

THAT royal marriages have been too frequently affairs of State, agreed to because of certain mutual advantages, will be generally conceded, yet some royal marriages, including that of King Cophetua, have not been wanting in romance. Never, indeed, was fairy tale fuller of interest and excitement than the narrative of the courtship, elopement, and espousals of Marie Casimire Clémentine Sobieski¹, grandchild of the famous Pole who, in 1683, saved Vienna from the Turks, and whose grateful contemporaries declared him to be “a man sent from God, whose name was John.” None of the elements are wanting—a captive princess of rare beauty, a gallant suitor, a cruel king, faithful friends to aid the lovers, spies to watch them, hairbreadth escapes! What more can be desired? The tale is told by one of the principal actors, in two quaint volumes. The first, in English, was published only three years after the events it records, and bears this ponderous title²:

FEMALE FORTITUDE
exemplify'd in an important
NARRATIVE
of the
SEIZURE, ESCAPE, AND MARRIAGE
of the Princess
CLEMENTINE SOBIESKY,

As it was particularly set down by Mr. Charles Wogan³
(formerly one of the Preston Prisoners) who was
a chief manager in the whole affair.
Now published for the entertainment of the curious.

Quo ducent fata sequamur.—Virg. *Æn.*

London:
Printed in the year 1722.

¹ In Polish, the family name agrees with the gender of the bearer; so her last name should be [Sobieska](#), granddaughter of John III Sobieski..

² The original pamphlet (published in 1722) was copied in the Dublin review, Third Series, Volume 24 for July-October 1890, [page 302](#).

³ Colonel Charles Wogan, exiled Chief of Cineal Aodh, who still held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of France, and was much esteemed in the Irish Brigade, and a great favourite with the King, on account of his many sufferings in the Stuart cause, as well as his own individual merit. He was one of the firmest adherents of King James, and also a member of the ancient Norman-Irish family of Wogan of Rathcoffey, in the county of Kildare, and nephew of his Excellency the Duke of Tyrconnell, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for King James II.

It will be observed that the name of the publisher is not given; the undertaking involved too much risk for his identity to be revealed. The second edition, written in French, and containing many amusing details omitted in the first, appeared several years later, when the son of the marriage brought about by the writer had grown to manhood. It was, doubtless, intended to interest the public in the Young Chevalier, the child of romance, and to prepare men's minds for his subsequent descent on the Scottish coast to pursue the claims of his father. The little book, was, however, dedicated to Marie Leczinska, queen of Louis XV., and



was ostensibly intended for her information, as she had inquired about the escape from Innsbruck. All copies, but one retained by the author, were presented to her. Many of the details given in the present account of the Old Chevalier's romantic marriage are drawn from the French edition, of which not a copy is to be found in the British Museum.⁴ The heroine of both narratives, the Princess Clémentine, was born July 17, 1702, at Ohlau, in Silesia, where her father, Prince James Louis Sobieski, an unsuccessful candidate for the crown of Poland, lived at the time, and kept up royal state on a comparatively limited income. Her mother, Edwige Elizabeth Amelia, of Neuburg, was aunt to the Emperor Charles VI of Austria, and the Sobieskis were likewise connected with the

reigning houses of Spain and Bavaria. Clémentine, their third daughter, grew up lovely, sweet-natured and accomplished, and when she was sixteen years of age was sought in marriage by the unfortunate son of James II—"the Old Chevalier." This alliance was first proposed to the Chevalier by Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Wogan, a poet, a courtier, and a gentleman, in later years the friend and correspondent of Swift, and the subject of complimentary verses from the Duke of Wharton. Wogan was descended from an ancient family in Kildare, and devoted to the cause of the Stuarts. He had given proofs of his fidelity during the disastrous expedition of 1715, had shared his royal master's wanderings, and, on the defeat of his hopes, had entered the French service. When the question of an alliance was raised, Wogan visited Ohlau, apparently for pleasure, but really to observe the characters and dispositions of the Polish princesses. The eldest, Casimire, had been brought up in Rome by her grandmother, the Queen Dowager of Poland; he reported her to be somewhat stiff and formal, and the slave of etiquette. Charlotte, the second girl (afterwards Duchesse de

⁴ The writer is indebted to Mrs. Atkinson, the gifted authoress of "The Life of Mary Aikenhead," for the loan of a transcript of this version made by herself from the original.

Bouillon), he considered wanting in dignity. For little Clémentine he had nothing but praise, and, acting on his advice, the Chevalier proposed for her. The Prince and Princess Sobieski looked favourably on this chance of establishing their daughter in life. The latter hoped that her imperial nephew would, for her sake, espouse the quarrel of her son-in-law elect, the Jacobites had a strong party in the British islands, George I. was un-English and unpopular, and there was every reason to expect that a counter revolution might before many years place the young couple on the throne. All was progressing favourably, though the affair was kept a profound secret, when it was suddenly represented to the Chevalier that, situated as he was, it was impolitic to entrust an affair of such importance to one who was an Irish Catholic, and that this course of action was likely to prejudice public opinion against him in his native country. Wogan was accordingly recalled, the matter was taken out of his hands, and placed in those of the Hon. James Murray, and his brother-in-law, the Hon. John Hay. Within a short time information as to it reached the English Court. The wonder is that it was not known before, when we learn that Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery, private secretary to the Chevalier, was in the pay of Sir Robert Walpole, and received from him the handsome stipend of £2000 a year for his services. George I was enraged at the prospect of an alliance which would connect the Stuarts with so many reigning families. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Austrian Emperor. The King threatened to break the Quadruple Alliance, and send forces by land and sea to enable the King of Spain to seize on Sicily and Italy, while the Princess Clémentine was told that the sum of £100,000 would be added to her dowry if she consented to wed the Prince of Baden. In the meantime Mr. Hay had set out to fetch the bride, and, under the care of her mother, the Princess had already travelled a considerable distance through her cousin's dominions, on her way to meet her *fiancé* at Bologna, when the English Ambassador at Vienna became so urgent, and uttered so many thinly veiled menaces, that Charles, after wavering for a time, submitted, and gave orders for the arrest of his aunt and her daughter. The Empress mother was indignant at this weakness, and, possibly with her son's connivance, contrived to delay the execution of the order. The courier was detained three days on the road, and put up at an inn, pretending to have been injured by a fall from his horse, so that if despatch had been used, the Sobieskis might have left Innsbruck before he arrived. This plan was frustrated by Hay's negligence, and by the carelessness of the Princess Sobieski, who could not forego the pleasure of passing some time with her brother, the Bishop of Augsburg, and actually spent a week in the episcopal city having her jewels reset. It was no use trying to aid such people. Though the courier was six days on the road instead of three, he arrived at Innsbruck the day before the Princess Sobieski and her daughter, who were immediately arrested and lodged in the Castle, under the guardianship of General Heister. Hay was set at liberty, and arrived in a sorry plight at Bologna to tell of his failure. The matter had been rendered much more difficult by this misadventure, and the Prince, who now regretted his action, had no choice but to apologise to Wogan, and beg of him to attempt the rescue of his betrothed. That faithful friend consented, and all appeals, all representations to the timorous Emperor having failed, it was agreed that their only chance was to persuade Princess Clémentine and her parents to consent to an elopement. Wogan asked his royal master for a letter to show Prince Sobieski, inducing him to urge his daughter to have full confidence in the envoy, and was armed by the Chevalier with authority to do whatever he judged best to attain the desired end. On his way through Bologna, he had an interview with the Cardinal Legate Oregio, who, alone with the Pope and the principals, knew the secret.

He arrived safely at Innsbruck, saw the Princess Sobieski, showed her his credentials, delivered letters from his royal master and obtained her conditional assent to the plan he proposed. She insisted, however, before putting it into execution, that her husband should be consulted, and send some token of his approval. M. Châteaudeau, her gentleman usher, promised Wogan to keep him informed as to events at Innsbruck, and was directed to address

his letters in care of a banker at Strasburg.

Our adventurer next journeyed to Ohlau to find Prince Sobieski; but here a new difficulty presented itself. So persuaded was the latter that his daughter's escape was impossible, that for a long time he refused to put pen to paper. He was angry with the Emperor, but unwilling to move farther in the matter, declaring the enterprise to be Quixotic, impossible of execution, and, to quote Wogan, "talked much good sense." True, Wogan was sumptuously lodged and treated with every consideration, so much so that rumours and speculations as to his business excited the curiosity of the courtiers, but he made no progress. New Year's Day came, and Prince Sobieski's treasurer presented the envoy, as a mark of his master's good will, with a magnificent snuff-box, formed of a single turquoise set in gold, found amongst other jewels in the famous scarlet pavilion of Kara Mustapha, the Grand Vizier, at his defeat by John Sobieski. Wogan refused the splendid gift, and when Prince Sobieski pressed him for the reason, he replied that he was deeply grateful for the honour shown him, but protested that "devoted as he was to his Highness, he could not think of returning to Italy with a refusal for his master and a present for himself." Touched by this reply, Prince Sobieski at last consented to give the requisite instructions to his wife and daughter, invited Wogan to a *tête-à-tête* dinner, and bestowed the snuff-box on him as they walked up and down together afterwards. All the facilities that he desired were granted, and it was settled that the Starosta⁵ and the Staroscina Clebouski were to join him at Vienna, and assist him to establish secret communications with the imprisoned Princess.

We have already alluded to the curiosity as to Wogan and his mission which prevailed at the Polish Court. He kept his secret well, and by wit and prudence succeeded for long in baffling all inquiries without exciting mistrust, but Prince Sobieski was not as prudent. In a burst of confidence he revealed how matters stood to a certain German baron—and it was with much difficulty and considerable expenditure that Wogan succeeded in gaining over that gentleman to his side. Startled by the result of his communicativeness, Prince Sobieski held his peace thenceforth; but the danger was not over—woman's guile was now to be employed against the Irishman's mission. Amongst the noted beauties at Ohlau was the Countess de Berg, a handsome intriguing woman, and a spy in the Austrian service. The honour shown to Wogan puzzled her; who or what he was she could not divine," and moreover no one could give her the information she desired, so she and her agents watched the stranger night and day, only to be outwitted by a vigilance still keener than their suspicions; yet, without proofs of any danger to Austria threatened by him, the wily Countess, while expressing her regret at Wogan's announcement of his speedy departure, sent secretly a message to her brother, the Governor of Breslau, to have the stranger arrested at Prague, whither he ostentatiously announced his intention of going. He set out in February in a splendid coach, belonging to Prince Sobieski, drawn by six Polish horses, and all went smoothly till they reached Strahlen (Strakonitz?), where he pretended to fall ill, and remained for twenty-four hours confined at an inn there. When he found it convenient to recover, he made a sudden detour to the left, and then posted to Vienna without venturing near Prague, arriving safely in two or three days with the satisfaction of having completely outwitted the Austrian spy. At Vienna he called on the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor George Spinola, and endeavoured to enlist his good offices with the Emperor in favour of releasing Princess Clémentine, but he "soon found that the English had more power at Court than the Pope." Meanwhile the Starosta Clebouski and his wife, who were to have followed him immediately, had not arrived, and what was his consternation on receiving a despatch from Prince Sobieski saying that, frightened at the dangers to be encountered, the pair had withdrawn from their solemn engagement. Prince

⁵ Starosta – title of a nobleman holding an estate at court and (Starośina) his wife.

Sobieski himself, depressed by failure and desertion, cancelled all the extraordinary powers conferred on Wogan.

Baffled but not defeated, the indomitable envoy set about forming a new plan, and made up his mind to seek for fresh credentials from Prince Sobieski that would empower him to choose such persons as he should consider proper to aid him; but being afraid, after his narrow escape from the fascinating Countess and her brother, to return himself to Ohlau, he resolved to write to the Chevalier, telling his story, and begging him to send him some trustworthy person who could be sent to Silesia. He remained at Augsburg in disguise until the arrival of the Chevalier's confidential valet, Michael Vezzosi, a Florentine of proved fidelity. This man was at once despatched to Ohlau, with instructions to remind the Prince that though failure might cost the lives of Wogan and his friends, it could only mean a somewhat longer imprisonment for the captive princess. Having arranged with Vezzosi where they were to meet, and speeded him on his journey, the indefatigable Wogan now set out himself for Strasburg, where he found a letter from Châteaudeau awaited him. From this communication, he learned that the Chevalier had left Rome, and, as it was rumoured his object was to carry off his *fiancée*, guards had been doubled at the Castle of Innsbruck. Next day came a second and more alarming epistle. The Chevalier had been seized at Voghera by the Imperial troops, and conducted to the Castle of Milan! Still another day passed, and a letter was delivered from Mr. Murray, a Scotch gentleman in the service of the Chevalier at Rome, which set all fears at rest. James had indeed gone, but to Spain, on the pressing invitation of King Philip V, and the better to conceal his real movements, let it be understood he was going to meet the Princess, who had found means to escape from her captors. Mr. Murray added that the Earls of Mar and Perth had been stopped by the Emperor's soldiers between Voghera and Milan, which probably gave rise to the rumour of the Chevalier's imprisonment. Before his departure, that prince had left commands for Wogan to follow up the enterprise, and had provided the Sieur Conalsky with a procuration, or licence, enabling him to espouse the Princess Clémentine as proxy for her lover, if the project succeeded.

So far all had gone well, Wogan therefore busied himself in making his final preparations. He ordered a roomy travelling carriage to be made with springs of unusual strength, double traces, ropes, and extra tackle of all sorts for use in case of accident. This was to be drawn by six horses and accompanied by three armed outriders. Help, of course, was necessary in such a dangerous enterprise, and Wogan chose as his associates three countrymen of his own—namely, Major Richard Gaydon⁶ of Irishtown, Captain Luke Toole, or O'Toole of Victoria, and Captain John Misset of Kildare, all officers in the regiment of Wogan's near relative, General Count Arthur Dillon, then stationed at Schelestat, not far from Strasburg. These, with Wogan himself and Michael Vezzosi, who had been instrumental in contriving the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower, were to comprise the men of the party. That the Princess Clémentine might not lack the society of one of her own sex, the wife of Captain Misset, a young gentlewoman of Irish extraction, but educated in France, pretty, warm-hearted, and winning, was asked to share in the expedition. She was by nature timid, and, moreover, about to become a mother, so that caution was used in broaching the subject to her, but as soon as she knew of it, she said with spirit that she would “gladly venture all for the sake of the husband she loved and of her rightful sovereign.” When in Rome, Wogan had taken the precaution of obtaining from Count Galass, the Austrian Ambassador, a passport made out in the name of Count de Cernes, supposed to be a Flemish gentleman journeying with his family

⁶ The Chevalier Richard Gaydon of Irishtown, a Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Major of the regiment of Lieutenant-General Count Arthur Dillon, and grandnephew of the Duke of Tyrconnell.

to the Shrine of Loretto in fulfillment of a vow. Major Gaydon and Madame Misset were to represent the Count and Countess de Cernes, Wogan that lady's brother, O'Toole, Misset, and Vezzosi were to act as armed attendants. Madame Misset's maid, Jenny, was to accompany the party to wait on her mistress, and Wogan suggested that she should change clothes with the Princess Clémentine and endeavour to personate her for as long as possible after her escape. They did not venture to tell Jenny the true nature of the enterprise on which they were engaged. She was informed that Captain Toole had fallen in love with a beautiful heiress whose friends opposed the match, and that he was now about to carry off the lady. Some one has said that human nature is very prevalent among women, especially among servant-maids, and Jenny was no exception to her class. She entered *con amore* into the plot, delighted in picturing the dismay of the cruel relatives of the Captain's sweetheart, and readily consented to take her place for a day or two, vowing it was "as good as a play."

While all these preparations were being conducted with the utmost secrecy, a grand ball was given by the mayor of Schelestat, and amongst the guests was Major Gaydon. Wogan, who had remained at home in conversation with Lieutenant-General Lally, the father of the celebrated and unfortunate Lally Tolendal, was much alarmed at seeing his friend return hastily soon after midnight, with consternation depicted on his countenance. On inquiring the reason, he learned that it was currently reported at the ball that the Princess Clémentine had been carried off from Innsbruck, on the 30th of the previous month, by an Irish gentleman named Wogan, on hearing which Gaydon hurried off to tell his colleagues all was lost. Wogan, though alarmed, retained his presence of mind. The falseness of the report, he said, was in their favour. Its inaccuracy would soon be discovered, and people would be less likely to believe other and possibly better founded rumours on the same subject. Still, the knowledge that something with regard to their expedition must have leaked out filled him with uneasiness, and made him anxious to leave as soon as he could. All was at last in readiness. Vezzosi arrived from Ohlau with the necessary powers, and on the 8th of April, 1719, the little party set out for Strasburg. Count Dillon, commander of the regiment⁷ to which O'Toole, Misset, and Gaydon belonged was at the time in Paris, but Wogan, mistrusting the posts, did not venture to write to him asking leave of absence for his officers, taking it for granted that the Count would sanction anything for the good of their sovereign, James III.

No sooner had our travellers arrived at Strasburg than Wogan was arrested by order of the Regent Orleans, who had given strict injunctions that the Earls of Mar and Perth, subjects of King James, should be seized did they attempt to enter France. As our friend did not answer to the description of one or other of these noblemen he was set at liberty, "the magistrates," to quote Wogan, "little suspecting they had just freed a person much more dangerous to the Quadruple Alliance than either."

On the 17th of April, 1719, they left Strasburg, and despite the badness of the roads, reached the frontiers of Bavaria and Tyrol on the 21st of the same month. Misset and Michael Vezzosi now rode on to inform Châteaudeau that the others would wait instructions at a village called Nazareth, two posts from Innsbruck, and that he was to communicate with them through the medium of Konski, the Polish page of the Princess Sobieski. On the 23rd of April the rest of the party reached Nazareth, and soon after Konski arrived to say it had been decided by his august mistress that the attempted escape should take place on the night of the 27th. That was still four days off, and delay was fraught with danger. The arrival of strangers was likely to excite comment in the village, and might reach the ears of the authorities; moreover, to the great alarm of our friends, the landlord of the little inn where they stopped

⁷ Dillon's Irish also known as the "Wild Geese".

recognised Konski as an attendant of the Princess Sobieski. To divert his suspicions, Toole, who spoke German like a native, made friendly overtures to him, asked questions about Augsburg, and inquired the address of a certain Herr Canvar, a banker there, known to the innkeeper, thus allowing him to understand that that town was their destination. Meanwhile, another trouble had arisen. According to the English version, Jenny, the maid, so bold and fearless at Strasburg, felt her courage ooze away as the time drew near when she was to personate an unknown lady, and remain behind among strangers, nor was she to be comforted and consoled until her mistress presented her with a rich suit of damask, and the whole party solemnly swore no harm should come to her. The later French edition adds that their difficulties with Jenny were not yet over. True, she was now decided to aid in carrying out the scheme, but a fresh obstacle had to be overcome, more serious to her mind than all the risks to be run, since, as the daughter of an Irish dragoon, she did not want spirit. The facts were these. The lassie was no beauty; that was admitted by her best friends, but, like many plain women, she was inordinately vain of her good points, which, besides her fine figure, were, in her own eyes, her uncommon height and her pretty feet. To increase the one and show off the other of these advantages, she was accustomed to wear the daintiest shoes possible in her position, with heels nearly five inches high, vowing she could walk in no others, and was fond of contrasting herself with Captain Toole, the tallest, and, according to many, the handsomest man in his regiment, who stood about six feet three. When it was explained to her that unless she wore shoes without heels the difference in stature between herself and “the heiress” would be too marked, she flew into a rage, and declared that though she was prepared to face any danger, if need be, she would wear ugly, low shoes for no one in the world. The shoes were insisted on, however, and a shoemaker was called in to measure her, when, in a towering passion, Jenny struck the man such a blow on his nose that it bled profusely. Her sweet-tempered little mistress, frightened almost out of her senses at this storm in a teacup, absolutely went down on her knees to beg of her to be quiet. Miss Jenny then had the grace to grow somewhat ashamed of her conduct, relented, apologised, and suffered herself to be measured in silence for the obnoxious foot-gear.

On the 27th of April our friends left the inn at Nazareth, taking the Augsburg road, but having gone a little way they drove across and got safely to Innsbruck, putting up at the Aigle Noir, where they stabled their horses, got all in readiness, and waited for nightfall. Now that Princess Sobieski has been so long dead, I hope it is not treason to say she must have been rather a tiresome person to deal with. Every arrangement had been made to carry out their scheme at once, but not content with the results of her former delay at Augsburg, she now sent a message asking the rescuers to defer their departure for a day or two, as the weather was bad, and she did not like her daughter to brave it. Wogan, however, was firmer than Hay, and replied that all arrangements had been made for that night, that the storm was to their advantage, and that so good an opportunity might never recur. The lady consequently yielded.

Princess Clémentine had been previously instructed to feign illness for two or three days before her intended flight, and Jenny was desired when she replaced her to confine herself to bed for a day or two, saying she was worse, and refusing to see any one but her supposed mother. So well was the secret kept that even the Countess Gabriel, the governess of the princess and her intimate friend, was not told of their approaching separation, lest her grief should rouse suspicion. Châteaudeau had promised Wogan to be at hand about midnight to introduce Jenny into the princess’s chamber, clad in “a shabby ridinghood, and female surtout of the English fashion,” which Clémentine was to put on. The latter was then to be escorted by the gentleman usher down a back stair, through a side-door, and across the street to a corner where Wogan and Toole would await her and convoy her to the inn, where the rest of the party were assembled. Wogan and Toole, with Jenny, proceeded to the *rendezvous* at the

appointed time, the last-named grumbling audibly at the discomforts she endured paddling along through the rain in her new shoes without heels. Not much notice, however, was taken of her complaints, but as the men talked in whispers to each other, the girl's sharp ears caught something about "the princess," and stopping short she cried, "Surely Captain Toole is not foolish enough to think of carrying off a princess?" They reassured her with difficulty, being "oblig'd to stop her mouth with fresh Protestations, and some Pieces of Gold," and at midnight she tapped as directed at the postern-door, which was opened immediately by Châteaudeau, who led the girl upstairs. The Princess Clémentine, in accordance with her assumed character of invalid, had retired early, but, when left alone, rose, dressed herself, and spent the short time that remained to her in affectionate conversation with her weeping mother. That the Princess Sobieski should not be blamed for her daughter's flight, Clémentine wrote a letter asking pardon for what she was about to do, and excusing herself on the plea that all laws, human and divine, compelled a woman to follow her husband. Too soon it seemed to the afflicted women, Châteaudeau knocked softly to tell them Jenny had come, and Clémentine took the elder princess tenderly in her arms. "My dear mother," she said, "I am just a-going, and must ask your blessing; the maid is come who is to take my place."

While she was putting on her travelling dress the pert Jenny was watching every movement of "the heiress," and at last broke in, "You little think, madam, how many people you have made languish with desire to see you." Then having minutely surveyed her from head to foot, she added, "I can't but say you are very handsome, and well worth the pains they have taken about you." Clémentine smiled, and Jenny having helped her on with hood and cloak, gave her a hearty kiss, which was warmly returned. With one last close embrace to her mother, the fugitive followed Châteaudeau down the winding stair.

All day the storm had been increasing in violence, and now a furious tempest raged over the town of Innsbruck. The wind swept the narrow streets like cavalry charges, driving the sleet before it; the sleet crept back during the lulls, like scattered troops re-forming, drops coming down sharp, straight and pitiless as musketry fire, splashing the swishing water from every pool, as bullets rip the earth. The night was not one for a Christian to be abroad, thought the shivering sentry who paced up and down by the dark walls of the *schloss*, and grumbled that his commanding officers, now safely housed in barracks, had provided no sentry-box into which he might creep. Very tempting to the shivering man was the red light gleaming, despite the lateness of the hour, from the window of the little *gasthof* opposite, whispering of a cosy hearth, cheerful society, and a glass or two of *schnapps*. Should he cross the street, and for one moment enjoy these comforts? Why not? There was no danger, no special need for watchfulness—above all, not a soul was in sight. Who indeed except a poor sentry would be abroad on such a night? While the man deliberated, he was unconscious that his movements were anxiously scrutinised, and that close to where he stood the princess he was set to guard but waited for him to turn his back to make a rush for liberty. At last his meditations ended as might have been expected. No sooner had he entered the little inn than the trembling Clémentine ventured forth, and swiftly but noiselessly gained the corner, where stood Wogan and Toole in a fever of impatience and anxiety at the delay.

After a hasty but respectful greeting, they made their way as best they could to the inn, battling with the wind, stopping now and then to turn their backs to it, and breathe more freely, keeping to the middle of the narrow thoroughfares to escape the drenching torrents vomited by every gutter, down-pipe, and hopper-head, till they reached the Black Eagle, where the rest of the party were assembled. One slight adventure they had. Wogan had given Clémentine his arm, and though scarcely a word passed between them in their anxiety, he did all that he could for her comfort. She hesitated on the brink of an overflowing channel, and

he, seeing something in the centre that he took for a log, desired her step there. She obeyed, but the supposed log proved to be a floating wisp of hay, and down went the poor little princess over her ankles in wet and mud. Wogan was aghast at his mistake, but there was no time for apologies; he hurried her on, and soon they found themselves in the cheerful sitting-room with Captain and Madame Misset, Gaydon and Michael. Madame Misset removed Jenny's old cloak from the shoulders of the dripping princess, helped her on with a dress of her own she had aired in readiness, pulled off her shoes and stockings, and warmed her frozen feet by thrusting them into Wogan's and Gaydon's muffs. Clémentine hastily swallowed some hot spiced wine and put on dry foot-gear while the carriage was being brought round. Konski, her mother's page, had followed her, bearing a parcel containing a few articles of inside clothing and a casket with her own jewels and those of the Stuarts, brought to her two months previously by the Marquis de Magny, and valued at the lowest computation at 150,000 pistoles. The narrative goes on to say that when Konski saw his young mistress delivered over to such a band of strangers, he was either so grief-stricken or so frightened that he laid down his packet and ran away. On account of the delay caused by the sentry, it was two in the morning before they fairly started, Captain Misset, who had gone on to see if the coast was clear—to act, in fact, as pilot-engine—was to wait for them at the top of the Brenner, five leagues from Innsbruck. Every one in the inn, except the landlady, had retired when the carriage drove out of the courtyard. They passed through the faubourg not far from the schloss, tears gathered in Clémentine's eyes as she thought of her mother; a moment later she remembered the jewels—if they were found, all Innsbruck would be upon their track. There was nothing for it but to fetch them. Toole rode hastily back, and the others waited "in silence and alarm." Arrived at the Black Eagle, he found the weary landlady had gone to bed, first closing the gateway, which was secured by a bolt. Exerting his prodigious strength, Toole absolutely raised it off its hinges, made his way to the room they had left, felt about in the dark till he found the casket, seized it, groped his way out, and galloped off without being seen or heard by one of the inmates. By sunrise the party were fifteen miles from Innsbruck. At Brenner they came up with Misset, and here the Princess Clémentine fainted from grief, fatigue, and want of food. Fortunately, however, Madame Misset had in her pocket a tiny bottle of Eau de Carmes, and a teaspoonful revived the poor girl, who, when she had partaken of food, soon recovered her spirits. She delighted her companions by her cheerfulness. They wanted to place a cushion under her head that she might sleep, but she would not hear of it, and took the greatest interest in asking questions about England, the chief families there, the manners, dress, and customs of the people, and so on. She learned several English phrases, and made Wogan tell her all about the Preston prisoners, of whom he himself had been one, and the adventures of the Chevalier in Scotland. "After this," says the narrative, "Major Gaydon entertain'd her with the many Sieges and Battles that General Dillon's regiment of the Irish Brigade had been engaged in, particularly the Battle of Cremona; and the Pleasure she took in hearing these Martial Stories showed her to be the 'genuine Spring of the great Sobieski.'" They galloped down hill to Brixen at the foot of the Brenner, beguiling the time by singing and telling stories; but gradually the conversation ceased, for the party were tired out, and by degrees they all dropped off to sleep except Wogan, who only kept his eyes open by taking huge pinches of snuff as was then the custom. At last, towards evening, he too dozed, and suddenly let the packet of snuff drop on the curly head of Clémentine, who had fallen asleep at the bottom of the carriage, resting against his knees. She awoke with a start and a little cry of alarm, and poor Wogan was so taken aback that he could only stammer, "Highness, it will not occur again." Nor did it; for by a wonderful effort of will he did not once close his eyes till they reached Verona, after a further journey of forty-six hours. Much annoyance was caused the fugitives by the difficulty of obtaining post-horses. They found that the Princess of Baden and her son, whom Clémentine

had been bribed to marry, were preceding them on their way to Rome, and as they travelled with great pomp and circumstance, they secured everywhere the best animals, so that when Wogan and his party followed an hour or two later, he could only find screws that had been rejected, or tired beasts smoking from the traces. Once the coachman and postillion proved to be either drunk or stupid, and a fatal accident was averted almost by a miracle. It happened thus: the road wound along a precipice that stood sheer above the Adige, and, as usual, the horses were galloping down hill, when suddenly a heavy German waggon, laden with goods, rounded a corner and appeared right in their path. The men, instead of drawing up to let it pass, drove on as if mad. The waggon taking the inside of the road, they took the outside, and might have gone over the precipice, but that the wheel came in contact with the trunk of a tree on the edge of the abyss, so that the carriage was violently capsized into the middle of the road. Wogan, the only one awake inside, jumped out to find O'Toole, white with rage, lashing the coachman with his riding whip. Every one wanted to know how the accident had happened, but O'Toole, fearing to terrify the princess and the delicate Madame Misset, refused to give any explanation of the danger they had run.

They were not yet out of the Emperor's territory, and the fear of being pursued and overtaken before they passed the frontiers of the Venetian States was ever present with them. To guard against unpleasant possibilities, it was decided that O'Toole and Misset should now remain behind to guard the retreat, while Michael rode forward to secure horses.

On the 29th of April, at a village eight leagues from Trent, O'Toole had just ordered supper, when who should arrive in hot haste but a courier, barely two hours after Clémentine had departed. The poor fellow was tired to death, having ridden day and night, and gladly accepted an invitation to share their meal. In answer to his inquiries, they represented themselves as merchants, bound for the fair of Trent; O'Toole, who, as we have mentioned, spoke German like a native, passing for a fellow countryman, and Misset, his "partner," professing to be a Savoyard. The courier soon grew communicative under the influence of good-fellowship, told them the object of his journey was to have "the bandits" captured who had carried off the princess, and showed his despatches to that effect. One can fancy how sympathetic he found O'Toole and Misset as he went on to say how hard he had ridden, to convey General Heister's message to the Prince of Thurm and Taxis, Governor of the Trentine Provinces, and how he hoped they "would soon seize the rascals." Never were men kinder, but they told him they thought he might as well spare himself trouble, for a party answering to his description had passed through a long time before, and were probably at the moment beyond reach of pursuit. Meanwhile, they urged him to eat and drink, O'Toole plying him with liquor, while Misset, a capital actor, pantomimed pity and dismay. The last-named conspirator had slyly filled a jug with the strongest Strasburg brandy, and telling the courier that the wine of the country was uncommonly strong, advised him to add plenty of water to it. He agreed, seized the jug and diluted (!) his draught with the contents, swallowing the fiery mixture at a gulp, to reappear from the depths of his drinking vessel with a very flushed countenance, crying that it was indeed "infernally strong," when they immediately poured in more "water." Gradually, his speech grew thicker, he wandered from the subject, mingled praise of his jovial companions with execrations of the fugitives, and tossed off glass after glass of the fortified wine. When at last he subsided into stupor, they helped him to bed, disembarassed him of his documents, and leaving him to sleep for twenty-four hours without stirring, rode on to rejoin their party.

By this time the others had reached Trent, and were much annoyed by the conduct of the Governor, who seemed to delight in putting obstacles in their way out of pure perversity. Alas for them, if General Heister's courier had reached him before they were well out of the town! The Princess of Baden and her suite had, moreover, established themselves at all the

inns, and there was consequently no room for our poor travellers; besides this, Clémentine, whose appearance was well known to the Princess of Baden and her chief attendants, was in mortal terror of being recognised, and so, afraid to stir out, she sat from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M. in a corner of her carriage in the grand square of Trent, carefully veiling her face, before they were able to conciliate the Governor, secure fresh horses, and pursue their journey. Between Trent and Roveredo, the road wound along the verge of a frightful precipice, which greatly alarmed Madame Misset, but the princess sweetly cheered and encouraged her, until they had passed it by. At Roveredo no horses were to be had, and they were forced to proceed with those they had already used. During the halt, Clémentine expressed a wish for tea, which by some accident was handed her in a can that had contained oil. She made no complaint, but drank it, and it was only when she handed back the vessel that its condition was discovered. They had gone about six miles farther with their tired steeds when the axle broke. This was mended with the assistance of some peasants, but broke again within half a mile of the next post; the carriage, however, fell so gently, being supported by two countrymen, as not to waken the princess, who had fallen into a sound sleep. Wogan carefully lifted her out; but, owing to the darkness, did not see a pool of water, into which her foot dipped. She woke with a start, calling on her mother, then remembering where she was, said merrily, "What say you to this Wogan, who always finds stepping-stones to wet me? This was a little unlucky, for I never slept better in my life." At Allo, too, they could find no lodgings, all the inns being again occupied by the Princess of Baden and her train. They roused a smith, who promised to have the broken axle mended by seven in the morning, so Michael with two of the party remained to look after the coach, while the Princess Clémentine and Madame Misset were accommodated with a small country cart, on which they sat crouched up, leaning against each other, and soon fell asleep once more. Wogan and Gaydon walked one on each side, as escort. After a drive of about three miles the sleepers awoke, to see before them a great white wall, the boundary between the Emperor of Austria's dominions and the Venetian States. One can fancy with what joy and mutual congratulations they passed into safety.

On Sunday, the 13th of April, they arrived at Sery about five A.M. and heard Mass. Here the horses got time to rest, and on leaving Sery our travellers did not halt till they reached Verona. When nearing Chivova, the first garrison town of the Venetians, they had to pass a third precipice on the bank of the Adige. The narrow road was cut in the solid rock, and dated from Roman times. Here again Madame Misset's courage was put to the test and her nerves sadly shaken, but the cheerful little princess led her across by the hand, going first herself, would not suffer her to look down, and comforted her as before. At Chivova, for the first time, our wearied travellers undressed and lay down in peace.

On Monday, May 1st, the journey was resumed. They rested at Stellate, Michael being sent on to Ferrara to inquire for the Sieur de Conalski, whom the Chevalier promised should represent him at the marriage.

On the 2nd of May they put up at the Hotel de Selarin at Bologna, and the princess sent a message to the Archbishop, Cardinal Origo, a friend of her family, and, as before mentioned, an acquaintance of Wogan's, announcing her arrival, but desiring it should not be made public. Next day the Cardinal came on foot, to pay her Highness a private visit, and on the 4th he sent her a present of "a toylet, artificial flowers, and other little things." He also offered her a box at the Opera, where she could see without being seen, and the services of an officer to show her the curiosities of the town. On the 8th of May came an express from Mr. Murray, the Chevalier's agent, saying he would be that night in Bologna, so a second messenger was despatched to Ferrara for Conalski. Murray arrived as promised, bringing with him Mr. Maas, an English priest, but Conalski did not appear.

On the morning of the 9th of May the princess rose early, went to Mass, and received the Holy Communion. Conalski had not arrived, so the Marquis of Monti-Boularois, a man of high rank and a friend to the Stuart cause, was asked to represent Prince James Charles. When Mass was over, and the witnesses had assembled, the Chevalier's proxy delivered the powers left him, which were publicly read. The prince signified therein his readiness to marry the Princess Clémentine, and in accordance with his wish the ceremony took place immediately after, a ring being used which he had left for the purpose. The Chevalier quitted Spain for Rome as soon as he heard of his wife's safe arrival at Bologna. On the 15th of May, 1719, Clémentine entered the capital in state, amidst general rejoicings, the only exceptions being the Austrian and Hanoverian ambassadors; and on the 2nd of September she was publicly wedded to the Stuart Prince.

Not without reason do romance writers let the curtain fall on the happy marriage of the heroine; did they chronicle further they might have many a disillusionment, many a trial, many a profound regret to record; and so we prefer to leave the fair Clémentine in the pride of her youth and beauty, beloved by rich and poor, and still the idol of a devoted husband, rather than lift the veil that hangs over her short life.

The reader may be interested in some of the persons mentioned in the narrative, and so we will add that the Austrian emperor was bitterly reproached by the English king for his supposed connivance at his cousin's escape. To rebut the charge, and to prove his fidelity to his ally, that potentate promptly deprived his uncle, Prince Sobieski, of the duchies of Ohlau and Brieg in Silesia, though held by him as security for a large sum of money lent in 1683 to the Emperor Leopold, by John Sobieski, to pay expenses incurred in the war against the Turks, wherein the Poles had delivered the capital. Prince Sobieski was exiled to Passau, his wife was worried into a fever, and Charles VI sent an account of all this to the English Court as a proof of his fidelity. At Rome, Wogan and his companions were created Roman senators by Pope Clement XI, the godfather of Princess Clémentine, the dignity being first offered to the former alone, and refused by him, unless his friends shared it. He was publicly thanked for his services by the Chevalier after his meeting with his bride, was created a baronet—an empty title under the circumstances—and promised a more substantial reward when his royal master succeeded to the throne of England.

Soon after his accession of dignity, Wogan was accused by the Anglo-Hanoverian ambassador at Genoa of having murdered five or six couriers on the road between Innsbruck and Trent! This was, however, if one may be pardoned the Americanism, "a little too steep," and he was allowed to embark in safety with his friend Misset, for Spain, where Philip VI received them with much honour. They were at once appointed colonels in his service. Wogan devoted his leisure to poetry, which merited the encomiums of Swift, to whom he sent a copy of his verses "in a bag of green velvet, embroidered in gold." He died about 1747. Misset was created Governor of Oran in Barbary, where he ended his days in 1733. His widow thenceforth resided at Barcelona; we last hear authentic news of her in 1745. Jenny, her maid, died in her service. Gaydon and O'Toole returned to their regiments; the former died very old in 1745, the latter fell in battle against the Austrians, under Leckendorf, on the Moselle, and with his death we end our history of a Royal Elopement.

C. O'CONOR ECCLES.