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The Escape of Maria Clementina.

THERE was once a Queen of England who never saw English ground. Her career began like a romance, or rather like a fairy tale, and, presently passing into a chapter of such a book as M. Daudet's *LES ROIS EN EXIL*, it ended soon and sadly. This Queen, to give the unlucky lady the name to which she thought herself entitled, was Maria Clementina Sobieski, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, granddaughter of the heroic deliverer of Europe from the Turks, wife of the Chevalier St. George (James the Third), and mother of Prince Charlie.

The particulars of Maria Clementina's romantic escape from imperial custody at Innsbruck were hitherto best known from a pamphlet published at London in 1722.¹ Wogan, the contriver of the plot, did not acknowledge the authorship of this pamphlet, which, indeed, seems to have a different source—namely, Major Gaydon's contemporary French narrative. But recently Dr. Gilbert has collected and published the accessible narratives of the adventure, among them a long account composed by the Chevalier Wogan himself.² Written in French, for the amusement of the French Queen, a kinswoman of the heroine, this record bears the date of 1745.³ It was thus opportune, for Prince Charles, in 1745 very conspicuous, was the consequence of the manoeuvre in which Wogan was the leader. But between 1719, when Clementina evaded her imperial guardians, and 1745, when Wogan wrote, there was time for confusion of memory on the latter's part. Nevertheless, judging by Gaydon, one of Wogan's comrades, the Chevalier on the whole writes truthfully enough. That he writes amusingly may be gathered even from a sketch of his performance.

Who was the Chevalier Wogan, "the only begetter" of a deed worthy of the Three Musketeers? Sir Charles Wogan was the scion of an ancient Irish family, the Wogans of Rathcoffey in County Kildare. The massive ivy-grown tower and gateway of their castle, built apparently in the fourteenth century, still commands a view of the plain of the Liffey.⁴

¹ [FEMALE FORTITUDE EXEMPLIFIED](#), in an impartial narrative of the seizure, etc. of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, as it was particularly set down by Mr. Charles Wogan,—formerly one of the Preston prisoners—who was a chief manager in that whole affair: now published for the entertainment of the curious.

² Dublin, 1694.

³ There are two narratives, Major Gaydon's (which Dr. Gilbert prints) and another in French, *RELATION EXACTE*, etc., among the Stuart Papers of Lord Braye. See Hist. MSS. Commission, Tenth Report; appendix, part VI., [p. 216](#).

⁴ [PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND](#), No. 2, [Vol. i., Fifth Series. THE WOGANS OF RATHCOFFEY](#), by the Rev. Denis Murphy.

The founder of the family is said to have been a knight of Pembroke-shire, who accompanied Maurice Fitzgerald to Ireland in 1169. The name of Wogan may conceivably be a form either of Wigan or of Vaughan; but genealogical tradition connects it with the Italian Ughi. In 1295 John Wogan was made Justiciary of Ireland, a post answering to that of the present Viceroy. Wogans appear in charters and documents through four centuries, till in 1641 we reach Clarendon's, "Mr. Wogan, a very beautiful person of the age of three or four and twenty." This Wogan, as a mere lad, served under Ireton, but, on the death of Charles, changed sides, and held Duncannon against Ireton in 1649. He was taken prisoner near Waterford in November, and escaped (the Wogans had a genius for escapes) in December. In 1650 he went to France, and he distinguished himself at Worcester, as we shall see, on September 3rd, 1651. In 1655 he determined to cross from the Continent to England, and, marching with a troop of horse through the country to join Middleton in the Highlands, Clarendon, whom he consulted, says that he showed "contempt of danger and confidence of going through with it, but with no kind of reason—a talent that did not then abound with him." In brief, he led his troopers from London to the Highlands, where he died of fever, following on a slight wound.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail, No holy knell thy requiem rung;

Thy mourners were the plaided Gael, Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Our Wogan was, collaterally, a kinsman of this gallant young adventurer. In a letter to Swift, written long after the most famous incident of his life, he describes himself as a nephew of Tyrconnell, who was Viceroy of James the Second in Ireland, and speaks of Parnell, the poet, as "my poor friend and neighbour." Apparently he lived in the cluster of Catholic families who made Windsor Forest their home. He writes to Swift about "my friend Mr. Pope, whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in Windsor Forest, to dress *a la mode*, and introduce at Will's coffee-house," a circumstance omitted in Mr. Courthope's life of the poet. Wogan's letters to Swift are rich in an unbending Toryism, which Sir Walter Scott cannot forbear to censure. M. Amédée Pichot, indeed, calls Sir Walter a Whig, and Wogan would assuredly have agreed with M. Pichot. He rates Clarendon severely on "sinking the mention" of the earlier Wogan's country, and for omitting to describe "a desperate stand he made, at the head of three hundred horse, against Cromwell's whole army, in the suburbs of Worcester, till the King and Colonel Careless were out of sight." Thus the Chevalier wrote from Spain to Swift, in February 1732. He had already made Swift a present of a cask of Spanish wine, and a green velvet bag, with gold and silver strings which contained, alas! manuscripts of his own Latin verses, and, according to Scott, an account of Maria Clementina's escape; "written in the novel style, but a little heavily." The manuscript now published by Dr. Gilbert "from a copy regarded as unique"—once in the collection of Mr. John Cornelius O'Callaghan—is certainly not heavy, and Wogan expressly disclaims the use of "the novel style." He dates it on March 4th, 1745, at La Mancha, of which he was governor, "the oldest Knight-errant in Europe." As he was "out in the Fifteen," he cannot have been a young knight-errant by the time of the Forty-five. His pen, however, his humour, and his happy Irish vanity were still as young as ever.

In 1718 the Chevalier de St. George (whom I may as well call King James, to distinguish him from the other Chevalier, our hero, and from his father-in-law, Prince James Sobieski) sent Wogan round the European courts to choose a Queen. Wogan, as we learn from the only published volume of the Stuart Papers at Windsor, had been selected by Dillon, commander of the Scots Brigade in the French service, to accompany Ormonde on a mission to Russia. Here, early in 1718, they tried to reconcile Charles the Twelfth of Sweden with the Czar, and

to secure their alliance, with the hand of a Russian Princess, for James. The whole scheme failed, though it smouldered on in various shapes, and the Russian alliance was long one of James's visionary dreams. Though Ormonde failed in Russia, Wogan continued his quest for a bride, and his choice, after he had inspected many eligible young ladies, fell on Maria Clementina, youngest daughter of James Sobieski, "Prince Royal of Poland." This potentate had two other daughters, as in a fairy tale, but the eldest, Casimire, educated in Rome by her grandmother, the Queen-dowager of Poland, was "all bristling with etiquette, and astonishingly solemn." The second daughter, Charlotte, was "beyond all measure gay, free, and familiar." She became Duchesse de Bouillon, and, though her family had afterwards a long lawsuit with the exiled Stuarts, her son was a warm friend of Charles Edward. The third daughter, the Cinderella, was "sweet, amiable, of an even temper, gay only in season," and so she was expected to suit James, whom unmerciful disaster had made *trop rêveux et trop sérieux*. As things turned out, Clementina's temper did not strike James in the same light as it appealed to Wogan, and the King's letters, during their long quarrel, represent her as extremely unreasonable. However, we have not yet reached those dismal years. Charmed with Wogan's account of Clementina, James was for sending him back to finish the negotiation. But the Duke of Mar took umbrage, and a Scotch Protestant, not an Irish Catholic, was despatched to the Polish prince at Ohlau in Silesia. The new envoy, Murray, was brother of Lord Mansfield, and himself was afterwards Lord Dunbar *in partibus*, and much hated by one faction of the Jacobites. He allowed the scheme to get wind; George the First heard of it, and threatened the Emperor with the loss of his alliance, and even with an attack on his Italian provinces, if the marriage were permitted. Meanwhile James, ignorant of this difficulty, sent John Hay to Ohlau, to bring the bride and her mother to Bologna.⁵ But the Emperor, bullied by the English ambassador, arrested his own aunt and cousin, the Princess Sobieski and Clementina, at Innsbruck in September 1718. There lay the mourning bride, and Mr. N. Amhurst of St. John's College in Oxford, author of *TERRÆ FILIUS*, thought the opportunity a good one for the loyal Hanoverian poet. He composed "An Epistle from the Princess Sobieski to the Chevalier de St. George,"⁶ an epistle in the manner of Ovid. A more spiteful and contemptible tract seldom came out of Grub Street. Clementina is made to express a sensual passion in a coarse style, and the piece is a tissue of sneers at James. In one passage, however, Amhurst rises to prophetic power. "Why stop the wedding?" asks his heroine: "even if we have the largest family conceivable, still the crown of great Brunswick is safe from us."

In vain thy vengeful Heir, when Thou art dead,
 Would strive to pluck the Crown from *Brunswick's* Head;
 In vain would strive, in his Ambition crost,
 To gain the Kingdom which his Father lost;
 Compelled, like him, to drop his baffled Claim,
 And wear, of England's King, the barren Name.

⁵ This John Hay, brother of Lord Kinnoul, was created Lord Inverness, and was much trusted by James, and much detested by Clementina, who was probably jealous of Lady Inverness. Hence the quarrel and separation of the exiled king and queen. Hay and Murray were called *par ignobile* by Hamilton, Everard, and other Jacobites.

⁶ London; printed for E. Curk in Fleet Street, 1719.

This prediction of what would befall a child whose future parents had never yet so much as seen each other was fulfilled to the letter.

James was at Bologna when Hay came back with the news that the bride was imprisoned, like a fairy princess, by a false enchanter. The King returned to Rome, whither Wogan hurried from Urbino. James apologised for having taken the affair out of the Irishman's capable hands, bade him rescue Clementina in any way he chose, and furnished him with a letter to James Sobieski. Wogan "plainly saw that if he failed he could look for nothing but to perish on an Austrian scaffold, or, worse, to be handed over to King George, to suffer the sentence under which he already lay." After his capture at Preston, in 1715, "At the head of nine other prisoners of note, he had forced his way, with no arms but presence of mind, through the fixed bayonets of nine grenadiers. He had won the open gate and freedom, in a dark night, and sought refuge in the dense forest of London. There he had been unearthed, after some time, and obliged in open day, to fly to the roof of the house, whence, despite the rage of his persecutors, and in the sight of an innumerable multitude, he managed providentially to escape, and at last reached France and safety." This adventure occurred on May 4th, 1716. The number of prisoners who tried to escape was about forty. Seven in all, not nine, as Wogan says, failed to answer to the roll-call next morning. The Brigadier Mackintosh got clean away, but Talbot, a cousin of Wogan's, was discovered and recaptured, owing to his love of drink. Wogan's account of this adventure persuaded James that he was the very man to carry off Clementina. He set out, therefore, in November, 1718, equipped with a Papal passport for the Comte de Cernes and his family, travelling from Flanders to Loretto. At Bologna Wogan met Cardinal Origo, who laughed at the scheme, and said that the knight would soon be back in Italy with no Princess. "Unless I bring her, your Eminence will see my face no more," he answered. From Bologna he went, disguised as a travelling French merchant, to Innsbruck, made his way, with his wares to the Princesses, then interned in a house in a faubourg of the town, and gave them letters from James. The ladies entered warmly into his scheme, provided that James Sobieski granted his paternal permission. Wogan went straight to Ohlau in Silesia, where he found Sobieski obdurate. He did not care to be laughed at; "the time for Quixotades was past." The time is never passed while Ireland breeds Wogans! On New Year's Day (1719) Sobieski sent Wogan, as a present, a snuff-box of turquoise, taken by the heroic John Sobieski from the tent of the Grand Vizier, on the day of the famous final victory at Vienna. "It was unique in its kind, and the jewellers of Ausbourg, where they know their business, could put no price on so inestimable an object." But Wogan declined the gift; he could not return to Italy with a present for himself and a refusal for his master. "So firm an answer, dictated by so resolute a sense of honour" (Wogan is not only noble and brave, but he knows it), won over the Prince. He invited Wogan to dinner, placed the jewel in his hand, and promised him the amplest powers, which powers are published at the end of the narrative. The evening was passed in concerting measures. The Chevalier was to ride to Ausbourg, where he was to arrange with Châteaudoux, the Princesses' *mâitre-d'hôtel*, and at Ausbourg he would be joined by the Starosta Chlebouski and his wife, for the presence of a woman was necessary to the plot. Wogan now asked Sobieski if there was any chance of procuring a passport from Vienna, when, to his dismay, the Prince raised his voice, and shouted for a certain Baron d'Echersberg, an adventurer from Austria, who was in the antechamber. The Chevalier now gave up all for lost. This d'Echersberg would certainly make his court to the Emperor by revealing the conspiracy. However, Wogan kept his countenance, and while Sobieski and the Baron talked in German (of which he knew little), he made up his mind to secure the slippery Austrian. "Knowing that all Germans drink like fishes," he invited the Baron to a bottle of Tokay in his rooms. There they conversed in Latin. "Dull men are fond of politics," says Wogan; he therefore plied the

Baron with liquor, and with private, thrice-secret information, only to be revealed to so honourable a confidant as his new friend, till the tears stood in the German's eyes. He unfolded the Russo-Swedish arrangement, in which Ormonde had failed, as if it were a probable affair. At last Wogan came forth with *this*: his Royal Master wanted an ambassador at the Court of Charles the Twelfth, and had charged him to select a German of courage and tact; on his new friend his choice fell; a high salary, and, at the glorious restoration, the Garter and a princely estate in England would reward the Baron's devotion. Overcome with Tokay and delight the Baron accepted, drew up a cypher for their correspondence, and kept faith, in spite of the death of the monarch to whom he was to have been accredited.

The Chevalier presently set out, and to throw dust in the lovely eyes of the Comtesse de Berg, who suspected the intrigue, he made his way very splendidly, occupying a coach and six, in early February towards Prague. At Strehlen he waited for one day, and then doubling back to the left, pursued his course to Vienna.

Adventures are to the adventurous. The night before he left Ohlau the Chevalier nearly set Europe in ablaze. Sixteen German miles from Ohlau lay Prince Czerematof with thirty thousand Russians. Now the Czar, Charles the Twelfth, "and another great Prince whom I do not name," had a plan for restoring King James. This plan we have already heard of as a thing abandoned and derelict. Had Peter really changed his mind, or is Wogan romancing? The arrest of Clementina might be made a *casus belli*, if only James Sobieski would accept the Russian aid and the throne of Poland. On the very eve of Wogan's departure from Ohlau came a secret message from Czerematof to James Sobieski. Would James cross the Oder under cover of night, join the thirty thousand Russians, and ascend the throne of his father? This move was a thing after the Chevalier's own heart. Consulted by Sobieski, he set forth all the delights of the scheme. Glory, vengeance, a crown, the Stuarts restored, his beautiful daughter a queen indeed; cross the Oder at once, and to work! The Prince was enchanted; to-morrow at midnight he would be over the water. But this, all this, was after dinner; before breakfast the unworthy Sobieski had turned craven. "He had only daughters, he was old, he was weary; why set the North in a flame, all to gain a little glory, which would die with him?"

So the Chevalier, who wanted nothing better than to set the North in a flame, went off, as we saw, nominally for Prague, but really for Vienna. There he met the Papal Nuncio. Could nothing be done with the Emperor by dint of fair words and Pontifical Latin? Nothing could be done; the threats and insolence of Lord Stanhope had quite dominated the Emperor. Our Chevalier must act alone, and rescue the Polish Andromeda from the Monster of Hanover. He went to Ausbourg to await the Chlebouskis; but he waited in vain. The Chlebouskis, too, had turned craven, and James Sobieski withdrew the powers intrusted to him.

Any other man, as Wogan remarks, would now have thrown up the cards. His allies had forsaken him; the father of the captive bride had renounced the scheme, saying "Take Charlotte the gay, or Casimire the grave, but speak no more of Clementina!" Wogan had only to retire, and keep the inestimable snuff-box. But he was indomitable. Back to Ohlau, in quest of fresh powers from Sobieski, he could not go without arousing suspicion. He therefore skulked in the disguise of a French bankrupt at Ausbourg, and wrote to the King to ask that a new emissary might be despatched to Sobieski. The King sent a retainer named Michael

Vezzosi, a clever but indifferently valiant Florentine.⁷ Michael hurried to Ohlau, to pray for a renewal of Wogan's commission, while the Chevalier, in search of allies, took the Strasbourg road. At Schelestadt, not far from Strasbourg, lay Dillon's Irish regiment, in which were many of Wogan's kinsmen and friends. He picked out his uncle, Major Gaydon, with Captains Misset and O'Toole, the last a huge blue-eyed Irishman, the Porthos of the four. Lally, the lieutenant-colonel, a noted Jacobite (as was his more famous son after him), was in the secret, though he could not ride with the rest. The most important allies of all were Mrs. Misset (whose condition at the moment was interesting) and her maid, Jeanneton, a girl of Franche Comté, nearly as tall as O'Toole. For that hero she entertained a generous passion, and she was informed that the purpose was to carry off a young heiress in his interest.

King James meanwhile was off on one of his many attempts to find the treasure that lies at the end of the rainbow. This time he had started *incognito* for Spain, as that expedition was in hand which came to ruin in Glen Shiel. Ormonde, Seaforth, Tullibardine, the Earl Marischal, Keith (Frederick's Field-Marshal later), and Lord George Murray wrecked, between them an attempt which never was promising, and which left no results, except the ghost of a foreign colonel that still haunts Glen Shiel.⁸ James left orders that Wogan's expedition should be pushed, but now everything seemed to be discovered. On April 5th, when Lally and Wogan were arranging the routes by which the adventurers should make for Strasbourg, Gaydon rushed in with despair on his face. All was revealed! In two Strasbourg news-letters it was announced that, on March 30th, Wogan had carried off the Princess. Wogan says that the author of this report was never discovered. It did not disconcert him. The false alarm, he argued, would put the custodians of the Princess off their guard. Michael Vezzosi now came in, with renewed powers from James Sobieski. On April 8th (Gaydon, writing immediately after the event, says April 6th,) the adventurers left Schelestadt for Strasbourg by different routes. At Strasbourg, Wogan was arrested by mistake for the Duke of Mar, then King James's Prime Minister in association with Atterbury. This gave him no concern, for the blunder was soon acknowledged, and he, as he remarks, "was more important than ten such Dukes." At Strasbourg he procured a strong *berline* for the journey, with a double set of harness. The intendant of Strasbourg, D'Angervilliers, very well understood their enterprise. "Farewell," said he, "my boys; you are going to make a hole in the moon, and it is not for nothing you cross the Rhine. God guide you, for you are lads to conquer or die!"

On April 26th they started; Mrs. Misset passing for the Comtesse de Cernes, Gaydon for the Comte, Wogan for the Comte's brother, while O'Toole and Misset were dressed as servants, as was Vezzosi. When the bridge of Kehl was crossed, O'Toole and Misset declared war on the Emperor by firing their pistols in the air, and the die was cast.

They easily enough reached Nazareth, a village in the Tyrol one day's journey from Innsbruck. Hence Misset was sent (disguised as a French merchant) with letters to Châteaudoux, the Intendant of the Princess. The letters, in cypher, announced that, in the midnight of April 27th, Mrs. Misset's maid would be introduced into the Princess's house (apparently as Châteaudoux's mistress), that she would wear "a sorry riding-hood," and that the Princess was to put on this disguise and hurry to the inn where the adventurers would be

⁷ Can he have been the father of the domestic, Michael, who went with Prince Charles to Moidart in 1745.

⁸ The spectre was viewed in the summer of 1894!

lying. A carriage would be ready; meanwhile the maid was to occupy the bed of the Princess, and it was to be given out that her Highness was too ill to see any one. This was necessary, as, by the Emperor's command, Heister, the commandant of Innspruck, or a magistrate under his orders, was obliged to see his prisoner twice every day.

After delivering this despatch Misset was to hurry on to an inn at the crest of the Brenner Pass, and there wait for the party. Meanwhile Wogan bought capons at Nazareth, as provision for the journey, but, on trial, they proved to be tough old cocks. Next day he received a note from Châteaudoux, by the hands of Kouska, a Polish page, announcing that the Princess of Baden was at Innspruck, that she wearied his mistress by constant visits, that she was anxious to arrange a marriage between her son and Clementina (George the Second providing a dowry of £100,000), but that she was to leave for Italy on the 27th.

This Princess of Baden accidentally caused much trouble to Wogan later, but meanwhile he held by his original plan. He would enter Innspruck at nightfall, would leave his little band at the Black Eagle, would then meet Châteaudoux in the avenue running alongside the wall of the town, and would concert with him the last details.

At dawn on the 27th the adventurers left Nazareth, when an unlooked for danger arose. Jeanneton was very ready to play her part and to secure a rich bride for O'Toole, but she objected to the costume which was demanded by her part. Jeanneton was not pretty, but she was extremely tall, and very proud of her height; Clementina, on the other hand, was rather small. It was therefore necessary, in the interests of the scheme, that Jeanneton should abandon her high-heeled shoon and wear a rude pair of slippers. If she did not dissemble her stature, the sentinel at the door would see that the woman who came out was not the woman who had gone in. This was an elementary precaution, but Jeanneton would not adopt it. Let O'Toole and his bride march to places unmentionable (for this daughter of the regiment swore freely), but she, Jeanneton, was not going to appear as a mean little scrub. "Did any one ever see such horrible slippers?"

No; she was poor, but poverty is no crime; she was a servant, but a servant is not a slave; and wear those odious slippers she would *not*." Uttering these and other declarations of independence, Jeanneton shrieked, struck out, and hit the shoemaker of Nazareth smartly on the nose, drawing the first and only blood shed in the expedition. The inn was full of the hubbub, disinterested spectators were arriving, when Madame Misset threw herself at the feet of her maid. The men of the party adopted the same attitude. Tears flowed, Jeanneton submitted to the slippers, and apologised to the shoemaker. Wogan breathed again, but he plainly saw that Jeanneton was only half reconciled.

At nightfall they reached the Black Eagle, and Wogan stole out to his tryst with Châteaudoux. The weather was villainous, blowing a gale and raining a deluge. Châteaudoux would, therefore, have deferred the attempt; it was no night for princesses to wander in the streets. But Wogan very plainly said that it was now or never, that the worse the weather the better for his purpose; that if Kouska was not at the bridge about midnight to act as guide, he would abandon all and explain the reason to James Sobieski. Châteaudoux bowed, agreed, and departed.

At half-past eleven the Chevalier, with Jeanneton, sallied forth from the Black Eagle. The page, Kouska, met them at the bridge. There was not a soul in the streets, now mere raging torrents, where the girl lost her slippers at every other step; her temper was lost long ago.

Wogan kept uttering flatteries, promising rewards, and, at last, brought her to the gate of the house where the Princess lay. Gaydon says that Jeanneton, hearing the title "Princess," declared that O'Toole was a madman, that he could not expect such a bride, and made other difficulties. Wogan, however, is silent on this score. By good fortune the sentinel was drinking at a tavern opposite. There was no light in the entry, but the whiteness of the snow, and a pale glimmer of a moon, showed where the staircase was. The gate was unlocked, the girl entered, and the Chevalier took up his post in a dusky corner at some distance. Here he waited in wind, rain, and sleet; the quarter chimed from the town clock, then the half-hour; the Chevalier was out of all hope. But this was the last interview of a fond mother and daughter; they forgot time in their sorrow. At last Châteaudoux hardened his heart, and led the Princess downstairs, draped in her heavy wet riding-hood. Feeling her way in the dark, with every reason to apprehend a bayonet-thrust from the sentinel, she crossed the court, opened the door, and in a moment this Princess of seventeen was alone in the night and the storm. At the corner she put her hand on the shoulder of the Chevalier • Kouska, carrying her jewels and the crown jewels of England in a parcel, walked before; and at half-past one, wet to the skin, they reached the Black Eagle.⁹

Kouska, anxious to be off, threw his packet behind a door. No one paid any attention to this act, and the page fled home again as quickly as he might. It was now necessary to leave the Princess with Mrs. Misset, who hastily dressed her in dry clothes of her own, while O'Toole fetched the *berline*, a luckier *berline* than that of the flight to Varennes. Nobody was astir in the Black Eagle but the landlady; the adventurers mounted, the postilion whipped up his horses; they had gone some way when Clementina said, "Where are my jewels?" Nobody had noticed them, and, as the Princess observed, they would be discovered in half an hour, and the hue and cry would be raised. The precious packet might be left to its fate, but its discovery would mean instant pursuit. O'Toole turned his horse and galloped back; the adventurers sat waiting in silence. Never was there such a quarter of an hour; "terrible, but interesting," says Wogan. The packet once found and opened, the landlady, to save her own life, would hurry to the police, and then Wogan and his comrades were as good as dead men. Luckily the landlady had locked the house and gone to bed. O'Toole found the outer gate barred with a wooden bolt, but by dint of his prodigious strength he raised one wing of the door from the ground, lifted the bolt, groped in the dark room, discovered the packet of jewels, and galloped back to the carriage. Then, amidst general joy, they hurried over the "five mortal leagues" to the crest of the Brenner, where Misset was waiting.

The rest of the journey presented but the ordinary dangers of travel. They were nearly upset over a precipice; they were delayed because the Princess of Baden had engaged all the horses at every stage. O'Toole and Misset, always riding a day's march behind, met, intoxicated, and robbed a courier carrying a warrant for the arrest of the party. O'Toole had a large flask of brandy, with this he filled a water caraffe, and so tempered the wine of the Austrian courier, that he was presently taken to bed incapable. For the rest, there were delays and breakdowns, but the Princess was merry and pleasant (though fasting severely), and Bologna was reached at last.

Meanwhile, at Innsbruck, the magistrate paid his usual visit to the Princess Sobieski on the morning of the flight; but Clementina was reported to be so very ill, that he did not insist on

⁹ James had sent his jewels to his bride some months before. They may be seen in the charming portrait of Clementina done shortly after her wedding.

seeing her. In the evening Jeanneton was hidden in "a horrible hole," where she lay concealed for some days, finally escaping scot-free and rejoining Mrs. Misset at Rome. In the afternoon of the 28th, the magistrate of Innsbruck, urged on by General Heister, and scolded for his courtesy in neglecting to see Clementina that morning, repeated his visit. But of Clementina there was no trace, save a letter in which she announced her flight to her mother. Then all German officialism, military and civil, foamed through the house; the Princess Sobieski was shouted and sworn at; one courier was sent off, but O'Toole looked after him; another followed, but only caught old Châteaudoux somewhere near Trent. The Emperor, to appease the English King, sent his uncle, James Sobieski, to Passau, and seized the rents of his duchies of Ohlau and Brieg. On the whole, therefore, James would probably have consulted his own comfort if he had crossed the Oder and set the North in a blaze, when an eligible opportunity presented itself.

We need not dally over the royal marriage, or the rather empty honours (the Senatorship of Rome) bestowed on the adventurers. In 1745 Mrs. Misset, at Barcelona, and Wogan, at La Mancha, alone survived. O'Toole fell, a captain in Dillon's grenadiers, in the last battle between France and the forces of the Emperor; Gaydon died at an advanced age; Jeanneton at Barcelona in 1743; and the fair and charming Clementina herself expired at Rome on January 18th, 1735.

By the usual bad luck of the Stuarts James Sobieski died (of grief, it is said, for his royal daughter's death), leaving what he could leave to his grandsons, Charles Prince of Wales and Henry Duke of York. This was not long before Frederick the Great broke into Silesia, and Frederick's troops then burned the castle of Ohlau. Whether Austria or Prussia ever paid James Sobieski's bequests in full, the writer knows not, but deems it highly improbable.¹⁰ The Sobieski jewels were pawned for the expenses of the Forty-five, Charles declaring that out of England he had no heart to wear them. The best of the Cardinal's rubies vanished when France seized the Pope, some eighty years after the flight from Innsbruck. As for poor Clementina, she and her husband lived on very ill terms. The King gets all the blame from history; but, after perusing his letters to his estranged wife, and remarking Clementina's refusal to say what it was that she complained of, we may, perhaps, conclude that the fault was not all on one side. Historians, down to Mr. Ewald, have taken the Queen's part, and have vituperated James. The Scottish Jacobites, as Lockhart of Carnwath, were in the same tale. But O'Glover, the present Queen's librarian, in his one volume of Stuart Papers, puts a very different face on the matter, and he alone was fully acquainted with the documents still unpublished; "James," he writes, "displayed a kindliness of feeling, and a desire of forgetting the strange behaviour of Clementina, that does him infinite honour." Undeniably the pretty Clementina had a temper. But it is a sad thing to see the arch, merry face of the young queen in her early portraits, and to compare it with the peaked, pining, ascetic look which the woman wears, when her boy has reached fifteen years, and she is very near her death.¹¹

¹⁰ As late as November 19th, 1771, Charles and Cardinal York appointed the Prince de Kohan their agent at Vienna, with power to deal with this question. HIST. MSS. COMMISSION X., Appendix, Part VI., p. 284.

¹¹ In a miniature, about 1734, in the possession of Mr. Cheape of Strathtyrum.

“The Sacred College,” says Wogan, “was the witness of her piety and her miracles; needing no other proofs, it is already at work towards her beatification.” But this saint is not yet in the Calendar.

A. LANG.