

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!

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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 today 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 melancholy Truths are yet behind, as when exhibited to public 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 surprising 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 followed, and hardly

pressed, he quitted the Road to the Town, and with a small Party crossed 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 endangered by the Passage of the River, which he was obliged to ford on Foot, though the Water came up to his Neck, and it was with great Difficulty he stemmed the Force of the Stream, and maintained his footing on the Ground beneath it. Being got safe on the other Side, he ordered his Attendants to halt a Moment, while he took a short but melancholy Retrospect of the dreadful Scene behind him. The Face of the Country was overspread with the flying Vanquished, and the pursuing Victors; the first ardently pressing forward for Life, the latter vigorously pushing after, and irresistibly 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 crossed the River, the unhappy Prince 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 Prince 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 endeavoured to comfort him with Hopes of being soon able to recollect the scattered Remains of his Army, adding thereto a great Number of fresh Men, particularly the Noble Clan of the *Macphersons*, who, though in Arms for *Ascanius*, had not been in the Battle: On his own Part he offered to raise a fresh Supply of six hundred Frazers, whom he would order to rendezvous in Badenoch.

The Prince 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 ruined; enough are already ruined with me; and I am unwilling to draw any more innocent Men into the like Misfortunes. As to the Measures that are now most likely to contribute to the Good of the common Cause, I must ask the Opinion of these Gentlemen. With that he turned towards the Officers and Gentlemen who had accompanied him in his Flight, particularly Lord *Elcho*, Mr. *Sullivan*, and Mr. *Sherridan*: The two last landed with him when he first arrived in that Country.

Mr. *Sullivan* being a Stranger¹ in the Country, declared himself incapable of judging what Course

¹ Both he and Sherridan being Irishmen.

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 *Royal Highness* 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, so 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 reassemble 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 proffered 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 maintained 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*, Meantime, the *Highlanders* escaped from the Battle, were continually coming in, some having Intelligence that their Chief had taken this Route, and others not knowing whither to fly, happened 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 Prince 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 more conducive to the Prince's Safety to make off for *Badenoch*, as secretly, and with as much Expedition as possible, and there wait the Consequences of the Battle.

As to the Prince'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 advisable 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 affect, "That if his Royal Highness 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 Prince no longer appeared in Person to animate and keep them together." Lord *Lovat* now said little, and *Ascanius* was uncertain what Course to

take. Mr. Sherridan answered Lord *Elcho* with some Warmth, which ended in high Words betwixt them, and the latter was reproached with having by his rash Advice, occasioned all the Misfortunes which had fallen upon the Prince, and particularly the Loss of the Battle of that Day, the Consequence of not defending the Passage of the *Spey*, which was chiefly owing to the Influence his Lordship had in his *Royal Highness'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 Prince, 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 a small Body which will only invite the Enemy to overwhelm us at once. Rather let us separate take different Routes, and severally collect what Men we can, ordering them to repair in the most private

Manner to a Rendezvous which may be appointed. Meantime I shall endeavour to escape the Enemy's 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 ordered to march to Lochaber; and when all except Lord *Elcho*, Messieurs *Sullivan* and *Sherridan*, Mr. *Cameron*, commonly called *Lochiel* the younger, and five others were gone, it was determined 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 Prince, that in case of Interruption they might send one or both their Servants, (for they had each of them one) back to give Notice. The five others were ordered to set out for *Aird*, about half an Hour alter the Prince, 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 Prince 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 ordered into Lochaber 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 followed or not. But this much is certainly known, that though' the Prince 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 Prince's not appearing publicly 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 ; 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 Prince, 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 Prince was running headlong to Destruction, it was not his indispensable Duty to do so too, nor to sacrifice his Life to the ill judged Council of others, who (said he) in my Opinion are neither more able or willing to render his Royal Highness all possible Service than myself: and therefore I am resolved to provide for my own Safety; at least 'till my Services may be more acceptable; but I sincerely wish, though' alas! I have small Hopes, that they may never be wanted.* This (continued *Lochiel*,) his Lordship desired me to repeat faithfully to your Royal Highness, 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 chagrined at finding himself abandoned by the valiant *Elcho*, of whose Fidelity and Capacity, as a Soldier and General, he had ever a 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 there, the Prince proceeded along the great Road towards *Fort-*

William taking the wounded *Lochiel* along with him. At Noon they arrived at *Invergarry*, 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 Libyan Deserts, and pinching Hunger had been the Prince's Companion during the Remainder of this Day, and the ensuing Night 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, though with no small Trouble, upon a Turf Fire, Mr. Sullivan and his Royal Highness being Cooks in Chief.

After Dinner, *Ascanius* waited two Hours, though in vain, for the five Gentlemen who were to follow him from *Aird*; and also hoping to gain some Intelligence of such of his principle Followers, as, escaping the Field of Battle, might happen to take this Route. At length tired with waiting, the Prince 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 afore-mentioned, and who had been a Domestic of the Prince'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 anyone 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 astonished 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 perceived his Wounds were mortal and then all that he hoped or wished 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 Royal Highness 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 Prince was the more troubled at the Fate of this trusty Domestic, 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 Corpse of the unfortunate *Macdonald*, *Ascanius* departed, (all gloomy and dejected) from *Invergarry*; 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 Prince, 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 forever 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 Royal Highness with its best Wishes, though my disabled Body stay behind. Whether Death or Captivity will be my Lot, Heaven only knows, but with my last Breath I will pray for my Prince'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 Royal Highness, 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 Prince engrossed all his Fears, prevented *Ascanius* from wasting any Time in fruitless Lamentations, and those little Delays usual between tender Friends on so melancholy a Parting. “Fly my dear Prince, (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 Asylum, 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 meantime may Heaven protect the great and good *Ascanius*.”

And now the Prince, with a heavy Heart, continued his Flight, and before the Break of the ensuing Morning, he arrived at *Lochbarcige*; where by the united Persuasions 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 oppressed, harassed, and wearied out with Care and Fatigue, obliged 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 advisable 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 dispatched 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 Prince's routed Army had fled that Way. Meantime 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 Prince 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 amused 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 *Barrisdale*, 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 Royal Highness. *O'Neil* informed the Prince that the Lord *Kilmarnock* was the only Person of Distinction taken in the Battle; but that the Earl of *Cromarty*, 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 *Lochaber*, attended only by their Servants; having ordered 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 behooves

us likewise to provide for our own Safety by leaving this ungrateful Country. But what (continued the Prince) 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. "Oh Heavens! cried *Ascanius*, is it possible that the *English* Troops could take so bloody a Revenge?- What! Did my poor Men refuse Quarter?" *Quarter*, answered 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 their Reach of their Fury. It seems they were animated and prompted to this by a Report that your Royal Highness, over confident of Victory, had given Orders to your Troops not to spare a Man of the Duke'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 *Cumberland* is too brave to be the Author of so villainous an act. I do not believe him capable of anything 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 Prince 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 with him over to *France*. Among these was *Donald McLeod*, a trusty Highlander, and a Man of Consequence in that Country: Him the Prince employed to hire: a Vessel to convoy them to *Stornoway*, where they hoped to find or gain Intelligence of some *French* Ship, several having been or some Time expected on this Part of the *Scotch* Coast. Accordingly *McLeod* found Means to procure an eight-oared Boat, on board of which on the 28th he conducted *Ascanius*, with his faithful *Sullivan*, and Capt. *O'Neil*: With the rest a Promise was left of sending for them as soon as a Ship could be secured.

The Boat's Crew being ordered to make all possible haste to *Stornoway*, plied their Oars lustily, but the approaching Night threatening 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 begged 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 Prince alone, were for returning, and joined in entreating 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 beforehand of the Arrival of these Ships; and as *McLeod* had declared that he had a great Interest at Stornoway, and could speedily procure a Ship there, *Ascanius* was certainly in the Right to proceed for the Place when 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 though 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 threatened the affrighted Boatmen with a dreadful Voyage to the Regions of Death. To heighten their Distress, the Weather was so excessive cold that the poor Fellows lost the Use of their Hands, and were unable to manage their Oars, therefore were forced to abandon the Boat to the Mercy of the Waves and she was arbitrarily driven to and fro, and every Moment seemed on the Point of subsiding beneath the high and rolling Billows. To lessen their Danger, as far as lay in their Power, *Ascanius* and his three generous Attendants became Rowers in their Turns, and laboured as long as they

were able. The Cheerfulness and Serenity of the Prince, 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 laboured, all conspired to re-animate the Frozen, the desponding Boat-men: Again they apply themselves to their Oars, while *Ascanius* and the three wearied Gentlemen rest themselves: But alas! The Violence of the unrelenting Storm again incapacitates them, their Bodies are benumbed, and their Spirits fail. At length *Ascanius*, who was now become well acquainted with the Genius and Humours of the *Highlanders*, began to ridicule their Fears, made light of the Danger they were in, and to divert their Apprehensions, he sung them several Songs, one in particular in their own Language, and Mr. *Sullivan* and Mr. *McLeod* joined 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 lulled asleep both their Fears and Fatigues.

And now the Morning approached, bringing in the wished for Daylight; 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 shown them. Which done, Mr. *Sullivan* railed *Ascanius* on his forgetting his Prayers, while in distress, and singing heathen Songs, instead of Christian Hymns.

The Wind still continuing to blow excessively cold, and the Men being almost starved to Death, Mr. *McLeod* went about with some of them to look for Wood, which having procured, *Ascanius* employed himself in making a Fire, at which they all warmed 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 though 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 broiled: The Prince fed heartily, and everyone 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 persuading the People to furnish them with provisions at any Price, to serve them in case any

Accident should prevent their getting to *Stornoway* before the End of the next Day. In this they succeeded even beyond Expectation; pretending to be Merchants who had suffered Shipwreck in their Voyage to the Orkneys and offering to pay largely for what Provisions they should receive, the Islanders furnished them with dried Fish, Brandy, and some Bread or rather Cakes made of Oatmeal, and baked on a Griddle; but this last being sour, *Ascanius* could not eat: *McLeod* informed him that this Oaten Cake was made sour when new, for otherwise the *Scots* could not eat it. Having paid generously for what they had, and likewise for the Colt above mentioned, they reembarked the same Evening, being the 30th of *April*, and set sail for *Stornoway*, 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 Shipwrecked Merchants. Mr. *Sullivan* went under the Name of *Sinclair*, *Ascanius* passed for his Son, *O'Neil* for the Ship Captain, and *McLeod* for a Passenger.

The Weather continuing very bad during the rest of the Night and all the next Day, *Ascanius* determined to remain here 'till the Return of a Messenger which *McLeod* now sent to *Stornoway* with Directions to his Brother there to hire a Vessel for *France*. Meantime 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 public Report, that himself with Mr. *Sullivan*, Mr. *Sherridan*, Lord *Elcho*, the Duke of

Perth, his Brother the *Lord 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 Prince 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 anywhere 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 Royal Highness's Preference there gave one Part of it the lie; 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 *Prince* 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 more 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 foreseen 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 *Stornoway*, if ever we get thither ourselves; but if this should happen, how shall we proceed then, seeing we have no Interest there exclusive of Mr. *McLeod’s*; is there not some Danger of our falling into the Enemy’s Hands by going to *Stornoway*?”

To this *McLeod* answered, “There can no Danger attend our going to *Stornoway*. I doubt not but my Brother will have secured us a Vessel by the Time we get thither; If not, we lie undiscovered ‘till one can be got; or if your Royal Highness should (which however I don’t at all apprehend) be known, and any Attempt made upon your Person, I am sure of raising Friends enough to oppose Force to Force.” Hereupon the Prince declared he would go to *Stornoway* if *McLeod* heard from his Brother that Night, or otherwise, he thought it most advisable to depart the next Day for *Arisaig*. However about Midnight the Messenger returned from *Stornoway* with a Letter from Mr. *James McLeod* to his Brother, informing him that a

Ship was ready according to his Desire. Hereupon Capt. *O'Neil*, transported with the good News, fell on his Knees, thanking Heaven for their approaching Deliverance, and continuing the same Posture, begged to kiss his Royal Highness'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 *Stornoway*; 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 *Stornoway*, 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 *Stornoway*, after handsomely and liberally rewarding their Kind Host the Farmer; for *McLeod* had brought Money enough with him, nor did the Prince and Mr. *Sullivan* travel with empty Pockets. In the Evening of the next Day they arrived at *Stornoway*, where they found *James McLeod*, who had imprudently revealed to a pretended Friend, that he had hired a Ship to carry the *Prince* over to *France*. It was at some Distance from the Town that *James McLeod* met the *Prince*, whom he had never before seen, but whom nevertheless he knew by the Dignity

of his Mien and Aspect, though disguised in a common Highland Dress. On Sight of *Ascanius* the confused *McLeod* fell down on his Knees at the Distance of a hundred Yards, and with uplifted Hands and dejected Countenance cried out “Alas! My *Prince* 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*, amazed and mistrusting some unlucky Accident, roused him, and soon learnt what had happened. In short, *James McLeod’s* Friend had maliciously divulged the Secret, adding this Circumstance to the Truth, *viz.* That *Ascanius* was coming to *Stornoway* with five hundred Men, and intended to plunder and burn the Town before he embarked: (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 *Stornoway*.- In fine, the *Prince* found he must not enter the Town, and as there was no other Way of coming at the Ship, they were under the Necessity of lying all Night on the Moor; or returning immediately by the Way they came: Indeed if they could have got at the Ship, they had only been in a worse Case, for the Town’s People had seized her.

Donald McLeod was so enraged at his Brother that drawing his Sword he had certainly killed him on the Spot, but the *Prince* interposed and saved him. But who can describe, what Words can express the Amazement, Grief, Resentment, and Despair of poor

Captain *O'Neil*, who had so confidently flattered himself that his Prince 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 full 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 *Prince*, Mr. *Sullivan*, the Captain, and the Boat's Crew at last determined to lie all Night on the Moor. As for the two *McLeod*, it was resolved that they should go into the Town, and return before Midnight, with a fresh Supply of Provisions: But, whatever the Reason was, they did not return.

Having waited in vain 'till after Midnight, and beginning to suspect that something had happened to prevent the *McLeods* Return; the *Prince* 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. Meantime 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 lie 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 cheered 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 *Loch nan Uamh* in *Arisaig*, that the latter was obliged to steer 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 Prince'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* tried all the Arts of Persuasion, but all to no Purpose. The Fellows knew not yet who their Passengers were, nor anything 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 Prince, 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 Rower, "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 Chase. 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 Surprise. 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 seemed 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 of the Island, the Shore being rocky and almost inaccessible. In the Night-Time they sheltered 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 Prince 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 Prince'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 Prince 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 Prince 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 *Sullivan* with them, and leaving the intractable Crew to shift for themselves on the Island. "We must speedily, (said he) be famished 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. Though 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 soured by the Misfortune, 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 *Prince* 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 repaired to the Boat, and after having carefully viewed the Main, whereon they saw no Sail, they reimbarked; 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* quoth ye! No, the De'el burst the Weams o' e'ery ane o' us an we do. - Weese gang to the *Harris*, and. from thence weese fairly find our Way Heame again." Hereupon the other Boatmen cried out unanimously, "To the *Harris*, to the *Harris*!" and the Prince, seeing it was in vain to oppose their Resolution, held his Peace.

Everyone in the Boat began now to look extremely meagre and savage, for Want of Provisions and other Necessities; nor had they one Bit of anything to eat, or Drop of any drinkable Liquid left. Mr. *Sullivan's* Indisposition increased; 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 stayed 'till the 14th; receiving Intelligence there that several *English* Ships were searching for the Prince 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 Prince's Service. On his Representations *Ascanius* resolved to stay at *Benbicula*, 'till the circumjacent Seas should be less crowded 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 Prince as generous granted, as they humbly craved his Forgiveness. Our Adventurers were much perplexed 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 offered to be one of the Bearers himself, so great was his Affection to that Gentleman, whose Services indeed amply merited his Prince'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 *Prince* 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 deliciously, and now thought themselves the happiest Mortals under the Sun. *Sullivan* indeed could eat but little, and his Indisposition at this Time gave the *Prince* more Concern than even his own unhappy Situation. This Gentleman was resting himself on a Bed made of some of the Boat-men's Clothes, they being content with having a good Fire to keep themselves warm, for there was plenty of Wood in the Place.

Ascanius eating 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 *Prince*’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 *Prince*, I hope to preserve it for his Service. But let us not talk away the Night, your Royal Highness 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 *Prince* 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 Clothes, and which were the only Firearms 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 hatched. 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 *Prince* 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 reimbarc, 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 Movables the *Prince* and his Attendants had, and they likewise, by Turns, supported Mr. *Sullivan* as he walked, 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 furnished the *Prince* and his Company with Oatmeal. Bread, Hung Beef, and a Stone-Bottle to hold fresh Water. The Highlander would have entertained them all Night, but knowing they were of the *Prince's* Party, though he little thought the *Prince* himself was there, he durst not, there being a Report that some Troops from the Isle of *Skye* were coming to *Benbicula* to force (as it was supposed) 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 alarmed the *Prince* 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 Highlanders 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 *Prince*- and Mr. *Sullivan* had consulted together, the *Highland* Fisherman advised them to lie 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 lie in his Power to discover their Retreat, they returned, 'till out of Sight, the same Way they came, and then turned 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* being expected to land in the Island that Day, with a party of the *Argyleshire* Militia. He had also undoubted Intelligence that the two *French* Men of War sailed on the Fourth, having taken on board the Duke of *Perth*, the Lords *Drummond* and *Elcho*, Mess. *Sherridan*, *Buchanan*, and many others of Note, as was supposed, their Names being not known. That the old Duke of *Athol* (*i.e.* the Marquis of *Tullibardine*) had been forced to surrender, after having in vain skulked about the Sea Coasts, in hopes of getting off; and after having not only killed his horse, but flung himself into a bad

State of Health, through the excessive Fatigue he had undergone. That every Day some person of Note fell into the Hands of the victorious Enemy) besides great Numbers of the common People; And that many of the Clans had submitted and were disarmed. That however a considerable Number of such as continued loyal to his Royal Highness were assembled in *Lochaber*, 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. *MacDonald* of *Barrisdale* and his People, and Mr. *Murray*, his *Royal Highness's* Secretary. That the Lords *Pitsligo*, *Murray*, *Nairn*, *Ogilvie*, and *Dundee*, with many others of less Note had the good Fortune to get on board the 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 everywhere 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 recovered, 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 returned, 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 missed not their Way, but came to the Fishermen's Huts, their former Habitations, and there stayed 'till Morning, when they re-embarked 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 *Prince*, prevented their taking the Man with them. The poor Fellow wept plentifully at parting with them, and falling on his Knees on the Strand, most pathetically implored the Protection of Heaven for his brave unfortunate *Prince*. *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 informed 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 entertained 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 *Prince*, 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 *Eriskay*, 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 remained three Nights, hiding in Caves and Holes among the Rocks, and living all the while upon raw Oatmeal and Water, which greatly nourished and increased the *Prince's* Distemper. On the 22nd *O'Neil*, who had been appointed to look about the Coasts, and observe what Vessels appeared, returned with one of the Crew of the eight-oared Boat they had discharged, and which had been chased by a Man of War's Pinnace into *Eriskay*, 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 endeavoured, though 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 *Prince* on Board, in which Case they expected nothing but the Gallows. That they had put into *Uist*, to avoid three Sail of small Ships, which they saw pass by towards *Benbicula*.

On this News *Ascanius* resolved to leave the Isle of *Uist*, and, by his Persuasions, joined to *Sullivan's* powerful Eloquence, the Boatmen were prevailed on once more to take in their former Passengers. They had a 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 conveyed the *Prince* into *Moydart*. They embarked the same Evening, but the next Morning they were met by two Men of War, which obliged them to put back, and they remained at *Lochagnert* all that Day, and the Night following. The 24th they sailed for *Lochboisdale*. 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 pitched 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 dispatched in the small Boat to procure more, nothing being to be had at *Lochboisdale*. The Boat returned 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 Coast. The Men also brought Intelligence that the Enemy's Parties were searching for his *Royal Highness* and his Adherents in all the Islands thereabouts, and that the Troops also lined the Coasts of the mainland of *Scotland*, in such a Manner, that it would be Madness at present to attempt getting into *Moydart* or indeed to stir from *Lochboisdale*, where the Enemy would hardly suspect the Prince to be.

On this fresh disagreeable News *Ascanius* could hardly preserve his usual Fortitude and Resignation to the Frowns of Fortune. "Oh 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 to my Life. - Oh 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 Prince," 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 missed of you, may at length be induced 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. Meantime the little Boat was 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 extremely poor and unpalatable, that only extreme Necessity could oblige the Prince, 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*,

²The Scotch Distemper *which he caught in South-Uist*.

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 Prince 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 *Lochboisdale*. – After each had given his Advice what Course to take, no other appeared than that of dismissing the eight-oared 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 hid 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

someone 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 begged 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 emboldened 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 attached to the Royal House of Stuart. 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 Enemy's 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 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 Prince immediately knew her, *Mr. MacDonald* of *South-Uist*, having formerly brought her to pay her Court to him at *Inverness*. "Miss *MacDonald*," 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 Prince'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 Prince in so wretched, so forlorn a Condition. But the Day declining apace, *O'Neil* proposed that *Ascanius* should put on her Servant's Clothes 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 occurred, it was concluded, that the Prince 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. Meantime 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 *MacDonald* appointed them to meet her as soon as possible at *Rushness in Benbicula*. But how to get thither was the Question. They must first pass by Land to the other Side of *South-Uist*, and there was but one Way, *viz.* by a Ford, at which a Party of the Militia were posted; and by these they durst not attempt to pass. However, Providence: directed them to a Place where they found a Boat, by the Help of which they got to the other Side of *Uist*, where seeing many of the Country-People, they hid themselves among some Bushes for several Hours. At last all Obstacles gave Way, and about Midnight they safely arrived at *Rushness*. But here they fell into more

Dangers, and met with fresh Disappointments. The Lady was not to be found at the Place assigned, and the next Morning a Party of Soldiers appeared in Sight, which obliged them to fly to a Moor, on which the Prince and Mr. *Sullivan* remained, while *O'Neil* went to Mr. *McDonald* of *Clanronald's* House; to enquire after Miss. The Captain found her there, and she gave him satisfactory Reasons for not meeting the Prince 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 concealed them 'till the Vessels were gone; and then they determined to march for Mr. *McDonalds*, 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 them told Mr. *Sullivan* that the Reason of their Flight was the Arrival of General *Campbell* at Mr. *McDonald's*, with Intention of seizing both him and all his People. *Ascanius* enquired 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 *Prince* 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 questioned 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 appeared impossible. To continue skulking about was the Way to be either taken or starved to Death for want of Food, having already lived 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 same Means for their Assistance. This was agreed to, and in the meantime *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 show 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 stationed there by Miss *McDonald* to direct *Ascanius*, if he should come there, where to find her. *O'Neil* had taken no Notice of this Fellow, if he had not asked him what he looked for there. "*I look,*" answered the Captain, with a careless Air of Evasion, "*for a pretty Lass.*" "*I fancy then,*" replied the Man, "*you look for Miss McDonald.*" *O'Neil*, though surprised, answered 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 Prince would have come. She suspected, that *Campbell's* Arrival obliged 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 formed for concealing the *Prince* 'till a Vessel could be found to convey him to *France*, she dispatched him to bring *Ascanius* and Mr. *Sullivan* to her. This was happily

affected; but how lively was the Prince'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 Clothes, and pass for her Maid. As for *Sullivan* and *O'Neil*, they cheerfully cried out, "*Let the Prince escape, and never mind us; so he be safe, it matters not what becomes of us; when we can no longer serve our Prince, 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 *Raasay*, where I will recommend you to the Care of Mr. *McLeod*, who will, think himself happy if he can find an Opportunity of serving Gentlemen who have merited so much by their Sufferings for their Loyalty: *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 Fullness of his Heart, but Grief stopped 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 *Prince* 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 returned 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 *Prince*, 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 *Skye*. Meantime 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; though 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 everything being ready, the generous Lady, accompanied by her Maid *Betty*, a trusty old Man Servant, named *M^cLean*, and two Rowers, set out for the Isle of *Skye*, 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, though only with a feigned Sincerity, to the Enemy; and therefore they would not look for the Prince 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 Prince 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 borrowed part, and perform as well as I can.” From this Subject, the Conversation, as they sailed along turned on the great Progress the *Prince’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 Royal Highness’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 ruined by their Attachment to my Interest: that I have involved them in mine and my Family’s Misfortunes! And thou too, my dear, *Sullivan*; thou best of Friends! Art thou too, who were once so happy, destined 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 *Prince* could not stop, and which so affected everyone else in the Boat, that all in silence joined with him in heartily weeping, ‘till they were roused 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 Skye, 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. *McDonald's* to know if he was at Home, and whither she might safely go thither. The old Man found his way thither but missed it in coming back; Meantime 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 As. 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 Duke of Cumberland but his Lady was at Home, and would do the Prince 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 at Nights, for Fear of a Discovery. But on the 13th in the Evening, a Parry of the *MacLeods*, having Intelligence that some Strangers were arrived at Sir A's, and knowing his Lady was well affected to the *Prince*, 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 nobody in the Room besides Lady *M.* and Miss and the supposed Maid,

they withdrew, after searching the Closets, etc. They examined *McLean*, but he confessed nothing but his being a Servant to Miss *McDonald*, and affirmed nobody 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 Prince was hiding in the Island in Disguise. Luckily at this Juncture Mr. *Macdonald* of *Kingsburgh* 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. *McDonald* (whose Disposition she well knew) who her Maid was, he resolved to take *Ascanius* with him to his House.

The *Prince* 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 *Kingsburgh*, and he and his new Friend were obliged to walk it; but Mr. *McDonald* though a lusty Man, was frequently forced to call upon *Ascanius* to slacken his Pace, so nimbly did the latter trudge it, notwithstanding his Petticoats, 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 *Kingsburgh Ascanius* remained but one Day. For on the 17th Miss *McDonald* 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 Clothes. Hereupon Mr. *McDonald* furnished him with a Suit of his own Clothes, and a Boat was hired to carry him to Mr. *McLeod* of *Raasay*. This Gentleman received *Ascanius* with all possible Demonstrations of Duty and Affection. The *Prince* who now hoped to see or hear of his dear Friends *Sullivan* and *O'Neil*, immediately enquired if they were at *Raasay* 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 *Skye*, where Mr. *McLeod* assured him the elder Laird of *McInnon* was both able and willing to do him all the Service possible in his present Circumstances.

Again *Ascanius* sets out for *Skye*, and though hazardous the Passage, he landed in Safety. Here, without any Attendant but an honest: Ferryman, he travelled 30 Miles on Foot, with his Linen and

provisions in a Wallet across his Shoulder: Nor would he suffer the Man to carry them one Step. Not knowing the Way to *McInnon's* House, among others he chanced to enquire of a Gentleman whom he met on the Top of a Mountain; who suspecting it was *Ascanius*, (for he had seen him while victorious at the Head of his Army) he boldly asked the Question. The Prince was surprised thereat, but seeing the Gentleman had only one other Person, his Servant, with him, he resolutely answered I am the *Prince*; 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 Prince," cried he, "you have not a Friend in the World who will run greater Hazards to serve you, than myself." In short, the Prince with Pleasure discovered him to be the brave Capt *McLeod*, who now begged he might have the Honour of conducting his Royal Highness to *McInnon's*, to which the *Prince* readily agreed. By the Way the Captain informed *Ascanius* that *Sullivan* and *O'Neil* were taken in *South-Uist*; as were Miss *McDonald*, Mr. *McDonald* of *Kingsburgh*, and Sir, A's Steward, in *Skye*; for the part they had acted in assisting his *Royal Highness* being in some Degree known. This Intelligence gave *Ascanius* more Uneasiness than all the Misfortunes he had met with since his unhappy Enterprise. 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 *Prince*-was quite stupefied with Grief when he arrived at *McInnon's*. The old Laird knew *Ascanius* at first Sight; but was so shocked 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 *Prince*. 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 Lochaber, 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 *Prince's* Escape. In vain did the generous *Ascanius* endeavour to dissuade the no less generous *McLeod*, who obstinately persisted in his heroic Purpose, and as punctually executed it; and probably this was a great Means towards the *Prince's* happy Arrival at *Lochaber*. The brave old Laird accompanied him by

Sea, and when he saw him safely landed, and as safely sheltered beneath a friendly Roof, in an unsuspected Place, the Sage returned for his native Soil, taking with him the Rev. Mr. *Cameron*, Brother to that *Lochiel* I have before mentioned, and of whom I shall have Occasion to speak again. But alas! Fortune, never weary of persecuting the Friends of *Ascanius*, sent Captain *Ferguson*, who intercepted *McInnon* in his Passage, and made the Laird, Mr. *Cameron*, and three of the Rowers Prisoners; but a Fourth leaped over-board and was drowned in trying to make the Land: But to return to *Ascanius*.

After remaining seven Days among his Friends in the *Glens* of *Morar*, a Messenger which he had dispatched into *Lochaber*, returned with a Letter from the valiant *Donald McDonald* of *Lochgarry*. This steady Chieftain, not daunted by the Power and .Progress of the victorious Enemy, nor checked by the uncertain hopeless Fate of his *Prince*, had full 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 *Lochaber* with his Presence, he would there find a hardy though 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 aver the great Hill of *Morar*, and *July 18th* he entered *Lochaber*, where *Lochgarry* joyfully received him at the Head of near one Hundred brave *McDonalds*. With these he kept roving about from Place to Place,

to elude the Vigilance of the Enemy's strong Detachments, who wished for nothing more than to overwhelm this little Party. *Lochgarry* told the Prince that the valiant and faithful *Lochiel*, who had happily recovered his Wounds: and hitherto escaped the Enemy, was still in his Country, though the greatest Part of it had submitted. This was grateful Intelligence to *Ascanius*, who highly valued the deserving *Locheil*. Nor was he less rejoiced at the current Report of Mr. *Sullivan's* not being taken, though his Companion *o'Neil* actually was: But what was become of the former, did not certainly appear: though .it was believed he had got into *France*, by means of an *Irish* Vessel that touched at *South-Uist*.

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

While they remained in *Badenoch*, Skirmishes frequently happened with the separate Parties of the Enemy, and many of the Prince'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 though these were often taken, yet being trusty

Fellows, they never betrayed anyone.

In the latter End of *August*, *Ascanius*, *Lochiel*, *Barrisdale*, and others, were hiding about in *Moidart*, when they received Advice that two *French* Privateers of considerable Force had sailed from *St. Malo* for *Scotland*, and *Sept. 6th* they came to Anchor in *Loch nan Uamh*, 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 Expense of his most Christian Majesty, on purpose to fetch off *Ascanius* and such of his Followers as should have the Happiness to get on board. The *Prince* took it for a good Omen that these Vessels happened to arrive in *Loch nan Uamh*, 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 wished for, and now almost unlooked 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 waited 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 where his Enemies or rather so great the Favour of Heaven, that he escaped the Notice of all who desired to hurt him.

Meantime his faithful *Lochiel*, with the Doctor (*Lochiel's* Brother) and *Ludovick 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 dis. I will be the last Man to leave the Country, and if 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, if 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 Prince, 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 *Prince* and his Friends landed.

The Moment *Ascanius* set Foot on the *French* Shore, 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 *Prince* 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 equipped by the Gentlemen of *Morlaix* and Places adjacent. Upon the *Prince's* Arrival at *Paris*, the King, though' 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 Royal Highness, you have suffered much, my Prince, you have acquired immortal Honour, and we trust you will one Day reap the Fruits of your extraordinary merit."

F I N I S