

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 happened to a *certain* Person during his Wanderings in the *North*, from his memorable Defeat in *April* 1746, to his final Escape, on the *19th* of *September* in the same Year.

Ecce Homo!

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. SMITH, near *Temple-Bar* ; and sold also by Mess. GRIMKY and VOGUEL, Booksellers in *Amsterdam*; and by all other Booksellers. in *Great-Britain, Ireland* and *Holland*.

ASCANIUS;

OR, THE

Young Adventurer.

HOW 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 Gendemen.' With that he turn'd towards the Officers and Gendemen 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 Stranger¹ 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—1 H—ss 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

¹ *Both he and Sherridan being Irishmen.*

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—1 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—1 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—1 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—1 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—1 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—1 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—1 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—11—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 M^cLeod*, 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 *M^cLeod* found Means to procure an eight oar'd Boat, on board of which on the 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 *M^cLeod* 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 threaten'd 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 seem'd 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 *M^cLeod* join'd in the Chorus; and, in short, the Whim succeeded to his Wish, the Men being extremely 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* railled *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. *M^cLeod* 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: *M^cLeod* 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 reimbarcked 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 Ship-wreck'd Merchants. Mr. *Sullivan* went under the Name of *St. Clair*, *Ascanius* pass'd for his Son, *O'Neil* for the Ship Captain, and *M^cLeod* 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—1 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. *M^cLeod's*; is there not some Danger of our falling into the Enemy's Hands by going to *Stornway*?

To this *M^cLeod* 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—1 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 *M^cLeod* 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 *M^cLeod* 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—1 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 *M^cLeod* 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 M^cLeod*, 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 M^cLeod* 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 *M^cLeod* 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 M^cLeod'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 M^cLeod 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 *M^cLeods*, 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 *M^cLeods*, 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, cheerfully 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—1 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*, *Buchannan*, 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—1 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—1 H—ss's Secretary. That the Lords *Pitsligo*, *Murray*, *Nairn*, *Ogilve*, 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 *Benhacula*.

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—1 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 *in&fcy* 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 Malady² must at length put an End

² *The Scotch Distemper which he catch'd in South-Uist.*

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 extreamly poor and unpalatable, that only extream Necessity could oblige the P—, and his two Friends, who had not been used to hard living, to 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. *M'Donald* of *South-Uist*, having formerly brought her to pay her Court to him at *Inverness*. 'Miss *M'Donald*, 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 *M^cDonald* 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 Dissappointments. 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. *M^cDonald* 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 *M^cDonald’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. *M^cDonald’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 *M^cDonald* 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 M^cDonald*. *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 cheerfully 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. *M^cLeod*, 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 awkward 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—1 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. M^cD—'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 *M^cLean*, but he confess'd nothing but. his being a Servant to Miss *M^cD—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. *M^cD—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. *M^cD—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 *M^cD—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. *M^cD—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 *M^cInnon* 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 *M^cInnon'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—1 H—ss to *M^cInnon'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 *M^cD—d*, Mr. *M^cD—d* of *Kingsborough*, and Sir *A's* Steward, in *Sky*; the Part they had acted in assisting his R—1 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 *M^cInnon'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 *M^cInnon* 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 M^cDonald* 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 *M^cDonalds*. 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*, *M^cDonald* 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, *M^cPherson* 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 Happiqess 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—1 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.*

F I N I S