving a Garrison of *Highlanders* in the Place. Mean Time *Wade* was in full March for *Carlisle*, and was got about half Way, when he heard of the Place being taken. As the Weather and Roads were so extremely bad, as almost to have ruined the Army, and as, consequently, they were not in a Condition to Attempt the retaking the City, it was thought proper to return to *Newcastle*, leaving the *Adventurers* to get so far to the Southward, that it would have been absurd for *Wade's* People to attempt the overtaking them: Therefore the General remained in the North, in order to guard those Parts, and prevent the P— from receiving Supplies, or Reinforcements from thence, or out of *Scotland*.

And now the Progress of *Ascanius* had thrown all *England* into Confusion, and the *Georgians* began in good earnest to dread his Arrival at *London*, before another Army could be formed in the Southern and Midland Parts to impede his March: Which was amazingly swift, all the Country flying before him, none daring or caring to resist, nor a single Town offering to dispute his Entrance into, or Passage through it. However the Duke of *Cumberland*, youngest Son to the *Georgian* King returning from *Flanders*, where he had commanded his Father's Troops, most of which returned with him, or were before arrived, and put under *Wade's* Command; this Prince returning I say from abroad, in order to lead

the *Georgian* Troops against *Ascanius*, his now successful Rival in more Respects than one, an Army was formed with all the Expedition requisite in so urgent a Crisis, and the Duke put himself at the Head thereof, with a Resolution to wait the coming of *Ascanius*, and by one decisive Stroke determine the Fate of the *British* Crown.

Mean Time the daring young Adventurer, with equal Resolution, advanced with prodigious Celerity, while the Attention of both Kingdoms was intensely fixed on the expected approaching Action. It was on the 20th that our *Adventurer* left *Carlisle*, from whence thro' *Penrith* and *Kendal* he proceeded to *Lancaster*, where he arrived on the 24th. The 27th saw him at *Preston*, the 29th at *Manchester*. 'Till now the P—, had been joined by few of the *English*, and on this Account the Spirits of his faithful Followers began to droop. "The *English* are degenerate, said *they*, and lost to all Sense of Justice or Gratitude. They are stupidly in Love with their present Government, bigotted to their new tangled Notions, and Strangers .to those noble Sentiments of Loyalty which glowed in the Breast of their Ancestors. In vain have we made this long fatiguing March, in vain doth the generous *Ascanius* invite the infatuated *English* to shake off the Yoke of *Whigism*, to do Justice to his Catholic Family to themselves and to their Posterity; in vain this glorious Opportunity, if they refuse the proffered Blessing, and chuse to live in ease and Indolence.

In these Terms were the general Complaints of the Army couch'd. And *Ascanius* himself now began to see his Error in trusting to the Accounts sent him while in

Scotland, of the Number and Disposition of his Partizans in the South, Nevertheless he prudently tried to disguise his Sentiments, and to keep up the Spirits of his People. *Who knows*, said, he at a general Council of War held at *Manchester*, *but that all will yet happen for the best, and my greater Glory. I grant we have run ourselves into imminent Danger; or rather, perhaps. providence hath brought us hither to shew what great Things may be done for us. Victory does not always declare for Numbers, few, though we are, we have Arms in our Hands, and I hope every Man here is well satisfied of the Goodness of his Cause. We found the English less than Men at Gladsmuir, and surely we shall not find them to be more than Men on any Field in England. Our Friends, for aught we know are at this Instant striking a more effectual Blow for us than if they joyn'd us in Person. Let us suspend our Fears, and our Judgment as to our Situation, 'till I have received fresh Advices from London, for there I hope Fortune is yet working for us.*

Thus cheer'd, the *Adventurers* still proceeded Southward till they came within the Borders of *Staffordshire*, where the Duke lay with his Army to intercept them. *Wade* also was now marching after them through *Yorkshire*, with Intent to put them betwixt two Fires. Thus was this little Army encircled by the *English* in the Midst of their Country, and unable to go forwards or backwards, or to proceed any Way in which they would not meet with an Army treble the Number of their own; for even yet they did not amount to more than 7400 Men, having been

join'd by not more than 500* since their entering *England*.

I must not forget to mention that in every City, or Market-Town, through which *Ascanius* passed, he did not omit to take Possession of it for his Father, by proclaiming him in every Place: For Instance, in *Carlisle, Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, Burton, Manchester, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton*; the two last in *Cheshire*. At *Congleton* it was, that finding his March Southward absolutely stopp'd by the Duke, part of whose Army lay at *Newcastle-under-Line*, within ten Miles of *Congleton*, where it was, I say, that *Ascanius* resolved to turn off Eastward to *Leek* in *Staffordshire*, and so through the *Moorlands* into *Derbyshire*, marching East and by South, 'till he got nearer to *London* than the *English*. This Resolution was the most prudent he could have taken in the Circumstances he was in for it would have been Madness to engage the *English*. who had not only so much the Advantage of Numbers, but their Troops were in excellent Condition, abounding in all Conveniencies, nor had they been harrass'd to the utmost Extremity by forced Marches, as those of *Ascanius* were, many of the Men being scarce able to support it; and some even dying through excessive fatigue and Want of the necessary Refreshments. On the other Hand, had they so soon gone back the Way they came, that would have been at once to forfeit

* These Recruits were chiefly raised in *Lancashire*, particularly in *Manchester*. They were form'd into a Regiment: called the *Manchester* Regiment, *Francis Townley*, Esq; Colonel.

every possible Opportunity which Fortune might yet have in store for putting them in Possession of the Capital. Had they turned Westward, in order to take Refuge in *Wales*, they would still have been never the nearer towards making the Conquest of *England*, and absolutely out of the Way of seconding a *French* Invasion, or a general Rising of their Friends in *London*. Besides, had *Ascanius* attempted to pass into *Wales*, he might have been greatly obstructed in his March thro' *Cheshire*, particularly by the Garrison of *Chester* City, where, besides the County Militia, some of the new Regiments raised by the Nobility* in the *English* Interest were quarter'd.

December 3d *Ascanius* was at *Leek* in the *Moorlands* of *Staffordshire*, the next Day at *Ashburn* in the *Peak* of *Derbyshire*; and on the 4th at *Derby* Town, Mean Time the Duke, finding the dextrous *Adventurers* had given him the slip, began to march across the Country, in Expectation of intercepting them in *Leicestershire* or *Northamptonshire*.

And this he had infallibly done, had not *Ascanius* now at length opened his Eyes, and saw that to go still forward would be to oblige himself to risk a Battle under all the Disadvantages above mention'd, or to surrender at Discretion. He now saw that the *English* were not to be depended on; that they either were intimidated by Fear, or were only lukewarm in the

* These new Regiments were as follows, *viz.* three of horse raised by the Dukes of *Kingston*, *Bolton* and *Montague*; Six of Foot by the Duke of *Ancaster*, the Earls of *Cholmondeley*, *Berkeley*, *Hallifax*, *Gower*, and the Lord *Herbert* of *Shropshire*.

Cause, not caring to declare themselves 'till they should see how he would extricate himself out of his present Difficulties, and whether or not the *French* would land. Here it was that *Ascanius* received Advice from *London*, "that his Friends there had not the Power to rise in his Favour, without desperately hazarding both his own Ruin, and that of all the Party in the Kingdom; that there was no Likelihood of a Descent from *France*, all the Southern Coasts being well guarded, as were the circumjacent Seas by the *English* Fleet; for Fear of whom the *French* durst not stir out of Port. Hereupon a Council of War was call'd, at which the Chiefs Spake very freely, and strenuously insisted on the Army's returning for *Scotland*, by the Way they came; urging that they might be gone back as far as through the two Counties of *Derby* and *Stafford* before the Duke on the South Side of them could know that they had begun to return; and that, on the other hand, as *Wade* lay directly North from them, and they were to march by the North-West, they doubted not of again giving him the slip, and reaching before he could in the least; obstruct their Flight. To this Advice *Ascanius*, perceiving now no other visible Resource for their Preservation, consented, still comforting himself with Hopes that Providence intended to work for *him* by other Means, than those *he* had yet thought of.

However the common Soldiers among the *Adventurers*, who had flatter'd themselves with the taking of *London*, were greatly chagrin'd at their Disappointment, and would have Severely: reveng'd themselves on the People of *Derby*, and of the other

Towns through which they had passed, and were to repass; but *Ascanius* and his Officers used their utmost Endeavours to appease their Followers, and convince them of the Necessity both for their returning, and for not injuring the Persons and Properties of the *English* as little as possible, in their necessitous Circumstances. Nevertheless, discovering that a Subscription had been here set on Foot by the *English* Party, and was already pretty full, the *Adventurers* procured a Copy of the Subscription-List, and made the Town pay all the Money to them. They also, obliged the People of *Derby* to furnish them with many Necessaries at an easy Price; but the disadvantageous Idea they gave of themselves by this Proceeding, (which *Ascanius* could not easily prevent) was, perhaps, the principal Reason of their being joined by only four or five Persons in this County, of whom the unhappy Counsellor *Morgan** was one.

As a Delay of one or two Days must have render'd the Retreat, of *Ascanius* and his Troops impracticable, they staid at *Derby* but two Nights; for on the 6th of *December* we find them again at *Ashbourn* in 'the *Peak*. Mean Time, while *Ascanius* is making as masterly a Retreat as ever was perform'd, with one Body of *English* Foot hotly pursuing at his Heels, and *Oglethorpe*, with a Body of Horse, on his right Hand, flying to intercept him, but in vain, though the General made a very swift March across the Country from *Yorkshire* into *Lancashire*. While, I say,

* Who with Col. *Townley* and seven others, was executed on *Kennington Common*, near *London*, *July* 30th, 1746.

Ascanius is thus giving the World as extraordinary a Proof of his Skill and Dexterity in a Retreat, as he had before of his Courage and Conduct in a Battle, let us leave him on his March, and take a View of what, in the mean Time, his Friends in *Scotland* were doing for him there.

Lord *Lewis Gordon*, Brother to the Duke of *Gordon*, remaining in *Scotland* to take Care of the Interest of *Ascanius* in that Kingdom, while himself was in *England*, was extremely active in raising both Men* and Money in the Northern Parts, and may justly be consider'd as a Counterpoise to the Lord President *Forbes*, whose Zeal for his Majesty's Interest I have already, mention'd. Lord, *Lewis's* Endeavours were greatly supported by the Arrival from *France*, of the Duke *de Fitz-James's* Regiment of Horse, of which, most of the Men were *Irish* and *Scotch*, or descended from Parents born in those Kingdoms. These were commanded by the Lord *John Drummond* Brother to the Duke of *Perth*; who joining Lord *Lewis Gordon*, their Forces together made up a Corps of near 3000 Men. With these Troops the two Lords quarter'd themselves in and about *Perth*, at the same Time that *Ascanius* set out on his Return from *Derby*.

On the other hand, the Earl of *Loudon* was equally active in spiring up the Clans in the *English* Interest; and raised considerable Supplies among, the

* The Clans out of which he raised most Men were, the *McKenzies*, the *Mackintoshes*, the *Farquharsons*, and the *Fraziers*.

Macleods, the *Grants*, the *Monroes*, the *Sutherlands*, and the *Guns*; and at last he had A Body of above 2300 effective Men, and with these he forced the Son of Lord *Lovat* to retire from before *Fort-Augustus*, which he had besieged with a considerable Body of *Frazers*, a Clan of which his Father was the Chief. The City of *Edinburgh*, now again in the Hand of the *English*, likewise exerted itself in raising Men; as also did the City of *Glasgow*, and betwixt them two numerous Regiments, and several independent Companies were raised. Thus, whether in *England* or *Scotland*, *Ascanius* was like to have Enemies enough to deal with, and Opportunities enough for exerting his Abilities.

Let us now return into *England*, and follow *Ascanius* in his Flight from *Derby*. *December* 7th he arrived at *Leek* in *Staffordshire*; and on the 9th at *Manchester*. Mean Time the Duke of *Cumberland* having Intelligence that his Enemies had begun to retreat northward, immediately prepared to follow them with all possible Expedition. Flying with a Body of Horse through the Counties of *Warwick* and *Stafford*, on the 10th he arrived at *Macclesfield* in *Cheshire*, a Body of a thousand Foot following him as fast as they could, and at no great Distance; for the Duke's Scheme was to come up with the *Adventurers* with his Horse, and retard their March 'till his Infantry came up, and then to endeavour to bring *Ascanius* to a general Engagement. This; however, was what the latter very prudently avoided, well knowing the great Difference betwixt the Spirit of Troops pursued by an Enemy, in that Enemy's

Country, and the Spirit of the Pursuers. Besides, perceiving that Fortune inclined her Face with a Smile towards *Cumberland*, the Country People voluntarily supplied his Army with Horses, Carriages, Provisions, and all other Necessaries; while the *Adventurers* could get nothing but what Violence forced from the grumbling *English*, who took all Methods to distress them, and retard their March. This indeed they were in some measure obliged to do, in Compliance with the Duke's Orders, who daily sent; Expresses before him to that Purpose, as he march'd from Town to Town. And in the mean Time, those who privately inclined to succour the young *Adventurer*, were deterr'd from appearing for him in any Manner, by their Apprehensions of the Duke of *Cumberland's* superior Force and good Fortune.

Macclesfield, where, as we have observed, the *English* arrived on the 10th, is but one Day's March from *Manchester*, from whence *Ascanius* march'd that Day, resting his Troops there only one Night. At *Manchester* the fickle Inhabitants, perceiving that Fortune seem'd to frown on the *Adventurers*, whom they had joyfully received but a few Days before, now began to shew a very different Spirit, and gave, the Troops several rude Marks of their new Disposition. This *Ascanius* so highly resented, that, before he left their Town, he made the People pay him the Sum of two thousand five hundred Pounds, to preserve themselves from being plunder'd: However, in Consideration of the many Friends he still, had there, he gave them a Promise of Repayment, as soon as the Kingdom should be recover'd to his Family, of which

he did not despair yet.

On the 11th the *Adventurers* march'd further northward and came to *Wigan* from whence the next Day they push'd to *Preston*. The Duke still followed at the Distance of about a Day's March, which he yet found it impossible to gain of *Ascanius*, who, on the other, hand, found it equally impracticable to outstrip his formidable Rival in youthful Vigour and Vigilance.

On the 13th in the Morning, *Ascanius* quitted *Preston*, which he had no sooner done than *Oglethorpe*, with the Horse and Dragoons, from *Wade's Army*, arrived there, having in three Days march'd above one hundred Miles thro' the Ice, and over Mountains covered with Snow. And now the *Adventurers* had certainly been forced to come to an Action, (in which nothing less than a Miracle could have given them the Advantage, in the distressed Condition they were in) had not their *English* Friends in the South luckily, at this critical Juncture, done them some Service. A Report was raised, and successfully propagated, *that the French were landed in the South*; and this was so generally believed by the *English*, that an Express was sent to inform the Duke thereof, and hereupon he halted a Day, waiting for further Notice, and also sent Orders to *Oglethorpe* to discontinue the Pursuit, and even to return towards the Duke's Army. Still more happy indeed had it been for *Ascanius* had this Report been grounded on Fact. But the Seas were so well guarded by the *English* Fleet, that though a strong Squadron of *French* Men of War had been fitted out, with a great Number of

Transports, having a considerable Body of Troops on board; yet they durst never venture out of Port, the *English*, with superior Force, continually hovering about the *French* and *British* Coasts, to intercept them. However, the Report was of great Service to the *Adventurer*; for had not the Duke and *Oglethorpe* been thus retarded, the latter would doubtless have forced *Ascanius* to halt; and though the Generals Troops were as much fatigued and disorder'd by their forced March as *Ascanius's* were, yet they would at least have been able to have obstructed his Retreat 'till the Duke came up, and then the Action must have been decisive. I say, decisive; for the harrass'd *Adventurers* could have little Hopes of Victory over an Army so much superior in all Respects, and a Defeat must have ruin'd them entirely; whereas, had the *English* been worsted on one Day, they would have been reinforced the next, and able to have continued the Dispute for a Week together, even though they lost a thousand Men every Day.

However, on the 14th, upon better Information, the Duke order'd *Oglethorpe* to continue the Pursuit, whilst himself follow'd as fast as possible. On the 15th *Ascanius* arrived at *Kendal* in *Westmoreland*, whence he marched the next Day for *Penrith* in *Cumberland*. Mean Time the *English* follow'd with prodigious Celerity, and on the 18th the Duke, with the King's Regiment of Dragoons and the Duke of *Kingston's* new-raised light Horse, came up with the Rear of the *Adventurers*, after a fatiguing Ten Hours March. At this Time *Ascanius* was, with the main Body at *Penrith*, and knew not that his Rear was in so much

Danger 'till the Danger was over; for on Sight of the *English*, Lord *George Murray*, who commanded the Rear (in Conjunction with Lord *Elcho*) order'd his People to halt in a Village called *Clifton*, and there receive their Attack. Mean time the eager young Duke of *Cumberland*, whose Capacity as a Soldier all impartial Persons must acknowledge to be consummate, made every necessary Disposition for driving the *Adventurers* from their Post, in which indeed they had great Advantages over the *English*, The Attack was resolutely made, and as resolutely opposed. The *Highlanders* being much shelter'd by the Walls and Hedges, from behind which they fired with great Security, lost very few Men; nor had the Assailants Time to receive any great Loss, the Night being so very far advanced even before the Action was well begun, that it was soon put at an end to, it being difficult to distinguish Friends from Foes. The *Adventurers* (who must have been at length overpower'd by Numbers had the Action happen'd in the Day) took Advantage of the Night, and abandon'd the Village to the *English* continuing their Retreat to *Penrith*, where they joined *Ascanius* before Midnight. The Darkness of the Night, added to the Closeness of the Country, which was extreamly rough and cover'd with Wood-Lands, obliged the *English* to discontinue the Pursuit 'till Morning. Their Loss in the Action was about twenty Men and Officers kill'd, and thirty wounded. The Troops of *Ascanius* suffer'd less; which, as I have observed, was chiefly owing to their being so much covered during the Action. They had only one Man (an Officer) taken Prisoner. This was Captain

*George Hamilton** of Colonel *John Roy Stuart's* Regiment, a Man of desperate Valour, and whom *Ascanius* and his Officers greatly confided in. He made a stout Resistance, and killed two Troopers with his own Hand; but was himself at last cut down, and dangerously wounded in the-Head and one Shoulder, by one of the *Austrian* Hussars, who voluntarily served the Duke.

The next Morning *Ascanius* arrived at *Carlisle*, after a miserable March all Night. The same Morning also the Duke began his March for the same City, and in his Rout he glean'd up the Stragglers, the Weak, the Weary, the Sick and the Wounded of the *Adventurer's* Army, to the Number of an hundred Men, who were confined in the Country Jails thereabouts.

On the 20th the *English* Army advanced to *Hesket*, which is within a short Day's March of *Carlisle*. At the same Time *Ascanius* leaving that City, continued his March for *Scotland*, fording the River *Esk*, though at that Time; swollen very high by the Rains, and many of the *Adventurers* were drowned in attempting this Passage. *Ascanius*, though much against his Will, was forced to leave a small Garrison in *Carlisle*, in order to stop the Duke, and prevent his following him into *Scotland*, at least not so soon as to force him to an Engagement before he had got Recruits both of Men, Money, and Spirits. 'Twas with Regret, I say, that he left any Garrison in *Carlisle*, for he well knew that those Troops must be sacrificed to his Conveniency.

* He was tried at *York*, with many others of his Party, and received Sentence of Death.

Shock'd at the Misfortune they were destined to, he would have forborn this Measure, but was over-persuaded by Mr. *Sullivan*, who insisted that *Ascanius* ought to improve this Opportunity, and to run the Hazard of sacrificing a few of his Followers, to the Safety of himself and all the rest, who had so chearfully ventured their Lives, and experienced, so many Hardships for him in this their unfortunate Expedition into *England*.

The Troops left at *Carlisle* were about 400 Men, half of whom were Recruits raised in *England*, particularly the *Manchester* Regiment. This small Garrison, animated with a greater Share of Courage, and Fidelity to the Cause they had embraced, than of Prudence or Human Foresight, resolved obstinately to defend the City against the *English*. They were greatly spirited up by Mr. *John Hamilton* of *Aberdeenshire*, their Governor; who represented to them that it was both their Duty, and the most honourable Thing they could do, to defend the Place to the last Extremity. The Place is, said he, both by Art and Nature pretty strong, and we have Artillery enough. The *English* hath no Cannon, nor can speedily bring any hither, so that we may, doubtless, hold out a Month. Mean Time *Ascanius* will certainly do all in his Power to relieve us, and who knows how far it may be yet in his Power? Besides, the *English* may not, perhaps, when they see us resolute, stay to besiege us in Form, but follow our Friends into *Scotland*; in which Case we may do *Ascanius* some Service, by employing part of the Enemy's Troops to look after us, and thereby, in some Measure pave the Way to his being a Match for 'em in

the Field; whereas at present he is in danger of being overwhelmed by Numbers.”

On the 21st the Duke's Army entirely invested the City of *Carlisle*, it being thought proper to reduce this important Key of the Kingdom before the Army marched after *Ascanius* into *Scotland*. This Step was disapproved by many of the Government's Friends, who objected that the Duke's Army was amusing itself with a trifling Siege, while *Ascanius* was suffer'd to escape, and had Time given him to strengthen himself by a Junction with the several Corps that his Friends had been raising for him in *Scotland*, during his Excursion to the Southward.” But these Censurers were doubtless unacquainted with the important Reasons the Duke had for not immediately following his Enemies out of *England*, They did not consider that he might, by-the Time he got to *Carlisle*, be convinced that he could never overtake or bring *Ascanius* to a Battle, unless the latter pleased. That though he might again come up with the Rear of the *Adventurers*, yet the obstinate Resistance they made at *Clifton*, was a sufficient Specimen that it would be still as difficult to bring their main Body to an Action, since, as before, the Rear, would again cover the Retreat of the rest. And, further, that it could be of little Advantage to the *English* Interest to harrass and weaken their Army by forced Marches and Skirmishes with the *Adventurers*, who might at last lead them so far to the Northward, and into such a Country as they might find it difficult to subsist in, and in the End, perhaps, become the weaker Party, and have their own Retreat into *England* cut off. And hence, that as

it might have been very proper to discontinue the Pursuit, at the Time when it was discontinued, even if *Ascanius* had left no Garrison in *Carlisle*, so it luckily happen'd, to save the Honour of the Pursuers, that this City furnished them with a plausible Pretence for not immediately following the *Adventurers* into *Scotland*, but rather to reduce so important a Place, that the Duke might have the Honour of clearing the Kingdom of its Invaders.

As the *English* Army under the Duke was utterly destitute of Artillery and Ammunition proper for a Siege, it was obliged to sit still before the Place till the 26th, when being amply provided with all Things necessary, two Batteries were raised, which play'd upon the City from the 28th to the 30th, in the Morning; when the Garrison having yet no Prospect of Relief from their Friends in *Scotland*, and fearing to be reduced by Storm, thought it most adviseable to hang out the white Flag and capitulate. However the best Terms they could obtain was that they should not be massacred, but reserved for the King's Pleasure; and these, tho' hard indeed, they were forced to accept, and the *English* took Possession of the City the same Day. In this Affair, besides the Men, the *Adventurers* lost 16 Pieces of Ordnance, being all that *Ascanius* had brought with him into *England*, and which he had neither been able or willing to take back into *Scotland*, it being necessary to leave them at *Carlisle* for the Use of the Garrison there. Of this Garrison many have already been tried, and condemned, and some have been executed,

particularly *John Hamilton, Esq;** Governor of *Carlisle*, besides Colonel *Townley* of the *Manchester* Regiment, whom I have before mentioned, and several others.

The Duke had no sooner reduced this City, than he invested General *Hawley* with the chief Command of the Army, with Orders to march it into *Scotland*, there to make such Opposition to the Motions of *Ascanius*, as the future Circumstances of Affairs should direct; mean while the Duke himself returned to his Father's Court, there to concert Measures for entirely compleating the Ruin of the *Adventurers*.

Let us now follow the indefatigable *Ascanius* into *Scotland*, where we shall find him, emerging for his late *Disgrace*, and carrying his Affairs to a higher Pitch of Prosperity than ever: But by the Way, I know not if it be proper to look upon that as a *Disgrace* to *Ascanius*, which was not the Effect of any Want of Vigilance or Capacity in him, but of Treachery or Remissness, or want of ardent Sincerity in those who had made great Professions of Zeal for his Interest, and who, after having drawn him into a vain and fatal Dependence upon them, remained indolent Spectators of the Danger they had run him into; and would have left him to perish, had it not pleased God to protect and deliver him in the Hour of Necessity.

December 22, *Ascanius*, who had divided his Forces on the Borders of *Scotland*, march'd with the largest Body, being about 4000 Men, to *Dumfries*,

* Who (with Sir *John Wedderburn* and three others) was hanged on *Kennington Common*, *November 26*, 1746.

where he, knowing how well that Town was affected to the *English* Interest, demanded of the Inhabitants 2000*l.* Contribution Money. Of this 1100 was immediately paid, and Hostages given for the other nine. From hence he moved Northward on the 23d, and on the 25th, he arrived at *Glasgow*, chusing rather to take Possession of that Town (of which he resolved to raise another large Contribution*, in Revenge for its active Zeal against his Party, while he was in the South) than to attempt the Recovery of *Edinburgh*, which the *English* had now put in a much stronger Posture of Defence than it was in when he took it before. *Glasgow* was also the more obnoxious to *Ascanius*, as it had ever been distinguish'd for its Disaffection to his Family, and peculiarly in the Reigns of *Charles* and *James II.* in which it was considered as the principal Fountain of *Whigism* in the North.

Accordingly *Ascanius* quartered his Troops for several Days upon the People of *Glasgow*; and before he left their City, he obliged them to furnish him with Necessaries to the Value of 1000*l.* Sterling. And now it was that *Ascanius* form'd the Design of laying Siege to *Stirling*, one of the strongest and most important Places in *Scotland*. As in order to carry on this Siege all the Forces he had in this Kingdom would be wanted, he dispatched Orders to Lord *John Drummond*, Lord *Lewis Gordon*, the Master of *Lovat*[†]

* See the Sum paid him by that City before his Expedition into *England*, p. 17.

† Lord *Lovat*'s Son.

and other Chiefs in the North, to advance with their Troops, and give him the Meeting betwixt *Perth* and *Stirling*. These Chiefs had with them a considerable Treasure, which had been landed from on board some *Spanish* Privateers, together with some Artillery, Ammunition, and other Stores. Lord *Lewis Gordon* had also raised a vast Sum of Money in *Scotland*, some of which was voluntarily contributed, and the rest levied under Pain of military Execution. He and the other Chiefs had also taken other vigorous Measures for serving their Party. The *Hazard* Sloop of War which the *Adventurers* had taken from the *English*, they fitted out for their own Service, as they did also a stout Privateer at *Montrose*, and another armed Sloop at *Perth*.

January 3, 1745-6, Ascanius and the Troops at *Glasgow* left that City, and on the 5th, having then got the best Part of his Forces together, he summoned the Town of *Stirling* to surrender, but General *Blakeney* who commanded there for the King, gave him a flat Denial, declaring he would sooner lose his Life than betray the Trust that was reposed in him. However, the Town being of no great Strength, though its Castle is, the Inhabitants, after some Hours spent in Treaty, obtained their own Terms of Surrender, and the next Morning the *Adventurers* took Possession of the Town; but the resolute old *Blakeney* retired with the Troops under his Command into the Castle, which he determined to defend to the last Extremity. Again *Ascanius* summons him to surrender, but to as little Purpose as before, and therefore *Ascanius* resolved upon taking this Castle at any Rate, prepared to

besiege it in Form with what Artillery he had, which was however insufficient for so considerable an Undertaking.

Mean while Lieutenant-General *Hawley*, Commander in Chief of the *English* Forces in *Scotland*, was assembling a strong, though not numerous Army in the Neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*; and having all Things in order and fit for Service, he determined to march to the Relief of *Stirling Castle*. But first he detach'd Brigadier-General *Huske* (who was next in Command under *Hawley*) with part of the Army, to dislodge the *Earl of Kilmarnock* from *Falkirk*, where he lay with Part of the *young Adventurer's* Forces, being all the Horse *Ascanius* had; and which, being of little Use in a Siege, he had posted at this Town, which lies in the direct Road from *Edinburgh* to *Stirling*. On the first Intelligence of *Huske's* Approach, *Kilmarnock* retired with some Precipitation to the rest of the Army at *Stirling*, not having Forces enough to stand his Ground against the Brigadier-General's Troops; and thus, the Road being opened, the whole *English* Army marched to *Falkirk*, where *Ascanius* resolved to give them the Meeting.

Ascanius's Affairs were not now in the same Situation as when he was in *England*. Then, encircled by the *English*, and without the least Prospect of any Re-inforcements in Case of a Defeat, it was the highest Prudence in him to avoid an Engagement, and (upon finding that he had nothing to expect from the *English*) to retire into *Scotland* before his Retreat was cut off: But now, at the Head of a Body of resolute Fellows, elate and re-animated by their successful

Retreat, the fresh Troops which had joined them, and the Absence of the Duke from the *English* Army, of which he was the very Life and Soul; in these Circumstances *Ascanius* had little to fear as to the Event of an Engagement: He doubted not his Troops in their own Country, in which they had already been so successful; and in which he foresaw many Ways of retrieving the Loss of a Battle.

Hawley's Design was to have attack'd the *Adventurer* but *Ascanius*, sensible of the Difference betwixt an Army's attacking, and being attack'd, and of the usual Disadvantage in the latter Case, resolved to prevent the *English*, and give them Battle, without allowing them Time to chuse their Ground. This he did with great Success on the 17th in the Afternoon. The Field of Battle was the *Moor of Falkirk*, about a Mile distant from that Town. *Ascanius* was informed by his Spies that the *English* (who had made great Haste, to gain the rising Ground on which they were posted) had left their Cannon in their Camp, and that they would find it very difficult to get any up the Hill; therefore he resolved to attack, them before they could possibly get their Artillery up.

The *English* Army, though formed in a Hurry, advanced in good Order, the Dragoons on the Left, and the Infantry in two Lines. As soon as the adverse Parties came within little more than Musket-shot of each other, *Hawley* order'd the Dragoons to fall on Sword in Hand, and the Foot to advance at the same Time, in order to give, the *Adventurers* a close Fire. But before they could execute these Directions, a smart Fire from the latter put the Dragoons into some

Disorder, and at the same Time some of the *English* Battalions firing without Orders, increased the Confusion; and the Dragoons falling in upon the Foot, occasioned their making only one irregular Fire before they began to retreat. *Barrel's* and *Ligonier's* Regiments however were immediately rallied by Brigadier *Cholmondeley* and Col. *Ligonier*. These Troops made a brave Stand, and repulsed the *Adventurers*, who poured upon them very briskly. Mean Time General *Huske*, with great Prudence and Presence of Mind, drew together and formed another Body of Foot in the Rear of the, above two Regiments. General *Mordaunt* also rallied another Corps of Infantry, and, upon the Whole, the *English* made a tolerable Retreat to the Camp at *Falkirk*.

This Battle cannot properly be said to have been fought out, or finished. It had certainly been renewed by the Troops on both Sides, who would have fought longer than they did, had not the bad Weather hindred them. The Rain and the Wind were violent, and render'd the Fire-Arms of little Use. Besides, the *English* wanted Artillery, the only Thing they could trust to besides their Firelocks, for they had no Arms to oppose to the broad Swords of the *Highlanders*, except their Bayonets, which they had not yet learned to use and trust to in a close Conflict. 'Tis true, their Train of Artillery was, during the Action, drawn up the Hill, but the Owners of the Draught-Horses seeing the Army in Disorder, were seized with a Pannick, and rode away with the Horses, so that none could be found to draw the useless Cannon from the Field, by which means the whole Train (except one Piece which

the Grenadiers of *Barrel's* Regiment, yoked themselves to and carried off, and three others which the People of *Falkirk* furnished Horses to draw away) fell into the Hands of the *Adventurers*.

The *English* at first, (after quitting the Field) determined to keep Possession of their Camp, and wait to see if *Ascanius* would attempt to dislodge them. But the Rain continued so heavy, the Tents were so excessive wet, and so much of their Ammunition was spoiled, that it was judged improper to expose the Troops to the Inclemency of the Weather, and therefore they were order'd to the Town of *Linlithgow* that Night, purely for the Sake of getting under Shelter: The next Day they continued their Retreat, and in the Evening took up their former Quarters in and about *Edinburgh*, Here they examined into their Loss, and missed more Officers in Proportion than Men for the former behaving much better than the latter, and standing their Ground when the Soldiers gave way, were the more exposed to Danger.—Thus far all the Facts I have mentioned relating to the memorable Battle of *Falkirk*, are admitted. by the *English*, and are to be found in their Accounts published by Authority. But let us now consult the Accounts given us by the other Party. The following Narrative was drawn up by Mr. *Sherridan*, and by him transmitted to the Kings of *France* and *Spain* the *Pope* and other Powers in Alliance with the *young Adventurer's* Family.

“After an easy Victory, gained by 8000 over 12000, we remained Masters of the Field of Battle, but as it was near five o’Clock before it ended, and as it

required Time for the *Highlanders* to recover their Muskets,* rejoin their Colours, and form again in order, it was quite Night before we could follow the Fugitives. On the other Hand we had no Tents nor Provisions; the Rain fell, and the cold sharp Wind blew with such Violence, that we must have perished had we passed the Night on the Field of Battle. And as we could not return to our Quarters without relinquishing the Advantages of the Victory, the * * * * resolved, tho' without Cannon or Guides, and in the most extreme Darkness, to attack the Enemy in their Camp; and the Situation of it was very advantageous, and fortified by strong Retrenchments, their Soldiers were seized with such a Pannick on our Approach, that they durst not stay therein, but fled towards *Edinburgh*, having first set Fire to their Tents. They had the Start of us by above an Hour, and some Troops which they left at *Falkirk* disputing our Entrance, gained them another Hour; so that our Cavalry being poorly mounted, could not come up with them: Hence it was that in a Flight in which 5 or 6000 Prisoners might have been taken, we did not make above 500, only half of which were regular Troops. They had 600 slain, two Thirds whereof were Horse and Dragoons, but we know not exactly the Number of their Wounded. Our Wounded were not above 150, and our Slain only 43, Officers included. We have taken seven Pieces of Cannon, three Mortars,

* The Arms of the *Highlanders* are a Musket, a broad Sword and a Target; their manner of fighting is to fire at about 30 Yards Distance, then fling down their Muskets, and rush upon the Enemy with their Sword; and Targe.

one Pair of Kettle-Drums, two Pair of Colours, three Standards, 600 Muskets, 4000 Weight of Powder, a large Quantity of Grenadoes, 25 Waggons loaded with all Kinds of military Stores, Tents for 4700 Men, and all the Baggage that escaped the Flames. Among their Officers that fell are five Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels, with almost all the Chiefs of *their Highlanders* and Militia. Our **** who at the beginning of the Action, had been conjured, for the Love of his Troops, not to expose himself, was in the second Line of the Picquets; but as soon as the left Wing was thrown into some Disorder, he flew to their Relief with an Ardour that was not to be restrain'd. In the Disposition of his Troops he followed the Advice of the Lord *George Murray*, who commanded the Right Wing, and fought on Foot during the whole Action at the Head of his *Highlanders*. Lord *John Drummond* commanded the Left, and distinguished himself extreamly; he took two Prisoners with his own Hand, had his Horse shot under him, and was wounded in the Left-Arm with a Musket-Ball; we should likewise do Justice to the Valour and Prudence of several other Officers, particularly Mr. *Stapleton*, Brigadier in his most Christian Majesty's Army, and Commander of the *Irish* Picquets; Mr. *Sullivan*, Quartermaster General of the Army, who rallied part of the Left Wing; and Mr. *Brown*, Col. of the Guards, and one of the Aid de Camps, formerly of Major Gen. *Lally's* Regiment.

Camp at *Stirling*,
1745-6, Jan. 31, N.S.

On the eighteenth, the Day after the Battle, *Ascanius* marched his Army back to *Stirling*; and as he was well satisfied that *Hawley's* Design of relieving this Fortress was disappointed, he resolved to try the Effect of another Summons: But *Blakeney* was still in the same Humour, repeating what he before declared, *That he had always been looked upon as a Man of Honour, and the Adventurers should find he would die so.* Hereupon the Besiegers began to erect two new Batteries to play upon the Castle, which in the mean time they continued to ply with, small Arms which did little or no Mischief, though at the same time it exposed their Men extreamly and they suffered pretty much from the Fire of the *Garrison*. This made the *Highlanders* soon begin to grow out of Humour with the Siege, and their Uneasiness was at length greatly heightened by a Scarcity of Provisions, which obliged *Ascanius* to send out Parties on all Sides, in order to carry off what Corn or Meal they could find in any Part of the Country.

In truth the *Highlanders* are a People no way qualified to be employed in Sieges being both by Nature and Habit extreamly unfit, and equally averse to that kind of Service. Their chief Deficiency lies in their Untractableness, and impatient Disposition; and besides, they are very bad Engineers, of which *Ascanius* had few, or rather not one good one in his Army; such as he had were *French*, and *Irish* in *French Pay*.

In these Circumstances, it will perhaps be asked, why did the Adventurers undertake the Siege of a Place so strong and so well provided as Stirling? To

this it may be answered, that the Advantages *Ascanius* proposed to himself by the taking of this place were many, but I shall only mention these three. First, it would have added great Reputation to his Arms both in *Britain* and in all *Europe*, as *Stirling Castle* is famous, and reputed a Place of greater Importance than it really is. Secondly, if the *Adventurers* could have got this Place, and fortified *Perth* tolerably, they would hereby have secured the greatest Part of the Kingdom of *Scotland* for the Winter; and thirdly, it would have afforded the Means of maintaining themselves along the Coasts of both Sides the Country, which would have facilitated their receiving Supplies from abroad.—In this Siege we shall at present leave the *Adventurers* engaged, but without making any Progress, disappointed of the Succours they expected from *France* and *Spain*, and very much perplexed to find Ways and Means for subsisting their Troops, which created great Murmurings and Heartburnings among them: Of so little Profit did the Advantage gained over *Hawley* prove to *Ascanius*! A melancholy Omen of what he had to expect hereafter; for if a Victory was of so little Benefit to him, what unfavourable Consequences had he not to apprehend from a Defeat.

When the News of the Battle of *Falkirk* reached *London*, the Government thought it highly necessary to take more vigorous Measures (than had hitherto been judged requisite) for defeating the Designs of the once more formidable *Ascanius*, who was now more dreaded by the *English* than ever. The Army in *Scotland* was so considerably re-inforced, as to free

the *English* Nation from their Apprehensions of the further Progress of the Adventurers, who might be expected to do all in their Power to improve their, late Advantage. But as an Invasion by the *French* and *Spaniards* was yet feared in *England*, so it was judged unsafe to drain that Kingdom of its Forces, by sending many of them into *Scotland*, the *Hessian* Troops in *British* Pay, then lying in the Neighbourhood of *Antwerp*, were order'd into, the northern Parts of *Britain*; some of them landed in the North of *England*, others in the South of *Scotland*, and immediately they were assembled in the Neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, under the Prince of *Hesse*, who had married a Daughter of the King of *England*.

Mean time the Troops under *Hawley* were extremely mortified at their late Disgrace, and it must be confess'd, that many of them ardently wish'd for a speedy Opportunity of retrieving their Honour. And in order to this, they were every Day busied in Preparation for marching once more to the Relief of the gallant old *Blakeney*, who still continued to defend the Castle of *Stirling* with such Courage and Constancy, as made the Highlanders so extremely sick of the Siege, that their Chiefs were oblig'd to trust their Works entirely to the *Irish* and *French*, who being but few in Number, were excessively weaken'd and fatigued by this Service.

In a few Days the *English* Army was in all Respects better provided, and in a better Condition than before the Action at *Falkirk*. And to animate the Troops still the more, on the thirtieth of *January* in the Morning,

their darling Commander, the young Duke, arrived at *Edinburgh*, after a Journey from *London*, which will appear amazingly expeditious, when the Rigour of the Season and the Length of the Way is considered. He was received by the Army as its Guardian Angel, whose Presence was a sure Omen of Victory. In short, his Arrival banish'd all Remembrance of the late disagreeable Affair, and the Soldiers express'd unusual Ardour to be led against the Enemy, bad as the Weather still continued.

The active and indefatigable Duke reviewed the Troops on the Day after his Arrival at *Edinburgh*, and immediately marched them towards *Stirling*, in two Columns, consisting of fourteen Battalions, besides the *Argyleshire Campbell's*, and *Cobham's* and *Ker's* Dragoons. The first Night (*February 1.*) eight Battalions of this Army took Quarters at *Linlithgow*, where the Duke himself lay; Brigadier *Mordaunt* with six Battalions lay at *Burrowstouness*, the Dragoons in the adjacent Villages, and the *Campbell's* took Post in the Front of the Army towards *Falkirk*, where *Ascanius* had stationed a considerable Body of the *Adventurers*. These thought it most commodious to retire on the Approach of the *English*; and marching back in the Night as far as *Torwood*, they were there met by a Courier from *Ascanius*, with Orders to halt there 'till Morning, when himself intended to join them with the rest of the Army from *Stirling*, and to give the Duke Battle.

The next Morning the *English* made the necessary Dispositions for continuing their March, and all the Officers and Soldiers seemed extremely eager to come

to a fresh Trial with the Adventurers. But hardly had the *English* begun to move forward, e'er they received Advice that the Enemy, instead of preparing for Battle, were repassing the *Forth* with great Precipitation; and to confirm this Intelligence, the Duke's People actually saw all the advanced Guards of the *Adventurers* retiring from their Posts in great Haste and Confusion. This News was soon after put out of all doubt by the Noise they heard of two great Reports, like the blowing up of Magazines. Hereupon the Duke ordered Brigadier *Mordaunt* to put himself at the Head of the *Argyleshire* Troops and the Dragoons, and to harrass the *Adventurers* in their Retreat. *Mordaunt* began to execute this Order with all the Alacrity and Diligence imaginable, and arrived late in the same Evening at *Stirling*, where he took Possession of the Camp which *Ascanius* and his Troops had abandoned with all their Artillery. They had also blown up St. *Ninian's* Church, in which they had a great Magazine of Powder and Ball; and the Noise of this Explosion was what the Duke's Army heard as before-mentioned.*

The *Adventurers* had likewise left behind them, all the wounded Men they had made Prisoners at the Battle of *Falkirk*, together with nineteen of their own

* It was reported in *England* that the *Adventurers* had maliciously and cruelly decoy'd some of the Country People to this Church, under Pretence of giving them some of the Effects which they had not Time to carry from thence, but that when the poor unsuspecting People were got thither, they were inhumanly blown up with the Church: But this Report we can assure the Reader was absolutely false.

sick Men.

As it was very late when *Mordaunt* and his Troops arrived at *Stirling*, and as the Fugitives had broke down the Bridge which crosses the River running by that Town, it was judged unnecessary to continue the Pursuit; and accordingly the Brigadier halted there till the next Day at Noon, when the Duke with the rest of the Army joined them.—Having thus particularly related the Motions of the one Party, let us return and take a View of what *Ascanius* in the mean time had been doing, and attend to an Explanation of his Motives for, and the Obligations he was under of quitting the Camp at *Stirling*, and retiring to the Highlands.

On the Approach of the *English* Troops towards *Falkirk*, the Corps of *Adventurers* quartered there retired, as we have before observed to *Torwood*, where *Ascanius* intended to join them in the Morning, and to fight the Duke. To this End he called a Council of War, to which he communicated his Purpose, and it met with the general Approach of the Officers and Chiefs of the Clans. However, when the Troops were order'd to march, the Lowlanders struck with a sudden pannick on the Retreat of the detach'd Corps from *Falkirk* to *Torwood*, and the Approach of the Duke with an Army treble the Number of *Ascanius's*, were found to be all in Disorder and Confusion, scatter'd about the Fields, -and, as it seem'd, preparing rather to shift for themselves than to advance against the Enemy. In vain did their Leaders endeavour to re-inspire them with fresh Courage, telling them, "That now or never was the Time for

making themselves Masters of the whole Kingdom of *Scotland*, by defeating the approaching Enemy. But that if they should turn their Backs on a Foe hitherto vanquished as oft as engaged, nothing would then remain but shameful Flight, a Flight that must infallibly bring down the most dreadful Ruin on themselves, and on their * * * *.” In vain, I say, were these Representations, the dastardly *Lowlanders* were not to be reanimated. Not even the Presence of the undaunted *Ascanius*, who himself appeared among them; not all his Commands, Intreaties, Reproaches, Exhortations, in the least availed, they attended to nothing but their inaccountable Pannick, and absolutely declared they would not sacrifice themselves, nor madly throw away their Lives by engaging an Enemy so vastly superior both in Numbers and Condition.

Ascanius seeing that it was in vain to waste his precious Minutes on these Troops, gave immediate Orders for their passing the *Forth*, and retiring towards *Perth*, while he with his trusty *Highlanders* would abide the Coming of the Enemy, and defend their Camp to the last Man; himself chusing rather to die on the Spot than join in the ignominious Flight of his Troops. As for the *Highlanders* they were resolved to stand by him at all Hazards, and to share in his Fate, let it prove never so desperate. However a fresh Council of War being held, the Chiefs endeavoured to moderate the extreme Ardour and forlorn Resolution of the less experienced *Ascanius*, whom they besought not to hazard *his All* upon one desperate Engagement.

Among others the Duke of *Perth* strenuously opposed coming to Action with the Duke of *Cumberland* 'till their Circumstances should become more favourable, and 'till they should have somewhat a better Prospect of Victory before they fell to Blows. In fine, it was at last thought expedient, and *Ascanius* resolved to decline the Battle for the present, and to march the whole Army into the Highlands, where it was-not in the least to be doubted but that they should raise a great Number of Recruits, and in the End either be able fairly to beat the *English* in a pitched Battle, or to harrass and ruin them by terrible Marches, Fatigues, the Badness of Country, and the Rigours of the Season; none of which the *English* were so well qualified to endure as the hardy Natives.

In Consequence of the above Resolution, *Ascanius*, with a sorrowful Heart, (for he little thought he should have been obliged to turn his Back on the Enemy so soon after the Advantage he had gain'd at *Falkirk*) gave Orders that all the Troops should quit the Camp immediately, and follow the others that had already marched to pass the *Forth*. This was done with all possible Secrecy and Speed; for the Consequence might have been fatal, had they given the Enemy time to come so nigh as to fall upon their Rear, and interrupt their Retreat.—I shall now give the Reader

the Particulars of the Return of *Ascanius* into the Highlands, of the Duke's March after him, in the Form of Diary or Journal; that the future Transactions of each Party, every Day, from this Period to the decisive Battle of *Culloden*, may be the more regularly exhibited, and the more clearly comprehended by the Reader.

February 2d having broke down the Bridge at *Stirling* to retard the Enemy's Pursuit, the *Adventurers* entirely quitted the Neighbourhood of that Town, separated themselves into different Corps and took different Routs, though all of them led to the appointed general Rendezvous in the Highlands; Part of them took the Road by *Tay-bridge*, directly towards the Mountains; *Ascanius* with the rest, consisting of Lord *Lewis Gordon's* and Lord *Ogilvie's* Men, the *French* Troops, and what Horse the *Adventurers* had, got to *Perth* the same Evening.

The same Day the Duke entered *Stirling*, where he received the Compliments of General *Blakeney* and the Officers of the Garrison on this memorable Occasion; and at the same Time this young Prince was pleased to testify his extreme Satisfaction with regard to the good Defence the General had made, by which a Place of so much Importance had been preserved, and the Designs of his dangerous Rival *Ascanius* defeated., Mean while, pursuant to the Duke's Orders, many Hands were employed in repairing the Bridge which the *Adventurers* had broke down after passing it; it being intended to march the Army over this Bridge, as soon as it should be repaired, and to follow the Fugitives into the Mountains.

On the *Third* in the Morning *Ascanius* and his People quitted *Perth*, and continued their march Northwards: Lord *John. Drummond*, with the Remains of the *Scotch* and *Irish* Troops which he had brought from *France*, made directly for *Montrose*. The *Adventurers* left behind them at *Perth* thirteen Pieces of Iron Cannon, nailed up; and they flung a great Quantity of Ammunition into the River, together with fourteen Swivel Guns which they had taken out of the *Hazard Sloop*.

February 4th, Notwithstanding the Retreat of the *Adventurers* was made with the utmost Hurry and Precipitation, yet it was barely made in Time; for on this Day, early in the Morning, the Bridge being sufficiently repaired, the Army passed over, and the advanced Guard, consisting of the *Argyleshire* Highlanders and the Dragoons, marched that Night as far as *Crief*, but the Foot were canton'd in and about *Dumblain*, where the Duke took up his Quarters that Evening.

The next Day the Duke's advanced Guards took Possession at *Perth*, mean time the *Adventurers* were continuing their Retreat to the Northward, in which we will leave them for a little while, and stop to make a short Reflexion on one of the most surprizing Instances of the great Effect of a General's Reputation that, any History hath ever been exhibited.—In the Space of a single Week, the Duke; of Cumberland posted from his Father's Court, travelled above three hundred Miles in the midst of Winter, put himself at the Head of the Forces in Scotland and saw his Enemies flying with Precipitation before him; those very Enemies, who in his Absence despised those very Troops by whom they were now pursued, and who were now grown terrible to the Flyers, chiefly on

account of only one single Person's having resumed the Command of them. Should the Duke's best Friends endeavour to heighten this Event by any Strains of Compliment or Panegyrick, they would only obscure it; the bare Recital of the Matter of Fact is the noblest Eulogium, and the only Remark I shall add is this, that as surprizing and incredible, as it may seem to Posterity, it must be at present allowed a Truth notorious to the whole *British* Nation.

Ascanius was very sensible how much the News of this his Retreat would alarm his Friends both at home and abroad and therefore he caused several printed Papers to be dispersed setting forth his Reasons for taking this Step. I have already mentioned some of them; besides which the following were assigned, *viz.*

“That as his Men, particularly the Highlanders, were loaded with the Booty they had collected both in *England* and *Scotland*, it was very proper to let them convey it Home, where it might be lodged, in Safety; and, further, that this would secure to them an acquired Property for which they would doubtless fight valiantly to the last, and be induced to stand by the * * * * not only on his account, but also on their own. That, moreover, it was necessary, after so fatiguing a Campaign, to allow the Troops some Relaxation, after which, when well refreshed and recruited, they would not fail to make another Irruption into the Lowlands, in the next Spring.”

Ascanius had, moreover, another Reason, which he did not yet think proper publickly to divulge. He judged that by removing the War into the *Highlands*, and by the Reports that might be spread of the Severities of the Enemy's Troops, his Men would be

the better kept together, which he now found difficult to do, and would also contribute to encrease the Number of his Followers. He had besides these another Reason, which was, the giving his Friends of *France* and *Spain* a good Opportunity for attempting an Invasion in the South; which he flatter'd himself would afford such a Diversion as might go near to free him from all his Difficulties. He had also a great Desire to make himself Master of the Chain or Line of Fortifications, which run along the North of *Scotland*; viz, the Forts, *William*, *Augustus* and *George*, the last being the Castle of *Inverness*. By taking these Places, he would be able to secure the Country behind him, and thereby, afford Means for his Friends abroad to land the Reinforcements, of which he had received large Promises, but which had hitherto been (and indeed, never were any otherwise than) slightly and ineffectually performed.

But the Duke, who had very good Intelligence of all the Enemies Motions, and had always Spies among them, easily penetrated all their Views, and took the most proper Measures that could be thought on for defeating them. He marched the Army by different Roads to *Aberdeen*, where he resolved to fix his Head Quarters, to raise Magazines, and to receive such Succours and Supplies, as from Time to Time might come by Sea from *England*; nor were the Adventurers able to surprise any of these separate Corps, Care being taken that every Detachment should be strong enough to make a good Defence in Case of an Attack.

He station'd the *Hessian* Troops, and some Corps of *English*, at the Castles of *Blair* and *Menzies*, at

Perth, Dunkeld, and other Places, by which he entirely secured the Passage into the Lowlands, and put it out of the Power of the *Adventurers* to return that Way into the South. The *Argyleshire* Men, under their warlike Leader, General *Campbell*, undertook the Defence of *Fort William*, a Place at that Time of infinite Importance, as it secured another Passage through the West of *Scotland*, by which *Ascanius* might have made his Way into *England* a second Time.

Having taken these Precautions, the Duke set out for *Aberdeen*, where he arrived on the 28th of *February*. The necessary Dispositions having been made for continuing the Operations of the War, the *English* Generals judged it necessary to make Examples of some who had heretofore misbehaved: This was highly expedient, for the better Support of Discipline, at a Time when it was so requisite for the Security, as well as Reputation of their Troops, which had suffer'd not a little by the scandalous Behaviour of some Regiments and some particular Officers at the Battles of *Gladsmuir* and *Falkirk*.

Accordingly a Court Martial was held at *Montrose*, by which Capt. * * * * an Officer in the Artillery, who had deserted the Train in the Action at *Falkirk*, was sentenc'd to have his Sword broke over his Head by the Provost, his Sash thrown on the Ground, and himself turned out of the Army; and this was accordingly executed at the Head of the Artillery.* A

* This is the Gentleman mentioned in the *Adventurers* Account of the Battle of *Falkirk*, who cut an Artery to avoid

Lieutenant in *Fleming's* Regiment was broke for disobeying Orders, and prevaricating before a Court Martial, on account of the plundering the House of Mr. *Oliphant* of *Gask*, a zealous *Adventurer*, and who was at that Time with *Ascanius* in the Mountains. From this and other Instances which might be produced, all impartial Men must be led to acknowledge, that the Burnings, Plunderings, and Devastations of the Houses and Estates of the *Adventurers*, wherewith the King's Troops have been charged, were not absolutely connived at, nor permitted with so much Impunity as reported by some over-zealous People.—Let us now return to *Ascanius*, who, in Prosecution of his Designs, made it his first Care to become Master of *Inverness*.

Inverness is a Town of some tolerable Trade; it lies on the East Side of the Highlands, has a good Port, but the Fortress or Castle is small, and of no great

the disgraceful Punishment he expected for his Cowardice: But he miss'd his Poinr, recovered the Blow thus aimed at his own Life, and lived to receive the Reward of his Pusillanimity and Folly. Strange infatuation! That a Man should do that to avoid an honourable Death, which he knew might probably bring him to a shameful Death, or a Disgrace which he dreaded worse than Death; and to avoid which, he afterwards chose to end his Life in a Manner the most shocking to a reasonable Mind, even by his own Hand: This is what I cannot, in a few Words account for.

Strength. Lord *Loudon* was then there, with about 1600 of the new rais'd Men before mentioned. With these he marched out to fight the *Adventurers*; but, upon their Approach, finding them much stronger than he expected, he judg'd it proper to retreat, and also to abandon the Town of *Inverness*, which he did without the Loss of a Man, leaving Major *Grant* with two Independant Companies in the Castle, with Orders to defend it to the last Extremity.

These Orders were however, but indifferently obeyed; for *Ascanius* no sooner appeared before the Place, than the Hearts of the Garrison begun to fail; and after a very short Siege, the *Adventurers* became Masters of the Town and Castle, and here *Ascanius* fixed his Head Quarters.

Besides the 4000 Troops which now lay at *Inverness*, *Ascanius* had several detach'd Parties abroad; and some of these falling upon several small Corps of the Duke's Highlanders station'd about the Castle of *Blair*, defeated them with little Loss to the Victors. These Successes raised the Spirits of the whole Party of the *Adventurers*, notwithstanding the Badness of their Quarters, want of Pay, Scarcity of Provisions, and other Inconveniencies.

And now, in Spite of all the Difficulties he lay under, *Ascanius* resolv'd to prosecute his Design upon the Forts *Augustus* and *William*. The former* of these was accordingly attack'd. There was at that Time in the Place but a small Garrison, consisting only of

* Fort *Augustus* is a small Place, and only important by its Situation between *Inverness* and Fort *William*, making the middle Link of this Chain of Fortifications.

three Companies of *Guise's* Regiment, commanded by Major *Wentworth*; so that it was speedily reduced, and as speedily demolished, which was the same Fate that Fort *George*, (*i. e.* the Castle of *Inverness*) had already met with: A clear Demonstration that *Ascanius* did not now think it necessary to have any Garrison in that Part of the Country. But being still incommoded by the Neighbourhood of Lord *Loudon*, who lay at the Back of the *Adventurers*, with only the Frith of *Murray* between them; the Duke of *Perth*, the Earl of *Cromartie*, and some other Chiefs resolved to attempt the surprizing of *Loudon*, by the Help of Boats, which they drew together on their Side of the Frith. Taking the Advantage of the Fog, they executed their Scheme so effectually, that falling upon the Earl's Forces quite unexpectedly, they cut off some, made a good many Officers Prisoners, and obliged *Loudon* to retire with the rest out of the County of *Sutherland*.

But, tho' these Advantages made a good deal of Noise, and greatly contributed to the keeping up the Spirits of his Party; yet, in the End they proved but of little Service to *Ascanius*. Money now began to be very scarce with him, and Supplies both from Home and Abroad fell much short of his Expectations. In short, his People began to grumble for their Pay, and required their Arrears; and as their Demands were not speedily to be satisfied, new Divisions and Heart-burnings arose among them: A sure Presage of the approaching Ruin of the whole Party.—Let us now return to the Duke, and see what he hath been doing since we conducted him to *Aberdeen*.

Though the Rigour of the Season, the Badness of the Roads, and the Difficulty of supporting so great a Number of Men as he had under his Command, were sufficient to exercise the Abilities of the most experienced General; yet the Duke disposed of his Troops in such a Manner, as proved effectual, both for their Safety and Subsistence; and at the same Time took Care to distress the *Adventurers* as much as possible. For the very Day after he came to *Aberdeen*, he detach'd the Earl of *Ancram* with an hundred Dragoons, and Major *Morris* with three hundred Foot to the Castle of *Corgarf*, at the Head of the River *Don*, forty miles from *Aberdeen*, and in the Heart of the Country then possessed by the *Adventurers*, and wherein they had a large Magazine of Arms and Ammunition, which the Earl had Orders to seize or destroy. This was executed with great Facility, the Garrison, upon his Lordship's Approach, abandoning the Place with great Precipitation, not allowing themselves Time to carry off their Stores, However, for Want of Horses, the *English* could not convey away all the Spoil, but were oblig'd to destroy most of the Arms, and above thirty Barrels of Powder.

On the sixteenth of *March*, the Duke received Intelligence, that Colonel *Roy Stuart*, one of the Chiefs of the *Adventurers*, had posted himself at *Straithbogie*, having with him a thousand Foot, and a Troop of *Hussars*. Hereupon Lieutenant General *Bland* was sent with a strong Detachment to attack the Colonel, and Brigadier General *Mordaunt* was order'd after him with another Party and some Cannon, in order to support *Bland* if Occasion should

be. The next Day the Major General arrived at *Straithbogie*, but *Stuart* only waited 'till the Enemy were advanced almost within Sight, and then he quitted the Place; and, notwithstanding the strict Orders he had received from *Ascanius*, retreated with great Precipitation towards *Keith*. Though the Weather was wet and hazey, yet the Marquis of *Granby*, Colonel *Conway*, and Captain *Halden*, with the Voluntiers, continued the Pursuit 'till Night. But Fortune, tho' she had thus far seemed to favour these Gentleman, play'd them a slippery Trick at last. For General *Bland* having detach'd a Captain of the *Argyleshire Campbell's*, with seventy of his Men, and thirty of *Kingston's* Horse, to clear the Village of *Keith*, and then rejoin the Army, they, contrary to their Directions, ventur'd to Quarter in this Place for that Night. This gave the *Adventurers*, who had been driven out of the Village, an Opportunity for surprizing the Captain and his Party, which they improved in the following manner. Returning in the Night from *Fochabers*, whither they had retired, they surrounded the Town of *Keith*, enter'd it at both Ends, and furiously attack'd the *Argyllshire Highlanders*, who were quarter'd in the Church yard. The brave *Campbells* defended themselves with the greatest Resolution, but were at length overpower'd by Numbers, and most of them cut to Pieces; however they sold their Lives at a dear rate. The Duke of *Kingston's* Horse came off but little better; the Cornet who commanded them escaping with only a third of his Men: But this Accident made the Duke's People much more circumspect for the future, and nothing of

that kind happened afterwards. Indeed, the Dispositions made by their excellent young Commander, put all Attempts of that Sort out of the Power of *Ascanius*, who narrowly watch'd for such Opportunities, and had they occur'd, would doubtless have improved them to the utmost: Though at that Time unable to encounter the *English* in the open field, the *Adventurers*, had they found means to surprize them, either in the Night or otherwise, might have put an End to the Dispute at one Blow, and *Ascanius*, had perhaps been enabled to make a second and more successful Expedition into *England*.

The *English* Army was canton'd in three Divisions as follows. The whole first Line, consisting of six Battalions, *Kingston's* Horse and *Cobham's* Dragoons, lay at *Straithbogie*, within twelve Miles of the River *Spey*, and was commanded by the Earl of *Albemarle*, assisted by Major General *Bland*. The second Line consisting of six Battalions, and Lord *Mark Ker's* Dragoons lay at *Aberdeen*; and the third Line, or Corps de reserve, consisting of three Battalions, with four Pieces of Cannon, was stationed at *old Meldrum*, half Way, betwixt *Straithbogie* and *Aberdeen*.

Fort Augustus being taken, *Ascanius*, who was very well apprised of the great Importance of *Fort William*, resolved to leave nothing unattempted that might contribute towards the Reduction of this Fortress also. By the taking of *Fort William*, he would have made himself Master of the whole Extent of Country from East to West, and from Sea to Sea; and would besides, as I have already observed, have opened him a Passage into *Argyleshire*, and the West of *Scotland*.

Brigadier *Stapleton*, of his most Christian Majesty's Forces, hath already been mentioned. This brave and experienced Officer was sent by *Ascanius* to besiege *Fort William*. He had with him a large Corps of the best Men among the *Adventurers*, and a pretty good Train of Artillery, considering how much Ordnance *Ascanius* had lately lost. The Brigadier with a thousand Men, arrived at *Glenavis*, in the Neighbourhood of this Fortress, on the third of *March*, About this Time, it was that this Detachment took a Boat belonging to the *Baltimore* Sloop, Capt. *Richard How*, which was employed in the Service of the Garrison of *Fort William*. On the other Hand, Captain *Askew* of the *Serpent* Sloop, sending his own Boat, with another belonging to the *Baltimore*, and a third belonging to the Garrison, forced *Stapleton's* People from the Narrows of *Carron*, where they were posted, and made themselves Masters of all the Boats the *Adventurer* had in these Parts: This was on the fourth of *March*, and proved a most important and well-tim'd Piece of Service to the Government.

As the Siege of *Fort William* was the only regular Operation of that kind, which happened during the Continuance of this Civil War, a regular Journal of it as drawn up by an Officer employed in the Siege, may not be unacceptable to the Reader.

Journal of the Siege of Fort William.

MARCH the fourteenth, the *Adventurers* continuing in the Neighbourhood of *Fort William*, and the Garrison at last perceiving that they were actually to undergo a Siege, began to heighten the Parapets of their Walls on the Side where they apprehended the first Attack would be made. This Work lasted a whole Week, and the two Faces of the Bastions were raised seven Foot high. On the fifteenth, a Detachment of the Garrison, with some Men belonging to the Sloops of War before-mentioned, went in armed Boats, to attempt the destroying of *Kilmady Barns*, commonly called the *Corpoch*. *Stapleton* having Notice of their Motions, and suspecting their Intention, sent out a strong Party to frustrate it. However, the falling of the Tide contributed as much us any thing to the Miscarriage of this Scheme, Some firing indeed passed on both Sides, but little Damage was done on either. On the Side of the Garrison a Sailor was killed, and three Men were wounded.

The *Adventurers* had five Men wounded, four of them mortally.

On the eighteenth the *Baltimore* went up towards *Kilmady Barns*, in order to cover the landing of some Men for a fresh Attempt upon this Place. He threw some Cohorn Shells, and set one Hovel on Fire, but the King's Party were nevertheless prevented from

landing, the *Adventurers* firing upon them with great Advantage from behind the natural Intrenchment of a hollow Road or Rill. The *Baltimore's* Guns being only four Pounders, had no Effect upon the Stone Walls of the *Corpoch*: However, the Sloop and the King's Forces retired without any Damage. On the Side of the *Adventurers*, one of their principal Engineers was killed, but no other Man hurt. This Day three Centinels and a Drummer of *Guise's* Regiment, who had been taken at *Fort Augustus*, made their escape from the Highlanders, and got safe into *Fort William*.

On the twentieth, several Parties of the Garrison being appointed to protect their Turf-diggers, frequent Skirmishes happen'd between these and *Stapleton's* People; but as both Sides skulked behind Craigs and Rocks, so neither received any Damage.

The same Evening the *Adventurers* opened the Siege, by discharging at the Fort seventeen Royals, or small Bombs, of five Inches and a half Diameter, weighing about sixteen and eighteen Pounds each, and loaded with fourteen Ounces of Powder: These were play'd off from a Battery erected on a small Hill called the *Sugar-Loaf*, about eight hundred Yards off, which being at too great a Distance, the Ordnance did little Execution, the greatest Part falling short. On the other Hand the Garrison answered the Besiegers with eight Bombs of eighteen Inches Diameter, six Cohorns, one twelve Pounder, six five Pounders, and two Swivels.

Friday the twenty-first, the *Adventurer's* finding: that their Batteries were too far off, erected a new one at the Foot of the *Cow-Hill*, about four hundred Yards

off from which, between twelve and four in the Morning, they discharged eighty-four of their Royals, which did little Damage, except penetrating through the Roofs of several Houses, and slightly wounding three Men. The Garrison this Day answered the Besiegers with twenty Bombs, nine Cohorns, three Six Pounders, and two Swivels.

On the twenty-second, the Besiegers opened their Battery of Cannon from *Sugar-Loaf Hill*, consisting only of three Guns, six and four Pounders; but discharged only seven times, and that without doing any Damage. About twelve o'Clock the same Day, General *Stapleton* sent a *French* Drum to the Fort, upon whose Approach, and beating a Parley, Captain *Scot*, Commander of the Garrison, ask'd him what he came about? The Drummer answer'd, that General *Stapleton*, who commanded the Siege by Directions from *Ascanius*, had sent him with a Letter to the commanding Officer of the Garrison, requiring him to surrender. To this Captain *Scot* reply'd, *I will receive no Letters from REBELS, and am determind to defend the Fort to the last Extremity.* The Drummer returning to *Stapleton* with this Answer, a close Bombarding ensued on both Sides, for some Hours; but at last the Garrison silenced the Besiegers, by beating down their principal Battery. However, about ten that Night, they opened another Bomb Battery, near the Bottom of the *Cow-Hill*, about three hundred Yards off; from which, and from their Battery upon *Sugar-Loaf Hill*, they discharged before three in the Morning, one hundred and ninety-four of their Royals, and six Cannon against the Fort; but all this

without doing any other Mischief, than the Demolition of the Roofs of a few Houses. The Garrison did not return them one Shell, but kept all their Men within Doors, except the Piquet, to stand by the Fire-Engine; the Governor and most of the Officers being upon the Ramparts.

On the twenty-third, as soon as Daylight appeared, the Garrison fired twenty-three Bombs, two Cohorns, two twelve Pounders, seven six Pounders, and six Swivels at the Besiegers Batteries; some of which tore up their Platforms. The *Adventurers* in Return, fired as briskly as they were able upon the Fort, but did the Besieged no other Damage, than the shooting off the Leg of a private Soldier.

The same Day about three in the Afternoon, some Vessels appeared with Supplies for the Besieged, who on Sight of the Ships all at once discharged eight twelve Pounders, two six Pounders, two Bombs, and several Cohorns against the Besieger's Batteries, which were all so well levell'd as to do great Execution, and occasioned much Confusion among the *Adventurer's*; who, besides the Damage done their Batteries, had several Men kill'd, and many wounded. However, to cheer the Men, the Officers gave out that they would certainly burn the Fort within four Hours after their next new Battery was erected. And accordingly all this Evening the People were employed in erecting another Work or Battery, under Cover of their Cannon, and at the Distance of three hundred Yards, at the Foot of the *Cow-Hill*.

On the twenty-fourth, neither Party fired much, and the Garrison employed the greatest Part of the

Day in getting their Supplies of Provisions on Shore.

The 25th, at Day-break, Capt. *Scot* sent out a Party to a Place about six Miles off, to bring in some Cattle. The *Adventurers* fired very briskly this Morning, and the Garrison plied them a little with their Mortars and Guns. About Three in the Afternoon the aforementioned Party return'd with nineteen good Bullocks and Cows. The same Evening another Detachment went from the Fort for another Prize of Bullocks; and with Orders to pass the Narrows of *Carron*, and to get off all they could from the adjacent Estates of the *Adventurers*.

On the 26th the Garrison fired slowly at the Besieger's Batteries on the Hills; and as the latter now only fired from two Guns, the former perceived that they had dismounted the third. In the Afternoon the last mentioned Party returned with a Booty of black Cattle and Sheep, from the Country near *Ardshields*; they also brought in four Prisoners, one of whom was dangerously wounded; they had likewise burn'd two Villages belonging to one of the Chiefs of the *Adventurers*, together with the whole Estate of the unfortunate *Appin*.

The same Night Capt. *Scot* went out and damned up some Drains near the Walls of the Fort, in hopes of rainy Weather, to make a small Inundation; and with some Pioneers raised the Glacis, or rather Parapet, to seven Feet. For want of Pallisadoes the Garrison could not make a right Cover'd Way, but then this might serve to hinder the Besiegers from seeing the Foot of their Walls.

On the 27th, at Day-break, the *Adventurers* open'd

their new Battery of four Embrazures, but only with three Guns, Six-pounders, with which, however, they fired very briskly. But the Garrison plying them with their Mortars and Guns, silenced one of the Besiegers Guns before eight in the Morning. About Nine the Magazine Battery of the Besiegers was set on Fire, and it blew up. This Day the Garrison received no other Damage than the wounding of two Men and the Governor's Horse in the Stable. The *Adventurers* had three Men killed outright, and nine dangerously wounded.

On the 31st Capt. *Scot* order'd twelve Men from each Company to march out to the Crags, about an hundred Yards from the Walls, where the *Adventurers* had a Battery, which, after some Dispute, and the Loss of a Serjeant of the *Argyleshire* Highlanders, the Men from the Garrison made themselves Masters of. The Victors brought off from this Battery, three Brass Field-pieces, Four-pounders, and two Cohorns, from which the Besiegers threw their Shells; also another Brass-Cannon, a Six-pounder, which being too heavy to draw in, they spik'd and left under the Wall, whence they afterwards dismounted it by Cannon-Shot. The other large Cannon and Mortars on that Battery they likewise spik'd, and left there; and brought away two Prisoners. The *Adventurers*, however, still continued, with live Cannon they had yet mounted, to give the Garrison all the Disturbance in their Power, and destroy'd the Roofs of most of the Houses; but the Garrison did not mind that, the Men being safe.

On the 3d of *April*, the *Adventurers* received

Orders from *Ascanius* to quit the Siege immediately, and to join him at *Inverness* with all possible Speed. Hereupon General *Stapleton* retir'd from the Place with the utmost Precipitation, and repair'd to *Inverness*.

As soon as Capt. *Scot* perceived that the Besiegers had turn'd their Backs on the Fort, he detach'd a Party of the Garrison, which secured eight Pieces of Cannon and seven Mortars, the *Adventurers* not having Time to carry off such cumbersome Movables. The Miscarriage of this Enterprize may be consider'd as the immediate Prelude to the many Disasters which afterwards befell the *Adventurers*, one Misfortune immediately following upon the Heels of another, 'till their Affairs become wholly desperate, and their Force entirely crush'd by the decisive Action of *Culloden*.

The Reason of this sudden and hasty Retreat of the *Adventurers*, from before *Fort-William*, was the Necessity *Ascanius* was under of drawing together all his Forces in the Neighbourhood of *Inverness*, upon the Approach of the Duke of *Cumberland* with the *English* Army, But before we come to treat of the Measures taken by the *Adventurers* after the raising of this Siege, it is requisite that we give some Account of another Misfortune which befell them, which was no less fatal in its Consequences, than the Disappointment of their Design upon *Fort William*.

We have already observed, that they were in great Distress for Money, and other Necessaries, and waited impatiently for a Supply from *France*; which they hoped (notwithstanding the Miscarriage of so many Vessels that had been fitted out for *Scotland*) would

soon arrive on board the *Hazard* Sloop, to which they had given the Name of the *Prince Charles* Snow, and which they had Intelligence was at Sea, with a considerable Quantity of Treasure from *France* on board, and a good Number of experienced Officers and Engineers, who were very much wanted.

On the 25th of *March*, this long look'd for Vessel arrived in *Tongue-Bay*, into which she was followed by the *British* Sloop of War the *Sheerness*, commanded by Capt. *O Brian*, who immediately attack'd her. In the Engagement the *Hazard* had a great many Men killed, and not a few wounded; so that not being able to maintain the Fight, she ran ashore on the Shallows, where the *Sheerness* could not follow her; and there landed her Men and Money. The Place on which she ran ashore, after being chased fifty Leagues, was in the Lord *Rea's* Country; and it happen'd there was then in his Lordship's House, his Son, Capt. *Mackay*, Sir *Henry Monroe*, Lord *Charles Gordon*, Capt. *Macleod*, and about eighty Men of Lord *Loudon's* Regiment, who had retir'd thither when the *Adventurers*, under the Duke of *Perth* and the Earl of *Cromarty*, attack'd them by Boats, as hath been before related. These Gentlemen having animated the Soldiers, advanced against the People who landed from on board the *Hazard*, and, notwithstanding the Superiority of the latter as to Numbers, gained a compleat Victory, tho' without much Bloodshed on either Side; for not above four Men of the *Adventurers* fell, and not one of the other Party, though many were wounded. Besides five Chests of Money, and a considerable Quantity of Arms, the

Victors took a hundred and fifty-six Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors Prisoners; with whom they embarked on board the *Sheerness*, and sailed directly for *Aberdeen*, in Company with another Prize which Captain *O Brian* had taken in the *Orkneys*. The Money, exclusive of one Chest which was missing, and what had been taken out of another that was broke, amounted to twelve thousand and five hundred Guineas; and amongst the Prisoners there were forty one experienced Officers, who had been long either in the *French* or *Spanish* Service.

At the same Time that *Ascanius* employ'd so great a Part of his Forces in attacking *Fort William*, he sent another Body under the Command of Lord *George Murray*, to make a like Attempt upon the Castle of *Blair*, the principal Seat of his Grace the Duke of *Athol*, but a Place of no great Force, and in which there was only a small Garrison, under the Command of Sir *Andrew Agnew*; which Siege, or rather Blockade, Lord *George* raised with the same Hurry and Precipitation (on the Approach of the Earl of *Crawford*, with a Party of *English* and *Hessians*), as *Stapleton* did that of *Fort William* upon the very same Day, and from the very same Motives.

Having thus, in as clear and as succinct a Manner as possible, run through all the Operations of the *Adventurers*, and shewn how all their several Bodies were drawn off, in order to join the Corps under *Ascanius* at *Inverness*, and enable him to make a Stand there, in Case the Duke of *Cumberland* should think of paying him a Visit on that Side the *Spey*; let us now return to the latter, whom we left properly

disposed to march, as soon as the Season and Roads would permit; in Hopes of putting an End to all the future Hopes of *Ascanius*, by one general and decisive Action.

The Duke's Troops, notwithstanding the Severity of the Winter, and the Fatigues they had endured by making a double Campaign, were in the beginning of *April*, so well refresh'd, and in such excellent Order, that they were in all Respects fit for Service; and so far from apprehending any thing from the Impetuosity of the *Highlanders* of the adventuring Party, or the Advantage they had in lying behind a very deep and rapid River, that they shewed the greatest Eagerness to enter upon Action, But though the Duke encouraged and took every possible Measure for keeping up this Ardour in his Army, yet he acted with great Deliberation, and did not move till the Weather was settled, and there was no Danger that the Cavalry should suffer for want of Forage.

At length, *April* the Eighth, the *English* Army moved from *Aberdeen*, and encamped on the Eleventh at *Cullen*, where the Earl of *Albemarle* joined them: Here all the Troops being assembled together, the Duke gave Orders for their immediately passing the River *Spey*. Mean time *Ascanius* was continually busied in a Council of War, which he held Day and Night, and in which it was debated whether or not they should suffer the *English* to pass the River, and then come to Action, or whether they should defend the Banks, in order to gain Time by obliging the Duke to remain on the other side. *Ascanius* with the Warmth of a young General, eagerly argued for

the latter Measure; but most of the other Chiefs were of Opinion that it would be less hazardous to adhere to the first. The old Duke of *Athol*, alias the Marquis of *Tullibardine*, with great Coolness and Judgment advised to give the Enemy a free Passage, if it should prove that they really were determined to attempt it. “They are, said he, well provided with Cannon and Engineers, of both which we are in great Want: Consequently they have it in their Power to cover the Passage of their Troops, and mow down whole Ranks on the opposite Shore, while we are destitute of the like Means for opposing them with any Prospect of Success; and what other Means can we trust to? to our Swords and small Fire-Arms we cannot, for their Cannon will not suffer us to come within Musket-shot of the River. In short, I believe no Gentleman here can (after mature Consideration) reasonably hope for Success by attempting to hinder the Enemy’s Passage. If we do attempt to hinder them, and prove unable to do it, we are ruined inevitably. It will be impossible to rally and bring our Men to renew the Conflict after our Enemies have got ample Footing on this Side the River; and, on the other hand, will it not at the same Time be too late to make any other Retreat than a mere Flight for our Lives; and after such Flight, can we ever hope to face the Enemy again? But if we remain here and suffer them to pass over to us, we have a fairer Chance; We shall then have Time enough to get ready for a regular ACTION, or a regular Retreat, according as Circumstances occur. If we fight, we have the same Advantages that we had at *Glaidsmuir* and *Falkirk*. If we retreat, we may take our Time, and

having a sufficient Distance betwixt us and the Enemy, may march off either in the Day or Night, and shall have leisure enough to take Care of our Rear. I said we have the same Advantages as at *Falkirk* or *Glaidsmuir*, and I may further add, that we have also a Chance which cannot turn out to our Disadvantage, and may prove of infinite Service to us. If we come to Action with the Enemy after they are entirely on this Side the *Spey*, and gain an entire Victory over them, we may possibly cut them entirely off before they can find Means to repass the River. In this Case their Force in *Scotland* will be absolutely ruined, we shall carry all before us in this Kingdom, and perhaps none on this Side *London* shall be able to stop our Progress: One lucky Battle may yet put us in Possession of that Capital. The noble old Lord pronounc'd the latter Part of this Speech with so warm an Emphasis, as produced a great Effect on the young Officers, and even upon *Ascanius* himself: However the Question was long controverted before it was decided; but at last it was resolved to follow the Marquiss of *Tullibardine's* Advice, and suffer the Enemy to pass the River without the least Opposition; and mean Time *Ascanius* prepared every Thing for attacking the Duke: Nor was he at all disheartened by the superior Numbers of the Enemy, whom, however he did not all despise, though he had already twice vanquished them; and much less did he despise the known Valour and Capacity of his gallant young Rival the Duke, aspiring to no greater Honour than the Vanquishing so noble an Enemy.

Early in the Morning of the twelfth of *April*, fifteen

Companies of the *English* Grenadiers, the *Argyleshire* and other *Highlanders* of that Party, and all the Duke's Cavalry, advanced towards the *Spey*, under the Conduct of the Duke himself, assisted by Major General *Huske*. This Party no sooner arrived on the Bank of the River, than immediately the Cavalry began to pass it, under cover of two Pieces of Cannon. Mean Time a Body of about two thousand *Adventurers*, whom *Ascanius* had posted within Ken of this Part of the River, retired as the Enemy passed over, and thereupon the young *Adventurer* began to call in his out Parties, as was before related.

The Duke of *Kingston's* Horse were the First that forded the River, sustained by the Grenadiers and *Highlanders*; the Foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and notwithstanding the Rapidity and Depth of the Water, which in some Places came up to their Breasts, they went through with great Chearfulness, and without any other Loss than one Dragoon and four Women, who were drowned through Hurry and their own Indiscretion. The Duke's Army marched on to *Elgin* and *Forres* the same Day; and from thence to *Nairn*, where they halted on the 15th. Mean Time *Ascanius* was busied in Preparations for attacking the Enemy, in encouraging his Men, and collecting them altogether, which however he had not sufficient time to do, and some of the Clans never arrived till it was too late. In short, the Army of the *Adventurers* at this Time did not amount to more than seven thousand Men; so that it was no extraordinary Thing for the *English*, who were much superiour in Numbers to defeat them, especially when animated and inspired

by the Presence and noble Example of so gallant a General as the Duke.

The memorable Battle of *Culloden* was fought on the 16th of *April*, 1746. *Ascanius* had formed the Design of surprizing his Enemies on the 15th, while they were at *Nairn*, but was prevented by the Vigilance and strict Discipline of the Duke; and hereupon both Parties advanced to decide the Fate of the *British* Crown in a fair and open Field. The Scene of the Battle was a Moor, not far from *Inverness*, and nigh to a House belonging to the Lord President *Forbes*, called *Culloden* House, and from which the Battle took its Name. We have had several Accounts of this important Action, but the clearest as well as most authentic is that dispatch'd by the Duke of *Cumberland* to the King his Father, dated from *Inverness*, *April 18th*; and so this I think it best to adhere. Neither *Ascanius*, nor any one of his Party, had any Opportunity, after the Fight, and during the Remainder of his Stay in *Scotland*, to draw up an Account of it; nor yet has he or his Friends thought proper to give the World this Satisfaction, though frequently solicited thereto at the Court of *Versailles*. Had the *Adventurers* publish'd any Account of the Battle of *Culloden*, the Reader may be assured that it would not have been omitted in this Narrative.

*Account of the Battle of Culloden, drawn up
by Order of his Royal Highness the Duke of
Cumberland.*

“WE gave our Men a Day’s halt at *Nairn*, and on the 16th marched, between Four and Five, in Four Columns. The three Lines of Foot (reckoning the Reserve for one) were broken into three from the Right, which made three Columns equal, and each of five Battalions. The Artillery and Baggage followed the first Column on the Right, and the Cavalry made the fourth Column on the Left.

“After we had marched about eight Miles, our advanced Guards (composed of about forty of *Kingston’s* Horse, and the *Highlanders*, led on by the Quarter-Master General) perceived the Rebels at some Distance making a Motion towards us on the Left; upon which we immediately formed; but finding they were still a good Way from us, and that the whole Body did not come forward, we put ourselves again upon our March in our former Posture, and continued it to within a Mile of them; and then we formed again in the same Order as before. After reconnoitring their Situation, we found them posted behind some old Walls and Huts in a Line with *Culloden* House.

“As we thought our Right entirely secure, General *Hawley* and General *Bland* went to the Left with two Regiments of Dragoons, to endeavour to fall upon the right Flank of the Enemy, and *Kingston’s* Horse were order’d to the Reserve. Ten Pieces of Cannon were disposed two in each of the Intervals of the first Line, and all our *Highlanders* (except about one Hundred

and Forty which were upon the Left with General *Hawley*, and who behaved extremely well) were left to guard the Baggage.

“When we were advanced within five hundred Yards of the *Rebels*, we found the Morass upon our Right was ended, which left our right Flank quite uncovered to them. His Royal Highness thereupon immediately order’d the Duke of *Kingston’s* Horse from the Reserve, and a little Squadron of about-sixty of *Cobham’s* Horse which had been patrolling, to cover our Flank, and *Pulteney’s* Regiment was also ordered from the Reserve to the Right of the Royals.

“We spent about half an Hour after that, trying which should gain the Flank of the other; and in the mean time his Royal Highness sent Lord *Bury* (Son to the Earl of *Albemarle*) forward to within one hundred Yards of the Enemy, to reconnoitre somewhat that appeared to us like a Battery.

On Lord *Bury’s* Approach, the Enemy immediately began firing their Cannon, which was extremely ill-serv’d, and ill-pointed. Ours as immediately answered them, and with great Success, which began their Confusion. They then came running on in their wild Manner, and upon the Right where his Royal Highness had placed himself, imagining the greatest Push would be there; they came down three several Times within a hundred Yards of our Men, firing their Pistols and brandishing their Swords, but the Royals and *Pulteney’s* hardly took their Firelocks from their Shoulders each Time, before the Enemy retreated, abash’d at the *Havock* made among them by the Fire Arms of the *English*; so that after these faint Attempts

they made off, and the little Squadron on our Right was sent to pursue them.

“Mean Time General *Hawley* had, by the Help of our *Highlanders*, beat down two little Stone-Walls, and came in upon the right Flank of the Enemies Line.

“As their whole first Line came down to attack all at once, their Right somewhat out-flanked *Barrel’s* Regiment; which was our Left, and the greatest Part of the little Loss we sustain’d was there. But *Bligh’s* and *Sempil’s* giving a smart Fire upon those who had out-flanked *Barrel’s* soon repulsed them; and *Barrel’s* Regiment, and the left of *Monroe’s* fairly beat them with their Bayonets; there was scarce a Soldier or Officer of *Barrel’s*, or that Part of *Monro* which engaged, who did not kill one or two Men each with their Bayonets and Spontoons.

The Cavalry, which had charged from their Right and Left, met in the Center, except two Squadrons of Dragoons, which we missed, and they were gone in pursuit of the Runaways; Lord *Ancram* was order’d to pursue with the Horse, as far as he could, and he did it with so good Effect, that a very considerable Number were killed in the Pursuit.

“As we were on our March to *Inverness*, and were near arrived there, Major General *Bland* sent a small Packet to his Royal Highness, containing the Terms of the Surrender of the *French* Officers and Soldiers whom he found there; which Terms were no other than to remain Prisoners of War at Discretion. Major General *Bland* had also made great Slaughter, and had taken about fifty *French* Officers and Soldiers Prisoners in the Pursuit. By the best Calculation that

can be yet made, 'tis thought the Rebels lost two thousand Men upon the. Field of Battle, and in the Pursuit.”

I have omitted the Lists annexed to the above Account, as well for the sake of Brevity, as because they could not be very exact at that Time, but were afterwards much enlarged. Among the *French* Prisoners were Brigadier *Stapleton*, the Marquiss *de Guilles*, (who acted as Ambassador from the most Christian King to *Ascanius*) Lord *Lewis Drummond*, and above forty Officers more; who all remained Prisoners at large in the Town of *Inverness*, upon their Parole of Honour.

The Loss on the Side of the Victors was but inconsiderable. The only Persons of Note killed, were Lord *Robert Kerr*, Captain in *Barrel's* Regiment; Captain *Grosset* of *Price's*; Captain *John Campbell* of Lord *Loudon's*; and Captain *Colin Campbell* of the *Argyleshire* Militia: Besides these about fifty private Men were killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded.

The Number of the Prisoners taken by the *English* in this Signal Victory, was two Hundred and thirty *French*, and about four Hundred and forty *Scotch*, including a very few *English* of the adventring Party, who, unhappily for themselves, had continued in the Army of *Ascanius* till this fatal Day.

All the Artillery, Ammunition, and other military Stores of the *Adventurers*, together with twelve Colours, several Standards, and amongst them *Ascanius's* own, fell into the Hands of the Victors. The Earl of *Kilmarnock* was taken in the Action; Lord *Balmerino*, who at first was reported to be killed, was

taken soon after by the *Grants*, and deliver'd up to the *English*. Four Ladies who had been very active in the Service of *Ascanius*, were likewise taken at *Inverness*, viz. Lady *Kinloch*, Lady *Ogilvie*, Lady *Mackintosh*, and Lady *Gordon*.

Immediately after the *Adventurers* had entirely quitted the Field, Brigadier *Mordaunt* was detach'd with nine hundred of the Volunteers into Lord *Lovat's* Country, to reduce the *Frazers*, and all others who should be found in Arms there; and with the like View other Detachments were sent into the Estates of most of the Adventring Chiefs, which put it entirely out of *Ascanius's* Power afterwards to get together any considerable Number of Troops. In short, the *Adventurers* who escaped the Battle, were now necessitated to separate into small Parties, in order to shift the better for themselves.

The Earl of *Cromarty* was not at the Battle. This Lord had been order'd by *Ascanius* into his own Country, in order to raise Men and Money. But this Order proved fatal to the Earl, who almost at the very Instant when *Ascanius* was defeated at *Colloden*, was also taken by a small Party of Lord *Rea's* Men and a few others, who found Means to surprize his Lordship, and made both him and his Son, Captain *Macleod*, Prisoners, together with a great many other Officers of Distinction, and above one hundred and fifty private Men: They were all convey'd on board the *Hound* Sloop of War, and carried to *Inverness*.

That the Reader, whether *Englishman*, *Scotchman*, *Frenchman*, or of any other Nation, may know in what Light the *English* in general looked upon this

important Event, I shall quote a Reflexion from a Writer, who, though a zealous Whig, has honestly and impartially sum'd up and repeated only what was about this Time remark'd in almost all Companies, both publick and private.

“Thus,” says he, “the Flame of this Rebellion, which after being smother'd for a Time in *Scotland*, broke out at last with such Force, as to spread itself into *England*, and not without Reason alarmed even *London* itself, that great Metropolis, was in a short Space totally extinguished by him who gave the first Check to its Force *, and who perhaps alone was capable of performing this Service to his Country, his Father, and his King It is sufficiently known how great a Hazard the Person runs of displeasing him, who praises his Royal Highness; but the Regard we owe to Truth, Justice, and the Publick, obliges one, on this Occasion, to declare that Providence particularly made use of him as its most proper Instrument in performing this Work. He it was who revived the Spirits of the People by the Magnanimity of his own Behaviour. He, without Severity, restored Discipline in the Army. He prudently suspended his Career at *Aberdeen*, till the Troops recovered their Fatigue, and the Season opened a Road to Victory. He waited with Patience, chose with Discretion, and most happily and gloriously improved that Opportunity which blasted

*Quere whether this Author was aware how great a Compliment he, by this Expression, indirectly pays to *Ascanius*.

the Hopes of the *Rebels*, and has secured to us the present Possession and future Prospect of the wisest and best-framed Constitution, administered by the gentlest and most indulgent Government *Europe* can boast.

Leaving the Reader to make his own Remarks on the foregoing quoted Reflection, I shall herewith conclude this History of the first Part of the *Adventures of Ascanius*, and of that civil War the like of which God grant may never again happen in this Nation.





A S C A N I U S:
OR, THE
Young ADVENTURER.

B O O K II

Containing a particular Account of all that happened to Ascanius, during his Wanderings in Scotland, from his memorable Defeat in April 1746, to his final Escape on the Nineteenth of September in the same Year.



OW many and various are the Terms, the Vicissitudes of Fortune, how capricious her Humour, how transient and changeable her Affections; her Frowns how dreadful, her Anger how implacable! The Man who Yesterday was her Favourite, is To-day the Object of her Contempt; she has him in Derision, and laughs at the Confidence he placed in her Smiles: His Disappointments, Grief and Despair are the Subjects of her Mockery and Ridicule; she triumphs in his Distress, and wantonly sports with his Ruin!

How dearly has the luckless *Ascanius* purchased her momentary Smiles, her short-lived Favours; how severely has he suffered for the Confidence he placed in the jilting Goddess! Enough already has the World heard of his Story to excite Compassion in the generous Breast, but still the greater Part remains untold. Such melancholly Truths are yet behind, as when exhibited to publick View, will raise a fresh supply of Pity, a Tribute justly due to such distinguished Sufferings.

Let not the Over-curious be doubtful, the Captious, with distrustful Inquisition, seek to know whence my Commission is derived, by what Authority I take on me the mournful Task, or how I learnt the sad Particulars. This is a Secret which Time only, or some Event yet hid in her dark Womb, will reveal, but I may not. The World therefore must, for the present, be content with this Assurance, that Truth is here presented naked and undisguised by the least Garment borrowed from the plenteous Wardrobe of Fiction, without knowing the Hand that conducted her, or by what Means she was prevailed with to make this Appearance: He that is obstinately doubtful must have Patience 'till Time satisfy him, and to Time I refer him for a Confirmation of the Facts related as follows: Nor is Truth afraid to appeal to future and further Discoveries for a Sanction to the present.

When *Ascanius*, during the Battle which he lost near *Inverness* in the Highlands of *Scotland*, (*April* the 16th, 1746) saw his Men begin to retreat before an Enemy they had hitherto vanquished with surprizing Ease and Facility, he instantly felt in his Mind a true Presage of his entire Defeat, with all that Train of Horrors Destruction and Slaughter that ensued; yet he kept the Field 'till he saw that all was irrecoverably lost. His Post was in a Corps de Reserve behind the

main Body, which he quitted not 'till his Horse had been killed under him, and himself wounded in the hinder Parts, by a Carbine Shot. At length the Current of the flying Troops bore him along towards *Inverness*; but being closely follow'd, and hardly press'd, he quitted the Road to the Town, and with a small Party cross'd the River above it. This was the happiest Step he could have taken in this critical and dangerous Juncture; for had he got into *Inverness* he might have been there intercepted by the *English* Dragoons, who made many Prisoners, and slew a considerable Number of the Flyers in the Streets. But his Life was almost equally endanger'd by the Passage of the River, which he was oblig'd to ford on Foot, though the Water came up to his Neck, and it was with great Difficulty he stemm'd the Force of the Stream, and maintain'd his Footing on the Ground beneath it. Being got safe on the other Side, he order'd his Attendants to halt a Moment, while he took a short but melancholly Retrospect of the dreadful Scene behind him. The Face of the Country was overspread with the flying Vanquish'd, and the pursuing Victors; the first ardently pressing forward for Life, the latter vigorously pushing after, and irresistably overwhelming the hindmost of the unhappy Fugitives in a Deluge of Slaughter. Overcome with a lively Sense of what he saw, the Ruin of his Friends and Followers, perishing in Multitudes for his Sake) and having also some Regard to his own Safety, as a Party of the Army advanced towards the Place where he cross'd the Rivers the unhappy P— continued his Flight, and halted not 'till Nine o'Clock at Night, when he arrived at *Aird*, a House belonging to the Lord *Lovat*, Chief of the *Frazers*, a numerous Clan in the Highlands: This Lord was a secret Well-wisher to *Ascanius*, in whose Army the eldest Son of *Lovat* had served at the Head

of seven Hundred of his Vassals.

His Lordship being at home when the P-- arrived, received him with open Arms, procured a Surgeon to dress his Wound, which was not dangerous; condoled with him on the Loss of the Battle, and endeavour'd to comfort him with Hopes of being soon able to recollect the scatter'd Remains of his Army, adding thereto a great number of fresh Men, particularly the Noble Clan of the *Macphersons*, who, tho' in Arms for *Ascanius*, had not been in the Battle: On his own Part he offer'd to raise a fresh Supply six hundred *Frazers*, whom he would order to rendezvous in *Badenoch*.

The P-- sadly dispirited and fatigued, was scarce able to answer his Lordship, 'My Lord, (said he, faintly, and with Tears in his Eyes) I am at present unable to determine what Course to take, I believe I am totally ruin'd; enough are already ruin'd with me; and I am unwilling to draw any more innocent Men into the like Misfortunes.

As to the Measures that are now most likely to contribute to the Good of the common Cause, I must ask the Opinion of these Gentlemen.' With that he turn'd towards the Officers and Gentlemen who had accompanied him in his Flight, particularly Lord *Elcho*, Mr. *Sullivan*, and Mr. *Sherridan*: The two last landed with him when he first arrived in that Country.

Mr. *Sullivan* being a Stranger* in the Country, declar'd himself incapable of judging what Course they ought to take, but insisted, 'That if a much greater Force than he expected could not be raised to stop the Progress of the Enemy, his R--l H--ss

* *Both he and Sherridan being Irishmen.*

ought, before all Things, to take Care of his Person: And, if it should be found practicable, return to the Continent, and reserve himself for a more favourable Juncture.' To this Lord *Elcho* replied, 'I hope Matters are not become so desperate, as to think of leaving the Kingdom. I can't think we have lost above a thousand Men in this Day's Action, Prisoners included. If we can re-assemble the dispersed Troops, (and that we shall I have not much Reason to fear) we may soon augment them to six Thousand, by a Junction with the *Macphersons*, my Lord *Lovat's* proferr'd Reinforcements, and the Earl of *Cromarty's* People, with that Nobleman at their Head, And if to these we add.'—Here his Lordship was interrupted by Lord *Lovat*, Who assured him, that he had certain Intelligence of *Cromarty's* being taken, with his Son, and two hundred of his People. However, Lord *Elcho* still maintain'd his Opinion, that *Ascanius* ought not to despair of being able to retrieve his Affairs without returning to the Continent. To this Mr. *Sullivan* started some Difficulties, and was seconded by Mr. *Sherridan*, Mean time, the *Highlanders* escaped from the Battle, were continually coming in, some having Intelligence that their Chief had taken this Rout, and others not knowing whither to fly, happen'd this Way, though most of them made off by other Roads. After Supper an Account was taken of the Number of those already come in, and they were found to be two Hundred and Twenty, Officers included. A Debate then arose on these three Points; first whether it was proper for the P-- to remain there all Night; or secondly to proceed to *Fort-Augustus* with the People in order to re-establish a Force sufficient to keep the Field: or at least for the present act on the defensive, and keep the Enemy at a Bay. Thirdly, whether it would not be most conducive to the P--'s Safety to

make off for *Badenoch*, as secretly, and with as much Expedition as possible, and there wait the Consequences of the Battle.

As to the P--'s remaining at *Aird* all Night, it was unanimously pronounced very dangerous, as advanced Parties of the Enemy were upon the scout on that Side *Inverness*, and might possibly have Intelligence of his having taken the Road towards *Fort-Augustus*. Nor was it thought adviseable for him to put himself at the Head of so large a Body as two hundred Men, which would very much retard his Motions, render his Retreats the more conspicuous, and perhaps occasion his falling into the Enemy's Hands. Lord *Elcho* alone warmly continued to assert, 'That if his R-l H--ss was desirous of taking such Measures as were most likely to retrieve his Affairs, he ought by no Means to think of separating from his Troops, who could no longer be kept in Arms than while they saw him at their Head, nor could any fresh Levies be made when the P-- no longer appears in Person to animate and keep them together.' Lord *Lovat* now said little, and *Ascanius* was uncertain what Course to take. Mr. *Sherridan* answer'd Lord *Elcho* with some Warmth, which ended in high Words betwixt them, and the latter was reproach'd with having by his rash Advice, occasion'd all the Misfortunes which had fallen upon the P--, and particularly the Loss of the Battle of that Day, the Consequent of not defending the Passage of the *Spey*, which was chiefly owing to the Influence his Lordship had in his R-l H--ss's Councils. *Elcho* was greatly chafed upon this, and the Dispute might have produced mischievous Effects had not *Ascanius* interposed his Authority. 'Our Affairs, said he, are bad enough already, let us not make them worse by Dissentions and Animosities among ourselves. My

Lord *Elcho*, I know is zealous for my Honour and Interest, and speaks what he sincerely thinks will probably be most conducive to both. I am also equally satisfied of the good Intentions of the Gentlemen who differ from his Lordship. And I earnestly desire, as you value your P—, that you will preserve that Harmony among yourselves which hath been hitherto preserved, and without which there can be no Hopes of retrieving past Misfortunes. For my own Part, I despair at present of getting together such a Force as will be able to make an effectual Stand against the Parties of the Enemy, who will doubtless be sent into all Parts of the Country, and which are now perhaps approaching this Place. I think we had better not trust ourselves openly with such a small Body, which will only invite the Enemy to overwhelm us at once. Rather let us separate, take different Routs, and severally collect what Men we can, ordering them to repair, in the most private Manner, to a Rendezvous which may be appointed. Mean Time I shall endeavour to escape the Enemies Notice, by such Means as Providence shall put into my Power; and my Opinion is, that not above three Persons should march towards *Fort-Augustus*, which I leave to the Judgment of those who best know the Country.'

Hereupon the People were order'd to march to *Lochabar*; and when all except Lord *Elcho*, Messieurs *Sullivan* and *Sherridan*, Mr. *Cameron*, commonly called *Lochiel* the younger, and five others, were gone, it was determin'd that Lord *Elcho* and Mr. *Cameron*, though the latter was dangerously wounded in the Foot should march towards *Fort-Augustus*, at the Distance of a Mile before the P—, that they, or some of them, might push forward, being well mounted, to give Notice of any Detachment of the Enemy that might possibly be coming from *Inverness*, or that

Way. Thus far being settled, betwixt eleven and twelve o'Clock the P— set out on Horseback, attended only by Messieurs *Sherridan* and *Sullivan*, Lord *Elcho* and *Lochiel* being gone about half an Hour before. As for the People order'd into *Lochabar*, few of them got thither, many being taken by, and others voluntarily surrendering to the Enemy.

I shall not take upon me to judge whether *Ascanius*, in taking this Course, took the best in his Power whether Lord *Elcho's* Advice ought to have been follow'd or not. But this much is certainly known, that tho' the P— and the Chiefs of his Party, who entirely got clear of the Enemy, used their utmost Endeavours to recollect a Force sufficient to protect him, in case he should think proper to appear at their Head, yet they found it impracticable; and this perhaps was in some Measure owing to the P—'s not appearing publickly with those few Forces which his Friends did for some Time keep together, and which as a Magnet would very probably have drawn much greater Numbers to him.

As for Lord *Lovat*, thinking himself and his proffered Supply of Men somewhat neglected; and that it was no longer safe for him to remain in *Scotland*, he began to take Measures for his Escape into *France*; which however he had not the good Fortune to effect, but fell into the Hands of the Enemy, who sent him to *London*, where at present he is a Prisoner in the Tower, and 'tis thought will hardly escape the Fate of the Lords *Kilmarnock* and *Balmerino*.

Returning from the above Digression, let us follow the flying and desponding *Ascanius*, now directing his Course towards the dreary Wilds of *Glengary*. About three o'Clock in the Morning after the Battle, he

arrived at *Fort-Augustus*, where, to his great Surprise, he found the faithful *Lochiel* alone, and waiting there for him. 'Elcho said *Lochiel* to the P—, is gone off, highly disgusted at the little Regard paid to his Advice, and at the Reproaches cast on him by Mr. *Sherridan*. He told me at parting, that '*though his P-- was running headlong to Destruction, it was not his indispensable Duty to do so too, nor to sacrifice his Life to the ill judged Councils of others, who* (said he) *in my Opinion are neither more able or willing to render his R-- H--ss all possible Service than myself: And therefore I am resolv'd to provide for my own Safety; at least 'till my Services may be more acceptable; but I sincerely wish, tho' alas! I have small Hopes, that they may never be wanted.'* This (continued *Lochiel*,) his Lordship desired me to repeat faithfully to your R—l H—ss, and I have fulfilled his Request, but at the same Time do solemnly declare, that I entirely disapprove both the Sentiments and Conduct of Lord *Elcho*.'

Ascanius was extremely chagrin'd at finding himself abandoned by the valiant *Elcho*, of whose Fidelity and Capacity, as a Soldier and General, he had ever an high Esteem. But in Truth, that Lord was always too tenacious of his own Opinion, and apt to be irreconcilably disgusted with those who differ from him in their Sentiments and Apprehensions of Things. And herein he bears a near Resemblance to the Duke of *Perth*, with whom he maintained a strict Friendship.

As *Fort-Augustus* had before the Battle, been demolished by the Troops of *Ascanius*, and as there was neither Garrison nor Provisions now these, there, the P-- proceeded along the great Road towards *Fort-William*, taking the wounded *Lochiel* along with him. At Noon they arrived at *Invergary*, where they

hoped to find something for Dinner, their Spirits beginning to droop for want of Sustenance. But all was here desolate and confused, having been so ever since the taking of *Fort-Augustus*, and the fruitless Siege of *Fort-William*. Provisions were as scarce here as Water in the *Lybian* Deserts, and pinching Hunger had been the P---'s Companion during the Remainder of this Day, and the ensuing Nights had not a Fisherman, allured by the Prospect of extraordinary Gain employed all his Skill, and by good Fortune speedily procured them a delicious Repast from the liquid Element. It was however found more difficult to dress than to catch their Salmon; which at length they bethought themselves of slicing, and broiling, tho' with no small Trouble, upon a Turf Fire, Mr. *Sullivan* and his R— H---ss being Cooks in Chief.

After Dinner, *Ascanius* waited two Hours, tho' in vain, for the five Gentlemen who were to follow him from *Aird*; and also hoping to gain some Intelligence of such of his principal Followers, as, escaping the Field of Battle, might happen to take this Rout. At length tired with waiting, the P--- was about to take Horse, when a Man well mounted galloped towards him, and upon his near Approach was known to be the gallant *Macdonald*, one of the five aforementioned, and who had been a Domestick of the P—'s. He appeared to be half dead, and hardly able to keep his Seat on the Horse; and the Beast likewise was all over frothed with Sweat. Assaying to dismount before he delivered his Intelligence, he found himself unable, and before any one could lend him a helping Hand, he fell from the Saddle to the Ground, and a heartbreaking Groan sufficiently spoke the Anguish which he felt, and how much he was hurt by his Fall. Evident Symptoms of the speedy Approach of Death now appeared in his Face, and he had hardly Time to

tell his astonish'd Master, 'that being with the other four overtaken on the East Side of *Fort-Augustus* by a Party of the *Argyleshire Campbells*, by whom his Companions were taken, he trusted to the Goodness of his Horse for his Escape, and thereby had the Happiness of dying at his Master's Feet; that the Militia Men followed him to the other Side of *Fort-Augustus*, and had wounded him in the Back with their Pistol-shot. That he soon perceiv'd his Wounds were mortal, and then all that he hop'd or wish'd for, was to see his beloved Master before he died.' All this he spoke in broken Sentences, while every Word was followed by Groans and painful Ejulations; and all he had Time to add to what is above repeated, was, 'I beg your R--l H--ss to fly for your Life, for the Enemy are by this Time at *Fort-Augustus*,'—And with that the faithful *Macdonald*, according to his Wish, breathed out his loyal Soul at his Master's Feet.

The P-- was the more troubled at the Fate of this trusty Domestick, as his Death was obviously precipitated by his Fall from his Horse, which, might easily have been prevented had his Condition been known before he offered to dismount; and besides it was uncertain whether he might not have lived, had he escaped this last Accident. After shedding a few Tears on the cold Corse of the unfortunate *Macdonald*, *Ascanius* departed, (all gloomy and dejected,) from *Invergary*; and as he posted across the Country, he gratified the melancholy Turn his once gay and sprightly Thoughts had taken, with Reflections on the dismal Scenes of complicated Tragedy, in which he had so lately acted a great but mortifying Part. But now another Object attracted his Tenderness and Compassion. This was his distinguished Favourite, the wounded *Lochiel*, who was no longer able to travel. 'How wretched am I (said

he) to be thus forced to abandon my P—, whom I should think it my greatest Felicity to attend to the utmost Extremity of the Globe, and gladly share with him the greatest Adversity. For the R— *Ascanius* I have renounced, and freely would for ever renounce every Thing dear to me in this World. But alas! my treacherous Limbs desert my steadier Soul; my Wound bears hard upon me, and my exhausted Spirits no longer second the Resolution of a Heart for ever yours; and which shall still accompany your R—l H—ss with its best Wishes, though my disabled Body stay behind. Whether Death or Captivity will be my Lot, Heaven only knows,• but ‘ but with my last Breath I will pray for my P—’s Safety, and that he may yet overcome all his Enemies. But I am not without Hopes that Providence will prolong and secure to me both Life and Liberty. Perhaps I may again see your R—l H—ss, and If I recover my Health, and the Use of my Limbs, may still render you some little Service; I say little, for alas! great Things can no longer be expected here.’

Grievous was it to the generous *Ascanius* to leave the brave and faithful *Lochiel* behind; and the more so in Regard to the dangerous, the desperate Situation that worthy Man must be left in. No Surgeon near to dress his Wound, no Shelter to screen him from the Rage of the victorious and exasperated Enemy. But *Lochiel*, whose Concern for his P— engrossed all his Fears, prevented *Ascanius* from wasting any Time in fruitless Lamentations, and those little Delays usual between tender Friends on so melancholly a Parting. ‘Fly my dear P—, (said he,) Take Care of yourself, and leave your faithful *Lochiel* to the Protection of Providence. North of this Place, and within a Mile, lives an honest Peasant, who was my Father’s Servant, with him I doubt not to find an Assylum, and he may

also have it in his Power to procure me a Surgeon; to his friendly Hut my Servant may see me safe, and in the mean Time may Heaven protect the great and good *Ascanius*.’

And now the P—, with a heavy Heart, continued his Flight, and before the Break of the ensuing Morning, he arrived at *Lochharcige*; where by the united Perswasions of his two constant Attendants, *Sherridan* and *Sullivan*, he went to sleep, which neither he nor they had done for five Days and Nights; but now, though indefatigable their Activity, Nature oppress’d, harrass’d and wearied out with Care and Fatigue, oblig’d them to take this necessary Refreshment. *Ascanius* did not awake ‘till Afternoon, when he dined on what could be got in that poor Country. He afterwards waited there ‘till Night, in hopes of gaining some Intelligence of the Measures taken by his Friends after their Defeat, and what Strength they had left; but receiving none, he resolved to depart for the *Glens* of *Morar*. Accordingly he set out on Foot, the Horse-roads being not only much round about, but so bad that it was thought most adviseable to leave their Beasts behind them. On the Nineteenth, about Day-break, they arrived at the *Glen* of *Morar*, but neither could any Intelligence be got here. From hence they departed the same Day for *Arisaig*, and got thither in the Evening, but found none of their old Associates there. However, *Ascanius* was gladly received by the Country Chiefs, the People here being in general well-affected to his Cause. From hence Mr. *Sherridan*, in Disguise, was dispatch’d into the Neighbourhood of *Fort-William*; and from thence, if he found it necessary and practicable, he had Directions to pass into the County of *Ross*, in order to get all the Intelligence possible; for great part of the Remains of the P—’s routed Army had fled that

Way. Mean Time it was agreed that *Ascanius*, with Mr. *Sullivan* should stay at *Arisaig*, or if they could not safely remain here 'till Mr. *Sherridan's* Return, or the Arrival of a Message from him, to leave Advice of the Place to which they removed.

The *P*-- now believing himself out of Danger, was the less impatient of Mr. *Sherridan's* Return, for which he waited there seven Days. During this Interval *Ascanius* frequently amus'd himself with Observations on the Manners, Customs, and uncivilized Way of living of the Country people; with writing Memorandums, and Remarks on his Affairs, and the Vicissitudes he had seen in the *British* Island; with the Conversation of the venerable Mr. *Archibald Macdonald* of *Barisdale*, who frequently visited him; and with the Diversion of Fishing, of which he was extremely fond; and here also he was joined by a Troop of the loyal *Camerons*, the Vassals of his beloved *Lochiel*, whom they expected to find in these parts, having heard that he had been at *Fort-Augustus*. *April 27th* he was joined by Capt. *O'Neil*, who had escaped from the Battle, and had lain some Days concealed at *Inverary*, where, on the twenty-third, he met with Mr. *Sherridan*, by whom he was directed to his R--l H--ss. *O'Neil* inform'd the *P*-- that the Lord *Kilmarnock* was the only Person of Distinction taken in the Battle; but that the Earl of *Cromartie*, with his Son, and above one hundred of his People, were taken the Day before, as was the Lord *Balmerino* the Day after the Battle; that the Duke of *Perth*, with his Brother the Lord *Drummond*, were got into *Lochabar*, attended only by their Servants; having order'd the *French* Forces, which the latter commanded, to surrender to the Enemy, that most of the other Chiefs had acted in much the same Manner, every one shifting for himself, and ordering the Clans

and others under their Command, to do so too.—“Alas! quoth *Ascanius*, is this the boasted Loyalty and Constancy. of the *Scots*; are they so terribly disheartened by one Defeat? Since it is so, it behoves us likewise to provide for our own Safety by leaving this ungrateful Country.—But what (continued the *P—*) is our Loss at *Culloden* reported to amount to?” *Above five Hundred slain on the Field*, replied the Captain, *and twice that Number in the Pursuit*. “O Heavens! cried *Ascanius*, is it possible that the *English* Troops could take so bloody a Revenge?—What! Did my poor Men refuse Quarter?” *Quarter*, answer’d the Captain, *was denied them; they craved it, but in vain: The Duke’s People, exasperated against us to an uncommon Degree, sacrificed every Man that could not fly beyond the Reach of their Fury. It seems they were animated and prompted to this by a Report that your R—l H—ss, over confident of Victory, had given Orders to your Troops not to spare a Man of the D—s Army, refusing Quarter to all without Distinction. This was industriously spread among the English, and greatly contributed to the dreadful Slaughter which followed our Defeat.* “My God! replied *Ascanius*, What’s this I hear? How monstrous! how base *****— But sure *C—d* is too brave to be the Author of so v—ll—s a ***. I do not believe him capable of any Thing so mean, and so inconsistent with true Courage and Bravery; of both which, if common Fame may be believed, he has too great a Share to have recourse to such unsoldierly, such inhumane Arts and Means of Revenge.”

After some further Discourse, and *O’Neil* assuring the *P—* that there was no Hopes of reassembling any considerable Number of his Forces in a Body, it was determined to look out for a Ship to carry *Ascanius* and such of his Adherents as were at present sent with

him over to *France*. Among these was *Donald McLeod*, a trusty Highlander, and a Man of Consequence in that Country: Him the *P*— employed to hire a Vessel to convoy them to *Stornway*, where they hoped to find or gain Intelligence of some *French Ship*, several having been for some Time expected on this Part of the *Scotch Coast*. Accordingly *McLeod* found Means to procure an eight oar'd Boat, on board of which on the 28th he conducted *Ascanius*, with his faithful *Sullivan*, and Capt. *O'Neil*: With the rest a Promise was left of sending for them as soon as a Ship could be secured. The Boat's Crew being order'd to make all possible haste to *Stornway*, plied their Oars lustily, but the approaching Night threatning them with very bad Weather, they began to repent of what they had taken in Hand, and at length plainly told their Passengers that it would be dangerous to proceed, and beg'd leave to put back. *Ascanius*, whose fearless Soul was not to be moved with distant Prospects of uncertain Danger, would by no Means consent to this. But the Night proving terribly tempestuous, all in the Boat, except the *P*— alone, were for returning, and joined in intreating his Consent to it: And happy had it been for him had he complied; for on the very next Day two *French Men of War* came to *Arisaig* with Stores and Money for his Service; and as these Ships had the good Fortune safely to return to *France*, he had afterwards but too much Reason to regret the Missing of that Opportunity for escaping thither. But as neither he nor those about him, could possibly know before hand of the Arrival of these Ships; and as *McLeod* had declared that he had a great Interest at *Stornway*, and could speedily procure a Ship there, *Ascanius* was certainly in the Right to proceed for the Place where he had a Prospect of finding the Means of

extricating himself out of his present disagreeable Situation: And besides, well might he think it beneath him to fly the Dangers of the Deep, and the Threats of a Tempest, for the sake of a wretched Life spent in wandering about like a Vagabond, or perhaps, lingered away amidst the Gloom and Horrors of a Prison; for he was well assured, that tho' he fell into the Enemy's Hands they neither would nor durst to take away his Life, so long as the Power of *France* was capable of making an irresistible Interposition.

As the Night advanced the Tempest increased, and the Water catching the Rage of the Winds, foamed horrible, and every Moment threatned the affrighted Boatmen with a dreadful Voyage to the Regions of Death. To heighten their Distress, the Weather was so excessive cold, that the poor Fellows lost the Use of their Hands, and were unable to manage their Oars, therefore were forced to abandon the Boat to the Mercy of the Waves, and she was arbitrarily driven to and fro, and every Moment seemed on the Point of subsiding beneath the high and rolling Billows. To lessen their Danger, as far as lay in their Power, *Ascanius* and his three generous Attendants became Rowers in their Turns, and labour'd as long as they were able. The Cheerfulness and Serenity of the P—, in this distressful Juncture, his Resignation to the Will of Heaven, and at the same Time his Resolution, his prudent Endeavours, and the Industry with which he labour'd, all conspired to re-animate the Frozen, the desponding Boat-men: Again they apply themselves to their Oars, while *Ascanius* and the three wearied Gentlemen rest themselves: But alas! the Violence of the unrelenting Storm again incapacitates them, their Bodies are benumbed, and their Spirits fail. At length *Ascanius*, who was now become well acquainted with the Genius and Humours of the Highlanders, began to

ridicule their Fears, made light of the Danger they were in, and to divert their Apprehensions, he sung them several Songs, one in particular in their own Language, and Mr. *Sullivan* and Mr *McLeod* join'd in the Chorus; and, in short, the Whim succeeded to his Wish, the Men being extreamly pleased, and laboured to Admiration, while their illustrious Passenger lull'd asleep both their Fears and Fatigues.

And now the Morning approach'd, bringing in the wish'd for Day-light; but still the Weather grew worse and worse: However about eight o'clock they were happily driven ashore in one of the *Scotch* Islands called *Benbicula*, at a Point of Land named *Rushness*. Though in any better Circumstances they would have thought it a Misfortune to be thus driven wide of the Place they intended for, yet considering the Dangers they had past, they rejoiced to find themselves alive and on Land; and congratulated each other, returning Thanks to Heaven for the Mercy shewn them. Which done, Mr. *Sullivan* raillied *Ascanius* on his forgetting his Prayers, while in distress, and singing heathen Songs, instead of Christian Hymns.

The Wind still continuing to blow excessively cold, and the Men being almost starved to Death, Mr. *McLeod* went about with some of them to look for Wood, which having procured, *Ascanius* employed himself in making a Fire, at which they all warm'd themselves, and comforted their Hearts with a Glass of Brandy; but not a Bit of Victuals had they, nor knew where to procure any. In this Situation they remained some Hours, 'till at last they took the Resolution of venturing further into the Country tho' the Inhabitants were not to be relied on. Towards the Evening they arrived at a few Huts, from which the Inhabitants fled on their Approach. In one of these they remained all the following Night, and feasted on

a young Colt, the only Animal they could procure for Food, and which they cut to pieces and broil'd: The P— fed heartily, and every one was pleased with his Supper, having the most delicious Sauce in the Universe, an exceeding sharp Stomach. As for Sleep only the Boat-men took any that Night, *Ascanius* and his three Friends, mindful of their present dangerous Situation, and distrustful of the Country People, never closed their Eyes, but kept strict Watch 'till the next Morning; when finding the Weather more favourable, they prepared to march further into the Country, in hopes of perswading the People to furnish them with provisions at any Price, to serve them in case any Accident should prevent their getting to *Stornway* before the End of the next Day. In this they succeeded even beyond Expectation; pretending to be Merchants who had suffer'd Shipwreck in their Voyage to the Orkneys, and offering to pay largely for what Provisions they should receive, the Islanders furnished them with dry'd Fish, Brandy, and some Bread or rather Cakes made of Oatmeal, and baked on a Griddle; but this last being sour, *Ascanius* could not eat: *McLeod* informed him that this Oaten Cake was made sour when new, for otherwise the *Scots* could not eat it. Having paid generously for what they had, and likewise for the Colt above mention'd, they reimbarked the same Evening, being the 30th of *April*, and set sail for *Stornway*, but meeting with another Tempest were obliged to put into an Island called *Scalpa*, where they all went on Shore to a Farmer's House, passing, as before at *Benbicula*, for Shipwreck'd Merchants. Mr. *Sullivan* went under the Name of *St. Clair*, *Ascanius* pass'd for his Son, *O'Neil* for the Ship Captain, and *McLeod* for a Passenger.

The Weather continuing very bad during the rest of the Night and all the next Day, *Ascanius* determined

to remain here 'till the Return of a Messenger which *M^cLeod* now sent to *Stornway*, with Directions to his Brother there to hire a Vessel for *France*. Mean Time he and his Attendants were hospitably entertained by the generous Farmer, who did not expect any Recompence. Here, *May* the 3rd, he heard from the Mouth of publick Report, that himself with Mr. *Sullivan*, Mr. *Sherridan*, Lord *Elcho*, the Duke of *Perth*, his Brother the Lord *John Drummond*, with several others who had escaped the Defeat at *Culloden*, were at *Arisaig*, where two *French* Men of War lay ready to take them on board, as soon as some other Chiefs whom they waited for should also arrive there. This News threw the P-- into great Perplexity. As much of it as related to himself and Mr. *Sullivan* he knew to be false; but as to the rest he doubted not its Truth. He imagined that Mr. *Sherridan* had brought the Duke of *Perth* and the others to *Arisaig*, in hopes of finding him (*Ascanius*) there, or safe on board one of the Men of War; and that not meeting with him there, they deferred to go on board, in Expectation of finding him. As to the Rumour of his actually being there, he accounted for that as what People might reasonably imagine, because he was not *known* to be any where else, and had probably been seen on that Coast by some who knew him. In short, not doubting but his Guesses were right, as indeed they were, he became very uneasy, and wished himself at *Arisaig*, but how to get thither safely and speedily was the Question. Mr. *Sullivan*, whose Opinion was ever decisive with *Ascanius*, objected, 'That Reports were not lightly to be credited, nor this especially, as his R--l H--ss's Presence there gave one Part of it the lye; that neither the *French* Ships nor the Chiefs said to be at *Arisaig* might be there, or if they had been there, might be gone before the P-- could join them;

that if this should be the Case, *Ascanius* would run too great a Hazard by going in quest of the Ships, and might perhaps ruin himself instead of finding them, it being difficult to judge, whether they had most to fear from the Enemy, on the Land or on the Water, or from the adverse Disposition of the Weather.

To this *Ascanius* replied, 'I have forseen Mr. *Sullivan's* Objections, and I allow them their just Weight? but who can tell what Mr. *Sherridan* may have transacted for us; Perhaps our Affairs in *Scotland* are not in so desperate a Condition as we imagine: It may be unnecessary for us to return to *France*; and by taking the Step rashly we may do ourselves an irretrievable Prejudice: Besides we are not sure of procuring a Ship at *Stornway*, if ever we get thither ourselves; but if this should happen, how shall we proceed then, seeing we have no Interest there exclusive of Mr. *McLeod's*; is there not some Danger of our falling into the Enemy's Hands by going to *Stornway*?

To this *McLeod* answer'd, 'There can no Danger attend our going to *Stornway*. I doubt not but my Brother will have secured us a Vessel by the Time we get thither; If not, we may lie undiscover'd 'till one can be got; or if your R—l H—ss should (which however I don't at all apprehend) be known, and any Attempt made you're your Person, I am sure of raising Friends enough to oppose Force to Force.' Hereupon the P— declared he would go to *Stornway* if *McLeod* heard from his Brother that Night, or otherwise, he thought it most adviseable to depart the next Day for *Arisaig*. However about Midnight the Messenger returned from *Stornway*, with a Letter from Mr. James *McLeod* to his Brother, informing him that a Ship was ready according to his Desire. Hereupon Capt. O'Neil, transported with the good News, fell on his Knees,

thanking Heaven for their approaching Deliverance, and continuing the same Posture, begged to kiss his R—l H—ss's Hand, and to congratulate him on the fair Prospect he now had of escaping the many Dangers that surrounded him. 'I thank you, noble Captain, (said *Ascanius*, for the Part you take in my Interest and Safety; but we must not be too confident; we are not yet at *Stornway*; we are not yet on board the Ship; we are not yet past all Danger from the Privateers, and Men of War of the Enemy: In short, 'till we are safe landed in France, let us not think the Danger past, nor the Storms of our Adversity blown over.— Let us depart for *Stornway*, but let us be prepared for fresh Disappointments, and new Disasters, and then if they come they will fall the lighter on us.'

And now, (May the 4th, about four in the Morning) our illustrious Wanderer, and his Followers, set out for *Stornway*, after handsomely and liberally rewarding their Kind Host the Farmer; for *McLeod* had brought Money enough with him, nor did the P— and Mr. Sullivan travel with empty Pockets. In the Evening of the next Day they arrived at *Stornway*, where they found *James McLeod*, who had imprudently revealed to a pretended Friend, that he had hired a Ship to carry the P— over to France. It was at some Distance from the Town that *James McLeod* met the P—, whom he had never before seen, but whom nevertheless he knew by the Dignity of his Mien and Aspect, tho' disguised in a common Highland Dress. On Sight of *Ascanius* the confused *McLeod* fell down on his Knees at the Distance of an hundred Yards, and with uplift Hands and dejected Countenance cried out alas! my P— how shall I pay my Duty—He would have said more, but was in such Confusion that he knew not how to express himself,

remaining in the same Posture 'till his Brother *Donald*, amaz'd and mistrusting some unlucky Accident, roused him, and soon learnt what had happened. In short, *James McLeod's* Friend had maliciously divulged the Secret, adding this Circumstance to the Truth, *viz.* That *Ascanius* was coming to *Stornway* with five hundred Men, and intended to plunder and burn the Town before he embark'd; (This was the more readily believed, as the Inhabitants had expressed no great Affection to him on several Occasions.) Hereupon the Country-People had taken the Alarm, and above two hundred Men were in Arms at *Stornway*. In fine, the P-- found he must not enter the Town, and as there was no other Way of coming at the Ship, they were under the Necessity of lying all Night on the Moor, or returning immediately by the Way they came: Indeed if they could have got at the Ship, they had Only been in a worse Case, for the Town's People had seized her.

Donald McLeod was so enraged at his Brother, that drawing his Sword he had certainly killed him on the Spot, but the P-- interposed and sav'd him. But who can describe, what Words can express the Amazement, Grief, Resentment, and Despair of poor Captain *O'Neil*, who had so confidently flatter'd himself that his P-- was on the Point of being rescued from his present perilous Condition? *Ascanius* alone seemed undejected and unconcerned at this new Miscarriage. You see Captain, (says he,) that I have the Spirit of Prophecy; at least if I foresaw not what has happened, my Heart secretly foreboded a fresh Disappointment But let us not despair yet: We Mortals are short-sighted, and see not the Ways of Providence. Our Understandings are too weak to penetrate its all-wise Designs. That gracious Being who hath hitherto screened me from the Fury of my

Enemies, can still protect and hide me from her most vigilant and careful Inquiries. Perhaps by missing of this Ship I have escaped my Ruin, she may be destined speedily to be burnt, sunk, or taken, while a better Opportunity is reserved for me; and though a late, a sure Deliverance may come at last.'

The Night advancing, and not knowing whither to go, or how to dispose of themselves with good Assurance of Safety till Morning, the *P--*, Mr. *Sullivan*, the Captain, and the Boat's Crew at last determined to lie all Night on the Moor. As for the two *McLeods*, it was resolved that they should go into the Town, and return before Midnight, with a fresh Supply of Provisions: But, whatever the Reason was, they did not return.

Having waited in vain 'till after Midnight, and beginning to suspect that something had happened to prevent the *McLeods*, Return, the *P--* and his Followers had recourse to a little mouldy Biscuit and some Brandy, which was all they had left to satisfy their Hunger, and sustain their Spirits. Mean time the Wind blew excessive Cold, the Rain descended, and they had no other Shelter than the dark inclement Sky, no other Bed than the hard, cold and wet Earth. In this uncomfortable Situation they chose rather to walk about all Night, than to lye down, but they durst not remove far from the Spot they had first fixed on, fearing to lose it, and perhaps ramble among the Country-People, with whom they did not care to venture themselves. At last the tedious Night begun to disappear, and a milder Morning somewhat cheared their drooping Spirits. They could now view the Country round, but it was only to see that they had no other Course to take than to return to their Boat, and endeavour to find the two *French* Ships which possibly might be still at *Arisaig*.

They had not been an Hour out at Sea, before they met with a Boat with Passengers from *Benbicula* to the *Orkneys*. By this Boat they were informed that the *French* Ships of War had on the third an Engagement with three *English* Ships, in *Lochnanauch* in *Arisaig*, that the latter was oblig'd to sheer off, and on the fourth, many Persons, some of them of Distinction, had gone on board the *French* Ships; and it was not to be doubted but they sailed the same Day, having then a fair Wind, which they had for some Time waited for.

Having given this Information, the *Benbicula* Boat pursued her Course to the *Orkneys*, out of which she had been driven by the preceding Night's Winds, which occasioned her falling in with the P—'s Boat. This News almost flung the unfortunate *Ascanius* into Despair, from which, doubtless nothing but a supernatural Assistance had hitherto preserved him. He was now more than ever at a Loss to know what Course to steer. Neither himself, *Sullivan*, nor *O'Neil* knew much of the Country, nor what Parts were then free from the Enemy's Forces.

O'Neil advised to follow the other Boat to the *Orkneys*, but this the Rowers absolutely refused, declaring they would take the shortest Way Home, being so weary of the Hardships they had suffered, that they would not run any more Hazards for all the Money in *Scotland*. Finding that Gold had no longer any Effect on them, *Ascanius* and Mr. *Sullivan* try'd all the Arts of Perswasion, but all to no Purpose. The Fellows knew not yet who their Passengers were, nor any thing further of them than that they were Officers escaped from the Defeat at *Culloden*, and who could expect nothing but Death if they fell into the Enemy's Hands: And this was sufficient to account for the extraordinary Endeavours they used to escape into *France*. As for the Rowers themselves, they were of no

Party, and were equally willing to serve any in their Calling, provided they were well paid. But the Hardships they had suffered by this Job, had given them enough of seeking Adventures.

While the P—, and his two Followers were debating with the Boat-men, a Ship appeared in Sight, and they soon perceived she was making for the Boat. Whereupon *O'Neil* cried out to the Rowers. 'Aye! now, ye Dogs, ye will be taken, and every Soul of ye hanged for endeavouring to carry us off.' This frightened the Fellows so that to save their Necks they rowed lustily for the Shore. By good Fortune (though extremely weak through Want of proper Sustenance, and Sleep, and spent with the Fatigues they had just undergone) they soon got so nigh the Shore that the Ship was forced to give over the Chace. However the Crew still refusing to go to the *Orkneys*, they were obliged to steer South along the Coast-Side, till at length they met with two small *English* Ships, on Sight of whom they run their Boat ashore on a small desolate Island, on which they remained from the 6th to the 10th. Here their Condition was indeed deplorable: Without House, without Bed, without Provisions, and what was still more uncomfortable, without the least Prospect of bettering their Situation, unless falling into the Enemy's Hands could be expected to better it, of which they were every Moment in Fear, the Sea round them being never free from Vessels of various Kinds all the while they were there. 'Tis true they found two or three Fishermen's Huts on the Island, and in one of them some Salt-Fish which providentially had been left there, and without which they could not have subsisted. As to the Huts, they durst not venture to sleep in them for fear of a Surprize. These Huts were on the North Side of the Island, within half a Mile of the Sea. Further up the

Country to the Southward, the Land was thickly overgrown with Brushwood and Shrubs, and it seem'd as if no human Creature ever came there. Among these, the forlorn *Ascanius* and his Followers concealed themselves in the Day-time, and one was always appointed to watch while the rest slept, which they the more securely did, being under no Apprehensions of any Disturbance from the Sea on this Side the Island, the Shore being rocky and almost inaccessible. In the Night-Time they shelter'd themselves in the Huts, which however but poorly defended them from the Injuries of the Weather, which was rainy every Night, and they were always wet to the Skin before Morning. Their Fish they steeped in Water, and afterwards broiled it on a Wood Fire; and as for Drink, they were glad to accept of what the Rain supplied them with; for the Island, which was not above three Leagues in Circumference, afforded none but what was too brackish to drink. *O'Neil* watched the first Day, *Sullivan* the second, and on the third *Ascanius* offered to take his Turn; for the surly Rowers absolutely refused, grumbling and swearing continually; and as they looked on the P-- and two Gentlemen as the Authors of their present Distress, they thought it their Duty to bear the greatest Share of the Hardships: And agreeable hereto, they seized the Remainder of the Brandy which was the P--'s sole Property; distributed their poor and scanty Provisions as they saw fit; and, notwithstanding all the Art and Address *Ascanius* was master of, they would do only what they pleased.— However the faithful and affectionate *O'Neil* would not suffer the P-- to watch while himself slept, but insisting on it, chearfully made it his Turn again to watch on the third Day, and also on the fourth, Mr. *Sullivan* being indisposed. But now *Ascanius* could

not sleep for ruminating on his deplorable Situation. Therefore he moved about and kept the Captain Company. While the P— and his trusty *O Neil* were deeply engaged in Conversation, they walked insensibly towards the Place where the Boat was, lying hid in a Cove; and the Sight thereof put it into the Captain's Head to go off in her, taking only Mr. *Sullivan* with them, and leaving the untractable Crew to shift for themselves on the Island. 'We must speedily, (said he) be famish'd to Death if we remain here; or, the best Fate we can reasonably expect is to be taken Prisoners, after which we have only a bare Possibility of having our Lives spared. At the worst we can but meet Death or Captivity, if we put to Sea; but we have a Chance of escaping both.

My dear Captain, replied *Ascanius*, I both approve and dislike your Proposal. I am as much in haste to leave this Island as you can be, but I by no Means approve your Project of leaving those poor Fellows behind us. Tho' they are rude and insolent to us, yet still it would be taking too severe a Revenge to run away with their Boat, and leave them to perish miserably here. Consider they are chagrined and sowered by the Misfortunes we have drawn them into; and in such Circumstances we ought to excuse their Errors. Besides you do not consider that we can't manage the Boat without them.'

Whilst the P— and *O'Neil* were disputing this Matter, they came back towards the Bushes where *Sullivan* and the Men were left asleep; but whom they now found busied in searching for the two Wanderers, whom, happening to wake, they had missed. 'My Friends and Companions in Adversity, (said *Ascanius*,) no Vessel appears within Ken; these Seas perhaps are clear of the Enemy; let us therefore embark, who knows but gracious Heaven will now at

last deliver us out of all our Troubles?’ On this they all repair’d to the Boat, and after having carefully viewed the Main, whereon they saw no Sail, they re-imbarked; but not ‘till after a warm Debate on the Course they were to steer. *Ascanius* proposed the *Orkneys*, upon which one of the Rowers made him this Answer. ‘To the *Orkneys* quo’ ye! No, the De’el burst the Weams o’ e’ery ane o’ us an we do— Weese gang to the *Harris*, and fra thence weese fairly find our Way Heame again.’ Hereupon the other Boatmen cried out unanimously, ‘to the *Harris*, to the *Harris!*’ and the P—, seeing it was in vain to oppose their Resolution, held his Peace.

Every one in the Boat began now to look extremely meagre and savage, for Want of Provisions and other Necessaries; nor had they one Bit of any thing to eat, or Drop of any drinkable Liquid left. Mr. *Sullivan’s* Indisposition increas’d; but there was no other Remedy to be had but Sleep, to which he was frequently inclined. In this Situation, they were, on the 11th at Break of Day, again chased by an *English* Ship; but happily got clear, by taking Shelter among the Rocks. In the Evening they again arrived at the Island of *Benbicula*, where they staid ‘till the 14th; receiving Intelligence there that several *English* Ships were searching for the P— in these Parts, having heard that he had been at *Scalpa* in an open Boat. The Person who told them this was a Highlander who had escaped from the late fatal Battle, and who seeing *Ascanius* land, knew him, and resolved once more to devote his Life to his P—’s Service. On his Representations *Ascanius* resolved to stay at *Benbicula*, ‘till the circumjacent Seas should be less crouded by the Enemy’s Ships.

The Boat-men now discovering who *Ascanius* was, fell on their Knees, and implored his Pardon for their

past Rudeness, swearing they would live and die with him; and the P— as generously granted, as they humbly craved his Forgiveness. Our Adventurers were much perplex'd to know how to dispose of themselves that Night, being far from the inhabited Part of the Island. Though they were all very weak, they thought themselves able, if Necessity required, to march all Night; but Mr. *Sullivan* was so ill that he could scarce stand, nor had any three of them Strength enough left to carry him, though *Ascanius* proposed this Expedient, and offer'd to be one of the Bearers himself, so great was his Affection to that Gentleman, whose Services indeed amply merited his P—'s Favour.

The Highlander whom they found here had procured a Boat, and, under the Appearance of a Fisherman, was concealed from the Knowledge of the Enemy; and indeed he had actually betaken himself to that Employment.

He usually lodged in a Hut not far within the Shore, having two or three others of that Profession with him. As there were several other Fishermen's Huts thereabouts, the P— and his Followers lodged in them that Night; and while he and *O'Neil* were contriving a Bed for poor *Sullivan*, the Fishermen were busied in broiling and boiling (for they had Kettles with them) Fish for Supper. As the Fishermen had luckily got some Salt, and as the Place afforded plenty of Water for Drink, *Ascanius* and his Followers feasted most deliriously, and now thought themselves the happiest Mortals under the Sun. *Sullivan* indeed could eat but little, and his Indisposition at this Time gave the P— more Concern than even his own unhappy Situation. This Gentleman was reposing himself on a Bed made of some of the Boat-men's Cloaths, they being content with having a good Fire to keep themselves warm, for

there was plenty of Wood in the Place.

Ascanius seating himself on the Ground by Mr. *Sullivan*, expressed his tender Regard for him in such moving Terms as drew Tears from the Standers-by, and in particular the humane and compassionate *O'Neil*. "You must not, said *Ascanius*, you shall not, my dear *Sullivan*, die and leave me in these wretched Circumstances; forbid it, gracious Heaven! let me not lose the best and most beloved Friend I have in the World! Or, if you needs will go, stay, Oh! stay a little, and take me with you; I will not, I cannot live a Day after you. To what Purpose should I stay behind thee? Without thee how shall I conduct myself in this strange and barbarous Part of the World; how avoid falling a Prey to my merciless Enemies. Or, if I do escape, yet Life will have no Charms for me without my *Sullivan*."—The sick Man was so affected With the *P*—'s Discourse, that he was at a Loss to express his Acknowledgements. "For my own Sake, said he, I could wish to die, for I have known enough of this World to make me weary of it. But since my Life is so valued by my *P*—, I hope to preserve it for his Service. But let us not talk away the Night, your R—l H—ss hath need of Rest, and I beg you will try to get some Sleep; we know not yet what we have to go through."

And now the *P*— and the rest went to their Repose, and all but *Ascanius* slept soundly 'till Morning; he alone could not rest for reflecting on his sad Circumstances, and his Fears for Mr. *Sullivan*: But the next Morning he had the Satisfaction to find that Gentleman much better, and able to walk about. This Morning *Ascanius*, with a Pistol (for he carried a Pair concealed under his Cloaths, and which were the only Fire Arms he and his Followers had) shot a kind of a Sea-Fowl, somewhat like a *Muscovy* Duck. He had

spied and killed her sitting on her Nest in a Cavity of a Rock; but her Eggs were nigh hatch'd. The Fowl was immediately boiled, and the Fishermen having some Oatmeal, a Mess of Broth was made, the Captain being Cook. This Broth, and the Flesh of the Fowl did Mr. *Sullivan* great Service, and after a hearty Breakfast, he found himself able to march. The P-- and *O'Neil* also feasted deliciously on the Fowl and Broth, not having tasted such Dainties for thirteen Days.

They now thought it proper to advance farther into the Island, in order to procure some Provisions against they should re-imbark, which at present they durst not do for the great Number of Ships they saw. The Boat's Crew were now extremely submissive, and though not a Man of them was in good Health, they would needs carry what Moveables the P-- and his Attendants had, and they likewise, by Turns, supported Mr. *Sullivan* as he walk'd, two of them at a Time taking him by the Arms. About three o'Clock they got to the House of one of the Natives, who knew the Highland Fisherman, and upon his Recommendation furnish'd the P-- and his Company with Oatmeal, Bread, Hung Beef, and a Stone Bottle to hold fresh Water. The Islander would have entertain'd them all Night, but knowing they were of the P--'s Party, though he little thought the P-- himself was there, he durst not, there being a Report that some Troops from the Isle of *Skye* were coming to *Benbicula* to search (as it was suppos'd) for *Ascanius* and others, whom they hoped to find; and therefore was afraid of being' hanged if he should be known to have assisted any of that party, and more especially if any should be found in his House: For he knew not but the expected Troops were already landed, or might land that Evening. This Intelligence, though not

to be entirely depended on, somewhat alarm'd the *P—* — and his Followers, and they were again at a Loss which Way to move. It was now thought equally dangerous to proceed any farther among the Islanders or to return to their Boat, and again put to Sea. Not caring to trust the Man of the House with their Resolutions, they desired him to withdraw, which he willingly did; and then, after the *P—* and Mr. *Sullivan* had consulted together, the *Highland* Fisherman advised them to lye that Night in a Wood which he knew of, not far from the Place they were then at. This was approved of, and telling their Host they were returning to their Boat, that it might not lye in his Power to discover their Retreat, they returned, 'till out of Sight, the same Way they came, and then turn'd off to the Wood, which was on the Side of a Hill, and therein they found a dry Cave, in which they lodged that Night.

The next Morning the *Highlander* was sent out for Intelligence, and about Noon he returned, bringing the News of Colonel *Campbell's* being expected to land in the Island that Day, With a party of the *Argyleshire* Militia. He had also undoubted Intelligence that the two *French* Men of War sailed on the Fourth, having taken on board the Duke of *Perth*, the Lords *Drummond* and *Elcho*, Mess. *Sherridan*, *Buchanan*, and many others of Note, as was supposed, their Names being not known. That the old Duke of *Athol* (*i.e.* the Marquis of *Tullibardine*) had been forced to surrender, after having in vain skulked about the Sea Coasts, in hopes of getting off; and after having not only killed his Horse, but flung himself into a bad State of Health, through the excessive Fatigue he had undergone. (That every Day some Person of Note fell into the Hands of the victorious Enemy) besides great Numbers of the common

People: And that many of the Clans had submitted and were disarmed. That however a considerable Number of such as continued loyal to his R---l H---ss were assembled in *Lochabar*, .but he heard not who headed them. That the two *French* Men of War, had (during the Engagement aforementioned, with the *English* Ships) landed several Chests of Money and a great Quantity of military Stores, all which were immediately secured by the loyal Clans, particularly Mr. *Mac Donald* of *Barisdale* and his People, and Mr. *Murray*, his R---l H---ss's Secretary. That the Lords *Pitsligo*, *Murray*, *Nairn*, *Ogilvie*, and *Dundee*, with many others of less Note had the good Fortune to get on board certain Ships they found in *Buchan*, and it was not doubted but they were all safe in *France* or elsewhere: But that the Misery of those left behind was inexpressible, being every where pursued by separate Parties of the Enemy.

This Intelligence was far from being agreeable to *Ascanius* and the rest, who now knew not which Way to turn themselves. Mr. *Sullivan*, who was pretty well recover'd, proposed to return to their Boats, and try to get into *Moydart*, where they could only hope to find Security 'till a Ship should arrive to carry them off. "For, said he, it is not to be doubted, but our hopeless Situation is by this Time certainly known in *France* and *Ireland*, and we may reasonably expect our Friends will send Vessels to find us out, and carry us off." *Ascanius* approving this Advice, the active Highlander was again sent out to see if the Coast was clear. Accordingly he went about two Miles from the Wood, and ascending a Hill, from whence he could view the Country as far as the Sea-Shore, where the Boat lay, he found all quiet, and no Appearance of any Body of Men. From hence inferring that the Enemy were not landed, or, however, not on that Side the

Island, he return'd, and then *Ascanius* and his Company set out for their Boat.

The Evening was now far advanced, and they were forced to travel in the Night. By good Luck, however, they miss'd not their Way, but came to the Fishermen's Huts, their former Habitations, and there staid 'till Morning, when they re-embark'd in their Boat, of which the Fishermen aforementioned had taken Care. Their faithful Highlander would fain have accompanied them, and the generous *Ascanius* had taken such a Liking to him, that he was willing to gratify the poor Fellow, notwithstanding the manifest Inconvenience of increasing their Number. But the Prudence of Mr. *Sullivan*, and the Authority he had over the *P--*, prevented their taking the Man with them. The poor Fellow wept plentifully at parting with them, and falling on his Knees on the Strands most pathetically implor'd the Protection of Heaven for his brave unfortunate *P--*. *Ascanius* too shed Tears by Sympathy, and a moving Scene it was to see the Regard paid to each other by two Persons so different in the Rank they bore; in the World, the one being of the highest, the other of the lowest Class of Mortals.

I am not certainly inform'd what prevented their going directly to *Moydart*; for whether the Wind, or the Sight of some Vessel, obliged them to vary their Course, on the 16th they were on the Mountain of *Currada* in *South-Uist*, where they were hospitably entertain'd by the poor Natives, among whom *Ascanius* contracted a scrophulous Disease very common in those parts of the World, and which, in the Course of his Adventures, proved extremely troublesome to him. Here, having discharged their Boat, the *P--*, Mr. *Sullivan*, and the Captain continued three Days, waiting for Intelligence concerning the Motions of the Enemy. On the 19th Advice came, that a

Party of Militia from the Isle of *Skye* were come to the neighbouring Island of *Irasky*, and were hourly expected in *Currada*, in case they did not find what they sought in that Island. Hereupon they procured a small Boat, and sailed to the Island of *Uist*, where they remain'd three Nights, hiding in Caves and Holes among the Rocks, and living all the while upon raw Oatmeal and Water, which greatly nourish'd and increased the P—'s Distemper. On the 22nd *O'Neil*, who had been appointed to look about the Coasts, and observe what Vessels appear'd, returned with one of the Crew of the eight-oar'd Boat they had discharg'd, and which had been chased by a Man of War's Pinnace into *Irasky*, where the Crew laid in some Provisions, but durst not stay there a Moment longer than they could help, for fear of the Militia, who were expected from *Skye*, that Party being to scour all the Islands thereabouts. The Boatmen farther reported, that they had hitherto endeavour'd, tho' in Vain, to return to *Arisaig*, but could not proceed by Reason of the great Number of *English* Ships, who examined every Boat that came in their Way, and they terribly dreaded a Discovery of their having had the P— on Board, in which Case they expected nothing but the Gallows. That they had put into *Uist*, to avoid three Sail of small Ships, which they saw pass by towards *Benbicula*.

On this News *Ascanius* resolved to leave the Isle of *Uist*, and, by his Persuasions, join'd to *Sullivan's* powerful Eloquence, the Boatmen were prevailed on once more to take in their former Passengers. Passenger's. They had an hundred Guineas given them for what they had already done, a monstrous Sum in their Eyes, and they were now promised such another if they safely convey'd the P— into *Moydart*. They embark'd the same Evening, but the next

Morning they were met by two Men of War, which obliged them to put back, and they remain'd at *Lochagnart* all that Day, and the Night following. The 24th they sailed for *Lochbusdale*. On this dreary Waste they were forced to remain eight Days, to avoid the strict Search of the Enemy, whom Providence still directed to such Places as *Ascanius* had not been at, or from whence he had timely retreated. Here they found a small Boat, which had probably been lost, and driven ashore at the Place where they landed, and which proved of no small Service to *Ascanius*, The first Night they found themselves necessitated to take their Lodging on a Rock, the Top of which was somewhat concave, the Stones about the Edge being so much higher than the Middle, as to hide a Tent which they had pitch'd in it, (made of their Boat's Sail) from the View of any Person, either on the adjacent Sea or Land. Their Provisions growing short, two of the Crew were the next Day dispatch'd in the small Boat to procure more, nothing being to be had at *Lochbusdale*. The Boat return'd in the Evening with some Eggs, Oatmeal, Oat-Cakes, and Brandy sufficient to last them two Days, being all they could procure at a large Price on the adjacent Coasts. The Men also brought Intelligence, that the Enemy's Parties were searching for his R—l H—ss and his Adherents in all the Islands thereabouts, and that the Troops also lined the Coasts of the main Land of *Scotland*, in such a Manner, that it would be Madness at present to attempt getting into *Moydart*, or indeed to stir from *Lochbusdale*, where the Enemy would hardly suspect the P— to be.

On this fresh disagreeable News *Ascanius* could hardly preserve his usual Fortitude and Resignation to the Frowns of Fortune. 'O my *Sullivan*, said he, shall we never surmount the innumerable Obstacles that

are thrown in our Way? Will Fortune never be weary of persecuting us? Go where I will, my evil Genius still follows me.— What will become of me at last? I may as well surrender at once, and get the best Terms I can, for I foresee I shall never escape, or at the best I can only expect to be starved to Death. Though my Constitution be good, it cannot hold out always; Fatigues, Want of Food, Sleep, and this nauseous Malady* must at length put an End to my Life.— O God! how unhappy was I to be born of a Family, which ever was, and I fear ever will be, involved in the most deplorable Misfortunes?’

‘My P—,’ replied Mr. *Sullivan*, ‘we must not be discouraged by Appearances; for those which seem to make most against us, frequently turn out to our Advantage. Let us remain here ‘till the Seas and Coasts are clear, which, surely, they will soon be; for your Enemies having hitherto miss’d of you, may at length be induc’d to think you are got to the Continent, and to drop, or at least grow remiss in their Searches.’

In fine, *Ascanius* was forced to content himself with his Situation, ‘till an Opportunity for mending it should appear. Mean Time the little Boat daily sent out for Intelligence and Provisions; and on the 7th Day of their Abode here, Capt. *O’Neil* went in it to *Kilbride*, where he procured a fresh Supply of Brandy, which was their chief Sustenance, the Eatables they had being so extremly poor and unpalatable, that only extream Necessity could oblige the P—, and his two Friends, who had not been used to hard living, to

* *The Scotch Distemper which he catch’d in South-Uist.*

away with them. Before the Captain departed from *Kilbride*, a Party of the old Garrison of *Fort-William*, under Captain *Scot* arrived there, having heard that *Ascanius* was in those Parts; and it was with great Difficulty that *O'Neil* got off undiscovered by this Party.

His Return with this Intelligence threw the P-- and his Company into the utmost Consternation. They now found themselves in a more dreadful Situation than ever for as Capt. *Scot* was so near, they every Moment expected him to fall upon them, it not being improbable but that he had such particular Information of their late Motions, as might induce him to come from *Kilbride* to *Lochbusdale*.-- After each had given his Advice what Course to take, no other appeared than that of dismissing the eight-oar'd Boat, the Crew of which had Directions, in case they fell under an Examination, to say they had been employed by two Gentlemen, whom they had left at the Isle of *Uist*.

When the Boat was gone, *Ascanius* and his two Friends retired to a neighbouring Mountain, where they staid all Night in a Hut inhabited by a poor Peasant whom they sent out the next Day for Intelligence. He returned at Noon, bringing the unwelcome News of General *Campbell's* being at *Bernary*, which was as nigh them on the one Side as *Kilbride*, where *O'Neil* left *Scot*, was on the other. No longer knowing which Way to move, and expecting every Moment to be taken, *Ascanius* and his two ever faithful Friends rambled about from Hill to Hill, and from Cottage to Cottage, in hopes of meeting with some one who could point out to them the Means of Deliverance from their present Danger. At last, by good Fortune they espied a Lady on Horseback, attended by only one Servant. *O'Neil* immediately

made up to her, and politely begg'd her to stop a Moment. She, terribly affrighted, durst not refuse, and entreated the Captain not to offer any Rudeness to her. 'Madam, replied *O'Neil*, you have nothing to fear from an unhappy Man, who is on the Brink of Destruction, and has no Hopes but in the Information you may possibly give him. Knowing the Fair are ever ready to pity and assist the Wretched, I am embolden'd to put my Life in your Hands, though ignorant of your Family or Principles. I am, Madam, a *French* Officer, who with the two others you see yonder, are here pent in by the Enemy, and expect every Moment to be taken, unless Providence shall speedily work our Deliverance. Can you, Madam, inform us of any open Passage from hence to some Place where our Friends are not yet subdued. 'Sir, replied the Lady, *I, from my Heart, pity your Condition; My Family hath ever been strictly attach'd to the R—l House of St—t. As far as lies in my Power you may command my Services. I have been in Moydart, and am now going to —, whither I wish you and your two Friends could safely accompany me; but I must pass through your Enemies Guards to get thither, which it is impossible for you to do: Neither can you go to the Place whence I come, the Country all round us being surrounded by a Line of Militia. Over yonder blue Hills, indeed, I believe the Passage is open to Currada, for I have heard of no Troops being on that Side and that is the only Way you can get out of this Country.*

While the Lady was yet speaking, *Ascanius* and *Sullivan* came up. The P— immediately knew her, Mr. *McDonald* of *South-Uist*, having formerly brought her to pay her Court to him at *Inverness*. 'Miss *McDonald*, said *Ascanius*, have you forgot me?' The young Lady presently recollected his Voice, though

not his Person, which was extremely disfigured by the Hardships he had undergone. Nimbly dismounting, she flung herself at the P--'s Feet; and would have kissed his Hand, which he modestly prevented, and made a Sign to the Captain to lift her up. His Reason for this, was, the Malady he had contracted in *Currada*, and which had not a little affected his Hands. The Lady's Tenderness was quite moved, and she could not avoid shedding Tears on seeing the P-- in so wretched, so forlorn a Condition. But the Day declining apace, *O'Neil* proposed that *Ascanius* should put on her Servant's Cloaths, and attend her to her Journey's End; but this was found impracticable, as they knew not what to do with the Fellow, who in this Case must inevitably fall into the Enemy's Hands, and it was not thought safe to put it in his Power to discover them. In short, as no better Method then occur'd, it was concluded, that the P-- and his two Friends should pass over, if possible, to a certain Place on a Mountain in *Currada*, and there wait 'till they heard from the Lady.

This Resolution being taken, she took her Leave, and proceeded on her Journey.

Our illustrious Adventurer happily found a safe Passage to *Currada*, where they waited three Days without hearing from the Lady. Mean Time they lived wretchedly, being forced to lie hid in a Cave Day and Night, with no other Food than what a poor Peasant brought them, and which was generally miserable Stuff; nay, they seldom knew what it was they eat. On the third Day, in the Evening, *Ascanius*, concluding the Lady would not, or durst not keep her Word, (for she assured them they should hear from her within two Days at farthest) resolved to free himself from his present Anxiety and Misery, by sending the Captain to General *Campbell*, to get the best Terms for a

Surrender that he could. This desperate Resolution had certainly been executed the next Morning, had not a Messenger luckily arrived that very Evening, by whom Miss *McDonald* appointed them to meet her as soon as possible at *Rushness* in *Benbicula*. But how to get thither was the Question. They must first pass by Land to the other Side of *South-Uist*, and there was but one Way, *viz.* by a Ford, at which a Party of the Militia were posted; and by these they durst not attempt to pass. However, Providence directed them to a Place where they found a Boat, by the Help of which they got to the other Side of *Uist*, where seeing many of the Country-People, they hid themselves among some Bushes for several Hours. At last all Obstacles gave Way, and about Midnight they safely arrived at *Rushness*. But here they fell into more Dangers, and met with fresh Disappointments. The Lady was not to be found at the Place assign'd, and the next Morning a Party of Soldiers appear'd in Sight, which oblig'd them to fly to a Moor, on which the P-- and Mr. *Sullivan* remain'd, while *O'Neil* went to Mr. *McDonald* of *Clanronald's* House, to enquire after Miss. The Captain found her there, and she gave him satisfactory Reasons for not meeting the P-- at the Place appointed, which was the Ruins of an old Castle on a noted Hill. However, she now promised to meet him there in the Evening: But this Appointment was also frustrated by the Arrival of General *Campbell*, with two Troops of Militia. To avoid these *Ascanius* was forced to travel all Night along the Shore, to gain another Side of the Island. The next Morning's Break presented him with the unwelcome Sight of four small Vessels, in full Sail for that Part of the Shore where he was. As he and his two Followers were now extremely weak, to fly would have been dangerous; for had they run up the Country directly from the Water, they must

have been seen, and so they would had they fled along the Shore. This would have made them suspected, pursued, and if the People from on board did not overtake them, a general Alarm through the Island must have ensued; and in that Case it would be impossible to escape. In short, as no other Method was left, they laid themselves down among the Whin-Bushes, which conceal'd them 'till the Vessels were gone; and then they determined to march for Mr *McDonald's*, though they knew he was gone to *South-Uist*. But when they were within a Mile of the House they met several Persons who appeared to be Servants, flying in great Hurry from thence, and one of these told Mr. *Sullivan* that the Reason of their Flight was the Arrival of General *Campbell* at Mr. *McDonald's*, with Intention of seizing both him and all his People. *Ascanius* enquir'd after Miss, and was told that she had gone out the Evening before, and was not yet returned.

Thus, which Way soever this distressed wandering P— bent his Steps, Misfortunes attended, while Despair went before him! Again, absolutely at a Loss which Way to turn himself, he was in doubt whether he should not go and surrender to *Campbell*. He question'd not but the young Lady went the Evening before to the Place appointed, and as she did not return that Night, and it was uncertain what was become of her, so he no longer expected a Deliverance from that Quarter. Mr. *Sullivan's* Counsel was now of no Avail. That Gentleman durst not advise him to surrender, and he could not sincerely wish him to take any other Course; for now inevitable Ruin stared them in the Face, turn which Way they would. To get from the Island appear'd impossible. To continue skulking about was the Way to be either taken or starved to Death for want of Food, having already liv'd two Days

upon nothing but Berries. At last *O'Neil* proposed that himself should go in Search of the Lady, who, for aught they knew, might still expect them at the Place appointed, and with her some Means for their Assistance. This was agreed to, and in the mean Time *Ascanius* and *Sullivan* were again to hide themselves among the Whins which had before afforded them a Sanctuary.

The Captain took with him a poor Fellow whom he engaged for a few Shillings to shew him the nearest and most bye Ways to the Place where he hoped to find the Lady. Arriving at the Place appointed, he found there a Countryman who pretended to be cutting Heath for Fuel. This Man had been station'd there by Miss *McDonald* to direct *Ascanius*, if he should come there, where to find her. *O'Neil* had taken no Notice of this Fellow, if he had not asked him what he look'd for there. *I look*, answer'd the Captain, with a careless Air of Evasion, *for a pretty Lass. I fancy then*, replied the Man, *you look for Miss McDonald.* *O'Neil*, though surprised, answer'd in the Affirmative, and was conducted to a Cottage hard by, where he found the Lady, who had been waiting there since the Evening before. She told *O'Neil*, that not finding *Ascanius* at the Place appointed, she had retired to this Cottage, the People who lived in it being at her Devotion; but that she had waited on the Hill part of the Night, in hopes the P-- would have come. She suspected, that *Campbell's*, Arrival oblig'd him to retreat, but was still in hopes of his Return, on the General's marching farther into the Island.

After informing *O'Neil* of the Plan she had form'd for concealing the P-- 'till a Vessel could be found to convey him to *France*, she dispatch'd him to bring *Ascanius* and Mr. *Sullivan* to her. This was happily effected; but how lively was the P--'s Grief when he

found that he must be separated from his two faithful and affectionate Attendants? But vain were his Lamentations, the Lady protested she could not undertake the Delivery of more than one, who must be dressed in Woman's Cloaths, and pass for her Maid. As for *Sullivan* and *O'Neil*, they chearfully cried out, *Let the P-- escape, and never mind us; so he be safe, it matters not what becomes of us; when we can no longer serve our P--, welcome Death or Captivity.* 'You have yet some Chance of escaping both, replied the Lady, for I can direct you where a Boat may probably be found to carry you to *Raza*, where I will recommend you to the Care of Mr. *McLeod*, who will think himself happy if he can find an Opportunity of serving Gentlemen who have merited so much by their Sufferings for their L-y-l-y.' *Ascanius*, seeing there was no Remedy, endeavoured to bear up against the Pangs of so melancholy a Parting. But in vain; the Tears forced their Way. He would have spoke the Fulness of his Heart, but Grief stopp'd his Tongue, and he could only express himself by hanging on the Neck of his beloved *Sullivan*, whose Attachment to him in his Distress had made him dearer to the P-- than ever. At last the Lady was forced to hasten their Separation, and *Ascanius*, with inexpressible Regret, dismissed his beloved Companions, with a thousand Invocations and Prayers to Heaven for their Safety; they were no less ardently return'd by them, whose Fears for him were infinitely greater than for themselves.

They were no sooner gone than Miss gave him somewhat to cure his cutaneous Distemper, and then, while he used it, she retired into another Partition of the Cottage, and also to give him an Opportunity of putting on his Female Habit. When he was ready, Miss instructed him how to manage his Petticoats,

and told him he was now no longer a P—, but her maid *Betty*. And now a Servant brought Intelligence that *Campbell* was gone further into the Country; whereupon she returned with her new Maid to her Cousin's, and spent the Night in Preparations for her Departure to the Isle of *Sky*. Mean Time she desired *Ascanius* to take a refreshing Nap, but he could not sleep for reflecting on the dangerous Circumstances of his late Companions, of whose Escape he had small Hopes; tho' he had no Fears for himself if they should be taken, being confident they would endure the most cruel Torments without betraying him.

The next Morning, *June 9th*, a Boat and every Thing being ready, the generous Lady, accompanied by her Maid *Betty*, a trusty old Man Servant, named *McLean*, and two Rowers, set out for the Isle of *Sky*, where she doubted not of sure Protection, till a Vessel could be found either there or somewhere nigh, to carry *Ascanius* off. This she the more confidently expected, as ***** had submitted, tho' only with a feigned Sincerity, to the Enemy; and therefore they would not look for the P— in his House: especially as they might not suspect her Maid to be any other than what she appeared. However she was not without some Fears, the P— being very awkwardd in his new Metamorphosis; for, as she merrily told him he did not act the *Pretender* to the Life. 'Indeed, Madam,' replied he, laughing, I am ill-qualified for an Impostor, as all our Family ever were; but since our Enemies have made bold to bestow Appellations of that Sort on us I'll for once try to act a borrow'd Part, and perform as well as I can.' From this Subject, the Conversation, as they sailed along turned on the great Progress the P—'s Enemies made in reducing all *Scotland*, and its many Isles, to the Obedience of the House of *Hanover*. And Miss informed *Ascanius* of

the Surrender of the Earl of *Kelly*; the taking of Lord *Lovat*, Mr. *Murray*, his R—l H—ss's Secretary; the Earl of *Traquair*, with many others of Distinction, besides those he had heard of, and I have mentioned before. 'Tis a cutting Reflection to me, said *Ascanius*, that so many brave Men should be ruin'd by their Attachment to my Interest: that I have involved them in mine and my Families Misfortunes! And thou too, my dear *Sullivan*; thou best of Friends! Art thou too, who were once so happy, destin'd to a Life of Misery, or a cruel Death for my Sake! Oh! I cannot bear that thought!— Here a Flood of Tears burst forth, which the poor P— could not stop, and which so affected every one else in the Boat, that all in silence joined with him in heartily weeping, 'till they were rouzed by the Appearance of a small Vessel, which obliged them to ply their Oars; but happily a thick Mist descended, and they passed all the Ships which then lay about the Isle of Sky, at which they arrived about Midnight. Their landing-Place was at the Foot of a Rock, on which the Lady and *Ascanius* remained while *McLean* went to Sir A. McD—'s to know if he was at Home, and whether she might safely go thither. The old Man found his way thither but missed it in coming back. Mean Time his Lady impatiently waited his Return. When the Morning came. she and her pretended Maid were forced to leave the Rock, and go in the Boat up a Creek at some Distance. This was done to avoid a Body of Militia which guarded the Coast, and from whom the Boat miraculously escaped.

Again they went ashore about Ten o'clock, and, attended by the Rowers, enquired the Way to Sir A's. Having gone about two Miles, they met *McLean*, who had been seeking them all the Morning, and was dreadfully afraid they were taken. He told his Lady that Sir A. was with the D. of C. but his Lady was at

Home, and would do the P-- all the Service in her Power. Hereupon they discharged their Boat, and went directly to Sir A's where *Ascanius* remained two Days; keeping all the while in his Lady's Chamber, except a Nights, for Fear of a Discovery. But on the 13th in the Evening, a Party of the *Macleods*, having Intelligence that some Strangers were arrived at Sir A's, and knowing his Lady was well affected to the P-- , came thither and demanded to see the new Comers. Hereupon they were introduced to Miss's Chamber, where she sat with her Maid *Betty*. The latter hearing the Militia at the Door, had the Presence of Mind to get up, and open it, and so was the less taken Notice of. Seeing no body in the Room besides Lady *M.* and Miss and the supposed Maid, they withdrew, after searching the Closets, &c. They examined *McLean*, but he confess'd nothing but. his being a Servant to Miss *McD--d*, and affirmed no body came with her, besides her Maid and the Boat-men, who were returned to *Benbicula*.

This Enquiry however alarmed the apprehensive young Lady, who fearing a second Visit, sent her Maid the next Day to the House of one of Sir A's Stewards, where she (or rather he) remained in Safety 'till the 16th, when a Rumour spread about that the P-- was hiding in the Island in Disguise. Luckily at this Juncture Mr. *Macdonald* of *Kingsborough* came to the Steward's about some Business, and before he departed Mrs. *Betty's* Lady happened to come to inform her Maid of the Danger; and she making no Scruple to inform Mr. *McD--d* (whose Disposition she well knew) who her Maid was, he resolved to take *Ascanius* with him to his House.

The P-- had by this Time got rid of his Distemper, and by good Living had recovered his pristine Health and Vigour. It was ten Miles from the Steward's to

Kingsborough, and he and his new Friend were obliged to walk it; but Mr. *McD--d* tho' a lusty Man, was frequently forced to call upon *Ascanius* to slacken his Pace, so nimbly did the latter trudge it, notwithstanding his Pettycoats, which very much obstructed the Motion of his Legs. When a River came in his Way, *Ascanius*, according to his wonted Custom, forded it without pulling off Shoes or Stockings. However on these and some other Occasions he generally forgot himself, and pulled up his Petticoats so rudely, that it was well none but Friends were with him, or he had discovered himself to be no Woman.

At *Kingsborough* *Ascanius* remained but one Day. For on the 17th Miss *McD--d* came thither on Horseback, and conjured him to be gone, for that diligent Search was making after him; and that he was known to be in Woman's Cloaths. Hereupon Mr. *McD--d* furnished him with a Suit of his own Cloaths, and a Boat was hired to carry him to Mr. *Macleod* of *Raza*. This Gentleman received *Ascanius* with all possible Demonstrations of Duty and Affection. The P— who now hoped to see or hear of his dear Friends *Sullivan* and *O'Neil*, immediately enquired if they were at *Raza*? and to his inexpressible Grief, was answered in the Negative; nor were they so much as heard of there; on the contrary, it had been reported that the former had gone off with the *French* Men of War aforementioned.

Here *Ascanius* tarried three Days, without the least Prospect of a Ship to carry him to the Continent. This made him uneasy, and he resolved to return to the Isle of *Sky*, where Mr. *Macleod* assured him the elder Laird of *McInnon* was both able and willing to do him all the Service possible in his present Circumstances. Again *Ascanius* sets out for *Sky*, and tho hazardous

the Passage, he landed in Safety. Here, without any Attendant but an honest Ferryman, he travelled 30 Miles on Foot, with his Linnen and Provisions in a Wallet across his Shoulder: Nor would he suffer the Man to carry them one Step; Not knowing the Way to *McInnon's* House, among others he chanced to enquire of a Gentleman whom he met on the Top of a Mountain; who suspecting it was *Ascanius*, (for he had seen him while victorious at the Head of his Army) he boldly asked the Question. The P— was surprised thereat, but seeing the Gentleman had only one other Person, his Servant, with him, he resolutely answered I am the P—; and. at the same Time advanced with. a heavy oaken Cudgel in his Hand, resolving if the Stranger proved a Foe, to kill or be killed; for to let him go off with such a Discovery would have been Madness. But *Ascanius* had no Occasion to subdue the Stranger by Force; he was already subdued by Duty and Affection. 'Hold my P—, cried he, you have not a Friend in the World who will run greater Hazards to serve you, than myself.' In short, the P— with Pleasure discovered him to be the brave Capt *Macleod*, who now begged he might have the Honour of conducting his R—l H—ss to *McInnon's*, to which the P— readily agreed. By the Way the Captain informed *Ascanius* that *Sullivan* and *O'Neil* were taken in *South-Uist*; as were Miss *McD—d*, Mr. *McD—d* of *Kingsborough*, and Sir *A's* Steward, in *Sky*; the Part they had acted in assisting his R—l H—ss being in some Degree known. This Intelligence gave *Ascanius* more Uneasiness than all the Misfortunes he had met with since his unhappy Enterprize. The Loss of his beloved *Sullivan* struck him to the Heart; nor did he before know how greatly he esteemed *O'Neil*: But now he was too sensible of the Loss of these two invaluable Friends. In fine, the

P-- was quite stupified with Grief when he arrived at *McInnon's*. The old Laird knew *Ascanius* at first Sight; but was so shock'd at the miserable Plight he saw him in, that he could hardly refrain from accusing the sovereign Disposer of all human Events for dealing so severely with so virtuous a P--. But checking himself, he melted into Tenderness and Tears; and falling on his Knees he would have embraced those of *Ascanius*, who prevented him, and gently raised the brave old Man from a Posture which he thought might be dispensed with in his Circumstances, and more especially on account of that venerable Sage's Years, and great Knowledge of the World.

This wise old Gentleman plainly told *Ascanius* that he must expect no Safety in that Island, nor ought to stay there longer than one Night. *But*, said he, *I will find Means, if God permit, to convey you safely to your Friends in Lochabar, where only you can hope for Security 'till a Vessel may be found to carry you to France.* While a Boat was providing, the Captain took Leave of *Ascanius*, telling him he would go. and lay himself in the Way to be taken, on purpose to give false Information, and thereby facilitate his P--'s Escape. In vain did the generous *Ascanius* endeavour to dissuade the no less generous *Macleod*, who obstinately persisted in his heroic Purpose, and as punctually executed it; and probably this was a great Means towards the P--'s happy Arrival at *Lochabar*. The brave old Laird accompanied him by Sea, and when he saw him safely landed, and as safely sheltered beneath a friendly Roof, in an unsuspected Place, the Sage returned for his native Soil, taking with him the Rev. Mr. *Cameron*, Brother to that *Lochiel* I have before mentioned, and of whom I shall have Occasion to speak again. But alas! Fortune never weary of persecuting the Friends of *Ascanius*, sent

Captain *Ferguson*, who intercepted *McInnon* in his Passage, and made the Laird, Mr. *Cameron*, and three of the Rowers Prisoners; but a Fourth leaped over-board and was drowned in trying to make the Land: But to return to *Ascanius*.

After remaining seven Days among his Friends in the *Glens* of *Morar*, a Messenger which he had dispatch'd into *Lochabar*, returned with a Letter from the valiant *Donald McDonald* of *Lochgarie*. This steady Chieftain, nor daunted by the Power and Progress of the victorious Enemy, nor check'd by the uncertain hopeless Fate of his P—, had still kept his Arms, and maintained his trusty Vassals about him. In his Letter he informed *Ascanius* that if he would please to honour the Country of *Lochabar* with his Presence, he would there find a hardy tho' small Body of *Highlanders*, every Man of whom would spend the last Drop of his Blood to defend him till a Passage to *France* should be found. Hereupon *Ascanius* sets out in an old *Highland* Habit, got safely over the great Hill of *Morar*, and *July 18th* he enter'd *Lochabar*, where *Lochgarie* joyfully received him at the Head of near one Hundred brave *McDonalds*. With these he kept roving about from Place to Place, to elude the Vigilance of the Enemy's strong Detachments, who wish'd for nothing more than to overwhelm this little Party. *Lochgarie* told the P— that the valiant and faithful *Lochiel*, who had happily recovers his Wounds, and hitherto escaped the Enemy, was still in his Country, tho' the greatest Part of it had submitted. This was grateful Intelligence to *Ascanius*, who highly valued the deserving *Lochiel*. Nor was he less rejoiced at the current Report of Mr. *Sullivan's* not being taken, tho' his Companion *O'Neil* actually was: But what was become of the former, did not certainly appear: tho' it was believed he had got into *France*, by

means of an *Irish* Vessel that touched at *South-Uist*.

When the P— and his Party could no longer, remain in *Lochabar*, they removed into *Badenoch*, where they were joined by *Lochiel*, *McDonald* of *Barisdale*, (who shed Tears of Joy on so happily and unexpectedly seeing his P— again) with his Sons and Grandsons; also Dr. *Cameron*, *Lochiel's* Brother, *McPherson* of *Clunie*, and others. No Words can express the Transports this joyful Meeting occasioned in the Breasts of *Ascanius* and the faithful *Lochiel*. And tho' a becoming Consciousness of his superiour Dignity, prevented the former from giving into such Raptures as the latter indulged himself in, yet the Scene was extreamly Tender, and called forth Tears of Gladness from the Eyes, and lively Emulations from the Hearts of every one present; for they were altogether met in a large Cave— Such Places were now familiar to the P—— and his Followers.

While they remained in *Badenoch*, Skirmishes frequently happened with the separate Parties of the Enemy, and many of the P——'s Friends were killed and taken. In short, it was at last found inconvenient for any Number above three or four to keep together; and therefore they dispersed, but kept a continued Correspondence by Messengers: and tho' these were often taken, yet being trusty Fellows, they never betrayed any one.

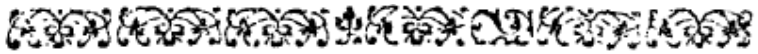
In the latter End of *August*, *Ascanius*, *Lochiel*, *Barisdale*, and others, were. hiding about in *Moidart*, when they received Advice that two *French* Privateers of considerable Force had sailed from *St. Maloes* for *Scotland*, and *Sept. 6th* they came to Anchor in *Lochnanaugh*, in *Moidart*. They were the *Happy* of 30 Guns and 300 Men, and the *Prince of Conti*, of 22 Guns and 240 Men, both were fitted out at the

Expence of his most Christian Majesty, on purpose to fetch off *Ascanius* and such of his Followers as should have the Happiness to get on board. The P— took it for a good Omen that these Vessels happened to arrive in *Lochnanaugh*, the very Place where he first landed; and from whence he now hoped to depart with equal Facility. But such was his Generosity, and so great his Moderation, that when this long wish'd for, and now almost unlook'd for Opportunity came, he absolutely refused to go on board till as many of his Followers as could possibly be got together were first embarked. And to this End he waked from the 6th to the 19th, hiding all the while in and about *Arisaig*; enduring almost as much Fatigue, and running almost as many Hazards as he had done before. But so remiss were his Enemies, or rather so great the Favour of Heaven, that he escaped the Notice of all who desired to hurt him.

Mean Time his faithful *Locheil*, with the Doctor (*Lochiel's* Brother,) and *Lodovick Cameron* their Uncle, were continually pressing him to go on board, and no longer Hazard his Person on Shore, encircled by Enemies whose Vicinity to him rendered his Stay on Land extremely dangerous. *No, would Ascanius say, my People shall never reproach me with deserting them, as my unhappy Father unadvisedly did. I will be the last Man to leave the Country, and is my Friends stay not to take me on board, I only shall be deserted. the Life of the meanest of any Followers is as dear to me as my own, nor shall one be sacrificed by being left behind, is I can help it.*—In vain did they also represent to him the great Hazard of keeping the Ships so long on the Coast. The *English* Men of War might have Intelligence of their being there, and should this Opportunity miscarry, they might in vain wait for another.

At last, *Sept. 19th* the P—, seeing all his Friends (all who had escaped Death, or Imprisonment, or had not been forced to submit to the Enemy) were embarked, or ready to embark with him, he went on board the *Happy*, and immediately both she and her Consort set sail with a fair Wind. The Number of those that embarked with *Ascanius* was 25 Gentlemen, and 107 common Men. They had the Happiness of a safe Passage, notwithstanding the great Number of *English* Men of War that lay in their Way. In turning the Coast of *Cornwall*, they were seen and chased by a Man of War, till a thick Mist providentially veiled them from the View of their Pursuers: and on the 29th they arrived at *Roscort*, near *Morlaix*, where the P— and his Friends landed.

The Moment *Ascanius* set Foot on the *French* Shoar, he fell on his Knees, and with a loud Voice gave God Thanks for his miraculous Deliverance from the Perils he had been in.—Both the P— and the Gentlemen his Followers made a wretched Appearance, their Apparel being all wore to Rags, and few of them had an Opportunity of new Clothing themselves after the fatal Battle of *Culloden*:— However they were soon equipp'd' by the Gentlemen of *Morlaix* and Places adjacent. Upon the P—'s Arrival at *Paris*, the King, tho' on that Day closely engaged in a grand Council, upon an extraordinary Occasion, immediately went out to meet the young Adventurer. *May the God of Heaven be praised*, said his Majesty, approaching *ASCANIUS*, *for the exquisite Satisfaction I this Moment enjoy in beholding your R—l H—ss. You have suffers much, my P—, you have acquired immortal Honour, and we trust you will one Day reap the Fruits of your extraordinary Merit.*



APPENDIX

TO THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ASCANIUS.



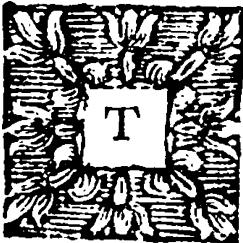


APPENDIX.

Number I.

Some Account of the melancholy Situation of the young Adventurer in Scotland, after his Defeat near Inverness; being a Translation of two LETTERS, written originally in French, ONE of them by Ascanius himself

Introduction to the following *Letters.*



THE ensuing Letters having been generally received as genuine, I could not in Justice to my Readers deny them a Place in this Recital of the *Adventures* of the unfortunate *Ascanius*, whose Distresses are here painted by his own Pencil, and that in such lively Colours, and placed in so natural, so true a Light, as

justly claims the Attention of the Curious and Candid.

As to the Means by which these Letters came to make their Appearance in print, I refer the very inquisitive or doubtful Reader, who will not take my Word as to the Reception they have met with from the Publick, to the printed Copy of them, originally publish'd by *H. Carpenter* in *Fleet-street*, whose Consent I have obtained for their being inferred in this *Appendix*.

To Mr. *Carpenter's* Edition, which is now very scarce, is prefixed an Advertisement, signed by eight Gentlemen of undoubted Reputation in *Scotland*, giving an Account of these Letters, and the Means by which they fell into the Hands of the reverend Gentleman who made them publick. But this Account I have not copied, because of its Length, which would take up too much Room in this *Appendix*, and must either oblige me to swell the Work beyond the Limits I have prescribed to myself, or to leave out some other Particulars, which I have yet to add, and which, I imagine will contribute more to the Satisfaction and Entertainment of my Readers in general. I shall however make some short Quotations from the above-mentioned Editor's Introduction, leaving my Reader's to remark on his Reasoning and Principles, as each of them shall be influenced, either by the apparent Evidence for or against the Point in Question, or by his particular Principles as a Party-man: Which, tho' not so impartial a Method, is I believe the most universally practised.

The above Editor tells us, 'that no one to whom he had shewn the Manuscript could discover who the

Writer of the first Letter was; for there was neither Name, Date, nor Superscription to it: But all agreed that it must have been a rough Draught from which the finished Letter intended by the Writer to be sent to his Correspondent, was probably copied: For it was much blotted, many Expressions erased, with not a few Interlineations; so that it would have been difficult to have read it, so as to preserve a Connexion of the Sense, had not the Hand been pretty good.'

The second Letter had neither Date, Subscription, nor Address, except the initial Letters prefixed to the Beginning.

'Some Gentlemen, (says the Editor,) have surmised that both the Papers might be a Contrivance, and left behind not thro' Hurry or Forgetfulness, but on purpose to lull us into a Security, which might facilitate another Invasion. He grounded this Conjecture on the Improbability of the *young Adventurer's* being convinced of the Injustice of his unfortunate Undertaking, and seeming to call in Question the Reasonableness and Rectitude of his Father's Claim to the *British* Crown, a Claim founded only on the exploded Principles of an indefeasible hereditary Right.'

To this our Editor answers, 'That as the *young Adventurer* easily might procure, and doubtless did procure, many of the antipapistical Sermons and Pamphlets against the *Stuart's* Pretensions, and in Support of the Parliament's Right occasionally to alter and settle the Succession agreeably to the Interest and Satisfaction of the People, so there can be nothing strange in his being convinced of the Badness of his

Cause, (which, says the Editor, he might easily be, if he be a Man of Sense, and a tolerable Share of Ingenuity of Mind) nor in his venturing to communicate his Thoughts to his Brother. If during his Recess in the Highlands, he sometimes amused himself with reading what his Enemies wrote against him, his Dissatisfaction at his melancholy Circumstances, the sound Arguments used by, and the great Reputation of those, who, during the Rebellion, distinguished themselves by their Discourses and Writings in Defence of the Government, might altogether make a great Impression in his Mind, and contribute much towards the Opening of his Understanding, and shewing him those Truths which are so obvious to every impartial Enquirer.'



L E T T E R I.

My *Lord*,

‘I Have his R— H—’s Orders to send you some Account of his present disagreeable Situation here, tho’ God knows whether he is yet alive, or whether a Prisoner, or at Liberty, if it be proper to call such a State of Life as he hath lately passed through, a State of Liberty; For I have not seen him, nor heard a Word of him these three Days, but I hope to see him in two more. Mean Time, as I am but too much at Leisure, (being oblig’d to keep close in an obscure Room in a lonely Cottage, for fear of a Discovery) I shall be the more diffuse in this Letter; tho’ after all, I am in no small fear of its never reaching *Italy*, it being extremely difficult to procure any one to carry so dangerous a Charge into *England*, and here I now begin to despair of seeing any friendly Ship: Alass! *F—* is no longer to be trusted, and *S—* is a broken Reed:— But of this doubtless you are already but too well apprised.

‘His R. H. would have you acquaint the * * his Father, that he wrote to his Brother in *F—* on the 11th Instant, but does not look for an Answer; I have Orders to send a Copy this Letter, which you are to communicate to his M—.

‘Happy had it been for his R. H. had he never set his Foot in *Scotland* for it will be almost a Miracle, if he escape safe out of it. Few are the Remains of his Friends here, and numerous his Enemies, The Government, indeed, seems not over solicitous to secure his Person, but, whatever the Court Reasons

may be, some (unluckily ignorant thereof, tho' not ignorant of the great Price set on his Head) may think of doing, themselves and the State a considerable Service by finding out our Retreats, which, if very carefully sought, would, I doubt not, be at length discovered.

'Hitherto, God be praised, we have happily escaped, tho' surrounded by Enemies; some of whom have more than once enter'd the very Houses in which we have been conceal'd, and that within a few Hours after we have left them: Nay, his R. H. hath several Times beheld his Pursuers, and yet providentially got clear of them. Various have been the Disguises we have had Recourse to for Safety, and which, under God, have been the immediate Means of effecting it. And on these Occasions his * * * hath discovered a Greatness of Soul far superior to the most pungent Adversity. Instead of being drove to Despair, or in, the least cast down, when on the Brink of the Pit he had the greatest Reason to dread falling into, he hath preserved a Composure of Mind, a Chearfulness of Heart, a Gaiety of Temper, at every new Instance of which I could not help being filled with Admiration, tho' a continual, a daily Witness of his heroic Behaviour in the most distressful Circumstances. When traversing the wild and lonely Desert, climbing the craggy Rock, or exploring the dark Recesses of the subterraneous Cavern, instead of bewailing his unkind Fortune, he hath often made himself merry with our Disguises; while himself personated Turns the various Ranks and Characters of the *Highlanders* of both Sexes He is at present, I believe, in Quarters of Refreshment, in

the House of a zealous and constant Friend, in the Isle of * * * * *, where, he is to wait for me; who dare not; as yet quit my present Recess. And great need he hath of such a Relaxation, having lately endured such Fatigues as are hard to be imagined, and cannot be rightly conceived by one who hath never been in this dismal Country, and in the same forlorn Circumstances. He now repents of his Stay here, after the Principal of his Followers deserted him, and went over to the Continent. He had the same Opportunities, the same Vessels might have conveyed him hence, but he generously resolved not to abandon the poor faithful *Highlanders*, while the least Ray of Hope that his Affairs could possibly be retrieved was left. He knew that these unfortunate People, who for his Sake had involved themselves in their present unhappy Circumstances, could no longer hope for a Turn of Fortune's Wheel in their Favour, than while he remained among them, ready to catch the first Opportunity for repairing past Misfortunes.

'And such an Opportunity, alas! was too long expected here, through the fruitless Promises of those whose Interest it surely was to have performed them. A few Men of War, and only six thousand Land Forces might-have recovered all, especially in Case of a Diversion in the South. But even these, (tho' more were promised, if the Exigency of Affairs required them) are now no longer look'd for, nor so much as a twelfth Part of them.

'I cannot account for the Folly and Baseness of a certain Court; but may Heaven shower down its severest Vengeance on those who wantonly sport with

the distressed, and unconcernedly plunge an ill—suffering Family into new and still greater Misfortunes; and this under the fallacious Pretence of retrieving the past: The Business is now done, his M—hath played away his last Stake, and can never hope for such another Opportunity of asserting his Claim to the *British* Crown: The two Nations are now so absolutely, so invincibly prejudiced against the Catholick Religion, and so averse to being governed by a Catholick Prince, that if our Attempt should be renewed, we must only expect a still greater and more general Opposition: And hence appears the sad Consequence of so ill supporting our late Undertaking. It should have been vigorously carried on by those who set it on foot, or it ought never to have been begun, For the Mortification consequent upon our ill Success, is still the more aggravated, as we are not in so good a Situation as before the fatal Project was brought to Execution, The Manner in which his M—hath now attempted to recover his * * * hath, I fear, destroyed every future Opportunity which Fortune might have in Store for him. By his Connexions with the old and most inveterate Enemies of *England*, and who are now at open War with her, and she perfectly satisfied of the Justice of her Cause, he hath only extended the Distance betwixt himself and the Affections of not only the Kingdom of *England*, but those of *Scotland* and *Ireland* also. And as this Attempt hath been unsuccessful, though made in the most favourable Conjunction that could have been wish'd, or at least, (in Reason) hoped for, it will be in vain to repeat the Trial.

‘The above are not only my Sentiments, but those of his R. H. also; who hath had but too late experience of the little Interest his Family hath, or can we hope to raise in these Kingdoms.

‘The People in general are well satisfied with the *Hanover* Family: the Clergy, even of the establish’d Church, not less so than the Laity. The Catholicks, though pretty numerous, are not at all forward to put themselves to the Expence and run the Hazard of ruining themselves by a new Trial for the Re-establishment of their Religion in the *British* Dominions; especially under a P— of the unfortunate House of *Stuart*; for such an one supposing him in Possession of the Throne, and acting with all imaginable Art and Address, would ever be distrusted by his Subjects, whose *Experience* must induce them to be always on their Guard: And hence it appears, that it would be impossible for such a P— to accomplish this great End by any other Means than downright open Force; and of the Success of this desperate Method there is little Probability, for these Nations never will submit to be guided by Authority in Matters of Religion. This, (I am sorry that I can so truly say it) is the Effects of the ill-advised Conduct of his M— Royal Progenitors; especially his late Majesty King *James II.* who appears to have had more Piety than Precaution; to have been but too little acquainted with the Genius and Temper of his People, and to have made use of all Means but the right, for securing the Succession to his Posterity, and for reconciling his Protestant Subjects to the Catholick Church. And though by Means of the Doctrines of passive

Obedience to, and Non-resistance of the Prince's absolute Will and unbounded Prerogative, King *James* I. and his Successors maintained a loyal Party, which continued firmly attach'd to them under all Circumstances, yet this Party was ever not much, and has now become no better than a Faction against the rest of their Country men, who are by far the Majority of the *British* Subjects, of whom the former are not, I dare say a fifth Part.

'This brings me to the Question, whether such a Minority hath naturally a Right to disturb or break the Tranquility of the Majority, and force them to live under a Government they have abolish'd, and the Restoration of which would inevitably prove incompatable with the Conveniency, and destructive to the well-being of the Majority? I could with Pleasure express my Sentiments on this Head, but shall defer it till, if Heaven permit, I have the Happiness of seeing your Lordship.

'To conclude, the best that his R. H. can now hope for, is to escape hence with Life; and to content himself for the Future with whatever Situation it shall please God to place him in. But I refer you to his R. H's. own Letter for his Sentiments on this head. I shall only further observe (though it may be unnecessary to give your Lordship the Hint) that ***** I am, with the highest Esteem and Respect for your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most

devoted Servant

* * *

*A Copy of a Letter from the young Adventurer to
his Brother.**

M. D. B.†

AS I doubt not but you are long since acquainted with the unfortunate Turn of our Affairs, since my last, dated at *Inverness*, so in this I shall not much trouble you with Advices concerning what is past, especially as you had the most important Particulars of the Action near *Inverness* and its Consequences in *M*'s Letter, which went from hence in the Beginning of *May*. Therefore I shall confine myself chiefly to what more immediately regards *your* Preservation and Safety, which are, I again repeat to you of more Value to me than my own.

The few Friends and Adherents I have left in this Kingdom, I mean the few who dare openly appear and act as such, are in daily Expectation of your Arrival in some Part of *Scotland*, or in *England*, with a Force sufficient to retrieve our Affairs, or at least retard our Fate. Indeed the last Advices I had from you, as well as those from the Duke *de B—n*, once gave me to expect that such a Step would be taken by that Court which I will never trust again, yet now, believe me, (tho' I dare not speak my Mind here, for obvious Reasons) I neither look for nor desire it. However as his most Christian Majesty may be induced to make another Attempt, meerly by the hopes of distressing *England*, exclusive of any Regard to our Interest; and

* The latter was at that Time in *France*

† The Originals were *M. C. F. (i. e.) Mon Cher Frere*, in English *my dear Brother*.

as he may employ you in it with a View of securing our Friends in that Kingdom, I think it incumbent on me to warn you not to be drawn into the Snare, into the same Gulph of Ruin in which I am plunged.

As I am almost certain that a fresh Invasion cannot succeed, so doubtless you cannot expect to gain either Honour or Profit by being concerned in it. And as the Danger with respect to your own Person must undoubtedly be eminent, why should you plunge yourself into it? Let those who may have some Prospect of Advantage by it, or who are forced to obey the Voice of Authority, embark in such desperate Schemes, let such alone undergo the Danger. You may be killed, taken or wounded. Grant this, and you must confess you venture a large Stake And what do you lay against? Nothing but a Commander's Pay, and that I hope you don't absolutely stand in need of. If you are actuated by a Desire of contributing all in your Power towards extricating me out of my present Distresses, I must insist on your abandoning all Thoughts of that Nature.

One of my chief Inducements for remaining here after being deserted by the Principal of my Followers, was to wait the ultimate Issue of Things, and to lay hold of any, even the smallest Opportunity for retrieving our Affairs; but such I have never met with, nor do I now expect. The *Scots*, on whom I have hitherto chiefly depended, are far from being so generally well-affected to us as they have been represented. Their dread of the Catholick Religion is, I find, the greatest Obstacle to a hearty Reconciliation with our Family. How much Reason they have for this

I need not observe to you. The Majority of their Clergy, greatly alter'd from what they were in my Grand Father's Days, fired with Apprehensions for their Kirk, and having an Abhorrence of the Church of *Rome* instilled into them in their Infancy, and this increasing as they grow in years, have exerted themselves and made it their main Business to depreciate our Religion, and represent his Holiness of *Rome*, as the greatest Monster on the Face of the Earth. They are no less industrious in decrying the Principles upon which our Father claims the Crown of his Ancestors. His Right of Succession they tell us hath no Existence, but in the mistaken Notions imbibed by some People in a wrong Education, Hereditary indefeasible Right is ridiculed, laugh'd out of Doors, and confounded with absolute Power. And so reasonable do their Arguments appear that 'tis no Wonder the People are influenced by them, since, (for I think I ought truly to speak my Mind to you) I myself have been in some Measure sensible of their Force.

In *England* our Affairs are still in a worse Situation. There the Pulpit hath incessantly thunder'd, and the Press hath taken Arms against us. Both Clergy and Laity are united in the same Cause, which they stile the Cause of God and their Country, the Cause of Liberty, the Defence of Property: For they all seem perswaded that the most abject Slavery would infallibly be their Lot, if a *Stuart* should reign over them.—Nor can I blame their Distrust, when I reflect on the Experience they have had of what they now so much dread.

‘Tis true we had and still have many Friends in both Kingdoms, but those in *Scotland* have not the Ability to make their Services equal their Zeal, and those in *England* are not to be depended on. Even while I was personally among them, they hardly offer’d to strike a Blow, or speak a Word for me. There were, not four hundred Swords nor hardly one Pen drawn in my Behalf throughout the whole Nation. From hence it is evident that not only the Hearts but the Understandings of all but an inconsiderable Number of the People, are prejudiced in Favour of the House of *Hanover*: That as our Friends durst not take Arms for us, so they could not give the World one solid Reason to prove that it would be right to do so. As for the negative Arguments contained in the Manifestos I published, they have produced little Effect, or rather have had no *good* Consequence at all.

Instead of being received as the Son of their lawful King, as one who might hereafter reign over them, as their future Ruler, Guardian and Protector, the *Britons* looked on me as the Invader, the mortal Enemy of their Country, as one come to destroy their civil and religious Liberties, to rule them with a Rod of Iron, and to make them equally miserable with those Nations which yet with some Reason they look down upon as Objects of their Pity and Contempt; and while consider’d in this light, ‘tis no Wonder I met with no greater Success, but amazing that I ever met with so much.

In short, from the Highest to the Lowest, both the Clergy and Laity of all Ranks, the Members of every Church but that of *Rome*, are more than ever

prepossess'd against us; and I fear it is impossible for them ever to be reclaimed.

Indeed I cannot but own that 'tis a great Hardship upon any People to be invaded, and exposed to the Miseries of an intestine War, for the Sake only of a single Person or Family, in whose Elevation or Depression they may be very little interested. That this is the Case with Regard to our tote is not to be questioned. *The British* Nations are well enough satisfied with the Person they have chosen to reign over them. And what Right hath a Stranger to force himself upon them, to extort their Obedience, to manage their Affairs, to guard their Religion, Liberties, and Laws (for this is undoubtedly the Sum of the regal Authority) and all this without their Consent, against their Approbation, and after a vast Expence of their Blood and Treasure, spent in defending themselves against his Efforts to force their Submission. But the Appearance of Injustice is still greater, when the People, instead of being assured that the Person, who would obtrude himself upon them, instead of securing to them their civil and religious Liberties, will in all human Probability, subvert their Laws, take away their Liberties, and not only destroy their Religion, but force upon them that which of all others they most abhor, and to which rather than subscribe, great Numbers would undergo the most cruel Tortures, and the most painful Deaths.

What am I, that I should attempt to deprive, a free People of the Happiness of living under such a Government as they are satisfied with? That Nature gave them the Liberty of chusing for themselves, they

have proved by demonstrative Arguments, and that this Liberty is secured by their Laws is known to all the World. Is my enjoying a regal Title, and a Princely Revenue, of so much Consequence to the People of three Kingdoms, that they should suffer me with hostile Arms to break in upon their Peace and Tranquility; to sow Discord among whole Nations, united together under one Government, and in one common Interest; put them upon burning one anothers Houses, plundering and desolating their Estates and cutting each other's Throats? On the other Hand, while I am content with what Providence shall permit to enjoy without Violence, all the Horrors and Devestations above are prevented, and the People quietly enjoy their Lives and Properties.

I pray God that I be not hereafter called to a severe reckoning for the many innocent Lives lost, the Rivers of Blood shed on our Account. All the Consolation I have in this gloomy Recess, (where I have sufficient Time to brood over past Errors and Misfortunes) is the Consideration that I have not been the Principal in the Mischiefs I was concerned in: That I have been the passive Instrument of an Authority which I thought myself oblig'd to obey; and that I knew not (on my Entrance into the late fatal Undertaking,) what I did.

But now I have ample Time for Reflection. My youthful Heats and Thoughtlessness have been severely corrected by the hard and heavy Hand of Adversity. And as I have not the Ability, so, I thank God, neither have I the Inclination to proceed in an Enterprize which I am perswaded hath drawn down the Wrath of Heaven upon me. I hope my Sufferings

will in some Measure be an Attonement for me; and yet, alas! though many and grievous beyond Imagination have been the Hardships I have undergone, what Proportion will such a Punishment bear to the Mischiefs in which I have been so greatly instrumental? Will the Correction of one unhappy Wretch satisfy the offended Lord and Father of the World, for all the Havock, the Slaughter, the Deflation of Countries, and the Distress of Innocent Families, that hath attended our Undertaking? I fear not! If I have deserved my Sufferings, how great are the Demerits of these whose Power and Authority were the Springs that guided all my Motions? God be merciful to those, who, I hope, have your as they daily, have my most earnest Prayers. * * * * *

De sunt Cateræ.

N. B. The foregoing Letter broke off abruptly, which doubtless was with Design, as it appears, to be only a Copy from the Original, which, probably went to France.—If the whole be genuine, which tho' I really believe, I cannot positively assert; having not seen the Gentlemen who sent the MSS, from Scotland, and consequently have only their Testimony under their Hands, joined to the Evidence, the Marks of Authenticity which appear in the Papers themselves; but this I submit to the Reader: Time may perhaps give us some further insight into the Affair, which may prove to be of no small Importance to these Kingdoms. If any satisfactory Intelligence can be timely procured, the Publick may depend upon a Communication thereof in the next Edition of this Work.



A P P E N D I X.

Number II.

Remarks on the Conduct and Characters of some of the principal Persons who appeared in the Interest of the young Adventurer, in the Time of the late Rebellion in Scotland.

CHARACTER I



HIS Gentleman was born in the North of *Ireland*, of a good Family, but much reduced from its antient Affluence of Fortune. His Parents being very desirous of his making a *Figure* in the *World*, for which his forward Genius soon discovered that he was naturally well qualified; but yet unable themselves to introduce him upon the *great Stage*, on any other Footing than that of an extraordinary *Education*; they spared no Expence their small Estate would admit of, to make him a complete Gentleman, in every Respect, but that of a large Fortune, which they thought it would be his Business to acquire, after they had furnished him with such ample Means. Accordingly, being Roman Catholics, they sent this their only Son,

at the Age of nine Years, to *Paris*, the best Place in the World for the Education of Youth, not only for the Sake of Cheapness, and the excellent Methods the *French* have of teaching Children every Thing that can be taught, but on Account of the great Sobriety of Manners, the Strictness of Morals, and the early Notions of Religion and Piety, which the Tutors are remarkably careful to inculcate.

At fifteen Years of Age Mr. *Sullivan* went to *Rome*, where his Education received a different Turn, and concluded in his being ordained an Ecclesiastick. After entering into Priest's Orders he returned into *Ireland*, whither he was called by the Death of his Father. His Stay in that Island was not long, not intending to settle there, and having no Relations to take Care of, his Mother dying while he was at *Paris*, he sold his Estate, and went again into *France*, where, soon after his Arrival he had the, good Fortune to be recommended to Marshal *Maillebois*, by whom he was retained as a domestick Tutor to his Son.

It was not long e'er the Marshal, perceiving in him some Symptoms of a Genius better adapted to the Sword than to the Gown, encouraged him rather to apply himself to the former than the latter Profession. This Advice was well relished by our young *Reverend*, he followed it, and that with such Success, that attending the Marshal to *Corsica*, when the *French* attempted to deprive the poor but brave Inhabitants of that little Island of their Liberties, he acted as Secretary to that General.

Maillebois, who was a *Bon vivante*, and used constantly to get drunk every Day after Dinner, was

almost incapable of Business the greater Part of the twenty-four Hours; so that during the whole Time of this General's Stay on the Isle of *Corsica* all the Weight of the War, and the whole Power devolved on Mr. *Sullivan*, who executed it in such a Manner as derived great Honour both to himself and his Patron: In short, here he gained a very high Reputation for his military Accomplishments in general, but more particularly for his Knowledge in what is call'd the Art of making irregular War.

After finishing the Conquest of *Corsica*, Marshal *Maillebois* returning to *France*, carried Mr. *Sullivan* with him into that Kingdom; in which however he did not tarry long, but going into *Italy* made one Campaign there, and the next Year he served the King of *France* in another upon the *Rhine*. Here he acquired so much Fame among his most Christian Majesty's Generals, that one of them mentioning him in a Letter to M. *de Argenson*, says, 'That he (Mr. *Sullivan*) understood the *irregular* Art of War better than any other Man in *Europe*; nor was his Knowledge in the *regular* much inferior to that of the best General then living.'

Being at *Paris* in the Beginning of the Year forty-five, when *Ascanius* came there to consult with the *French* Court on Measures for the intended Expedition into *Scotland*, Mr. *Sullivan* (whose Abilities and the Manner in which he had distinguished himself in the Service of his most Christian Majesty had recommended him to the particular Notice of that Monarch) was by the Royal Appointment nominated to accompany the *young*

Adventurer, to assist him with his Counsel, and to act as a general Officer in the future Northern Army.

While the Preparations for the *Scotch* Expedition were going on, Mr. *Sullivan* had the Honour of conversing daily with *Ascanius*, who soon contracted such an Esteem for him, that he was never easy but when this agreeable *Irishman* was with him: Indeed no one who knows Mr. *Sullivan*, can deny his being one of the best-bred, genteelest, complaisant, engaging Officer in all the *French* Troops, which in these Respects are certainly inferior to none in *Europe*. To these external Accomplishments were added, and *Ascanius* soon perceived them in Mr. *Sullivan*, a Sincerity of Heart, and an honest Freedom of both Sentiment and Speech, tempered with so much good Nature and Politeness, as made his Conversation and Friendship equally useful and agreeable. But if *Ascanius* was highly pleased with Mr. *Sullivan*, the latter thought himself no less happy in the Regard paid him by the former, to whom in return, he passionately desired to render all the Service his Abilities, strengthened by the Favour of the grand Monarch, were possibly capable of rendering: Of this the *young Adventurer* was well satisfied; and he on the other hand expected no small Things from the good Sense, the solid Judgment, the political Knowledge, and the military Skill of Mr. *Sullivan*. Nor was he deceived either in the Prosecution or the End of his famous Expedition: For to the Abilities of this Gentleman we are chiefly to attribute the Success with which the unexperienced *Ascanius*, with a handful of raw Highlanders, so long

maintained a sharp, and for some time doubtful Dispute with the whole Force of his Britannick Majesty, in the Course of which he so surprizingly overrun and (as far as he pleased) plundered not only the major Part of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, but also a great Part of the rich and powerful Nation of *England* itself: A Nation which is, or might be, the Terror and Arbitress of all *Europe*!

But this *great Spring* and *first* or *chief Mover* of all the adventuring Army's Motions, like that of a Clock or Watch (which animates and moves the whole Machine) was unseen, and all its Operations unperceived by the gross of *Ascanius's* Followers. Mr. *Sullivan's* Authority and Influence over the *young Adventurer*, as the *automatical* Spring in its Box, was so closely concealed from the Eye of the World, that none but the most prying, curious, artful of the Highland Chiefs, and those that were the most entrusted, and as it were let, into the Mystery, knew how greatly this Gentleman was favoured and confided in both by *Ascanius* and the *French* Government. Tho' in Fact he was the ***** General, yet he never openly acted as such; all his Advice was given in Secret, and his Orders never came directly from himself: While he did all, *Ascanius* appeared as the principal, and in his Name was every Thing transacted.

The Reason of all this was the Jealousy and Pride of the Highlanders, who, as *Ascanius* soon perceived, would never submit to be guided and directed by any body but himself; and this the more especially as they soon found that as the *French* were greatly remiss in

sending over the promised Troops of that Nation, so his chief Dependance lay upon the *Scots*, and that if they should desert him, he must infallibly be ruined. Hence they were puffed up with the highest Ideas of their own Importance to their *young Leader*, and took it mighty ill that any one else should share in his Favour, or partake of his Smiles. Had the King of *France* indeed sent a considerable Body of Troops over to *Scotland*, and had Mr. *Sullivan* acted as Commander of them, the *Scots* would then doubtless have paid him more Respect; but, as it was, they looked on him only as a private Gentleman, of no more Merit, and of less Importance to *Ascanius* than themselves; yet (as they at length closely found out) engrossing all his Favour and Confidence. This roused their Jealousy, and excited their Enmity towards the Favourite to such a Degree, as in the End proved of bad Consequence to the whole Party; for Divisions and Animosities springing up among them, they became less ardent in the Service of their *Leader*, consequently weak in proportion; and then followed the utter Ruin of a Body of Men who could not have been so easily subdued, had they been more firmly united among themselves; I say among *themselves*; because the *Scotch* Chiefs were not only jealous of the *Irish* Favourite, but of one another, each looking on the other as his Rival in *the young Adventurer's* Favour, each unwilling to subserve the others Elevation, and some of them, perhaps, chusing rather to hazard the Destruction of the whole Party by their Remisness in contributing all in their Power to support it.



*Character of Mr. SHERRIDAN, Preceptor to
ASCANIUS.*

THIS Gentleman was also a Roman Catholic, born in the North of *Ireland*, His Father had the Command of a Troop of Horse in the Army which King *James II.* commanded in Person, in that Kingdom, after having been forced to Abandon *England* to the Prince of *Orange*, afterwards *William III.* The Captain was killed at the memorable Battle of the *Boyne*, which also decided the Fate of King *James*, obliging him to fly that Kingdom likewise, which he did immediately after the Battle.

Among those who at that fatal Crisis attended the Person of this unfortunate Monarch, was Mr. *Thomas Sherridan*, Son to the Captain, a promising Youth of about Sixteen. The King had promised his Father to take Care of the Boy, and he was the more willing to keep his Word, as he was very fond of him: I am not certain under what Denomination he at this Time passed in the King's Houshold, but believe was ranked as a Page, or something of that kind.

Mr. *Sherridan* lived with King *James* at *St. Germains* 'till that unhappy Prince died there; afterwards he was still retained in the Family by the *Chevalier*, who upon this Declaration of the *French* Court in his Favour, assumed the Title of King of *Great Britain*.

Not having much Employment at the Court of *St.*

*Germain*s, Mr. *Sherridan* improved his leisure by reading, and made a great progress in Mathematicks and Moral Philosophy. His literary Accomplishments, joined to his great Sobriety, good Sense, and fine Behaviour, gained him a still greater share of the *Chevalier*'s Esteem, than he had of the late King's; and after the ruined Remains of the *Stuart*'s Family went to reside at *Rome*, the *Chevalier* appointed Mr. *Sherridan* to be Tutor or Preceptor to his eldest Son, the renowned *Ascanius*, then but an Infant. In this Post he acquitted himself not only to the full Satisfaction of the *Chevalier*, but to the great Delight as well as Improvement of his Pupil also, who contracted such an esteem for his Preceptor, that he chose never to be without him? nor could his Father prevail with him to leave Mr. *Sherridan* behind, when he undertook his *Scotch* Expedition. For the *Chevalier* out of Regard to this Gentleman's declining Age and growing Infirmities, would have had him remain at *Rome*. But *Ascanius* who had been used to consult Mr. *Sherridan* on all Occasions, and could not think of entering upon any Action of Consequence without his Advice, foreseeing the Occasions he should have for him, during the Prosecution of his approaching Enterprize, resolved to carry him with him, nor was the latter, who tenderly loved his Pupil, at all averse to the accompanying him, and sharing his Fate, let it prove never so adverse. This Gentleman together with Mr. *Sullivan*, was one of the very few who landed with *Ascanius* at his Arrival in *Scotland* from *France*. But he never concerned himself with the Management of that great Affair upon which his Pupil came into this

Island, any further than just to give his Opinion concerning such Transactions as more immediately concerned he *young Adventurer's* own Person, from which he never cared to be separated tho' but for half an Hour; Nor was it without great Uneasiness on both Sides that *Ascanius* and his Preceptor parted, after the fatal Battle of *Culloden*, see p. 136 Book II. after which they, saw each other no more 'till they met again in *France*.

Tho' Mr. *Sherridan*. had the Happiness of escaping out of *Scotland* much sooner than *Ascanius*, yet his Health was so greatly impaired by the Fatigues and Hardships he underwent during his stay in that Country after the *young Adventurer's* Defeat, that before he got to *Paris* he found himself in a very dangerous Way, and in short plainly perceived the unavoidable Approach of Death. Nevertheless, tho' extremely desirous of seeing *Rome* and the *Chevalier* once more before he died, yet he resolved to wait in *France* as long as the Tyrant, Death, would permit him, in hopes of seeing his beloved *Ascanius* arrive there in Safety, before he quitted this World. Herein Providence granted his Desire, and in a few Days after the *young Adventurer's* Arrival from *Scotland*, Mr. *Sherridan* set out for *Rome*, where he had hardly Time to pay his Duty to the *Chevalier*, before he died, greatly lamented by all his Acquaintance.



*Character of JOHN MURRAY, of
Broughton, Esq; late Secretary to
Ascanius.*

MR. *Murray*, now a Prisoner in the *Tower of London*, was born at *Edinburgh*, in the Year 1717, and educated at the University in that City. His Father was Sir *David Murray* Bart, whose second Lady (the Secretary's Mother) was the Daughter of Sir *William Scot of Ancram* Bart. This Lady outliving Sir *David* took great Care of her Son's Education, gave him the best that *Scotland* could afford, and at last sent him abroad for farther Improvement.

In 1741, he went into *France* where he perfected himself in the Language of that Country. From *France* he proceeded to *Italy* having a greater Desire to see the ancient Capital of the World than any other Place in *Europe* He had pretty well learnt the *Italian* Language before, so that he easily made himself . . . absolute Master of it while he staid at *Rome*: I mention these Particulars to shew how well, in the Article of Languages, he was qualified for the Post he afterwards held under *Ascanius*.

Hitherto Mr. *Murray*, who had been bred up in the Principles of the Church of *England*, had no Thought of embarking in that Party for which he has since

suffered so much, and must perhaps yet suffer much more. But he had not been long at *Rome*, e'er he contracted an Acquaintance with an *English Gentleman*, who occasioned his taking a slight Step which indirectly drew him within the Notice of the *Chevalier de St. George's Family*, of whose Party he was soon after easily induced to become a zealous Member.

The Gentleman above mentioned, one Day asking Mr. *Murray* if he had ever seen *Santi Apostoli*, (the *Chevalier's Palace*) and Mr. *Murray* replying in the Negative, the other told him that *he would carry him there. That he was acquainted with several of the Domestic*s who would shew him all the Apartments; and, added he, *if you have a Mind we will go at the Time of Divine Service, and you may see the Chapel, - which is remarkable for its Neatness.*

Accordingly the next Day Mr. *Murray*, was introduced by his new Friend to Mr. *Mackay* and Mr. *Brown*, the former, an *Irish Gentleman*, at that Time one of the Grooms of the Chamber to *Ascanius*; the latter was of *English* Extraction, but born at *St, Germain's*; and was then Deputy Master of the Wardrobe. They were handsomly received and entertained by these Gentlemen; and the Court being then at *Albano*, allowed the greater Opportunity of Viewing every Part of the Palace. They were shewed the Chapel, and while they were in it Mr. *Murray's* Friend told him the following short Story, viz. 'That as the two Sons of the *Chevalier* were at their Devotions in this Chapel, a small Piece of the Cieling, which is curiously ornamented with Flowers in Fret-work,

detached itself from the Rest, and a *Thistle* fell into the Lap of the Elder; on which he started, and looking up, a *Rose* fell immediately after. This (together with a *Star* of great Magnitude, which the Astronomers pretend appeared at his Birth, and which was never before discovered, with many other Portents and old Prophecies) might perhaps have some share in exciting him to that rash Enterprize he afterwards undertook.' However this be, his Ill-Success is sufficient (even if we had no other Evidence of the Stupidity of these Things) to convince every Body of the Folly of placing any Dependence upon Omens.— Nevertheless this Story being solemnly attested, and the two Bits of the Ceiling shewn him, it made a surprizing Impression on Mr. *Murray's* Mind, and he could not help owning, with the Rest of the *Chevalier's* Friends, that possibly the fall of the *Rose* and *Thistle* might be a Prognostic of the future good Fortune of *Ascanius*.

Mr. *Murray* frequently renewed his Visits to *Santi Apostoli*, where he as frequently heard such great Encomiums on the *Chevalier* and his Sons, both for their natural and acquired Virtues and Accomplishments, that he grew impatient for their Return from *Albano*, that he might have an Opportunity of judging, by what he could see, of the Truth of what he had heard. Nor was it long before he was gratified; and in short, was introduced to *Ascanius* and his Brother; after which he had frequent private Conferences with the former, by whose handsome Person and affable Behaviour he was unhappily betwitched, if I may use the Expression.

Thus began that fatal and inviolable Attachment, from which no Consideration hath since been able to make him swerve.

As Mr, *Murray's* Accomplishments rendered him very agreeable to the *Chevalier's* Sons, he became an every Day Guest at *Santi Apostoli*, and at length an Inhabitant there, and greatly caressed even by the *Chevalier* himself. This excited his Gratitude to such a Degree, that he thought the Service of his whole Life, and even Life itself, scarce an Equivalent for the Condescensions he received.

That *Ascanius* should one Day make an Attempt for reviving his *father's* Interest in *Scotland*, was resolved in 1742; and then it was that the *Chevalier* declared his eldest Son, Regent of that Kingdom, and Mr. *Murray* was at the same Time appointed Secretary to the young *Adventurer*, The same Year our new Secretary was sent to *Paris*, to consult with Mr. *Kelly*, (formerly Secretary to Dr. *Atterbury*, Bishop of *Rochester*) who was negotiating the Affair, at the Court of *France*. From hence he went to *Scotland*, to sound how far the Heads of the Clans might be depended on. Many of these he had the Satisfaction to find in the Disposition he had wished and hoped to find them in. Those who were less inclined to his Party, he was most indefatigable in working upon to gain over, and herein he was strenuously seconded by *Lochiel*, *Glenbucket*, *Maclaughlan*, *Glengary*, *Keppock*, *Kinlochmoidart*, *Stuart of Appin*, and the *Mackenzies*. These Chiefs all signed a Paper, in which they promised to assist the Invasion, whenever and in whatsoever manner it should be made, with all the

Forces in their Power.

Before he left *Scotland* again, he married a young Lady every way worthy of him, and had the Pleasure of making her a Convert to his new Principles, she having been educated in those of the Kirk. Her Fortune, tho' not very large, was however of no inconsiderable Advantage to Mr. *Murray*, whose Estate, he being but a younger Brother, exceeded not 400 Pounds a year.

Soon after the Birth of his first Child (a Son) he received Dispatches from *Rome*, ordering him directly into *England*, where he would meet with Lord *Elcho* and some others, who had Letters to several Persons in that *Kingdom*. Accordingly Mr. *Murray* and Lord *Elcho* met at *London*, where they were often seen together, and in Company also with one of those Gentlemen lately executed on *Kennington Common*, and some others who are now safe abroad.

After passing eleven Months in *England*, *Murray* returned to *Scotland*, as *Elcho* did to *France*, and in the Beginning of the Year 1745, the former was recalled to *Rome* but was ordered to acquaint the Clans before his Departure, that the great Design was now on the Point of being executed. This he punctually obeyed, and then left *Scotland*, and his Wife big of her second Child. However, soon after *Ascanius* arrived in *France*, Mr. *Murray* was sent back to *Scotland*, to make further Preparations for his young Master's Reception there; and in a few Weeks after *Ascanius* himself embarked, and landed in the *Highlands*. See p. 10. B. I.

During the Prosecution of the young *Adventurer's*

Enterprize, the continual Fatigues of Mind and Body that his Secretary Underwent, threw him into a bad State of Health, which however did not hinder him from a close Application to Business, even when scarce able to hold a Pen in his Hand.

Nature was, however, at last compelled to yield, and he grew so extreamly ill, that when the Battle of *Culloden* was fought, he was confined to a Litter, as he had been for a Fortnight before. In the Heat of this Battle, *Ascanius* perceiving that his Army was irrecoverably routed, he rode up to the Secretary's Litter, and said to him *Murray*, I am undone, and therefore do you quit the Field directly. The other obeying, fled, with all the Expedition one in his wretched Circumstances could make, towards *Fort-Augustus*, and stopped at *Aird*, whither the young *Adventurer* himself came at Night.

The next Morning he would have accompanied *Ascanius* in his Flight for *Lochabar*, but was so very ill that he could not set out early enough in the Morning. However, mustering up all his Strength, he followed about two Hours after, but had not proceeded far, e'er a Servant from *Aird* overtook him, with advice, that a Party of the Enemy were following, and would be up with him presently, if he did not quit the great Road. Hereupon, weak as he was, he got out of the Litter, ordering his Servants to go with it far from the Place where he then was, lest it should betray him to the Enemy, as it would be no easy Matter to hide it: His Servants obeyed, and he never heard more of them. Mean Time he sheltered himself for the present in a hollow Place at the Foot of a Mountain, resolving

rather to die for want of Subsistance than become a Prisoner, if he could any way avoid it.—What Hardships he was now exposed to are impossible to be conceived, much less described; but any one may imagine them to be great.—Wandering from Mountain to Mountain, without any Sustenance to support Nature; no Bed, Couch, nor any Thing to rest upon; no Covering to protect him from the Inclemency of the Air; oppressed with the most poignant Grief of Heart, and also disabled by Sickness from struggling with all these various Miseries. For eight and forty Hours he remained in this wretched Condition, 'till finding the Coast pretty clear, he ventured to go to the House of a Gentleman in whose Friendship he had great Confidence, and with whom he tarried three Days; but was then forced to seek another *Asylum*, the Enemy's Parties having begun to search every House in that Part, of the Country. Mr. *M--*, the next Friend with whom he sheltered himself, lived near Sixteen Miles from the House of the former Gentleman, so that Mr. *Murray* ran great Hazards in shifting his Quarters. However, he got safe to Mr. *M--*'s, where he was treated with the greatest Tenderness, had all Remedies proper for his Disorder, and in a short Time recovered his Strength of Body in a most surprizing Manner, considering who deeply his Mind must be affected with the sad Change of his Circumstances.

He continued with this other kind Friend five Weeks, and had done so longer, had not he received Advice of a Party of Dragoons being ordered that Way, with Directions to examine every House they came

nigh. .Again he betook himself to Flight, tho' he hardly knew whither to go next, or which way to turn himself.—It would be too tedious to relate the many Dangers and Hardships he went thro' after he left Mr. *M*'s; wandering sometimes one Way, Sometimes another, to avoid being seen by any of the several Parties which were then traversing the Country round in search of *Ascanius*, who was thought to be still in those Parts.—At last (by long and painful Journeys, mostly performed in the Night, and attended with a thousand Difficulties) he got safe to the Seat of the Lady of *Pimroude*, his Sister. And now he began to think himself pretty much out of Danger, those parts having already been thoroughly ransack'd, and in all Probability would not be exposed to a Re-search: But so it happened (as frequently we are nearest Danger when we think ourselves most secure) that a few straggling Soldiers by some Means or other having Intelligence of him, entered the House, took him in his Bed, and conducted him to *Edinburgh*, from whence he was sent under a strong Guard to *London*, where he has ever since been strictly confined in the Tower, none of his Friends, not even his Mother, being permitted to see him.

Remarks on the Character of James Drummond, Esq; commonly called Duke of Perth.

THOUGH this noble Person had for some Time been suspected by the Government before the Rebellion broke out, and tho' Measures were taken to apprehend him as soon as ever it was known that *Ascanius* was actually landed in *Scotland*, yet the D—e

was so expeditious in joining the *Adventurers*, that he eluded the Vigilance of those who would have prevented his Journey to the Town of *Perth*; where he met the young *Adventurer*, on his first coming to that Place. See p. 12. B. 1.

He was never reckoned, a Person of much Activity, or any considerable Abilities, 'till he called forth his latent Talents for the Service of that Family to which he had ever been zealously attach'd, and for which Attachment his *own* had been ruined.

His Zeal for his Party however exceeded his abilities to serve it; not that his Services were inconsiderable, but his Zeal was exceeding great; so great indeed that sometimes it was productive of more Harm, to his Friends than Benefit. He was bold in Council, but hasty, and impatient of Contradiction: He knew that his Opinion was generally Right; but then he thought it impossible that he should ever be in the Wrong: And as unluckily it so happened that he frequently differed in Sentiment from the Majority of those who composed the Council of *Ascanius*, so he seldom failed to maintain his Opinion very dogmatically, and in so imperious a Manner as generally disgusted his Opponents, and sometimes bred ill Blood as well as Dissentions among them.

But tho' he was sometimes too forward in pushing such Measures as himself thought proper, when others thought otherways, yet it was generally found, that in the Main he was far from wanting Judgment in what he took upon himself to manage or to understand: And in short, what with his Zeal for the Cause he was embarked in, what with his resolute

Activity, and what with the Habit he had contracted of declaiming fluently upon all Occasions, he acquired no small Reputation, not only among his own party, but the Friends of the Government also. As a Proof of this, I need only refer to the Reception the two Speeches which have appeared in Print under his Name have met with from the Publick, few doubting their being genuine, and none disputing their being very confident with the supposed Speaker's Character and Talents. I shall present the Reader with an Extract of them, not only because they may give some Insight into the D—'s Character (for, as I have said, whether genuine or not, every Body allows that his G—e's Genius and Manner shine visibly through them) but because they contain a lively Delineation of the *young Adventurer's* real Circumstances at the Time of his invading *England*.—But, by the Way, I must premise, as my own private Opinion, that though his G—e doubtless might deliver the Substance of these two Speeches in the Councils of War held at *Brampton* and *Derby*, yet, very probably, when committed to the Press, they were extended to a greater Length than the Originals, and the Language corrected by another Hand.

Extract of the D— of P—'s Speech at a Council of War held at Brampton near Carlisle, in Presence of Ascanius, after his first Appearance before that City, and Retreat from it, on the Garrison's refusing to capitulate.

I Cannot help expressing my Concern to see so much Heat and Animosity prevail in this honourable Assembly; but this Concern I want Words to express, when I reflect on the great Reason we have to be discontented with our present Situation, and alarmed at the Danger into which we are now plunged.

Our Hopes before your R. H's Arrival in Scotland, were raised to the highest Pitch: We flattered ourselves that your H— would have appeared backed by a numerous and well supplied Army; their Number we were made to believe would not be less than 16000 Men, and those of the best Troops in *France*. These were solemnly promised us by Mr. *Kelly*, when with us last Spring; but when the Time came, how were we disappointed! Your R. H. landed with a Retinue so small as might well, have discouraged your faithful Clans from joining you, which, however, they eagerly did, being still persuaded that the promised Succours would certainly arrive before there could be any Occasion of coming to an Action. When I had the Honour of joining you at *Perth*, I was then assured that the *French* were actually embarked, and waited only a fair Wind: That a considerable Insurrection would presently appear in several Parts of *England*; the Places were particularly mentioned, as were the Names of several considerable *Englishmen*, said to have engaged to declare openly for us. We were assured that his most Christian Majesty would detain the *English* Forces in *Flanders*, and hinder the *Dutch*

from sending any Troops to *Great Britain*: But how have we been disappointed in every one of these Articles!

The *French* King, instead of declaring openly for us, ordered his Minister at the *Hague* peremptorily to assure the States that he had no Hand in the *Don Quixote* Expedition, as he termed your R. H's Undertaking. In consequence of this, the *Dutch*, without Molestation, have sent over 6000 of their Forces to fight against us, tho' every Man of them might have been kept at Home, by the King of *France's* declaring your R. F. his Ally.—Neither was the Promise of detaining the *English* Forces any better performed. The *French* had it in their Power to hinder them from returning to *England*; and if I am not very ill informed, they might have made most of them Prisoners. But they were allowed to embark at *Williamstadt*, without Interruption, and are now almost all landed without the Loss of a Transport, notwithstanding the *French* were in possession of *Ostend*.

As to our Hopes from the *English*, they have been as delusive as *French* Promises. Instead of Multitudes declaring for us, we have hitherto heard of nothing but Associations against us in all Parts of *England*. In short, I think we may now finally conclude that *English* Assistance is not to be depended upon: To what Purpose then proceed we any farther into their Country.

The Enemy are far superior to us in Number, and well supplied with all Necessaries, while we are almost destitute of everything. Your faithful Highlanders will

fight for you with all the Zeal and Courage imaginable; but shall we lead these brave Men to certain Destruction? Were the Enemy, more equal to us in Number, we might have some Hopes of Success; but while they, are above five to one, I should think myself guilty of the grossest Barbarity, should I give my Vote for proceeding any further into *England*, 'till such of this Nation as we are told have promised to declare for the Cause, have actually joined us. Mean time, I propose that we return to *Carlisle*, and attempt to possess that City; the taking of it may give some Reputation to our Arms, and encourage the *English* to join us if they have any such Intention; if they have not, we must then make as good a Retreat back to the Highlands as we can, there to disperse our unhappy Followers, and shift for ourselves in some foreign Country, where there is more Faith than in either *France* or *England*."

The D— of P—'s Speech at a general Council of War held at Derby, Dec. 5. 1745.

IT is easy to imagine what Pleasure I take in reflecting on the Success which has hitherto attended our dangerous March from the Northern to the Midland of this Kingdom. We have in the Space of little more than a Month, taken the strong City and Castle of *Carlisle*, without the Loss of a Man; have raised Contributions, and proclaimed his M— in the Counties of *Cumberland*, *Westmoreland*, *Lancaster*, *Chester*, *Stafford* and *Derby*, for more than one hundred and fifty Miles of *English* Ground without Opposition, and are now got above half Way to the

Capital of the *British* Dominions.

But after all, I must own my Opinion that we are yet come hither too late. We might have been this Day in Possession of St. *James's*, had not our Victory at *Glaidsmuir* been frustrated by our Delay to move directly forward into *England*; our Troops would not then have suffered so much by fatiguing Marches in bad Weather and bad Roads, by which the high Spirits which that easy Day had given them, evaporated, Besides, not a Man of the *English* Troops would then have dared to look us in the Face for two Months after, so intimidate I were they by *C—e's* Defeat, his Fears, and Representations of us: Neither were the perjured Troops of *Holland* then landed, nor above 200 of the *English* arrived from *Flanders*: Our Friends in *London* were in the highests Spirits, and our Enemies in the utmost Consternation: That the — itself shook, was manifest from the uncommon Run upon the Bank, and the doubling all their Guards.

But this fatal Oversight, never to be retrieved, I shall forbear to aggravate: They who advised this delay had their Reasons for it. Yet when those very Reasons were grown stronger by Time, we passed the Northern Borders at-the latter end of October, took the Western Road thro' *Lancashire*, as we were invited to do, that the large Reinforcements we were made to expect might join us; but tho' we are even advanced thus far, how few are yet come in? alas! the Number is too inconsiderable to be mentioned.— Therefore, I come to the Point of our present Deliberation, whether it is more adviseable to march forward, and venture a Battle; or secure a timely

Retreat. I shall not scruple to give my Opinion for the Latter. By our last Muster it appears, that we have lost as many of our Countrymen by Desertion and Fatigues, as we have gained of *English* Recruits. And tho' we have been in *England* above a Month, not one Person of Consequence has joined us. The Troops of the Enemy, superior to us in Number, and under a warm, eager, and esteemed Commander, are now within half a Day's March of us, and can no longer be evaded if we proceed to the Southward: And if we receive one single Defeat here in the Heart of the Enemy's Country, we must infallibly, be every Man of us undone, I would not hereby insinuate either that our Enemies are formidable for their Valour or Skill; our own Experience has shewn the Contrary: Or that our Followers wanted Courage or Conduct in the Field: For we have found them faithful, and our Enemies have found them invincible. And by Virtue of the Terror with which we have inspired the *English*, we may return back safely with our Spoils, lie Snug on the Northern Borders the Remainder of the Winter, and come fresh again with Victory on our Wings in the Summer, to finish the glorious Work we have begun, and that with more Ease and less Hazard than at present.



*Character of William Boyde, Earl of
Kilmarnock.*

THIS very unfortunate Nobleman did not engage with the *Adventurers* Out of Principle, but from a wild Prospect of bettering his Circumstances, which were very low in the World when *Ascanius* landed in the North. When he came to the Possession of his patrimonial Estate, he found it much encumbered, and a considerable Part of it mortgaged or sold; and his Lordship, instead of repairing it by Frugality and good Œconomy, reduced it still lower by his Profusion and Love of Pleasure, till at last he had little to support himself and his Family, besides a Pension from the Government.* But all being insufficient to support the Earl in the gay Manner in which he had been accustomed to live, and not knowing how to better his Fortune otherways, he desperately and thoughtlessly join'd the Standard of *Ascanius*, knowing that if the *young Adventurer's* Undertaking succeeded, his Fortune would be made: If it did not succeed, .he could but be ruined with the other Chiefs of the Party; Which he thought would not be a much harder Fate, than to be obliged to live as heretofore he had done.

However, this Lord was well received by *Ascanius*, tho' every Body guessed what his Motives for joining the *Adventurers* were. He was made Colonel of the Regiment of *Hussars*, and in other Respects treated with great Distinction. I must not omit to say one

* 500 Pounds a Year, as 'tis said.

Thing in behalf of his Lordship's Prudence, *viz.* That he did not engage with the *Adventurers* till after the Defeat of *Cope*, an Event which contributed very much to strengthen the Party, by the Accession of many other new Associates.

Being taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Culloden*, he was sent up to *London*, where he was tried and condemned by his Peers, and executed with Lord *Balmerino*. While in the Tower he gave himself entirely up to Preparations for the other World, and bitterly repented of all the Irregularities of his Life, particularly that unhappy Step which brought him to so untimely an End.

His Lordship was a very genteel Man, and Master of all those Accomplishments requisite for completing the Character of a fine Gentleman; and was, in short, reckoned one of the politest Men in the North. He left behind him a Lady and three Sons, one of whom is now with Commodore *Barnet* in the *East-Indies*.

IT now only remains that I say something of the celebrated Miss *McDonald*, and Mrs. *Jenny Cameron*, who might, if I were disposed to amuse my Readers with groundless Fiction, and idle Romance, founded only on the airy Basis of popular Reports and *common Fame*, that *common Strumpet*, not to be trusted by any but the Superficial, the Unwary, and the grossly ignorant Part of Mankind. Too much already has the Publick been imposed on by lying Accounts of almost every Person of Note concerned or reported to be concerned in the late Rebellion. But the most flagrant Instance of the Impudence of our

common Scribblers has been furnished by Mrs. *Cameron*, the innocent Occasion of more Lies and Nonsense than have been published concerning any other Person whose Name has of late been tack'd to our publick Reports and Pamphlets.

How it came to be rumoured abroad that *Ascanius* had any Mistress, or at least any particular Mistress, while in *Scotland*, it is perhaps impossible to discover; but those who saw most into his private Life know of none. Yet we are told that he had a Mistress, that her Name was *Jenny Cameron*, and that she marched with the *Highlanders* into *England*, and bade with them into *Scotland*, all which is absolutely false and groundless. I am authorized to tell the Publick, that *Ascanius* never knew any Woman of that Name; nor does it yet appear that any one of his Followers knew any such Woman, except a Milliner in *Edinburgh* (and I think living in the *High-street*) who was for some time confined in *Edinburgh-Castle*, under the Notion of her being the Person so much talked of in *England*. This Milliner is the only Person who has ever been produced as the *Jenny Cameron*, Mistress to *Ascanius*, and the same *common Fame* which first procured the *young Adventurer* this Mistress, has recognized this very Milliner, and confidently asserted her being the identical Person so famous in Newspaper-Tale. And yet she was never out of her Shop and Business during the whole Course of the Rebellion, except for a Day or two before she was made Prisoner. This Hundreds of People in *Edinburgh* can testify, besides her particular Acquaintance, with whom she has often made merry on Account of the Honour the

World had done her, by introducing her to *such an Intimacy* with the *young Adventurer*.

While *Ascanius* was employed in the Siege of *Stirling*, Mrs. *Cameron* went from *Edinburgh* to the Army of the Besiegers, in which she had a Relation whom she was desirous of seeing, he being either dangerously sick or wounded, I forget which, though I was particularly informed of this Circumstance. On the very next Day after her Arrival at the Camp, the Duke of *Cumberland* arriving at *Edinburgh*, immediately marched the *English Army* to raise the Siege of *Stirling*. On his Approach, the Besiegers retired with Precipitation, and Mrs. *Cameron*, far from having any Desire to accompany the *Highlanders* in their Flight, thought only of returning to *Edinburgh* to her Shop, and Business but being stopped and interrogated by the Duke's People, her very Name, added to the Circumstance of her being found so near *Stirling*, was enough to make her a Prisoner; and without farther Ceremony she was committed to *Edinburgh Castle*, but was after a short Confinement, enlarged upon Bail. Nor has she any Reason to regret that ever such an Accident befel her, since it has given her a Fame she might never otherways have acquired, and may prove the Means of her making a good Fortune, so great is the Increase of her Business, all the City crowding to buy Ribbands, Gloves, Fans, &c. of the *young Adventurer's* Mistress; who might well, indeed, fall under the Displeasure of the Government, when every Body knew her to be so zealously *affected* to its great Enemy, and to hold so close a *Correspondence* with him.—This celebrated

Milliner is neither young nor handsome, but is a Woman of Wit and very good Sense; however, she has nothing in her remarkable, which makes it the more strange that the *News-makers* should pitch upon her for the Object of the *young Adventurer's* Affections, in Preference to all the other Ladies in *Scotland*.

As to Miss *McDonald*, she really was as far concerned with *Ascanius* as is commonly reported, and as mentioned in Pages 196, 197, &c. of this Work: But many Falsities have been published as to her Age, Person, Family, Fortune and other Circumstances, which are of no Manner of Consequence to the Publick, as she has been no otherways distinguished for her Knowledge of, Attachment to, or Correspondence with the unfortunate *Ascanius*, than what any other Lady (unprejudiced against him by that Bigotry which is too often found to be inseparable from Party-zeal,) would have been, or would have done for so extraordinary a Person, in such uncommon Distress. She is now a Prisoner in *London*, in the House of one of the King's Messengers; where she must remain till the Gentlemen whose Office it is, shall be at leisure to take her Case into Consideration, upon which it is not doubted but she will be set at Liberty, if it be only on Account of her Sex: The Government having hitherto shewn too much Gallantry to *proceed very severely* against any of the *adventuring* Ladies.

F I N I S

